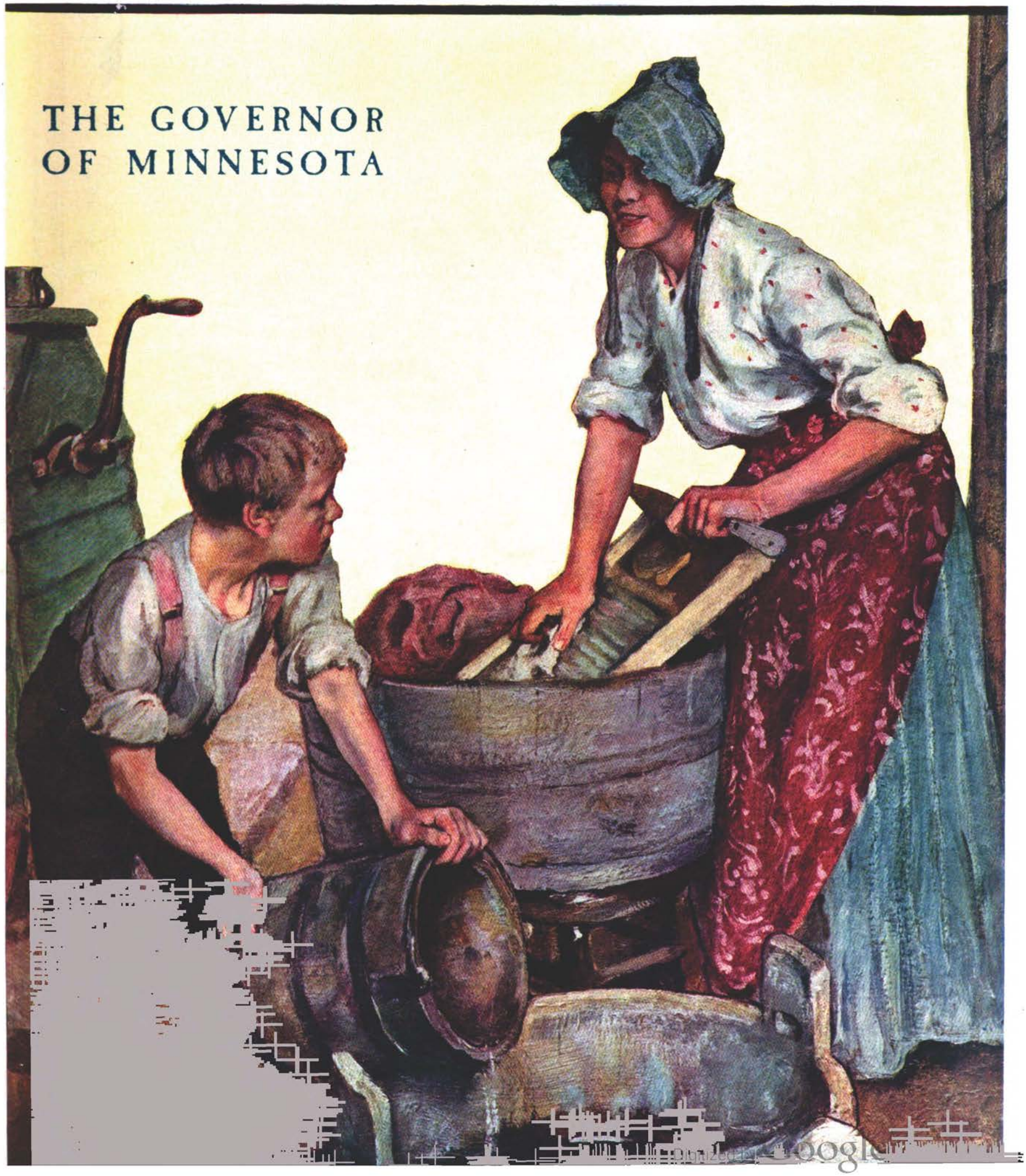
SUCCESS MAGAZINE

MARCH 1905



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A Year of Greatest Gains in Progress, Security and Usefulness

Number of Policies
in force, nearly
6 Million

Increase in Number
of Policies in force, over
One-half Million

Paid Policyholders
during 1904, over
13 Million Dollars

Total Payments
to Policyholders, December 31, 1904, over
92 Million Dollars

Increase in Assets
over
16 Million Dollars

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
JANUARY 1, 1905

ASSETS

BONDS AND MORTGAGES		$15,682,358.73
3309 All First Liens on Property, valued at	$40,882,977.19	
REAL ESTATE owned by the Company		12,494,957.86
RAILROAD BONDS		27,681,596.87
MUNICIPAL AND MISCELLANEOUS BONDS		10,141,196.00
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS		105,375 00
NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY STOCKS		4,200,400.00
Total Market Value of above Bonds and Stocks	$42,128,567.87	
Total Cost Value of above Bonds and Stocks	40,697,570.44	
INCREASE IN VALUE OF STOCKS AND BONDS OVER COST	$ 1,430,997.43	
CASH IN 259 BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES throughout the United States, and cash in office ($6,154,811.25 on interest)		6,832,683.09
INTEREST AND RENTS due and accrued		641,775.85
LOANS ON COLLATERAL SECURITIES		5,665,100.00
Bonds and Stocks having Market Value of	$ 7,549,322.00	
Excess of Market Value over amount Loaned, showing margin of security of	1,884,222.00	
LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS		2,427,950.12
On the security of their Policies—the Reserve Value on their Policies being	$ 4,427,238.00	
SEMI-ANNUAL AND QUARTERLY PREMIUMS not yet due and Premiums in course of collection (Reserve charged in Liabilities)		2,888,911.65
Total Assets		**$88,762,305.17**

LIABILITIES

RESERVE, Legal and Special — Amount held to protect Policy Contracts.	$73,954,919.00
ALL OTHER LIABILITIES — Policy Claims, including those in process of adjustment; Premiums paid in advance; Unearned Interest on Policy Loans; Bills awaiting presentation for payment, etc.	1,481,519.84
SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS	13,325,866.33
Total Liabilities	**$88,762,305.17**

Cash Dividends
and other concessions, not stipulated in original contracts, and voluntarily given to holders of old Policies, to date, over
5 Million Dollars

LIFE INSURANCE ISSUED AND PAID FOR DURING 1904, OVER 312 MILLION DOLLARS

LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY

OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS

LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

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JOHN F. DRYDEN, President — Write for Information of Policies, Dept. 33. — **Home Office, Newark, N. J.**

HOW MONEY GROWS

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

THE first picture marked "A" is the reproduction of a photograph taken some months ago when East 29th Street, between Avenues J and K, was being graded and sidewalked. There are now two nice houses in this block.


A

THE picture marked "B," taken in October, 1904, shows a part of our office building on lots 1 to 4, inclusive, Block 26; in this picture you can faintly discern two houses and the foundations of another, in the East 31st Street side of Block 27. Compare with "B" the reproduction of a photograph taken on January 13, 1905, marked "C," which was made from, as nearly as possible, the same point of view. "C" shows three houses where there were two. Fifteen more houses are now building in Blocks 43, 44, 45 and 46. Since these pictures were taken, over one thousand lots have been sold at Westminster Heights Park, not only to New York and Brooklyn people, who might naturally be expected to appreciate the advantages of the investment at such a place as Westminster Heights Park, but to people in all parts of this country—in Cuba, Mexico, France, England, Northwest Territory, Alaska, and even in the Philippine Islands and in Corea. So widely has attention been attracted to buying these lots that an operation which we expected to last two or three years will probably be closed out during the next few months.


B

C

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


D


E


F


G

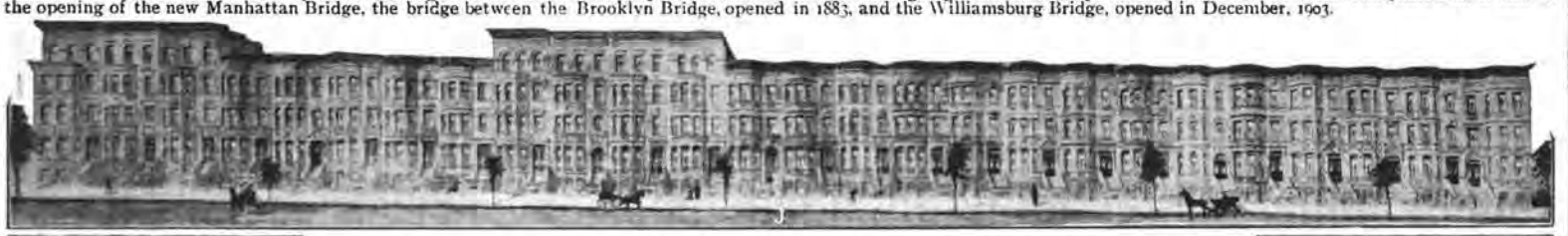

H

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

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

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

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


J


I

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

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

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


K


L

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

The same development; the same opportunities; the same growth, only faster and more of it, are going to make money that you plant in Westminster Heights Park, **now**, grow and increase just as they have in the past, only faster. A few hundreds that you invest in lots **now**, at the rate of $10 down, and $6, $8 or $10 monthly, will become thousands within the next few years, just as surely as water still runs down hill, the same as in the time of Moses. It seems extraordinary, it may appear impossible, but look into it; investigate; we cannot make you buy if our reasoning does not appeal to your common sense. We ask you no more than a hearing. Write and ask for particulars. If you are open minded and want to get ahead, let us tell you what the expenditure of over $350,000,000 is doing for those who have intelligence and foresight, and plant where others will till and you reap. Buy with the company that builds and develops. Nearly 1,000 houses on our last tract after less than five years' development.

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

WILLIAM H. REYNOLDS, President.

THE WESTMINSTER HEIGHTS CO.

Combined Capital, $500,000.00

BOROUGH PARK CO.
BENSONHURST CO.

Combined Surplus, $750,000.00

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NEW YORK OFFICES: 277 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Do You Want a 7% Stock Backed by New York City Municipal Bonds?

HOMER J. YOUNG

IF the men and women who read this magazine could find a stock which promised to pay as high as 15% which they could buy *without risking one dollar of the principal* it is safe to assume they would all become investors, is it not? Well—that is precisely what is offered to them and to you by

The Homer Young Company of Toledo, Ohio,

the great mail order house dealing in manufactured Sewing Machines (sold direct from the factory to the consumer), whose business has been made familiar to millions of people the world over through the medium of their extensive magazine announcements.

The stock offered by the Homer Young Company is Preferred and Participating, every dollar you invest sharing in the profits of the Company up to 15%. The 7% is guaranteed, and under the Laws of Ohio must be paid prior to any other division or accumulation of profits.

The New York City Municipal Bonds by which you are absolutely secured against the loss of your original investment are on deposit with the Dollar Savings Bank and Trust Company of Toledo, Ohio, capital $600,000.00, deposits $1,386,000.00, with which institution, or any one of the eight Toledo Banks whose names we will furnish, you are invited to correspond in reference to this really remarkable investment.

Our records will show that we are having more business than we can possibly take care of, and must increase our capital. We are many orders behind and have turned away 25% of the orders received the last four months. Do YOU want a splendid investment? *Take all you can of this, you'll find it good, and safely invested.*

In offering this stock our first object was to secure a form of investment so surrounded with safeguards and securities that we could justly claim it to be the strongest and soundest industrial proposition ever presented to the American public; and the most cautious and critical investigation will satisfy you beyond a scintilla of doubt that we are fully justified in that assertion.

The magnitude of the business now handled by the Homer Young Company through mail orders from every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States and from all parts of the world; its remarkable growth in eight years from a one-man enterprise to a house whose monthly mail in the Toledo Post Office aggregates 15,000 pieces; the flood of orders received and the splendid satisfaction of the buyers with **Young's "Steinway" Family Sewing Machines**—all these things, as well as the details of the proposition now presented to you, can only be touched upon here.

But if an inspiring story of success appeals to you and you are ambitious to share in the growth and profits of an enterprise which has the whole world for a market and which is reaching out its arms and finding business and friends in every nook and corner of the Union, write at once and ask us for the book which tells the story in detail and for a catalogue of the Young Sewing Machines and Trunks.

Whether you are able to invest $25 or $2,500—and no amount smaller than the former or larger than the latter will be accepted—the information you will secure from these books cannot fail to interest, impress and convince you.

You will find the substance of the proposition infinitely more attractive than the outline given here. You will find the management of the Homer Young Company in the hands of a Board of Directors composed of the wealthiest, most influential and most respected citizens of Toledo. You will find $100,000.00 worth of this stock taken by Toledo people. You will find that the "Gold Medal" was awarded to *Young's Family Sewing Machines* at the St. Louis Exposition. You will find every avenue of information thrown wide open for your investigation—and that with every step you take in that investigation the 7% Preferred Participating Stock secured and guaranteed by New York Municipal Bonds will impress you more and more with its desirability. *Simply write and say:*

HOMER J. YOUNG,
The Homer J. Young Co.,
Toledo, Ohio.

Send me all literature relating to your proposition in the March issue of Success Magazine.

Entered as second-class mail matter December 14, 1904, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March, 1879

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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GRAND OPERA AS THE PUBLIC HEARS IT

The Efforts of Heinrich Conried to Supply America with Good Music.—Some of the Singers and Their Methods.—Suggestions for Much-needed Improvement

JAMES HUNEKER

NO MATTER what were his previous achievements as a theatrical manager or his successes as a purveyor of grand opera, Heinrich Conried will go down in musical history as the first man who dared to produce "Parsifal" outside of Baireuth. That the feat was accomplished in New York makes it all the more remarkable; but, if it had been successfully attempted in Bucharest, Rio Janeiro, Paris, or Pisa, it would have been none the less extraordinary,—it was the total upset of the Baireuth tradition which will constitute Mr. Conried's claim to fame. That he is trying to live down this brilliant reputation only demonstrates the wisdom of the Metropolitan Opera House stockholders in nominating him as the successor of Maurice Grau.

When a man is pitchforked overboard into an element with which he is unfamiliar, his usual procedure is to make himself acquainted with his surroundings. Mr. Conried has done this, though it may be admitted that his first season was a trying one. That he had a vast experience in theatricals, that, as he somewhat naïvely asserted, he had even handled comic opera companies, and that he was stage manager, actor, and prompter,—all these were of some assistance to him, but not as much as might be supposed. Grand opera, especially in America, was ably piloted by Mr. Grau, who confessed to a laudable ignorance of music and of stage management. But he did understand his public, the New York public, the most exacting in the world, and he was master of the financial mysteries of opera. These two qualities, rarely united in an *impresario*, placed him at the very top of his profession. Mr. Conried, with higher artistic ideals, and

ANDREAS DIPPEL

MARCEL JOURNET

MARION WEED

ROBERT BLASS

ANTONIO SCOTTI

with a background of German theatrical experience, believed that he could improve upon the work of his predecessor by giving New York better *ensembles*, better scenic display, better stage management, and a better orchestra. He only made one mistake,—he attempted the impossible during his first season. Of course, he failed.

Where he failed principally was in his belief that Americans prize a rounded *ensemble* above the singing of the "stars." We hope that, some day, we shall, but we do not as yet. It is an ideal that is not universally realized even on the Continent, where singers engaged by the year are often seen in small rôles. At Vienna, Munich, Berlin, and Dresden, this is no novelty. The musical millennium will have arrived when such things happen here. Nor was the highly creditable ambition of the new director realized during his first season, in the matter of stage management, though his "Aida" and "Parsifal" were a thousand times superior to anything New York had ever before seen at the Metropolitan. The stage management was at sixes and sevens, for a long time, notwithstanding Anton Fuchs was brought over from Munich, while Lautenschlaeger was imported to look after the mechanics of the stage. It seems that too many cooks spoiled the broth. Mr. Conried, whose knowledge of the Wagner music-drama is elementary, was not content to leave technical affairs in the hands of his subordinates, and often was hoist with his own petard,—he would handle the lights personally, with dire results to the color schemes and the musical scores. With such a man as Fuchs at the helm of stage management, throughout the season of fifteen weeks, there would be no such awkward *contretemps* as that in December last, when a scrubwoman walked across the stage during the last act of "Die Walküre,"—walked and lived to tell the tale! The last "Parsifal" performance, on January 1, saw a stage manager in full view of the audience during the garden scene!

The Metropolitan Opera House Is not Perfect in Many Important Details

But more to blame than any of the director's shortcomings is the Metropolitan Opera House itself. Thousands of dollars have been spent on a new stage, yet it is unsatisfactory. Like Covent Garden, our local home for grand opera was never intended for the modern music drama. Its floor is so shallow that, at night, scenery must be carted away to neighboring shelter. The auditorium is so immense that the human voice loses much of its rich coloring in its spaces, and, another vital weakness, there are not enough rehearsal rooms. This, in an establishment which averages six performances a week, is a grave defect. No wonder operas are bundled on the boards after one—or less,—hasty rehearsal! No wonder that petted *prima donnas* do not go to rehearsals! Emma H. Eames did not attend the rehearsal of "Die Walküre," though she was to sing *Sieglinde* for the first time with Burgstaller. The consequences may be easily guessed. Things went in all directions at the performances. Nor is Madame Eames the only offender. Instead of patching up such a leaky ship as the opera house, is it not better to seek other quarters? Signs were not lacking that indicate the temper of the directors. A location nearer Central Park and on the east side of the city may see a new opera house, some day,

Naturally, when Mr. Conried gets the machine running smoother, his spoiled singers will be forced to attend rehearsals. He is what Mr. Grau was not,—a disciplinarian. He has proved it by the way he managed his orchestra, which grew refractory at the close of his first season. With the support of the directors he signified to the Musical Union his intention of dissolving the regular band and importing one outright from Germany. This brought the Musical Union to its senses. Another evil which the energetic little Conried combated and at last subdued was the carelessness of the men employed to look after the stage,—machinists, carpenters, scene shifters, and electricians. This group was an eyesore for a manager accustomed to be obeyed at his Irving Place Theater. During an entire season he reasoned, begged, expostulated, and even implored the dilatory offenders, but to no purpose. His Munich stage manager had better success, although his unfamiliarity with the English language told against him. As the coöperation of lights and scenic changes with the music is an absolute necessity, you may imagine what trials Mr. Conried underwent; also, the hardships of critics and audiences. This season he engaged his men by the year, and has a double shift for all night work, and thus complaints are not so loud and deep as they were. The *entr' actes*, too, are shorter. That the new management boasted of many reforms it is just beginning to accomplish must be set down to a natural disposition to outstrive the preceding *régime*. As a matter of fact the stage, when Mr. Grau held the reins, was indifferently bad, the scenic outfit often shabby, and the lighting always a nightmare. Any step in the right direction should be hailed with joy. Certainly New York has never before witnessed such stage pictures as Conried has given us in "The Ring of the Nibelungs" and "Die Meistersinger,"—Conried and Anton Fuchs. When Fuchs was in New York, this season, there were few complaints to be registered. Unfortunately, this able and singularly versatile artist—he was a beloved baritone at Baireuth, under Wagner, and is stage director of the Prinz Regenten Opera House, at Munich,—had to fulfill engagements at home.

It may be seen that, thus far, the principal need at our opera house is a stage manager who can cope with the tremendous tasks to be achieved.

II.

The artists of the organization! We are now treading on not only delicate, but also dangerous ground. For the past fifteen years, when the old Teutonic order changed to the mixed Italian, French, and German, the so-called polyglot system, New York has been accustomed to roll blithely from its tongue-tip the names of Lilli Lehmann—she seems about the sole survivor of the old days, "and there were giants in those days,"—the two De Reszkés, Lassalle, Plançon, Melba, Eames, Nordica, Brema, Scalchi, —not at her best time when she could hum a quartet with her original tone production,—to mention only a few. That this generation is slowly passing, the public is beginning to realize. Mr. Conried has realized it. Hence his hard-worked summers in Europe in pursuit of the elusive *prima donna*, the still rarer tenor, and the all but impossible orchestral conductor,—who is also a *prima donna* in his exigent attitude toward his position and his high rate of remuneration. However, those pessimists euphemistically called, in the newspapers, "the old guard," have had their head-noddings and depreciating criticisms set at naught by the fact that, in the operatic sea, there still swim fish as good as ever were taken out of it. When will there be a second Lilli Lehmann? This question was answered by the apparition of Milka Ternina, a greater *Isolde*, one is almost tempted to say *the Isolde*, if her voice had revealed the superb wealth of Lehmann's in her prime. And for Édouard de Reszké we have—Plançon! Let us not look a gift bass in the mouth. Plançon is vocally an artist who commands respect and admiration. For Jean de Reszké we have Enrico Caruso. Just here the writer must admit that one tone from the Italian's golden throat is worth, in a purely tenoric way, all of Jean's voice; but the Pole is the greater artist. He has more brains, more temperament, more histrionic ability, and more musical talent than Caruso. Of the fascination he exercises on his audience,—that is the magnetism of the man. It may be felt in a drawing-room as well as on the boards. It is the amazing combination in one human being of such gifts that makes Jean de Reszké the unique singer that he is. Caruso will never project across the footlights that peculiar magic of a complete personality. But Caruso has a luscious voice, he sings remarkably, and his phrasing is usually above reproach. He is simply not a Jean de Reszké,—he lacks a magic personality.

EDYTH WALKER

Olive Fremstad and Edyth Walker are substitutes for Marianne Brandt and Marie Brema. Brandt was an invaluable artist, homely in appearance, and with a voice not seductive in quality. But she was an artist at all points. Fremstad, a Swedish-American educated under Lehmann's watchful care, is comely, has vocal organs that are equal to Caruso's in plangency, with the added attractions of youth, great dramatic talent, and musical brains. She is the best *Brangaene* alive to-day. New York saw her only once in that rôle, last season, and, as it was not a fair trial, so we have endured the mediocrities in

AÏNO ACKTÉ

ALBERT SALÉZA

LOUISE HOMER

POL PLANÇON

ARCANGELO ROSSI

the part. Fremstad's *Venus* was another revelation, after the apathetic performances of Nordica and others. Her *Carmen* and *Kundry* will be spoken of later. All this is written to prove that the old wail—"Where are the singers of yesteryear?"—may be answered: "They are with us to-day!"

Mr. Conried's list, as it stands this season, is this: twelve sopranos,—Ackté, Alten, Bauermeister, Senger-Bettaque, Eames, Lemon, Macchi, Melba, Nordica, Ralph, Sembrich, and Weed; six *mezzos* and contraltos,—Fremstad, Homer, Jacoby, Mulford, Powell, and Walker; ten tenors,—Bars, Burgstaller, Caruso, Dippel, Giordani, Knote, Nuibo, Pollock, Reiss, and Saléza; eight baritones,—Bégué, Dufriche, Giraldoni, Goritz, Mühlmann, Parvis, Scotti, and Van Rooy; four *bassos*,—Blass, Journet, Plançon, and Rossi. It would be difficult to credit any other opera house on the globe with such a roster of names, eliminating, naturally, the deadwood.

The Method of Some Singers Has Improved; That of Others Is Tiresome

The new director, who has also much to learn about the human voice, made some disastrous engagements for the present season, encountering the usual fate of *impresarios*. Ackté, from the Grand Opera in Paris, pleases more than did the shrill-voiced Breval, from the same establishment. But she is only a pretty bird. Bella Alten need not be discussed; nor need Bauermeister be criticised at this late day, at least the thirteenth hour in the existence of this useful *routinière*. Senger-Bettaque I heard in Munich when the Prinz Regenten Theater was opened. She was the sort of singer they endure in Germany. Nor is she a stranger to New York, her first apppearance dating back before the Grau deluge. Her *Isolde* I cherish as something beautifully queer,—surely a merit! Emma Eames is still Emma Eames. Macchi? The achievement of this artist is also something to jot down in the chambers of your memory as ideally mediocre. What a *Lucrezia?* What a *Leonaro* in "Fidelio!" Melba, with the loveliest natural high soprano of them all, was ill this season during her few appearances. Lillian Nordica has seen other vocal days. She has passed her halcyon period. She is a tireless worker, else how can we explain her assumption of *Kundry* at her time of life? Indeed, ambition and an ability for endless toil are the keynotes of her existence. Although not gifted in abundance with either a dramatic or a musical temperament, she has by sheer power achieved a fair semblance of both. She is successful, she sings, or did sing, with a delightfully unforced method, and her *Leonora* in "Il Trovatore" has been praised unreservedly. But as *Brunehild*, as *Isolde*, or as *Kundry*, one feels the strain. She goes through the motions, but the temperament and the vocal coloring are not there,—sometimes not even the notes. She sings scores to suit herself. She had over one thousand rehearsals for "Tristan and Isolde." Cerebral?—yes! Not really *Elsa*, *Isolde*, or *Brunehild*, but a capital intellectual *simulacrum* of each. Now in music intellect is not all. There is also the voice, and, in the Wagner music-drama, voice is not all. There is also the dramatic adaptability. That Nordica has succeeded is a tribute to her industry and our patriotism. We dearly love an American girl who succeeds. Only—when Fremstad assumes *Venus*, she *is Venus*. When Ternina assumes *Isolde*, she *is Isolde*. The sister-in-law of Édouard de Reszké, Litvinne, was a better *Isolde* than is Nordica, despite her huge figure. And the *Brunehilds*,—their name is legion. Rich, with an enviable career behind her, Nordica has gone over the danger line of the *prima donna*. It comes to them all, but they never believe it. Look at Lilli Lehmann, past sixty and still in the circus ring with Sarah Bernhardt and Adelina Patti! What a pity!

Sembrich,—ah, there is perennial artistic youth for you! Simply because the woman is an artist, when her voice is in shreds she will be acceptable. Marion Weed I have not heard since she sang at Baireuth. Fremstad's is the most startling *Kundry* New York has seen after Ternina's, and better than any I ever saw at Baireuth. What a picture she is in the second act! Miss Fremstad's surprise for New York, this season, was her *Carmen*. Wedded as we were to Calvé's brilliant and erratic interpretation of the Seville cigarette girl, we had lost our sense of values of the Bizet-Merimée character. The *Carmen* of Fremstad brought us back to the correct conception. Without sacrificing an atom of its strange charm, this new *Carmen* is also a musical one. Miss Fremstad is temperamental; she knows how to produce her rich, velvety voice; she has grasped the essentials of *Carmen's* nature, and she places them before us in their rightful perspective. It is a symmetrical presentation, fierce, sensual, loving, desperate, sad, and bewitching. It is more Spanish than Calvé's, and more musical. It established Olive Fremstad permanently in the favor of metropolitan audiences.

JOSEPHINE JACOBY

Edyth Walker has done some sterling work, notably as *Amneris*, and as *Ortrud*. She is an individual singer with a pronounced dramatic temperament. The American members of the company suggest provincial church-choir training. Of Caruso nothing can be added. Burgstaller is painstaking, but not equipped with much natural talent. His *Parsifal* is mediocre. Dippel is a very valuable member of the company. Knote, after evoking much indiscriminate praise, soon found his level as a lyric tenor. I recall Munich when his *Walther* in "Die Meistersinger" made us all wildly enthusiastic, but only to let down the pegs of our admiration when he sang *Tannhäuser* and *Tristan*. He is not a heroic tenor. Reiss is a capital *Mime* and *David*. Nuibo did not count, but Saléza New York is always glad to welcome. He is an artist of charm and authority. Of his voice he is never sure; yet, when at his best, his *Don José* and *Romeo* are admirable impersonations. Bégué, Dufriche,—an old standby; Giraldoni,—mediocre; Goritz,—a good, though not remarkable *Klingsor;* Mühlmann,—a hard worker; Scotti,—always Scotti and deservedly a favorite *Tonio* and *Scarpia;* Van Rooy,—the greatest *Wotan* since Scaria, and a great artist with a great voice; Blass,—vocally strong, but generally phlegmatic; Journet,—ambitious; Plançon, last but not least,—Pol Plançon of the pontifical pose and sonorous voice,—surely this Conried aggregation would be difficult to better. [Not forgetting the venerable, the stupid, the outsung, and the inexperienced!]

Mr. Conried expects to absolutely rejuvenate his chorus; thus far he has rid us of many of the old choristers with their deadly gestures and soporific chanting. What he could do he proved by the flower maidens in "Parsifal." However, there is still room for improvement. The ballet, which had almost faded from view during the past decade, Conried has revived, most gratifyingly. There are excellent *ballerinas*, the costuming is agreeable, and this charming art, so out of key in our matter-of-fact age, has seemingly taken on a new lease of life.

A Great Conductor and a Competent Stage Manager Are Much Needed

The conductors, this season, are well-trained men, but in no sense phenomenal. We miss Felix Mottl. We miss the big note in all the Wagner performances. Hertz is a careful, studious conductor, but, when he attempts the grand manner, his orchestra becomes noisy and ragged. He has a heavy hand and lacks versatility. His admirers christen this energy "temperament." More things than temperament are demanded from a conductor. We still remember Anton Seidl—and Mottl. Vigna is another noise-producer when he aims at climacteric effects, yet there is no gainsaying his *brio* and his crescendoes. In French music the *nuance* is absent. His "Carmen" is mediocre. Nahan Franko is in his first season. He deserves sympathy, for he has talent as a conductor. His "Faust" was capital, and, when he has a chance in Wagner, he may surprise us.

The orchestra is of commonplace material, though headed by a well-trained concert master, Max Bendix. We wish Mr. Conried would import that orchestra of his. Venice, Munich, Baireuth, Berlin, Dresden, and Paris,—all are superior to our *kapelle*. The reason is plain: the men in Europe belong for life to the opera house, and they are not worked to death in a short season. It is, therefore, a great conductor and a competent stage manager that the Metropolitan Opera House most needs.

III.

At the time this article was written, German opera was five times behind Italian in the number of performances, while French scored only six, even with the ballet. Wagner, however, led them all to the tune of sixteen as

EMMA EAMES

OLIVE FREMSTAD

ENRICO CARUSO

MARCELLA SEMBRICH

against Verdi's eight, Donizetti's four, Rossini's four,—including that "sacred" opera, called an oratorio, "Stabat Mater,"—Bizet, Mozart, Gounod, Ponchielli, Puccini, Beethoven, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Delibes's "Coppellia"—all ambled in gently at the end. The operas sung were "Parsifal," "Die Meistersinger," "Aida," "Carmen," "Traviata," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "La Bohème," "The Barber of Seville,"—without a barber worth counting,—"The Marriage of Figaro," "Rigoletto," "Tannhäuser," "Gioconda," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Don Pasquale," "Elixir of Love," "Fidelio," and "The Ring of the Nibelungs."

Three noteworthy events of the season must be chronicled: the failure of "Parsifal," the revival of "Gioconda," and the magnificent version of "Die Meistersinger." The first-mentioned occurrence was predicted last season. If the prediction had not come true, it would not be mentioned now; prophets are ever shy of events that, in sporting parlance, do not "pull off." Nevertheless, it needed no great powers of prevision to see that, when the emotional "crank" element had seen "Parsifal," the genuine musical community would testify to its good sense by dropping the "sacred" drama from its visiting list. The audiences have been small, though, at ten dollars a head, the management has not lost money. Whether, at half the price, this apotheosis of kingly degeneracy—Wagner really refashioned the work to pander to Ludwig II., of Bavaria, [Pulpit panegyrists, please note!]—will pay, or not, we may not say. And there are almost insuperable objections to the opera's being admitted into the regular repertory. Anyone who has heard "Parsifal" at Baireuth will not be content with the New York version,—our orchestra is mediocre. It also seems that the cry from the boxholders, of "too much Wagner," may modify next season's scheme. I hope not. Surely, Italian opera has been well represented, this year, while French has not.

Ponchielli's "Gioconda"—what a dreary difference there is between this respectable composition and Da Vinci's masterpiece in the Louvre!—proved to be an acceptable revivification. The corpse was galvanized and made intelligent gestures,—but none the less it is a corpse. It demonstrated, however, to the many, many admirers of Puccini, Leoncavallo, and Mascagni, that the old preceptor, Ponchielli, not only taught these composers the elements of their art, but also furnished them material for selection.

"Die Meistersinger" was a delight to eye and ear,—though Ackté was the *Eva*. It was modeled after the celebrated performance at Munich, staged by Fuchs, and in it he sang one of the rôles. Van Rooy was the *Hans Sachs* here, a part which he has greatly elaborated since he first sang it some years ago. His *Wotan*, however, still ranks his *Sachs*. Knote repeated his Munich success and Reiss was a characteristic *David*. The orchestra under Alfred Hertz was not commendable. We have had, on the purely musical side, better performances: Fischer, Seidl-Krauss, Marianne Brandt, Alvary, and Anton Seidl! It was the stage pictures, the grouping of the mob, the animated tableau of the last scene, the veracity of landscape and interior alike,—all testified by their "atmosphere" the master mind of a stage manager who knew his Wagner.

And that leads to the final clause: when the Metropolitan Opera Company has a great conductor, a great stage manager, and a *new* opera house, therefore more harmonious performances,—then the reign of Heinrich Conried may be recorded ages hence by musical histriographers as having been beneficent. Until that much-longed-for time there will be critical fault-finders in the land.

HANK STREETER'S BRAIN-WAVE

NIXON WATERMAN

Hank Streeter used to set erround the corner grocery store,
A-tellin' of the things he' d like to do;
"But, pshaw!" said Hank, "it ain't no use to tackle 'em before
Fate settles in her mind she 'll help you through."
"And 't ain't no use to waste your time on triflin' things," said he;
"The feller that secures the biggest plum
Is the one that thinks up something that 's a winner, so, you see,
I 'm waitin' for a brain-wave to come."

"The men that make the biggest hits," so Hank would often say,
"They ain't the ones, or so I calculate,
That get their everlastin' fame a-workin' by the day;
No, sir! They sort o' grab it while you wait.
They spend their time a-thinkin' till they strike some new idee
That 's big enough to make the hull world hum."
"And that's my plan for winnin' out," said Hank; "and so," said he,
I 'm waitin' for a brain-wave to come."

And there he set a-waitin': in the winter, by the stove,
In summer time he set outside the store;
And, while his busy neighbors all about him worked and throve,
He jest kept on a-talkin' more and more:
Kept on a-gettin' poorer, and, while time it hauled and tacked,
Hank had to make a meal off just a crumb,
Till death it had to take him,—caught him in the very act
Of waitin' for a brain-wave to come.

The man that 's born a genius,—well, I s'pose he 's bound to win,
But most of us is born the other way:
And, after all is said and done, the man who pitches in
And works,—well, he 's a genius, so they say.
If he can't win a dollar, why, he tries to earn a dime;
If he can't have it all he 'll capture some:
For doin' just the best we can is better, every time,
Than waitin' for a brain-wave to come.

FROM PAUPER'S SON TO GOVERNOR

How John A. Johnson, recently Elected to the First Office in Minnesota, Hewed His Way

W. B. HENNESSY

DEFYING the scientists, with their theories of heredity, and, with hands resined by resolution for a stout grip, taking hold of the men and things that stood in his way, John A. Johnson, governor of Minnesota, fought the good fight and won against odds that would have been insuperable to a boy or a man with less direct ambitions. Sitting in the executive office, the other day, in the marble palace which the people of Minnesota have just constructed for a capitol,—and which Governor Johnson is the first executive to occupy,—he answered the question, "How do you account for your success?" in the simple and direct phrase which is his peculiar, characteristic distinction.

"I just *tried* to make good," said he.

There was no sign of exultation in the man; but, if he had indulged in some internal feeling of satisfaction, it might have been forgiven him. He had been talking about his life,—not a very long life, for he is only forty-two,—and the opportunities for contrasts had been plenty. He talked very directly, but not volubly, and even when he jumped from one spot in the past to another there was nothing desultory in his talk or manner. But he must have been less than human when he thought of the little shack in the outskirts of the village of St. Peter, Minnesota, in which he was born amidst a poverty that was at once sordid and hopeless, had he not also thought of how he had transformed that humble cot into the marble pile in which he is now master. That the transformation was assisted by the good will of the people of a great state rather than by the influence of money need not have detracted from his sense of self-satisfaction. He had to overcome a Roosevelt majority of 161,464 to be elected on the Democratic state ticket.

COVERNOR JOHNSON, HIS WIFE AND MOTHER

JOHN A. JOHNSON

MRS. JOHN A. JOHNSON

MRS. C. C. JOHNSON

John A. Johnson's father was a common drunkard,—the village drunkard of St. Peter. The fact carries with it no reproach to the governor. His mother, a sturdy, upright, God-fearing woman, took in washing. Adversity in the form of alcohol laid its hand on the Johnson household while the future of the present governor of Minnesota was still foreseen only by the gods; the bitterness of it was in the soul of the boy at an age when other youngsters have no thought but for play. In his case it made the boy father to a man of whom a state is proud.

The last generation of that branch of the somewhat numerous Johnson family to which the governor belongs was not exalted in the person of Gustaf Johnson, father of this boy who "made good." Gustaf, born in Sweden of the peasantry, was a strong-handed, hard-drinking blacksmith. In 1853, or thereabouts, he tried to divorce himself from his habit of drinking by changing his surroundings. He came to America to find that environment has little influence on appetite, and that the whisky of the Minnesota frontier was as potent for evil as the alcohol punch of his native land. He did strive for a time against temptation, and, during a rather protracted sober period, met and married an immigrant girl from his native country.

She was of a type not uncommon even now on the prairies of Minnesota, where the fair-haired, ruddy-cheeked daughters of Sweden, with forms built to sustain labor in the field and the dairy rather than to grace a drawing-room, are still very numerous. Caroline Carlson Hayden gave up the hard life of a hired girl on a farm to be the wife of Gustaf Johnson, a dipsomaniac, and to become the mother of a governor.

He lustily Proved with His Fists that He Was not Responsible for His Father

Forty-five years ago was a very remote period as time is reckoned in the West. The spirit of the aboriginal nomads was in the whites who invaded the country, and it provoked Gustaf Johnson to unrest. He was sober at that time, and it may have been something else than simple unrest that prompted him to move about. He was a good workman, but unsatisfied with a purely rural life. He took his wife to St. Peter, soon after their marriage, built the two-room cottage in which the future governor was born, opened a blacksmith shop, prospered for a few years, then took to drink, and thereafter figured only as a tremendous and sometimes brutal handicap to his wife and six children who were born to them. He shuffled his drunken way about St. Peter, for a time, then disappeared, came back, became a nuisance, and was eventually disposed of by the authorities. His hopeless and helpless drunkenness was recognized, but there was no provision made, in those rugged days, for the incarceration and treatment of inebriates. He could not be allowed to remain a burden on the struggling woman whose efforts to take care of her little brood had attracted the attention of the townspeople. Therefore he was legally declared a pauper and sent to the county almshouse, whence he issued at times to get drunk and be returned, and where he took an unconscionably long time in doing that which he might have done at once,—dying. His wretched end would not appear to have anything in it that might go to the making of a governor, but it had.

From such beginnings did the present governor of Minnesota spring. "Old Man" Johnson was a byword in St. Peter, but he brought no reproach on Mrs. Johnson or the sturdy boy who helped her with the work, and who, on some few occasions, found it necessary to set down the basket of washing he was carrying to or from the home of his mother to that of a patron, and prove upon the bodies of toplofty young persons that he was not responsible for his father and was rather proud of his mother. Be it also recorded to the credit of the survivors of the little band who went down before young Johnson's primitive attempt to "make good" that they were his stanchest supporters during the last gubernatorial campaign.

Young Johnson was thirteen years old, a shambling country boy, lanky then, as he is now,—an opposition stump speaker described him as being "six ax-handles up the back and six inches wide,"—already in the high school, when he made up his mind that his mother had done the work of the family long enough. He took his books home, one Friday, cried all night because he hungered for an education with that craving that is born of a knowledge of the limitations of the unlearned, and went out the next day and got a job in a general store. That he was well known and appreciated was demonstrated by the fact that the first man he applied to said, "Mrs. Johnson's boy can have a job here if I have to quit myself." That night, when he took the last basket of washing home, he told his mother that he would bring none back, as he was going to take care of the family. The mother feared,—not his will, but his capacity,—and there was a conflict of wills. The stern but affectionate rule of the mother, who had been the breadwinner, might have borne down the resolute stand of young John but for the intervening of Sunday with its churchgoing and prayer. Monday morning the mother yielded. Since that day she has done no labor for hire.

An Alpaca Coat Protected Him from the Keen Blasts of Subzero Weather

So young Johnson was launched, in his mind an unformed idea about getting along to the extent of feeding a family whose simple wants would in some measure be supplied by a cow, a garden rather extensively planted to potatoes, and some chickens. The alpaca coat that he had to his back—the only coat he owned,—very nearly burst with the swelling of him when he went home the first Saturday night and put in his mother's hand the two dollars and a half that he had received as the reward of his labor for the first week. J. C. Colin, his employer, tells this characteristic story of the boy:—

"John was in front of the store when a couple of boys came along and called him names. It was heartless, but boyish. I knew John and looked for him to go after them. Of course I could n't countenance fighting, but I turned my back. I heard John moving about the store and then some sniffling. John was crying. 'What's the matter, John?' said I; 'why do n't you go and punch 'em?' Then I saw he was crying with rage. 'Can't,' he said; 'I've got to work an' quit foolin'.' I got a club and chased those kids four blocks."

The sturdy character of the boy was strikingly shown in another incident related by Mr. Colin. Two dollars and a half a week might serve to keep a family, but it would not go far in maintaining a wardrobe. The winter set in, and young Johnson had no other coat than that of alpaca

which had been his pride in the summer. He suffered greatly in the subzero weather. Mr. Colin offered to provide him with an overcoat. He declined it. His employer explained that he had overcoats to sell, that he gave credit to others, and that he might as well give credit to a boy working for him. Young Johnson replied that his mother and he had talked that all over, and they could not afford to have credit; besides, his underclothes were "awful thick." So the boy went coatless through the frightful cold of a northern winter until he had earned enough money to buy a coat. This garment, which was as the apple of his eye for many winters, was purchased with his earnings from nights devoted to the service of the local printer. He inked the roller for the hand press.

There was a deal of such experience as goes to form character in the years during which young Johnson struggled to raise his mother and the family out of the poverty, sturdily independent but none the less biting, in which they had lived. He spent months trying to get into a drug store, not because he had any desire to learn the business, but because he thought he could inform himself by listening to the discussions, generally political, for which the space about the stove in the store furnished the forum. He had no time for reading, and the job in the drug store would pay as much as he got from the manifold jobs with which he eked out his pay in the general store. He pumped the bellows in the blacksmith shop which his father had owned; once a week he contributed something to letters by inking the roller in the printshop; he anticipated the rural route service by carrying mail and papers to outlying houses. He had no knowledge of high finance, but he had a very distinct idea of funding the jobs in one potentially complete occupation which the druggist would finance. The druggist eventually gave way, as most men have when Johnson has found it necessary to move them. Being there installed, he absorbed such wisdom as fell from the mouths of the oracles who gathered at the drug store, and concluded that they were not wise. He worked four years and studied books behind the prescription case, and men in front of it. He wanted to take a course in pharmacy, but there was always the family to take care of. He could not afford the time necessary for study.

He left school to support his family

Even in the Darkest Hours His Kindness and Sympathy Knew No Bounds

When the elder Johnson was separated from his family for that family's good, there were six children. How they lived on the spare earnings of the boy is known only to the breadwinner and his mother. The ordinary expenses of the household ate up everything. Then, when death came, as it did three times during the minority of the future governor, there were heartbreaking times. Three of the children, girls, died. Young Johnson was tenderly devoted to his young sisters. He devised little pleasures for them. The family cow was the steed for the juveniles of the household. Attached by a harness fearfully and wonderfully made, the gentle cow drew an old Red River cart, loaded with the little Johnsons, through the meadows of the Minnesota River. The creaking of the great wheels on the wooden axles gave notice to the neighbors that Johnson was giving his little sisters a ride. On Sunday, when the stern work of fighting off the wolf was given over,—an opportunity of which the wolf not infrequently took advantage,—the boy, carrying one or two of the children, when the cow was out of commission, made excursions into the surrounding country with the family. For himself, he had none of the things a boy's heart craves,—if he earned or bought a dainty, it was taken home to the little girls. They had nothing but what he earned or bought. The independence of Mrs. Johnson, in which she was stoutly supported by her son, would not permit that the children should accept of the most trifling gifts. Devoted as he was to the little girls, the boy suffered beyond telling when death took the first one. But the event helped in strengthening his character. There was no time for weeping, because extra money must be earned to pay the funeral expenses. Every hand and every pocketbook in St. Peter lay open to John A. Johnson and his mother, at that time, but they took nothing. "My boy will pay," said this Scandinavian mother with the Spartan spirit, and the boy set his face resolutely to the work of paying. The only credit the Johnson family ever accepted, after John became its head, was from the undertaker, and for five years that gloomy personage, by reason of the three funerals, took what might be pinched out of the money needed for the living expenses of his family.

With his first savings, he purchased an interest in a country newspaper

It was to meet this extraordinary demand on him that young Johnson put aside his ambition to study pharmacy, and took a place in a general store, where the work was harder but the pay higher. The present need was his handicap. He worked long enough to get even with the world, then went back to the druggist, managed, by such means as he could compel, to obtain a certificate, and registered under the state law.

"My certificate was No. 13," he said, "but I never believed much in hoodoos."

At times he got an idea that he might do better away from St. Peter. There was always in his boyish mind—away in the background,—the shadow of the alcoholized patient in the almshouse. Not a night of his life passed but that the thought came to him, when he was too tired to sleep, of how much easier it would be to make his way if he could start even. That thought stiffened his back and helped square the chin that now protrudes so pugnaciously. He would stay in St. Peter and fight it out, with all the handicaps. It was a just and justifiable pride in himself and his own endeavors. Once there came an offer to go to Iowa, and he accepted it for the sake of the additional money. In a few months he gave up the place because he could not be away from his mother and his remaining brother and sister. At another time he was made assistant paymaster by a firm of large railroad contractors. That was in the days when railroad building was the sport of the opulent, who were innocently engaged in laying the foundations of the fortunes of the bondholders. Johnson traveled along the right of way, through camps inhabited by gentry who would find much pleasure in cutting the throat of a paymaster if he would but wink. He did not wink, but he persuaded the rough navvies who had dealings with him to confide in him, and made them pause before drawing all their pay to spend in the saloons and dance halls of the towns that sprang up before them. He was banker for scores of them.

At this time he was in receipt of an income of seventy-five dollars a month. The mortgage that Gustaf Johnson had left when he was sent away had been lifted from the cottage. An addition had been built to the house, and the surviving brother and sister were being educated,—for John insisted that they should have the advantages which he valued the more for having been deprived of them. The sister is now a high school teacher in St. Peter, and the brother is librarian in a public library. Mrs. Johnson had always held her head up, but now there was more reason for it, and St. Peter was proud of John A. Johnson.

His Was the Inky Struggle of a Democratic Editor in a Republican Bailiwick

While he was still paymaster on the construction work he went home to spend Sunday, and that day he found the knife to open his oyster. Thitherto his mission in life had been to make a living for his people, and to take fate by the throat and wrest food and shelter and raiment for those he loved from the jaws of adversity. He would take nothing for which he could not pay, and he had imbibed from his mother a horror of obligation. He had performed the duties that lay to his hand in a purposeful way. His whole life, with the exception of a few months, had been spent within a mile of the place of his birth, and he had in him a strong attachment for the place,—he was voluntarily bound to the soil. He had felt the promptings of ambition, too, at times, but paid no heed—for he was never a dreamer,—until the Sunday he visited at home. Then his opportunity came. He was offered a half interest in the St. Peter "Herald," together with its editorship. He hesitated not at all about taking the editorship, for he is of that class of men who do not doubt their ability to fill a position in which they lack experience, but he was halted by the old scruple about going into debt for the half interest. H. J. Essler, who wanted him for a partner, showed him that the plant would be security for the debt, and that it was not an obligation that could embarrass him. The mother was talked with, and the matter was settled to the satisfaction of Essler, who is still the governor's partner, and Johnson. With the latter, the argument that counted most in taking the chance was that which pointed to advancement among the people whom he had liked but whose patronage he had defied.

"My purpose was to make good in the town where I was born,—make good for myself and the folks; and I did," said Governor Johnson. This, of course, was years afterwards,—just the other day.

It is not exactly the path that a man would choose who sought a life of pleasure,—the inky way of a Democratic editor of a country weekly in a territory fiercely Republican. But Johnson continued to make good. He wrote—and still writes,—with the directness that characterizes his spoken language. As he had no time in his boyhood for the frills of life, so he has no use for the flowers of language. Perhaps the direct unswerving habit of his early years became a part of the man, and he wrote things. He did not write much, but much to the point. In five years he was secretary of the state press association,—which is eighty per cent. Republican,—and in three years more he was president of the organization. It was during his incumbency of the presidency of the association that he first came before the public as a figure of note, through an incident which brought out the character of the man.

The Minnesota state press association had been invited to help dedicate the Minnesota state building at the World's Fair. With a country editor's enthusiasm for a junket the invitation had been accepted. Johnson loaded the brethren of the pen—three or four hundred of them,—into a special train, and started for Chicago. The dedication was to take place the next day. Governor—now Senator,—Knute Nelson was to have charge of the dedicatory exercises. When the editors assembled at the state building, the governor was not there. He had missed a train, he wired. The editors were nettled,—except Johnson. He believed that the business in hand should be proceeded with. He could not see why four hundred editors could not do a job of dedicating as well as one governor. He told his brethren what he thought and they agreed with him. He consulted with the World's Fair commissioners. They did not like to affront the governor by going on without him, but they positively could not think of affronting four hundred country editors,—being themselves more or less devoted to politics. The commissioners thought the governor not altogether indispensable. Thereupon Johnson dedicated the building, and the other editors held up their hands and made speeches and broke a bottle of wine,—all very proper and orthodox. But Governor Nelson did not like it. He made a protest and the authorities were appealed to. But the Johnson

dedication stood, and Johnson stood very well indeed with the state press. They gave him a nickname,—"Governor" Johnson!

St. Peter has furnished four governors for Minnesota,—Swift, Austin, McGill, and Johnson,—and the people down there are by no means awed in the gubernatorial presence. Most of them have seen governors in their shirt sleeves. Some years ago Johnson was a captain in the militia. This was after the strenuous times, and Mrs. Johnson lived in a new cottage and Johnson read his title clear to the half interest in the "Herald." The militia was in state camp and it was governor's day. A. R. McGill was governor, and he knew John A. Johnson well enough to call him "Johnny,"—they call him "Johnny" at St. Peter still. Johnson was officer of the day. The governor had reviewed the troops and had gone to Johnson's tent to rest. It was very warm, and Johnson proposed to treat his guests—there were three men of prominence besides the governor,—with lemonade. Now, as officer of the day, Johnson should have been in full rig, with a sash on to indicate his peculiar dignity. As a matter of fact he divested himself of his coat and side arms and walked down the officers' line to the storekeeper's tent to get the lemons. On the way back he met Colonel Bobleter, the adjutant general and something of a martinet. The colonel saluted stiffly and remarked to the captain that he lacked the dignity that should be worn by the officer of the day. Captain Johnson excused himself on the plea that it was very warm.

"But," said Bobleter, "what would the governor say if he should see you?"

"Ask him," said Johnson, throwing back the flap of his tent. Governor McGill was lying on the camp bed with his shoes off and stripped to his trousers.

Twice Johnson ran for the state senate and was defeated.

"I think I get along because it does n't hurt me to get licked," he said. "I really mean that it does n't hurt in the least. I can go and chum with the man that beats me." He chummed with the man that beat him and ran against him again. Then he beat the other fellow. "There is nothing like knowing when not to quit," said the governor, in telling about it.

In the senate he was popular and influential, though a member of the minority. He throve in other directions. He took to himself a wife, a charming little woman who is going to help make his administration popular by her tact and beauty. Mother Johnson was content.

In 1889 Gustaf Johnson died, and John A. Johnson buried him.

His first speeches were logical

The Misfortune of His Father Was Used to Defeat His Political Ambition

Last summer the Democrats cast about for a candidate for the governorship. A dozen men who had been observing the progress of John A. Johnson went down to St. Peter, one day, and had a talk with him on the porch of his cottage. They pointed to where his duty lay. He pointed to the certainty of a majority of one hundred thousand for Roosevelt. How could any Democrat hope to win against that? But there was a split in the Republican Party in the state. Johnson admitted that, too, and he allowed himself to be persuaded. He was nominated, and in his first speech he notified the opposition that he was a real candidate. Several influential Republican newspapers bolted the Republican candidate and came out for Johnson. People said that that was mere sentiment. But with Johnson it was a serious matter. His friends expected him to make good. He made a very vigorous campaign. He made ten or fifteen brief, fiery speeches every day for two months. Nearly everybody knew and liked the man, and it was too bad, they said, that he would have to be snowed under by the Roosevelt majority. He would make deep inroads into the Republican ranks, but he could not overcome one hundred thousand. Johnson said that, if it was no more than one hundred thousand, he would do the trick.

Then fate took a hand in the campaign. Having it in mind to destroy Johnson's opponent, the gods put it into the head of somebody in authority on the Republican committee to circulate the story that John A. Johnson's father had died a pauper. The thing was done surreptitiously, and stupidly. County chairmen received bundles of debasing circulars, stating that his father had died a pauper, with the request that they should be placed where they would do the most good.

His enemies cried, "His father was a pauper," but he was elected, nevertheless

Every quarter of the state blossomed with placards vilifying his father and mother, and similar transparencies were carried in the parades. Some of them urged the people to vote against John A. Johnson because "His Father Was a Drunken Loafer" and "His Mother Took in Washing." Mr. Johnson's managers began to get frightened. Some of his supporters requested him to make a strong, sweeping denial.

"I can not," he replied.

It was a unique method of assault. The Republicans, who were responsible for it, urged that it be increased.

"We must not let this man be elected," declared one.

"No," replied another, "we must ruin him at any cost."

"It is not a question of the man; it is for the honor and permanency of the Republican Party," said a third.

So the vile epithets were flung wide and far, and the ugly transparencies were carried through the streets. Then voters all over Minnesota began to probe into his past history and pedigree. They found the allegations to be correct. But the other side of the man's character came to light. They learned of his self-sacrifice, his devotion to duty, and his tender care of his little brothers and sisters and his overburdened mother. "During the poverty and suffering he was our comfort and support," his mother said. "He cheerfully turned over his money to me on every pay day. When he was fourteen years old, he was earning enough so that I was no longer compelled to take in washing."

Then the old patient mother looked back on the long years of toil and sorrow,—years filled with naught else but probability of starvation and drudgery. Dark years they were, indeed, with nothing to brighten them save the hope that her little son would become a good citizen even though his chance to secure an education was very slim. She remembered how he stood by her bedside, in illness, or worked his hands sore to pay the doctor's bill, doing all with a spirit that made him doubly dear.

One circular containing a notice of his father's death in the poorhouse, which was circulated by thousands, read as follows:—

No. 3013.—Certified copy of death register in Nicollet County, state of Minnesota.

