The Race-track Trust, - - - by Alfred Henry Lewi
The Gould-Cassatt Fight for Pittsburg, by Samuel Merwi

SUCCESS
MAGAZINE

MAY 1905

The LAST OF THE STOLEN FUNDS

Secure a Good Position

by writing us to-day. If you are capable of earning $1,000-$5,000 a year we can tell you of many desirable opportunities now waiting for the right man. Never in our history have we had so many positions on our lists as at present, and we are having great difficulty in finding enough high-grade Salesmen, Executive, Clerical and Technical men to meet the demand. One company has commissioned us to supply all the men required for the extension of its organization to cover the entire country. To fill the permanent, salaried positions which it is creating in every State and Territory we must find at once capable salesmen, sales managers and office assistants who understand salesmanship. Previous experience is not essential for all these positions, but one quality is insisted upon—business getting ability. This company, which offers through us so many excellent opportunities, is only one of the 12,000 employers whom we serve.

We Fill Every Month Over 1000 Positions

Commends the System

Mr. F. H. Lovejoy, of Roslyn, Pa., recently secured through Hapgoods the position of advertising manager for John Lucas & Co., of Philadelphia, the well known paint manufacturing house. In a letter he says: "I should like to add my word of commendation for your most thorough system and its value to those who are determined to succeed."

Thousands of men in all parts of the United States and in many foreign countries owe their present good positions to our service. No better endorsement could be asked than the testimony they give.

Prompt, Efficient Service

To Hapgoods Mr. J. Russell Brodbeck, of 301 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa., owes his present responsible position as manager of the employment department of the Remington Typewriter Company. A recent letter from him contains the following: "The services rendered by Hapgoods in my behalf were very satisfactory. I found you to be prompt, efficient and painstaking in handling my application."

Another Satisfied Subscriber

Another subscriber who is much pleased with the position secured through Hapgoods is Mr. C. J. Albert, of The Geauga, Wade Park Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. "Please accept my sincere thanks," says Mr. Albert, "for your highly efficient service and believe me when I say that I shall always talk Hapgoods to men contemplating a change"

Won Rapid Promotion

In August, 1904, Mr. W. L. Hoffman, of Chester, Pa., obtained through Hapgoods a position as salesman for the Plastic Metallic Packing Co., of Pittsburg. This was another case of the "right man for the right place" as is proved by the fact that in October Mr. Hoffman was promoted to the responsible position of general sales manager for the company.

Secured Position as Auditor

Mr. S. E. Lockwood, formerly of Detroit, Mich., is now, thanks to Hapgoods, auditor for the Cleveland Faucet Co., of Cleveland, Ohio. He has only praise for the service rendered him. "I desire to express my appreciation of your effective business methods," writes Mr. Lockwood. "Your every promise has been faithfully and promptly fulfilled."

Is Pleased With Position

Mr. H. A. Lane, of 1115 Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio, another high-grade man recently placed, writes as follows: "I am more than pleased with my present position which was secured through Hapgoods. Your methods in placing men are certainly all that could be desired."

These are only a few extracts from letters which we are constantly receiving from men who have profited by our service. Booklets, which are free for the asking, contain many similar letters from high-grade men.

Position is Satisfactory

Mr. L.S. Conelly, now with the New Printing Company, of Oberlin, Ohio, testifies to the value of Hapgoods to ambitious men. He says: "I thank you for your assistance in placing me in my present position which is very satisfactory indeed. Any man desiring a better opportunity will do well to see Hapgoods.

Tell Us What Position You Can Fill

We want to hear from every man who feels competent to fill a responsible position and earn a good salary. Our lists contain opportunities well worth the consideration of every such man. We cover the entire country with an efficient organization of 12 offices and 350 people. We have openings in every line of business and technical work. A large number of the positions on our lists require men of thorough experience but there are many which can be filled by men of little or no experience, by young College, University and Technical School graduates, etc. Our Investment Department is prepared to render valuable assistance to high-grade men having money to invest with their services in reliable enterprises.