Date of Death: Month.—Day.—Year	Name of Deceased	Sex	Color	Married, Single, or Widower	Age
Oct. 5, 1889	*Gustaf Johnson*	*Male*	*White*	*Married*	*69*

Place of Birth	Date of Arrival in Minnesota	Disease or Cause of Death	Place of Death
Sweden	.....	*Chronic Rheumatism*	*Town, Granby*

Occupation	Names and Birthplaces of Parents	When Registered
Pauper	.....	*Oct. 9, 1889*

State of Minnesota,
County of Nicollet,—ss.

In district court of said county.

I, G. A. Blomberg, Jr., clerk of the district court in and for said county and state aforesaid, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full and complete transcript of the entries appearing of record in the register of deaths now remaining in my said office relative to the death of the said Gustaf Johnson and the whole thereof.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said court hereto affixed at St. Peter, Minnesota, this 20th day of October, A. D., 1904.

(Seal.) —G. A. Blomberg, Jr., Clerk.

Our poorhouse is located in the town of Granby.

State of Minnesota,
County of Nicollet,—ss.

Tip Witty, being first duly sworn, on oath deposes and says that he has resided in the county of Nicollet and the state of Minnesota for the last past forty years; that he was personally acquainted with one Gustaf Johnson from the year 1872 until the year 1889, in which year Gustaf Johnson died at the Nicollet County poorhouse, being confined therein as a public pauper; and that said Gustaf Johnson was the father of one John A. Johnson, now candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket. Further affiant saith not. Tip Witty.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of October, A. D., 1904.

(Seal.) —G. A. Blomberg, Jr.,
Clerk of District Court, Nicollet County, Minn.

A copy of the circular fell into the hands of a Republican editor who had been opposed to Johnson solely for party reasons. He printed it, and with it the story of Johnson's life. Republican county chairmen who had been asked to circulate the Tip Witty affidavit resigned and declared for Johnson. The revulsion was tremendous against the Republican candidate, who disavowed responsibility for the matter,—and, no doubt, honestly. But his campaign managers were held responsible.

In the election which followed Minnesota gave Roosevelt a majority of 161,464, while Johnson ran 92,453 ahead of his ticket and was elected by a majority of 7,862.

It was not politics. No money was spent in the election. It was just an exhibition of how sure a man may be that human nature will recognize and at the right time appreciate one who tries to make good.

When Governor Johnson talked of himself and his past he said very frankly that he had not governed his life by any fixed rule. He is tall and spare, with a boyish face and a big, strong nose that adds much to a countenance that has plenty of character. The smiling blue eyes account for the number of people who call him "Johnny," but the square jaw gives evidence of a purposeful man.

"I have gone along just about like the rest of men," said the governor: "I have never formed any bad habits; I have not been vengeful, and have never been sore after a licking. I kept in mind the idea that I had to make good and I hope to yet."

A less modest man might believe that he has made good.

The Glories of the Drama

At the Savage Club dinner in London, Henry Irving said that, when last in New York, he saw two very small but bright-faced darkies, seated on the worn step of the stage door at the theater where Mrs. Leslie Carter was then playing "Du Barry."

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"We 'se actors," came the rather astonishing reply from one of the two.

Mr. Irving said that he had hard work not to offend this youthful dignitary with a smile, but he succeeded, and asked what parts they played. Then one of the diminutive sons of Ethiopia drew himself up proudly and announced, with immense gravity:—

"I 'se de footstool fer Mrs. Leslie Cyarter, an' Andy, dere, he po's de coffee."

"Elsa was sitting on the floor, her face bedewed with childish tears and streaked with the dust of moldering books"

THE AVENGING ANGEL*

How a Woman's Wit Circumvented a Dark Plot

HOWARD FIELDING

PART II.

ELSA CARROLL'S manner of facing peril was utterly feminine. There was not an amazonian fiber in her being. When she found that she was Curtis Bond's prisoner, she was overwhelmed by terror to such an extent that she knew only one thing clearly, which was that she would like to run away. Swift mental pictures usurped the functions of thought. She did not think of flight; she seemed to see herself springing out of his grasp, here, there, and everywhere else,—to one of the windows, to the door, or to the far end of the room, where she might hide from him in the dark. Yet she made no attempt to do any of these things, because the steady hand upon her throat restrained her, less by physical force or menace of it than by fascination which robbed her of choice.

Moreover, she was completely mystified as to his design, but he certainly was not impelled by resentment. Her intuition relieved her at once of all fear that he had any revengeful feeling toward her, or cared in the smallest degree to injure her in requital for having detected him as the traitor who was betraying the secrets of Mr. Loring. She would suffer harm if she should oppose him, but not otherwise; and yet her mere existence might be an obstacle in his path. He might kill her, so that she could not tell of him. This possibility came to her in one of the fleeting pictures. She seemed to see the deed and then to see herself lying calm and still under the flash of all the lights, while Mr. Loring and the others cried out in pity or horror.

The astonishing number of such tableaux which an excited mind can construct in a few seconds has formed the theme of endless speculation. No man understands the magic of it, or may with prudence set a bound thereto. It is certain that Miss Carroll saw a good share of her past, and at least fifty different futures, in the brief span of moments while Bond was assuring himself that she would not cry out. The process continued, but more sanely and with decreasing speed, while he was pushing her slowly backward to the chair by the typewriter in the middle of the room. With his foot he thrust this chair to the end of the table, and bade her sit down. There was neither rudeness nor affectation of courtesy in his tone. It revealed a perfect concentration of mind, and a cold desperation which increased her fear.

He removed his hand from her throat, groped for a chair, drew it up to the table, and seated himself.

"I have a knife here," he said, without menace, and without emotion of any sort. "If anything happens, I will tell you what to do. Can you speak?"

His knowledge of her abject terror chilled her the more.

"Yes," she gasped.

"Speak louder."

He was leaning toward her, and she saw his face in the light of the brightest flash that had yet come from the clouds. He seemed strange and terrible, with the black beard and the stained skin; but she knew his eyes. The lightning revealed them in perfect coloring, and so vividly that they seemed to linger, and glow in the dark,—the yellow-brown eyes of a lion, steady, deliberate, hungering without impatience, and threatening without anger.

"I can speak," she said; "what must I say?"

He paid no heed to this question, but immediately busied himself with the typewriting instrument. She heard the sound that the machine sent forth, and knew what Bond was doing. He was setting the sheet of paper so that there would be more space than she herself had allowed above the signature which Mr. Loring had written. She did not reach this conclusion by conscious inference; it was as if she saw the thing done.

"If I could only think!" she said to herself. "Why can't I think? I am not afraid. I will not be afraid! I am faint; that is all. I shall be better in a moment."

She leaned upon the table, supporting her head with one hand.

"That is right," said Bond. "Remain so. Do not move."

These words gave her once more the picture of escape in the dark. But the knife! She feared it keenly, mortally! If there were light, so that she might see it, perhaps her terror would be less; but to be pursued in that dreadful darkness, and slain at random, blindly,—she had not the strength to tempt a fate so cruel.

But she must think. She must take some mental attitude toward these events, and behave humanly, not like a terror-stricken animal. Perhaps, if she should begin at some earlier hour and come to the present gradually, it might help her. Why was Mr. Bond there? What had he learned that could be in his mind and make him do these terrible things?

He must have found out that Mr. Loring and Mr. Kennard were to buy a part of Mr. Todd's business, and that they would pay him a large sum of money. Such was her own understanding of the matter. Perhaps Mr. Bond had not known about the money when he left New York, but had merely come down to Sachem's Head to watch Mr. Loring and Mr. Kennard, and discover what their plans were, so that he might sell the secret to their adversaries, as he had been trying to do while employed in the Loring Company's office, before she had detected him in his treachery.

Lurking about the house, he had seen Mr. Loring and herself go to the library to work with the correspondence. Mr. Bond might easily have seen them, for all the windows were uncurtained. That is why he dared not now have any light. Seeing them, he had crept in, and had overheard the message which Mr. Loring had dictated to her. Surely this had happened, for Mr. Bond had asked her who Warren was,—clearly because he had heard the name mentioned in that note. Then he must also have heard the rest of it,—that Mr. Kennard was to send the money and checks by Warren, and that the sum was very large.

Yes, it was all perfectly plain. Mr. Bond had seen Mr. Loring sign his name upon a sheet of paper so that she might write the message above it while he went to summon Warren. Then, of course, Mr. Bond would write a fraudulent message above the signature, and would direct Mr. Kennard to do something which would give an opportunity to steal the money.

Now this chain of reasoning—if it deserves the name,—looks very long when expressed in words;

*This story opened in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for February

but the mind, dispensing with the words, may pass from link to link of it in a few seconds.

Bond, meanwhile, was running his fingers over the typewriting machine to assure himself as to the "make" of it, and to adjust his mental picture of the keyboard. Evidently he had no doubt of his ability to write the message in utter darkness, for he began confidently. He wrote two words, each beginning with a capital, the first consisting of four letters, and the second of three. Then, with momentary hesitation, he pressed the spring which is called the "figure-shift," that brings into use the numerals, signs, and punctuation marks, and struck one key, doubtless for a colon.

Elsa had only the sound to guide her to any knowledge of what was being written. It was so dark that even the white sheet of paper was indistinguishable, and yet she was able to follow Bond's movements, to some extent, by a process akin to intuition. She felt sure that the first two words were "Dear Jim:" for thus Mr. Loring had begun his own message. Would it be possible for her to guess at any considerable portion of the remainder? If she could do so she might escape and give warning, for this note would disclose Bond's plan. It would reveal the place where he would attempt to take the money from Warren, or, perhaps, from Mr. Kennard himself. Not robbery alone, but also murder, might result from this encounter; and, at the thought that the prevention of this crime might rest with her, a benumbing faintness seized upon the girl.

Her head sank lower, till it rested upon the table. It seemed that only one tiny fragment of her mind remained true and steady, while a great cloud of broken images and formless horrors whirled round and round that last-enduring, fragile citadel of courage. Her poor plan, like a tattered flag, fluttered in the center of this scene of defeat.

When Bond finished his work,—which may have required ten minutes,—he exhibited, for the first time, a truly human attribute of character; not a good one, indeed, but preferable to the utterly brutal concentration upon a single craving which had marked his demeanor at first. He disclosed something that might be called exultation, for want of a better word. Clearly, he already tasted success. His muttered comments were mostly inarticulate, but they had the flavor of triumph.

He withdrew the sheet of paper from the machine, and put in an envelope, which he addressed with dash and assurance. He struck five letters, an initial, and seven other letters,—"James R. Kennard," beyond a doubt. But what was the message that he sealed in that envelope? Reading from the sound of the keys, Elsa had made out Mr. Todd's name by the double "d" at the end; Warren's, by the double "r;" and her own, in a similar manner, near the close of the writing. She had guessed at the words, "to-morrow" and "New York," and at the phrase, "all you have,"—probably referring to the money. But, as to any possible use of this information, she had no plan. Unless Mr. Kennard should come to "The Bowlders" and bring the note with him, it could hardly be used to accomplish the defeat of its author. But this was not within the bounds of reasonable hope; for, if Mr. Kennard should set out from his house, as a result of receiving this note, he would doubtless take the money with him, and would encounter Curtis Bond upon the way.

The effort to fix her mind upon all these perplexities at once, while struggling with faintness and fear, had so exhausted Elsa that, when Bond commanded her to rise, she could not do so. In the attempt she would have fallen, if he had not held her by the arm. She was still essential to his designs, and, for this reason, he spoke to her in a manner intended to be reassuring. When a child is frightened or hurt, it may be comforted by deflecting its attention.

"Do you see that glow out there in the dark?" he asked. "That is from the lamps on the pier, which we can't see from here. They have just been lighted, much later than usual, I should suppose. What does it mean?"

She knew that he wished to test her power to speak in an ordinary tone, and she dared not fail.

"Warren lights them every evening," she said; "he must have been away."

"Precisely," he responded. "Warren was fixing the boats, because he thought that it was going to blow. I happened to see him go, but did n't know who he was until you told me. Then I perceived that Mr. Loring would n't find his messenger, and that I should have time enough. We may expect Warren at any moment."

"If Mr. Loring comes, what will you do?"

"He will not come. He will walk around to the yacht club along the shore path, and meet Mr. Todd. Warren will come alone. Let us prepare to receive him. Do n't be alarmed; nothing terrible will happen."

He led her toward the door with such precision that she was startled, fancying that his strange eyes could penetrate the darkness. Shifting his grasp from her arm to her hand, he guided it to the switch that controlled the lights.

"Warren will knock," said he, "and in the moment before you open the door you will turn that switch. He may think it strange if the room is dark. As you open the door you will not come fully into Warren's view. You will be partially shielded, and I wholly. I shall hold your left arm a little raised, with my left hand, and in my right will be my knife. Why do you tremble? If you obey me, no harm will come to you. As soon as there is light, I shall put this letter into your right hand. You will give it to Warren, and will say precisely what Mr. Loring suggested."

"I have forgotten," said she; "what was it?"

"He is to give the note to Mr. Kennard, and do what Mr. Kennard tells him," answered Bond. "And now I have one last word to say: a short time ago circumstances made it imperative that I should have money. The need has grown more pressing. You may fancy me a prisoner escaping from his cell, or, perhaps, from the scene of his crime, if you prefer that view,—escaping with his booty, and with a weapon in his hand. Whoever stands in his way threatens his life and liberty. He is rushing out to freedom and safety,—do you understand? Dare you try to stop him?"

"No," she gasped; "no, I dare not."

"I hear his steps," whispered Bond. "Turn on the light. Here is the letter. Now! Open the door."

Elsa's consciousness ceased to be a whirling maze, and gathered itself into two definite entities. One of them gave its attention to the immediate expectation of death. It forecast the pang; it pictured every detail of the aspect of this fate. The other consciousness directed her conduct, governed her voice and bearing, and preserved her life.

She saw the grizzled, sturdy old man standing, cap in hand, respectfully attentive. He received the letter, and the directions as to its delivery, responded with a sailorman's awkward salute, and went away. Not a shadow of suspicion had passed across his mind. This errand meant no more to him than half a mile of walking, and a dash of rain, probably, before he could get home again.

Bond closed the door and extinguished the lights.

"Come this way," he said. "That was well done. Do you feel better now?"

"I am a coward," she responded, bitterly. "And you? What shall I say or think of you?"

"It concerns me that you should not say anything, for a little while," said he; "but you may think whatever you please. I am a product of circumstances and the times."

"If you had not some notion of what you really are," she answered, "you would claim the credit for your own making. I am glad to know that you are not altogether deceived as to your soul's quality."

"Well, upon my word," he muttered, "you've come up wonderfully! A moment ago you could n't stand on your feet."

"I have the grace to be ashamed of my weakness," said she. "I do not blame circumstances,—neither you nor that knife. I am to blame."

"You're unjust to yourself," he retorted. "You might have done much worse: for instance, you might have screamed, and that would have cost you your life. Please remember it. Now, come with me."

Holding her by the arm, he led her to the rear of the room, where he opened a door. She was much more calm, and her sense of locality was truer than it had been during the earlier scenes. She knew that there was no exit from the room in this place, but only a small closet containing a quantity of old books. Probably he had been deceived, when surveying the library from his original place of concealment, by the visible strength of this door, and by the fact that there was a heavy lock upon it.

A sudden, mad design of pushing him into the closet, and turning the key upon him, arose in her mind. A moment later, she herself was a prisoner.

In judging Bond for this act it is, perhaps, fair to assume that he did not foresee the consequences. If he had considered the chance that Elsa might not be discovered until late in the evening, he probably thought that there would be air enough to sustain her without serious discomfort. The fact that he removed the key but did not conceal it would indicate that he was not altogether ignorant of the danger, but believed that the keyhole would suffice to supply the prisoner's needs. Unfortunately, he did not remember that locks upon such doors are operated from one side only, and that, therefore, the keyholes do not pass entirely through.

There was no ventilation at all in that place; and, as for rescue, the girl's cries were so muffled by the strong door that Bond could not hear them when he stood outside one of the windows of the library, adjusting the screen of wire gauze which he had

"When they came to the telephone it was already in use"

raised the height of a sash in making his escape.

Meanwhile, Arthur Loring was on his way to the yacht club's house, stumbling along the shore path in the darkness. This black night may have been oppressive and uncomfortable to all others in that region, but it was not so to him. It was a very enjoyable night,—a delicious night,—full of inspiration, and hope, and pleasant fancies. He was upon the edge of the most important business negotiation of his life, but he was not in the slightest degree disturbed by the prospect. Win or lose, the world was a fine place. The inky sky revealed one constellation, at least, consisting of two blue eyes which he could see at will. The dull air was full of whispers, in sweetly varying tones, yet always in the same voice. And these natural phenomena were the more delightful because they revealed themselves to a man who had never seen them before.

The recognition of this fact overwhelmed him with surprise. He would have said that his life had not been destitute of romance. Still, upon reflection, he was forced to confess that a man who devotes himself to business exclusively, while he is in town, and lives mostly in a canoe during vacations, may come to the age of thirty-two without having had a serious affair of the heart,—if Providence protects him, meanwhile, and saves him for one real love at last.

"If her father had lived," he said, to himself, "it would have been the same. I should have seen her, this summer, in Maine. But suppose, after his death, she had n't written to me! Suppose she had found employment in some out-of-the-way place, and we had never met again!"

He bared his head in reverent gratitude. "I'm merely an object in the landscape to her, of course," he admitted; "but I love her, and that's enough for now."

At the clubhouse he found Reginald Todd, walking round and round as if he had been tethered with a short rope, and still wearing the waterproof overcoat which he had put on when he left his own house, under the impression that it would rain immediately.

"Arthur," said he, taking Loring by the hand, nervously, "I'm in a tight place, to-night, and that's a fact. I tell you frankly—"

"My friend," said Loring, "I tell *you* frankly that you're in precisely the place where you've been for a month. The difference is that you know it now. And, knowing it, you're all right, for you also know just what to do to retrieve yourself."

"I've just had a telegram which—which demands an immediate answer. I've got to call up New York by telephone, at ten o'clock. I can't answer without the cash in my hand; it is n't safe. The sum is not great, for a man that's got the actual value of property that I have, but I can't raise it. That's the whole story; I can't raise it. And I tell this to you, straight out, because you're a man of honor, and you've made me a definite proposition which I now accept."

"You need n't be afraid that I'll try to beat you down on it," responded Loring; "I'll stand by my original statement."

"This is spot cash?"

"By ten o'clock."

"Then I'm your man," said Todd. "Trot out your documents, and I'll sign. But if I had to take any chances,—even your word for the money in my hand, to-morrow morning,—I declare to you that I'd go into the clubhouse now, and telephone those people that I am going into bankruptcy. That's the way I feel about it. I'm tired out."

"My word of honor for the cash, to-night," said Loring. "Come. We'll arrange the details at my sister's house."

"We can sit outside, somewhere, can't we, Arthur? It's roasting hot."

"Why don't you take off your overcoat?"

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said Todd, surprised; "I did n't know I had it on."

In that part of Mrs. Caverly's veranda which seemed the coolest, Loring and Todd established themselves eventually, with an electric bulb above their heads, and a small table between them. There was no need of diplomacy, for Todd's state was absolutely pliant. His sole demand was cash on the nail; "and a night's rest," he added, "the first good one in a month."

Loring's confident assurances had restored Todd to reasonable equanimity; but, upon the other hand, Loring was the prey of increasing anxiety. He excused himself to Todd, for a moment, and went to inquire of Elsa whether or not there had been any delay in dispatching Warren. Failing to find her, he asked his sister to seek her, but as yet he had no suspicion of any mishap. His mind was wholly relieved, when he came out upon the veranda, by the sight of Warren approaching with his gently rolling gait acquired on the unsteady decks of ships.

"From Mr. Kennard, sir," said he, touching his cap, and holding out a small envelope.

Loring stared at it, and it seemed to shrink.

"Is that *all*?"

"Yes, sir," said Warren, with a satisfied air.

Loring tore open the envelope. It contained a sheet of the company's letter paper, upon which appeared a kind of typewritten nightmare. His own name was appended to this message from the madhouse, and below it were some sentences signed "Kennard." The whole is here presented in reduced fac simile:—

The Loring Construction Company

NEW YORK OFFICE
BESSEMER BUILDING, BROADWAY

ARTHUR LORING, Pres. JOHN M. HARVEY, Sec'y JAMES R. KENNARD, Treas.

New York, 19

Dear Jim: T9## a-$ just d-&&3# _3 70 9: 5a3 53A30a9ne. His /46$0$ /9_3$ 59_94492 8; New York. He 6$;92 9; a8$ R-6 a343 in h8$ A-7:/e -:# I shall me36 a8_ -6 5a3 /a9'. Please g1:3 Warren a&b 697 e-:3, both the e-$a -# 5a3 /3458*83# /a3/*$. Tell him 59 *6:# _3 9; Ka3 A-:#8;* $%-73 -6 !a3 /a9', or if I'm ;95 5a343 I will h-:3 - '9-5_-; 43-#6 59 5-#3a8_ 9** 59 T9##'s Yacht. Dont sh92 70 6974*3A*: A38 _3 a-:#A3 TO## -A9;3. Miss Ca449a& 28a& *8:3 Ka2$ to Ka443; $8_046 83aa8;* a8_ 59 *96a92 your 94/34$.

Yours truly,

Arthur Loring.

What kind of a Chinese puzzle is this? Enclosed by mistake I suppose. Please send the real thing.

Kennard

"Where did you get the note that you carried to Mr. Kennard?" demanded Loring, abruptly.

"If you obey me no harm will come to you."

"The young lady—Miss Carroll, sir,—gave it to me, in the library," replied Warren.

Loring was about to ask another question, but at that moment he caught a glimpse of Todd drumming nervously upon the table with his fingers.

"Go back to Mr. Kennard's house," said Loring, in the servant's ear. "Tell him that Mr. Todd is here, and that I must close the deal before ten. There's time enough, but don't waste any of it. Take this card."

He wrote hastily: "Bring money and checks," and signed his name, putting the card into Warren's hand. Meanwhile, Mrs. Caverley had come out of the house, bearing strange news.

"I can't find Miss Carroll," she said. "No one has seen her since she went to the library. But she's not there now. The room is dark."

"She may have fallen asleep. Did you call loudly?"

"No. I merely looked in."

"Try again, Constance. Are you beginning to be anxious? Well, to be honest about it, so am I. I'll go along with you."

The library was already lighted. Two maids stood upon the threshold, clutching at each other as if they had been drowning. From beyond came the voice of a manservant, declaring: "There's no one here! You can see for yourselves."

"Oh, Mrs. Caverly!" exclaimed one of the maids, "there's some one crying. I heard it. You'd think it was floatin' in the air; and Michael can't see no livin' person—"

At this moment Michael began to move toward the door sidewise; looking upward, and pretending to follow the sound, though well aware that he was retreating. Loring thrust him aside and went on to the middle of the room, where he paused, perplexed.

"Elsa!" he called, addressing her thus for the first time.

The mysterious sound of sobbing ceased, and there was a harrowing silence. Then a weak, piteous, trembling, strangled voice came from far away, crying: "Here I am!"

When the door was opened, after frantic search for the key, which lay all the time in plain sight, Elsa was disclosed sitting on the floor, her face bedewed with childish tears, and streaked with the dust of moldering books. Loring took her up in his arms, and she wept afresh, upon his shoulder, with joy at her release. But when she had been deposited in a big easy-chair, and servants had been sent running wildly upon uncomprehended errands, the shower of tears ceased suddenly, and a tremulous smile shone forth to warm the hearts of all beholders.

Loring, who had been on his knees beside her, foolishly patting one of her hands, was so gratified by this sign of improvement that he seized the other hand and began to pat each in turn, as if he were playing some absurd game.

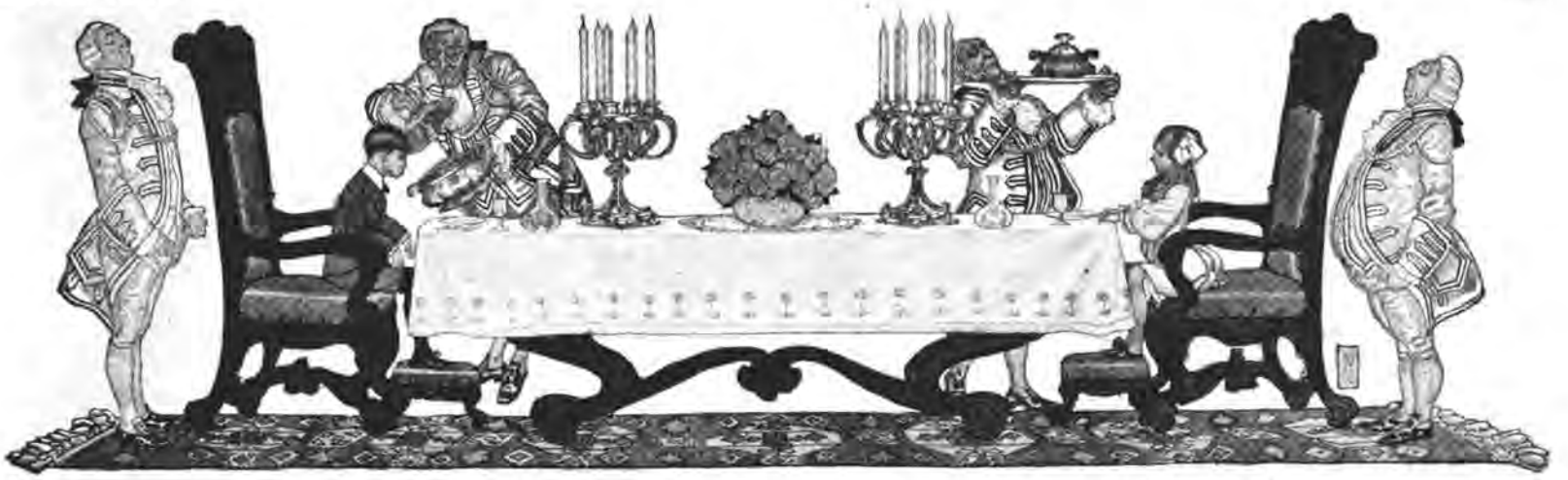
"Thank you! I'm better, now," said she; "I'll answer all your questions. It was Mr. Bond that locked me in."

Loring might well have been prepared to hear this, after Kennard's warning, yet in fact he had forgotten Bond's existence. In the brief interval since he had found Elsa in her dusty prison, he had been so distracted by fear that she had suffered serious injury that he had given no rational consideration to the question of responsibility. The truth came like a blow. His face reddened upon the forehead and paled about the lips with sudden wrath.

"He was hidden in the room while you were dictating the note that I was to send to Mr. Kennard," continued Elsa. "He saw you sign your name at the bottom of the blank sheet, and, just as I was ready to write, he put out all the lights and then took me prisoner in the dark. He led me to the typewriter and made me sit beside him while he wrote a note over your signature. Of course, I knew what he intended to do. I knew that he would tell Mr. Kennard to send the money somewhere, and then he would manage to get it. I ought to have pulled the signed sheet out of the machine and to have torn it up. But I was so afraid of that awful knife!"

"He threatened to kill you?" gasped Loring.

[*Concluded on pages 186 and 187*]



THE SHAMEFUL MISUSE OF WEALTH

II.—The Real Race Suicide

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

[We believe that the problems which Cleveland Moffett is presenting in this series of articles are the most important that now confront the American people, more important than graft in politics or dishonesty in finance, because they go back of these to the common cause, which is money greed, and beyond these to the general effect which is an increasing and alarming class hatred. With the waning of religious faith comes the worship of wealth and the attendant evils of extravagance, ostentation, false pretense, envy, and widespread discontent. That nation is in a bad way, indeed, when it is notoriously true that the mass of its citizens will do almost anything to get money, and are able to do almost anything by means of money, to ignore or violate the laws, to laugh at decent opinion, to override popular rights, and to trample on the poor. The United States is not yet in such a lamentable case, our land still abounds in honest men and unspoiled women, but, with the unparalleled growth of private fortunes and the spirit of wanton display, with the increase, on the other hand, of misery and wretchedness, we are rapidly approaching the danger line where millions of our miserable poor may well cry out to thousands of our prodigal rich:—"How comes it that you have so much while we have so little? How can you justify this shameful squandering of wealth when you see us, your brothers, toiling in factories and sweatshops, starving in tenements, and wasted by disease?" These are great vital questions. Mr. Moffett has spent months in gathering material for this work, and we have spared neither pains nor expense to have his statements verified, but one man or one magazine can do little. We want the help of many men and especially of many women, and we appeal to the great body of American citizens, to all who read these articles and care about these things, to tell us frankly what they think, to write us fully, either in approval or disapproval. We are not seeking praise, but truth.—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.]

IN a spirit of fairness, and by way of showing that I welcome honest criticism, I may mention that I have been taken to task by several people because I presumed last month to censure certain rich New Yorkers for not supplying the urgent needs of their Lying-in Hospital.

"It's rather amusing," said one man, "your blaming Mr. Pierpont Morgan for not making up the hospital's deficit."

"Amusing?" said I.

"Don't you know," he went on, "that Mr. Morgan built this hospital, bought the ground it stands on, and gave everything for it,—nearly two million dollars?"

As a matter of fact I did not know this, I had simply mentioned the Lying-in Hospital in connection with the published statement that six hundred poor women about to become mothers were turned away from its doors last year, although one hundred and twenty-four beds were there ready and empty, this because money was lacking to pay nurses and attendants.

"Well," I admitted, "that was very generous of Mr. Morgan, but,—er—"

"Go on," said he.

"Does n't it show that successful charity work involves *more* than the mere giving out of money? Does n't it involve personal attention,—just a *little* personal attention? Would Mr. Morgan buy a railroad or a coal mine and then leave it to run itself? He'd *make* it run, would n't he? But this beautiful two-million-dollar hospital with its noble possibilities is only *half* running, for the lack of a beggarly thirty-one thousand dollars a year, which sum would bring into use the one hundred and twenty-four beds now idle, and permit the hospital to receive *over four thousand mothers* a year beyond the number now received, four thousand mothers out of the *twenty-seven thousand* in New York City who were last year *left to face the perils known so well to mothers without the care of doctors.* And how long would it take Mr. Morgan to *raise* thirty-one thousand dollars, if he did n't feel like giving it?"

My friend smiled.

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"Besides," I continued, "Mr. Morgan was not the only one mentioned. His name stands among the benefactors along with the names of such enormously rich men as John Jacob Astor, William W. Astor, and William K. Vanderbilt. They know the conditions. How about *them?*"

My friend shrugged his shoulders.

"And tell me," I pursued, "what you think of various rich women on the list who can spare only *ten or twenty dollars* for this desperate need of their sister women, these pitiful mothers, but can afford to give dinners and dances at ten thousand dollars each?"

Here spoke up the man's wife who chanced to be present.

"Have you any idea," she said, "how many appeals come in the morning's mail to every New York woman whose name happens to be on the charity lists?"

"Why,—er—" I began.

"Listen," she interrupted. "We counted them up the other day, Mrs. C—— and I, and found that if we had given only ten dollars to every worthy call, I mean the *really* worthy ones, we should have spent in the year—" She stopped to think.

"How much?" I queried.

"Three thousand dollars," she announced.

"The price of a pet dog," said I.

"Nonsense," said she.

"There are pet dogs in New York," I insisted, "worth five thousand dollars. There are St. Bernards worth seven thousand. There are women in New York who spend a thousand dollars a year on clothes for their poodles."

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"On clothes for their poodles?"

"Certainly; on house coats, walking coats, dusters, sweaters, coats lined with ermine at two hundred dollars each, automobile coats with hoods and goggles, and each coat fitted with a pocket for the poodle's handkerchief of fine linen or lace."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"It is absolutely true. Furthermore, these women buy for their pet dogs boots of different colored leather to match the coats, house boots, street boots, etc., that lace up nearly to the knee and cost from five to eight dollars a pair. They buy half a dozen pairs at a time. And they buy collars, set with rubies, pearls, or diamonds, at several hundred dollars each. A man who makes a specialty of such collars told me of a woman who imported from Paris a complete outfit for her poodle costing *two thousand dollars.* And one lady had a house built for her dog, the exact model of a Queen Anne cottage, with rooms papered and carpeted and the windows hung with lace curtains. Every morning a woman calls (a sort of dog governess,) to bathe and comb and curl and perfume the little darling, and then take him out for his walk. He eats and drinks from silver dishes and if he gets a stomach ache, a specialist is promptly summoned."

"What, a dog specialist?"

"Precisely. New York has its fashionable dog doctors, who get ten dollars a visit and sleep with a telephone at their bedside for night calls, like regular practitioners. One lady whom I knew summoned a specialist from New York to Newport and kept him there for a week, at a hundred dollars a day, because her poodle was ailing."

"She must be a very rich woman," she sighed.

"She is," said I; "it's the very rich women I'm talking about. And I don't see why they should n't give *part* of the money they lavish on demoralized poodles to relieve miserable mothers in this bitter winter weather, to prevent babies being born in foul cellars, do you?"

"In foul cellars!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean that literally?"

"Would you like to come and see?" I suggested, not dreaming she would accept my offer.

But she *did* accept, and it ended in my promising to take her to see some of the little children of the tenements, some of the tiniest ones, newly come into this strange world of misery and shadows. I would ask one of the visiting women from the hospital to go with us. And so it was arranged.

The lady came in her carriage. It was on a Thursday afternoon in January, and the first place we visited was 298 East Third Street, along the upper boundary of the Ghetto. I mention this to show that the present narrative is absolutely based on facts, as anyone may verify. We had with us the chief hospital visitor, a woman whose duty and pleasure it is to cheer and succor the wretched mothers of this Jewish quarter. Twice a day, in all seasons, she goes her rounds through their tenements, following the doctors and the newborn babies. It is good to hear her laugh!

"Ah," she said, "if we only had a carriage like this. Not that I mind street cars and walking, but we waste so many hours getting from place to place. I often think what a lot of good rich people could do with their carriages and automobiles if they only knew."

"Knew what?" asked the lady.

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"If they knew how hard it is for the very poor people to get about. There are thousands on the lower East Side who have never been north of Fourteenth Street. There are thousands of children who have never seen Central Park. How can they get there? It's eight miles to walk and they have no money for car fare.

"Perhaps they might walk if they were well and strong but so many are weak and ill. I knew a little Italian boy who was lame and had to go to the orthopedic hospital to have his leg straightened. But he could n't walk and his family could n't give him ten cents. So his brother took the little fellow on his back and *carried* him to the hospital, all the way to Fifty-ninth Street, over four miles."

"How old was the brother?" I inquired.

"Twelve years old, but very small for his age."

"And no one helped him," exclaimed the lady, "no one in all the crowds he must have passed?"

"No one helped him until he reached the hospital. Then a doctor gave him some money. That's only one case among hundreds where poor people are sick enough to need regular care at the hospitals but are not sick enough to stay there. They *must* go back and forth from their homes. And often, as in the case of crippled children, the jolting and jostling of trolleys is bad for them even if they have car fare."

"Of course it's bad for them," said the lady, in quick sympathy. "Oh, why *don't* people know these things!"

"Would they send their carriages if they did?" I wondered. "Or would they be afraid for the cushions? Then why not send an old carriage?"

For some time now the street signs had shown that we were among Poles and Hungarians, and the pale, stunted children that we were among the very poor.

"Here's your cellar," I said, presently, as the carriage stopped and I pointed to narrow steps descending under the street.

"It doesn't exactly smell good," laughed the hospital lady, leading the way down, "but you'll get used to that."

With careful steps we followed her and came into a room half light and half dark. In the light half by the window sat a cobbler surrounded by a litter of shoes and lasts. In the dark half at the back were various dim figures, the nearest being a man sleeping heavily on a battered couch behind a sewing machine. Back of him was a wild little girl, who seemed about five but was really nine, and who presently came shyly forward. She was filthy and in rags. Her shoes were not mates, one was meant to button and the other to lace. In the hopeless tangle of her matted hair was a bare spot which showed some affliction of the scalp. She stood and stared at us with sad, dark eyes.

In the far, right-hand corner, a woman was wringing out wet clothes from a washtub and hanging them to dry over a stove where remnants of a meal were steaming. And at the left, among the shadows, we gradually made out another woman, in bed, almost lost under huge bulky covers stuffed with feathers, such as they have in Russia. This was the woman we had come to see,—the mother,—and her newborn baby lay somewhere there in that huddle of bedclothes.

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The hospital visitor went to the bedside and spoke cheerily, in a queer German that these people understand. The woman's pale face brightened and she began to talk, eagerly telling the news of the last few days since the visitor had called. They had had the christening party, with cakes and wine, and ten men whose beards had never been cut to choose a name for the baby. She lifted the covers with pride and showed a tiny red face in a bundle of soft clean flannel, the hospital garments. Then yesterday she had left her bed and tried to clean up a little, she glanced apologetically about the room, at the row of greasy tin plates and pans on the shelf, at the ashes and garbage by the stove, at the wet dish rags on the table, but, she sighed, it was only the tenth day, and she was weak.

"A woman surely *can't* do work on the tenth day?" said the lady, with considerable surprise.

The visitor smiled, "Lots of *my* women work on the fifth day, cook meals, wash clothes, anything. They *have* to. If you tell them to stay in bed, they ask:—'Who will take care of my children? Who will cook for my husband?' And what can you say; what *is* there to say?"

At this the woman wringing out clothes turned approvingly and remarked:—"Dat's right." She was a neighbor trying to help.

Now the cobbler joined us, and threw some light on the financial organization of this miserable home. It was the woman in bed who paid the rent, thirteen dollars a month for two rooms. Two? Yes, there was another back there in the darkness. It had no window. The man asleep used it and paid three dollars a month for it. He was a boarder. Then the cobbler himself was the woman's husband? No, no, he was a boarder, too, a friend. He also paid three dollars a month, and slept on the couch. But the woman's husband? Where was he? The cobbler shrugged his shoulders. He had gone away, deserted her.

"Ask her why he went away," I said to the visitor.

"There were too many children," was the answer. "He has deserted her three times, always when a new baby is born. He beats her and then leaves her."

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"And each time she takes him back?" I questioned.

"Ah, that was in Hungary, where a woman alone can not earn her living. But now they are in America where she can earn fifty or sixty cents a day by scrubbing and washing, and she feels independent. She will never take him back *now*."

The mother shook her head vigorously in confirmation of this, she would *certainly not* take him back and she would have no more babies,—in America.

"Where are the other children?" I asked, looking at the wild little girl who was foraging about the floor for scraps of food.

"Two in Hungary; two at school. *Her* name is Arion."

Arion looked up a moment and then proceeded to dig a rusty knife into a broken potato.

"Ask her if her husband doesn't love his children?"

Her dark eyes blazed. "Love them?" she answered, indignantly. "He'd sell them all for a dollar apiece, the whole six for five dollars."

"And you?" I questioned, "would you sell them?"

"Sell my children!" she cried; "not for a thousand dollars. A lady came here the other day to adopt my baby,—a rich lady. I told her I was poor and weak, I had pawned everything to pay the rent, but I wouldn't let her have my baby,—" she caught up the little bundle and kissed it passionately,—"not for the whole United States."

At this the other man rose from his couch and walking heavily went into the back room. I followed him and saw that the front cellar was a clean and fragrant place compared to this. There was no light at all here nor any way for fresh air to get in. The walls and floors were reeking with filth, and in one corner was a pile of rags and refuse. A cot, a broken chair, and a litter of clothing completed the picture of this "furnished room" that was now "to let," since the present "boarder" was out of work. He had a plan, however, he informed me, of escaping his difficulties by getting married and coming here to live.

"Not in this room?" I exclaimed.

"Sure," said he, complacently, "the girl has saved a few dollars, so we can pay the rent."

"Do you hear that?" I said to the lady, and I saw by her face that she had heard.

We gave them a little money and bade them good-by. It was a relief to get into clean air again, and as we drove to the next place we thought of the poor bride whose dream of married life and home and children was soon to be realized in that dark swarming hovel, all because she had "saved a few dollars."

"Well?" said I, finally, to the lady, but the question was needless.

"It's *worse* than you said," she admitted. "Did you ever *see* anything so pitiful as that child Arion? Poor little neglected waif! Why her hair must be—" She turned to the hospital visitor, "Don't you think so?"

"Do I think so? I know it. And her eyebrows, too. There are four kinds."

"Ugh!" shivered the lady.

"Did you notice the toy Arion had," asked the visitor, "the tin horse and little cart? She told me her brother Joe gave it to her for Christmas. He found the tin horse in a garbage can and he made the cart out of a cigar box and two spools."

"How pathetic," sighed the lady. "And *think* of the toys our rich children have!"

"Without enjoying them," I added. "How can a little girl love ten dolls at once, even if they cost a hundred dollars each and walk and talk and wear fur coats and real lace dresses and gold bracelets? Children want something left to the imagination. Didn't *you* love some old rag doll the best?"

The lady smiled. "I loved a corncob wrapped in a red handkerchief."

"Exactly, and that's what rich people can't understand. By giving too much they rob their children of simplicity and imagination, which are essential to children's happiness. Besides, they waste a lot of money that might be spent in making other children happy. I suppose a million dollars is wasted in New York every Christmas on costly and unappreciated toys."

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We turned now into Eldridge Street and drove slowly through lines of peddlers' carts until we came to a barber's pole in front of a narrow doorway. A black-haired woman peered at us curiously from a window over red and blue announcements, in Yiddish, of various balls in the neighborhood. This was No. 169, the home of Abram Rabinovitch, whom we presently found in two rooms of the rear tenement, rooms that were clean and neat, despite their poverty, and that showed a woman's effort to make them bright and homelike.

The woman lay on a bed in the back room in a sort of stupor. It was partly the heat, for the place was stifling and the windows tight shut, but it was partly want of food, as we realized when she presently murmured, "milk,—hunger." She was not over twenty-three, and, as she lay there, pale and still, she looked quite beautiful.

The husband's grief was pitiful. When the

baby came, he said, seven days before, there was no money and no food.' For three days he had given his wife tea, nothing else, he had nothing else. Then a visitor left him fifty cents and he bought her chicken. For himself he bought some stale bread, and for little Israel, one year old, (he was holding Israel in his arms,) he bought stale bread also. He would not have us think ill of him,—would we come away from the door lest the neighbors hear. He had never told anyone of their destitution, he had his pride, he had always been able to keep up the home, earning good money at the sweat-shop by sewing on boys' pants, —five or six dollars a week,—and they had been happy, Lena and he, in their two years of married life, happy and thankful. But now,—well, he had been out of work for three months. Only twice in that time had he found anything to do, and that was in the big snowstorm, when he shoveled with the street cleaning gang,—shoveled through two bitter nights, and that was all he had earned.

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He tried to go on, but his feelings choked him, he could only point to his wife with a look of tenderness and grief while a big tear fell on the child in his arms.

What was he to do? People said he was strong and could work. Yes, but where *was* the work? And how could he leave his wife? Who would bring water to her parched lips? And how could he leave the little boy? Besides, it was too late, the rent was due to-morrow, ten dollars for the landlord, and if it was not paid,—if it was not paid—. With a gesture of dumb despair he pointed to the door.

When we came away the immediate problems of the Rabinovitch household were settled and the lady was in tears. Few people, certainly few women could resist the appeal of that husband's love and helplessness! It was fully characteristic of his race.

"Do you think the landlord would really have turned them into the street?" she asked.

"Perhaps," said the visitor.

"But surely not a mother in bed with a baby seven days old?"

"You don't know tenement landlords. I remember a case where a mother was turned into the street with a baby *five* days old."

"And the baby lived? The mother lived?"

"Yes. It's astonishing what these people can endure. That's one of misery's compensations; it gives resistance. Why, take these babies. Do you know how the mothers wash them? With their clothes on, if you please, souse them into a pan of dirty dishwater or a pail of slops,—yes, literally, and then roll them up in some old shawl, wet garments and all, and lay them on the bed to dry. I've known a Russian mother to leave her newborn baby *naked outside the bed covers* until it was purple with cold. If you asked her why she didn't take the baby under the covers beside her, she said that was the way they did in Russia *to make the babies strong*."

I shall not go into details of other visits we made. After all, misery is misery and one hovel resembles another. At 30 Orchard Street, up three flights of foul black stairways, we found a young mother whose front teeth were all gone and who said she lost a tooth with each new baby. We found another woman, the mother of thirteen children, including triplets, and we talked with a mother who let us see the carving knife (sometimes it's a hatchet,) that they always hide under the pillow after a child is born, in readiness for an effort of the devil to carry them off, as he invariably tries to at such periods, *especially in downtrodden Russia*.

These are a few cases seen in an afternoon, a few among thousands, just average cases, showing in what wretched conditions and surroundings more than five hundred children are born *every week* in New York City, *twenty-five hundred children every month, thirty thousand children every year*, enough prospective citizens to make a good sized city, *if they could only live*. Ah, there is the point, the sad and momentous point, if they could only live!

The fact is they do *not* live, but perish in alarming numbers, these little children of the tenements, as witness our latest health statistics, which record the deaths of over *thirteen thousand tenement babies* under twelve months old in New York City, during the year 1902. It is safe to assume that more than half of these deaths, say *seven thousand*, occurred in the very poorest tenements, where the women were unable to pay doctors and were left to the care of midwives. Which is a very serious matter!

A German doctor of much experience in the tenements assures me that nine-tenths of the births in Manhattan tenements are attended by midwives, although it is notorious that these women, as a class, are grotesquely unfitted for such grave responsibilities. Not only are they ignorant of the rudiments of obstetrics, but they disregard the most ordinary laws of health and bodily cleanliness. They will come to a house, this doctor declares, in filthy dresses and aprons, with finger nails half an inch long and black with dirt, and, immediately, without even washing their hands, and with no other instruments than a rusty knife or an old pair of scissors, they will roll up their sleeves and get to work. Is it strange that lamentable results follow such barbarous ministrations? Is it strange that hundreds of babies are sacrificed every year, and that hundreds of mothers die from blood poisoning and neglect? For it is not until a midwife sees that a patient is wholly beyond her help, practically dying, that she will summon a doctor. And the doctor knows when he gets such a call that there is little hope, nine times out of ten it is already too late.

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All this is bad enough, but there is one thing worse than the harm done by incompetent midwives, that is, the harm done when there is *no* midwife at all, neither midwife nor doctor, nobody but the husband and children to give aid. And such cases are by no means infrequent, for the midwife's fee is eight or ten dollars, strictly in advance, and eight or ten dollars in the tenements is a great sum. The German doctor told me of one instance where he found a little Bohemian girl *ten years old* trying to take care of her mother and a newborn baby. Through all those hours of pain and peril the poor woman had no one near her, no one to help her but that frightened child!

President Roosevelt has found a popular name in censure of people who deliberately limit their families, he calls it "race suicide," and his condemnation of this practice may be justified, although so serious a thinker and so eminent a scientist as Elie Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, in his recently published life work, "*Études sur la Nature Humaine*," (page 387,) regards what Mr. Roosevelt calls "race suicide" as the coming safeguard of the race. However that may be, it seems clear that we should have less concern for babies that never were born, imaginary babies, than for *real* babies and *real* children who are here with us in all our great cities, and whom we allow to die by thousands when we might save great numbers of them? How? By bettering the conditions that surround them at birth and in their tender years. By putting to proper use some part of the millions shamefully wasted every year by our ostentatious rich. By entirely abolishing, for instance, the present midwife system with its many abuses, and making it a crime, as it is, for any woman not fully qualified in obstetrics to attempt to practice.

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Of course that involves the employment and payment of reputable doctors, in short, it involves money. But what a small amount compared with the result, and compared also with the great sums squandered on every hand. The combined salaries of the doctors at the Lying-in Hospital last year were about eleven thousand dollars, and these doctors attended over four thousand mothers, 2,766 of them in exactly such miserable tenement homes as we have seen. And in these 2,766 cases there were *only three deaths!* What is eleven thousand dollars a year to such a saving of life! What is a hundred thousand dollars! A hundred thousand dollars would not pay the interest on the trinkets worn every evening at the opera by rich women in the boxes! A single pearl necklace was recently sold at Tiffany's for two hundred thousand dollars! And there are various New York women who own jewelry to the value of half a million. There are twenty New York men who wear link cuff buttons worth five thousand dollars a pair; there alone is a hundred thousand dollars! In fact a hundred thousand dollars is about what New York men spend *every day* at their clubs during the season! Yet a hundred thousand dollars *a year* would solve this whole midwife question in New York City forever! And *save* to the country millions of dollars, that is the potential labor value of all these lives now wasted,—lives that are important to the nation.

This then may be called *the real race suicide*, this wanton almost deliberate destruction of *the people's children* not only at birth but also during the critical years following birth. Here are the figures for New York in 1902: Thirteen thousand deaths among tenement children under one year of age! Twenty-one thousand deaths among tenement children under five years of age! And five thousand of these deaths due to diphtheria and dysentery! Everyone knows that diphtheria if taken in time, may be absolutely cured by the antitoxine treatment. It is simply a matter of organization and money. And most of the dysentery among children is caused by impure or adulterated milk. The last health report issued, dwells particularly on the fact that "the adulteration of milk directly contributes to increase the death rate among children."

And again the report says:—"Milk furnishes an admirable medium for the growth of many kinds of disease-producing germs and, through

milk, *tuberculosis*, typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, dysentery, etc., may readily be transmitted."

Therefore, it is absolutely against the law that milk be "kept for sale or stored in any room used for sleeping or domestic purposes or opening into same." In spite of this the inspectors in 1902 found that more than half of the seven thousand small stores in Manhattan where milk is sold were violating this law. And their analyses show that much of the milk sold in the poorest quarters of New York contains *from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five million bacteria to the cubic centimeter!* No wonder the tenement children die! Yet to give them pure milk is again only a matter of organization and money!

THE CELLAR ROOM OF A DESTITUTE EAST SIDE FAMILY DRAWN FROM LIFE

And now let me show the kind-hearted women of New York, those who love little children and must therefore be saddened by this somber showing,—let me show them how easy it would be *for them* to raise not the paltry million or two needed to set right these present milk abuses and prevent the neglect and delay in diphtheria cases, but a really substantial sum, large enough to be used in facing some of our great problems like tenement house reform. *They could raise over twenty-four million dollars in one year* by persuading some thousands of their rich sister women in New York to limit their expenses for dress during a single year *to three thousand dollars!* Nothing more is necessary; they need only put into a common fund the money that would be left over from the customary dress allowance of these ladies and the thing would be done, as witness the following statement based on careful investigation among leading New York dressmakers:—

NUMBER OF WOMEN	SPENT ON DRESS PER YEAR	TOTAL
100	$30,000	$ 3,000,000
1,000	15,000	15,000,000
5,000	5,000	25,000,000
6,100		$43,000,000
$3,000	Deduct....	18,300,000
$18,300,000	Saved for the tenements,	$24,700,000

This is perhaps a fantastic way of considering the situation, but there is nothing fantastic in the figures. With sable coats at six or eight thousand dollars each, with elaborate dinner gowns and ball gowns at eight hundred or one thousand dollars each, and much more if trimmed with real lace; with ordinary handsome gowns at half as much; with twenty or thirty gowns needed in the year, if a woman is to be smartly dressed; with hats costing from forty to one hundred and fifty, (more if trimmed with lace or fur,) and twenty or thirty none too many; with these alone a serious inroad is made on twenty or thirty thousand dollars, and we have still to count boots, wraps, and other clothing.

Without seriously urging such a radical reform, I will say that well-to-do people are far too ready to regard the condition of the poor as hopeless. It is a comfortable and convenient philosophy that poverty and misery are eternal and incurable, that vice and crime, like wars and pestilence, are Nature's eternal agents in pruning away the weak and unworthy, but it is a hard, un-Christian philosophy, certainly ill-suited to America, where the best of us were poor not so very long ago. The United States are full of rich and successful men who emerged from tenements. Ask the sisters at the Foundling Asylum, ask the officers of the Children's Aid Society, and you will hear of waifs rescued from the slums, of puny babies abandoned on doorsteps, who are nevertheless, to-day, governors of states, doctors, lawyers, millionaires. And we could work such happy changes, almost without limit, if we would do what is necessary to change the environment of children born in hopeless conditions. Here again is a *very real race suicide* when we allow these children (more than half of our city population,) to grow up in such surroundings and under such influences that, even if they escape death, the chances of their becoming good citizens, sound in body and mind, are exceedingly slight.

The fact is, as social economists are coming to realize, that *environment is far more important than heredity* in the making of men and women. Poor children are potentially as valuable to the state as rich children. If we should exchange the entire annual crop of rich babies and poor babies, placing the poor babies in rich homes and the rich babies in poor homes, it is probable there would be little difference in the grown-up product,—most of them, I fear, would be spoiled by bad environment exactly as they are to-day. For it is a fact that the hope and strength of each generation rest mainly neither on rich children nor on poor children but on children of the fortunate middle class, who grow up (usually in the country,) free from the abormal conditions that hamper and often destroy the children of the very rich and the children of the very poor.

I shall reserve for another article what I have to say about children of the rich. They are much to be pitied, almost as much pitied as the poor children. Indeed, when we consider the influences that surround them from birth, the arrogance, the extravagance, the ostentation, etc., I think we shall agree that, if it is hard for a self-made rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven, (that standing for contentment or serenity or general esteem,) then certainly it is a hundred times harder for a rich man's son or daughter to enter there.

[The next article will deal with the food problems of the rich and the poor, the waste and lavishness of our brilliant hotels and mansions, the hunger of the tenements, and especially the needs of the half-starved and half-naked school children who come from the tenements. We shall also see how the rich children are taught and what they learn.]

A True Story of Japanese Heroism

Translated for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by ADACHI KINNOSUKE

IN a quiet corner of the province of Kagawa, in the compound of a temple called Zentsuji, you can find a temporary hospital. Within it are men who have brought back from Manchuria something that carries more distinction than medals. These men are the wounded of the war. Among them is an engineer, who answers to the name of Kawamura Sakuji. He was one of the *kesshitai*, (a band of men who are determined to die,)—men who won the distinction of having been selected to carry out a military operation, the doing of which in all probability would result in their death. One night he was chosen with twenty others of the *kesshitai*, to cut down the wire entanglement in front of a Russian position. Before they could reach their position they lost thirteen killed and three wounded. Kawamura was fortunate enough to be one of the men who took part in the final attempt to break down the entanglement. He tells the story as follows:—

"The *kesshitai* of the company of engineers, No. 3, were under the command of Sergeant Hosoi; there were Miyoshi, Matanaka, Tsutsuji, Suga, Kawada, and myself, seven in all. The night was far gone. All was silent. We went and cut down the branches of trees well covered with leaves. These we stuck upon ourselves. Clothed in the leafy boughs, we went back to the simplicity of primitive days. The colors of night are kindly to dark leaves. They would shelter us from the critical eyes of Russian curiosity. Search lights were playing nervously. We were to perform a famous feat in crawling on all fours for many meters. Our ambition was not exactly to attract attention of the Russians and receive their applause from their quick-firers. All sorts of fireworks seemed to help the work of their search lights. We made slow progress, always on all fours. We reached the second netting of barbed wire, and this we hacked away without very much trouble. In front of us was the final fence. We had had a happy run of luck so far. We did not wish to spoil it by a touch of carelessness or too much daring. Cautiously, therefore, we went on our stomachs to make the distance between the second and the first barbed-wire entanglements. All this distance was a surprise to us; it was covered with many things evincive of the skill and thoughtfulness of the Russian engineers. It was about one hundred meters in length. The ground was sloping. It was filled with pitfalls and mines innumerable. For a second these mines made us forget the first line of wire fence toward which we were making our way. First of all, we had to dispose of the mines. We had reason to suspect that they were electric mines, and, in fact, the Russian engineers, with all their thoughtfulness, did not always take the trouble to bury the conductors. We discovered and cut as many as four conductors, which were just about the size of my thumb. They were wrapped in a rubber coating, and within the rubber coating we found over twenty-four small wires. I carried no scissors about me. These electric wires were a neat surprise to us. The severe usage to which it had been put had dulled the edge of my ax almost as blunt as the edge of my palm. It could not cut the rubber-wrapped wires on soft earth. Time was pressing. We were in danger of being discovered before we could get at the first line of barbed-wire fence, which was the last goal of our efforts; moreover, we were somewhat impatient. So all of us fell upon those electric wires, and with our teeth we bit them off. I fear we may have been somewhat excited. We did some damage to our teeth by this work. When a man tells you that he did not know when his teeth were being broken, you would not believe him. That man might be telling the truth, under some circumstances, however."

He laughed a laugh innocent and childlike, and in the laughter you could see more than two broken teeth in his mouth. Nothing else could drive home the conviction quite so powerfully as those broken teeth of his.

THE PANORAMA OF THE PRESENT

THE announcement by Henry Phipps, of Pittsburg, of his intention to donate one million dollars and its income in perpetuity for the improvement of tenements in New York City is the best of good news. He is in a position to know the hardships of the poor in their efforts to live like human beings in a great city. He began his business life without even a common-school education. When he was thirteen years old he was earning less than one dollar a week, and lived with his family in the worst of tenement hovels. One day he inserted an advertisement in a newspaper, which led to his being given a position in an iron company which to-day he entirely controls. The need of better tenements is very great. In certain cases the death rate for whole blocks in New York City is twice as high as the average of the city, and in the most overcrowded districts the number of deaths from consumption is astounding. Mr. Phipps's personal energy in building better tenements should attract a great many investors, for there is no doubt that houses that are solidly built will pay from four to five per cent. a year.

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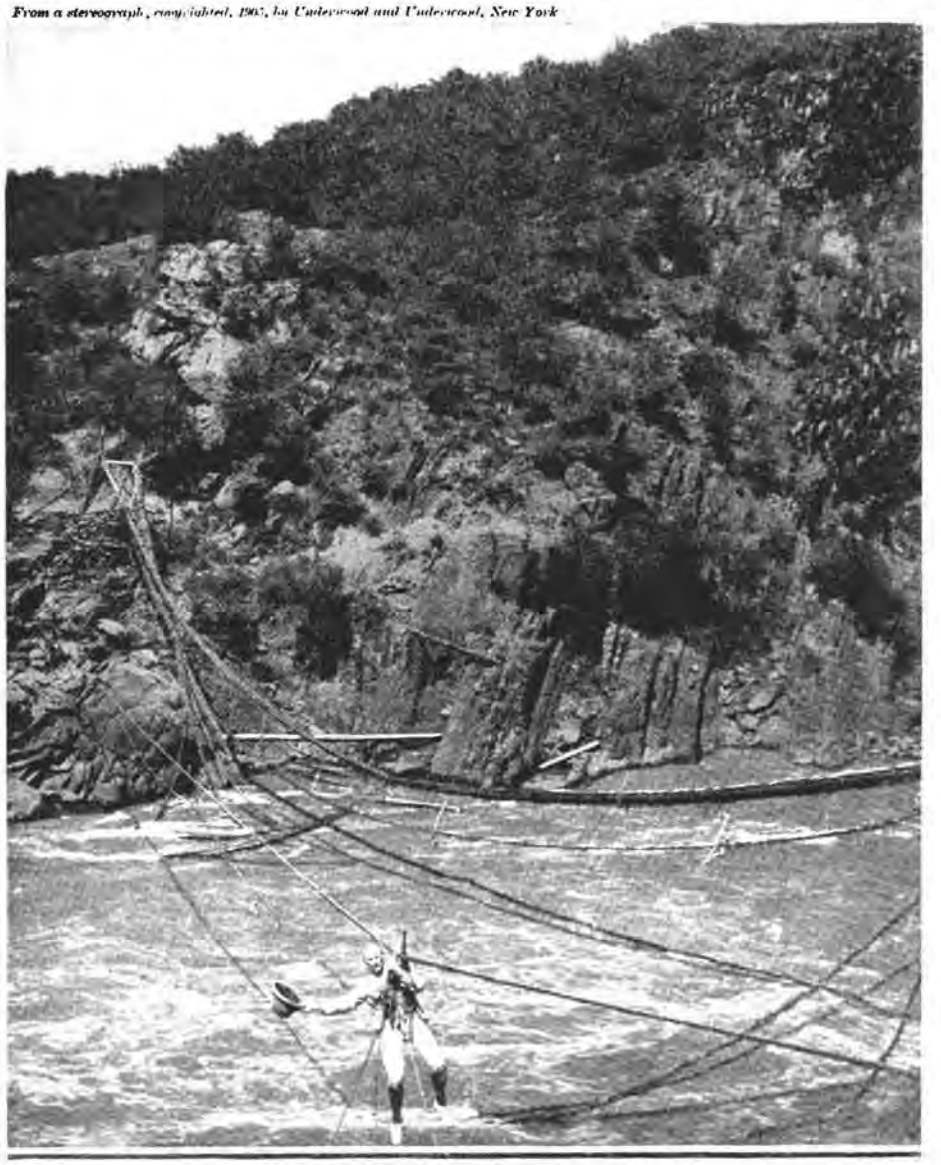
As Ambrose Bierce says, "The Miles Amendment to the Army Appropriation Bill is distinctly the meanest piece of legislation that the house of representatives has been guilty of in many a session." Whatever Representative John A. T. Hull, of Iowa, the author of the bill, and his colleagues may say, there can be no doubt in the mind of the American people that this bill to reduce the pay of retired army officers, above the rank of major, who join the staffs of governors of the several states, is aimed directly at Lieutenant-general Nelson A. Miles, because he accepted a position on the staff of Governor William L. Douglas, of Massachusetts. A greater waste of words in endeavoring to establish a system of alleged economy, and so forth, was never recorded in congress, and, if the people are obliged to pay for this sort of legislation, the measure of economy might be applied in the right direction. Aside from this, no greater insult has ever been offered to a great and daring soldier. It is pitiable that a man who spent forty-five years in the defense of his country, who has fought in many of its important battles, and whose courage and daring at the front have never been questioned, should not, on his retirement, seek to further his military ambition without the interference of a lot of lawmakers who have nothing else to do. We are told that retired army generals who have reached the age of sixty-four years are disqualified by their age for the efficient discharge of military duties. Let us suggest to the congressman who made this remark that Blücher, when he fought in the battle of Waterloo, and Von Moltke, when he fought the battle of Gravelotte, were older than this. Age did not militate against the ability of either to win victory and advantage for his army and his country, and glory for himself.

A RACE BETWEEN STEAM AND ELECTRICITY

This race took place on the tracks of the New York Central Railroad. The "Fast Mail" had left Schenectady, New York, after making a stop, and had got under way at her regular speed, when a new electric locomotive, with a train of over five hundred tons, started from a dead standstill, and, in a few moments, and with great ease, passed the "Fast Mail." A directors' locomotive ran ahead of the electric train, to keep the speed record

From a stereograph, copyrighted, 1905, by Underwood and Underwood, New York



CROSSING A BRIDGE IN INDIA

James Ricalton, the noted war photographer, is crossing the Jhelum River, India, on his way north to Tibet. The bridge is one of many used in India. It is made of twisted rope of rawhide. A T-shaped piece of wood, with stirrups attached to one end, is pulled along the main rope from one bank to the other, the passenger keeping his feet in the lower loops of the rope. This is the popular method of crossing some of the largest rivers in India

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On the "East Side," New York City, eleven years ago, the Hebrew Free Loan Association was founded to assist poor but worthy men among the thousands of immigrants who come to New York to better their condition. The books of the association show a wonderful record of thrift and honesty among those who, ignorant at first of the language, manners, and customs of their adopted land, and arriving with but twenty dollars as their average wealth, have become respected and well-to-do American citizens. Small loans were made to doctors, students, artisans, small shopkeepers, and peddlers,—anyone whose character would bear examination. Last year 14,574 persons borrowed $339,820. Of these loans all but four thousand, nine hundred dollars has already been repaid. During the eleven years of the existence of the institution ninety-nine and fifteen sixteenths per cent. of the loans have been repaid. Such freedom from losses is more remarkable when one considers that these debtors were judgment-proof. Payment could not have been enforced, as no security was given, and the repayment was simply a matter of honor. No other loan association, no merchants' or brokers' exchange, and few banks can show such freedom from losses, and no insurance company, savings bank, mortgage company, or even pawnbroker could produce such clean books.

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Many newspapers throughout the world, since the fall of Port Arthur, have criticised the Japanese for having used up so much energy in capturing that stronghold, contending that it would have been more advantageous, from a military standpoint, to have taken Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, and the center of the theater of the war. There is no doubt that the capture of Mukden would have been greater as a victory than the taking of Port Arthur, but the Japanese reason for not doing so is somewhat peculiar, if not startling. Mukden is a sacred city, in the eyes of the Chinese, and

BRIGADIER GENERAL FRED. D. GRANT, U. S. A., AND MRS. GRANT

This photograph was recently taken outside of General Grant's quarters on Governor's Island, New York, where he is now in command of the eastern division of Uncle Sam's army

WASHINGTON STATE VOLUNTEERS FIRING ON FILIPINOS

This is one of the few photographs ever taken of a detachment of troops at the firing line. The Filipino insurgents are being driven back, retiring step by step, into the bamboo thicket

HENRY PHIPPS,

who will spend one million dollars on model tenements in New York

WHITELAW REID,

the new ambassador to Great Britain to succeed Joseph Hodges Choate

ROBERT HUNTER,

author of the famous work on the condition of the poor,—"Poverty"

MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH

Mrs. Booth is the wife of Ballington Booth, general in chief of the Volunteers of America. She is noted for her work in advancing humanity, and has done more, perhaps, than any other woman in America to improve the chances for work of ex-convicts. Through her efforts, much has been done to better the condition of the prisoners in the state penitentiaries, her work in this direction being the most difficult, perhaps, ever undertaken by a woman

if, in the whirlwind of war, it should be despoiled, the curse, and, possibly, the vengeance of the Chinese would be upon the nation responsible for it. Mukden is identified with all that is great and glorious in the records of the Manchu emperors, and within its precincts rest the bodies of the Manchu fathers. It is well known that their dynasty is the oldest in the world. The Manchurians have become so intermingled with the Chinese that the veneration of the city is a matter of considerable moment. In such sacred regard has the city been held that the Siberian Railroad, which enters so many of the other important cities in Manchuria, makes a wide detour as it approaches Mukden. The Chinese railway from Shan-hai-Kwan, instead of being continued to Mukden, has, as its terminus, Sing-min-Tung, a small town about thirty miles west of the capital. The city stands in the middle of an alluvial plain, and the soil for miles around is rich and highly cultivated.

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In 1903, the public school system of the United States cost $251,457,625, an increase of sixteen million dollars over the preceding year. This is a cost of three dollars and fifteen cents *per capita* of the total population, and twenty-two dollars and seventy-five cents *per capita* for all pupils.

About one fifth of the entire population of the country attended the public schools last year. The total number of pupils enrolled therein was 16,009,631. The average daily attendance was the largest ever reported. One of the facts illustrated by ths report is the gradual decrease in the proportion of male teachers during the last three decades or more.

If to the above-named enrollment of pupils in the public schools there be added the number of pupils in all the private schools, academies, evening schools, business schools, kindergartens, special schools, and all other educational institutions, the number of enrolled pupils and students would reach 18,187,917.

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The young Americans who successfully passed the examinations to enter the ancient University of Oxford, England, under what is known as the Rhodes Scholarships, are now fairly started in their studies, and, from all reports, are making an excellent impression on their British fellow students and instructors. Cecil Rhodes bequeathed a fund of ten million dollars to maintain the Anglo-American scholarships, and each scholar is allotted one thousand, five hundred dollars a year for his maintenance while at the university. One hundred and twenty candidates from the different states and territories passed the examinations and became eligible for selection as scholars. Last year forty-three were selected, and this year a like number will be appointed, thus filling a quota of two scholars from each state and territory who are entitled to the three-year course. The young men now at Oxford and the states they represent are as follows:—

Alabama, J. H. Kirkpatrick; Arkansas, N. Carothers; California, W. C. Crittenden; Colorado, S. K. Hornbeck; Connecticut, P. Nixon; Delaware, C. W. Bush; Georgia, R. P. Brooke; Illinois, R. L. Henry; Idaho, L. H. Gipson; Indiana, G. E. Hamilton; Iowa, J. G. Walleser; Kansas, E. W. Murray; Kentucky, Clarke Tandy; Louisiana, A. K. Read; Maine, D. R. Porter; Maryland, P. Kieffer; Massachusetts, F. H. Fobes; Michigan, W. L. Sperry; Minnesota, B. B. Wallace; Missouri, R. E. Blodgett; Montana, G. E. Barnes; Nebraska, R. H. Coon; New Hampshire, J. A. Brown; New Jersey, B. M. Price; New York, W. E. Schutt; North Carolina, J. H. Winston; North Dakota, H. Hinds; Ohio, G. C. Vincent; Oklahoma, W. L. Kendall; Oregon, H. B. Densmore; Pennsylvania, T. E. Robins; Rhode Island, R. H. Bevan; South Carolina, W. H. Verner; South Dakota, P. M. Young; Tennessee, J. J. Tigert; Texas, S. R. Ashby; Utah, B. H. Jacobson; Vermont, J. C. Sherburne; Virginia, W. A. Fleet; Washington, J. M. Johanson; West Virginia, C. F. Tucker-Brooke; Wisconsin, R. F. Scholz; Wyoming, G. T. Merriam.

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At present the percentage of American imports and exports carried in American ships is so low that it is doubtful if any reasonable efforts

GENERAL IJICHI,

the chief of staff of General Nogi's army, who arranged with General Stoessel for the surrender of Port Arthur on New Year's Day. This photograph was taken just outside of Port Arthur City

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

This picture of the famous opera singer was taken recently in her home. She inscribed on it, for readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, "My advice to most people is, 'Don't take life too seriously'"

DR. CHARLES P. NEILL

Dr. Charles P. Neill has been selected by President Roosevelt to succeed Carroll D. Wright as United States commissioner of labor. Dr. Neill was one of the secretaries of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, and his work in that connection attracted considerable attention. For some years past, he has been one of the faculty of the Catholic University of America, and was associated with Carroll D. Wright in many of his undertakings as commissioner of labor

DAVID H. MORRIS,

who was recently elected president of the Automobile Club of America

MRS. WHITELAW REID,

the wife of the new United States ambassador to the Court of St. James

ROBERT ARMSTRONG,

who leaves the United States treasury to head an insurance company

in the way of subsidies will increase it. It appears that we can neither build nor run ships in competition with certain foreign countries. We can not build them as cheaply, although we can build them better. Nearly all our exports and imports are carried in foreign bottoms under foreign flags.

A glance at the accompanying chart shows that, after the depression following the War of 1812, the second war with England, fully ninety-five per cent. of American imports were carried in our ships, and that the climax was reached in 1825, when the United States declined England's offer of reciprocity in ocean freights. It also shows that there has been an almost steady decrease since reciprocity began. The great falling off due to our Civil War showed little recovery afterwards. Since then it has dwindled slowly almost to nothing. It does not pay us to run ships in competition with foreign countries without discrimination. The United States can not apparently produce vessels at the low cost for which they can be built in either England or Germany. This is due directly to the lower wages of foreign mechanics. We can not man and run them at anything like the low foreign rate, for the same reason.

An English vessel of moderate size usually pays fairly good interest on its cost. Twenty-five per cent. is not at all remarkable. To man and officer an English vessel costs thirty per cent. less than does one of our own. The master of an English freighter glories in fifteen pounds a month, while the chief mate of an American vessel of like size often gets one hundred dollars and the master twice to three times as much. A foreign sailor will gladly live on what an American seaman would mutiny over,—and take less pay in the bargain.

Of course, almost everything foreign must go by steam in these progressive days. There is nothing carried across the Western Ocean in sailing ships, and the little that goes around the great capes usually goes in big steel fourmasted barks or ships that seldom carry the Stars and Stripes. The building of the Panama Canal will probably put an end to all sailing freighters except those employed along the coast.

The effect of our loss in foreign commerce has reduced our building interests to coasters and vessels for inland navigation. The reviving of large cargo carriers in connection with the railroads has kept American shipbuilders from closing up entirely. Schooners with four or five masts, run with crews of five or six men apiece, aided by a donkey engine, have opened a proposition to some, and in spite of low freights they seem to earn dividends in most cases. Besides these there are river steamers and large, moderate-powered steamships built to carry cargoes of both freight and passengers on short runs between coastwise ports.

The opening of the canal at the Isthmus of Panama will, of course, open a new field to this latter class of vessels and enable them to enter into competition with railroads in transcontinental freights, but it is hard to see how even this cut will have any remarkable effect on building interests. It will reduce sailing vessels to those of the type used by the railroad companies for carrying coal, for it is doubtful if sailing ships can hope to profit by paying the assumed amount of toll for tonnage through the canal, with the uncertain winds of the West Coast to greet them on their run to California ports. Large low-powered freighters will be the vessels of the future, and it is a question whether domestic trade will call for any great number of them or not, especially with the railroads in competition. The United States is essentially a non-maritime nation. In the earlier days, before the opening of our western territory, which now is self-supplying, our commerce called for ships. With the proper tonnage dues and discrimination then in force our supremacy on the seas was assured. But the times have changed. Our great country supplies us with about everything we need, and it is a question whether reciprocity with older and less resourceful countries which depend upon their foreign commerce for existence is

harmful. Many oppose large marine interests.

Our young men do not care for the sea. They do not desire the life of a sailor, with its hardships, privations, and low pay. The average American can make more in almost any other commercial enterprise. Outside of the lasting romance, there is the plain, hard-grained fact,—going to sea is for those who must go. It never changes. It is now as it always was and ever will be,—monotonous, dangerous, and hard, with little profit to be wrung from it. The chart on this page was compiled and drawn by F. W. Hewes, who has done much similar work for the government. It shows how the amount of merchandise carried in American ships increased from less than twenty per cent. in 1789, to ninety-five per cent. in 1825, and its quick decline since then,—falling off disgracefully during the Civil War,—until to-day it is less than it was one hundred and fifteen years ago.

ITALY'S FUTURE KING.
known as the Prince of Piedmont

ISSUING THE LARGEST CHECK IN THE WORLD

The scene in the office of Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, at Washington, D. C., when he signed the government's check for $40,000,000, in payment for all the property rights, franchises, etc., held by the Panama Canal Company, the French organization which spent vast sums of money in starting the construction of the canal which it finally had to abandon

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One of the strongest reasons why the American colonists formed the Union and adopted the constitution was that England blocked the path to industrial prosperity. Ocean commerce was, at that time, of the very highest importance, for the colonies occupied only a narrow strip of the Atlantic border, and the sea was the great highway of communication between them, as well as the only pathway to foreign lands. The carrying of ocean freights, therefore, was the most important industry of colonial times, and of our earlier national life. The second act of the first congress—July 4, 1789,—imposed a discriminating duty of more than one hundred per cent. on Asiatic products, notably teas brought in foreign ships. The third act—July 20, 1789,—said to all foreign countries, "Your ships can hereafter enter our ports only by paying tonnage rates of from five to eight times as much as our own ships pay," and, forty days later,—September 1,—prohibited any but American ships from sailing under the American flag.

PRINCE LUIZ FILIPPE,
heir to the throne of Portugal

When the government was formed, our ships were carrying only one fourth of our own exports to, and imports from, foreign countries. Under the adopted discriminations, they rapidly advanced, and in two years carried more than half of our oversea freights, and in five years more (1795,) they carried over ninety per cent., as shown on the accompanying chart. Other discriminations were made in favor of our ships, from time to time, as legislators saw the need, and this great supremacy of American ocean freightage continued (except by the break made by the War of 1812,) until 1828, when statesmen less wise began to abandon the discriminations by making reciprocal treaties. The most important—that of 1830, with England,—was the beginning of the end of our ocean supremacy for American ships, as the diagram lines so graphically show. The question of subsidy is now one of the important issues of the United States senate, but the measures of that august body move more slowly than the mills of the gods, and by the time that something is done to assist those who are endeavoring to give American shipping the eminence it deserves, another administration will have hove into our ken,—maybe two. Senator Jacob H. Gallinger's bill is a worthy measure, but it has taken on many complicating phases.

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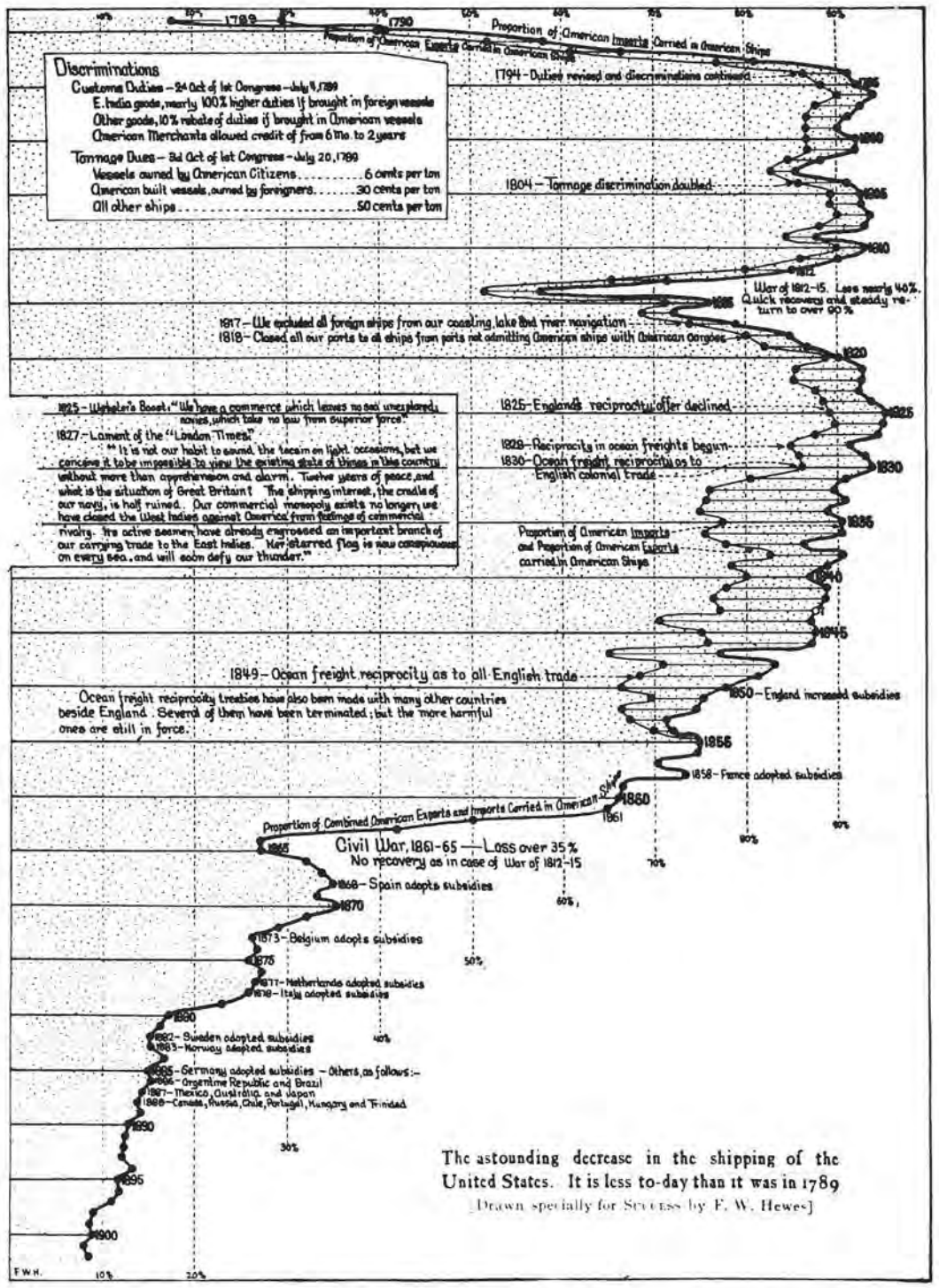
ROBERT S. WOODWARD,
head of the Carnegie Institution



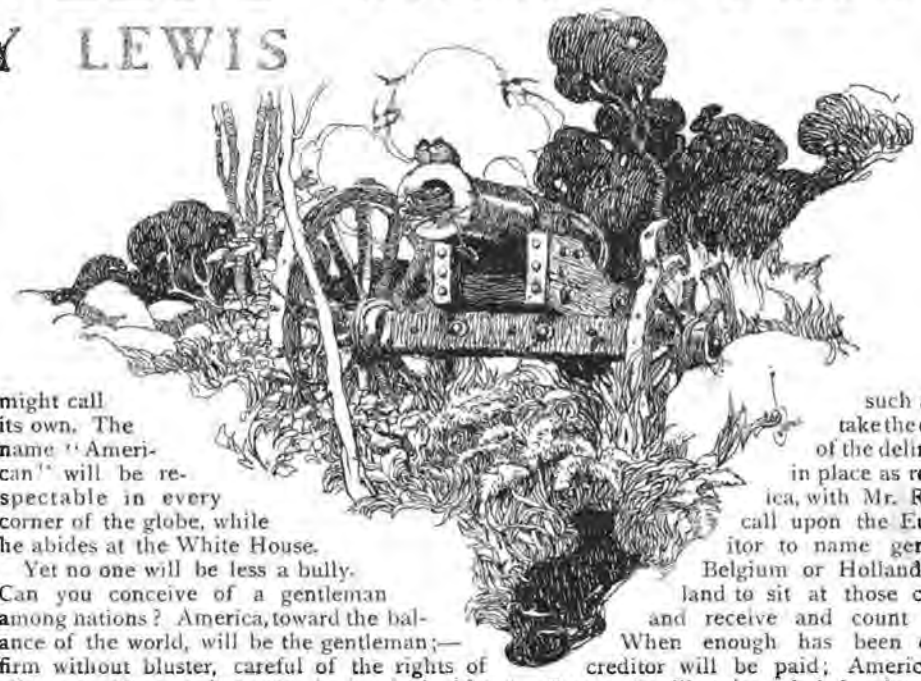
The astounding decrease in the shipping of the United States. It is less to-day than it was in 1789

[Drawn specially for Success by F. W. Hewes]

MR. ROOSEVELT'S NEW POLICIES

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

What the Chief Executive of the Nation Has Outlined for the Four Years of His Administration Beginning on March 4.—He Says He Wants a Peaceable Country and a Powerful Navy



NOW, WITH the election months astern and—to follow a nautical figure to its conclusion,—the inauguration of Mr. Roosevelt close under the bows of present time, the question oftenest on the public lip is: "What will be the administration's policy for the four years next to come?"

It will be useless to seek the answer in the Republican platform. With years spent in Washington, I have yet to hear of him of the majority who, being either President or cabineteer or senator or representative, remembered and referred to his party platform for guidance. Those who spoke of platforms were invariably of the minority, and they pointed only to the platform of their enemies. When the majority did or did not do some act which its platform condemned or promised, the orators of the minority would seize on the situation to wax red of brow and shocked of sensibility—thus to discover their foes as ones faithless to obligation, and turning traitorous and mendacious backs upon what compacts had been made with the betrayed commons of the land! It was then, and then only, that a platform was either remembered or reverted to. The morality of the ceremony might find intimation in this, that it never had other description, even by those who engaged in it, than "making party capital for the next campaign."

There should be little or no argument in favor of a theory that Mr. Roosevelt, in his presidential courses, will slavishly copy the party platform, rushing forward where it rushes, and stopping when it stops. There were certain issue-peculiarities that attended his election, remarked upon and admitted by every one concerned. As he was the candidate, so also was he the platform and the issue, and no one is more widely aware of this than Mr. Roosevelt. What, then, should be the safer method of discovering those policies which, when pressed upon by this or that contingency, and whether foreign or domestic, he will announce and carry out? In every instance it will be the merest expression of Mr. Roosevelt himself, and you, who aim at reply to the query, would but waste your time and throw effort away, were you to consider any man, or any utterance, or anything else, outside of Mr. Roosevelt.

II.

When recently in Washington I put the question to him:—

"What is to be our attitude toward Europe?"

"That attitude," said he, with one of his smiles, "will be a model of the amiable. It will be the attitude of one of the most peaceable nations on the map, with one of the best navies afloat."

He believes in a navy, since he believes in peace. He knows that weakness and unpreparedness—thank diplomacy and the war correspondents for the words!—invite attack. Wars, as a rule, are begun on pretexts, not reasons. The strong—read history!—are seldom assailed; it is the weak and the unguarded who find blood at their doors.

Mr. Roosevelt has courage; also he has coolness and a bent for justice. Without a reason, whether of insult or assault, he would be the last to urge a war. But, if given a reason, no one would be more vengefully prompt. Fortunately for American peace, they of the foreign world know him for these traits; there has been none in the White House since the silent days of Grant whom they would be slower to provoke.

Nor will Mr. Roosevelt measure cost where a cause is just; the least of our citizens, if foreign wrong were offered him, would be protected to the death, though it brought forth what uttermost ounce of power and treasure the government might call its own. The name "American" will be respectable in every corner of the globe, while he abides at the White House.

Yet no one will be less a bully. Can you conceive of a gentleman among nations? America, toward the balance of the world, will be the gentleman;—firm without bluster, careful of the rights of others as of its own, but not to be insulted without reprisal or to be with safety assailed.

The Panama Canal will be dug. Night and day Mr. Roosevelt will crowd the work. Those in whose charge the canal rests will be fired with his energy. It will be an American canal; and both banks of it—to quote a statesman dead and under the grass roots,—are to be part of the coast line of this country. Europe may object, but she will be overruled; and, being overruled, she will do nothing.

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Not a little of the drift of American thought is toward the Philippines. It is not too much to say that they are likewise somewhat on the slope of the Roosevelt thought. What will the administration do with the Philippines? Mr. Roosevelt is not a sentimentalist; rather he is a sublimation of the practical. The Philippines are the concrete embodiment of a condition, not a theory, and he so regards them. Also, he has no more doubt of our right or our title to them than of our right and our title to Virginia, once ruled by Powhatan.

He will consider the interests of the Philippines. He will also consider the interests of America. Most, he will consider the will of the American people. When the Philippines are fit to walk alone and—mind, it is "and," not "or,"—the American people demand it, he will set them on their feet and bid them go their way. Until those conditions conjoin, he will hold those islands of the Orient, as he holds Florida or Louisiana or California or Texas or what other territory belonged elsewhere before it belonged to us. No abstractionist of politics, no theorist of morals, pending those conditions, will swerve him from that course.

There has been a deal said of the Monroe Doctrine, a principle of diplomacy—or, should one say, of international law?—that gives more trouble to certain of our citizens than to any alien abroad. Mr. Roosevelt will sustain—word and letter,—that doctrine of Monroe. He will carry it to its legitimate conclusion: if we must fight the battles of those little peppery states below the Gulf, he will insist upon a right to control somewhat their conduct. Should one of those peppery small states owe money to Europe, it must pay. Should it insult a foreign flag, it must apologize. Moreover, should it injure, it must repair.

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If dispute fall forth, whether over a dollar or an insult, America, with Mr. Roosevelt, will attempt a settlement. Should failure attend, America, with Mr. Roosevelt, will then insist on arbitration. If the arbitration result in judgment against the South American state, as was lately the case at The Hague, in the instance of Venezuela, America, with Mr. Roosevelt, will tell the defendant to obey the judgment rendered against it.

Should the South American state refuse, and the judgment be for money, the war boats of the European will not be allowed to act in the rôle of a sheriff, and serve writs of execution at the cannon's mouth. America, with Mr. Roosevelt, in such an event, will take the custom houses of the delinquent. Once in place as receiver, America, with Mr. Roosevelt, will call upon the European creditor to name gentlemen from Belgium or Holland or Switzerland to sit at those customs desks and receive and count the money. When enough has been collected, the creditor will be paid; America, with Mr. Roosevelt, will remove their hands; and the South American state, a receipt in full in its pocket, may then return to its own.

III.

And now you say:—

"Suppose, while Mr. Roosevelt is thus pushing forward those policies,—canal, foreign, Filipino and Monroe,—congress refuses to sustain him? Suppose it should go to the extent of ferocious opposition?"

In such stiff-necked contingency, Mr. Roosevelt will fall back upon the people. He was born for the people and they for him; he is their ally and they are his; he would call them to his elbow and they would come. What was his course in the legislature at Albany? What was his course when, as a civil service commissioner, congress, led by Senator Gorman, fell upon him? If, as a boy, he held his own and more at Albany; and if, as a civil service commissioner, he defeated congress, with Senator Gorman at its head, it is not to be assumed that now, when he is twenty years older than he was at Albany, and President instead of a civil service commissioner, he will be driven from his purpose. Whatever be his policy, foreign or domestic, its success was foreordained by the vote of last November, and what congressmen oppose it should look well to their seats.

There is also the vexed and vexing question of the black man.

"I shall do everything for the black man," said he to me, on a late occasion, "that I believe Lincoln would have done. I shall do nothing that will stamp me as other than the legitimate White House heir of Abraham Lincoln."

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Such is the resolution of Mr. Roosevelt on this issue of the African, and those who are familiar with the story of Lincoln should have no trouble in forestalling what the administration will do. Mr. Roosevelt will not fail through either cowardice or favor; he is to be neither bullied nor cajoled. You, who have read his story, know him to be brave, and rooted to a principle. I have given his utterance; you have only to read the "Life of Lincoln" for Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the blacks.

On the heels of the late election, certain editors of southern papers—they had spoken warmly rather than well of Mr. Roosevelt,—visited the White House to take what we are taking here, a look ahead. The President met them fairly.

"What do you want us to do?" queried the spokesman editor, at one crisis in the talk.

"Quit lying; that is all," said Mr. Roosevelt.

IV.

There is a law called the Sherman Anti-trust Law. A decade ago it was officially fashionable to say that the Sherman Law was "defective," "forceless," "unenforceable," "inoperative," and "unconstitutional," and that the supreme court had ruled these divers and sundry hamstringing

descriptives. I recall a talk I had with Senator John Sherman at his house in Franklin Square. He took the law, and with it the two findings of the supreme court in cases where the law had been invoked, and showed me that in neither did the decision address the merits of the measure.

"They went off," said Mr. Sherman, "on technicalities, and never once pretended to reach the heart of the law. The law is valid; the law is alive; and some day, when there is a will to enforce it, the trusts will find it out."

Mr. Roosevelt has the will to enforce the Sherman Law, and the day looked for by its venerable author, when we talked together in the great gray house in Franklin Square, has at last arrived. The doom of the robber trust is sealed. Such cormorant creatures as the beef trust, the coal trust, and the tobacco trust are to be impounded within lines of law. Also, the railroads —that is to say, their tools,—are to act no more as their confederates. The interstate commerce commission is to be stiffened, the department of commerce aroused, and every buccaneering black-flag trust, now foraging the rights of the people, is to be sunk or driven from the business sea. And wherefore not? Kidd was hanged in Execution Dock by good Queen Anne for doing less than robber trusts do now. The party manager will frown, the politician threaten, and the machine put forth its power. They will say that Mr. Roosevelt is destroying the party, and that he is no longer a Republican. And, if they do, we have read where he said:—

"I do not number party loyalty among the ten commandments."

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He will do justice: do it unblinkingly; do it to the people, and do it to the trusts. He will reach his ends by lance of law. However, should the law be found too short, he will have it lengthened. Be sure he will reach his ends, whatever the event.

Tariff? There will be few or no changes. With the cost of government where it is, there could be none. The public must pay its bills. With the tariff as now arranged, the public fails of that solvent feat at an average rate of five millions a month, and has so failed for a decade. How, then, will one lower a tariff? Income tax? You would have to dry-dock your constitution and refit it with an auxiliary engine or two in order to secure that; and dry-docking and amending the constitution are not the labors of a day.

Capital? Labor? While Mr. Roosevelt is in Washington, the government will be neither a mobocracy nor a plutocracy, but a democracy. He will be the friend of Labor and the friend of Capital, but the partisan of neither. To use his words,—

"The door of the White House will yield as easily to the touch of Labor as to the touch of Capital, but no easier."

V.

What was it Patrick Henry said concerning the future and the past? The rule which the Virginian laid down applies to Mr. Roosevelt. Those who would know what he will do have but to study his career and realize a future by reading his past. If government were private business, and Mr. Roosevelt a private citizen, no one would challenge that utterance. I shall therefore leave it, urging only that those who distrust its soundness should consider wherein public differs from private business, and the officer is other than the man. While those who remain behind to wrangle are wrestling with what has just been laid down, we may as well go forward, without further flourish, to an outline rehearsal and analysis of the Roosevelt past.

What is the lesson of Mr. Roosevelt? What is the message of his career? You should remember your Chesterfield, and look into men as well as at them.

Mr. Roosevelt is perfect as an expression of concrete Americanism. He could occur only as the result of an equation of democracy,—happen nowhere but here. An artist of the actual, he was born hungry for his share in government. He, too, instructs himself by the past; but he does not lean upon it, and is equal to a precedent. In politics he is the natural pathfinder, and will push toward his purposes by new passes through the hills. When in doubt, he goes ahead; and his war words are "Be ready!" Neither does he lose battles by overestimating a foe. Likewise he realizes how triumph is the best refuge, success the surest safety,—knowing well how short is the distance between victory and destruction, the Capitol and the Tarpeian Rock.

The world has been told of the vanity of Mr. Roosevelt. Be it so: there are vanities and vanities. Vanity comes often to be the impulse of good endeavor, like the sails of a ship, without which the dull hulk, however richly freighted, would make no voyage at all. Wanting vanity, Cæsar would have crossed no Rubicon, and Napoleon would have begun, not ended, with Waterloo. So that it builds and does not destroy, sticks for truth and rejects falsehood, sustains patriotism and outfaces public wrong, American mankind will be the better for that vanity. Mr. Roosevelt has his vanity in this: from the beginning he has refused to be a human parenthesis, whose omission would not spoil the meaning of the world's story.

Also, he is capable of initiative. It has been the rule with him not to wait for the event to find him, but to throw himself in its way. When he was police commissioner in New York he enforced the excise law in the teeth of the town's thirst.

"The police board," said he, "is not a legislative body. It does not make, it does not repeal, but it enforces law," and with that he turned a Sunday key on the saloon.

Mighty was the excitement, vast the concern of party bosses. Then might one see how Mr. Roosevelt would face a public, knowing he was right. The bosses encouraged a parade of those who demanded an "open town," to frighten Mr. Roosevelt with a show of strength. With that—being original and being a genius,—he took humor for his buckler, and courage for a sword.

Thousands, red-nosed and angry, held the middle of the street to march in that parade. There was a reviewing stand; somewhat to the horror, wholly to the wonder, of the parade promoters, the offensive Mr. Roosevelt was early in his occupation of a seat therein.

The word was given; brigade following brigade, those wrathful, thirsty thousands commenced sweeping down the street. In the forefront rolled a round, militant German, furious for the loss of Sunday beer. As he arrived opposite the reviewing stand, he tossed a proud hand rearward toward his followers.

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"*Nun, wo ist der* Roosevelt?" (Now, where is Roosevelt?) he shouted.

To his astonishment, a square bulldog face looked down from the stand, eyes kindly, jaw iron. Then came:—

"*Hier bin ich! Was willst du, camarad?*" (Here I am! What will you, comrade?)

The angry marching German stopped as if planet-struck. Then off came his hat, and he shouted:—

"Hurrah for Roosevelt!"

The column took up the cry. Detachment following detachment, and section on the heels of section, cheered. What was intended as a rebuke was turned into an endorsement, and the parade meant for Mr. Roosevelt's destruction became a procession in his honor.

Off the same tree came the following. There descended upon America a pestiferous Dr. Ahlwardt. His mission was to slander Jews for money. He visited Mr. Roosevelt, and demanded police protection for his lecture. He would be severe, bitter, and denunciatory, he said; the Jews threatened to attack him.

Mr. Roosevelt promised protection. Dr. Ahlwardt should deliver that lecture; not a voice, not a hand, should be raised against him. The pestiferous Dr. Ahlwardt thanked Mr. Roosevelt, and went his way. He was not so grateful when, on mounting the platform, he found thirty policemen, hooked of nose, dark of cheek, present by order of Mr. Roosevelt to keep him safe. The thirty bluecoat Jews, calm, steady, and vigilant, stood silent guard while he held forth. The audience was as silently, calmly steady. There were no violences, no interruptions. But the lecture dragged. The presence of those hook-nosed constables, and the protection they rendered, gave the lie to all that was said, and the Jew-baiting Dr. Ahlwardt found himself defeated before he had begun.

VI.

Somebody once said that to become a great man one must be a great boy. Mr. Roosevelt was a great boy. Likewise, and like Cæsar, he was ambitious.

"Twenty-two years old," mused Cæsar, "and nothing done for immortality!"

Whether he said it or not, the boy Roosevelt nursed ambitions as deathless as were those of the young Roman. Those ambitions had form in an instinct of supremacy. He entered the lists with other boys in whatever games of skill and strength stir boyish breasts. He owned a will, and tremendous power of concentration. Also, it soon came to him that, if he would win in what life-struggles lay before him, and upon which he lusted to enter, he must win by vigor,—by steam. He was incapable of the sinuous, the stealthy, or the indirect; there was a deal of the Cromwell, and nothing of the Richelieu, in his composition. He could no more disguise a sentiment, nor play the hypocrite, than a grizzly bear can disguise a sentiment or play the hypocrite; he could fight, but he could n't lie,—could die, but could not deceive.

With these noonday defects of frankness and no stealth, it behooved young Roosevelt to cultivate the physical to fullest flower. Since he was as prone to exercise the moral and the mental as he was the physical, all things that were best in him came on apace and abreast. Finally he owned the force of a Corliss engine, with the hair-line accuracy of a watch. His industry gained stimulation with the rest, and he grew to be so much a husbander of time that he might be described as possessing a split-second attachment.

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Coming from college, he plunged into politics as naturally as ever dog of Newfoundland plunged into the sea. It might be a thought too romantic to say that he, at that crisis, had his eyes on the White House. And yet, as he began to climb the political steeps, it must have stood whitely out before him, as some snow-capped peak stands whitely out before one toiling among the foothills.

Mr. Roosevelt, going into politics, gave the enterprise a wealth of thought. He evolved the aphorism:—

"Better faithful than famous!"

Mr. Roosevelt, shoving forth on a sea of politics, was not wanting in advantages. There is no other so loved by the commons as an aristocrat; and he was of the aristocrats, albeit he, himself, believed only in the aristocracy of achievement.

He began by fighting his way out from among his silken fellows. They argued against politics as something muddy and vulgar. He retorted that he chose to be of the class governing rather than of the class governed. He explained to those silken ones that the ward politicians, whom they denounced as rude, muddy, and vulgar, were still their rulers. Those muddy ones controlled the town, and the state; if they were corrupt, or vicious, then the good silken ones should rescue the town and redeem the state. To sit at ease is cowardly; idleness is the holiday of fools. Those silken ones, by their own showing, were the inferiors of the muddy folks who dominated them. More, they were traitors to their trust as citizens; no one may call himself an honest member of society unless he pulls at least his weight for the common weal. The silken ones would not budge, but stuck by their easy chairs, and Mr. Roosevelt went into the fray alone.

VII.

Cæsar has been adverted to, and, carrying forward the thought, there is much in the story of the Roman to find its parallel in that of Mr. Roosevelt. Cæsar, like Mr. Roosevelt, was a born boss-killer; and, like Mr. Roosevelt, Cæsar was the despair of party, the bane of the machine. Cæsar, like Mr. Roosevelt, was of the patrician class. Cæsar wore the purple among the plebeians; but he wore it carelessly, as holding it in light esteem. Sulla, a great party man in his day, was moved to warn his brother managers.

"Beware the ill-girt boy," he cried; "he will be your ruin. In this one Cæsar you will find many a Marius."

George William Curtis, in his hour a kind of party Sulla, said, a score of years ago, of Mr. Roosevelt:—

"You'll know more—a deal more,—of him later. He will be a figure, not a figurehead."

There is scarcely room between the narrow frontiers of this article to set forth those wars that have been carried on by Mr. Roosevelt against party bosses and the fell powers of the party machine. He has been ever an American before he has been a party man, and would rather be right than be "regular."

"I do not number party loyalty among the ten commandments," said he, and his trouble with

the bosses began. He decided to go to the legislature. For that nomination he fought the district boss, and beat him. No one could succeed at the polls, they said, without the favor of the grogshops. Mr. Roosevelt defied the grogshops, promising high license. Against bossism and grogshops he won his seat.

In the legislature he challenged the state machine. Contrary to its express command, he moved for the impeachment of a venal judge. The battle raged eight days

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The first day all the rest of the assembly voted against him. The machine laughed at his poor and lonesome figure.

Mr. Roosevelt was a profound student of Andrew Jackson. When Napoleon went down, Jackson, watching the trend of events, said:—

"It was by his own error he fell; it was n't the English, but Paris, that defeated him. Napoleon ought to have burned Paris and thrown himself upon the country. That's what I should have done, and the country would have sustained me."

Mr. Roosevelt, facing the machine, remembered Jackson. The machine was his Paris; he would set fire to it with publicity, and throw himself upon the people.

Day after day he returned to the impeachment of the venal judge. The papers printed it; his war became known, and the people took up the battle. On the first day, he had stood alone, while the machine grinned the grin of patronizing malice. On the eighth day, he defeated the machine—no longer grinning,—by a vote of one hundred and four to six. Already he had become a figure and not a figurehead.

In legislature and convention he fought and defeated the machine until, to be rid of him and his pernicious integrities, it caused the then President to call him to the civil service commission. There he fought congress and congressmen, notably Senator Arthur P. Gorman, and defeated them. The President would have removed him, but the fear of the people's anger was upon him to palsy resolution.

The spoilsmen at the capitol breathed more freely when Mr. Roosevelt was drafted home to become commissioner of police. The crushing weight of the system arrayed against him when he went into Mulberry Street may be guessed at from the words of Chief Thomas Byrnes.

"It will break him," cried Byrnes. "He will have to yield, in time; he is only human."

But he did not yield; the system yielded.

He began by vetoing the annual parade of the police. It was thus he threw down the glove.

"We will parade," said he, "only when we have nothing to be ashamed of."

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Time flowed on, and police troubles gathered for the bosses; again the machine besought a president to rid it of this berserk whom no chicane could conquer, no villainy control. He was recalled to Washington as assistant secretary of the navy. When once there, and instantly, he went to a clash with the must and dust of that department, and fought a duel with Red Tape. He was victor, just as he was ever victor.

He sent Admiral George Dewey to the Asiatic Station, and stores and ammunition to Hongkong. When the fools sought to weaken Admiral Dewey, and ordered home the flagship, Mr. Roosevelt would not have it so.

"Keep the 'Olympia,'" he cabled Admiral Dewey, "and keep her full of coal."

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In war the sword supplants the reaping hook, and the first duty of a citizen is to shed blood. The war came, and Mr. Roosevelt went with his Rough Riders against fever and mausers at Santiago and San Juan. In the old viking days, the Norse warriors, on a platform of their locked shields, lifted high above their heads that one who had been forward in the fray, and with shout, and with clang of ax and sword, proclaimed him chief. When Mr. Roosevelt returned from the Spanish-American War, the people, treading down the bosses and trampling on the machine, bore him aloft on their ballots to the governor's seat at Albany.

In Albany, as governor, he assailed the corporations and conquered for a franchise tax. Long before, he had minted the phrase, "the wealthy criminal class," as descriptive of those black ones with whom he was engaged. The war between them, after twenty years, still raged; he was still the Nemesis of that "wealthy criminal class" and those bosses and machines that gave it comfort.

To punish him for the franchise tax, and remove his perilous activities out of Albany, the machine sentenced him to the exile of the senate gavel. Now he is President,—a national, not a state peril to pirate corporations.

THE MAN WHO DRIVES THE STAGE

HOLMAN DAY

Blister o' sunshine, rasp o' frost, or the north wind raisin' fury,
I have to go, through shine or snow, for I drive the stage to Newry.

* * * * * * *

'Nited States mail and my load of express,
Trunks on the rack all right, I guess,
Passengers in and the luggage stored,
And it's ho, for Newry, and all aboard!
An errunt here and an errunt there.
Hat stuffed full till it ain't on square,
For widders are standin' at lane and gate,
And crank old maids they lay in wait:
"Have you brung me this?" "Have you brung me that?"
And I scruff my hand in my old plug hat:
Handiest thing that ever you see
Is that old plug hat for such as me:
For there's many to sarve and lots to do,
And the mail, you know, must be hurried through.
Only a second to hand 'em down,—
The things I've brung from the stores in town.
'T is jest "Hullo!" "Good-by!" Bang door!
And the Newry stage is off once more.

Forty years, sir, up and down,
'Twixt Newry Corner and Depot Town,
I've driven this road in shade and shine,
In snow and blow and foul and fine,
Till I know 'em all, on every place,
Till every gable seems a face,
Scowling here like its folks within,
Beamin' there with a homelike grin.
Yes, knowin' 'em all, the same as me,
There's plenty of sights for a chap to see;
And the folks that come and the folks that leave,
The folks that laugh and the folks that grieve,
Kisses and sobbin's,—ring or pall,—
I see 'em all,—I see 'em all!
For it's jest "Hullo!" and then "Good-by!"
It's best to laugh, but you have to sigh:
Flutter at winder, smack at the door,
And the Newry stage is off once more.

Stories? Yes. Why,—once,—whoa, ho!—
Here's a plug o' tobacker and corncob, Jo.
Gid ap! Go 'long! Why, once a man,—
Here's your knittin' needles and yarn, Aunt Fan!—
A man he lived in that leetle house,—
Git into your hames, there, Ben! Wher-rouse!
A hoss is much like a man, I'm 'fraid:
A hill looks big till you strike its grade.
Now about that man,—he used to play
On a big bull-fiddle, and once,—oh, say,
That milliner gave me her solum word
She'd trim your bunnit this week, Miss Hurd!
Now, where was I at?—oh, that man he took—
Miss Ward, your yeast cake and lib'ry book!
And the man,—but yender is Newry Town,
And the brakes work hard as we're swinging down.
So I'll tell you the tale some day,—some day,
With them widders and spinsters out o' the way.
But now for a rush up the village street,
With chuckerin' wheels and spackin' feet;
Postmaster Tom at the office door,
And the Newry stage is home once more.

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Blister o' sunshine, rasp o' frost, or the north wind raisin' fury,
I'll be up at dawn with the hosses on, ready to drive from Newry.

NO CHANCE!

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"My purpose was to make good in the town where I was born,—make good for myself and the folks; and I did."

IN these few, simple words, John A. Johnson, the new governor of Minnesota, condenses the simple story of his life, which we give in this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. This young man, born in poverty, cradled in want, hemmed in on every hand by seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and without friends or opportunity for education or advancement of any sort, has added one more name to the glorious roll of American boys with "no chance" who have conquered adversity and risen to distinction. He has proved again that the world stands aside for a determined soul, and that success is in the *man*, not in the chance.

There were probably thousands of boys and girls in Minnesota complaining that they had no chance to get a liberal education or a start in the world when the boy, Johnson, was struggling to carry the burden which his ne'er-do-well father had dropped upon the shoulders of his mother and himself,—the support of the entire family. How the lad of eight or nine helped his mother, who took in washing, and, later, at the mature age of thirteen, proudly insisted upon her giving up working for strangers, while he toiled in the village store during the day and in the evening in the local printer's office, carrying mail or parcels to outlying houses,—denying himself, and making great sacrifices in order that his mother's burden might be lightened, his five younger brothers and sisters be fed, clothed, and educated,—all this is told elsewhere in detail.

In spite of his desperate struggle with want this boy never lost courage or self-reliance. He saw in the midst of it all a chance for a noble career. Where others saw only mediocrity or humdrum lives, he saw opportunity for great things. What did he care for obstacles? He felt that he was greater than anything which could get in his path. Not even when shivering in the cold of a northern winter, for lack of clothing, and the family burden pressed more and more heavily upon his shoulders, did he waver. He pushed ahead and "tried to make good." No responsibility frightened him. A chance was all he wanted. He did not wait for it; he made it.

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People who are made of the right kind of material do not make excuses; they work. They do not whine, they keep forging ahead. They do not wait for somebody to help them; they help themselves. They do not wait for an opportunity; they make it. Those who complain of no chance confess their weakness,—their lack of efficiency. They show that they are not equal to the occasion,—that they are not greater than the obstacle that confronts them.

"No chance" has ever been the excuse of those who fail. Interview the great army of failures; most of them will tell you that they never had an opportunity like others, that there was no one to help them, and that no one would give them a boost. They will tell you that the good places were all filled, that every occupation or profession was crowded, that there was no chance for them, and that all the good opportunities were gone.

After one of Alexander's campaigns he was asked if he intended taking the next city if he had an opportunity. "Opportunity!" he thundered, "Why, I make opportunities." It is men that make opportunities that are wanted everywhere.

It is a dangerous thing to wait for opportunities until it becomes a habit. Energy and inclination for hard work ooze out in the waiting. Opportunity becomes invisible to those who are doing nothing, or looking somewhere else for it. It is the great worker, the man who is alert for chances, that sees them.

Some people become so opportunity-blind that they can not see chances anywhere,—they would pass through a gold mine without noticing anything precious,—while others will find opportunities in the most barren and out-of-the-way places. Bunyan found opportunity in Bedford jail to write the greatest allegory in the world on the untwisted paper that had been used to cork his bottles of milk. A Theodore Parker or a Lucy Stone sees an opportunity to go to college in a chance to pick berries. One boy sees an opening to his ambition in a chance to chop wood, wait on table, or run errands, where another sees no chance at all. One sees an opportunity to get an education in the odds and ends of time, evenings and half-holidays, which another throws away.

While you are saying, "There is no chance for me," and "I can't," thousands of boys and girls in this country with nothing like your opportunities are tearing the words "impossible" and "I can't" out of their dictionaries. While you are thinking of the great things you would do if you only had a college education and a little money to start with, others much less favored by fortune are annihilating these obstacles and forging ahead. Many of these poor boys and girls are not only starting without friends, money, influence, or any assistance whatever, but are, besides, heavily handicapped by others depending upon them, or by some physical deformity; yet they are defying the fates which you say are keeping you back.