A postal card or letter addressed to our nearest office may bring information of exactly the opportunity you desire. If you will state your age, experience, salary expected and location preferred when writing us we will be able to say which of the positions now on our lists you are fitted to fill. Write us to-day and learn about the system which is helping so many men into good positions.

HAPGOODS

(INCORPORATED)

THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION OF BRAIN BROKERS

Suite 518, 309 Broadway, New York.

1215 HARTFORD BUILDING, CHICAGO
707 PARK BUILDING, PITTSBURG
920 CHEMICAL BUILDING, ST. LOUIS
819 PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA
536 WILLIAMSON BUILDING, CLEVELAND
315 NICOLLET AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS

Other Offices in Other Cities

The May Contents

ATLANTIC CITY OPPORTUNITIES

VENTNOR PLAN

Unsurpassed Opportunities Offered the Investor

Ventnor Plan is a most attractive addition to Atlantic City's high-class residential section, having a splendid location on the Beach, facing the Boardwalk, and so situated that the principal and finest avennes pass directly through it. I can recommend it to probable purchasers as an excellent investment.

MAYOR FRANKLIN P. STOY,
Atlantic City, N. J.

The remarkable growth of Atlantic City offers splendid inducements to the investors in Ventnor Plan.

SENATOR EDWARD S. LEE,
(New Jersey)

VENTNOR PLAN is the most charming and desirable of Atlantic City's residential section. It is beautifully situated on a high tableland, immediately facing the ocean and the famous board-walk, that magnificent esplanade 5 miles long, of steel and hardwood, which cost the city $240,000 to build. An unobstructed ocean view is obtained; a delight to millions all the year around. Atlantic avenue, the main artery of Atlantic City's vast traffic, passes straight through VENTNOR PLAN, which can be reached from any part of the city in 12 to 15 minutes by the splendid equipped electric system. A two-minute schedule is maintained all day long, and you can ride from one end of the city to the other for 5 cents.

A Place of Marvelous Growth

Visitors to Atlantic City marvel at its remarkable and rapid growth in everything that is worth while. You can almost see it grow. In 1900 the population was 28,000; to-day it is over 40,000 an increase of over 40% in five years. It is one of the most prosperous cities in the United States. It is impossible to obtain a corner lot anywhere in Atlantic City, excepting at the most fabulous prices; the erection of a million-dollar hotel is so common an occurrence that it causes no comment whatever. Hard times are unknown; a constant stream of money is flowing into the city every day in the year. Everybody who comes here spends his money freely. Stop and think what this means to the future of the city. These people must be housed, fed, doctored, entertained and transported. Everything is on a cash basis; this is why and how Atlantic City grows. There is not a day in the year that there are not 25,000 visitors to this beautiful and healthful city. During the summer the average daily population is 250,000. Just as an example of how values have increased in Atlantic City, we mention one piece of beach-front property bought three years ago for $330,000, which changed hands recently at $600,000, a cash transaction. Another property valued five years ago at $600,000, sold last year for $1,250,000. Atlantic City cares for 18,000,000 yearly, besides its regular resident population. A city of such solid and substantial worth cannot but increase in a healthful and permanent way.

Accessibility of Atlantic City

Atlantic City is practically a suburb of Philadelphia with its 1,300,000 people. Philadelphia business men are making an all-year-'round residence in Atlantic City which is as accessible as Harlem to the New Yorker. A magnificent 60-minute express service, 92 trains daily, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Only three hours distant from New York. Plans are now maturing for a high-speed Electric Railway System, between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. The great influx of humanity demands it.

Not a Boom

There is no boom in Atlantic City; no feverish or unnatural inflation of values—simply the flood-tide of a logical and deserved prosperity—a state of affairs that cannot be upset or delayed, any more than a pigmy could stop the course of the sun or the flow of the tides. Everybody who has ever been ten minutes in Atlantic City knows this to be a fact; you can easily prove it for yourself. Thousands of visitors arrive daily.