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In a little, slow, grass-grown fishing town in New England, whose once busy docks and wharves are now silent, lives one of those brave strugglers,—a cripple, whose life is putting to shame the scores of able-bodied men and boys in this same town, who are loitering in the village store, loafing about street corners, and complaining that there is "no chance in this God-forsaken, dead-and-alive town." While they are shuffling around with their hands in their pockets, waiting for something to turn up, this crippled youth has turned up so much business that it almost swamps him. He is janitor of the schoolhouse, he carries the mail to the trains and steamboats, takes care of two fire houses, delivers newspapers to customers, and in addition to all this, he goes to a neighboring city once or twice a week and does all sorts of errands and shopping for the well-to-do people in the village. He helps to support his mother, two sisters, and a younger brother, and is saving something out of his earnings to start in business for himself.

What would the complaining youth of to-day think of their chances in life if they were obliged to change places with young "Abe" Lincoln, the child of the backwoods? What if they found themselves in a rude log cabin, without windows or floors, in the heart of the wilderness, far away from schools, churches, and railroads, without newspapers, books, or money, without the ordinary comforts, or even what we consider the necessities of life! What would they think of their having to walk nine miles a day to attend a rude school in a neighbors' cabin! What would they think of their chances for self-culture if they were obliged to scour the country on foot for fifty miles to borrow a few books, and then, after a hard day's work, to read them at night by the light of the log fire? What if they were obliged, with him, to start out on their careers with less than a single year's schooling! Yet out of these iron conditions, arose the greatest of our presidents. In this inhospitable environment was built up the finest type of manhood the world has ever seen.

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Some one has said that "when God wants to educate a man, He does not send him to school to the graces, but to the necessities." Poverty often calls out talents which would never be discovered but for her. Not unusual opportunities, not ease and comfort, not wealth or luxuries, but poverty, has ever been the great university of the race, and by far the larger number of success graduates call her *alma mater*. What statesmen, what orators, what philanthropists, what scholars, what musicians, and what artists have been graduated from her halls!

It has not been the men favored by fortune, but, as a rule, the poor boys with no chance, who have done great things. It is a Fulton with a paddle wheel; a Michael Faraday with old bottles and tin pans in the attic of an apothecary's store; a Whitney with a few tools in a southern cellar; a Howe with crude needles and shuttles making the sewing machine; a Professor Bell, poor, experimenting with the simplest apparatus, who have given an uplift to civilization.

There is nothing else so fascinating in American history as the romance of achievement under difficulties,—the story of how men and women, who have brought great things to pass, got their start, and of their obscure beginnings and triumphant ends, their struggles, their long waitings amid want and woe, the obstacles overcome, the final victories; the stories of men and women who have seized common situations and made them great, or of those of average ability who have succeeded by dint of indomitable will and inflexible purpose.

What grander sight is there than that of a stalwart man made irresistible by the things which have tried to down him,—a man who stands without wavering or trembling, with head erect and heart undaunted, ready to face any difficulties, defying any cruelties of fate, laughing at obstacles because he has developed in his fight with them the superb strength of manhood and vigor of character which make him master?

No fate or destiny can stop such a man,—a man who is dominated by a mighty purpose. Thousands of young men of this stalwart type every year burst the bonds which are holding down the weakling, the vacillator, and the apologist.

That which dominates the life, which is ever uppermost in the mind, generally comes somewhere near realization; but there is a great difference between a lukewarm desire and a red-hot purpose. It takes steam to drive the piston in the engine; warm water will never turn the wheels. The longings that fail of realization are usually just below the boiling point.

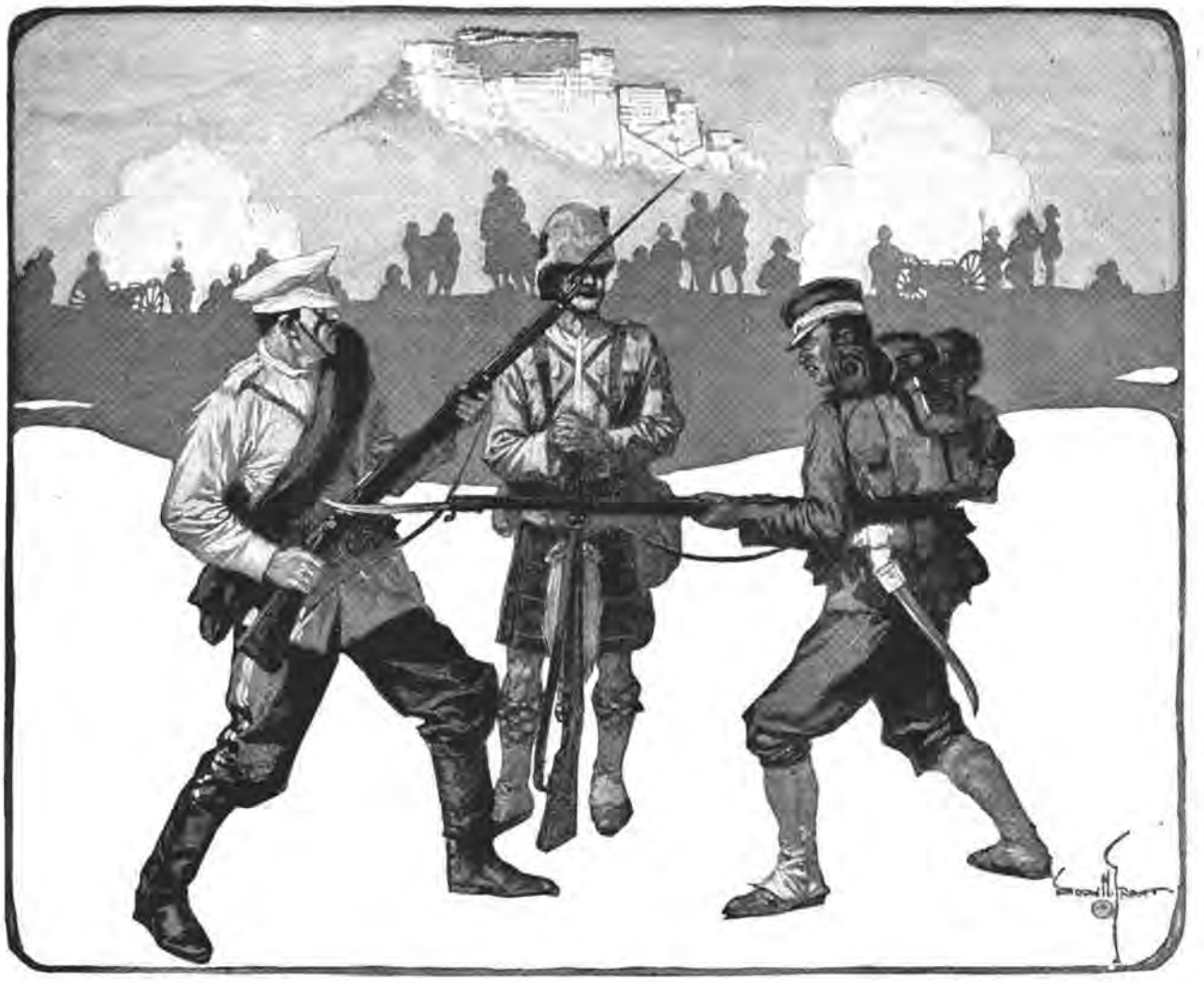
▲ ▲ ▲

A short time ago a young man, who had been an invalid for years, came into my office on crutches. He told me that he was not only paying his way at the academy, where he was preparing for college, but he was also actually helping several other poor boys and girls to get an education. You will say, "He must be a genius." He is nothing of the kind. He is simply dead-in-earnest, bound to do something and be somebody in the world. This is the only secret of the compelling power of a great aim. Any handicap which is greater than your purpose, or stronger than your resolve, will keep you back. It is a question whether or not you are larger than the things which keep you down. You certainly are not while they seem so formidable, and while you are always complaining about them and acknowledging their power over you; but when you rise to your dominion, when you recognize your own divinity and when you realize that you were made larger than any obstacle that stands in your way, you will stop whining "no chance," and go to work with a will that knows no defeat.

No chance! Why, at this very moment you are treading on the lids of great secrets without knowing it,—powers and forces which, if developed, would give civilization a tremendous lift and ameliorate the hard conditions of mankind. The very soil beneath your feet—the old farm which you think is worn out,—may hold a splendid opportunity if you only know how to mix brains with it and extract its secret. But there is no opportunity for the man who has planted corn or potatoes on the same piece of land for twenty years. He sees no chance in resting the soil by the alternating of crops.

Many a man has been right in touch with his great opportunity when he was dreaming of a far-away chance for wealth or distinction. He did not recognize it simply because he was looking somewhere else for it. The shiftless, New England farmer, who thinks his land is all worn out, imagines if he could only go West where the land is level, the soil rich, and where there are no stones, that he could do wonders. While he is dreaming of

[*Concluded on page 188*]



HOW CURZON KINDLED ASIA'S WAR

[Diplomatic Mysteries. New Series: Number Three]

A Gigantic Scheme Fostered by Great Britain to Lay the Foundation of a New Empire in the Fertile Fields of Asia.—The Electric Key Which Started the Gatling-gun Obligato in the Far East Was Touched in London

VANCE THOMPSON

THE diplomatic history of the Russo-Japanese War is not yet accessible. The governments have made public none of their dispatches. Yet always the thing that is done in the dark is whispered in the open.

A year ago it seemed that the reign of Europe—the absolute rule of white men,—was definitely established, the world over. White men's law lay heavy upon Asia. China sprawled, helpless, between the crowding fleets of the West and the Transsiberian of Russia. The old Semiramis of that land veiled her head, foreseeing the end; the little emperor lolled in his yellow harem, cracking melon seeds, puffing at his water-pipe, and making unclean jests in Pekingese; and Peking was in the way of becoming another Delhi.

Toward Nineveh and Babylon the German railways crept across the degraded empire of the Turkish sultan. The shah of Persia was roped and tethered with Russian debts. Cold and insolent, the white masters looked down on India and Indo-China. So, prisoned in the gilt kiosk of her creeds and castes, the yellow Asia lay, humble and resigned, watching her white lords with the mien of a beaten slave. Already the nations of the West were casting lots for the rags of her raiment and the bangles of copper and gold that jingled still on wrist and ankle. This abject Asia! Vaguely, behind her prison bars, she dreamed—surely, the maddest dream that ever haunted dying eyes!—of a savior who should miraculously come. Now, the strangest of all is that the thing she dreamed came true. Japan appeared,—if not the savior, it may be the avenger.

The careless West had long supposed that Japan was on the chain of civilization,—or had been whistled to heel; that it would follow with wagging tail and humble eyes the way the white men walked, so domesticated its people were thought to be, these descendants of the far-away wild Malay. But, lo! the little nation rose, and with smoky flags and battle screams rushed into war.

For nearly ten years—from 1895 to 1904,—Japan had been preparing for this aggression on her nearest white neighbor. Of far longer standing were her hate and fear of Russia. Realizing how futile it was to attack the giant alone, she had long sought for allies. Not unwisely had the new shoguns raised the cry, "China for the Japanese!" Everywhere in China the agents of Japan went busily to and fro: beyond China, in all the rest of Asia, the spies and emissaries of the mikado swarmed; they bore promises and whispered hope; in Siam, in India, in Turkestan, in Persia, and even at Constantinople, they spoke the new watchword, "Asia for Asiatics!" A great hope went whispering through the yellow world. Japan felt these waves of sympathy that set toward her from the fecund Orient, but did not go to war. She was not ready to trust herself to these allies. Had she not found a white ally, there would be no war to-day.

The Europeans, of the Old World and the New, are an eternally contentious family; neither race nor creed binds them; each member of the family takes out letters of marque in its own name, or, with less ceremony, runs up the "Jolly Roger."

Here let one thing be said: wars are not waged, to-day, out of patriotism. No nation draws the sword in the interest of humanity. These pompous phrases are meaningless, to-day. Wars are waged solely for commercial reasons. I have forgotten who first said, with smoky rhetoric, "Commerce follows the flag;" quite the reverse is true; the flag follows commerce,—wherever it leads, by whatsoever roads, clean or dirty.

The Russo-Japanese War was "made in England." First of all she broke away from the concert of white nations and went to Japan, offering alliance, arms, and aid. The Anglo-Japanese alliance and, as well, American friendship, led the yellow amazon to believe that she could count upon the active sympathy of all the Anglo-Saxon world. Nor was she mistaken. It was in February, 1904, that Japan landed her troops in Korea (for the fifth or sixth time,) and the war was on. Now that war was loosed by the tapping of a telegraph key in London,—just as by touching a button the young daughter of General John Newton released the forces that blew up Hell Gate. That cablegram was sent by neither king nor cabinet. The good King Edward was reading over his speech from the throne; Mr. Balfour was brooding upon the philosophy of disenchantment. One man was mightily pleased, that day, for the war was his war; he had made it,—he and no other; in so doing he had circumvented his peace-loving monarch and outwitted the sleepy ministry,—he and no other; thus he sealed with red success the dream and purpose of his life. This was that George Nathaniel who is Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and he is the most formidable man in England.

It is our present business to see how these things came to pass, for the intrigue is a pretty one.

I.—The Dream of Russia,—and Lord Curzon's

Ringed round with hostile races and religions, the Muscovites, for ages, have had only one aim,—to force a way to the sea, and to reach, through multiple thicknesses of hereditary enemies, the salt, free ocean. 'Tis an old dream and an old story. For this they have marched and battled toward the four rims of the horizon. In spite of the obstinate Finns they advanced to the north and the frozen sea. They struggled westward for two hundred years to gain the shores of the Baltic. Twice that length of time they have been fighting to reach the salt waters to the south. On the east all Northern Asia, including Siberia, which is half again as large as Europe, lay between the Muscovites and the Pacific. Yet they pushed on easily and swiftly, for the musty empire of the Turco-Mongols crumbled at a touch. Then slowly, through the years, with Russian patience and ruse, they crept round the northeastern edge of China, always advancing and getting closer and closer to the open sea,—the salty freedom so persistently sought. Forty years ago they tapped the inner sea and builded there a fort which, arrogantly, they called "The Dominator of the Orient,"—in their tongue, Vladivostok. Finally Port Arthur gave them a harbor on the open Pacific. So the work of centuries had reward; Russia, in the end, had reached the eastern rim of her horizon and found the seaway of which her great Peter dreamed.

GEORGE NATHANIEL CURZON

North, west, east,—not for one moment had Russia abandoned her project of reaching that other horizon, the blue south where the warm seas of India and China lie.

Four years ago, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the Muscovite crusade was successful all along the line of the south. Everywhere in Asia, as in Europe, the Mussulmans had yielded or fled before Russian arms, Russian influence, or Russian diplomacy. Over the Asian plains the czar was driving his way to the sea. Ahead went those two pioneers,—the engineer and the financier,—who have always cleared the way for the Russian diplomat. Persia, that England looked upon as a future province, was rapidly being Russified. The friendship of the shah and the interests of Persia were in the hands of Russia. There had been no display of arms. No "mission," with a Gatling-gun *obligato*, had opened the way. In Persia, as in China and every other part of Asia, the Russian advance had been according to the old principle,—first a highway, (for commerce follows the road,) then a bank, then railways. The national bank at Teherân is Russian; the railways are Russian; two thousand Cossacks form the shah's bodyguard; and when, behind the Russian locomotives, the Russian flag goes down to the Persian Gulf, England's empire in the Far East will hear strange voices at the door.

This, in a few words, was the situation when all the Anglo-Saxon world was busied with the Chinese Question. There was no reason why this Russian movement toward the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean—that southern rim of the Muscovite horizon,—should interest Secretary Hay; not the most imperialistic American could claim much in the shah's empire; but there was one Englishman who heeded and understood,—this was the viceroy of India.

Lord Curzon began his career (for it is worth while studying him a moment,) as a journalist, a tolerably good one; he traveled in Central Asia and Persia, and wrote for the London "Times;" his public life is largely an elaboration—a translation, as it were,—of the articles he then wrote. With curious deliberation and with extreme care he shaped himself for the rôle of a statesman. He took himself seriously. He never wantoned by the way. The eldest son of Lord Scarsdale, a picturesque old "squarson"—at once squire and parson,—in the Peak Country, he never let himself down. From his Oxford days he has been, as the familiar, bitter joke goes, "a superior purzon." When Southport sent him to the house of commons, he was quite at home there; with a grand senatorial manner he spoke his thought. So solemn, so pragmatic, so laborious and calm was this little legislator that he was recognized as a "coming man;" and, because he had written articles on Persia in the London "Times," he was made viceroy of India. He was not yet forty years of age. He married an American girl, Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, of Chicago, who did not (I understand,) go to him penniless. How gloriously he reigned over India all the world knows. Barnum's Circus paid him a splendid compliment in reproducing his *fêtes* and durbars. They were opulent and barbaric, for Lord Curzon, as an English admirer said, is "the most Asiatic of Englishmen." In elaborating his juvenile articles in the "Times" into a plan of life, Lord Curzon became, of necessity, an imperialist of an extremely pronounced type. Long before Mr. Chamberlain had turned his liberal coat, Lord Curzon was a Chamberlainist. For him E-n-g-l-a-n-d spelled *world-rule*. Even during the disheartening years of the Boer War he dreamed of a Southern Asia which should be ultimately English,—Arabia, Chaldea, Beloochistan, Siam, and China, all under the English "sphere of influence" and that very Gulf of Persia an "English lake." With what feelings he saw the Muscovites at Teherân you may imagine. He raised shrill and multiple cries: "The occupation of Persia by Cossack hordes! A new Port Arthur on the Persian Gulf!" [Alas! that "English lake!"] "The loss of India!" No one paid any heed to these terrifying Curzonian predictions. He was another Cassandra. England was too busy in South Africa to listen to his high-pitched, pathetic voice. Yet Lord Curzon was right. With farseeing imperialism he planned the "Tibet Mission,"—that masked campaign of conquest and (incidentally,) loot. It was of first importance that he should have a "free hand;" it was a prime necessity that Russia—bound by treaty with Tibet,—should not be able to interfere. It was in this interest that the viceroy of India—not the king of England and not Mr. Balfour's government,—embroiled the Far East and sacrificed the peace of the world. To-day Russia, as he wished, is busy on the rim of another horizon.

II.—Manufacturing a War to Order

In the first two or three years of this century the nations seemed to be treaty-mad. The air was so full of quarrels and contentions that, with one accord, the nations began to bind themselves over to keep the peace. England, above all other nations, went about with outstretched hands. The Boer War had taught her the riskiness of her "splendid isolation." She was still tied to that crippling war, when other nations were dividing the raiment and bangles, the gold and copper, of China. Seeking, if not an ally, an agent, she signed an accord with Germany, by which English interests were to be maintained and protected. Germany took her pay by establishing herself in Hongkong, once England's own; when England hinted that it was time for the evacuation of Manchuria, Germany sided with the czar and broke the accord. Then England turned to France. She spoke of the "glorious work" of the French Roman Catholic missions in Manchuria, and argued that it was the duty of France to protect them against Russian absorption. In a wicked epigram France refused to sacrifice "*l'amitié du czar au service de Dieu.*"

England sought otherwhere.

Throughout the Chinese business only one great power—the United States,—showed a disinterested spirit and clean hands. Moreover, our interests in China, and especially in Manchuria, are very large; no nation has a greater need of the "open door or more honorable claim to it." After experimenting with German *brüderschaft*, and after essaying to win the aid of the French republic, England turned to the United States.

"Blood," England remarked, "is thicker than water. Short's the friend, not Codlin. I stood by you in the Spanish-American War. I have bought twenty-seven editions of your president's book. Now here is another proof of my friendship. The Bulwer-Clayton Treaty is in the way of your building an interoceanic canal. I will give up every advantage it guarantees me."

Smilingly, beseechingly, as one offers a rose to an obdurate girl, England presented us with the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. The United States relented and joined England in her protest against the Russian occupation; Japan added her voice. The Manchurian Treaty, arranged between Russia and the viceroys of China, was rejected. Thereupon Russia promised (for the third time,) to evacuate Manchuria as soon as possible. The words have a familiar ring; how many years ago was it that England promised to evacuate Egypt as soon as possible?

As soon as the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was signed and pocketed the United States abated a little of its violent zeal for English interests in the Far East. England, fearing the worst, sought another ally.

Where, think you?

In Russia.

M. De Witte had charge of the negotiations which were to bring about an accord between the two great white powers in the Far East, whereby not only the Chinese Question should be settled, but as well the affairs of Persia and Afghanistan. Such an arrangement would have meant the undoing of Japan. The yellow diplomats took alarm. Marquis Ito made a tour of Europe. He had two objects: one was to place a Japanese loan; the other was to checkmate De Witte. How well he succeeded you know. It was Christmastide when he arrived in London,—the third humiliating Christmas marked by disasters in South Africa; England was humble and hungry for friends. She took the yellow marquis to heart. She gave him the money he wanted to borrow, and she got from him a treaty of alliance. That treaty, of course, was not made public. Only the purely political and diplomatic part was presented to the house of commons,—and that is negligible. Even from that, however, it is plain that Japan has become England's fighting agent in the Far East and that all necessary loans and subsidies are to be her pay. It is from Baron Rothschild (were it worth while,) that one might learn the secret financial articles of the treaty.

England made a strong attempt to make the United States a party to this bi-colored treaty. Count Cassini thwarted the project; in many conversations with Mr. Hay he made it clear that Russia would in Manchuria hold an "open door" for America, Americans, and American cotton and petroleum.

By way of retort to the Anglo-Japanese treaty France and Russia signed and made public a pompous treaty of friendship and alliance, all of which meant nothing; and Russia promised (for the fourth time,) to evacuate Manchuria,—when the English should evacuate Egypt.

So matters stood; all the world was treaty-bound,—busy, in a fog of peace, building railways or digging canals or getting outlets for commerce wherever might be; only the yellow amazon furbished up her arms, and, from what fastness of the Waziris I know not, there came the voice of the viceroy of India, wailing Curzonian predictions. Always his "mission," trailing Colonel Younghusband and a leash of Gatling guns, battled on toward Tibet and Lassa. But the world wanted peace; the nations were peace-hungry. Take those four months from October, 1903, to January, 1904: as I have said, no government has made public the dispatches of that period; yet I know—and you may know,—that every government in Europe and, as well, the government of the United States (that white daughter of Europe,) were leagued in a crusade of peace. Between Tokyo and St. Petersburg there was one contention,—the debatable Korean Question. It was wearing itself out in negotiations. Not even the yellow amazon was ready for the criminal folly of declaring war for such a vain motive. The United States, content with the Peking treaty of commerce, turned its eyes to the South. The ministries of Paris and of London—

even of London,—offered to serve as peacemakers. (English action in this matter should be parenthetically explained: England was seeking to conclude a Franco-English treaty and yielded to the French desire for an amicable settlement of the dispute between Russia and Japan on the Korean Question; this was the reason, but of greater importance is the fact that she held Japan back from war and urged her to make equitable concessions.)

Never, I say, were there serener prospects of peace than in January, 1904.

In his evident love (and need,) of peace, the czar took into his own hands the negotiation over the affairs of Manchuria and Korea. He forced from Alexieff and Bezobrasof and other war-thirsty advisers concession after concession; he proclaimed the rights of international commerce in Manchuria; he opened Mukden and the two ports to the consular agents of the powers; he recognized and proclaimed the commercial rights of Japan (even her "particular interests,") in Korea; he went so far as to agree to Japanese preponderance in Korea, only stipulating that this preponderance was to be pacific,—and not an armed menace to Siberia. Thus much the czar granted. The Manchurian Question, which concerned only China, he refused to discuss with Japan.

For the first time in many years,—for the first time, perhaps, since the Balkan wars,—Europe approved the Russian policy. Even England approved; for once it seemed that justice and humanity were on the side of the Muscovites. Both king and government, approving, predicted peace.

Oh, heedless monarch and unseeing ministry!—they had forgotten that "superior purzon," the George Nathaniel, who is Lord Curzon of Kedleston, in the peerage of Ireland. The Cassandra voice came clamoring from oversea. Going back to journalism, Lord Curzon thundered anonymously in the "Times." What he said was: "Persia seized by Cossack hordes! A new Port Arthur on the Persian Gulf! The loss of India!"

As the first step toward "saving India," Lord Curzon urged the taking of Tibet.

Why Tibet?

How comes it that this far-away hill land is the real cause of the existing war,—that white and yellow struggle which was begun upon the false and idle pretext of a "Korean Question?"

III.—Diplomacy by Cable

There is, as I have already said, a treaty between Russia and Tibet. Three years ago De Witte talked about it as frankly as you might discuss your tailor's bill. It is this treaty of which Lord Curzon speaks, with bated, but senatorial breath, as "ultra-secret." It is so "ultra-secret" that it has been talked over in diplomatic circles for a half dozen years in Paris. It has nothing to do with India or in any way with the British Empire. It is aimed wholly to aid the Mongolian and Chinese policy of Russia, by conciliating the Buddhist clergy. This is the Russian purpose at Lassa; through the *dalai lama* she lays influence upon the Buddhists of her Mongolian provinces. Unquestionably, from station to station, Russian trade is progressing, legitimately and without violence. There has been a steady infiltration of traders and Muscovite laborers into Tibet, for the land is a rich one. Need I tell those who wonder at England's keen desire for these mountain places that there is gold there? Another California, or a new Transvaal, it lies only a few leagues from the English frontier,—surely it is England's duty to carry British civilization, wrapped in fire and blood, to the heathen of this El Dorado! That peaceful Russian traders should wander there a-trafficking is usurpation, Muscovite violence, Muscovite treachery, and all the rest.

So Colonel Younghusband enters Tibet, with a small troop and two cannons. The date is November 6, 1903. Russia expresses diplomatic regret at this menace to the "integrity of China." Lord Lansdowne answers politely. He "declares officially that the government does not approve of this expedition." Thus, diplomatically, the government disapproves; but Lord Curzon approves, and the expedition goes upward to Chigatzee and trouble comes upon it. Snow lies everywhere. The Tibetans refuse food and guides. They even threaten to oppose forcibly this invasion of the sacred territory. Colonel Younghusband informs the viceroy of India that the Tibetans are trusting in Russia, their friend.

"We must show the Buddhist world," Lord Curzon said, "that Russia is powerless to protect Tibet."

At St. Petersburg they thought otherwise. With the extreme courtesy which distinguishes a Russian diplomat, the ambassador at London informed Lord Lansdowne that a British invasion of Tibet would be followed by a Russian advance,—elsewhere. Now, "elsewhere" means a great deal, for both Persia and Chinese Turkestan lie ready to the Russian hand, and then there is Mongolia, so nearly Russified. The threat was a stout one. Once more England expressed her regret. The only method by which the Curzonian imperialism could have its way in Tibet was by embroiling Russia in a war on the far-eastern rim of her horizon.

It can not be too emphatically said that neither King Edward nor Mr. Balfour's government was behind Lord Curzon's frantic war-play. To be sure, the imperialistic press, led on by the disheveled old *mænad*, the "Times," was loud in its clamor, urging the yellow ally to war. The king, who sincerely believes in honesty, justice, and peace, threw all his influence against this movement. France—needlessly,—urged a peaceful solution upon Russia. In St. Petersburg, as in Tokyo, both allies insisted upon pacific means of untangling this Korean Question, on which the two opponents were so nearly agreed. Step by step—in January, 1904,—the negotiations advanced toward a peaceful issue. It was only a question of time when the necessities of St. Petersburg and the exigencies of Japan would be accommodated.

On January 12, Baron Komura sent his last note to the czar, and he declared officially to the French and English ministers at Tokyo that no time limit was set for Russian study of the proposals or for an answer, and that there would be later and further negotiations, in any case. For three weeks more, until February 1, both London and Paris worked for the maintenance of peace; each thought that a peaceful solution was certain. Every pacific move of King Edward and M. Loubet was seconded by the czar. Count Lamsdorf and the Japanese ambassador both displayed patriotic wisdom.

Official England was heartily and unanimously in favor of peace.

There was another England, more jingoish than the imperialists, that was for war at any price. Part of it was made up of those Curzonians who cry always for war; far more important was the band of financial matadores who demanded war at any price. I have no desire to print here their names. Any one who knows his London can name them. They were as conspicuous in the Boer War as in this. They had played for a falling market, and war would mean not millions only, but even thousands of millions, of profit. These were they who made the running for the viceroy of India, him who would fain go down in history as the conqueror of Tibet. With Lord Curzon at the head, aided, too, by Lord Lansdowne, who is Curzon-broke, the band trailed down through all grades of public men to the gamblers of the Stock Exchange. One notable accomplice and confederate they had,—Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese ambassador to the Court of St. James. It is to him, more than to the mikado, that the yellow Asia—she with the mien of a sick slave,—should give her guerdon of praise if in her yellow champion the savior, or avenger, has indeed come.

Russia's answer to the Japanese note, sent by Baron Komura, was prompt, exceptionally prompt. The first of February it was received in London and Paris. So satisfactory was it that peace seemed assured. Count Lamsdorf had made every concession,—accepting even the conditions suggested by Japan's English ally, and accepting, too, an amicable suggestion or two from Washington and Paris. The gist of the response was that Russia would abandon Korea, all Korea, to the Japanese, and open all Manchuria to the consuls and traders of the world; stipulating only that Japan should agree to build no fortresses along the frontier. The English government declared itself wholly satisfied. King Edward showed his satisfaction in a way at once royal and decisive. The following day, the second in February, parliament opened, and, in his speech from the throne, he told how carefully he had watched the negotiations between the Russian and Japanese governments in regard to their respective interests in Korea and China; a disturbance of the peace in those regions would have deplorable consequences; he added: "All the assistance that my government can usefully give to the progress of a peaceful solution will be cordially given."

These words were spoken in the afternoon. Viscount Hayashi cabled them at once to Tokyo. Taking into account the difference in time and the time necessary to decipher the dispatch, it is evident that the Japanese government did not get it until late the next day. The following day the government broke off the negotiations, alleging that Russia had delayed too long in answering Baron Komura's note. Now Russia's answer, known for two days in London and Paris, and known for twenty-four hours in Tokyo, whither it had been cabled, was on its official way—with the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy,—to the mikado.

A subterfuge, of course! What was the true reason for this sudden rupture and speed-frantic rush into war?

Hayashi's cablegram, and also the Curzonian dispatch that raced with it along the telegraphic wires. It was King Edward's speech that unwittingly precipitated the war. It was evident from it that, after Japan should have received the Russian response, yielding almost everything that was demanded, war would be impossible. The English ally would be obliged to give its "cordial assistance" to the Russian proposals. It was upon this that Hayashi insisted in his cablegram. This was the burden of the Curzonian dispatch to the "war-at-any-price party" in Tokyo.

Curzon won.

The yellow champion went to war; it was February 6; two hours later the peace-compelling answer of Russia was delivered—with the pomp and circumstance of diplomacy,—to the Japanese government. So close a thing was it that the "war-at-any-price party" won by only a little over a hundred minutes,—and there were millions made on the London stock exchange; and in far-away Tibet, where the gold is, Lord Curzon had a "free hand." Not now will the Muscovites appear bringing aid to the Buddhists of Lassa; nor will they go "elsewhere,"—for some time to come. It was a wonderful diplomatic victory,—sharp and vicious as a stab with a poisoned knife. Said he not well who said that Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, is the most formidable man in England? The motto of his house is: "Let Curzon holde what Curzon helde;" he has broadened it into the timely imperialism of "Let Curzon grab what Curzon wants;" and he will go far.

* * * * * *

And this yellow Asia, who has lain so long, watching, with the mien of a patient slave, her white lords jousting for her bangles, gold, and copper,—she lies dreaming, in the prison of her castes and creeds, and knows not if the amazon who has so miraculously come is her savior or her avenger. Nor does Lord Curzon, of Kedleston, know; he has loosed the great turmoil; but who is to bind or to hold? Has he checkmated Russia, or merely vivified her long-smoldering, resistless democracy?

"HE CHEERED ME OFT"

Alfred J. Waterhouse

"His words have cheered me oft," they said,
As he in peace was lying,
With folded hands, upon his bed,
Beyond the stress of dying.
He had no art to gather gold,—
He loved too well his brother,—
But, "Much I loved him!"—thus they told
Their thought to one another.

My Father, though this life of mine
Lead through the valley lowly;
Though half unwrit 's the thought divine
That Thou hast whispered wholly.
Yet when I die, and visions soft
Through my long sleep are pressing,
Let fond hearts say, "He cheered me oft."—
I ask no other blessing.

"'Let us help each other,' she said"

THE PLUM TREE*

The Confessions of a Politician

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

PART SIX

WHEN I left Burbank I expected to return to him—at Rivington,—toward the end of the week. On the train, going home, I was nearer to castle-building than at any other time since my boyhood, but my castles were dashed to ruins under the rude blows of practical life. "My paths have not always been straight and open," said I to myself, "but now I shall justify the means I have had to take. In possession of the power I've worked so long and so persistently to get, I shall use it justly, and shall show that the sordidness of the struggle has not unfitted me for the victory. True, there are the unpleasant political debts I've had to contract in getting Burbank the presidency; and, as we must have a second term, we shall be compelled to make some further compromises. But that can all be done and the bad impressions and results quickly obliterated or counterbalanced. We shall give, in the main, an administration of which the country will be proud. Our chance comes just in time. He and I are now at the age when permanent reputation is made, and our children are growing up and will soon begin to judge us and to be judged from us."

"Twenty years of sowing," thought I, "and at last the harvest."

The next morning I could not rise and it was six weeks before I was able to leave my bed. During that savage illness I met each and every one of the reckless drafts I had been drawing against my reserve vitality. Four times the doctors gave me up; once even Frances lost hope. When I was getting well she confessed to me how she had warned God that He need never expect to hear from her again if her prayer for me were not answered,—and I saw she rather suspected that her threat was not unassociated with my recovery.

Eight weeks out of touch with politics, and they the crucial eight weeks of nearly twenty years of thought and action! At last the harvest, indeed! But I was reaping what I had sown.

In the first week in January I revolted against the doctors and nurses long enough to telephone through my political secretary, Wheelock, the necessary directions as to Woodruff and the senatorship. In the following week they let me send for him,—the legislature had elected him to the senate three days before. When he had sat with me long enough to realize that I could bear bad news, he said: "Goodrich and Burbank have formed a combination against you."

"How do you know?" said I.

"Because"—he laughed,—"I'm in it. At least they thought I was until after I was safely elected. As nearly as I can make it out, they began to plot about ten days after you fell sick. At first they had it on the slate to do me up, too. But the day after Christmas,—Burbank sent for me—"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. Then I began to think it out. I remembered that it was on Christmas Day that Burbank telephoned, for the first time in nearly three weeks, inquiring about my condition. I remembered that they had told me how minute his questionings were, and I had thought that his solicitude was proof of his friendship. Instead, he had been inquiring to make sure that the reports in the papers that I was certain to recover were true, so that he might shift the factors in his plot accordingly! "When did you say Burbank sent for you?" I asked.

"He sent for me on Christmas Day," Woodruff replied, "but I didn't get to him until the next morning. I can't figure out just why they invited me into their combine."

But I could figure it out—easily. If I had died my power would have disintegrated and Woodruff would have been of no use to them. When they were sure I was going to live, they had to have him, because he might be able to assassinate me,—certainly could so cripple me that I would—as they reasoned,—be helpless under their assaults. But it was n't necessary to tell Woodruff this.

"Well," said I, "and what happened?"

"Burbank gave me a dose of his 'great and gracious way,'—you ought to see the 'side' he puts on now,—and turned me over to Goodrich. He'd been mighty careful not to give himself away any further than that. Then Goodrich talked to me for three solid hours, showing me it was my duty to the party as well as to myself to join him and Burbank in eliminating the one disturber of harmony,—that meant you."

"And did n't they tell you they'd destroy you if you did n't?"

"Oh, that, of course!" he answered, indifferently.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Played with them till I was elected. Then I dropped Goodrich a line. 'You can go to —,' I wrote; 'I only travel with white men.'"

"Very impudent!" was my comment.

"Yes," he admitted, "but I had to do something to get the dirt off my hands."

"So Burbank has gone over to Goodrich," I went on, presently, as much to myself as to Woodruff.

"I always knew he was one of those chaps you have to keep scared to keep straight. They think your politeness indicates fear, and your friendship, fright. Besides, he's got a delusion that his popularity carried the West for him and that you and I did him only damage." Woodruff interrupted himself to laugh. "A friend of mine," he resumed, "was on the train with Scarborough when he went East to the meeting of congress, last month. He tells me it was like a president elect on the way to be inaugurated. The people turned out at every crossroads, even beyond the Alleghanies, and Burbank knows it. If he was n't clean daft about himself he'd realize that, if it had n't been for you,—well, I'd hate to say how badly he'd have got left. But then, if it had n't been for you, he'd never have been governor. He was a dead one and you hauled him out of the tomb."

True enough! But what did it matter, then?

"He's going to get a horrible jolt, before many months," Woodruff went on; "I can see you after him."

"You forget,—he's President," I answered; "he's beyond our reach."

"Not when he wants a renomination," insisted Woodruff.

"He can get that without us,—*if*—," I said. "You must remember that we've made him a fetich with our rank and file, and he's something of a fetich with the whole country, now that he's President. No, Doc., we can't destroy him,—can't even injure him. He'll have to do that himself, if it's done. Besides,—"

I did not finish. I did not care to confess that, since Frances and I saw Granby swinging from that tree in my grounds, I had neither heart nor stomach for the relentless game.

"Well!"—Woodruff looked bitterly disappointed,—"I guess you're right. But"—here he brightened up,—"I forgot Goodrich, for a minute. Burbank will do himself up through that—I'd have to be in a saloon to feel free to use the language that describes him."

"I fear he will," I said, and it was not hypocrisy,—for I did not and could not feel anger toward him. Had I not cut this staff deliberately because it was crooked? What more natural than that it should give way under me as soon as I leaned upon it?

"Your sickness certainly could n't have come at an unluckier time," Woodruff observed, just before he left.

"I'm not so sure of that," was my reply. "It would n't have done any good to have found him out sooner, and, if he had waited until later, he might have done us some serious mischief."

As he was the President elect, to go to him uninvited would have done violence to his dignity as well as to my pride. A few days later I wrote him a cordial letter, thanking him for his messages and inquiries during my illness and saying that I was once more taking part in affairs. He did not reply by calling me up on the telephone, as he would have done in the cordial, intimate years preceding his grandeur. Instead, he sent a telegram of congratulation, following it with a note. He urged me to go South, as I had planned, and to stay until I was fully restored. "I shall deny myself the pleasure of seeing you until you return." That sentence put off our meeting indefinitely,—I could see him smiling at its adroitness as he wrote it.

But he made his state of mind even clearer. His custom had been to begin his notes, "Dear Harvey," or "Dear Sayler," and to end them with "James," or "Burbank." This note began, "My dear Senator;" it ended, "Yours sincerely, James E. Burbank." As I stared at these phrases, my blood steamed in my brain. Had he spat in my face my fury would have been less,—far less. "So," I thought, in the first gush of anger, "you feel that you have been using me, and that you have no further use for me. You have decided to take the advice of those idiotic independent newspapers and 'wash your hands of the corruptionist who almost defeated you.'"

To make war upon him was, in wisdom, impossible,—even had I wished,—and, when anger flowed away and pity and contempt succeeded, I really did not wish to war upon him. But there was Goodrich,—the real corruptionist, the wrecker of my plans and hopes, the menace to the future of the party. I sent for Woodruff and together we planned a campaign against the senator from New Jersey in all the newspapers we could control or influence. I gave him a free hand to use—with discretion, of course,—all we had to Goodrich's discredit. I put at his disposal a hundred thousand dollars,—every available dollar of the party funds had been used in the campaign, so I took this money from my own pocket. I then went cheerfully away to Palm Beach, there to watch, at my ease, the rain of shot and shell upon my enemy.

After a month in the South, I was well again,—younger

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"'I've known for years that you were in love with that other man'"

in feeling, and in my looks, than I had been for ten years.

Carlotta and the children, except "Junior," who was in college, had gone to Washington when I went to Florida. I found her abed with a nervous attack from the double strain of the knowledge that Junior had eloped with an "impossible" woman he had met, I will not say where, and of the effort of keeping the calamity from me until she was sure he had really entangled himself hopelessly.

She was sitting among her pillows, telling the whole story. "If he only had n't married her!" she ended.

This struck me as ludicrous,—a good woman citing to her son's discredit the fact that he had goodness's own ideals of honor.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded.

I was about to tell her I was hopeful of the boy chiefly because he had shown himself an utter fool with the splendid courage of his folly. But I said nothing,—I had never been able to make Carlotta understand me or my ideas, and I had long been weary of the resentful silences or angry tirades which mental and temperamental misunderstandings produce.

"What can be expected?" she went on. "A boy needs a father. You've been so busy with your infamous politics that you've never given him a thought."

This was painfully true, throughout, but it was one of those criticisms we can hardly endure even when we make them ourselves. I was silent.

"What are you going to do about it, Harvey? How *can* you be so calm! Isn't there *anything* that would rouse you?"

"I'm too busy thinking what to do to waste any energy in blowing off steam," was my answer, in my conciliatory tone.

"But there's nothing we *can* do," she retorted, with increasing anger, which vented itself toward me because the true culprit, fate, was not within reach.

"Precisely," I agreed,—"nothing."

"That creature won't let him come to see me."

"And you must n't see him when he sends for you," said I. "He'll come as soon as his money gives out. She'll see that he does."

"But you are n't going to cut him off!" exclaimed Carlotta.

"Just that," said I.

There was a long silence, then I added, in answer to her expression: "And *you* must not let him have a cent, either."

In a gust of anger, probably at my having read her thoughts, she blurted out, "One would think it was *your* money."

I had seen that thought in her eyes, had watched her hold it back behind her set teeth, many times in our married years, and now thanked my stars that I had the prudence to get ready for the inevitable moment when she would speak it. But at the same time I could not restrain a flush of shame. "It *is* my money," I forced myself to say. "Ask your brother. He'll tell you what I've forbidden him to tell, before,—that I have twice rescued you and him from bankruptcy."

"With our own money," she retorted, hating herself for saying it, but goaded on by a devil that lived in her temper and had got control many a time, though never before when I happened to be the one with whom she was at outs. But I did not show the slightest irritation.

"No,—with my own," I replied, tranquilly.

"*Your* own!" she sneered; "every dollar you have has come through what you got by marrying me,—through what you married me for. Where would you be if you had n't married me? You know very well. You'd still be fighting poverty as a small lawyer in Pulaski, married to Betty Crosby or whatever her name was." She burst into hysterical tears. At last she was showing me the secrets that had been tearing at her,—was showing me her heart where they had torn it.

"Probably," said I, in my usual tone, when she was calm enough to hear me; "so that 's what you brood over?"

"Yes," she sobbed, "I've hated you and myself. Why don't you tell me it isn't so? I'll believe it,—I don't want to hear the truth. I know you don't love me, Harvey. But just say you don't love *her*."

"What kind of middle-aged maudlin moonshine is this, anyway?" said I. "Let's go back to Junior. We've passed the time of life when people can talk sentimentality without being ridiculous."

"That's true of me, Harvey," she said, miserably, "but not of you. You don't look a day over forty,—you're still a young man, while I—"

She did not need to complete the sentence. I sat on the bed beside her and petted her vaguely. She took my hand and kissed it, and I said,—I tried to say it gently, tenderly, and sincerely,—"People who've been together, as you and I have, see each other always, as at first, they say."

She kissed my hand gratefully again. "Forgive me for what I said," she murmured. "You know I did n't think it, really. I've got such a nasty disposition and I felt so down and—that was the only thing I could find to throw at you."

"Please,—*please!*" I protested. "Forgive isn't a word that I'd have the right to use to anyone."

"But I must—"

"Now, I've known for years," I went on, "that you were in love with that other man when I asked you to marry me. I might have taunted you with that, and might have told you how I've saved him from going to jail for passing worthless checks."

This delighted her,—this jealousy so carefully hidden. Under cover of her delight I escaped, and the discovery, that evening, by Doc. Woodruff, that my son's ensnarer had a husband living put her in high good humor. "If he'd only come home," said she, adding, "though now I feel that he's perfectly safe with her."

"Yes,—let them alone," I replied; "he has at least one kind of sense,—a sense of honor, and I suspect and hope that he has, at bottom, common sense, too. Let him find her out for himself,—then he'll be done with her and her kind for good."

"I must marry him off as soon as possible," said Carlotta. "I'll look about for some nice, quiet young girl with character and looks and domestic tastes." She laughed a little bitterly. "You men can profit by experience, and it ruins us women."

"Unjust!" said I, "but injustice and stupidity are the ground plan of life."

We had not long to wait. The lady, as soon as Junior

reached the end of his cash, tried to open negotiations. Failing and becoming convinced that he had been cast off by his parents, she threw aside her mask. One straight look into her real countenance was enough for the boy. He fled, shuddering,—but not to me, as I had expected. Instead, he got a place as clerk in a store in Chicago.

"Why not let him shift for himself a while?" suggested Woodruff, who could n't have taken more trouble about the affair if the boy had been his own. "A man never knows whether his feet were made to stand on and walk with unless he 's been down to his uppers."

"I think the boy's got his grandmother in him," said I. "Yes, let 's give him a chance."

It was less than a month before inauguration. Daily the papers gave probable selections for the high posts under the approaching administration; and, while many of them were attributed to my influence, Roebuck's son as ambassador to Russia was the only one I saw that I even approved of. I sent Woodruff West to find out what Burbank was doing about places I had pledged,—all of them those less "honorable" but more lucrative offices which party workers covet. He returned, in a few days, with the news that, according to the best information he could get through his spy in Burbank's *entourage*, all our pledges were to be broken.

I saw that I could not much longer delay action, but I resolved to put it off until the very last minute. My cannonade upon Goodrich in nine thousand newspapers, great and small, throughout the West and the South, had been reënforced by the bulk of the opposition press. I could not believe that it was to be without influence upon the timid Burbank, even though he knew who was back of the attack, and precisely how I was directing it. I was relying—as I afterwards learned, not in vain,—upon my faithful De Milt to bring to "Cousin James's" attention the outburst of public sentiment against his guide, philosopher, and friend, the Wall Street fetch-and-carry.

I had fixed on February 15 as the date on which I would telegraph a formal demand for an interview. On February 11, he wired asking me to come. I took a chance; I wired back a polite request to be excused as I had urgent business in Chicago; and, twenty-four hours later, I passed within thirty miles of Rivington, on my way to Chicago with Carlotta,—we were going to see Junior, hugely proud of himself and his twenty-seven dollars a week. At the Auditorium I received a telegram from Burbank,—he hoped I would come as soon as I could; the matters he wished to discuss were most important.

Toward noon of the third day thereafter we were greeting each other,—he with an attempt at his old-time cordiality, I without concealment of at least the coldness I felt. But my manner, apparently, and probably, escaped his notice. He was blind and drunk with the incense that he had been whirling about him in dense clouds for three months; he was incapable of doubting the blissful happiness and gratitude of any human being he was gracious to. He shut me in with him and began confiding the plans he and Goodrich had made,—cabinet plans, foreign posts, etc. His voice, lingering and luxuriating upon the titles,—"my ambassador to his Britannic majesty," "my ambassador to the German emperor," etc., amused and a little, but only a little, astonished me. I had always known that he was a through-and-through snob. For nearly an hour I watched his ingenuous, childish delight, in bathing himself in himself, the wonderful fountain of all these honors. At length he finished, laid down his list, and took off his nose-glasses. "Well, Harvey, what do you think?" he asked, and waited with sparkling eyes for my enthusiastic approval.

"I see that Goodrich drove a hard bargain," said I; "yet he came on his knees, if you had but realized it."

Burbank's color mounted. "What do you mean, Sayler?" he inquired, with the faint beginnings of an insulted god in his tone and manner.

"You asked my opinion," I answered; "I 'm giving it. I do n' t recall a single name that is n't obviously a Goodrich suggestion. Even the Roebuck appointment—"

"Sayler," he interrupted, in a forbearing tone, "I wish you would not remind me so often of your prejudice against Senator Goodrich. It is unworthy of you. But for my tact,—pardon my frankness,—your prejudice would have driven him away, and with him a support he controls—"

I showed my amusement.

"Do n' t smile, Sayler," he protested, with some anger in his smooth, heavy voice. "You are not the only strong man in the party, and I venture to take advantage of our long friendship to speak plainly to you. I wish to see a united party. One of my reasons for sending for you was to tell you how greatly I disapprove of the attacks on Goodrich in our papers out here."

"Did you have any other reason for sending for me?" said I, very quietly.

"That was the principal one," he confessed.

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"What do you mean, Sayler?"

"I thought possibly you might also have wished to tell me how unjust you considered the attacks on me in the eastern papers, and to assure me that they had only strengthened our friendship."

He was silent.

I rose, threw my overcoat on my arm, and took up my hat.

"Wait a moment, please," he said; "I have always found you very impartial in your judgments,—your clear judgment has been of the highest usefulness to me, many times."

"Thank you!" I said; "you are most kind,—most generous."

"So," he went on, not dreaming that he might find sarcasm in my acknowledgment if he searched for it, "I have hope that you appreciate why I have refrained from seeing you, as I wished. I know, Sayler, your friendship was loyal. I know you acted, during the campaign, for what you thought the best. But I feel that you must see now what a grave mistake you made. Do n't misunderstand me, Harvey. I do not hold it against you. But you must see, no doubt you do see, that it would not be fair for me, and would not be in keeping with the dignity of the great office with which the people have intrusted me, to seem to lend my approval."

I looked straight at him until his gaze fell. Then I said, my voice even lower than usual: "James, if you will look at the election figures carefully, you will find written upon them a very interesting fact. That fact is: in all the doubtful states—the ones that elected you,—Scarborough swept everything where our party has heretofore been strongest; you were elected by carrying districts where our party has always been weakest. And those districts, James, were the ones in which our money was spent,—as you well know."

I waited full half a minute for this to cut through his enswaddlings of self-complacence,—waited until I saw its acid eating into him. Then I went on: "I hope you will never again deceive yourself, or let your enemies deceive you. As to your plans,—the plans for Goodrich and his crowd,—I have nothing to say. My only concern is to have Woodruff's matters attended to. That I must insist upon."

He lowered his brows in a heavy frown.

"I have your assent?" I insisted.

"Really, Harvey,"—there was an astonishing change from the complacent, superior voice of a few minutes before,—"I 'll do what I can,—but—the responsibilities—the duties of,—of my position,—"

"You are going to *take* the office, James," said I; "you can't cheat the men who *gave* it to you."

He did not answer.

"I pledged my word," I went on. "You gave the promises. I indorsed for you. The debts must be met." Never before had I enjoyed using that ugliest of words.

"You ask me to bring myself into unpopularity with the entire country," he pleaded. "Several of the men on your list are ex-convicts. Others are about to be indicted for election frauds. Many are men utterly without character—"

"They did your work, James, and I guarantee that in no case will the unpleasant consequences to you be more than a few disagreeable but soon forgotten newspaper articles. You haggle over these trifles, and—why, look at your cabinet list! There are two names on it—two of the four Goodrich men,—that will cost you blasts of public anger,—perhaps the renomination."

"Is this my friend, Harvey Sayler?" he exclaimed, grief and pain in that face which had been used by him for thirty years as a sculptor uses molding clay.

"It is," I answered, calmly, "and never more your friend than now when you have ceased to be a friend to him—and to yourself."

"Then do not ask me to share the infamy of these wretches," he begged.

"They are our allies and helpers," I said, "wretches only as I and *all* of us in practical politics are wretches. And, James, if our promises to them are not kept,—kept to the uttermost,—you will compel me and my group of senators to oppose and defeat your most important nominations. And I shall myself publicly, from the floor of the senate, show up these nominees of yours as creatures of corrupt corporations and monopolies." I said this without heat, and so every word of it fell cold as arctic ice upon his passion.

"Your promises shall be kept," he assented, with great dignity of manner, after a long pause; "not because you threaten, Harvey, but because I value your friendship beyond anything and everything else. And I may add I am sorry, profoundly sorry, that my selections for the important places do not please you."

"I think of your future," I said. "You *talk* of friendship for me, but I *show* it. Why else do I permit you to ignore me? Why do I throw over, without a complaint, all my personal hopes and ambitions? Do you think it is through fear of you? And it is in friendship, James, that I warn you not to fill all your crucial places with creatures of the Goodrich crowd. They will rule your administration, and will drive you, in spite of yourself, on and on, from excess to excess. You will put the Middle West irrevocably against you. You will make even the East doubtful."

I happened, just then, to glance past him at a large picture on the wall over his chair. It was a crayon portrait of his wife, made from an enlarged photograph,—a poor piece of work, almost ludicrous in its distortions of proportion and perspective. But it touched me the more because it was such a humble thing, reminiscent of her and his and my lowly beginnings, and an appeal seemed to go straight to my heart from those eyes that had so often been raised from the sewing in sympathetic understanding of the things I was struggling to make her husband see.

I pointed to the picture. He slowly turned round in his chair until he, too, was looking at it. "What would *she* say, Burbank," I asked, "if she were with us now?"

Then I went on to analyze his outlined administration, to show him in detail why I thought it would ruin him, and to suggest men who were as good party men as the Goodrich crowd and would be a credit to him and a help. He listened with his old-time expression, looking up at his dead wife's picture all the while. "You must be *popular*, at any cost," I ended. "The industrial crowd will stay with the party, no matter what we do,—as long as Scarborough is in control on the other side, we are their

only hope. And so we are free to seek popularity,—and we must regain it or we 're done for. Money won't save us when we 've lost our grip on our rank and file."

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," was his conclusion, after I had put my whole mind before him and he and I had discussed it, "but there are certain pledges to Goodrich."

"Break them," said I; "to keep them is to invite catastrophe."

I knew the pledges he had in the foreground of his thoughts,—a St. Louis understrapper of the New York financial crowd for secretary of the treasury; for attorney-general a lawyer who knew nothing of politics or public sentiment, or, indeed, of anything but how to instruct corporations in law-breaking and law-dodging.

He thought a long time. When he answered, it was with a shake of the head. "Too late, I 'm afraid, Harvey. I 've asked the men and they 've accepted. That was a most untimely illness of yours. I 'll see what can be done. It 's a very grave step to offend several of the most conspicuous men in the party."

"Not so serious as to offend the party itself," I replied.

"I 'll think it over," was the most he had the courage to concede. "I must look at all sides, you know. But, whatever I decide, I thank you for your candor."

We separated the best friends in the world,—I again entertaining some few of the high hopes of him that filled me on election night. "He 's weak and timid," I said to myself, "but perhaps at bottom he has a longing to be President in fact as well as in name." I reminded myself how many years he had spent in bondage,—a slave can 't become free the moment he 's freed. "And," thought I, "if I am sincere in my desire to help him to be free, I must not attempt to rule him, but must let him go his own gait."