The rapid and continued growth of Atlantic City will insure a wonderful increase over present values of Atlantic City real estate.

The officers of the Atlantic City Beach Front Improvement Co. are all men of integrity and financial responsibility.

HARRY BACHARACH,
Postmaster,
Atlantic City, N. J.

Come to Atlantic City at Our Expense

You may combine business with pleasure. Visit Atlantic City and witness its marvelous prosperity. To purchasers of lots in Ventnor Plan we will allow free railroad fare from any point in the United States, a total of 1,000 miles, and in like proportion for greater distances. If you find it inconvenient to come to Atlantic City at the present time, make your reservation and visit us at any time during the payment period at our expense. The amount of your car fare will be deducted from the purchase price of your lot.

I believe that Atlantic City has a great future, and I think the Ventnor Plan will be a success.

WARREN SOMERS,
President Board of Trade,
Atlantic City, N. J.

Every Modern Convenience

Delicious, pure water, perfect sewerage system and drainage; gas, electricity; beautiful wide streets, lighted by ornamental electric arc lights. Altogether $115,000 have been spent to date on Ventnor Plan in improvements which have made it such a desirable residential section. Adjoining and surrounding Ventnor Plan are residences occupied by such men as Rodman Wanamaker (son of John Wanamaker); Dr. Norton M. Downs, the famous Philadelphia physician; Dr. Charles B. Penrose (brother of U. S Senator Boise Penrose); Charles M. Schwab (steel magnate); Charlemagne Tower (U. S. Ambassador to Germany). The magnificent Carisbrooke Inn is located right in the heart of Ventnor Plan.

An Absolutely Safe Investment

The prominence of the gentlemen connected with the Atlantic City Beach Front Improvement Company is a guarantee of the statements in this announcement. All you need do is to write Mayor Franklin P. Stoy, Senator Edward S. Lee, Postmaster Bacharach, Warren Somers, President of Atlantic City Board of Trade. Note carefully what they say in this announcement. They say that Ventnor Plan is a good investment.

The value of Atlantic City real estate last year was $92,000,000.00; the assessed valuation $47,000,000.00.

There is no other way for Atlantic City to expand—growth must come our way, and YOURS, if you are one of the fortunate purchasers of lots in Ventnor Plan. Remember, there are only 800 of them in all, and you must act at once if you hope to be one of the fortunate few who will acquire them.

Values Must Increase in Ventnor Plan

The average wealth per capita in Atlantic City is $1,863.00, and it ranks first in the entire State of New Jersey, Newark being second, with a per capita of $598.00, in spite of the fact that it is one of the greatest manufacturing centres in the United States. There were 740 new buildings erected in Atlantic City in 1904—an increase of nearly 20% over 1903. The ratio of increase for 1905 promises to be very much greater.

Another evidence of Atlantic City's prosperity is shown by the January 14th statement furnished to the United States Controller of Currency by her seven (7) banks, showing total resources of $7,885,860.49.

Liberal Terms

Ventnor Plan Lots are 25 and 50 feet front by 120 and 150 feet deep, and range in price from $500 upward. By our easy payment method of monthly installments, any one may become a purchaser of this beautiful seashore property, without inconvenience. Terms are 10% upon purchase and the balance in three years or less—without interest and without taxes. We give a free deed with guarantee of title through the South Jersey Title & Finance Company of Atlantic City. No interest will be charged on deferred payments caused by loss of employment or sickness, providing the same does not continue longer than six months. In case of death during the payment period we will deliver to the purchaser's heirs a free deed with guaranteed title, or, if preferred, we will return all the money he shall have paid us with interest at the rate of 4% for the period that it shall have been in our hands. A 10% discount will be allowed to any one paying cash within 60 days. To all purchasers residing at a distance we will allow car fare to the extent of 1000 miles at time of purchase or during term of payments.

DO NOT DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY

As this is an unsurpassed opportunity and the number of lots is limited, we want you to write to-day for our illustrated booklet and map of Ventnor Plan. It will give you details that we cannot include in this limited space. Prices are increasing in Atlantic City at the rate of 50% to 100% each year. Remember, Ventnor Plan has all modern conveniences. Beautiful homes are going up all around it. Values must rise—so don't miss this opportunity by hanging back until all the lots are sold. It will be too late then. Your opportunity is knocking at your door NOW. Write us at once—it may be the beginning of your prosperity.

Write To-day

The purchase of GOOD REAL ESTATE, such as Ventnor Plan, will but emulate the course taken by such shrewd investors as the Astors, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Wanamakers, Russell Sage, etc.

Cut Out and Mail this Coupon

Atlantic City Beach Front Imp. Co., Atlantic City, N. J.

Gentlemen: Please send me booklet, map and full information of Ventnor Plan and Free Trip to Atlantic City.

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Officers and Directors

HON. JOSEPH THOMPSON, President, is Vice Pres. of the Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co. and ex-mayor of this city.
LEWIS P. SCOTT, Treasurer, is Recorder of Deeds and County Clerk.
ISAAC BACHARACH, Secretary, is Treasurer of South Jersey Title & Finance Co., and Director Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
WARREN SOMERS, President Board of Trade, Director Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co. and Second National Bank.
LOUIS KUEHNLE, President Marine Trust Co.
HARRY BACHARACH, Postmaster and Director Marine Trust Co.
WM. B. LOUDENSLAGER, President Albion Real Estate Co., Director Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
C. C. SHINN, Director Guarantee Trust Co.
ALFRED C. McCLELLAN, Prop. Hotel Pierrepont and Carlsbrooke Inn, Director Atlantic Safe Deposit & Trust Co.
HARRY S. SCULL, Treas. Ventnor Brick Co.

References

Any public official, or any Bank or Trust Company in Atlantic City. If you live far and remote from here, and are unacquainted with the truth of these strong statements about the physical and financial benefits enjoyed at Atlantic City, any of the gentlemen or institutions referred to will be glad to give you any evidence that you may desire to prove that we have kept strictly within reasonable bounds in describing this offer in Ventnor Plan as one of the most attractive investments before the American public. It is safe, it is solid—unlike a mining or stock proposition. You can tell to a certainty by looking into Atlantic City's splendid record of real estate transfers in the past five years, that no other city on the American continent offers such another chance to make money rapidly and legitimately. You have the actual experience and facts to guide you. The increase in Ventnor Plan values is as certain as the sun.

THE ATLANTIC CITY BEACH FRONT IMP. CO., 1506 ATLANTIC AVE., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND THE HEIR TO HIS THRONE

How Revolutions Are Made in Russia

THE INSIDE FACTS AND THE DRAMATIC INTRIGUE THAT CULMINATED IN THE RECENT TROUBLES

Vance Thompson

[COMPILER OF "THE DE BLOWITZ LETTERS"]

I.—The Alchemy of Gold

A LIGHT-THINKING man sees in political events the mere hazard of circumstances. The opportune appearance of a "republic" at Panama, the rush of Japanese troops into Korea, or the outbreak of revolution in Russia takes him unaware. He ranks each among the things that happen. Well enough every man of state knows that it is the consequence of long-studied, slow-working plans. He knows; and for this the dispatch boxes go to and fro across the earth, dark shuttles weaving a network of policy from capital to capital. He knows; nor is he much concerned with the noisy actors who strut in the limelight of public affairs. Not they but others are the real promoters of war and rebellion, creators of states, and doers of things. Historically the fact is evident enough. The diverse movements of history have their roots, one and all, in the underworld of intrigue, of personal ambitions, and of hidden projects. If you want to understand the French Revolution you must study the subtle preparation made by the Duc D'Antin and his friends a half century before. That means one simple thing. In the evolution of nations there is no hazard. Always behind the circumstances are the men. Illustrious or unknown, striving for domination, and animated by ambitions base or laudable, the men are always behind the deeds. The breath of patriotism never sweeps across a country—unless there is a hand on the bellows-strap. Nations do not rise for liberty. They are prodded up. Back of every revolution are fierce and occult ambitions. This is a commonplace of history. Usually the real truth is only got at by posterity. It is left to the historians, who patiently shovel away the *débris* of falsehood and uncover—with how startled an air of bewilderment!—the plain truth. One might think that, in these days of an elaborate and universal gathering and printing of news, very little could lie hid. No assumption is weaker. The American press, for example, prints what it gets; and, so far as foreign news is concerned, it gets exactly what the English Foreign Office and the Exchange wish it to have. I speak with certainty. The foreign news is all strained through