Soon after the death of his wife, his sister and brother-in-law, the Gracies, had come with their three children to live with him and to look after his boy and girl. Trouble between his family and mine, originating in some impertinences of the oldest Gracie girl, spread from the children to the grown people, until, when he went into the White House, he and I were the only two on speaking terms. I see now that this situation had large influence in causing me to hold aloof and wait always for overtures from him. At the time I thought, as no doubt he thought also, that the quarrel was beneath the notice of men.

At any rate my family did not come to Washington his first winter in the White House. I lived alone, at the Willard. One afternoon, toward the end of February, I returned there from the senate and found Woodruff, bad news in his face. "What is it?" I asked, indifferently, for I assumed that it was some political difficulty.

"Your wife—was taken—very ill,—very suddenly," he said, and then his eyes told me the rest.

If I had ever asked myself how this news would affect me, I should have answered that it would give me a sensation of relief. But, instead of relief, I felt the stunning blow of a wave of sorrow which never has receded and never shall recede. Not because I loved her,—that I never did. Not because she was the mother of my children,—my likes and dislikes are direct and personal. Not because she was my wife,—that bond had been galling. Not because I was fond of her,—she had one of those cold, angry natures that forbid affection. No, I was overwhelmed because she and I had been intimates, with all the closest interests of life in common, with the whole world, even with my children, whom I loved passionately, outside that circle which fate had drawn between us two. I imagine this is not uncommon among married people. This unhealable break in the routine of association, when one departs,—no doubt it often passes with the unthinking for love belatedly discovered.

"She did not suffer," said Woodruff, gently. "It was heart disease. She had just been for a ride with your oldest daughter. They had dismounted and were resting and talking in high spirits by the library fire. And then—the end came,—like putting out the light."

Heart disease! Often I had noted the irregular beat of her heart,—a throb, a long pause, a flutter, a short pause, a throb. And I could remember that more than once the sound had been followed by the shadowy appearance, in the door of my mind, of one of those black thoughts which try to tempt hope but only make it hide in shame and dread. Now the memory of those occasions tormented me into accusing myself of having wished her gone! But it was not so.

She had told me she had heart trouble; but she never confided to any one that she knew it might bring on the end at any moment. She left the following letter, sealed, and addressed to me:—

HARVEY:—

I shall never have the courage to tell you, yet I feel you ought to know. I think every one attributes to every one else less shrewdness than he possesses. I know you never gave me the credit for seeing that you did not love me. And you were so kind and considerate and so patient with my moods that no doubt I should have been deceived had I not known what love is. I think to have loved and to have been loved develop in a woman a sort of sixth sense,—sensitiveness to love. And that had been developed in me, and, when it never responded to your efforts to deceive me, I knew you did not love me.

Well, neither did I love you, though I was able to hide it from you.

I admired you from the first time we met. I liked you, I was proud of you, I would not have been the wife of any other man in the world, and I would not have had any other father for my children. But I kept on loving the man I loved when I met you.

Why? I do n't know. I despised him for his weaknesses. I should never have married him, though mother and Ed. both feared I would. I think I loved him because I knew he loved me. That is the way it is with women,—they seldom love independently. Men like to love; women like to be loved. And, poor, unworthy creature that he was, still he would have died for me, though God had denied him the strength to live for me. But all that God gave him—life and the power to love,—he gave me. And so he was different in my eyes from what he was in anyone else's in the world, and I loved him.

I do n't tell you this because I feel any regret or remorse. I do n't; there never was a wife truer than I, for I put him completely aside. I tell you this because I want you to remember me right after I 'm gone, Harvey, dear. You may remember how I was silly, and jealous of you, and think I am mistaken about my own feelings. But jealousy does n't mean love. When people really love, I think it 's seldom that they 're jealous. What makes people jealous usually is suspecting the other person of having the same sort of secret they have themselves. It hurt my vanity to think you did n't love me, and it stung me to think you might care for some one else, just as I did.

I want you to remember me gently. And, somehow, I think that, after you 've read this, you will, even if you did love some one else. If you ever see this at all, Harvey,—and I may tear it up, some day, on impulse,—but, if you ever do see it, I shall be dead, and we shall both be free. And I want you to come to me and look at me, and—

It ended abruptly. No doubt she had intended to open it and finish it,—but, what more was there to say?

I think she must have been content with the thoughts that were in my mind as I looked down at her lying in death's inscrutable calm. I had one of my secretaries hunt out the man she had loved,—a sad, stranded wreck of a man he had become; but since that day he has been sheltered, at least from the worst of the buffeting to which his incapacity for life exposed him. And then came the most dangerous period of my political career.

Burbank's knowledge of my character and belief in my friendship gave him confidence that I would not be revengeful, however great the provocation, so long as he succeeded in keeping on amiable terms with me personally. On the other hand, he knew that the Goodrich crowd was merciless, and they had hypnotized him into terror of their wealth and power and relentlessness. Accordingly, he avoided me as much as he could, played two-face with me whenever he dared, and acceded to my requests whenever they were not in direct conflict with the interests of his masters. But I soon saw that, on a square issue between them and me, he would side with them.

He fawned upon me, but he cringed before them.

I seemed to have power at the White House, and was credited with having it both by the politicians and by the public, and I acted as if I had it,—but, in fact, so far as national politics was concerned, I was more nearly at Goodrich's mercy than I had ever been at any other man's. Had he had a suspicion of my plight, he would have used his double power—his control of Burbank and his control of the resources of his masters,—to humiliate me, to reduce me to my own state,—possibly he might even have been able to impair my authority there. But I gave him no chance to get so much as a glimpse of my weakness; on the contrary, I made him feel that it had never before been so necessary to conciliate me. I kept up an intermittent war on him in every party organ I could influence, and I boldly gave battle in congress,—whenever I was sure he could be defeated. Our greatest triumphs are never appreciated,—they are the negative triumphs of disaster prevented. This of mine over Burbank's defection was certainly my most notable, yet I should never have dared call attention to it.

Instead of building up the party in deserved popularity, as I had dreamed of doing, I was thus forced to sit a mere spectator of an administration so corrupt throughout that the nation seemed to have ceased to be represented in its own public councils. Party was represented, and so were Plunder and Privilege—and all the other masks of selfishness. But Patriotism was like the gods in Lucretius,—divinity, apart and aloof, to be worshiped with pomp and ceremony, but to be disregarded utterly in the practical scheme of things.

One positive triumph I accomplished. By originating several conspicuous measures in the public interest and not offensive to the masters of Burbank, I slowly disassociated myself in the public mind from the orgie over which he and Goodrich were presiding, and gained a name for an unusual amount of public spirit for a machine man. These good deeds showed, as is the invariable rule, whiter than white against the blackness of my previous reputation, and the people soon forget the evil as well as the good,—wisely, for the good man of yesterday is the bad man, to-day, and yesterday's bad man is to-day repentant and eager to atone, and every day's deeds of every man stand, and should stand, on their merits. So it came to pass that, while Burbank and Goodrich were destroying the machine, I was getting myself in readiness to be called upon to take full charge to repair and to restore, after the inevitable crash of their "bender."

Not until late in the spring of his second year did Burbank find a trace of gall in his wine.

Parasites and plunderers and agents of plunderers hedged him round, and imprisoned him in the familiar presidential fool's paradise. The Goodrich organs praised everything he did, and my own newspapers were silent where they did not praise also. But the second year of a president's first term is practically his last year of venturing to exercise any real official power. The selection of delegates to the national convention to which he must submit himself is well under way before the end of his third year, and direct and active preparations for it must begin months in advance. Late in that second spring he made a tour of the country, to give the people the pleasure of seeing their great man, to give himself the pleasure of enjoying their admiration, and to help on the congressional campaign the result of which would show the popular opinion of his administration. The thinness of the crowds, the feebleness of the enthusiasm, and the newspaper sneers and flings

at that oratory once hailed as a model of dignity and eloquence,—even he could not accept the smooth explanations of his flatterers. And in November came the party's memorable overwhelming defeat,—reducing our majority in the senate from twenty to six, and substituting for our majority of ninety-three in the house an opposition majority of sixty-seven.

I talked with him, early in January, and was amazed that, while he appreciated the fact of popular anger against the party, he still did not believe he was personally unpopular. Soon afterwards, however, the truth began to penetrate into him. He became friendlier to me,—almost solicitously friendly, toward spring,—but he clung tightly to Goodrich. The real awakening came in his third summer, when the press and the politicians of the party began openly to discuss the next year's nomination as if he were out of the running. He was spending the hot months on the coast of New Jersey, the flatterers still swarming about him and still assiduous, but their flatteries palling upon him as he sat under the hair-suspended sword. In early September he invited me to visit him,—my first invitation of that kind in two years and a half. We had three interviews before he could nerve himself to brush aside the barriers between him and me,—barriers of his building, every one.

"I am beginning to get together my friends with a view to next year," said he, with an uneasy smile. "What do you think of the prospects?"

"What do your friends say?" I asked.

"Oh, of course, I am assured of a renomination—" He paused, and his look at me made the confident affirmation a dubious question.

"Yes?" said I.

"And—don't you think our record has made me strong?" he went on, nervously.

"Strong,—with whom?" said I.

He was silent. Finally he laid his hand on my knee,—we were taking the air on the ocean drive. "Harvey," he said, "I can count on you?"

I shook my head. "I shall take no part in the next campaign," I said; "I shall resign the chairmanship."

"But I have selected you as my chairman. I have insisted on you. I can't trust any one else. I need others, I use others, but I trust only you."

I shook my head. "I shall resign," I repeated. "What 's the matter?—won't Goodrich take the place?"

He colored and looked away. "I have not seriously thought of any one but you," he said, reproachfully.

I happened to know that the place had been offered to Goodrich, and that he had declined it, protesting that I, a western man, must not be disturbed when the West was vital to the party's success. "I appreciate your friendship," said I, "but my resolution is fixed."

There was a long silence, and then he said: "Sayler, have you heard anything of an attempt to defeat me for the nomination?"

"Goodrich has decided to nominate Governor Ridgeway, of Illinois," said I.

He blanched, and had to moisten his dry lips several times before he could speak. "A report of that nature reached me last Thursday," he went on. "For some time I have been perplexed by the Ridgeway talk in some of our stanchest organs. I have questioned Goodrich about it,—and—I must say,—his explanations are not—not wholly satisfactory."

I glanced at him, and had instantly to glance away, so plainly was I showing my pity. He was not hiding himself from me now. He looked old and tired and sick,—not with mere sickness of body, but with that mortal sickness of the mind and heart which kills a man, often years before his body dies.

"I have come to the conclusion that you were right about Goodrich, Sayler, but I always took your advice and never trusted him. I think you and I together will be too strong for him."

"You are going to seek a renomination?" I asked.

He looked at me in astonishment. "It is impossible that the party should refuse me," he said.

I was silent.

"Be frank with me, Sayler," he exclaimed, at last. "Be frank. Be my friend, your own old self."

"As frank and as friendly as you have been?" said I, rather to remind myself than to reproach him, for I was afraid of the reviving feeling of former years,—the liking for his personal charms and virtues, and the forbearance toward that weakness which he could no more change than he could change the color of his eyes.

"I have done what I thought was best," he answered, in a direct and manly way. "I have always been afraid lest my personal fondness for you should betray me into yielding to you when I ought not. Perhaps I have erred, at times, and have leaned backward in my anxiety to be fair. But I have no fear that you will misunderstand. Our friendship is too long established, too well founded." I do not doubt that he believed himself,—the power of self-deception is infinite.

"It 's unfortunate,"—I began. I was going to say that it was unfortunate no such anxieties had ever restrained him from yielding to Goodrich. But I had n't the heart to say it. Instead, I added: "However, it 's idle to hold a *post-mortem* on this case. No doubt, you did the best you could."

"Harvey, I ask you, as a personal favor, to help me through this crisis," he said. "I ask you, my friend and my dead wife's friend."

At this last, anger whirled up in me and I turned upon him, intending to overwhelm him with the truth about his treachery and about his attempts to destroy me, for I was now safe from his and Goodrich's vengeance,—they had destroyed themselves with the people and with the party. But I took one glance at him, and—how could I strike a man stretched in agony upon his deathbed? "If I could help you, I would," said I.

"You—you and I together can get a convention that will nominate me," he urged, hope and fear jostling each other to look from his eyes.

"Possibly," I said. "But—of what use would that be?"

He sank back in the carriage, yellow-white and with trembling hands and eyelids. "Then you do n't think I could be elected?" he asked, in a broken, breathless way.

For answer I could only shake my head. "No matter who is the nominee," I went on, after a moment, "our party can't win." I turned to him appealingly. "James," said I, "why do n't you—right away,—before the country sees you are to be refused a renomination,—publicly announce that you won't take it in any circumstances? Why do n't you devote the rest of your term to regaining your lost—popularity? Every day has its opportunities. Break boldly and openly with Goodrich and his crowd."

I saw and read the change in his face. My advice about the nomination had closed his mind against me; at the mention of Goodrich, his old notion of my blind and previous jealousy revived, and all in an instant I realized the full folly of what I was doing. I felt confident that, by pursuing the line I had marked, he could so change the situation in the next ten months that he would make it impossible for them to refuse to renominate him, and might make it possible for him to be elected. But, even if he had the wisdom to listen, where would he get the courage and the steadfastness to act? I stopped abruptly.

He sat silent, motionless, and with closed eyes, for a long time. I watched the people in the throng of carriages,—hundreds of faces all turned toward him, all showing that mingled admiration, envy, and awe which humanity gives its exalted great. "The President! The President!" I heard, every few yards, in excited undertones. And hats were lifting, and once a crowd of enthusiastic partisans raised a cheer.

"The President!" I thought, with mournful irony, and I glanced at him. Suddenly he was transformed by an expression the most frightful I have ever seen. It was the look of a despairing, weak, vicious thing, cornered, and giving battle for its life,—like a rat at bay before a pack of huge dogs. It was not Burbank,—no, *he* was wholly unlike that. It was Burbank's ambition, interrupted at its meal by the relentless, sure-aiming hunter, fate.

"For God's sake, Burbank!" I exclaimed, "all these people are watching us."

"To —— with them!" he growled out. "I tell you, Saylor, I *will* be nominated, and I will be elected, too! I will not be thrown aside like an emptied orange skin. I will show them that I am President."

These words, said by some men, in some tones, would have thrilled me; but, said by him, and in that tone and with that look, they made me shudder and shrink. Neither of us spoke again. When he dropped me at my hotel we touched hands and smiled formally, to deceive the gaping, peeping, peering crowd. And, as he drove away, how they cheered him,—the man out of eighty millions, alone at the mountain peak, bathed in the glorious sunshine of success! "The President!"

The next seven months were months of turmoil in the party,—a turmoil from which I held conspicuously aloof. Burbank tried to carry out his threats, but he found himself powerless. All his officials were either Goodrich or other kinds of machine men. They owed nothing to him, and they had little to fear from him,—a falling king is a fallen king. Every project he devised for striking at his enemies and making himself popular was turned by his subtly treacherous cabinet, or by the senate, or by the press, or by all three, into something futile and ridiculous or contemptible. Never was there a completer demonstration of the silliness of the fiction that a president can be an autocrat if he chooses to exercise his power. As Burbank soon discovered, power without instruments is powerless. Even when furious from realizing that he was nothing but a prisoner in his own administration, he had the wisdom, or the timidity, to proceed always with caution and safe legality, and so to avoid impeachment and degradation. His chief attempts were upon monopoly; they were slyly balked by his sly attorney-general, and their failure was called by the press, and was believed by the people, the cause of the hard times which were just beginning to be acute.

His last stagger was—or seemed to be,—an attempt to involve us in a war with Germany. I say "seemed to be," because I hesitate to ascribe a project so infamous to him, even when unbalanced by despair. The first ugly dispatch he ordered the secretary of state—a Goodrich creature,—to send, *somehow* leaked into the newspapers before it could be translated into cipher and got off. It was not sent,—for from the press of the entire country rose a clamor against such "deliberate provocation of a nation with which we are, and wish to remain, at peace." He repudiated the dispatch and dismissed the secretary of state, in disgrace, to disgrace,—the one stroke in his fight against Goodrich in which he got the advantage.

His name was not presented to the convention.

Ridgeway, Goodrich's selection for the nomination, wished me to remain chairman, but I refused. "You must make Goodrich take it," I said. "He's the man for the place,"—which was true. It was simply justice that he should have the punishment for the party's plight for which he was responsible.

"I congratulate you, senator, on your return to your old position,—so opportunely,"—said I, when the selection was announced.

"Thank you!" he replied, curt and sour.

"I accept your thanks," I went on; "you owe them to me. I feel that I got you the place."

"I shall not forget," said he, with a grin that could be called a snarl.

"You will have the full credit for the result," I went on, cordial and even enthusiastic, "and no one will be permitted to rob you of any part of it."

He could not trust his voice; he simply bowed and left me. I here cheerfully set it down that he went about his task with a skill of which I had not believed him capable. His best chance to win was by defeating Scarborough in the opposition nomination. I have not the figures, but I am certainly within the truth when I estimate that he spent a million dollars in an anti-Scarborough campaign through Twining, and so well was the money spent that, when the convention assembled, the odds were three to one against Scarborough, and even money that it would be neither Scarborough nor Twining's man, Rundle, but a "dark horse." At the end of the first twenty-four hours, although Rundle had nearly twice as many instructed delegates as Scarborough, sentiment began rapidly to change. Twining had lined up the party bosses against Scarborough,—and they were, most of them, from doubtful states which must be carried if the party was to win. But the leaders from the non-commercialized, and, therefore, unbossed states, were solidly and immovably for the Indiana man. And these men were the mind and the tongue of the party, men of a class no longer found in public life in the bossed states, where, of course, only the fellows that will take orders, without being squeamish as to whence the orders come or what they are, have the stomach to stay in politics or the chance to rise.

The bosses declared they would not have Scarborough, but the leaders kept repeating: "Then you want the party beaten, for he can be elected and he's the only man that can be." If Twining would have guaranteed that Rundle would have "the interests" to finance his campaign, Goodrich might have won. But Twining could not deny that Ridgeway was their candidate,—the lie would have been discovered too soon and the discovery would have destroyed Twining's influence in the councils of his party.

On the second day came the balloting. Scarborough's enemies outnumbered his friends four to one,—for a political convention is made up almost exclusively of professionals, and the profession had no love for a man who owed all his successes to defeating it. But the bosses were shrewd enough to see that they had passed the limit of the tolerance of the rank and file. One after another they "joined the procession," using the end of the breath with which they voted their delegations for Scarborough to mutter often audible volleys of curses at him. As the ballot progressed the galleries "went wild," but on the floor of the convention, except for isolated groups of Scarborough enthusiasts, there was sullen calm.

In my experience of politics I knew of no greater personal triumph than this of Scarborough's. He got his nomination not from his friends, but from those who hated and feared him; not in spite of them, but from them.

Goodrich has been savagely attacked for his conduct of that fall's campaign. I certainly have no prejudice in his favor, yet I must confess that to him alone is due the fact that our crushing defeat was not an utter rout. Defeat was inevitable; but so intelligently did he use the traitors in Scarborough's party and the millions that Wall Street poured out that, toward mid-October, I thought he had won. If the election had been held then, I still believe his campaign of adroit misrepresentation and whirlwind enthusiasm would have been successful. But before the end of the month the tide had turned and was running the other way. It ran far, and Goodrich's herculean achievement went for nothing. Few realized that that fight of his for his life was the fight of his life.

I speak the more impartially of him, perhaps, because the disaster swept him from the senate, and from public life, well on toward his grave, and put me in control of the wreck of the national machine.

I had promised a friend in the opposition party that I would personally recommend him for a foreign post. So, in January, on my way to Washington, I stopped off at Saint X, and called on the President elect between trains. As I was despatching my business. I was studying him. When I saw him, four years before, just after his defeat, he looked and was in high spirits. Now, he was worn and melancholy. "I see," said I, "that you are finding the sort of men you think fit as rare as I ever told you they are."

"Not rare," was his answer, "but hard to get at through the theory of Baal-worshipers that have descended upon me and are trying to hedge me in."

"Impossible to get at," said I, "and, if you could get at them and put them where they seem to belong, the temperature would be too much for them, and they, too, would become Baal-worshipers."

"Some," he admitted,—"perhaps most. But at least a few would stand the test,—and just one standing firm would repay and justify all the labor of all the search. The trouble with you pessimists is that you forget our ancestry. You forget that man isn't a fallen angel, but a risen animal, and so every impulse toward the decent—every gleam of higher life,—is a tremendous gain. The wonder is n't that we are so imperfect, but that, in such a few thousand years, we've got so far up. I think both you and I have the same purpose,—where is there a man so base that he wishes to have the world the worse for his having lived? But we work by different means. You think the best results can be got by working through that in man which he has inherited from the past,—by balancing passion against passion, and by offsetting appetite with appetite. I hope to get results by working through that in the man of to-day which is the seed, the prophecy,

the promise of the man that is to be in the coming years."

"Your method certainly has had *apparent* success," said I, "but—the spasm of virtue will pass."

"Certainly," he replied, "and so, too, will the succeeding spasm of reaction."

"I envy you your courage and hope," said I, "but I fear I can't share in them. You will serve four stormy years; you will retire with friends less devoted and enemies more bitter; you will be misunderstood and maligned; and there's only a remote possibility that your vindication will come before you are too old to be offered a second term. And the harvest from the best you sow will be ruined in some flood of reaction."

"No," he answered; "it will be reaped. The evil I do—all evil,—passes. The good will be reaped. Nothing good is lost."

"And if it is reaped," I rejoined, "the reaping will not come until long, long after you are a mere name in history."

He was looking at me as if he did not see me. His expression suggested the throwing open of the blinds hiding a man's inmost self. "And what of that?" said he. "What do such things matter if a man fixes his mind not on making friends or defeating enemies, not on elections or in history, but just on avoiding, from day to day, from act to act, the condemnation of his own self-respect—" The blinds closed as suddenly as they had opened,—he had become conscious that some one was looking in.

I must concede that the occasional success of the Scarborough type, especially in the line that leads through the most practical and human parts of human nature, does entitle Utopianism to a certain consideration.

In the following September I took my daughters to Elizabeth. She looked from Frances, tall and slim and fancying herself a woman grown, to Ellen, short and round and struggling with the giggling age. "We shall like each other, I'm sure," was the verdict; "we'll get on well together."

"I want you to teach them your art," said I, when they were gone to settle themselves and she and I were alone.

"My art?"

"The art of being oneself. I am sick of men and women who hide their real selves behind a pose of what they want others to think them."

"Most of our troubles come from that, don't they?"

"All mine did," said I, "at the age when the very word 'age' jars on the ear, and the net result of my years of effort is—I have convinced other people that I am somebody at the cost of convincing myself that I am nobody." I looked round the attractive reception room of her school. "I wish you would take *me* in, too!" I ended.

She flushed a little, then shook her head, her eyes twinkling. "This is not a reformatory," said she, and we both laughed.

As I did not speak or look away, but continued to smile at her, she became uneasy, and glanced nervously round as if seeking an avenue of retreat.

"Yes,—I mean just that,—Elizabeth," I confessed, and my tone left no doubt as to my meaning.

She clasped her hands and started up.

"In me,—in every one," I went on,—"there's a beast and a man. Just now—with me,—the man is uppermost, and he wants to stay uppermost. Elizabeth,—will you—help him?"

She lowered her head until I could see only the splendor of her thick black hair, sparkling like black quartz.

"Will you, dear? Won't you, dear?"

Suddenly she gave me both her hands. "Let us help each other," she said, and slowly she lifted her glance to mine, and never have I felt more strongly the glory of those eyes of hers and the melody of that deep, sweet voice.

And so I end, as I began,—as life begins and ends,—with a woman. In a woman's arms we enter life; in a woman's arms we get the courage and strength to bear it; in a woman's arms we leave it. As for the span between,—the business, profession, or career,—how colorless, how meaningless it would be, but for her!

[THE END]

The Magnetism of a Sunshiny Nature

ENTHUSIASM in life is the great generator of sunshine. Without a living interest in the busy world, and that sympathy of feeling which connects us with every other living being, we can not infuse any warmth into our manners, or bring others into sympathy with us. Helen Keller, whose sunshiny soul is as sensitive to impressions as a delicate flower is to atmosphere, in her "Story of My Life," writes: "The touch of a hand may seem an impertinence, while that of another is like a benediction. I have met people so empty of joy that, when I clasped their frosty finger tips, it seemed as if I were shaking hands with a northeast storm. Others there are whose fingers have sunbeams in them; their grasp warms my heart."

It is as natural for us to be attracted toward sunshiny natures as it is for flowers to turn toward the sun. In spite of a life of almost constant illness, Robert Louis Stevenson charmed all who came under his influence by his spontaneous cheerfulness and absolute freedom from all shadow of bitterness or repining. He found the keynote of each day in this simple prayer, born of his own inspiration: "The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."

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The nearer nature the further away from the doctor.

Does Santo Domingo Want American Protection?

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

SANTO DOMINGO is an independent country containing about twenty thousand square miles of territory, or about half that of the state of Ohio, with a scattered population estimated at five hundred thousand, or less than half that of the Borough of Brooklyn. It is independent in the sense that it has a flag of its own and owes allegiance to no one. But its independence is a travesty on the inalienable right of all men to enjoy the privilege of self-government. It is a country where every man is truly born free and equal, with a true democracy wherein generals are without armies, and soldiers are on an equality with their generals. There is no aristocracy, and every one is free to do as he pleases, provided he keeps out of politics. The people pay no taxes, there is no internal revenue, scarcely any administration of law, and less of justice, and government is a farce.

It is officially titled the Dominican Republic. It occupies two-thirds of the rich island situated midway between Cuba and Porto Rico, and next to Cuba is the largest of all the West India Islands. There the immortal Columbus planted his first settlement, pronouncing the island to be even more beautiful than Cuba, which he had already pronounced the most beautiful land ever seen. To this land, on his second voyage, he brought his ships laden with cattle, horses, pigs, and people, and the island, found to be rich in gold, was quickly overrun by the newcomers, who, subduing the simple inhabitants, estimated to have numbered over four millions, nearly exterminated them by forced labor in mines, imposing upon them tasks altogether unequal to their strength and endurance. With the rapid decrease of the original inhabitants, negro slaves were brought from Africa to replace them, when, almost as quickly as the land had been overrun by the Spanish settlers, it was abandoned by them upon receiving news of the conquest of Mexico and Peru and subsequent accounts of their riches. Scarcely a Spaniard who could get away from the island remained. Santo Domingo City, the capital, with its massive churches, monasteries, convents, walled palaces, and luxurious abodes, was left with scarcely men enough to man its defenses, while the interior towns founded by the great Columbus himself sank into decay, and others, rising and prosperous communities, disappeared completely from the map, not even the locality of many of them being known at the present day. So complete was the abandonment of the island that it is said that its entire population was reduced to eight thousand souls.

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For nearly four centuries have the descendants of the few people thus left behind, Indian, African, and Caucasian, struggled along amid poverty and neglect,—at one time, with the feeble assistance of Spain, resisting the attacks of the English; at another time, the prey of lawless buccaneers, who, landing upon their coast, hunted their cattle and pigs, and even put the people up as targets for their muskets, in turn to be ceded by negligent Spain to France, whose rule they resisted, proclaiming themselves still the subjects of Spain, only to be overrun by half-savage Africans from Hayti, who, in throwing off the yoke of their French master, laid claim to the whole island and sought to exterminate the white race therefrom. After twenty years of negro domination the Dominicans at length gathered strength to rise up against the detested black men, and, amid scenes of untold barbarism and cruelty, succeeded in driving them back to that part of the island which they had wrested from the French, where, amid the solitude of the primeval forest, they still carry on, to the monotonous throb of the African drub, their fetish worship, emphasized with the Voodoo dance and human sacrifice.

Sixty years of so-called Dominican independence has since passed, during which the people have struggled with revolution after revolution, trying vainly to solve the problem of self-government, even giving up in despair and calling upon old Spain to take them once more under her protecting wing. Spain, full of enthusiasm, entered upon her new task only to meet with revolt; and, through treachery, incendiarism, and assassination, she was forced to withdraw. Following another term of internecine strife and anarchy, an appeal was made to our government to take the country in hand, and a treaty was even signed between the two governments agreeing to annexation, but it failed of ratification by our congress, and so Santo Domingo was again left to her fate, and comparative peace has been maintained only by a despotism more absolute and cruel than any ever exercised by an oriental satrap.

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Freedom is sweet to all nations, but long have the Dominicans been convinced that, in their case, independence is a grim burlesque upon the right of man to self-government, and now they look over the mountain ranges which bound their land on the west to the blue sky which covers Cuba, and, listening to the tidings of peace which four years of American tutelage have brought that country, they pleadingly ask:—

"When will the United States do the same by us?"

It was the question asked me on every hand during my four months of recent travel and investigation in that unhappy land. "When will the United States take charge of us?" "Don't you think President Roosevelt will do something for us after he is reëlected?" "Does he know what a rich island this is?" "Don't you think we could soon pay you back if you were to do by us as you have done by Cuba?"—were some of the varying forms of this question.

There were only a very few exceptions to the rule. The objections in an insignificant minority came from politicians who prefer the attainment of political power through revolution to peace and prosperity. The clergy, I think, as a rule, would object to American intervention, being naturally imbued with a secret feeling that such intervention, by the education of the people, would eventually

tend to curtail their own power and influence over them. Then there are a few of the very ignorant who fear that intervention would involve the taking away from them of something very dear, they scarcely know what, while others have heard it said that the United States wants Santo Domingo as a place to send her own undesirable population of negroes; for, strange as it may seem, the negro is neither liked in Santo Domingo nor desired. The Dominican mulatto is ashamed of his black mother, despises his father for having lived with her, and refuses to admit that he is black.

Upon my arrival in Santo Domingo I found a great deal of bitterness expressed toward the United States, on the part of the people opposing President Morales, who felt that our gunboats had committed a great act of injustice in lending their aid to him, not only in placing him at the head of the government, but also in using their moral influence to sustain him, against the wishes of the majority of the people. This feeling was represented to be one of anti-Americanism, but I found that it is not so.

"If the United States wants to interfere," said the commanding general of the revolution, which was considered as anti-American, "then she should interfere openly and have no underhanded business about it. What we object to is her gunboats sustaining a dictator who has usurped the power without the consent of the people. Let her interfere as she did in Cuba, giving us fair elections and fair play all around, and there is not one of us who will object."

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I was in the governor's office at Monte-Christi when the signal was run up that Morales was coming in on his man-of-war "El Presidente." The United States ship "Bancroft," lay at anchor in the offing, and it was reported that Captain Culver intended to protect the landing of Morales with United States sailors. "Let Morales land with his escort, but do not allow him to land with any armed force," were the orders of the governor to the officer commanding the troops, and then, turning to me, he said:—

"If your country will take possession of the whole country and by its intervention see that we have a fair election, we will agree to abide by the result, and then your gunboats will have a right to maintain a chief magistrate so chosen in power, but your gunboats have no right sneaking around our coast to maintain a president who is not the choice of the people."

President Morales appears to be inspired with a confidence in his own ability to run things, yet at the same time he has declared, on various occasions, that the United States would sustain him in power against all future revolutions. Yet his confidence in the United States is not sufficient to warrant his allowing politicians to escape whom he can catch standing in his way. They are promptly taken out and shot.

"Your government will sustain me," said Morales, one day, in an interview, and, upon my expressing doubts as to this being in the direct line of policy of the United States, he added, "Well, then, if I am not able to run things, let us have the Platt Amendment."

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By the Platt Amendment is understood our action in Cuba, and one hears almost continually in Santo Domingo, as a proposed solution to all their difficulties, "Let us have the Platt Amendment." It is the balm which will cure all their wounds. They have learned that under the American flag life and liberty are safe, and they are not safe under a flag of their own. Almost daily their friends and brothers are exiled or shot for the simple expression of some political opinion, and, if they have ever taken a part in politics, they never know when their turn will come.

It is related that when Captain Culver, of the "Bancroft," visited Perico Lasala, in the mountains above La Vega, for the purpose of inducing him to lay down his arms, he replied that, if the captain of our gunboat would make him a citizen of the United States, he would surrender, for he knew that, as such a citizen, his life would be safe. This is what nearly every Dominican asks of us. All want to become citizens of the United States. "If we are too black and too ignorant for you, then take us as you did Cuba, teach us the art of self-government, and protect us," is the appeal of all.

A Substance That Melts when Cooled

A SUBSTANCE possessing curious properties is announced in Germany,—a compound of carbolic acid, saponine, and camphor, with a little turpentine. This mixture, it is asserted, will solidify when heated, and melt again when cooled. Solidification with heat is a property of albuminous substances, such as the white of an egg, but such substances will not liquefy again on cooling, the coagulation being a permanent chemical change. The mixture described above, to which the name "cryostase" has been given, will apparently solidify and liquefy as often as desired, when heated and cooled to the proper points.

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How Diseases May Spring up and Disappear

IT is common belief that the germs of disease flourish only in the human organism, and that, if we could once eradicate an infectious malady, it would stay eradicated. It now seems very probable that this is untrue. According to a view held wholly or partially by many pathologists, and strongly upheld by a recent French writer, Professor Bodin, disease germs are only accidentally virulent, their normal existence being what is called "saprophytic;" that is, independent of any other organism. When one of these harmless varieties changes its nature so as to become parasitic, we have a new disease. Observation has shown that many kinds of bacteria are very unstable, and are constantly forming new varieties. It is possible, therefore, that potential germs of typhoid, lockjaw, or consumption may be growing harmlessly about us, to assume, suddenly, a virulent parasitic life at some future time. According to this view, all bacteria are primarily benevolent agents for promoting chemical change, and the variation that turns some of them into injurious parasites is accidental and abnormal.

A Practical Method of Aiding Worthy Students

FRANK WALDO

THE rich man whose heart is right aids young men and young women in innumerable ways in their struggle to obtain a good education when they lack the necessary means. Colleges and technical schools are founded, scholarships and fellowships are established whose incomes go to needy students, dormitories are provided, buildings are erected for special educational purposes, and loan funds are created which will help self-supporting students over tight places.

But one of the most suggestive methods of aid is that given by a firm of manufacturing chemists in St. Louis to a chosen student of chemistry at Harvard University. This firm pays yearly to a student of chemistry, in the graduate department of the university, the sum of five hundred dollars, which is sufficient to defray his actual living expenses, under condition that he will work during the next year for this chemical company at a suitable salary.

This is a good business proposition, on the part of the business man, and at the same time helpful to the young student in obtaining his technical education and in getting a start in the practical business world. It also gives the chemical company an opportunity to add each year to its staff of experts a young man of unusual aptitude and ability in their line of work, whose training has been most thorough, and who has the breadth and depth of mind necessary for extended development in his specialty.

There are other chemical companies that might do well to follow this example; and there are other departments of applied science besides chemistry that would readily lend themselves to this kind of assistance to technical students, in which the business man knows just where his money goes to and what it is accomplishing.

The instance just related indicates one of the ways by which America may hope to attain commercial supremacy in manufactures that require great technical learning and skill.

THE ARMY INVISIBLE

EDDRIENNE ATKINSON

My soul perceives a shining host
That speak to me to-day;
In serried and unbroken ranks
They pass along my way.

Some tell of battles fierce and wild
They fought in days of old,
When might made right and truth and love
Their eyes could not behold.

Some speak of conflicts waged against
Dark sin and cruel wrong;
Those gallant hearts for freedom bled,
While these for gold did long.

Some sailed the seas and stemmed the tide,
To conquer in the fray;
Some stormed the heights and hung their flags
Where eagles take their prey.

Some perished on the ocean's wave,
And some upon the strand;
Some gave their lives while bugles called,
Some died a starveling band.

Some pierced the dark and frozen North,
And some the torrid belt;
Some heard with pain their nation's cry,
And some fierce hatred felt.

Not all those strong and stalwart braves
Should live in Memory's hall,
For some for lust and sordid gold
Betrayed their country's call.

O, ye who fell in Freedom's cause,
And ye for truth who died,
Will never perish in the hearts
Aflame with patriot pride.

And though ye 'll sail the seas no more,
Nor pitch thy tents again,
Nor march along these sacred paths,
Ye did not die in vain!

The largest search light, of three hundred and sixteen million candle power, has been constructed at Nuremberg, Germany. If sufficient elevation could be obtained it would be visible eighty miles.

Self-propelled electric motor cars carrying fuel and water for a full day, and making twenty miles an hour, are installed on a part of the Northern Railway between Scarborough and Filey, England.

How to Get a Start

The Successful Department-store Employee

HENRY SIEGEL

[President of the Simpson-Crawford Company, New York; The Fourteenth Street Store, New York; Siegel, Cooper and Company, Chicago; and Henry Siegel and Company, Boston, whose store is now in course of construction]

THE successful department-store employee is the boy or girl who, from a weekly stipend of a few dollars a week, *works* himself or herself up from an errand boy's or a cash girl's position to that of a "buyer," at a salary of from three thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars a year.

I use the word "works" advisedly. There is no other way to advance. A successful employee *must* "work up."

My own rather extended experience in, and observation of, department-store matters, has taught me that, while character, ability, personality, and ambition may help an employee to succeed, no single one of these things, or combination of two or three, or the possession of all four, will bring success unless they are held together by a fifth,—the keystone, "work."

The career of Edward Hillman, who began as a cash boy in "The Boston Store," Chicago, twenty years ago, and who is now at the head of the great house of Hillman and Company, of that city, is an instance in point. Mr. Hillman *worked*. I also offer in evidence the careers of Robert Ogden, with John Wanamaker, and Harry D. Selfridge, formerly with Marshall Field and Company, and then with Schlesinger and Mayer. Of the careers of Marshall Field and Levi Z. Leiter we all know. Mandell Brothers, of Chicago, who began their department-store careers as boys on country roads with peddlers' packs, are the most remarkable instances of department-store success I recall at the moment. I began as an errand boy.

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The employee with merely a pleasant personality will not succeed. If a boy, he will stop at the position of a floorwalker, which pays from twenty-five dollars to thirty-five dollars a week. If a girl, she will stop at the position of head saleswoman, at a similar salary. Neither of these positions crowns department-store success, since there are goals such as buyers' positions to be attained. And these positions must not be measured by their mere money value in salaries. They involve, also, trips to Europe. They involve contact with artistic and beautiful things. They bring the companionship of refined and cultured people. They bring power and responsibility. They involve big and broad lives.

The great department stores of this country employ from two to three thousand people, each. Of these, from fifty to seventy are buyers.

To a department-store employee an attractive personality is valuable. Even in the face of physical illness or mental worry over personal troubles, a man or woman working in these great modern caravanseries must please—first, last, and all the rest of the time,—that argus-eyed, many-minded critic, the public,—the sometimes polite, the sometimes impolite, the sometimes wealthy, and the sometimes poor public, which has made the department store popular. The employee must please the *millions* of Americans who have opened a new channel of endeavor through which the employee may gain that priceless heritage of American youth, the right to succeed.

It is interesting to note that the department-store idea is not wholly an American one, unless it be the outgrowth of the American country store. The Whitely's, of London, and the Bon Marché, of Paris, gave some hint of department-store possibilities to American employers. I think, without a doubt, however, that the first real, modern department store was that of Siegel, Cooper and Company, of Chicago, unless it was "The Fair," owned by the Lehmanns.

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As to character, we all know that that is the greatest factor in any success worth having. It will not, however, of itself gain success. As to ability, that, of course, also counts,—although we all know of cases in which common sense has played as important a part in the careers of men and women as has its higher titled relative,—ability.

But ability or common sense of itself will not bring success. Ambition, too, of course, is illusive and elusive. It is, to use the old misquotation, "of such stuff as dreams are made *of*." Many a good buyer has been spoiled because, as a cash girl or errand boy, he or she has had ambition—and nothing else. I can tell these employees by that far-away look in their eyes when a customer is speaking to them. They are dreaming, then, of the day to come when they will be on the other side of the counter, or showcase,—the public's side. It is good for a department-store employee to have ambition, but not at such inopportune moments. Ambition and character and ability and personality are all worthless—from the department-store point of view, valuable as they are as adjuncts,—unless with them goes—*work*. Education is a help,—merely a help. Education is a help in anything. But in the department-store business—and of what other large industry can this be said to as great an extent?—it is not indispensable. A department-store career is, in itself, a liberal education, yielding, as it does, day by day, in the perfect school of practical experience, a knowledge of pictures and pianos, sorrow and silks, happiness and Haviland, eatables and ethics, men and machinery, and, above all else, *work*.

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The modern American department-store employer is at his wit's end to devise new methods to help the employee to succeed. In the smaller cities and towns, the public has little knowledge of the free medical attendance and drug stores the employer has established for the overworked and poor young women and men; of the exceedingly cheap and wholesome food served to employees; of the relief

benefit associations; of the savings-bank features; or of the airy and comfortable retiring, resting and reading rooms. The food furnished to the employees is provided at an expense to the employer, not a profit. These departments of help are what we term "dead" departments. By that is meant that they bring the employer no income.

I should really hesitate to say exactly what these things cost the department-store employer.

So far as help of this kind is concerned, the end is not yet in sight. The employer realizes that to help the employee is to help himself. It would not surprise me, in the near future, to see all employees of the great department stores stockholders in the businesses of their employers. The profit-sharing plan is as yet a new and untried thing.

I think I may say, without vanity, that we do things better in the department-store business in this country than they do abroad. In London, for instance, the stores are not housed in one great building, as they are here. We do much more business with three thousand employees than our English, French, and German cousins do with their forces of five thousand people. It will be seen at once that, not being housed in one building, distributed over an acre, perhaps, they lack good organization. The employees, therefore, suffer. If one should desire to visit a restaurant, provided the foreign department store had one in connection with its business, the trip would very likely have to be made to another building. In inclement weather, on coming from warm buildings to the rain and sleet of the open air, colds are contracted. A department-store employee abroad is lodged and fed, as a part of his or her remuneration. That involves a lack of home life. It also means that the European employees do not make as good a class of help. The best mothers, of course, will not allow their sons and daughters to be away from the parental roof at night. Yet, with this apparent opportunity for the investment of American capital and capacity in the department-store business abroad, there will be no new American invasion of the old countries. The field here is too great. American department-store employers have too many opportunities at home, and so have the employees,—the generation that is growing up, and "*working up.*"

Succeeded in Business but Failed as a Man

He stopped growing.

He was not greater than his occupation.

He never learned to look on the sunny side.

He stuffed his pocketbook, but starved his brain.

He had no use for sentiment which could not be cashed.

He never learned to take the drudgery out of his work.

He did not live in his upper stories, but in the basement of his being.

He regarded his business as a means of making a living instead of a life.

He lost his early friends by neglect, and had no time to cultivate new ones.

He never learned to enjoy little things, to see the uncommon in the common.

He never learned to lubricate his life's machinery with laughter and good cheer.

He made life a grind, out of which he got neither pleasure, profit, nor instruction.

There was only one side of his nature developed, and that was the money-making side.

No face ever brightened at his approach, no heart thrilled at the sound of his voice.

Society bored him, children bored him, music and the drama were unknown languages to him.

He never learned to enjoy himself as he went along, but was always postponing his happiness.

He could not rise to his feet to speak at a public meeting, or to put a motion, if his life depended on it.

He used every means to develop his business, but none to develop his mind or to make himself a larger man.

When he retired from business he found that, in his struggle to get the means for enjoyment, he had murdered his capacity to enjoy.

He knew nothing about what was going on in the world outside of his own narrow circle; another state was like a foreign country to him.

He read only market reports in the newspapers. He never read articles in magazines, and books were an unknown quantity to him.

The idea of helping others, or of owing society, his city, or his nation, any duty, outside of caring for his own interests, never occurred to him.

Recreation, relaxation, or amusement of any kind was condemned by him as a wicked waste of valuable time which might be coined into dollars.

He was a giant in the store or factory, but a pigmy elsewhere. He was as awkward and ill at ease in a drawing-room as a bull in a china shop.

He had neither wife, nor child, nor friend, yet he lived as penuriously and hoarded his gains as jealously as if some great issue depended on the result.

Nobody had power to interest him unless he thought he could get something out of him. If he could not see the dollar mark in the man, he dropped him.

He could talk "shop" fluently, but could not carry on intelligent conversation or express an opinion on any subject outside of his own line of business.

He knew nothing about politics or political parties, because he did not think them necessary to help his business along,—which was the gauge of all his values.

Requests for aid for any charitable purpose, any philanthropic work, were gruffly refused with a curt "If those people had done as I did they would n't need help."

All the softer human emotions, the tender sentiments, the blossoms of the finer side of a man's nature, were nipped in the bud as so many hindrances to his business.

Social conditions, the relation of nations to one another, the progress of science,—all the great questions of the world,—passed by him without even raising an interrogation point in his mind.—O. S. M.

Teaching Farmers to Be Business Men

CHARLES S. CLARK
[Organizer of the National Grain-dealers' Association]

TO LOOK upon anything as an educational institution that does not bear the name of a university, college, or school is outside of almost universal usage. Yet one of the most powerful and beneficial forces in the work of business education, to-day, is almost totally unrecognized as such. I refer to "trade organization." It is almost self-evident that, if all the men engaged in any particular business in a certain state met together each year in a general convention, while those of an adjoining state did not, those of the state first mentioned would be broader, fairer, and better equipped to serve both themselves and the public.

The early history of every trade or business will show it to have been heavily burdened, in its pioneer stage of development, with reckless, wasteful, and careless methods and absurd abuses which made wide margins of gross profit absolutely necessary in order to insure even the running expenses of the trader. Organization has abolished many, perhaps most, of the abuses of the early day, and has put business upon a sound, sane, and serviceable basis, eliminating waste and leakage, and making a living profit possible in operating upon a narrow margin of gross profit.

While the milling, implement, coal, lumber, and other trade organizations have effected reforms and economies as great and as distinctively educational as those accomplished by the grain trade organizations, I prefer to take the latter as an example of this new force in business education because sixteen years of experience in this field has made me intimately familiar with its problems. Before organization, country grain dealers very generally wasted their energies and capital in stubbornly fighting one another,—while the public eagerly egged them on, utterly oblivious of its own share in the cost of the contention. It is a well-recognized principle that commercial warfare invariably results in wanton and unnecessary waste, and that the public must bear its part—often a very heavy one,—in this loss. Let me illustrate, by a specific example, just how this almost universal practice of warfare among grain dealers actually operated:—

One grain dealer, for some time, had the field to himself in a small Indiana town that had about three thousand inhabitants and supported two small banks. For some years a combination feed mill and elevator there had been standing idle. At length a stranger, with the light of business enterprise in his eye, came into the town, bought the mill and elevator, gained the confidence of the banks and the community, and began to compete with the native buyer for the grain business of that locality.

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Naturally the native did not take kindly to the idea of having his business wrested from him by the invader, and consequently he made a determined stand against the competitive onslaughts of the newcomer. Very soon the sleepy little town began to hum with enterprise, and the center of the excitement was at the elevators beside the railroad track. As the procession of wheat-laden teams came in from all directions, the merchants rubbed their hands with delight at the new influx of trade and praised the proprietor of the second elevator as the business savior of the community. They exerted their influence in his behalf with the result that he had rather the advantage in the fight and secured the larger part of the grain brought in for sale or storage.

His pride was aroused and he invariably "went" the native buyer "one better." This continued until both buyers were actually paying six cents more a bushel for grain than they could get for it, from the terminal dealers, on board the cars at the little country station. Finally and inevitably the crash came; the invading buyer suddenly disappeared from the town heavily in debt both to the banks and to hundreds of farmers scattered over a wide radius of surrounding country. The outcome of all this was a blow to the prosperity of the little town from which it did not recover for many years,—possibly will never recover. The farmers who had been caught in the disaster gave the place a wide berth, refusing to come back to the town or meddle with the ashes of the fire in which they had been burned. The merchants who had been led into liberal, if not extravagant buying, by reason of their brief season of sudden prosperity, found themselves floundering in the mire of financial disaster, and several of them were forced into the ranks of "failures." In a word, the town was "killed out" by the reckless warfare of unorganized grain trade,—a kind of warfare that is discountenanced by every grain-dealers' association, which insists upon a small but safe margin of profit to the buyer.

But there are other lines of work consistently followed by the forty or fifty grain-trade associations of the country that are more palpably and distinctively educational than that already suggested. Among the most important of these is the movement for better and more systematic methods in transacting the routine affairs of the business. The whole effort of the organization is to so educate its members that the transactions involving the most routine will be reduced to exact lines,—and this observation applies fairly, I think, to all trade organizations.

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Not only does the trade association educate its more backward members to use better system in the conduct of their affairs in such matters of detail, but it also brings them together in personal contact, gets them out of their narrow field of observation, and gives them a broader perspective. In the grain business, for example, the inclination of the shipper invariably is to judge the whole field by local conditions; the association educates him to get in line with the central markets and to take a broad and comprehensive view of the entire situation.

The grain associations have been active in bringing to the growers the best and latest scientific knowledge of the selection and preparation of seeds. Some years ago the Kansas Grain-dealers and Millers' Association sent to Roumania for choice red turkey wheat seed, and gave this out to farmers at cost, upon the stipulation that the increase should be kept from consumption and used only for seed purposes. As a result the character of the Kansas wheat crop has been completely revolutionized from a soft to a choice hard wheat.

Recently a special train has been threading its way through certain agricultural sections of the West, bearing a corps of professors, teachers, and experts from a leading agricultural college. This train generally stopped about thirty minutes at each of the smaller stations, and was met by the farmers and grain growers of the surrounding country, who listened to a lecture by one of the experts, the address being illuminated by charts, tables, drawings, photographs, and pictures. One farmer, who listened to such a lecture, either at the grain-growers' convention or at a country railroad station, applied the information which he there obtained with the result that he secured a yield of seventy-two bushels of corn to the acre on land which, the year before, cultivated under old methods, had brought him only sixteen bushels to the acre. Another way in which the grain-dealers' associations in certain sections have directly, and in an educational way, done much to improve the production of good crops is in getting the farmers of the county to utilize the spare ground of the county poor farms for the raising of superior seed grains.

One of the most important services rendered by trade organizations is the peaceable and expeditious adjustment of business differences between their members. The courts have been relieved of many cases which have been settled by the arbitration committees of the trade associations. Arbitration of this kind has saved thousands of dollars in lawyers' fees and court expenses, to the benefit of taxpayers and to the particular profit of disputants. The facility with which a trade organization is able to settle disputes between men who live remote from each other is an important matter; and so, too, is the promptness with which these differences are adjusted. I recall one instance that well illustrates all these points: a track buyer bought grain from a Kansas shipper at a stipulated price, subject to Galveston weights and grades. The shipper forwarded the grain, but sent it from a station farther from the point of destination than that named in the buying order and its acceptance. This, of course, made the total of the freight charges considerably greater than the buyer had figured. These men lived two or three hundred miles from each other, and, if either of them had appealed to the courts, the cost of travel and time necessary to meet at the point of litigation would have been heavy. The case, however, was submitted in writing to the association's board of arbitration, and by that was promptly, fairly, and satisfactorily adjudicated.

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In very few of the cases handled by boards of arbitration do the disputants meet personally. Not only does this save greatly in the matter of expense, but it also avoids

the personal ill feeling that almost invariably results when the parties to a dispute meet each other in a court trial. As a result, comparatively few cases adjusted by a trade organization's arbitration board leave behind them the personal sting and bitterness naturally to be expected. I know of no exception to the rule that these boards are above suspicion and reproach and enjoy the confidence of the organization's members. The latter very generally recognize, I think, that the arbitrators possess special qualifications for arriving at the justice of any dispute.

Nearly every trade association has a carefully formulated set of rules for the arbitrary regulation of all phases of business intercourse between members not covered by specific contract. In the grain associations, for example, there are about twenty-five rules of this character which have brought almost incalculable good, both in correcting wrongs and in preventing them. The disciplinary influence which the trade organization exerts upon those of its members who are a little inclined to sharp practice is far-reaching and significant.

Another protective influence exerted by the trade association is that of educating its members against the swindles by which the followers of almost every occupation or calling are victimized. It is a recognized fact that swindlers and confidence men ply their craft along routine lines; in other words, they move from place to place and "work" men in the same general line of business. Recently a grain buyer in a western town was victimized in this manner: Like all other local elevator men, he followed the practice of advancing to the farmers of his locality a reasonable sum of money against the grain which they would soon market. One day, two farmers hailing from a rather remote locality with which he was not particularly familiar came to him and asked for an advance upon the crops they were then cutting. The men appeared to have met by accident at the elevator, and claimed to know each other only casually, saying that their farms were some five or six miles apart. As these men were dressed in overalls and hickory shirts, their faces and arms being well browned by the sun, the grain buyer naturally concluded that they were genuine farmers, and, after asking them a few questions as to their acreage, gave them the cash advance on their crops which they asked. Later, the elevator man learned, to his sorrow, that they were a pair of clever confidence men carefully "made up" in farmer style. They had consistently "worked" the grain buyers of that region, being very careful, however, to keep out of the territory covered by the organization. This campaign of swindling could not have been successfully prosecuted among buyers who belonged to an association, as their first swindle would have been promptly reported to every member of the organization and efforts for the arrest and prosecution of the confidence men would have been made at once.

Above all, the maintenance of intimate and cordial relations through membership in the same organization has given each man connected with a trade association higher aspirations, a more exalted idea of the ethics of his calling, and a fairer and broader consideration for the rights of others.

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Improved facilities for storing and handling grain are especially in evidence in organized territory. Greater precautions are constantly being taken to protect and guard the handling of grain at every step. Under unorganized methods, the waste and leakage due to deterioration in storage and transit and to pilfering from cars made a heavy burden to the dealers, and is now where such methods obtain. At junction and terminal points, where grain cars are carelessly guarded, stealing from them is reduced practically to a science. Another big leakage is in the way of "car sweepings." At one junction point, where hundreds of grain cars were swept and cleaned, the proprietor of the sweeping privilege fattened from this source a herd of several hundred cattle. Of course, he willingly paid a considerable sum for this privilege; but his sinecure was speedily ended after the matter was taken up by the association's protective bureau having special charge of details of this kind. In another case the agents of this department discovered that the men employed at a certain point to unload grain cars were furnished with beer by the men holding the sweeping privilege, in order that their work might not be too carefully done. The protective department of each association makes consistent and constant efforts to compel railroad and terminal companies to provide watchmen sufficient to guard against the pilfering of cars.

It is not too much to say that the grain trade has been transformed from chaos to order by its organizations, and that both producers and consumers have shared generously in the benefits of the reforms effected by the middlemen. In all these particulars, I think, the grain trade is fairly representative of the other trades and callings. In all lines of commercial effort business men are waking up to the fact that a trade organization is a power for good; for it brings them direct and tangible benefits in the shape of economies and prevention of loss.

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Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.
HOLMES.

▲ ▲

Give thy love freely: do not count the cost:
So beautiful a thing was never lost.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

▲ ▲

When anger rushes, unrestrained, to action,
Like a hot steed, it stumbles on its way.
SAVAGE.

▲ ▲

The way to have a friend is to be one.—EMERSON.

The Avenging Angel

HOWARD FIELDING

[*Concluded from page 160*]

"Very sincerely, I assure you," she replied, "I had n't the least doubt that he 'd do it, and oh, I was such a coward, such a miserable mouse! I quaked until my heart was sore, because all the time that he was writing the note I was holding down the figure-shift on the machine. Do you know what that is, Mrs. Caverly? No? Well, it 's like this. Every key on that kind of a machine will write three different things, a small letter, a capital, and a number or sign. There 's a double spring on one side,—the side nearest to me as I sat, thank goodness! Press it one way, and you get a capital letter; press it the other way, and you get a punctuation mark, or a dollar sign, or a number, perhaps.

"When he made a colon after 'Dear Jim,' the idea came to me. So I did it just as often as I dared. I was dying with fear that he would hear the noise, but of course I knew just how to conceal it as much as possible. Once I thought he was going to light a match, and I guess I fainted, for about two seconds. But I knew, pretty soon, that I 'd spoiled the signed sheet, anyhow, and, if he found me out, he could n't do anything about it. He could kill me, of course, but that would n't do him any good. Fortunately there was n't a curtain drawn on either side of the room, and so Mr. Bond did n't dare to have any light except at the very last minute, when he was behind the door; and then the envelope was safely sealed. He held my arm while I was talking with Warren, but I could have done it much better if he had let me alone. Oh, you can't imagine how relieved I was when Warren went away without suspecting. I knew then that Mr. Bond would rely upon the fraudulent note, and that he could n't get the money."

"If I had seen that in a vision," said Loring, "I should have gone mad."

"I wonder what the note looked like!" said Elsa. "Have you heard from Mr. Kennard yet? How long was I locked up?"

"A little more than half an hour, I should think," answered Loring. "Mr. Kennard sent the note back. That 's how we came to find you. Here it is."

Elsa took it eagerly, and glanced along the enigmatical lines.

"Why, he 's gone to the yacht club!" she exclaimed. "He asks Mr. Kennard to send Warren there with the money."

"Can—can you read *that?*" asked Loring, amazed.

"Certainly. It 's easy enough. I know which letter is on the key with every one of these signs. This is what he has written:—

"Dear Jim: Todd has just called me up on the telephone. His crisis comes to-morrow in New York. He is now on his way here in his launch, and I shall meet him at the club. Please give Warren all you have; both the cash and certified checks. Tell him to find me on the landing-stage at the club; or, if I 'm not there, I will have a boatman ready to take him off to Todd's yacht. Do n't show up yourself: let me handle Todd alone. Miss Carroll will give this to Warren, simply telling him to follow your orders.

"Yours truly,
"Arthur Loring."

"He would have taken Warren out in the boat," she added, shuddering. "Mr. Bond could easily have represented himself to be the boatman, and Warren would have had to give him the money or be killed out there in the dark. Is n't that awful?"

Loring was silent, his lips tightly compressed in his effort for self-control. Presently he spoke in a tone so mild and so ill-mated with his looks that his sister was vaguely alarmed.

"Do n't think about that scoundrel any more," said he to Elsa. "You have defeated him, and he will never trouble you again. But we must n't talk to you about it now. I must n't even praise you for being the bravest little girl in all the world. You must have rest, and—and my presence is not restful. So I 'm going to leave you in my sister's care."

When he was gone, Elsa and Mrs. Caverly looked into each other's eyes, and read a common anxiety.

"He did n't say a word about Mr. Bond," whispered Elsa; "about trying to have him caught, I mean. Of course, he is waiting on the landing-stage—"

"Arthur has gone down there alone!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Caverly, and she ran out of the room.

Upon the veranda she found Mr. Todd, who had begun to walk around, as if within the invisible bars of a cage.

"He went down the steps, at the other end," said Todd, in response to Mrs. Caverly's question. "He called out something to me, but I didn't hear what it was."

There was the sound of a heavy and hurried tread upon the footpath, and Mr. Kennard appeared within the circle of light.

"Constance, what's wrong?" he cried, as he came near enough to see her face.

She told him, with inspired brevity.

"Don't you worry," said he. "Arthur will find some men at the club, and—"

"Not unless they've come within the last twenty minutes," said Todd. "There may be some men on the yachts, but there's nobody ashore except One-armed Bailey and the boy. You know how much they'd be worth. I guess it's up to us to catch Loring—"

"Me? Catch Loring? Take another look at me, Reggie, and remember the length of Arthur's legs. It will be all over long before I could get there."

"Might n't we telephone down to the club, and have the boy stop Arthur?" suggested Mrs. Caverly, in trembling tones.

"I don't know how the boy's going to do it," responded Kennard, "but it's our only chance. We must do something. Arthur is unarmed, and Bond probably has a weapon in every pocket. We'll try it."

But when they went to the telephone, it was already in use. Elsa was holding the receiver to her ear, while unchecked tears were trickling down her cheeks.

"I was afraid that Mr. Loring would be hurt," said she. "I have asked them to have some one help him, but there's only the boy and a crippled man."

"Tell the boy to stop Arthur!" exclaimed Mrs. Caverly.

"That would n't do the slightest bit of good. Wait!"

She listened, and then let the receiver fall, while she leaned against the wall and put up her hand to her eyes.

"It is all right," she said, weakly. "I told the boy to go down to the landing-stage, and find a Mr. Bond there in a boat, and tell him that Miss Carroll wished to speak to him over the telephone."

"To speak to *him*!" gasped Kennard. "What will you say?"

"Why, of course he would n't come," said Elsa. "He could n't help knowing that his plot is discovered. He just got right into the boat and rowed away. I knew he would. He told the boy to thank me. What do you think of that?"

No one present was able to respond to this question in words, but Mrs. Caverly took Elsa into her arms and hugged her close.

Loring returned to the house, half an hour later, in a most perturbed state of mind; and he was not restored to equanimity by learning that Kennard had brought the negotiations with Todd to a successful issue.

"Settle it between you," he said; "I'm unfit for business. Where's my sister?"

"She is putting the Avenging Angel to bed," responded Kennard. "Where is Bond?"

"I don't know, but we can't help catching him. Telephone messages are being sent all along the shore. The fellow has no chance. He'll have to land somewhere—Ah! Constance."

He took Mrs. Caverley by the arm and led her aside, imploring her to tell him why Elsa had defeated his revenge.

"It can't be that she has any lingering interest in that villain," he protested. "I won't have it so! And yet, who can tell? Perhaps she sees the better part of him with some divine enlightenment that shows—I don't know what."

"Your are perfectly absurd," said Mrs. Caverly; "she did it all for you."

THE END.

Perfection

SUSIE M. BEST

I hold this is a fixed truth,—for me:
Only those things exist that I declare;
All else is a false seeming. Let me, then,
Claim only what is clean and good and fair;
So shall I stand before my fellow men
A type of the new race that yet shall be.

No Chance!

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Concluded from page 172

these distant possibilities his neighbor lays up a competence on the same kind of "exhausted" soil.

Do n't run away to some other country, to some other state or city to seek your fortune. Your great opportunity may be just where you are. Governor Johnson found his in the little village of St. Peter, Minnesota. With the exception of a few months, his whole life was spent within a mile of the miserable shack in which he was born. Fred Douglass found his on a slave plantation. Garfield found his on the towpath, and Lincoln his in a log cabin in the wilderness.

The trouble with us is, that we look too high and too far away for our chances. We forget that the greatest things are the simplest. In hunting for roses, we trample the daisies under our feet. We are blind to the chances and blessings near us because we are looking so far away for them. Everything depends upon the power of the mind to see opportunities. It is the eye that can see the chance, the pluck and determination to lay hold of it and wring from it every possibility that we lack, rather than the chance "to make good."

You may be sure there is a man somewhere, not very far from you, who would make a name for himself and a competence out of your situation in which you see nothing. There are poor boys and girls who would get a substitute for a college education out of the time and opportunities which you are wasting because you see nothing in them.

You think that an opportunity must necessarily be something great and unusual; but the fact is, the stepping-stone to the place above you is in the very thing you are doing, in the way you do it: it does not matter what it is.

Do not be misled by the statement, so frequently made, that the good opportunities for boys have gone by. There was just such an opinion among the young men of Webster's time. He was told that the future would hold no such opportunities for law students as Choate had and as he had; but neither of these giants of the bar received half so much for conducting long, tedious cases as some lawyers to-day get for a brief office consultation. The average physician and surgeon to-day would smile at the fees of the great specialists of even fifty years ago. Scores of concerns to-day in this country are hunting for men to fill positions at from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year. Quite a number of our prominent business officials are receiving larger salaries than does President Roosevelt.

It may be very crowded where you are standing, but there is always room a little higher up. Millions of men and women may be out of employment, and yet at the door of every profession and every occupation there is always a standing advertisement,—"Wanted, a man." The whole world is looking for better trained men and women, better managers, broader manhood and womanhood leaders. Greater salaries than ever before, greater rewards await young men and young women of the future who are bound to win.

There is a grand success awaiting every one under the American flag who has the grit to seize his chance and fight his way to his own loaf. *But you must remember that your good opening is in yourself.* As long as you think it is somewhere else, in somebody else, you will be a failure. *Your opportunity is wrapped up in your own personality.* The potency of your achievement is in yourself, just as the future oak is wrapped up in the acorn. Your success must be an evolution, an unfoldment, an expression of yourself.

We are living in an age of marvelous development, astounding enterprise. The call of the twentieth century is a call to go up higher. The ladders by which you may climb are all about you. There is no town or hamlet in America which is not crying for young men and young women of larger ability, of greater enterprise, to seize the splendid opportunities and possibilities that are waiting for them.

A new civilization is holding up new and better prizes, but he who would win must have a better equipment and a finer training than the past required. If the prizes are greater than ever before, the preparation also must be greater. He only who is prepared for his chance can hope to succeed.

Helps for Young Writers

IT would be a great thing for young writers if they could read the thoughts which run through an editor's brain as he reads their manuscripts. "Poor fellow," he often says to himself, as he glances through the dry, dreary desert pages, "he has mistaken his calling. There is nothing but dust in that man. He has no great message for the world. There is nothing in that writer struggling for expression. He does not write because he can not help it, because there is something in him which will speak, which must speak, but he is merely trying to make himself say something. He is not bubbling over with thought that will not down, with emotions that he can not repress, or with ideas that will not stay."

An experienced editor knows that it is not necessary to eat an entire ox to taste the quality of the beef. A single paragraph anywhere in a manuscript ought to give him a clue to the quality of the whole. If the blood courses freely through that paragraph, he knows that there is something in the rest of it.

If, however, the pulse is so faint that he can not detect it after he feels for it in several places, if the vitality is so low and the circulation so feeble that the editor can scarcely tell whether it is dead or alive, he must drop it and turn to some other manuscript. He is always feeling for the bounding pulse which indicates a strong, robust vitality.

Do you put yourself into what you write? Does it take hold upon the very center of your life? Have you ground all the experience of your life into paint, and projected it into the picture?

Good composition throbs with life wherever you touch it. There is not a word too many or too few. Wherever you cut it, it bleeds,—it is so full of life-blood. Every word you come to is like the touch of a live wire, it is so full of mental electricity.

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Nothing is immortal which does not throb with eternal principle. No manuscript will live which has not first lived, vitally, vigorously, in the author.

Do you expect your reader to thrill with emotion? You can not set the cords of his heart vibrating when your own were still and dumb. You can only create in the reader the duplicate of your own emotions. Action and reaction are equal. There is no art by which you can produce in the reader what was not experienced in yourself. If you have nothing to give, no life or beauty or truth, what you write will not be read. It all depends upon the fullness, the sweetness, the human interest, which you can inject into it; and it must be your own,—be yourself, or die in your book.

The world is hungry for life, more life; it is always interested in realities, in human experiences, in human struggles. There is nothing that interests man like man. Personalities, human nature, always interests the human. If you are ambitious to be a great writer, keep in touch with life. Do not allow the great veins of practical affairs to be cut off. The blood must come warm from the great heart of humanity. You must keep in touch with the great life arena. Mere theories do not go very far, it is life that counts.

If we were asked what, in a word, is the greatest defect, the fatal weakness in the majority of manuscripts which come to us, we should say their lack of life, and, lacking life, they lack interest, vivacity, charm, and fascination. You may outline the sentences and they analyze perfectly; they balance; the words are well chosen, but there is no great underlying throbbing pulse of life.

"I do not want to write literature, I want to write life," said the late Frank Norris. Most young writers try to write literature when the world wants life. The moment a writer is conscious of trying to write well, when he is thinking of his balanced sentences and well-balanced paragraphs, he is in the same position as a person trying to look natural and to smile before a photographer's camera. It can not be done. The very consciousness of trying to do a thing destroys its naturalness. The spirit must always be uppermost, must dominate the mind. The motive must pulsate with the warm life-blood, or the book or the article will be cold, mechanical, and lifeless.

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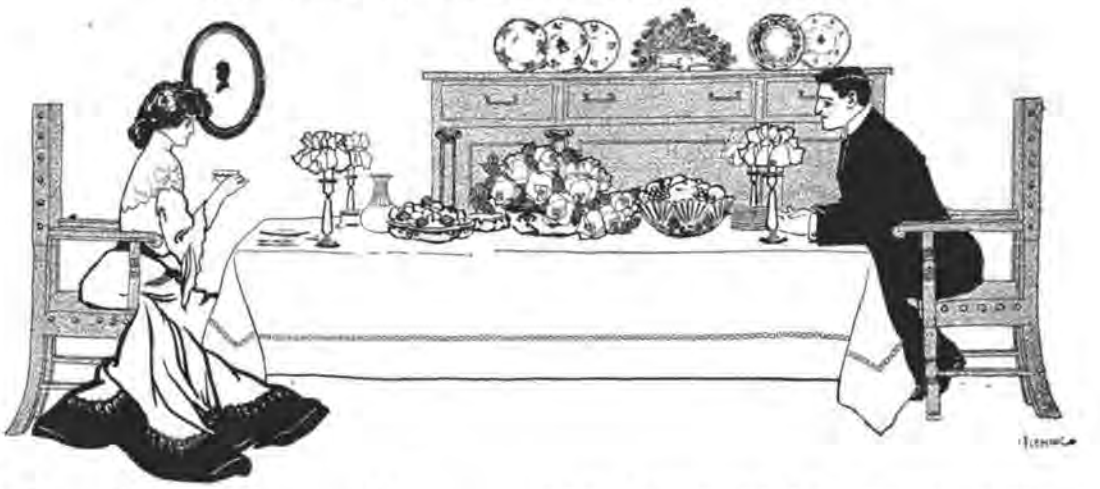
This is why some writers who have had no training whatever in the schools, and who are ignorant of books, have written that which will live,—they have written because they could not help it. There was something pent up within them which had to be told, and they told it with all the energy and naturalness which they possessed, without trying to see how well they could balance their sentences. It was a spontaneous expression of that which they could not keep in any longer. This is the difference between writing life and writing literature. If the people who have written things which the world will not let die had tried to write literature, their works would have been dead long ago.

The great test of a good book or a good article is that there is something in it that compels you to read it to the end. On many a winter's evening have I started to read a book with the determination to stop reading at about nine or ten o'clock and retire for a good night's rest, but have forgotten all about my resolution. The book was so intensely interesting, so fascinating the story, that I forgot all about my own existence, but lived with the characters portrayed by the author in his work, conversed with the vivacious heroine, intrigued with the plotting villain, warned the hero of some terrible calamity, and lived to see the hero and heroine happily married. When I reached the climax of the story, I would often find that the hands of the clock pointed to two or three o'clock in the morning. This shows how charmed and enraptured one may become through the reading of a book that is actually alive. The characters seem to walk forth from its pages, the birds sing, we hear the babbling of the brook, the puffing of the train; we travel into foreign parts and visit historical places, view works of art, speak to a Webster, a Washington, a Plato, or a Ruskin. The king and queen of a monarchial government confide their most sacred secrets to us; we advise with them. We receive the last word of advice from a dying hero, as if it were actually intended for us.

The author who can put this spirit of life into his writings will not seek in vain for an audience.

THE SUCCESSFUL HOME

Conducted by Christine Terhune Herrick



The Education of an American Girl

MARY STEWART CUTTING

TWO INCIDENTS were brought to my attention, not long ago, which seemed worth noting in their bearing on the education of girls. In one, a girl of thirteen took a long journey into town from a suburb, with her mother, to call on an old school friend of the latter. When they reached the house the friend was out, but her daughter, some two years older than the visiting Ethel, on being specially inquired for, came down to receive the guests, after, however, a prolonged whispering and consultation manifest in a room above. She received them affectionately, for she had been entertained at their house in past years, yet with evident embarrassment and uneasiness. It was plain that Dorothy did not know how to deal with the situation. She kept repeating, helplessly:—

"I wish mamma would come in! She'll be so disappointed if you go!" After some ten minutes' waiting, and just as the visitors were about to leave, the mother did come in, with delighted surprise and the warmest of welcomes to her old friend. Tea was brought in, the guests were made to remove their wraps, and were urged, though unavailingly, to stay to dinner. But when they went, after an hour's stay, Ethel said, wonderingly:—

"Mother, was n't it strange that Dorothy did n't know *she* ought to ask us to take off our things, and get you some tea,—when we had come so far,—whether Aunt Leila was there or not? Why, you would n't have liked it *at all* if I had let any one go away like that. Yet she is so clever. She studies all the time, and she is going to college, next year."

"Your Aunt Leila's household is managed differently from ours," said the mother, evasively. "Dorothy is in the schoolroom, and she will not be expected to know how to entertain until she is out in society." Yet she wondered a little, too, that the girl had had no education in hospitality.

Some women staying in summer cottages were getting up a sale for a "fresh-air fund," and portioning out the work for it. "Perhaps your daughters will make a couple of these little aprons, Mrs. Brown," was suggested to one woman. (The girls in question were seventeen and eighteen years old.) "They are very simple. Or would they rather make cake?"

"Oh, my daughters can not cook, or sew!" answered Mrs. Brown, with smiling pride. "They have been *far* too busy with their education to learn anything of that kind yet! I do n't believe either Edith or Helen could put a seam together to save her life. I 'll just take these things home with me and run them up myself. A little extra work will not matter."

She left, without hearing the awed remark of an unmarried woman present: "If I had girls as ignorant as that, I 'd be ashamed to confess it! Why, I could sew patchwork before I was six. I was brought up to think it is a disgrace if a girl can not use a needle."

"But what are you going to do?" asked another woman present,—a mother, this time. "My children have to spend more and more time studying at home, not to speak of practicing. I would like my children to learn household work, as I did; I was my mother's helper. They are ignorant of many things they ought to know, but I do n't see how I can help it. They will have to wait until they finish school."

That is the point of view. The domestic branches are to be taught as a science, after the school education is finished. Many a girl goes to college who can not mend her clothes, and does not know how to wash a dish properly. After her education is finished she may take a course in cooking, or join a class in dressmaking or millinery. This is all good and useful, but it is knowledge to be applied; it is not the intimate companionship with and growth in the things of the home that assimilate knowledge and power unconsciously. The home education and the school education should grow side by side. A woman may work for a living in a hundred different ways, but primarily—in spite of exceptions,—she is a home-maker. Just as a man is by first intention a home-builder, so is a woman a home-maker, and it is a vocation that follows her insistently through life, no matter how much she may want to deny it. By a home-maker I do n't mean that she must necessarily have a house and a husband and children of her own. One of the most capable home-makers I ever knew—a nighly educated woman, who worked for her living,—had but one room, and no one belonging to her, but she rested and refreshed and helped more boys and girls with the little intimate home services that were the expression of her beautiful warmth of heart than I can begin to tell you. She used to say, as a sort of excuse for her unceasing labors in behalf of others,—whether it was to trim a hat for a girl, or mend a boy's socks, or make some jelly for a sick man, or keep the peace among the mothers of forty children at a church entertainment: "Why, you know, it 's no *trouble* to me. I was brought up to know how to turn my hand to anything,—it 's just a sort of second nature to try to make people comfortable when I can."

No amount of applied science can make a thing "second nature" like that.

Dear mothers, there is far more time than some of you realize in which your girls may use the privileges of a home. There are always Saturdays, and vacations, and rainy days, and lots of odd minutes in which to get a home education, as many a household can testify, without interfering with lessons, or outdoor exercise or an early bedtime. I have known children who preferred cooking on Saturday afternoons to going to a matinée!

I 'm afraid the trouble is with the mothers. It is because you have n't the time, not the children, that they are guests in the home, and not a part of it. You do n't want to take the time to teach and you do n't want to take the time to repair mistakes in your well-ordered households. It is a great deal easier, as a rule, to do a thing oneself than to tell a child how to do it, and it is a great deal easier to do a thing right the first time than to have to do it over again after some one else has failed. Pink-ribboned rooms may be unbearably half "cleared up," to the mother's eye, cakes may "fall," or have their layers like boards with too much flour, and good yards of summer muslin may be cut into misfit garments by too-eager beginners, but that is all a part of education. Waste and half-done work are so trying that it is hard to realize that your girl learns just as much from her mistakes as from her successes, and that the day will come before one knows it when the dear hinderer will have grown into the blessed helper, with a home-pleasure all along the way that no after years could give her. In the knowledge of the things of home a mother's time, and patience, and love count for more than anything else.

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The Flower Garden

MARY ROGERS MILLER

TO SUCCEED brilliantly with a flower garden one must follow the same general line of procedure as for a vegetable garden. Make a plan, order seeds and plants early, grow some things in a hotbed, and do away with raised beds.

But the laying out of a flower garden is not quite such a rigid, measuring-stick sort of performance. The flower garden is more intimately associated with the higher life of the family, and its plan must express the family's artistic ideals.

The keynote of the garden—simplicity, not complexity,—should be the ideal in the garden. A hodgepodge of intricate paths, sheared shrubs and elaborate carpet beds is not a garden. Dignified lines that express something, direct paths that go somewhere without meaningless curves, shrubbery in groups and pruned so as to preserve the natural grace of the branches, noble trees, bright flowers everywhere, except in beds on the lawn: these make a garden, which is at the same time a picture and a delightful reality.

THE PLAN.—The time to plan a flower garden is while the March winds still whistle. Study the garden space. Are there beds? Cut them out, or move them to

where they will have some meaning; give them a background of shrubs, vines, or wall. The house should be the central figure in a home picture. The picture should have a suitable frame. Heavy shrubbery on both sides may represent the frame itself, while the smooth grass between house and border may represent the mat surrounding the picture. Flowers massed at the inner edge of the border of shrubs give the same brightening effect that the narrow line of gold does just inside the picture frame which would otherwise be somber.

TO MAKE A BORDER.—Choose the location with reference to the house, the sunlight, the trees, and other permanent objects. Decide upon its length and breadth. A "straight-fronted" border is better than an ordinary flower bed but is too stiff to be ideal. The edge farthest from the house should be straight, but the front may be drawn in pleasing curves. Take out sods and make the soil as rich as circumstances permit. Plant shrubs and tall growing plants at the back, lower things nearer the front, and edge the whole length with alyssum, violets, phlox, or some other bright, low-growing plants. In a city back yard the high fence may be covered with vines, flowering or not; in front of these, sunflowers, or golden-glow or cosmos; poppies and balsams will hide the bare stems of the tall plants and may themselves be hidden by pinks or sweet alyssum.

AN EASY GARDEN.—When we shook the dust of the city from our feet and joined the noble army of commuters the merry month of May was already well along toward the middle. The rest of the month was given up religiously to the vegetable garden, and it was not till the crimson rambler on the barn gave notice that June was there that we realized that no provision had been made for flowers. We cast about for space and rediscovered what had amused us grimly when we first viewed the place: three flower beds impertinently gouged out of the otherwise dignified and peaceful front lawn. Evidently the previous tenant had been fond of astronomy; a full moon, in the middle, was flanked by two crescents, while a five-pointed star was rapidly losing its symmetry in the grass.

Realizing that what we were to do must be done quickly, we soon decided to make a long narrow border against a lilac hedge in the sunny side of the yard, and to transform what had been a weak attempt at a fern bed in an angle of the house. The sod from the two-foot border was quite enough to cover the moon and its satellites, and nature reduced them to lawn before the summer passed. In the border we set fifty plants of scarlet salvia. They took the half of the strip which lay nearest the road and fairly "burned a hole" in the landscape from August till frost appeared. There was never a plant like this one for color,—brilliant and satisfying and plenty of it.

In the other half of the garden we sowed zinnia seed. We bought packets of named varieties and mixed the seed ourselves, in this way getting harmonious color combinations. From the border we transplanted zinnias until every bare spot was full of plants. They gave us bloom even after the arrival of frost. Our neighbors declared that we had secured more flowers after three months' residence than had been raised on the place, by others, in twenty years! All of which goes to show what a little planning will do. It was the massing of many plants in one border and the brilliant colors, as well as the long season of bloom of salvias and zinnias, that gave the effect of quantity and continuity to this very simplest of gardens. Had the plants been scattered in numerous beds they would have produced no such fine effect.

UNSIGHTLY OBJECTS.—Often a picture is spoiled by some unsightly figure which protrudes itself upon the view. Outbuildings, ash heaps, fences, and mud holes are not needed even as a means of grace to remind us that the world is full of ugly things. They should be transformed into objects of beauty, or screened entirely from sight, by vines, shrubbery, or tall, broad-leaved plants.

HOW TO TREAT FENCES.—Seeds of vines should be sown so that the plants may be trained to cover the boards or wire. The quick-growing, broad-leaved nasturtiums, scarlet runners, morning-glories, and cucumber vines will do wonders in a few weeks. Honeysuckle makes a permanent and beautiful fence over woven wire. Pumpkins, too, are used, with surprising effect on back stoops or bare arbors. And there is nothing finer than the Dutchman's pipe! A lattice, arbor, or simple homemade pergola is not only beautiful and useful in itself but also may be so placed as to screen from street and house a half dozen necessary but unsightly objects. Evergreens make the best permanent screen both for privacy and for a wind-break. While waiting for them to grow some temporary screen may be grown.

CLOTHES-POSTS.—A novel threatment of these in a small garden is to dig around them and plant Virginia creeper or scarlet runner. In a month or so the post is clothed in living green. A staple is driven securely into the post. To this staple is attached the large ring through which on wash day the clothesline is passed. All the rest of the week the clothes-posts are merely beautiful exclamation points.

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A Prize for Home Gardeners

SO MUCH interest has been shown in the gardening articles, which have appeared in the recent numbers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in the department of The Successful Home, that it is thought wise to do something to extend the interest still further. We would like to hear from the women who raise house plants. For the best letter on the care of the blossoming house plant with which you have had most success, accompanied by a photograph of such a home-raised plant, a prize of $5.00 will be awarded. The letter and picture will appear in the May number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Each letter should not exceed two hundred words in length and must be written only on one side of the paper and accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Direct these letters to "Editor, the Successful Home," care of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, 32 Waverly Place, New York City. They must be received not later than March 25, 1905.

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Girls' Problems

Three Prizes for Girls

IN the January number I suggested that we should discuss in these columns various subjects of interest to girls, and that the girls themselves should write to me about them. The topic we spoke of for the first discussion was churchgoing for the girl who works hard all the week. A number of answers have been called out by this, and several of them are printed below. I think you will read them with interest.

We wish next to discuss the subject of the girl who takes care of herself. We want to hear about the girl who has made a success of any special line of work and who has done it by herself. I mean that she has not been started in business by money that has been given her, or trained in music on funds supplied by her father, or taken into the office of a wealthy relative and brought

A HARDY BORDER FOR A GARDEN

OPENING A SAVINGS ACCOUNT BY MAIL

Residents in All Parts of the Country May Now Obtain the Benefit of Four Per Cent Interest

Through the instrumentality of the United States mail it is now possible to open an account with The Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the largest and oldest savings banks in the country.

The convenience alone of being able to deposit money by post appeals to a vast army of depositors in cities, small towns and country districts who can bank by means of the nearest mail box or the rural free delivery wagon.

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The officers of the Company are as follows: J. H. Wade, Chairman of the Board; H. R. Newcomb, President; D. Z. Norton, Wm. G. Mather, D. Leuty and H. B. Corner, Vice-Presidents; J. R. Nutt, Secretary; and E. V. Hale, Treasurer.

By reason of the well-known financial standing and integrity of its official board, its immense resources of over thirty-seven million dollars, its paid-up capital and surplus of six million dollars, its magnificent building and impregnable vaults, The Citizens Savings and Trust Company has deservedly reached the point where it is considered one of the financial pillars of the United States.

On receipt of a postal card addressed to The Citizens Savings & Trust Company, Cleveland, Ohio, it will send its Booklet "C," with full instructions how to open an account by mail.

forward through her relationship with him. All these girls have their place, but it is not of them we wish to talk now. We want to hear from the self-made girl who has established herself in some line of work after she has received only an ordinary common-school education. It makes no difference what kind of work it is. It may be a job in a mill, it may be a position as stenographer and typewriter, or it may be teaching or sewing or drawing or painting or singing or housework or nursing or gardening. The occupation itself is of small consequence. The fact that it is the girl's pluck and energy that have won her success is the main thing.

For each of the three best papers on this subject a prize will be given of a year's subscription to SUCCESS MAGAZINE, which will be sent to the writer of the paper, or to any friend whom she may designate. No article must be more than a hundred and fifty words long, and it must be written on one side of the paper and accompanied by the name and address of the writer. As these are to appear in the May number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, they must all be received at this office by March twenty-fifth. Direct communications to Editor, The Successful Home, care SUCCESS MAGAZINE, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.

I hope I shall receive many letters from which to make selections.

Letters on Churchgoing for Working Girls

MY DEAR MRS. HERRICK:—

About going to church. I am a working girl, and I don't go at all, except once in a great while of a Sunday night. And I tell you why. Every week-night I come home too tired to sew and put my things to rights. I have a little trouble with my eyes and if I sew at night, I have a headache next morning. So, on Sunday morning, I just do all my mending for the week. Then, as I want some part of the day to get a walk in the fresh air and sunshine I dress after dinner and go for a walk with my friends. Often Sunday night we have company at our house, or I go to take supper with a friend, and so the whole day goes by without any church for me. Can anybody blame me? I must have some time to myself for my own work and for rest.

Yours truly,
EMMA MABIE.

MY DEAR MRS. HERRICK:—

I am employed as a clerk in a railroad office, with hours of duty eight-thirty A. M. to six P. M.; noon recess an hour and thirty minutes; no Sunday work; and I find it very difficult to attend church on Sundays, regularly.

I have delicate health, but not more delicate than hundreds of other girls in the same town who are obliged to work several hours longer each day, and until a late hour Saturday evenings, in places that require constant physical as well as mental effort. Comparing the conditions under which they work with my own, I do not think they should be expected to attend church regularly, nor exact this exertion of themselves, provided they really spend their Sundays in rest and quiet recreation, or in performing really necessary home duties.

I have seen conscientious Christian girls—urged, by their pastor, or by other workers in the church to take charge of Sunday-school classes and to assume active duties in leagues, until they yielded to what appeared to them the call of religious obligation,—struggle on Sunday after Sunday to perform the tasks so added to their weekly work, until they were on the verge of nervous prostration, or until they actually succumbed to it, and were obliged to give up their classes (temporarily,) to women of the congregation who had literally nothing else to do.

I am glad, indeed, to see the question of church attendance for women wage-earners raised in the January issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

It is true that the hour spent in church is a short one. It is not unnatural that those who have not learned otherwise by experience should say, "Can not one hour be spared for this?" But it should be remembered, I think, that the busy woman, whose personal belongings necessarily become more or less scattered and disordered during six days of hurrying away in the morning and returning tired at night, can not dress for church in ten minutes. It is not unfair to estimate that attending only one service consumes half the real resting time of the one day in which the worker can rest. If she has worked throughout the week "heartily, as unto the Lord," and takes her Sunday rest not selfishly, but in order that she may be better fitted physically to fill her appointed place,—relieve a tired mother of little tasks, or have a few free hours with her parents, brothers and sisters, or some needy friend,—I believe she should not try to go to more than one service on Sunday, and that her physical condition should dictate whether she shall go once every Sunday.

I have been working for a number of years, and all my observations in that time convince me that working women need, above all other things, for their physical and spiritual welfare, to be taught to rest. They should rest completely, when they can; realizing while they do it that they have earned the hours of quiet, and are not "stealing" them from so-called duties of any kind outside the home.

I am a church member, and honestly try to attend service as often as health and home duties permit, but I do not think the majority of working girls have as much time of their own as I do.

Sincerely yours, G. A.

MRS. C. T. HERRICK,

DEAR MADAM:—I tell you how I do about going to church. I work as hard as any girl, but I am a Catholic and my religion demands that I go to church each Sunday. So I get up and go to early church, not bothering to put on my best clothes, but just dress fast, and yet look neat. Then I slip out around the corner to early mass, and come home and undress, shut my blinds, and get back to bed and sleep solid for two hours more. If the morning is cold I stop in the kitchen and take a bit of bread and a cup of coffee, but I am so tired that the coffee does not keep me awake. Then I get a good long nap and get up in time to have a bath and get dressed up for dinner and a fine afternoon walk. So, having done my duty, I have my afternoons and evenings to myself, and yet am not too tired to enjoy them.

Your interested reader, MARY HIGGINS.

DEAR MRS. HERRICK:—

In the SUCCESS MAGAZINE you ask the girls how they manage about attending church, especially the working girls. I am a working girl, assistant in the post office, and work thirteen hours per day, from seven A. M. to eight P. M. On Sunday I have to be at the office from seven to nine A. M. and three to three-thirty P. M. I very seldom miss the morning church service, and al-

ways attend Christian Endeavor and the evening service. I have no desire to spend the Sabbath in bed. Perhaps it is easier for me because I have to get up Sunday morning and go to work the same as any other day; but I think it is very much a matter of habit. If one enjoys and is used to going to church, it is not so hard to get there. I feel lost if I, for any reason, am prevented from attending church, for it is as much a part of that day as my other work is on other days.

I think this department of the magazine can be made very helpful, and very interesting. Sincerely yours, G. C.

▲ ▲

Smart Neckwear and Cuffs

MARY LE MONT

ONE of the chief charms about a well-dressed woman is the daintiness and correctness of her neckwear.

It is something of a study to keep abreast of the exclusive vogue for such complements to a costume. She does not want to wear anything which has become so popular that it may be seen anywhere and almost everywhere. A close student of this subject will observe that smart touches are given collars and cuffs by the addition of scraps of lace and *appliqué*,—left, perhaps, from more elaborate trimmings,—and that jeweled effects are charmingly arranged upon dressy stocks with the aid of tiny beads and spangles. Little pearls are much utilized in this manner.

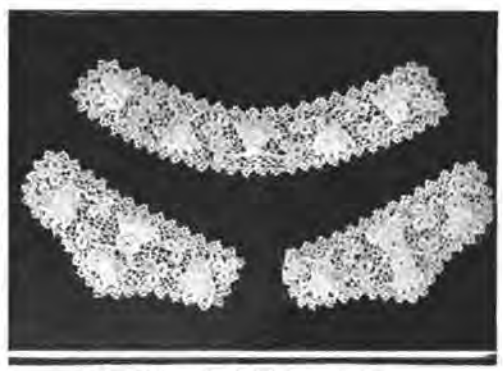
Stock of shirred chifon, with lace turnover and cuds

A careless woman wears any sort of stock and collar at any time of day, and it is one of the commonest sights in the world to see women wearing lace stocks with plain morning dresses for the street. To wear a lace stock in the morning is distinctly bad taste. A small lace turnover may be worn with a simple stock or bow, but the linen ones are preferable.

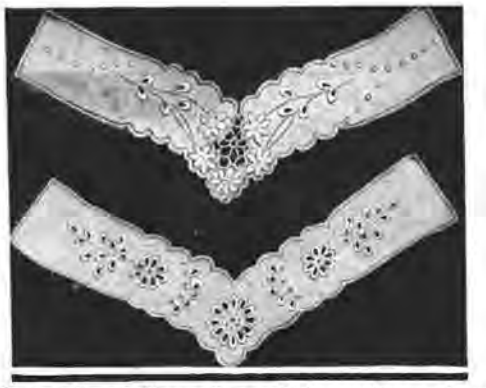
For morning wear the deft needlewoman may supply herself with a score of fetching bits of neckwear. She can not have too many. The smartest is a stock of black satin with a full bow, having short ends in front; or this sort of bow may be worn with a deep linen turned over collar, embroidered by hand. In the case of certain gowns, red or blue or white satin bows take the place of black ones. The stock may be made and the bow attached, or a long piece of satin ribbon may be finished at each end with a feather-stitched point, or a hem. The ribbon should be just long enough to fit around the neck and cross to the front and tie. A simple turnover is worn with such a stock.

Another smart outfit for the morning consists of a collar and cuff set, in two styles; one, a round collar, put on in Dutch fashion, and the other a regulation stock turnover, in which the turnover part is deeper than the linen band which fits around the neck. These are made of all classes of linen and are worked in any of the new needlework stitches. The smartest for this sort of work is the *broderie anglaise*, commonly called English embroidery. This style of work will be fashionable during the year in all classes of neckwear and in all sorts of materials.

The bottom edge of a turnover stock, intended for wear in the morning, is worked in small scallops or points, and a simple design is wrought in cut-out patterns, embroidered all around the edges before the linen is punched, in the case of small circles, and cut first, in the case of leaves and flowers. The linen is slit up the middle of the leaf and the sides sloped a bit, if the leaf is not very tiny. The



A dainty set of Irish crochet lace.



Two styles of linen collars, which may have cuffs to match, made in English embroidery and satin stitch. The central pieces of one are joined by a picot lace stitch.

rough edges are turned under and run along the edge, and then the edges are embroidered. Stems and tiny dots, buds and spirals are first run several times with embroidery cotton and then worked over. The running threads must lie with the stitch of one row opposite the interval of the next stitch. Various designs may be selected, and the bottom edge may be finished with a hemstitched hem, or with irregular scallops and points, or with some of graduated sizes. This is a safe style as well as a smart one, and will survive the passing of several of the present fads in turnovers. Fine linen-lawn neckwear, delicately embroidered in Swiss embroidery—or its home-made imitation,—is also smart, and the turnovers and stocks are now frequently matched by cuffs, which form an attractive finish at the wrists and save the edges of the sleeves from wear.

Stocks and cuffs for more dressy gowns are formed of lace. Irish point is a regular stand-by for such purposes and is very durable. Newer laces are in all the delicate old points, which are expensive and impossible to make by the amateur. *Duchesse*, Honiton, and Irish crochet lace sets can always be made at home with comparatively little trouble, and cuffs and stocks may be shaped of pieces of lace and then edged, on a tiny rolled hem, with a line of small, very fine Persian discs. Another pretty way in which to make these sets is to form them of very sheer lawn, net, or chiffon, and cover the ground with *appliqués* of lace and embroidery, arranging the *appliqués* to form an irregular edge.

These stocks all come under the head of simple ones, for street wear and ordinary use. Very dressy stocks are formed in a bewildering variety of dainty materials.

The *jabot* is made up for elderly ladies and needs no introduction or explanation. Every needlewoman knows how to make one, and every old lady enjoys having pretty ones to wear, but the woman who does not claim the privileges of age may not have a *jabot*. The *chic* bow in front is, for her, the smartest form of neckwear. These bows follow one rule: they are full and short and with a decided effect of side loops in contradistinction to the tabs, which have reigned so long and which many women still wear.

In neckwear the fad for combinations, which reigns in many other things, is to be remarked. One charming stock is formed of two rows of shirred chiffon, encircled by three narrow bands of Valenciennes edging, with the tip of each scallop held in place by a tiny pearl. A tiny frill of the chiffon is allowed to show above the top, and a deeper one below the bottom. A full bow of polka-dotted Valenciennes lace is worn in front, finished in irregular scallops with an edge of *appliqué* lace. This may be *duchesse*, Honiton, *pointe appliqué*, or Alençon. All are smart for the purpose. Small bits of these laces may be put on to form a point or shell effect at the end, with a wide portion in this point.

Another stock built along this fashionable line is of chiffon,—or some similar sheer material,—shirred three times and finished with a frill at the top and bottom, headed by a corded shirring of the chiffon. A turnover of fine lace it put over the top, with a dip in front, and the wide, shirred ends of the bow are trimmed with the same lace. The bow is shirred in groups and the loop formed of several close rows of corded shirring with the outer edges released.

The round collar, in its old style, and the bertha, have

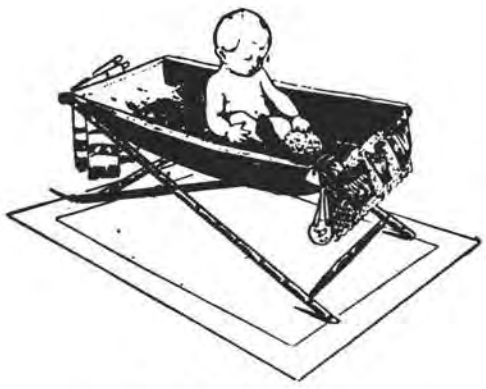
Collar and cuff set of linen, embroidered in *broderie Anglaise*

gone the way of many fair things, but a sort of shoulder collar made of lace is just as effective and much more *chic*. One may be made by plaiting or gathering two deep pieces of lace to a shirred or embroided band, which passes around the back of the neck and comes to the sides of the front. The two pieces of lace are narrowed as they approach the front, so that in shape they have there the appearance of double coat revers of lace. The shirred band which terminates at the sides of the shoulder is caught by a jeweled ornament or small lace rosette. It reappears beneath the outer lace piece and fastens to the bottom of the bodice, holding the collar in place.

How Betty Furnished Her Home

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

WHEN Betty Raymond began housekeeping she had been able to make an entirely fresh start. She was not near enough to her old home for it to be worth while to bestow upon her the odds and ends that usually are



Baby's Folding Bath

pressed upon the bride who begins housekeeping under the eaves of the parental dwelling. A few things she brought with her: her pretty little iron and brass bedstead, her dressing table and chest of drawers, her sewing chair and machine, and a few other pieces that had been among her girlish belongings,—a desk, a couple of sets of bookshelves, and an afternoon tea table.

On his part Jack had contributed to the new home the furnishings of his bachelor quarters,—another single bed, a good deal like Betty's, a chiffonier, a shaving stand, a big easy chair, and a roll-top desk.

There were also the wedding presents which, having been chosen by different persons, each one of whom had consulted his or her individual taste, made a rather heterogeneous collection. It required care and thought on Betty's part to distribute them about the house in such a way that they would not awaken too wild a discord in the rooms to which they had been allotted. A beautiful old-fashioned Davenport had been among the gifts, and this Betty at once placed in the drawing-room, and was then tortured by qualms as to her ability to live up to it in the way of furnishing and decoration. But she had good judgment and excellent taste, and the room was charming when it was finished. The wall covering was a flock paper, in a solid tint, and the pictures were chosen and hung with judgment. The furniture consisted of pretty odd pieces, that went well together without matching one another. She had received several pretty oriental rugs among her gifts and these she had laid on a filling of a solid color.

The furniture of the dining-room, of course, had been the heaviest pull on the resources of the young couple. They selected a round table and a small serving table, and were thankful that there was an old-fashioned sideboard among their gifts. The chairs matched the tables, which were cane seated.

The china was more or less of a problem with Betty. She looked at a variety of designs, all in blue and white, for she had decided that she would weary of this less readily than of anything else. She inspected the English Dresden in the onion pattern, hesitated some time before the Copenhagen blue, looked longingly at Canton, and finally decided upon the pretty "Delftland."

There were dinner and breakfast plates, vegetable dishes, platters, bread-and-butter plates, and all else she needed, and as it was what is known in the trade as "open stock" she was able to buy what she pleased. She already had after-dinner coffee cups, fruit and salad plates, fancy teacups and numberless other pretty odd pieces that had been given to her during her engagement or at her marriage, or that she had picked up herself at one time or another.

The table linen was a serious affair. Betty's mother, with the old-fashioned idea of household supplies, had held that Betty could not do with less than a dozen sets of everything. But Betty had done a little thinking on her own account, and had compared the size of her home-to-be with that of the house in which her mother had begun housekeeping. She reflected also that in this day, when household linens can be purchased ready made, it is a different matter from what it was in the time when everything had to be made to order.

So, for the dining room she bought three tablecloths, each one with a dozen napkins to match. Then she bought three large "rounds," to use at breakfast and

How I Grew Tall

A STARTLING STORY WHICH WILL INTEREST ALL WHO ARE SHORT

The Height of Either Sex Can Quickly be Increased From Two to Five Inches. These Marvelous Results Can Be Accomplished at Home Without the Knowledge of your Most Intimate Friends

THE FREE BOOK TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT IT

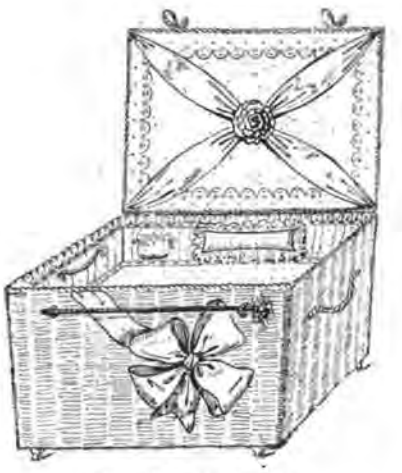
MR. K. LEO MINGES.

Inventors, scientists and physicians have for years been trying to find some method whereby the height of an individual could be increased, and up to the last few years have met with failure. It remained for a comparatively young man, Mr. K. Leo Minges by name, to discover what so many others had failed to do.

Mr. Minges resides in Rochester, N. Y., and has devoted the best part of his life in studying and experimenting on the Cartilage, and his great efforts have at last been crowned with success. A large company, composed of Rochester's leading citizens, has been formed for the purpose of placing Mr. Minges' discovery and inventions before the public, so that now it is possible for any lady or gentleman who is short to increase her or his height from two to five inches. These results are absolutely guaranteed.

Mr. Minges has successfully used his method on himself, and has grown from a short, stunted boy to a handsome, robust man of six feet one inch in height. Thousands of people living in all parts of the world are using his method, with equally startling results. Let us send you the absolute proof of the above statement. We have just issued a beautifully illustrated book, entitled, "The Secrets of How to Grow Tall," which contains information that will surprise you. Ten thousand of these remarkable books will be given away absolutely free of charge in order to introduce them. If you fail to receive a copy, you will always regret it. This great book tells how Mr. Minges made his wonderful discovery. It tells how you can increase your height and build up the entire system. It contains the pictures and statements of many who have used this method. After you receive the book you will thank us the longest day you live for having placed within your reach this great opportunity.

Remember, a postal card will bring it to your very door, all charges prepaid. All correspondence strictly confidential and sent in plain envelopes. If you wish a free copy of this book and the proof of our claims, write to-day. Address The Cartilage Co., 108 T, Unity Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.



A useful hamper basket

luncheon. With one of these she secured a dozen rather small napkins, that were a good match, and she bought besides a dozen fringed napkins. In addition to this she purchased two or three sideboard covers, and set herself to work to make others. Doilies, tea cloths, and other table accessories she had accumulated during her engagement, as every girl should, and there were centerpieces and other bits of fine work that came to her with her gifts.

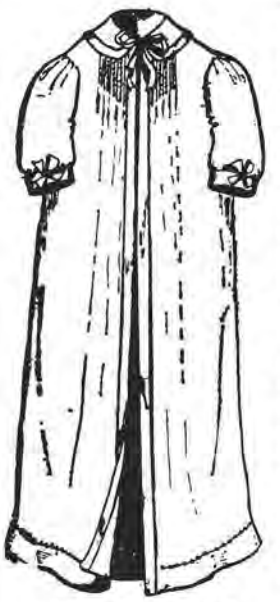
Her tablecloths and napkins Betty hemmed by hand, but the bed linen she bought ready made. Six pairs of sheets were purchased, four pairs of cotton pillow slips, and as many of linen. She felt this last to be a little extravagance, but she had always been accustomed to them and liked them much better than the cotton. Good crochet spreads were all she could afford at first. A pair of blankets for each bed, and a comfortable stuffed with thistle down—much cheaper than that which comes from the duck and quite as serviceable,—completed this stock.

When it came to towels, Betty had hard work to be economical. A dozen fine towels, embroidered, she had secured during her engagement, and those she bought after her marriage cost about fifty cents apiece. She had a dozen and a half of these, a dozen that cost three dollars and six Turkish bath towels. There were wash cloths, too, and a couple of bath mats, and other little odds and ends such as one must have,—dusters, floor cloths, and dish towels. There were two dozen of these last, although she used them but a few at a time.

I have said that Betty and Jack had two beds when they went to housekeeping. These stood side by side in the large bedroom they had chosen for their own. For the other good-sized room, which was to be a guest chamber, they bought a three-quarter white iron bed, in which two persons could sleep if it were necessary, and for this there was a short-hair mattress. The rest of the furniture of the room was in white painted wood except the washstand, which was white iron, enameled. There was a matting on the floor. In the maid's room, in the third story, Betty placed an iron cot, a bureau-washstand, and a comfortable chair. The halls of the house were covered with grass matting, and this same material was made into a rug for the dining room.

For several months Betty lived happily in her little house and found no especial lack in it. But after a while it dawned upon her that before long it would be incumbent upon her to add a certain very important piece of furniture to the household, and this must be—a cradle.

Not a cradle of the old-fashioned sort, perhaps. Betty had heard as much talk as most young women of the iniquity of rocking babies to sleep. The fact that so many men and women went through the process and survived it with brains untouched had weighed nothing with these enthusiasts and Betty felt that her cradle should be a crib. She knew just what sort it should be—iron and brass with high sides, matching in general effect the two beds already in the room. Both she and Jack would have liked nothing better than to rush off and buy it forthwith, but a matronly friend told them solemnly that it was bad luck to get the bed before the baby had actually arrived. So Betty had to console herself by getting the other things whose acquisition would not menace ill fortune to the baby or its possessors.



A wrapper for baby

Of course, the baby's wardrobe was a matter of great importance,—the first baby's wardrobe always is. Betty had had much correspondence with her mother on the matter, and, when Mrs. Melton came to visit, the two women put in most of their time discussing what the baby should have and what he should go without.

The prospective grandmother had certain notions of her own in the matter, and Betty was quite as ready with the theories she had gained from much perusal of mothers' magazines. They did not quarrel over the clothes, but they had some pretty animated discussions before they at last settled on what "he" should have in his layette.

At last they evolved a compromise, and the result was as follows:—

Four nightgowns, four slips, four dresses, three white petticoats, four flannel petticoats, six undershirts, four flannel bands, two dozen diapers a yard long and half a yard wide, three dozen diapers a yard and a quarter long and five eight of a yard wide, four little cashmere or flannel jackets, four pairs of socks, and three wrappers of cheesecloth, wadded.

There was a discussion over nearly every item in this list. Betty insisted the frocks should not be more than three quarters of a yard long while Mrs. Melton insisted on a yard and a quarter. They finally compromised to Betty's advantage and made the dresses thirty inches long. The skirts were of a suitable length for the dresses and were made with bands to button to a waist. The waists had tiny flat pearl buttons on them,—such buttons, Betty declared, being easier to fasten than safety pins and no more uncomfortable for the baby. The nightgowns were of fine outing flannel, a little longer than the dresses and very simply made.

"Ugly as sin," murmured Mrs. Melton, when she saw them, but Betty pretended not to hear. The bands were of fine flannel and unhemmed,—simply strips torn from the piece. Mrs. Melton thought them very untidy, and only looked resigned when Betty told her that a hem would cut into the baby's flesh.

"It never did into yours," she said.

On the basket and its contents, they were more at one, Mrs. Melton having secured what she wished by the simple expedient of going out and buying a hamper basket with a tray, which she brought home and went to work to line with blue silk, covering that with dotted muslin.

"But I only meant to have a flat basket, and to line it with silesia under muslin," protested Betty.

"I mean to have my own way about my first grandchild in some things," said Mrs. Melton, firmly.

In the tray of the basket were the powder box and puff, the cake of fine soap, the soft bits of old linen for washcloths, the equally soft towels, the safety pins in three sizes, large, very small, and medium, a pair of scissors, a little jar of white vaseline, and a needlebook with needles and thread. Besides these there was a full set of everything the baby would wear at his first dressing, the band, shirt, flannel skirt, white skirt, and nightgown. One of the little wrappers was there, also, and a square of fine white flannel, scalloped in silk and with a pretty design worked in one corner. This was to throw about the baby and cover his head if it should be cold in the room.

"In my day," said Mrs. Melton, "we would have thought a baby could not live without pinning blankets, or barrow coats, as some people call them. But I hear they are quite gone out now."

"They use them sometimes for winter babies, they tell me," said Betty; "but this is to be a summer baby, bless his heart!"

"Or *her* heart!" suggested Mrs. Melton.

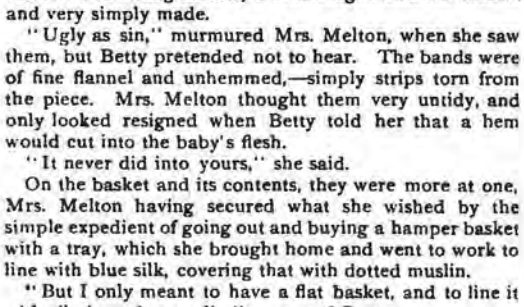
"I shall be happy whichever it is," said Betty.

* * *

How to Make the Home Beautiful

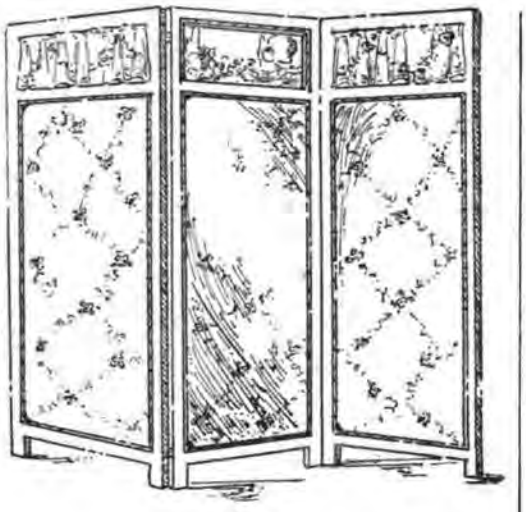
JOSEPHINE WRICHT CHAPMAN

WOMAN'S work as laid out in the ladies' magazines of the past consisted chiefly of the making of chrocheted antimacassars and pincushions made of broken wineglasses and the like. It is only recently that we have begun to



No. 1

realize that women are capable of doing more practical and useful work in beautifying the home. The arts and crafts movement is in a great degree responsible for this change for it has aroused women to the fact that they may with a little perseverance work with tools as successfully as do men. Formerly, if a window stuck or a shelf had to be put up, it would remain untouched until the man of the house had leisure to attend to it. How much better it would be if the woman of the family would learn to do such simple practical work, instead of devoting her time to the so-called fancywork! Not only does this sort of work improve the home, but it also has fully as great an effect in quite another way,—it develops the woman herself who undertakes it. It teacher her to use her powers of judgment and perseverance as no amount of the stereotyped fancywork could ever do. It helps to develop phys-



No. 2

ical as well as mental strength. I shall endeavor in this article and those which follow to give what suggestions I can to women who take an interest in making their homes attractive in various ways, which, although they require the use of tools, do not demand the expenditure of too much physical strength.

Every woman, whether she lives in a mansion or a tiny hall bedroom, instinctively desires to make her surroundings attractive. Often she is discouraged by the fact that she has not the means to do as she would like and therefore allows her home to remain unchanged. Any four walls, no matter how ugly the wall-covering or how unattractive the furnishings, may be made interesting and individual if one is willing to take the trouble. It is not the question of money so much as it is the effort of studying and the labor of carrying out one's ideas.

The first question in the decorating of a room is the wall paper. This is of the greatest importance, and too little attention is usually given it. People will often spend a great deal of thought and money on the furniture, draperies, and bric-a-brac for a room, when these things, no matter how beautiful they may be in themselves, will be ruined because of the background of ugly wall paper. As a rule, people are very loath to expend even the smallest sum in papering the walls of another man's house, and so, because the house is not their own, they endure the most inartistic of papers. It is not always necessary to paper the walls, there are many interesting ways of covering them without injuring the paper and with materials which may be used in another room when the time of moving comes. Work of this kind is certainly not difficult for a woman. Having covered the walls with an attractive material, the background of her room is ready for whatever she wishes to place against it.

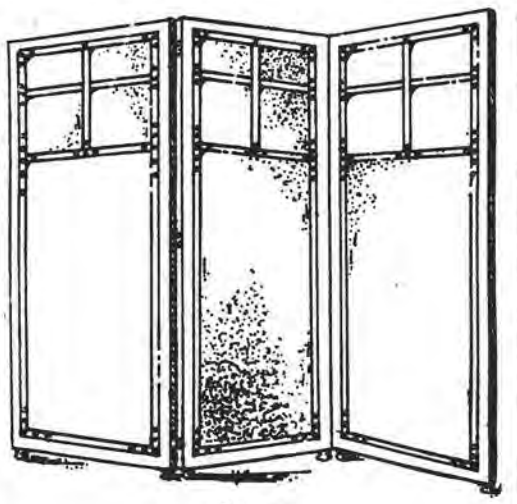
Women can easily make cushions and cover furniture and if needful there is no reason why they can not learn to scrape and finish the furniture as well. The framing of pictures is another interesting kind of mechanical work for a woman. One may buy cheap frames if she but knows how to select them, which with a little alteration and proper staining or painting will be found fully as satisfactory as much more expensive ones. The draperies and hangings of a room should be studied carefully. Many women would think it quite unnecessary to give more than a passing thought to the making and hanging of these, but it is really a science to make them of the right proportion and to hang them so that they will fall in graceful folds.

If a woman learns to use the simpler tools, such as hammer, saw and screw-driver, there are many bits of furniture which are by no means beyond her powers. There are endless little contrivances for the sleeping room, such as a dressing table, washstand, etc., which repay any amount of work which is put into them. There are also little things which she can make for other parts of the house. For instance, there is the plate rack, which adds greatly to the appearance of the dining-room walls.

In illustration No. 1, a simple rack is shown, which a woman can easily make. The frame of this is of white wood, which may be stained to match the finish of the room. The material for the frame will be two upright pieces, seven eighths of an inch thick, two and one half inches wide, and two feet and two inches long; and two crosspieces of the same thickness and width, three and one half feet long. These crosspieces are to be nailed to the uprights, two inches from the top and two inches from the bottom. The two shelves should be seven eighths of an inch thick, four inches wide and three feet eleven inches long, which is the length of the frame. Across the front of each of these shelves, a strip of wood should be nailed three eighths or one half an inch square; this will keep the plates in place. The upper shelf is to be located eight inches below the top of the crosspiece and the lower shelf five and one half inches above the bottom of the lower crosspiece. This will give about eight inches between the two shelves. To strengthen these shelves, nail a wooden bracket on the inside of the upright piece of frame at each end of the shelves. These brackets may be made of wood seven eighths of an inch thick, sawed crosswise to form a triangle three inches by three inches. A common brass curtain rod may be put up on a fixture, which stands out an inch or two from the plates. This will help to keep the large plates in place.

A very useful article for any room is a screen. There are many effective ways of making it. Illustration No. 2 shows a screen which may be made out of pine or white wood

"With its head in the clouds."



No. 3

pieces, seven-eighth inches thick by two inches wide. The six upright pieces should be five feet, six inches long, and the nine crosspieces eighteen inches long. Nail the lower crosspieces up four inches from the bottom and the top pieces flush with the top of the uprights. Nail the other crosspieces so as to leave a space of ten inches between them and the top ones. In these spaces one can put a small brass rod and hang a valance to match the covering of the screen, or, if one prefers, a colored print or photograph may be tacked on to fill each space. Cover the screen by tacking the cloth on firmly and conceal the edges with gimp, which also is put around the edges of the print or photograph.

The screen frames may be put together with double hinges or with strips of upholster's webbing tacked on to form double hinges, as shown in Illustration No. 2.

A simple screen is shown for a dining-room, in Illustration No. 3. This is made like the other screen frame, only each middle crosspiece is placed one third the height of the screen, and the bottom pieces are to be nailed on flush with the bottom of the uprights. Screw brass drawer-pulls on for feet.

Cover this screen on both sides with leather or denim. Finish the edges with wide leather gimp. Also apply this gimp to form a design, as shown in illustration. Put large, roundheaded brass nails where shown.

[Miss Josephine Wright Chapman, the architect, is known to many of our readers through her designing of the New England States Building at Buffalo, Craigie Hall Dormitory at Harvard University, churches, clubhouses and other buildings in various parts of the United States. Miss Chapman has recently returned from Europe, where she made a special study of the interior furnishings as well as the exterior of English country houses.—EDITOR, "THE SUCCESSFUL HOME."]

How Mrs. Alston Teaches Archibald Self-control

A Nursery Study

JUDITH HAWES

UP to the time when Mr. and Mrs. Alston's oldest hopeful made his appearance his mother was not considered especially imaginative. Mr. Alston was a tolerably successful business man with a rather hard-headed and literal fashion of viewing the facts of life. Mrs. Alston's interests were divided pretty equally between her home, which with the help of one maid she kept in apple-pie order, and her club, where she displayed a fearsome familiarity with parliamentary law, which struck awe to the hearts of the women who never could grasp the distinction between speaking to a motion before or after it was passed.

With the advent of Archibald all this was changed, so far as his mother was concerned. To the matter of bringing him up in the way she thought he should go she directed all the energies she had hitherto bestowed upon "Cushing's Manual" and similar works. Her club knew her no more. It was commented upon, by the way, that about this date Mr. Alston's club began to become more intimately acquainted with him than it ever before had been.

Mrs. Alston read all available books and magazines on baby culture. That was a matter of course. Was she not a club woman? Archibald was a sturdy infant and so he throve in spite of the theories. Mrs. Alston insisted it was because of them. To the casual observer Archibald and his mother appeared much like the majority of mothers and infants of the human species, until he had reached the age of reason. That was at a phenomenally early period and from that time on Archibald was supposed to be able to govern himself. When he was directed it was by suggestion,—and here was the point where Mrs. Alston's imaginative qualities asserted themselves. Apparently it was by the exercise of those alone that Archibald was to be trained in the development of his self-direction and made master of himself.

The process was one that might have been patented in a golden age when all the days were forty-eight hours long. It was not what one would expect in the country of the "strenuous life,"—and yet it could not, by any stretch of the fancy, be called a feature of the "simple

life." A specimen of the methods practiced by Mrs. Alston can give some idea of how the training was conducted.

The time is half-past six in the evening. The place is Master Archibald's nursery. His bed and bath await him. He, himself,—he is now at the mature age of three and a half, is absorbed in the endeavor, with the assistance of a train of cars and a tin horn, to make two noises where there had been only one before.

Mrs. Alston enters,—the look of the theory-made mother writ large upon her. She begins in a sprightly tone:—

"Does my little son know that all the little birds and flowers are getting ready to go to sleep? The flowers are closing their pretty eyes, the little birds are tucking their heads under their wings, and it is time for my little lamb to cuddle down and go to sleep. Does Archie want to go to bed?"

A very decided negative from Archie, was here followed by a blast upon the tin horn and the loud rattle of the train.

"Oh, I am sure Archie wants to go to bed. See his nice crib all ready for him, and his nice bath waiting. I can just see a picture of my nice little lambie coming and being washed and tucked into his bed. Oh, I can see a beautiful picture of him! Then I can see another picture of him fast asleep."

Another blast from the horn.

"Does n't Archie want to make mother happy?

"No! Wants to play?

"Oh, I think Archie loves to please mother. I can just see him coming running to mother and putting his arms around her neck and saying, 'Take me in your arms, mother, and give me my nice tub and put me in my little bed.'"

"You may see him, but you can't raise him," said Mr. Alston's voice, from the adjoining room, at the fourth or fifth repetition of Mrs. Alston's wonderful vision. "Here, let me put a stop to that nonsense. Archie, drop those cars and that horn and go to your mother and let her put you to bed. Do you hear me, young man?"

Archie proved himself wholly material and inartistic by according to this coarse utterance an attention he has denied to his mother's rehearsal of her mind pictures. He leaves the toys and gives himself over to his mother's ministrations. She, ungratefully, reproaches her lord and master.

"My dear, he will never learn self-control if you force him to obey in this manner."

Whereat Mr. Alston, being a sensible man, makes no reply beyond a whistling accompaniment to his preparations for dinner.

Mrs. Alston's methods of government are pardonable when they are pursued while only those responsible for the infant's existence are to suffer by them. But they become more or less of a calamity to the guests who visit the house. General conversation at the table is suspended because Mrs. Alston must tell Archie that she sees a good little boy eating with a spoon instead of with his fingers, and finishing his oatmeal before he demands his lump of sugar. Archie, to heighten the effect by means of contrast, is meanwhile presenting a realistic tableau of a small boy eating his food in the natural method, instead of in the style prescribed by an artificial civilization, or else uplifting loud protests against being obliged to follow his breakfast with a lump of sugar instead of taking it at what stage best pleases him. If Mr. Alston is present, the scene is likely to be terminated in the peremptory manner heretofore outlined, but at lunch, when he is absent, Archibald, in vulgar phrase, rules the roast. He has evidently gone beyond self-control and has learned the mastery of others and of circumstances.

In like manner, when there are guests calling and it pleases Archibald to make a happy hunting ground of the drawing-room, conversation is sensibly impeded, either by Archie's merry gambols and joyous or plaintive tones, or else by Mrs. Alston's efforts to restrain her son by depicting to him, in thrilling accents, how beautiful is the picture of a little boy who takes his toys into the other room or runs upstairs and sees his nurse or comes and sits down on a chair by the lady. So absolutely unmoved by these representations does Archibald remain that the guests are usually forced to the conclusion that he is entirely lacking in the power of visualizing that which is apparently clear to the maternal eyes.

Does this seem an exaggeration? Mrs. Alston's friends wish it were. As they go away from her home, their amusement tempered with indignation, they wonder, if they preserve any traditions of the old school of family discipline, whether, after all, the boys and girls raised according to early methods did not have about as much self-control as the youthful Archibald is likely to develop by the new mode.

"Never present a negative picture to the child's mind," is a shibboleth of the believers in the system practiced by Mrs. Alston. "Always put before him a positive conception of what he should do and then leave him free to make his choice."

It remains to be seen how the children thus trained will turn out. But they made tolerable men and women when the youngsters were taught self-control by the necessity of obedience to a wise authority; and the children were certainly less trouble to all concerned while they were in the process of making than are the self-training infants of the present day.

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The Health of the Household

THIS is the season of the year when the doctor's bill thrives. The weather alone is enough to affect the health unpleasantly. There are sudden changes of temperature that tax the strength. One day there is a delusive

softness in the air that makes one look about involuntarily for the tips of crocuses, the next, the mercury has dropped nearly to the zero mark, and the systems that have been relaxed are jerked up to the mark again with a suddenness that tests all the powers of endurance. The appetite, also, feels the effect of the weather; one is too languid to eat one day, and the next day, in the reaction, he is taking too much food. Is it surprising that sickness is abroad in the land?

It is not within the power of the housemother to regulate certain of the conditions that produce illness and colds of various sorts; but there are others over which she can exercise some sort of control.

In the first place, she can keep a vigilant oversight of the imprudent members of the family. These are the days when the small boy—and sometimes the big boy,—of the household goes out without his overcoat. It is as mild as June, he will plead, and will feel himself much aggrieved if he is not allowed to leave the reefer or the topcoat behind. The fact that by the time he gets home at twilight the wind is blowing half a gale and the thermometer stands at twenty-three does not incline him to be a particle more prudent the next mild day.

Now, too, is the time the girl and boy alike are disposed to go rubberless. The sun has been shining and the walks look dry. With all the care the children profess they will show it is ten to one that, if they go out without overshoes, they will come home with drenched or at least damp soles and the chokiness or sniffiness that accompanies wet feet. This may mean a course of home remedies, or it may mean a call from the doctor and an order to the pharmacy.

Another thing besides coats and rubbers that is under your control, my friend the housekeeper, is the family diet. This is not the season of the year to take too many liberties with the digestion. In spite of the sometime cold and bracing air, there is a touch of the languor of spring about the weather that tells upon the digestion as well as upon the appetite. As the warmer days grow more frequent, avoid too much meat. Go to the expense of supplying a green vegetable, like spinach or chard. Treat your family to salad often. Make fish and eggs more frequent items upon your bill of fare, to the exclusion of meat. Leave rich desserts, especially pastry, in the background. Have more fresh and stewed fruit on the table. Study new dishes, and, when the day is particularly heavy and tiresome, tempt the family palate by a surprise. All these things have their part in preserving the health of the household.

But when someone is really sick, recognize the fact. I know there are families in which the members are only too ready to yield to indisposition. I think, however, that they are in the minority. My own observation leads me to conclude that most persons stay up too long when they ought to be in bed. No time is gained by dragging around when one is really too ill to work properly. A little care at the outset often means the checking of a sharp attack of illness. When a member of the family comes in with red and watery eyes and possessed of that complaint which is popularly and inelegantly known as "the snuffles," the best thing you can do with him is to put him to bed. Preface this with a hot footbath and a dose of some laxative medicine. If there is a tendency to croupiness rub the throat and chest with camphorated oil or with mustard and lard. Give the patient a light diet. Encourage him to drink freely of cool water,—not iced water.

Twenty-four hours of this regimen will often nip a cold in the bud. A similar course may be advised for the early stages of an attack of bowel trouble. A laxative is often of value in such cases, and while the water drinking may be omitted from the programme, the light diet and the quiet rest in bed are admirable.

This, I say, is for an incipient attack of illness. In some households there are domestic practitioners who have learned by experience to do almost anything that is required in simple diseases. But, unless such an authority is very sure of the trouble and its remedy, it is not well to postpone sending for a regular physician. Often one call at the beginning of an attack will save a number later on. "When in doubt, call a doctor," is an excellent rule. The omission of this precaution is often a piece of penny wisdom and pound foolishness.

Still, the prevention of sickness by watchfulness and keeping the health in order is a better policy than the restoration after illness has begun. As I have said, this prevention is largely in the hands of the mother of the family. She needs a little warning herself. When the first weariness of early spring is upon her, she should be patient with herself and give way sometimes to fatigue, instead of spurring herself on to renewed effort. A little rest now may spare a breakdown later on.

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Two New Recipes

Fried Celery

IF one decides to serve fresh celery at the end of the dinner, with crackers and cheese, it is not amiss to have it at an earlier stage as a vegetable. The following recipe is an Italian one:—

Scrape and wash the stalks and cut them into pieces about four inches long. Cook them until tender in boiling water, to which is added a little salt. Drain them and set aside until they are cold. Dip each piece into the yolk of an egg, which you have beaten up with a tablespoonful of cold water, roll in cracker dust, and fry in butter to a light brown. Put in a hot dish, sprinkle with grated cheese, and let it stand in the oven for two minutes before serving. If you wish, you can make the vegetable richer by the addition of a cupful of tomato sauce.

Broiled Oysters

Select large fine oysters. Dry them on a soft cloth, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and roll each one in fine cracker meal. Have your oyster broiler well greased and broil the oysters for about three minutes over—or under—a clear fire. If you wish you can make the dish more ornamental by cutting pieces of toast with a fanciful cutter, placing these on the edge of the platter and serving the oysters on them. Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on each oyster after it is cooked.

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"Do not bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good."—EMERSON.

Styles for Early Spring : MARTHA DEAN


6253-6273


6270-6271


6274

WHITE promises to outvie its success of other years, and inexpensive cotton goods have never presented so fair or so attractive a showing as in the spring output.

In materials all purses have been provided for, so far as a reasonable expenditure is considered, and both mother and daughter may enter upon the wearing of the white gown. White material for dresses is certainly a good investment, for it is not only smarter, but also infinitely more economical than colored goods. A white dress may be worn for years without comment as to its age, unless, of course, it be archaic in cut. The new linens are beginning to appear in numbers, some of them being out of the beaten track and very smart. Among them one sees large embroidered dots and big splashes and figures of every description, and those with borders are indeed both novel and new. All the new materials are of "soft finish," that is, they lack the old starchy crispness of other days. The lawns, dimities, and organdies are made conspicuous by their dainty Madame de Pompadour patterns, sometimes on a plain background and sometimes over a sort of trellis work in contrasting shade. English eyelet embroidery will be very much used, not only for trimming, but also for making entire blouses. The shirt-waist suits, which may be made of any material, from the stiffest Holland to the softest mull, and in walking length, without a lining,—will not be given up. Shepherd checks, both large and small, will be worn again, and these come in a combination of colors that is entirely new this season. Blouses for the tailor suit and separate skirt are as indispensable as ever, and, although the separate blouse may be of any desired color or material, one may rest assured that the white silk or all-over lace blouse, will be quite *comme il faut* at all times.


4646

The subject to be studied this month is the dress skirt, and, if you do not think it is worth studying, I would ask you to notice the women whom you see around you. You will be surprised to find very few well-hung, good-fitting skirts. Dame Fashion has at length set her seal of approval on the short skirt, and thus simply decreed what the dress reformers have failed to accomplish after years of agitation. A very sensible fashion it is, too, and the acme of comfort, although the skirt be twice its old-time width. The fullness is produced in a variety of ways,—box-plaits, side-plaits, tucks, and shirrings, are all brought into use. All these styles have the plaited fullness stitched flat, to give the figure outline. The plain skirt is often more difficult to adjust than the trimmed one, for the trimming distracts the eye and one does not see the little things that will show under other circumstances. There are several things to remember in the making of a skirt: first of all, be sure the pattern is laid on the material properly,—that is, with the three small perforations on the lengthwise thread of the goods, for, no matter how much care is exercised in fitting, the skirt will not hang right if the cutting has not been right. The same care must be used in cutting the lining. Always have your lining appropriate to the material: do not use the same for a mull dress that you would for a velvet. The pattern should be put together with notches meeting, care being taken not to stretch the gored edges of the skirt, as much depends upon the seaming as well as the cutting. When the portions of the pattern are all together, begin the fitting, for there are very few, if any, patterns that perfectly fit the individual figure. Of many women having the same waist measure, hardly any two will have the same hip measure or the same length from waist to floor. The trouble is, *we* are not cut from the


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same pattern, and so can not expect the same pattern to fit us. In fitting, pin a narrow belt around the waist, and as the skirt is adjusted to the figure pin to the belt. The line in front, from waist to hem, should be perfectly straight. If there is any tendency to spread out, either take off extra width at the front seams or raise the skirt at the sides and back. Always push the extra fullness from the front, taking it from the seams rather than the darts, or, if a plaited skirt is used, lap the plaits at the waist line. If the skirt is too long, it is better to lay a tuck around the skirt about half way between the hip and the knee, as this method does not interfere with the flare or finish at the lower edge. Press open all the seams, and bind the edges with silk tape, or pink the edges if they do not ravel. Next, make the placket opening, by facing the left side with material and finishing the right side with an extension lap about one and three fourths inches wide when finished. Next sew on the hooks and eyes, or patent fasteners, and turn up the lower edge of the skirt to the right length, and finish with binding. The short skirt this season is two inches off the floor. Remove all the bastings, and give the skirt a thorough pressing. Always cover the material with a dampened cloth, for if one lays an iron on the material it will make it shiny and possibly discolor it. If any of the seams are puckered, or it becomes necessary to shrink the lining, dampen the part well with cold water and cover with several layers of cloth and press with a very hot iron; repeat the process until the right shape is desired. Much of the success of a garment depends upon careful pressing, and the home dressmaker will do well to give considerable attention to this finishing detail.

4646.—Girl's' Frock. Sizes, for girls, 12, 14, 16 years.

4644.—Girls' Frock in Gulmp Style. Sizes, for girls from 3 to 12 years.

4649.—Child's One-piece Apron. Made to slip on over the head. Sizes, for children from 3 to 12 years.

4650.—Girls' Party Frock. Sizes, for girls from 4 to 12 years.

6267.—Ladies' Blouse. Sizes, for ladies measuring from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6253.—Ladies' One-piece Corset Cover. Sizes, for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

6273.—Ladies' Five-gore Petticoat, with Handkerchief or Circular Flounce. Sizes, for ladies measuring from 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6270.—Ladies' Spring Jacket. Sizes, for ladies measuring from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6271.—Ladies' Box-plaited Skirt, in Walking Length. Sizes, for ladies measuring from 32 to 42 inches, waist measure.

6274.—Ladies' Wrapper. Sizes, for ladies measuring from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

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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 202 and 203 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.]

Down in the hearts of most men there exists an ineradicable impression that their popularity would greatly increase if people knew what really good fellows they are. Don't smile at them. If you will sit down and think of it, you will realize that you are of their number, and, if you are not, so much the worse for you. If we do not esteem ourselves, who, aside from our mothers, will esteem us?

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"There is no impurity in water that can not be removed by some means within reach of chemistry, and there is likewise no bad suggestion impressed on a sane human mind that can not be counteracted by some right and good suggestion."

HORACE FLETCHER.

How Sadie Learned to Entertain

MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Dramatis Personæ:—MRS. ENDICOTT WINTHROP and MISS SADIE SMITH

Miss Sadie.—Dear Mrs. Winthrop, it is awfully kind of you to let me come and talk over my problems with you. You see, I feel at such a disadvantage here in New York, brought up as I have been in a small town where everything is different. Mommer has never been strong, and, not caring for society, knows little of social customs.

Mrs. Winthrop.—Come to me freely whenever you think I can help you, little girl, but let me try to restore your self-confidence. Remember that courtesy—the real thing,—is the same in Ning-po as in New York, only the *forms* differ, but here in America, among your own countrymen and women, the differences even of form are very slight and you will master them easily and quickly. Besides, you are not a stranger. You were at school here, were you not?

Sadie.—Yes, but it is before the very girls that I knew then that I am most anxious not to make mistakes and appear awkward and countrified. I think that I should feel less self-conscious and unimportant if I were not named *Smith!* It is so common.

Mrs. Winthrop, laughing.—Not common,—only popular, dear! Besides, to a woman, all is possible. You may yet be known as Mrs. Montmorenci Vere de Vere.

Sadie, blushing.—Then, too, popper made his money in things that one sees advertised everywhere. I feel that, when it is explained what particular Smith I am, people see popper s lables all over me.

Mrs. Winthrop.—That is false pride, child. Your father made his money honestly, and you may always be proud of that. Not all who are conspicuous in society can say that, but you may look everyone squarely in the face and know that your father's record is clean. You know—

> "A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod
> An honest man's the noblest work of God."

But one of the little shibboleths that you can easily acquire is to call your parents "father" and "mother," or "daddy" and "mammie," or any pet name, however absurd; but "popper" and "mommer" have been caricatured as provincial, so I should make that little concession to popular opinion, at least, if I were you, in speaking of them.

Sadie.—I will try,—but I shall feel affected,—at first.

Mrs. Winthrop.—Certain phrases and expressions are indicative of a class, or grade of society. When I hear girls exclaim at intervals, while listening to an account of something delightful, "Oh, that's fine!" or "that's great!" or "that's dandy!" I know just where they belong in the social scale. Then, too, slang is admissible, perhaps, in a measure, but one's vocabulary becomes terribly impoverished if he gets into the habit of using it. When I overheard, once, the conversation of some girls, their only terms of approval or disapproval seemed to be, "I'm crazy about it," or "Isn't it the limit?" When these expressions are often repeated to the exclusion of all others, they make a conversation appear very *shallow.*

I do not like stilted terms, nor do I like old heads on young shoulders, but I have a great liking for our mother tongue, correctly spoken, which always betrays in the speaker a measure of refinement, culture, and gentlehood, which, joined to a well-modulated voice, goes far toward making a girl appear charming.

Sadie.—I suppose that every girl would like to be that.

Mrs. Winthrop.—Of course she would. Every normally constituted girl wants to please her friends,—including the young men whom she knows. There is nothing unmaidenly in the avowal, either.

Sadie.—Should I wait for a young man to ask to be allowed to call upon me, or might I ask him to come?

Mrs. Winthrop.—As it would be extremely embarrassing to refuse permission to call, when asked, and the least desirable acquaintances among men would be the ones who would not lack the effrontery to ask to call, social usage leaves the matter entirely in the woman's hands. She is the one to decide whom she shall count among her friends, so it is her privilege to ask young men to call upon her,—if she has met them more than once, and is reasonably sure that they would not be averse to doing so.

It is in better taste if the first time a young man calls, the mother or father of the girl comes into the room where they are for a little while. It is easy to make some excuse to withdraw, but a girl should not have a friend whom her parents have never met.

If the call of a young man is made in the afternoon, she may offer him a cup of tea, which she makes before him. The mother may make the customary afternoon tea the pretext for joining them.

Sadie.—What should I serve with the tea?

Mrs. Winthrop.—Oh, some very small, dainty sandwiches of watercress, cucumber, or orange marmalade, or wedges of hot buttered toast or toasted crackers with powdered cheese on them, and a bit of cake or not, as you please. Offer the choice of thick cream or sliced lemon, for the tea, but let me urge you not to follow the example of some and have Jamaica rum among your teatable furnishings. A young girl should stand for all that is purest and best in the minds of her men friends, and, when she takes the rôle of a tempter to what some can not take with safety, she steps down from her pedestal and cheapens herself. I have heard girls press it upon young men, when they have repeated their refusal.

Sadie.—Oh, I would n't do that for the world! But

speaking of afternoon tea reminds me of an invitation I have received for a tea or reception at the house of some awfully "swell" people, and—

Mrs. Winthrop.—Dear girl, pardon me if I interrupt you just to say, as your mentor, that, if you use slang at all, you positively must not use antiquated slang! Nowadays they talk of "smart people," not "swells." It means the same thing, but, as my irreverent children say to me, "Come up to date, mother."

Sadie.—Thank you! I will "mind my manners," but will you please tell me what I must do at this "smart" reception?

Mrs. Winthrop.—If you go on foot you should dress as for attending church or calling,—wearing a cloth or velveteen skirt and jacket, with a pretty, becoming hat, and white gloves. The jacket may conceal a dressy waist, and, as the wraps are usually removed, and the people crowding closely make the skirt inconspicuous, you will look sufficiently well dressed, if your hat is a bit stylish. It is really the most important part of the costume, and one may wear quite a dressy hat even when walking on the street, if the gown be a quiet one. You should wear white gloves in any case. If you drive to and from the house where the reception takes place, you may wear a gown of any degree of elegance that your wardrobe permits,—of pale cloth, velvet, or even chiffon cloth, if you have a handsome wrap or coat and a hat that accords with it. A large black hat, with feathers, may be worn with almost anything, if it is obviously of the first quality in make and material. For one who is not yet sure of her place in society, it is in better taste and gratifies an instinct of fitness to dress inconspicuously, but everything should be fresh and "well groomed," though too "new" a look is not to be desired.

You should not ring the bell, the door will be opened at your approach. You should leave your card and your mother's on the hall table, and, if you wish to remove your wrap or jacket, you may do so in an upstairs room, whose location other women's coming and going will indicate, or, if you intend to stay but a few moments, you may leave it in the hall.

As you are about to enter the drawing-room, you may be asked your name by the servant, which will then be announced, or you will enter unannounced and find your hostess waiting to greet you.

Sadie.—How long must I talk to her?

Mrs. Winthrop.—Until the next-comer claims her attention, then you will be free to pass on to see whom you may happen to know in the room. If you see nobody you know, go right on to the dining room. Remember that no one will be looking at you, for every woman will be intent upon herself or her friends. If you wish a cup of tea or an ice, it will be given to you by a waiter or by some friend of the hostess who will be there for the very purpose of offering that hospitality as the representative of the hostess. She will probably chat with you a little. If not, you may talk with anyone who may happen to be near you who is not otherwise engaged. "The roof is an introduction."

You may slip away unobserved through the door leading from the dining room to the hall. If it is blocked by musicians or otherwise, you should pass through the drawing-room, bowing and smiling your adieux to your hostess, if you can catch her eye. Should she ask you if you must go so soon, you may answer, "Yes, unfortunately." Shake hands cordially and pass on. That is all.

Sadie.—That seems simple enough. To know what is expected of one makes such a difference! And now, if you are not quite tired of me and my problems, I want to say that my old school friends have been very kind to me. Each of those whom I knew best has shown me some attention, and I am beginning to worry about what sort of return of hospitality I must make. Then, too, if I am to live here, I should be glad to find the others that I knew at school, but I barely recall their names.

Mrs. Winthrop.—Beg or borrow a "Social Register." Look over the names and see whom you have known. Send your mother's card and your own, with your address, to each of them, with your reception day *written* in the lower left corner,—to show that you are receiving very informally. Make your rooms pretty, wear a fresh, becoming gown, such as you might wear any afternoon at home, have your little tea table, with its dainty furnishings, at hand, and be ready to receive your friends from three until six. Your mother—

Sadie.—Oh, mom—mother would have stage fright. She would not be willing to receive with me. It would make her nervous.

Mrs. Winthrop.—If your mother is unable to be present, give a little message of excuse, as if it was not a foregone conclusion that she would not be present. You should have the conventional support of her implied presence,—or you could not have a reception day. Pleasant friendships are established by means of these informal meetings. Your friends are sure of finding you at home. They are not yet so numerous but that you may profit by a *tête-à-tête* or friendly trio or quartet to get really acquainted. It is the entering wedge into society, but one which is in good taste, and every woman wants a little place in the society of the world she lives in.

Sadie.—When I get up my courage to "entertain," will you let me bother you again? I *must* go, now. Good-by, and thank you!

Mrs. Winthrop.—I should advise a little luncheon party,—and I promise to tell you "just how" to do it. If I know my own heart, I dearly love to lend a hand to those in any difficulty,—so you give me pleasure, too. "Happiness was born a twin," you know! To use the unabbreviated form,—"God be with you!" [*Exit Sadie.*

[*To be continued*]

Popular Science for the Home

Conducted by GARRETT P. SERVISS

Making the Tropics Habitable

How the War on Parasitic Diseases Is Opening New Lands to the White Man

WHEN, a hundred years hence, men look back over the history of civilization, they will find no record more gratifying and wonderful than that which tells how, at the beginning of the twentieth century, the tropics were conquered and made habitable for civilized races.

This is a conquest in which guns and battleships would be worse than useless. It is the achievement of science alone, and, being now in the midst of it, we fail, as happens with all great things when viewed too close at hand, to appreciate its real magnitude and its vast train of consequences.

In order to understand what it means, however, we need only to remember that the richest belt of the globe, lying on each side of the equator and spreading broadly north and south, has always been, over much of its surface, virtually uninhabitable to white men. Yet it is a gorgeous paradise of vegetation, and the home of many of the most beautiful forms of animal life. Its resources, unknown because undeveloped, are evidently all but limitless. While the temperate zones are better adapted for the raising of grain and corn and the hardier varieties of fruits and vegetables, and while they also offer a more favorable environment for a dense industrial population, the tropics, with their procreant soil, abundant sunshine, and moist and fruitful climate, producing all the year round delicious fruits with slight or no assistance from man, seem to have been designed for the garden of the earth.

But this garden has hitherto been watched by a dragon whose jaws few white men invading its precincts could escape. Certain diseases, many of which are peculiar to the tropics, have effectually guarded this most beautiful region of the world against those races of mankind whom Providence seems otherwise to have designated as the natural rulers and possessors of the planet.

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Nevertheless, this state of affairs could not last in the face of the advance of modern science. The key to the situation had been grasped when the discovery was made that the most dreaded diseases of the tropics are of parasitic origin, and that certain insects are instrumental in disseminating them among human beings. From time immemorial thousands of miles of the coast of Africa have been almost inaccessible to white men, because of the malarial fevers that pervaded the lowlands running inland from the shore. The moment it was found that the mosquito was the real cacodemon of this disease-haunted belt, victory for the white invaders came in sight. Within the past three or four years, places that were once dreaded and avoided by Europeans, like plague spots, have been turned into solubrious and delightful abodes, through the simple elimination of the mosquitoes with their poisoned darts.

This victorious campaign for the emancipation of the tropics, so successfully and brilliantly begun under the banner of modern medical science, was the occasion of many felicitations, and of the bestowal of an important medal, at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society in London a few weeks ago. The recipient of the medal was Colonel David Bruce, who for years has been engaged in the battle with tropical diseases, and whose latest triumph, achieved last year in Uganda, is a fine illustration of the methods employed in this warfare of science.

Everybody has heard of the terrible tsetse fly of South Africa whose fatal sting has caused the loss of hundreds of thousands of cattle and other domestic animals. Human beings were thought to be secure against the poison of this insect, but now it is known, through the researches of Bruce and others, that a most peculiar and fatal human disease, heretofore prevalent in some parts of Africa, is due to infection conveyed into the blood of men by the sting of a species of tsetse fly. This singular ailment is known as the "sleeping sickness," and has been pronounced "appalling in its inexorable deadliness." Physicians were entirely helpless in its presence. Unlike some other tropical diseases, it raged with most fearful violence among the natives of the country, and in 1903 Uganda was terrorized by it.

But as soon as the real nature of this human tsetse-fly disease had been recognized it was found possible to combat it by the simple method of prevention. Just as, before preventive measures were undertaken, it had been noticed that there was no "sleeping sickness" where there were no tsetse flies, so, as soon as the agency of the fly in communicating the disease had been recognized, and its access to human beings had been shut off, the "sleeping sickness" ceased to rage even in districts where the flies abounded. The moral, of course, was exactly as in the previous case of the mosquito and malarial fever: "Destroy the insect that carries the disease and you will put an end to the disease itself."

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These are by no means the only instances of victory over tropical diseases, giving promise of a revolution in the conditions of habitability of some of the most attractive portions of the earth. On our side of the ocean the battle is also going on. In this hemisphere one of the worst scourges of the tropics is yellow fever, and here again insects are the active agents in spreading the infection. But, since a corps of the American army of science took possession of Havana, the fearful disease, which in times past has often made the world shudder at the very name of that beautiful capital, has been practically annihilated.

It is significant of the future that our engineers who are about to drive the Panama canal from ocean to ocean have not even dreamed of undertaking this great work without first invoking the aid of biological science to at

tack and destroy the citadel of tropical diseases, which, quite as much as the mechanical difficulties of the undertaking, proved an impregnable obstacle to the success of their French predecessors.

But is it not singular that insects should have had the power to practically close some of the most desirable regions of the globe against man and his civilization? Making themselves allies of our yet more minute foes, the pathogenic bacteria, mosquitoes and tsetse flies, and a few other species of insects, have held us back from many tropical lands almost as effectually as the eternal ice has barred our passage to the poles. It is a demonstration of the strength that lies in numbers.

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The Search for Life

Is Chemistry on the Road to Discovery of How Living Beings Originate?

A VERY interesting discussion has been going on of late in some of the scientific journals on that problem of problems, "What is life?"

A few years ago there was considerable popular excitement over the discoveries and experiments of Professor Loeb, of the Chicago University, and many people got the impression that he had really found out how to set the wheels of life running by artificial stimulus. Accordingly, when he came to New York to give a course of lectures before Columbia University, his lecture room was crowded with men and women who were immensely disappointed because they could not understand what he was talking about, and because he failed to tell them the secret which they supposed he had discovered.

After that, popular interest in the subject rapidly evaporated, but the experiments that gave rise to it have been continued ever since, and those who are on the inside know that progress is being made, although the fundamental secret still escapes the grasp of science.

In a recent address Professor Loeb declared that "it is now proved beyond all doubt that the variables in the chemical processes in living organisms are identical with those with which the chemist has to deal in the laboratory." This may not mean much to popular apprehension, but biologists are aware that it signifies that they are getting upon solid ground from which a wonderful advance may at any moment be made.

In the meantime most interesting speculations, and suggestions of new lines of research are rife. Dr. F. J. Allen, of Cambridge, England, points out that there is now reason to hope for the successful imitation in the laboratory of some of nature's simpler combinations from which living cells are produced. He believes that one of the functions giving rise to life is the deoxidation of compounds containing nitrogen, oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen, by the action of light, moderate heat, or slight electrical disturbance, and he thinks that we ought to be able to discover the conditions on which this deoxidation depends, and to imitate it artificially. It may turn out, he says, to be nearly a reversal of the process of vital oxidation.

The reason why life seems to spring only from prior life and not to originate in non-living substances is, he suggests, because although first attempts at life may be occurring continually around us, any synthetic (that is, life-producing) substances which may result from the deoxidation above described are sure to be seized and assimilated by already developed organisms, and thus the new life is nipped in the bud. The problem, then, is to prevent this assimilation by existing life, and thus give an opportunity for new cells to form.

One of the conditions existing in nature, and not attainable in the laboratory, is the lapse of vast periods of time, during which the long course of evolution between inorganic matter and the living cell has had opportunity to unfold. But, notwithstanding this disadvantage, Dr. Allen thinks it possible that we could bring some of the individual functions of life into action, at least in a primitive form, although to produce the total functions, on which the higher forms of life depend, might prove beyond our power because of our restricted field of action.

A different problem is that of the origination of varying forms of already existing life, and to Professor Loeb it seems probable that the discoveries of Mendel and Hugo de Vries on the sudden appearance of variations, due to hereditary tendencies, indicate the direction in which the artificial production of new species is to be sought, provided that such production is possible at all.

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Something New on the Moon

The Discovery at the Lick Observatory of a "Crack" Eighty Miles Long, Which May Be a River Bed

THE discovery announced from the Lick Observatory in the middle of December of a hitherto undetected "crack" in the moon is certain to make a stir among astronomers. It is so seldom that the moon presents anything new to the gaze of the telescope that a novelty as striking as this one is will command universal attention. It may also serve to throw a great deal of light on the past and the future of our satellite, and to clear up some long-standing lunar mysteries.

The newspapers have spoken of it as a crack in the moon's crust, and at least one poet has already uttered a melodious lament over the appearance of this "wrinkle of age" on the face of fair Luna. While it may really be a crack, there is at least an equally good chance that it is a river bed. Viewed in that light it lends considerable support to the recent speculations of Professor William C. Pickering about the continuance of life-like movements and changes on the moon.

It may be asked, "Why, if it is a river bed, has it so suddenly made its appearance? Do the lunar rivers spring into existence, like Jonah's gourd, in a single night?"

There is no evidence that it has suddenly sprung into existence. Probably it has not been seen before because nobody has looked for it at the right time and with sufficient care. Even with the giant powers of the Lick telescope it is not easily seen.

In order to understand the river hypothesis, a word about the location and the surroundings of this novel object is necessary. It lies along the axis of a very wonderful valley, which has been known to students of lunar scenery almost from the invention of the telescope,—the "Valley of

the Alps,"—for there are mountains called the Alps on the moon as well as on the earth. The lunar Alps lie in the northern hemisphere and are visible to the naked eye as a bright patch, on account of the brilliant reflection of sunlight from their vast jumble of sharp peaks and broken ridges.

Right through the middle of this mountain mass, running nearly from north to south, and debouching between towering peaks into the broad level expanse called the *Mare Imbrium*, or "Sea of Showers," runs the great Valley of the Alps, eighty miles in length, and varying in width from a half or a quarter of a mile to five or six miles. I have myself seen this remarkable valley, or canyon, with the Lick telescope, and it is, indeed, a wonderful sight. But a fairly good view of it can be obtained by anybody with an ordinary telescope of three or four inches aperture and a magnifying power of one or two hundred diameters.

Now, the newly discovered "crack" is just in the center of this valley, and runs through its entire length, of eighty miles. It is a narrow dark line, looking almost exactly as the Colorado River might be supposed to look if one could view it from a point so far above the earth that all the finer details of the landscape would be invisible, and only the huge walls of the canyon could be made out, with the line of the river drawn through the middle.

That the two things, the valley and the significant looking line in its center, are intimately related, and both due to similar or the same causes, is a proposition which hardly admits of doubt. The visual suggestion is that of a river which has forced its way through mountains, taking advantage of a narrow road opened for it by some geological convulsion, as has happened in so many places, but usually upon a smaller scale, on the earth.

Still, it should not be assumed that there is a stream now flowing through this lunar river bed. Our present knowledge of the conditions prevailing on the moon does not permit us to think that there can be water enough there to form even a rill, or a brook, much less a river. But, even considered as a dried-up river, this strange line on the moon is immensely interesting. It carries the imagination back to some former age, when waters may have sparkled and fields grown green among the now barren scenery of the moon.

It makes far more reasonable the hypothesis that our satellite was once the abode of life, and even perhaps of intelligent beings, who, looking at the earth hanging portentous over their heads, wondered if it, too, could be a living world, as we now wonder about the other planets. It also increases the probability that more prolonged study, with instruments continually growing in power, may make us acquainted with the remains of former lunar life, and possibly may show, as Professor Pickering thinks has already been shown, that even yet everything is not dead in the lunar world.

The other view, that this line in the Valley of the Alps is a crack in the lunar globe, ominous of what coming catastrophe we hardly dare to guess, must depend for its justification upon the future behavior of the phenomenon. If the line should grow more distinct and broader, the inference would be clear that the crust of the moon was breaking asunder in that locality. Only time, and assiduous observation, can settle this question. There are other so-called cracks in the moon which have long been known to astronomers, and which have undergone no perceptible change for centuries. We have no reason to suppose that a world can split up and fly asunder like an atom of radium, but, after all, we have hardly yet begun to understand the forces and tendencies that make and unmake the Universe.

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Transforming the Plant World

The Surprising Achievements of Luther Burbank, and Their Scientific Bearing

THE astounding results of Luther Burbank's experiments in the production of new forms of plants at his farm in California may lead to further revisions of the theories of evolution. The name of "wizard," which has been popularly applied to him, is hardly an exaggeration, in view of his undoubted achievements. His experiments reach toward the very roots of biologic science. David Starr Jordan, after remarking that Mr. Burbank's practical achievements give weight to his views on theoretical questions, quotes his statement that the facts of plant life demand a kinetic theory of evolution which shall recognize that matter is force alone, and that the time will come when the theory of eons will be thrown aside and no line be left between force and matter.

Of course, there is nothing above or beyond nature in what Mr. Burbank does, except so far as he applies human intelligence to direct and concentrate natural forces and tendencies. He does not *create* those tendencies, but simply finds them lying latent and furnishes them with opportunities for development. Hidden in the world of living forms about us there are multitudes of undeveloped forms, mere shadows of things that may be, depending upon latent traits and hereditary tendencies, and capable of realization only when circumstances favor them. It is Mr. Burbank's care to provide the favoring circumstances.

Occasionally nature herself produces a new form, so suddenly that it is called a saltation, or "leap" into existence. This does not mean that actual creative power has been applied, but only that the needed opportunity has occurred, through some change of environment, for the development of a latent tendency. Almost infinite possibilities of variation seem to exist; but, left to herself, Nature brings them forth but rarely and at long intervals.

Now, these mutations, according to Mr. Burbank, can be produced at will through the interference of man. What he has to do is simply to disturb, in some way, the fixed habits of a plant, and to surround it with new conditions. The most potent means of bringing about mutations of form in plants is by crossing. In this way, as Mr. Burbank graphically puts it in a statement to President Jordan, a species is thrown into a state of perturbation, or "wabble," and the experimenter takes advantage of the wabble to guide the life forces into the desired channel. He avers that "there is no evidence of any limit in the production of variation through artificial selection, especially if preceded by crossing." Such mutations are analogous to new chemical combinations. On the average about six generations are required to fix a variation, but sometimes it is fixed at once. Thus, through human interference, more variations and mutations in plant life

can be brought about in half a dozen generations than Nature would form in a hundred or a thousand generations.

Nature, once in a while, produces a single spineless cactus, but Mr. Burbank has produced fields full of spineless cactuses, furnishing nourishing food for cattle, and offering a means, it may be, of reclaiming for the uses of civilization vast areas of desert land.

Nature, in a timid, half-hearted way, made a few palely white blackberries. Mr. Burbank crossed these wild "sports" with the Lawton blackberry and produced the wonderful "iceberg" berry, a huge, luscious fruit as white as driven snow. Blackberries crossed with raspberries produce a fruit that possesses the combined flavor of both the parents. Strawberry and raspberry plants have been crossed, but the resulting hybrids have thus far produced no fruit.

How wild seems the idea of crossing the apple and the blackberry! Yet Mr. Burbank has done it by fertilizing the flowers of the one with the pollen of the other, and the cross came out, as President Jordan describes it, "essentially apples in foliage and growth, though raised from blackberry seeds." Only two of these wonderful plants ever bloomed.

The burrs have been bred off of chestnuts, but it was found that this was going too far, because it allowed the birds to get at the kernels. Nature, in this case, knew best what she was about. So Mr. Burbank, desiring to make nut-cracking easier, developed an English walnut with a superior flavor and a very thin shell. But he made the shell so thin that the birds got through it, and then he had to resume his experiments, and, by means of fresh selections and crossings developed a shell a little stronger, without destroying the fine flavor of the kernel.

Peaches crossed with almonds; pears crossed with plums; lima beans crossed with pole beans; petunias crossed with tobacco plants; and many other sorts of hybrids, many of them exceedingly beautiful, produced by the crossing of flowers,—such are some of the results of Mr. Burbank's amazing experiments, to say nothing of stoneless prunes, seedless oranges, plums that have the taste of Bartlett pears, and potatoes that know no equal.

How long will it be before this kind of partnership with nature will have transformed the vegetable kingdom into a reflection of man's moods, needs, and fancies?

"There's Always Room"

SMITH D. FRY

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON'S lecture on "Money and Morals" reminds one of the fact that, although the great editor always had morals, he did not always have money. He himself has told it thus:—

"I arrived in Cincinnati one blustering winter night, a ragged, hungry stranger, just out of the rebel army. I had just enough money to pay for a night's lodging. How well I remember wandering about the streets of the great city wondering what the next day would bring me. I believed that I had ability as a journalist, and was satisfied that I could prove it, if I could get an opportunity. Several times I was in the act of entering the different morning newspaper offices and applying for work, but I was so downhearted that I did not have the courage to do so. I took a good sleep that night, and did not get up till late the next day.

"My case was a desperate one, and I knew that I must secure employment. I never was more determined in my life, before nor since. I felt as if I could face the sternest editor in the land without a quiver. In this frame of mind I started out to make a tour of the various offices. At the first the editor told me, in a brutally blunt way, that his staff was crowded, and then he resumed work. I visited all of the newspaper offices with the same result, except the 'Times' office. That paper had a large job printing office attached to it, which did a great deal of theatrical printing. I also noticed that the paper had a miserably written dramatic column. I called on Colonel Starbuck, the editor and proprietor, and asked if there were any vacancies on his staff.

"'There are never any vacancies on a good paper, but there's always room for a good man,' replied the colonel.

"I shall never forget that answer, and it is one that I have always made to applicants for positions. I succeeded in impressing him with my belief that I could improve his dramatic column, and proposed to write it for nothing, if he would give me twenty-five per cent. commission on the printing and advertising which I might secure. He declined my proposition, and, as I was turning away in despair, he said that he would give me twelve dollars per week to perform that service.

"What a change came over me! I immediately felt myself suddenly enriched. He then told me that I was engaged only for a week, and that, if I did n't suit, I would be discharged at the end of the week. I told him that I knew a permanent job when I saw it, that this job would be permanent, and that, if he did not find me competent, I would consider it an offense if he did not remove me.

"It was the first day of the week, and I started out at once. I never undertook a task with more enthusiasm. I attended the theaters every night. Before the end of the week, Colonel Starbuck expressed his approval. On Saturday afternoon I went to the theaters to collect the money due the 'Times' for advertising and printing. At the National Theater, after collecting the money, I was handed an envelope addressed to me. Supposing that it contained an item of news or a ticket, I put it into my pocket unopened. At Pike's another envelope bearing my name was presented me, and the same thing occurred at Wood's Theater.

"When I returned to the 'Times' office, I opened the envelopes and found that the ones presented to me at the National and Pike's each contained ten dollars, and the one handed me at Wood's contained five dollars. I told Colonel Starbuck the circumstances, and tendered him the money. He said that it did not belong to him and he would not accept it. I said that it certainly did not belong to me, and that I would not accept it, so I returned the donations to the theatrical managers. They said that the money had been given me in consideration of the favorable notices which had been given to their performances.

"A short time afterwards, Colonel Starbuck made me managing editor."

Listen to others, but never depend on them or follow them.

Do Ninety-five out of Every Hundred Business Men Fail?

ANY misstatement, often enough repeated, gets to be a considered fact no matter how damaging it may be. The statement that ninety-five per cent. of business men fail has been often made, and recently was given a prominent place and editorial authority in one of the leading periodicals. Feeling sure that it is a slander on the ability of American business men, the editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE wrote to "Bradstreet's," asking if they had statistics proving that no such large per cent. fail. The following answer from Frank Greene, managing editor of the journal, "Bradstreet's," is explicit in its condemnation of the traditional proposition, and, in justice to the business men of the country, we are glad to give it publicity:—

To the Editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE,

DEAR SIR:—

Your inquiry of December 10th is one very similar to others that we have received regarding this matter, and I think may be answered as we have answered others, that is, in the negative. We have some statistics going to show that the saying, legend, tradition, or what you will, to the effect that 95 per cent. of all men in business fail, is not correct. We know of nothing in the way of statistics that would indicate that it is correct.

I say this with full knowledge of the fact that "Bradstreet's" itself has frequently been cited in support of this tradition, and can explain it only on the ground that statements made as to the rate of mortality in general business have, in the lapse of the years, become distorted; and, thus distorted, have been applied to all business life, a period for which has been selected by the observer.

Many years ago, in compiling failure statistics, we were interested to observe that the annual business mortality, that is, of people failing unable to pay their debts, constituted a more or less certain percentage of all those in business. This percentage varied accordingly as normal or abnormal conditions in general business dictated. You will observe from the inclosed clipping from "Bradstreet's Journal" that in some years it was a fraction less than one per cent., while in 1893, the last panic year, it rose as high as 1.50 per cent:—

	Number in business.	*Number failing.*	*Per ct. failing.*
1903	1,273,000	9,768	.76
1902	1,238,973	9,971	.80
1901	1,207,898	10,657	.88
1900	1,161,000	9,913	.85
1899	1,125,000	9,634	.85
1898	1,093,000	11,638	1.06
1897	1,086,000	13,099	1.20
1896	1,080,000	15 112	1.40
1895	1,054,000	13,012	1.23
1894	1,047,000	12,721	1 21
1893	1,050,000	15,560	1.50
1892	1,035,000	10,270	1.00
1891	1,010,000	12.394	1 22
1890	989,000	10,673	1.07
1889	978,000	11,719	1.20
1888	955,000	10,587	1.10
1887	933,000	9,740	1.04
1886	920,000	10,568	1.15
1885	890,000	11,116	1.25
1884	875,000	11,600	1.32
1883	855,000	10,299	1.20
1882	820,000	7,635	.93
1881	780,000	5,929	.76
1880	733,000	4,350	.60
1879	703,000	6,652	.94

We have never attempted to apply an annual percentage of business casualty to a business lifetime for the very good reason that the duration of the lifetime varies with the individual and the character of the years he is in business. Others have, however, chosen to fix upon a certain period of time as a business life, and we presume that this was the shadowy basis for the saying now apparently crystallized in the legend that "'Bradstreet's' says that ninety-five per cent. of all men in business fail."

While on this subject, it might be well to point out that there is more than one kind of a business failure. First, there is the failure to meet and pay monetary obligations in full. This sort of failure is specifically covered by our reports of failures, weekly, monthly, and yearly. Second, there is the failure to *succeed* in a certain mercantile undertaking. Of the former, there were 9,768 in the calendar year 1903, or seventy-six hundredths of one per cent. of all those in business. As to the second, I would say that there were 284,393 names erased from "Bradstreet's Book of Ratings" in 1903, while there were 322,006 new names added. How many of the former voluntarily retired, or were forced from the ranks because of their failure to succeed, some of whom, perhaps, reappeared in the list of new names, is an unknown quantity. There are no statistics whatever on this feature, nor does it seem possible that the necessary information could be obtained from which an opinion of any value could be deduced. If the direct question is asked us, "Do ninety per cent. of all persons who engage in business *fail to pay their debts?*" we would answer "No," because our records show that the annual death rate by commercial failure is only about one per cent.

Yours very truly,
FRANK GREENE,
Managing Editor, "Bradstreet's."

The 50,624 miles of railways in the United Kingdom carried 1,195,265,000 passengers last year, and decreased their coal bills by sixteen per cent., though rates, taxes, repairs, renewals and cost of way maintenance were increased.

A Parisian company has produced an electric carriage in which the motors move with the axles and wheels at the same rate of speed. This does away with all manner of transmission and gearing, with consequent gain of all force formerly lost.

The Well-dressed Man

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[Editor of "The Haberdasher."]

MEN who dress intelligently recognize that the care of clothes is every whit as important as the cut of clothes. Most of us can recall offhand this acquaintance or that who goes to an expensive tailor and yet who misses

A shirt with stiff bosom and cuffs

The latest in madras shirts

utterly the "air," the indefinable quality, the subtle something which lends distinction and sets the wearer apart. As I said in a previous paper, the prime essential of correct dress is to get the best cloth and have it cut by a tailor who knows what he is about. Then comes respect for his clothes on the part of the individual, and forethought in keeping them free from wrinkles and stains.

He who inconsiderately tosses his coat across a chair, hangs his trousers limply from a hook, leaves his gloves crumpled into an untidy ball, drops his shoes listlessly wherever he chances to be sitting, need not wonder why his clothes never look "fit":—they could not logically look anything but unfit. The best cloth and the most skillful tailoring are helpless against habitual neglect. Be kind to your clothes, however, and you will double their life and looks. Many a man appears to advantage at all times, not because his wardrobe is copious, but because he wields a brush briskly and gives five minutes a day to keeping his clothes in order. Remember, it is the seeming trifles that loom large in the results of anything, and this applies with peculiar aptness to dress. In a paper to follow I shall illustrate some practical devices for the care of clothes, though I confine myself here to certain general directions.

To begin with, don't wear the same clothes two days in succession,—it causes the creases acquired during one day's wearing to deepen. Have at least two business suits and alternate between them. This enables each to shake itself free from wrinkles and regain its pristine smoothness. Coats should be draped on wooden, not metal, shoulder forms; first arrange the waistcoat and then hang the coat over it. The newer forms have cloth-padded edges which prevent a garment from sagging at the shoulders. A day's rest in a closet, as you will find, does much to renew the youth of a coat.

Trousers may be stretched upon any one of the multiplicity of devices made for that purpose or, simpler yet, may be smoothed into their creases, folded lightly in the middle, and laid in a drawer. Do not employ metal "stretchers" for trousers fashioned of flannel, homespun, and other soft fabrics, as they are sure to be pulled out of shape. Naturally, both coats and trousers should be regularly pressed by a competent tailor; avoid the cheap "presser" with his ponderous irons, which wear away the delicate surface of the cloth and cause it to get shiny. A good tailor respects good cloth and treats it with consideration. Do not have trousers creased to the very bottom of the legs, but only to within an inch or so of the bottom. This makes them hang more gracefully over the instep. Heavy keys, bulky notebooks and the like should not be carried in one's clothes, if it is possible to avoid it, for they make the pockets bulge and ultimately destroy the hang and symmetry of even a well-cut suit.

Cravats should be smoothed of their creases, folded in the center and laid flat in a drawer or suspended from hangers made especially for the purpose. The white evening ties, being more apt to soil, should be kept apart from the others in tissue paper. If a cravat become much wrinkled from knotting, it may be ironed out between two soft flannel cloths, slightly dampened. Like the suit, the cravat should be changed every day and, moreover, should never be pulled into a hard, tight knot, but adjusted somewhat loosely. All the wire and metal devices intended to prevent cravats from mounting and falling at the knot are useless. Do not use a cravat clasp with sharp prongs as they tear the silk.

Laundering shirts and collars satisfactorily is a bit of a problem. The average launderer is a good deal of a blunderer, so that one must seek a laundry that does careful work. See to it that both shirts and collars have the lusterless or "domestic" finish; glossy linen is in very bad form. Wing collars should be ironed flat at the laundry and then bent by the wearer. Simply moisten the under side of the "wing," or tab, with a match stick wrapped in cloth and gradually, not abruptly, force the wing down. By so doing you avoid the cracking of the linen at its most sensitive part which results from pounding with heavy irons. The bulging of the shirt bosom, a most annoying occur-

A monogrammed shirt for a birthday gift **A design in linen batiste**

rence, particularly when one wears evening dress, is preventable if the bosom be ironed from the center and pulled very stoutly from the neckband during the process. It is impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule as to what size collar should accompany a given size shirt. Some men can wear a collar and shirtband of the same size, others must wear a collar one-quarter size larger than the shirtband and still more require a collar one-half size larger. Always have attached cuffs on your shirts,—separable cuffs are not countenanced by good taste.

Shoes should be "treed" (stretched on wooden forms,) immediately after taking off. This straightens the sole and prevents the toe from curling upward in the familiar unsightly manner. Slightly heat patent-leather shoes before putting them on, so as to avoid cracking. Now and then a bit of oil or cold cream may be rubbed on them to prevent dryness and heighten their luster. Do not use cheap polishes and creams on any kind of shoes, for they discolor them and eat into the leather. Old-fashioned blacking is no longer used on calfskin shoes; patent-leather paste is better, because it does not soil the trousers and lends a more lasting polish.

Powder should not be stinted inside of gloves,—it is an antidote to perspiration and keeps the leather from decaying. Flatten the fingers of a glove after taking it off and pat out the wrinkles. Do not attempt to put on a *suède* or *glacé* glove while the hand is damp. Of course, no glove will survive crowding all five fingers into it at once, nor can a glove be pulled off in a hurry. Slipping on and slipping off a glove demands patience and a willingness to take pains.

A soft brush, not a whisk broom, should be used on a derby hat. Silk hats are delicate to handle. First brush them gently and then polish with the regulation velvet pad. A monthly ironing is enough,—over ironing disfigures the glossy surface. It is best to keep opera hats "sprung," instead of crushed.

The foregoing instructions, if practiced faithfully, will greatly prolong the life of clothes, and give a man an aspect more important than that of being well dressed,—that of being well kept.

He Did not Recognize Grand Opera

WARWICK JAMES PRICE

EVERY single morning of their busy lives Jean and Edouard de Reszke practice their music as if still the veriest tyros in the art. It makes no difference whether they are on their great Polish estates where fast horses are bred, and where potatoes grow in a field of ten thousand acres, or whether they are staying at some hotel in a great city whither business or whim has called them, for they play and sing just as soon as breakfast is over.

Apropos of this a good story has recently come over from Paris, the incident having happened there not long ago. As usual the two *maestros* were at the piano,—it was the first day of their sojourn at the hotel in question,—but hardly had they got well started when there broke out a loud hammering on the partition wall between theirs and the adjoining apartment. They thought their neighbors were hanging pictures and tried to sing on, but the racket continued steadily and decidedly noisily, and the brothers, perforce, paused to consider the matter.

Then they noticed that the hammering had stopped, and again they turned to their practice,—only to be again disturbed by a renewal of the noise, seemingly more disturbing than ever. "They're making repairs of some sort," Jean suggested; "I'll ask at the office if they cannot work some other time,"—and down he went to complain.

Before the desk stood an American, so angry over something that his scanty knowledge of French had quite deserted him, and this is what he was pouring upon the clerk in very strenuous English:—

"It's an outrage! Those fellows have been bellowing for an hour. I won't stand it. I'll change my hotel. I've already broken the tongs on the wall, and I'll break the shovel and poker, too, before I'll be so imposed upon."

De Reszke said nothing, but looked on smiling while the clerk produced the register and satisfied the irate traveler as to the identity of his "noisy" neighbors. As it all dawned over him the American's protests ceased,—and then he turned on his heel and started for the stairs, saying, "And to think I've paid all kinds of money over home to hear those chaps sing."

There was no more hammering on the wall. The "bellowing" was recognized as grand opera.

"My plea," said the young lawyer, who had just won his first case, "seemed to strongly affect the jury."

"Yes," replied the judge, "I was afraid at one time that you would succeed in getting your client convicted, in spite of his innocence."

Miss Jessie Gregory, a North Carolina girl, who befriended an old woman whom she met while traveling abroad, will receive five hundred thousand dollars,—the bulk of the old woman's estate,—for her kindness.

Better do the little thing you can do to-day, than wait for the great thing you would like to do to-morrow.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

How Young Men Become Machines

A BOOKKEEPER asks us for advice. He says he has been in the same position for twenty-five years with practically no raise of salary, that he is hopelessly in a rut because he has not had an opportunity to learn anything outside of what he has acquired in keeping books in the small establishment where he started as a boy.

This man is a type of tens of thousands of people who drift into ruts and never get out. But why, my friend, did you get into this rut? It is true, you say you had a family depending upon you; that you had to work hard and had no chance to learn anything else, that your routine work absorbed all your time and energies. But, my friend, hundreds of young men in similar situations have managed to keep out of ruts. They have kept their minds growing by constant self-improvement until they have made what, to you, has been a rut, a stepping-stone for them to something higher.

There is not much hope for the man who is content to remain where he is, or who has not ambition enough in his life to long to better his condition.

You say that you are in a rut; but your mind got into a rut first. If you had kept your eyes open, your mind open, your faculties alert, if you had formed the habit of an inquiring mind at the very outset of your career, if you had been determined to use your position only as a stepping-stone to something higher, you would not have gotten into a rut. But when the mind reaches its limit and ceases to expand, when the ambition does not prod a man until he exerts himself with all his might to get a little further on, a little higher up, there is not much hope of advancement.

I know some of these rutty bookkeepers who can hardly answer a question outside of their books. They look, but they do not see. They have never formed the inquiring habit, the observing habit. They seem to think that anything that does not bear directly on bookkeeping is no concern of theirs. There is no hope of advancement for them because they have not prepared themselves for the next step above them. They have not foundation enough; they do not know enough about the business. During their rutty years, when they have been receiving practically the same salary, office boys, cash boys, boys who have entered the establishment for three or four or five dollars a week, have climbed away above them. The boys who have advanced have kept out of ruts because they would not allow their minds to become rutty. They have kept growing, and up with the times, and have read everything they could get hold of that would make them more intelligent and more expert in their specialty.

These boys, who came into the firm years after you, did not complain that the firm kept employees in the same position a lifetime without advancing them. They were not afraid of ruts, and they had no better chance than you, not so good, in fact, because you were in there long before them. But a stream can not rise higher than its fountain head. You can not get above your ambition and your determination to realize your ambition.

The men and women in this country who have become practically machines, without originality, individuality, or enterprise, could not have been persuaded in their youth that they would ever become mere cogs in wheels, or mere parts of the machines they are attending, mere mechanical slaves of the things they are doing. The process of their evolution in deterioration has been so insidious, so gradual, that they have scarcely noticed it.

It does not seem possible that a bright, intelligent youth could be so changed by his environment that he should lose his progressiveness and gradually become contented to be a mere machine.

There is something in the monotony of doing routine work year in and year out, of tending a machine which does the principal part of the work, that is death to ambition, strangling to the progressive spirit. Any work that does not require the constant exercise of ingenuity, of judgment, of originality, the constant reaching out of the mind for newer and better ways of doing things, will gradually and insidiously tend to destroy these faculties and to make a man a mere automaton.

Faculties must be exercised or they will not grow. Nature is too good an economist to allow us to keep any faculty or function which we do not employ. We can have just what we use, and that will constantly increase; everything else will be gradually taken away from us. Man becomes strong and powerful and broad just in proportion to the extent and healthfulness of the activity of his faculties; and it must not be one-sided, not an exercise of one or two faculties, or one set of faculties, or the man will topple over. Balance in life comes from the healthful exercise of all the faculties. One reason why we have so many one-sided men in this country is because they pursue one idea, exercise one side of their nature, and, of course, they can not retain their balance. This is one of the curses of specialties. They are a good thing for the race, but death to the individual who pursues his specialty at the expense of the development of the all-around man.

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Don't Be a Fool just because You Know how

IN a recent issue of the Sing Sing "Star of Hope," written and printed by prisoners, the following appeared:—

"Do n't be a fool just because you happen to know how."

How many bright boys and girls get into trouble which ruins their reputations, and sometimes makes criminals of them, just because they "know how!" It is so easy. They want to see what it is like; want to see if they can do it, not realizing that every time they do a foolish, questionable, or dishonest thing it forges a link in the habit chain, which binds them, and makes it so much the harder for them to retract their steps. Doing wrong becomes a powerful habit, and each time the wrongdoer escapes detection, he becomes more confident, bolder and bolder, until he takes great chances and is finally caught.

I have known sharp, cunning boys to steal just to see if they could do so without detection, not because they wanted the things they took. Burglars have said that there is a great fascination in planning and scheming ways and means of getting into a house in the night; that there is a sense of triumph felt in overcoming obstacles, and in taking great chances, which becomes almost a passion with them. They say that they feel a sense of great exhilaration, mixed always with fear, when they enter a room where people are sleeping. They know that they are liable to be shot at any moment, and yet the love of taking chances, of going to the very edge of the danger precipice, goads them on, often, as much as the desire to obtain the booty.

A second-story burglar, who had been arrested and tried many times, and who had served more than twenty-five years in New York prisons, once told me that he felt a real pride in his skill as an expert, in entering second stories in the night, facing all sorts of dangers and experiencing all sorts of hairbreadth escapes, and that he often did not care so much about what he might get as for exercising the love of adventure, the passion to take chances. He began by making a fool of himself just because he knew how. He wanted to see what he could do without being detected.

Many a girl has met her ruin just by the fascination of taking desperate chances. She just wanted to show those who knew her that she was entirely able to take care of herself, even in questionable situations. She went on daring and risking, fluttering about the fatal flame in a reckless manner. Then some day a scandal blackened her name, and, whether guilty or innocent, she found her life marred; and when she came to herself, she discovered that she had made a fool of herself.

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Success in Sunlight

M. LUGEON, a professor in the University of Lausanne, recently made a study of conditions in some of the great valleys of Switzerland. He found, as one would naturally expect, that three persons out of four made their homes on the sunny side of the valley. He also found that those who dwelt on the sunlit slopes were far superior in intelligence, education, and general prosperity to those whose homes were in the shadow.

All vigorous vegetable and animal life is dependent on sunshine. Nature surrounds us with examples of failure from lack of it. We know how futile it is to try to raise plants or flowers without the sun. Many men and women have been partial or total failures from lack of sunlight. They have lived in shadow, in houses with a northern aspect, or in basements or alleys where the sun has never penetrated.

We see, in every large city, poor little human plants, trying to struggle to manhood and womanhood in dark, unwholesome tenements which have never been warmed by the sun's rays.

Many a weak, sickly worker would become vigorous and strong by merely getting into the sunshine. We can not expect to put power into our work if it is not in the life; we can not put vigor into our thoughts unless vigor is first in the blood. Notice how quickly the red corpuscles of the blood begin to fade and how soon the pale cheek takes the place of the rosy one when a person is robbed for any length of time of the life-giving power of the sun.

The light and warmth of the sun develop strength, energy, ambition, and courage. A man's natural powers are more than doubled by contact with sun and air. If we want to be strong, mentally and physically at our best, we must have plenty of sunshine.

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Optimism as a Creed

WHEN John Richard Green, the English historian, was so poor that even in the depth of winter he could not afford a fire, he used to sit by his empty hearth and pretend it was aglow. "Drill your thoughts," he would say, "shut out the gloomy and call in the bright. There is more wisdom in shutting one's eyes than your copy-book philosophers will allow."

The man who can drill his thoughts, so as to shut out everything that is depressing and discouraging and see only the bright side even of his misfortunes and failures, has mastered the secret of happiness and success. He has made himself a magnet to draw friends, cheer, brightness, and good fortune to him. Every one is pleased to see him. His presence is like a sunbeam on a dull day.

There is no accomplishment, no touch of culture, no gift which will add so much to the alchemic power of life as the optimistic habit,—the determination to be cheerful and happy no matter what comes to us. It will smooth rough paths, light up gloomy places, and melt away obstacles as the sunshine melts snow on the mountain side.

I have just received a bright letter from a poor colored boy who is working his way through college, whose simple faith and cheerfulness, even when he has been in actual want for food and clothing, would put many a philosopher to shame. I have seen him, while struggling to get a foothold, doing all sorts of jobs,—shoveling coal, sawing wood, delivering laundry, canvassing for books or magazines, often traveling long distances about the country on foot, because he did not have money to pay railroad fare,—yet never a complaint of his hard lot has passed his lips. On the contrary he has radiated hope and contentment, and when I first saw him—he was then in the midst of his struggles,—his face was so radiant, his step so alert, his whole bearing so joyful, that I really thought he was going to tell me that some one had solved his problem of a college education by giving him money to defray his expenses. He is now in his last year in college and ranks well in all his classes, having taken first prize several times during his course.

This poor colored youth has something infinitely more valuable than money,—a cheerful, hopeful, contented mind. It is the optimistic spirit that accomplishes. Optimism is the lever of civilization, the pivot on which all progress, whether of the individual or of the nation moves. Pessimism is the foe of progress. Gloom, despondency, lack of courage, failure of heart and hope—the whole miserable progeny of pessimism,—are singly or collectively responsible for most of the failures and unhappiness of life. Long live the optimist! Without him the world would go backward instead of forward. In spite of all the beauties of earth and sky, without the sunshine of his face this world would be a dreary prison.

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A Talk with Our Readers

WE are very anxious that our readers—whether regular subscribers or not,—should at all times write to Dr. Marden and give their opinions fully and freely on all the various matters that appear in the magazine. Remember, we are publishing SUCCESS in the interest of our readers *only*, and we want you to do all that you can to help us edit it. If you do not feel like presenting us with a bouquet, why present us with a brickbat. We are not thin-skinned in any way. We want your good, honest opinion about everything we publish, and we want it early and often.

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The number of replies that were received for the hundred-dollar prize offer in our January issue, for the best answer to Dr. Emil Reich's article, "The Future Influence of American Women," was unusually large,—so large that a corner of our editorial department is heaped with baskets of manuscripts awaiting the keen eyes of the judges. We want to congratulate the ladies who sent in replies on the care and excellence of their contributions. We do not believe that any other magazine has ever received such a lot of carefully-written, neatly-prepared manuscripts. Those that we have examined are very sound and logical. The winner's manuscript will be published in an early issue.

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Many of our readers have wondered why we published such an article as the one by Dr. Riech. One subscriber has written, "Why let a man say such things?" Dr. Emil Reich is to-day regarded as one of the greatest thinkers in Europe, and anything he may write is of great value to the world. Several other magazines made a desperate effort to secure his article. We are always anxious to publish the opinions of the great men and women of the world, whether those opinions agree with ours or not. An editor must not be narrow. This magazine will always lead the way as a fearless exponent of the thoughts of all creeds and parties. That is the only way to educate, inform, broaden and entertain a body of readers. For instance, Mr. Eugene V. Debs is at work on a paper for us on "The Great Growth of Socialism." Mr. William Jennings Bryan will contribute "Government Ownership and What It Means," and Senator Warren of Wyoming has sent in an important manuscript on "The Statehood Bill."

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Such important writers as Alfred Henry Lewis, David Graham Phillips, and Walter Wellman watch the great moving panorama of the world's progress for our readers. Important happenings in politics, industry, and social affairs are what make the history of the world. When you read about such matters you want to be sure that the writer *knows what he is talking about.* You may be sure of that when you read SUCCESS. Every writer is selected for his special fitness to handle a subject, and is paid the very highest price for his service.

We keep Mr. Vance Thompson in Europe to write his interesting "Diplomatic Mysteries," at a cost that is second to the outlay for no other magazine feature in the world.

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Mr. Hosmer Whitfield is also in Europe in our interests. He is securing a series on foreign industries. The first is to be entitled, "The European Captains of Industry." Compte Henry de La Vaulx, who sailed across Europe in a balloon and had, perhaps, one of the most thrilling and exciting experiences that ever befell any man, will write about these experiences exclusively for SUCCESS. Then among other exceptionally good things for early issues, we may casually mention:—"My Fight against the Theatrical Trust," by Mrs. Fiske, "Washington as a Social Factor," by Mrs. Abby G. Baker, and "The Race Track Trust," a startling article by Alfred Henry Lewis.

Is American Invasion a Bogy?

James J. Hill Tells a SUCCESS MAGAZINE Representative that We Are Being Beaten in the Race for the Markets of the World

J. HERBERT WELCH

WHEN James J. Hill, having risen from a place as station master, reorganized a small and moribund railroad of which he had obtained control, and began to push a pathway of steel from St. Paul into the wilderness of the Northwest, many predictions of failure assailed his ears. Men with much more experience than he in the railroad business pointed out to him that there was so little traffic in this almost uninhabited region that the Northern Pacific Railway, which traversed it to the north of his proposed line, and the Union Pacific, which lay to the south, were both struggling for existence. They asked him how he could hope to make a third road succeed in a territory where the pickings were too scant for two.

"The region is rich in possibilities," said Mr. Hill. "I will people it."

So he pushed the steel rails, steadily, at the rate of a mile a day, for several years, across wide plains, and over and through obstructing mountains. Farms and towns and cities sprang up along the way. At length the Pacific Ocean was reached, and a virgin region, vast and fertile, had been opened to the world.

Then, having conquered distance on land, Mr. Hill proceeded to conquer it on the water. He threw a line of immense steamers across the Pacific Ocean as a trade link between the Northwest and the Orient. Hundreds of thousands of men go to their daily work, and countless wheels of industry turn ceaselessly, through the initial impulse from the brain of James J. Hill.

A roughhewn man is he. Standing on stocky legs at about middle height, he appears to be below it because of the unusual breadth of his shoulders. The gray hair on the top of his head is thin, but he wears it long behind, like a poet. His nose is large and carelessly chiseled, and the thickness of his lips is only partially concealed by a tangled growth of beard. He has a professional look. You might take him for a doctor of the old school, were it not for his eyes. Some of his photographs picture these as large,—the eyes of a dreamer. In reality they are rather small, full of changing lights, and very penetrating. They are eyes that see far, yet lose sight of no detail in the line of vision. He habitually speaks in a low voice, with frequent pauses, during which his appraising eyes are fixed watchfully upon those of his listener. He never makes an effort to be impressive. He lets the other fellow do that. Meanwhile it is quite evident that he is thinking.

In a New York hotel, not long ago, a certain representative of the Northwest in congress bowed and scraped before Richard Olney, expressing an obsequious delight at the honor of meeting the distinguished ex-secretary of state.

"What," remarked one of the others of the group, when the legislator had withdrawn, "could the people of the Northwest be thinking of to send such a man to Washington?"

"Thinking of?" exclaimed Mr. Olney; "why, they weren't thinking at all! Jim Hill does their thinking for them."

It was difficult to realize that this was his position, as, in the drawing-room of his New York apartments, one evening, removed from the evidence of his power, he talked quietly to the writer. Many a department-store floorwalker looms up with more of an assumption of importance than does the president of the Great Northern Railroad. He turns aside any references to what he has accomplished, but is always willing to express his ideas.

"I don't believe in viewing conditions through the colored glasses of either optimism or pessimism," he said. "I believe in examining them without prejudice, in order to form conclusions that approximate the truth. For instance, I don't try to palliate the fact that in this country we have some big and threatening problems to solve.

"One of them is the labor question. The present standard of wages is artificial. It must be reduced if this country is to compete with others in the markets of the world. Our foreign trade in manufactured products, instead of increasing with the increased production, is falling off.

"Consider the single but important item of steel. A very few years ago we were told that our steel was commanding the world's markets. Nobody dares to tell us that now. Even natives of our own country, in the Philippines, have recently been sending big orders for steel to Germany. Why? Simply because they can get it cheaper there.

"As it is in steel, so it is in many other products. Germany is making great strides ahead of us. She is, in fact, leading the world, and promises to increase her lead. Her mechanics work cheaply, and spend sixty-six hours a week in their factories, whereas ours spend but forty-four. Moreover, they are better workmen.

"We can not hope to compete with her in foreign trade until we reduce the cost of our manufactured products and improve their quality. Even England, suffering from industrial paralysis because of the power of the trades unions and other influences, is moving faster than we are. The simple truth is that we are being badly beaten in the race for the markets of the world.

"Yet we must have these markets if we are to prosper. Our energetic manufacturers are producing a supply greater than the domestic demand, even with the constantly growing population. We must find foreign outlets for the excess, or encounter an industrial cataclysm. We are threatened with a period in which hundreds of thousands of men will be out of work, and in which there will be much suffering, agitation, and disorder.

"I speak of this only as a menace. I don't say that the dark time pictured will come. It can be avoided, and will be, I hope, by an awakening from our idiotic somnambulism of over-confidence and jingoism, so that we can meet the situation with an alert front. We are too healthy a nation for any extreme illness. We have in our system a strong antitoxin. I think that there will be, after all, a gradual, rather than an abrupt and disorganizing adjustment to the changing conditions.

"The workingmen will learn, in time, that it is better for them to work the three hundred and thirteen week days in a year, at two dollars a day, than to work about a hundred days at three dollars and fifty cents a day. The average cost of living will be reduced, but without any curtailing of the necessaries or comforts, because the prices of these will be lower, and because families will learn to live more scientifically, with less waste. Foreign peoples could teach our laboring class much in this respect, and the time will come when the lessons must be learned. This national movement toward economy will be accompanied, I think, by a reduction of the tariff, so that the people will receive the double benefit of low-priced commodities from abroad and of foreign markets for the articles upon which they labor in the factories.

"The matter of looking after our foreign trade is now more important than ever before, not only because of the growing necessities of the situation in the United States, but also because of the golden opportunities that are soon to be presented to western nations in commerce with China.

"As soon as the present war in the Far East is over it is very probable that China, following the initiative of Japan, will open her doors more widely than ever before to western ideas and products. She will want many of the appurtenances of our civilization. The demand for products from the Occident, on the part of even a comparatively small portion of her vast population, will create an enormous trade.

"From the time of the Phœnicians the commerce of the Far East has been a source of wealth to nations. It enriched Greece and Rome; it was the foundation of the power of Venice; it gave the Dutch a period of supremacy, and then it made England the greatest of commercial nations. But this trade will be, in the near future, far greater than any of the old merchants ever dreamed of. A very pertinent question just now is,—are we prepared to get our share of it? We have increased our exportation of wheat to the Orient from thirteen million bushels, in 1893, to sixty million bushels, in 1903, which, I think, is an excellent showing, but we don't need foreign markets for our wheat nearly as urgently as we do for manufactured articles. In these, our trade with the East is at a standstill. Both Germany and England, and particularly the former, will doubtless get the lion's share of it unless conditions in the United States undergo a change. The Chinese are good people to deal with. Commercial honor is almost a fetich with them. But they are the shrewdest merchants in the world, and demand a reciprocity for their trade favors which our foreign rivals are in a much better position to give than we are."

Despite Mr. Hill's belief that wages have been raised to a fictitious standard, there has been only one strike on his railroad, the Great Northern, and this was settled to the satisfaction of the strikers. An interesting episode in connection with it is told by Eugene V. Debs, who led the agitation.

"President James J. Hill and I had shaken hands," said Mr. Debs, in relating the story, "and declared the hatchet buried. He said he was glad it was over, and assured me that he had no feeling of resentment. As we stood chatting in his office, he remarked: 'By the way, Debs, you'll have to be my general manager, to-night, for the men won't go to work except on your orders.' I replied:—

"'All right; I'll guarantee that by morning the trains will all be running on schedule time.' Then Mr. Hill suddenly asked me:—

"'How about my wages, Debs? I'm an employee, too, you know, and, since everybody gets a raise, where do I come in?' He laughed heartily when I answered:—

"'Join the union, and we'll see that you get a square deal.'"

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PEACE AND WAR

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

How rare is the painter who can touch his tints with the
breath of life;
How common the boor who can break the spell with
the slash of a vandal knife.

▲ ▲

"Common sense," says Wendell Phillips, "bows to the inevitable and makes use of it."

How Men and Women in every station of life may be prepared to earn large incomes, through Correspondence Instruction which requires only Spare-Time Study

F. M. HENRY

Advertising manager for the Jno. Tea. Delahay Company of New Orleans, La. When he enrolled for a course of study with the Page-Davis Company he was a clerk in a tea store.

C. P. POWDERLY

Advertising manager for Clark Brothers, who conduct a large wholesale and retail store at Scranton, Pa. He was a railway clerk when he began studying with the Page-Davis Company.

J. W. FISK

Advertising manager for E. Erickson, general merchandise, of Escanaba, Mich. He was a window trimmer in Deadwood, S. D., when he began the study of advertising with the Page-Davis Co.

EDWIN HARRIS

Advertising manager for J. S. Simmons, seed merchant and grower, of Toronto, Canada. He was a flour and feed merchant before he prepared for advertisement writing in the Page-Davis School.

THINGS about which we have no accurate knowledge always seem mysterious, until the light is turned on.

Now, I am going to turn the light on the mystery of advertising. I am going to prove three things to your entire satisfaction: That there is a tremendous field for advertisers; that there is big money in the business, and that you can learn it.

Have you ever stopped to consider that every one of the thirty thousand publications of America is supported entirely by its advertising pages? That the subscriptions received would not pay for even the mechanical side of getting out the publication? Every single one of the millions upon millions of advertisements printed every month, large and small, is the result of an advertisement writer's skill.

The total investment in advertising is greater than the value of the wheat crop, twice the value of the corn crop, and three times the value of the gold production; over $5,000,000,000 yearly expenditure being a conservative estimate.

You may have marveled at the tremendous sums spent in this way; you may have secretly envied the man who had the advertising "knack," as you called it, because common sense tells you that the man capable of placing millions of dollars commands a large salary for his services.

W. H. BARNES

Advertising manager for the Munger Laundry Company of Los Angeles, Calif. Before studying with the Page-Davis Company he was a solicitor for the same concern.

You have classed the advertisement writer with the genius, the inventor, one naturally gifted, who was born with a "silver spoon in his mouth," and so on; in all of which you have been shamefully self-deceived.

The ability to write advertisements is most emphatically not a "knack"—it is the result of study and the right kind of training. It is a business wide open to you, if you have a common school education, and through practical training, become qualified to meet its demands.

A business in which millions of dollars are expended annually for salaries to those who have made a study of it, and through which fortunes are amassed every

J. C. BROCKMAN

Advertising manager for the firm of Walter Scott and Company, Selma, Calif., was wrapper in a dry goods house previous to his training in the Page-Davis School.

day, is a business that is bound to interest you, especially when you bear in mind that it requires no capital and no "pull."

The advertiser drawing his $10,000 a year doesn't work one bit harder than the person who draws $15 a week. He doesn't devote as many hours or as much energy to his work, nor is his position so uncertain. The whole difference lies in special training, not in brain power.

"Are you qualified to prepare catchy advertisements?" That is the one question which will be asked you. Of course, you can't do anything worth large sums of money until you have learned how. Immense salaries are not paid to those who have not become especially educated for the duties of a position which commands a high salary.

Perhaps you are trying to decide definitely what you will do after you have acquired this knowledge; you want to see the end from the beginning. This is natural, but very difficult, as it all depends upon which phase of this enormously varied business will appeal most strongly to you after you are acquainted with the entire field, and are capable of intelligently deciding. You may choose to promote some industry, or to plan advertising campaigns for special commodities, or you may take to newspaper, magazine, or trade-journal advertising. You may become an independent writer, taking orders for booklets, advertisements, follow-up letters, etc. There is big money in this, and such a business could be established in your home town or city. It is impossible to tell in what direction your talent may turn to find the most remunerative use to which you can put this knowledge. But, whatever branch you choose, will pay you never less than $25 a week.

W. A. McCALL

Advertising manager for the LaClede Gas Light Company of St. Louis, Mo., prepared for this work in the Page-Davis School. He was a newspaper solicitor before taking up this study.

Now, it may be, you think if you could be sure of this salary you would be satisfied. I tell you, you would not, any more than as a stenographer you would rest satisfied with the $8 position open to you upon first entering stenographic service. $25 represents the lowest salary offered a competent advertiser. You would not be content long to remain at this starting-point. However, there is the $25-a-week position which you can count on.

So many new lines of business are advertising largely, and so many old lines are doubling their advertising, that it is impossible to secure a sufficient number of competent men to do the work. Employers are constantly applying to us for advertisement writers, but we cannot meet the demand, because a large majority of our students take the training for the benefit of promoting their own business; and, consequently, do not want positions.

We know you would be interested to read how Milford B. Martin, a newsboy of Grand Rapids, became, through our teaching, a promoter of industry, now handling an immense advertising appropriation every year. You will find of absorbing interest the story of the rise of G. Tyler Mairs, of Troy, New York, from a factory hand to the position of advertising manager for a leading religious publication. Then there is Mr. W. R. Perkins, also of New York, who took up study with us after he had passed his fortieth year, and who has been able, in consequence, to more than double his business. Way down in Texas, J. E. Jones, a silk salesman, who was getting $7 a week, took up the study of advertising, and now manages an agency, with an income of over $5000 a year. Another interesting case is H. E. Jones, of Philadelphia, who gave up his practice of medicine to become an advertiser under our tutorage, and is now advertising manager for the J. D. Morris Publishing Company of his home city. The women, too, succeed when qualified, as exemplified in the high positions held by Miss Esther Born, Miss Harriet Chamberlain, Miss Harriet Hoskins; all these and many more enterprising men and women gave up routine drudgery in offices and stores to become advertisement writers, and have been able to fill positions commanding two, three, four, and five times their former pay, with a far less expenditure of energy. Not one of our thousands of successful students could definitely point out, at the beginning of the study, the course they would pursue when qualified. They had only the assurance that is given you; what others had done, they could do, and you, too, can do.

A. A. BRENTANO

Advertising manager for the Evansville, Ind., "Courier," a large daily publication, was office man in a stove factory when he enrolled with the Page-Davis School.

Miss TILLIE A. BITNER

Advertisement writer for the Stiles Office-Supplies Concern of Allentown, Pa. She held the position of secretary for this firm when she began study with the Page-Davis School.

If you want to enter a business that will place you in a better position; if you want to improve your chance of advancement in your present position; if you want to start a business enterprise of your own; or if you are an employer and want to increase your business, you will write to us at once for more definite information.

We can't tell you here all the benefits you can derive from our "practical training school of experience," but, if you wish it, we will send you our large forty-eight page illustrated book, free. We will make the best business on earth plain to you. We will also send our latest list of employed graduates, earning from $25 to $100 per week. Just enter your name on the coupon, and address your letter as follows:

Page-Davis Company

ADDRESS EITHER OFFICE:

Dept. 321,
90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Dept. 321,
150 Nassau St.,
New York

TEAR OFF THIS CORNER AND MAIL IT TO US TO-DAY

321

Cut This Corner

off and mail it promptly to

Page-Davis Co.,
Chicago or New York

Please send without cost to me beautiful advertising book setting forth the advantage of an advertising education.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

This entitles me to the set of books when I enroll.




W. H. MOORE'S CLUBBING OFFERS

BROCKPORT – N. Y.

All three $2.00

Ladies' Home Journal $1.00
Saturday Evening Post 2.00 } **$2.25**

Woman's Home Companion $2.00
Success, or any Class A 1.00 } **My Price $1.60**

All three $3.00


FREE If you will send me **THREE** orders for **ANY** combinations, except for Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post, you may have, **FREE**, as your premium, a yearly subscription to **ANY** periodical mentioned in **CLASS "A" below.** Your **OWN** club and **TWO** other clubs make the **THREE** orders. Special cash commission quoted to agents on CLUBS.

My Complete Subscription Catalogue for 1905 will be sent free to all customers and applicants. It contains list of and quotes low prices on about 3000 periodicals as well as many additional club offers. This is one of the most complete and correct subscription catalogues published and is used as a reference by thousands of agents and publishers.

I WILL DUPLICATE ANY CLUB OFFER ADVERTISED BY ANY AGENCY OR PUBLISHER.

CLASS A.

American Inventor	1 yr.	1.50
American Bird Magazine	1 yr.	1.00
American Boy	1 yr.	1.00
American Motherhood, new sub.	1 yr.	1.00
Art Student	1 yr.	.60
Bookkeeper with Bus. Short Cuts	1 yr.	1.50
Boston Cooking School Mag.	1 yr.	1.00
Chicago Wk. Inter Ocean	1 yr.	1.00
Cosmopolitan Magazine	1 yr.	1.00
Cincinnati Wk. Enquirer	1 yr.	1.00
Eleanor Kirk's Idea	1 yr.	1.00
The Era	1 yr.	1.00
Good Housekeeping	1 yr.	1.00
Harper's Bazar	1 yr.	1.00
House Beautiful	1 yr.	2.00
Health Culture	1 yr.	1.00
Holiday Magazine with book "Home Games and Parties" (50c.)	1 yr.	1.00
Hints (for Church Socials, etc.)	1 yr.	1.00
Judge Library	1 yr.	1.00
Judge Quarterly	1 yr.	1.00
Junior-Toilettes	1 yr.	1.00
Ladies' World with book "Entertainments for all Seasons" ($1.00)	1 yr.	1.50
Leslie's Monthly Magazine	1 yr.	1.00
Little Folks (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00
Men and Women	1 yr.	1.00
National Magazine	1 yr.	1.00
Nat'l Stockman and Farmer	1 yr.	1.00
Normal Instructor (three yrs)		1.00
Outdoor Life	1 yr.	1.00
Outdoors	1 yr.	1.00
Pathfinder	1 yr.	1.00
Pearson's Magazine	1 yr.	1.00
Philistine	1 yr.	1.00
Pictorial Review	1 yr.	1.00
Physical Culture (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00
Pilgrim Magazine	1 yr.	1.00
Popular Educator (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00
Primary Education (new sub.)	1 yr.	1.00
Sis Hopkins' Own Book	1 yr.	1.00
SUCCESS	1 yr.	1.00
Recreation	1 yr.	1.00
Table Talk	1 yr.	1.00
Technical World	1 yr.	2.00
Twentieth Century Home	1 yr.	1.00
What To Eat	1 yr.	1.00
***Woman's Home Companion**	1 yr.	1.00
Youth	1 yr.	1.00

*When this magazine is included in any Club as above, 10 cents extra must be added.

Any two of these **$1.50**

Any three **$2.00**

Any four **$2.50**

Any two with Review of Reviews or Booklovers **$3.25** for the three

Any two of these with Current Literature or Lippincott's **$3.00** for the three

Any two with World's Work or Outing **$3.25** for the three

		Our Price	Also with Any Additional Class A
Booklovers Magazine or Outing	with Success and House Beautiful	3.00	3.50
	with World's Work	3.75	4.25
	with Current Literature	3.75	4.25
	with any two of A	3.25	3.75
	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly	5.50	6.00
	with Scribner's Magazine	5.10	5.60
	with St. Nicholas	4.75	5.25
	with Scientific American	4.75	5.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	5.25	5.75
Century Magazine	with Scribner's Magazine	6.65	7.35
	with St. Nicholas	6.30	7.15
	with Country Life	6.50	7.00
	with Judge	7.75	8.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	7.00	7.50
	with Outlook (new sub.)	6.25	6.75
	with any two of Class A	5.00	5.50
	with Current Literature	5.75	6.25
	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly or Atlantic Monthly	7.00	7.85
Current Literature or Lippincott's	with Leslie's Monthly or Good Housekeeping	2.50	3.00
	with World's Work and Success	4.00	4.50
	with Booklovers Magazine	3.75	4.25
	with Harper's Magazine or Weekly	5.50	6.00
	with any two of Class A	3.00	3.50
	with Etude (for music lovers)	3.25	3.75
	with Leslie's Weekly	5.25	5.75
	with St. Nicholas	4.75	5.25
	with Scientific American	4.75	5.25
	with Scribner's	5.10	5.60
Judge	with American Boy or any one of A	4.75	5.25
	with World's Work	5.75	6.25
	with Lippincott's	5.75	6.25
	with Country Life in America	6.50	7.00
	with Leslie's Weekly	7.25	7.75
	with Harper's Weekly	7.50	8.00
	with St. Nicholas	6.75	7.25
	with Scribner's Magazine	7.00	7.50
	with Woman's Home Companion	4.85	5.35

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	4.85	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
	with Ladies' World	1.00	1.50
	with any one of class A	1.25	1.75
	with Success and Woman's Home Compaion	1.85	2.35
	with Etude	1.75	2.25
	with Leslie's Monthly and McCall's Magazine	1.50	2.00
Leslie's Monthly Magazine or Any Class A	with American Boy or any one of Class A	1.50	2.00
	with any two of Class A	2.00	2.50
	with Woman's Home Com.	1.60	2.10
	with Lippincott's	2.50	3.00
	with Country Life in America	3.50	4.00
	with Harper's Weekly	4.25	4.75
	with Leslie's Weekly	4.25	4.75
	with St. Nicholas	3.50	4.00
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 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	with Success	2.50	3.00
	with House Beautiful or National Magazine	2.75	3.25
	with Good Housekeeping and Woman's Home Companion	3.35	3.85
	with Booklovers Magazine	3.75	4.25
	with Century Magazine	5.75	6.25
	with Harper's Monthly or Weekly	5.50	6.00
	with Outlook (new sub.)	4.25	4.75
	with Scientific American	4.75	5.25
	with International Studio	5.75	6.25
Saint Nicholas or Scientific American	with Success and Leslie's Monthly	4.25	4.75
	with Outing	4.75	5.25
	with Country Life in America	5.50	6.00
	with Etude	4.15	4.65
	with Judge	6.75	7.25
	with Leslie's Weekly	6.10	6.60
	with Outlook (new sub.)	5.25	5.75
Scribner's Magazine	with any two of Class A	4.35	4.85
	with Booklovers	5.10	5.60
	with Country Life in America	5.85	6.35
	with Judge	7.00	7.50
	with Leslie's Weekly	6.35	6.85
	with Outlook (new sub.)	5.60	6.10
	with St. Nicholas	5.85	6.35
Success	with House Beautiful or National Magazine	1.50	2.00
	with Little Folks (new sub.) or Leslie's Monthly	1.50	2.00
	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 or Leslie's Magazine	1.50	2.00
	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 or House Beautiful	1.60	2.10
	with Little Folks (new sub.) or Success	1.60	2.10
	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.**

DON'T FORGET to ask for our large 36-page Catalogue, containing all Club Offers.

The Direct Road to Knowledge

A correspondence university is not a royal road to learning. It is a short cut in the sense that a railroad is a short cut as compared with a stage coach. A railway train is able to go from New York to Chicago more quickly than in the old days a stage coach could go from New York to Albany because the right of way of the railroad has been surveyed by surveyors, leveled and graded and tunneled and bridged by engineers, laid with rails by contractors, to make the course straight and short. High-speed engines have been built, comfortable, easy-riding cars have been constructed, and to-day a man can be whirled from New York to Chicago in twenty hours. So with education. A certain number of studies were supposed to constitute a course. Whatever object the student had in mind, whatever branch of knowledge he was anxious to acquire most quickly, he had to wade through a certain amount of minor studies which were not really essential and which never could be useful to him. The International Correspondence University is eclectic. It is the well-ballasted, straight railroad between ignorance and knowledge, or between a certain advancement in knowledge and a certain point farther along. Whatever it teaches is exact, scientific, intelligent and available.

No Solicitors or Agents

It seems to me that your privacy is your own, and that it belongs to you as much as does your personal property; that one who deprives you of your privacy without your consent does as much wrong as to steal your property. Yet the ordinary correspondence school receives your confidential inquiry, turns it over to an ignorant and often irresponsible agent, who pursues you day and night, in public and private, trying to convince you and your friends that you are deficient in some branch of education. The I. C. U. has no solicitors and never will have. The interchange of ideas between you and me in the I. C. U. is carried on by correspondence only. We have no solicitors, and you can write to me freely in the full assurance that your privacy will be respected.

Intercontinental Correspondence University

Quietly, and with the aid of only advertising and correspondence, the I. C. U. is founding the greatest university the world has seen. Every one who desires education may write to me with the full assurance that his communication will be considered as confidential, and that all transactions between us will be carried on by mail. He will not lay himself open to calls and solicitations from injudicious, inconsiderate and tactless solicitors. The I. C. U. has no solicitors other than the printed announcements in the pages of the best publications of the world. There is only one way in which you can find out what the I. C. U. has for you, and that is to write to me about it. I cannot tell you what you should study until I know who you are and what you need. I can say, however, that no matter who you are, no matter what you wish to know, no matter how much or how little you wish to study, no matter, in fact, if the subject you wish to know about has never been taught in any institution before, I can make it possible for you to study it.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, one of the nine founders of the I. C. U., is Chaplain of the United States Senate. He is known to nearly every one either as a divine or as a writer, and has through all his long life been associated with the creators of American Literature. He received considerable prominence as promoter of "Chautauqua" Circles and "Lend-a-Hand" Clubs, and he is especially well-known by his books, among which are "The Man Without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten," "In His Name," and other inspiring and helpful books.

College of Commerce, I. C. U.

New Ideas in the Study of Business.

The field of business is the model battleground of giant intellects. The most intensely interesting magazine literature of to-day is the literature which deals with the operations of great corporations. Behind every success in textiles, steel, breadstuffs, in construction, commerce, shipping, railroad building, in any of the fields which occupy the master minds of the world—in every one of these you will find one or more captains of industry, as we style them in this day. These captains of industry are men who have studied their particular business. What they have learned you can learn.

These courses probably represent the broadest outlook in business that has ever been made. They begin with the alphabet of business—accounting, bookkeeping and things of that kind—and lead up to such subjects as the World Market and special courses in the great industries, as, for instance, the Cotton Trade and Industry. In a course like the Cotton Trade and Industry any man anywhere along the line of handling this great staple could profitably take this course. In it will be collected the knowledge of all who know anything about the climate, cultivation, harvesting or manufacture of cotton. The man engaged in buying and selling cotton in a store can learn something of the source of supply and the methods of manufacture. The cotton spinner or weaver can learn how cotton is grown, while the cotton grower will learn something of the processes to which cotton is subjected after it is marketed. Such a course will widen the outlook of the man who takes it, so that he can take advantage of every possible new market or development of a market in the world.

Booklet for the asking.

List of Courses

I. Accounting or Bookkeeping.
II. Agricultural Economics.
III. Banking.
IV. Business Law.
V. Commercial Arithmetic.
VI. Commercial Geography.
VII. Tropical Agriculture.
VIII. Descriptive Economics.
IX. Economic History of the U. S.
X. Economics of Industry.
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XVI. Consular Service.
XVII. Colonial Administration.
XVIII. The World Market.
XIX. The Cotton Trade and Industry.
XX. World Politics.
(Others in preparation.)

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New Ideas in the Study of Law.

The idea that the study of law is necessary to a great many people who do not expect to practice it as a profession is not entirely new, but the idea of providing courses for these people fully sufficient for the purpose, but not necessarily the complete course of the professional student, is new, and is now offered for the first time by the Intercontinental Correspondence University. The law courses of the I. C. U. are intended for five different classes of people—the citizen, the business man, the general student, the professional student and the technical student.

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III. Cultural Law.
IV. Professional Law.
V. Jurists' Law.

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II. Mechanical Engineering.
III. Electrical Engineering.
IV. Sanitary Engineering.

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JOHN FRANKLIN CROWELL, Ph.D., L.H.D., Educational Director of the I. C. U., has taken degrees from Yale, Columbia, and studied at Berlin and London. His writings upon economic subjects are widely and favorably known. As Expert on Commerce for the United States Government Dr. Crowell's reports on the Iron and Steel Trade, the Shipping Industry, and the Warehousing Industry, stamp his work as that of a mind which combines the scientific method with practical insight, highly desirable in the direction of educational training and research.

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A NEW ERA IN ENGINEERING EDUCATION

By FORREST CRISSEY
WESTERN EDITOR
SATURDAY EVENING POST

A NEW ERA has just been begun in the great modern movement of giving instruction by mail; the co-operation of the resident technical school with the correspondence school "to make the work of correspondence co-ordinate with the work of the shops and laboratories." This departure is so significant that it will always stand out conspicuously in the history of teaching by correspondence.

The correspondence school is so distinctively new as a factor in popular education that this latest and most important phase of its development comes as a surprise to the public. The place of the correspondence school in popular education is now generally recognized.

This co-operation of the resident technical school with the correspondence school is a matter of general moment to the entire educational interests of the country, and especially is it of vital interest to every person ambitious to win a resident technical school degree but who is without the means of spending the *entire* four years in class-room work. The "resident" student whose necessities have obliged him to "drop out" for a few months, with the hope that he may soon return, finds a peculiar boon in a correspondence course so intimately allied with a "resident" institution. It enables him to bridge the gap of absence as nothing else could.

Then, too, it offers parents who have not the means to send their children to college an opportunity to give them the benefit of higher education, at a moderate cost, under men of acknowledged educational standing. It brings, through the instructor, the benefits of a magnificently equipped engineering school with all its costly laboratories, shops and libraries, and its modern methods of teaching, to the humble home on the farm, in the mountain or in the village. How many parents, worn out with the life struggle, are obliged to send their children out into the world handicapped by inadequate early training! To such homes, and to the thousands of earnest, ambitious people in every walk of life who are eager to make their leisure contribute to their intellectual growth, correspondence instruction, under resident school supervision, will prove an inestimable blessing.

Admittedly, there have always been three weak spots in the correspondence system of instruction; a lack of genuine "educational spirit" on the part of the teaching corps; a sense of solitary struggle on the part of the student; the impossibility of directly applying the work done by correspondence toward a course in a resident technical school.

In its recent arrangement with the management of Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, the American School of Correspondence, formerly of Boston, has overcome the three traditional defects of the correspondence methods. It has given the correspondence school a FACULTY instead of an office force, and has supplanted the commercial spirit with the *academic* spirit; it has given the solitary student in the veldt of the Transvaal and the busy clerk in Wall Street the feeling of brotherhood that in the resident school voices itself in a class yell; it has placed within the grasp of aroused ambition the possibility of a resident course in a great technical school, and that without the sacrifice of a single hour of previous study under the "solitary candle."

This work of fusing into the far-reaching mechanism of the correspondence system the true educational spirit has not been done in a tentative or half-hearted manner in this initial instance. 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 at Armour Institute. This means correspondence instruction in its best sense.

President Gunsaulus, of the Institute, defines the purpose of the arrangement in these significant words:

"The aim is to make the work of correspondence co-ordinate with the work of the shops and laboratories. The work done by the correspondence students in accordance with this standard will therefore be duly accepted and credited at Armour Institute of Technology when students desire to complete their course by actual residence here. We co-operate to conduct this educational enterprise by correspondence in the hope that wage-earners and aspiring students of all ages may have the results of the latest and completest laboratory work and experimentation in the Armour Institute of Technology. For the reason that all examination papers will be reviewed and corrected by members of the Faculty of Armour Institute of Technology *full credit, as above stated, will be given here* for work done according to this arrangement with the American School of Correspondence."

Now a word on the value of the correspondence system in general: Already the three weak points have been touched; it has threescore of strong ones. Some of these are:

The correspondence school is the People's University, from which neither occupation, age nor poverty can shut out the ambitious. Only indifference and indolence can bar the aspiring from its benefits. Entrance into the correspondence school means personal initiative—spontaneous, voluntary expenditure of individual energy, often at the cost of sharp personal sacrifice, in order to keep pace with the march of industrial progress. This explains why the average correspondence student has the right sort of timber. He is not "sent to school"; he brings the school to himself because he wants it, and he appreciates it because he feels the need of it. The biggest capital a young man has to invest is his spare time, and the use he makes of it largely determines both his moral and commercial success. No agency for the utilization of spare moments approaches the great modern movement of correspondence instruction under resident school supervision. A clearing house of individual adaptability, a corrector of misfit vocations, a reclaimer of lost educational opportunities—this is exactly what a correspondence school, affiliated with a resident school, is. It gives the man of mature years a chance to catch his "second wind" in life, to grip another educational "life-line," and to show practical repentance for "wasted opportunity."

American School of Correspondence Building

The man who is looking for a corrected examination paper by to-morrow's mail is more alive and has a greater stake in life than the man who is simply waiting for pay-day and whose chief interest is to hold his job. And the man with the examination paper in mind climbs higher on the pay roll and is a better patriot because he has a vested interest in the United States mails and what they bring him from the correspondence school.

Only the sons of the wealthy can afford the luxury of a "private tutor" in their school work; every correspondence student has a "private tutor," and those of the American School have the help and direction of the professors of a great technical school.

Correspondence education does not entail costly sacrifices upon "the folks at home."

Sometimes a college education is too dearly paid for in this way. It never happens in correspondence work, for the student *earns while he learns*, and the main sacrifice involved is that of his own leisure. The correspondence student generally swings hammers instead of Indian clubs, does his gymnastics under the eye of a foreman or shop boss instead of under a professional athlete; and in "hustling" to reach the factory or the office on time he does not particularly miss the exercise of a foot-ball rush.

But to resume about the American School of Correspondence in particular. The correspondence curriculum includes these full courses in Engineering: Electrical, Mechanical, Mechanical-Electrical, Stationary, Marine, Locomotive, Civil; Architecture, Textile Manufacturing, Heating, Ventilating, Plumbing, Mechanical Drawing, Perspective Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting, Tool Making, 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 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.

But the recent step taken by the American School of Correspondence, in perfecting an alliance with the management of Armour Institute of Technology of the intimate and practical nature I have described, is altogether the most significant event in the entire evolution of giving instruction by mail.

It does away with the elaborate expenditure and commercial methods of soliciting students through a horde of agents so commonly practiced by correspondence schools in the past. Too many of these schools have built up a vast machinery which seems to have but one aim—that of "coining money." By the method now adopted by the American School of Correspondence a new era in correspondence instruction has dawned. What agents have been costing correspondence schools is, by this school, put into apparatus and teachers, and employed toward the reduction of the tuition. Further, it has made it possible for the correspondence student, through the reduced cost of his tuition, to complete his course in residence at the Armour Institute without excessive cost and with the added benefit of credits for work done by correspondence. The management of the American School of Correspondence as now constituted and the management of Armour Institute of Technology will exhaust every resource to enlarge the influence of this institution toward the laboring man who aspires to larger power and opportunity.

Thus has one correspondence school acquired a recognized standing in the regular educational system of the country. It has by the merit of its work secured at last a truly educational, and not commercial place in the scheme of popular education.

Only general features of this interesting educational departure have been here presented. Full details may be had by addressing a postal card of inquiry to The Secretary, American School of Correspondence, at Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, U. S. A.

Corridor of Main Building, Armour Institute of Technology

Armour Institute of Technology, looking across Ogden Field

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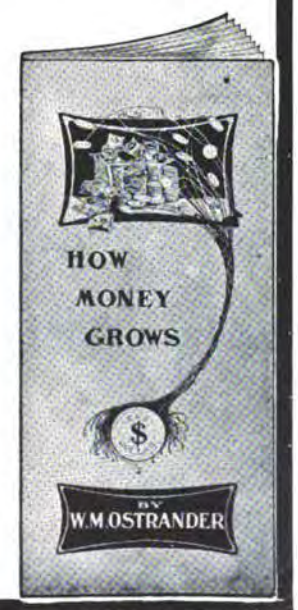

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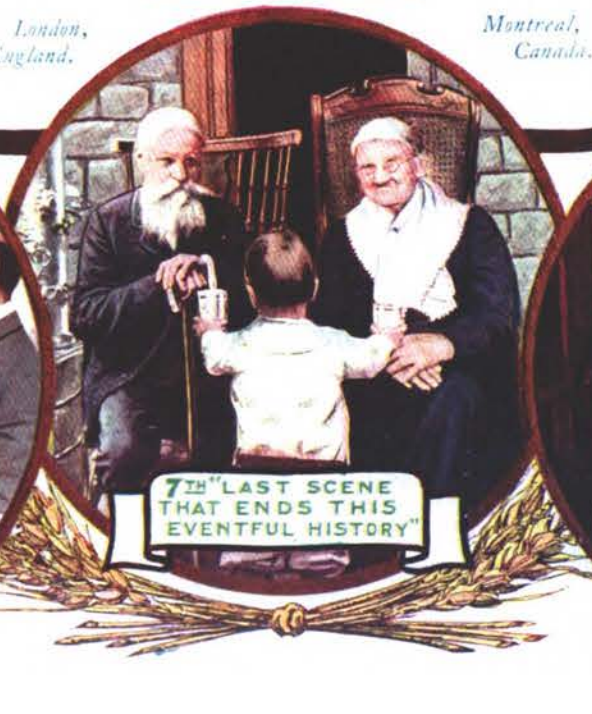
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