British intellectuals before it is served to American readers. How much truth he gets it is easy to imagine. No fact of the world-policy reaches him until it has been tested with acid in the money market, and, in addition, deformed to suit the English fancy of the hour,—and the thoughtful man may ponder.

You and I, stepping out of that routine, may, for a moment, see things as they are.

The mere word "Russia" calls up a sentimental mirage,—the rights of man, humanity, Siberia, liberty, and all the cant phrases that have always duped the unthinking. What lies behind the mirage, in grim reality, is interesting enough. This civilization, at once mediæval and ultra-modern, is in many ways like that of the France of Louis XVI.: at its head is a mystic little emperor; beside him, a great and perilous minister,—more powerful than Richelieu, more unscrupulous than Bismarck; round him, a phalanx of grand dukes, splendid, but dangerous,—fools, rogues, and heroes; beyond, a dark circle of police and darker revolutionists, intriguers, spies, assassins, reformers, dreamers, and martyrs; and, further still, anonymous millions—dim prolongations of animal life,—toiling over twenty degrees of latitude, a patient race. And this is Russia,—with its hundred score of dukes, its two hundred thousand lords, its two millions of merchants, traders, officials, bureaucrats, lawyers, parasites high and low, and its one hundred and thirty-eight millions of peasants.

MICHAEL OF RUSS

NICHOLAS

ALEXIS

MICHAEL NICOLAEVITCH

The peasant—

Gaunt and humble, he bends over the earth; if you touch him on the shoulder, he lifts dull eyes to you; and if you ask him, "Who are you?" he answers, "I am Ivan, he who works," and bends again to the earth. And you fancy that he is brooding over the rights of man and planning a revolution? No more than the lean and shaggy pony that he flogs afield is he content with his lot, but no more than his brother, the horse, does he dream of revolt. That idea we may put quite away, if we are to see the truth, you and I.

Russia, from within, is a prey to revolution,—revolution kindled by ambitions in the imperial family and fed by the perfidy of ministers and the place-hunger of the bureaucrats; from without, the attack, slowly prepared by the powers interested in her destruction, is far more formidable,—formidable beyond possibility of ultimate defeat. The political and financial intrigues—interior and exterior,—are parts of one broad plan. Go behind one or the other and you will come upon the permanent and occult commercial syndicate which rules the Europe of to-day. There is no power but money. The threads of European politics are in the hands of the great financiers,—*la haute banque*, call it what you will. In order to control the public fortunes of Europe the great financiers must have the direction of public affairs; the one depends upon the other. The power of money in politics is evident enough in the United States. In the Old World, where traditions of idealism, love of race, and historic and exasperated patriotism are still patent, such a game can not be played in the open. So the commercial syndicate which rules Europe is, while permanent, occult. This is not the place to write its history,—though not even the history of Venice is so stippled with the red and black of romance. A few broad facts will suffice. The center of this international organization is London, though it has important ramifications in Germany and at Vienna and Paris. In tendency it is Anglo-German. This is not due to English preponderance in the organization, but rather to the fact that English policy is most in accord with its aims. The British Empire would be of no more concern to it than another, were it not that Great Britain gave in exchange the conquest of gold and the real control of Europe. Its most notable triumph of recent years was the monopolization of the gold mines of South Africa, and only to the public—deafened by battle cries,—is the origin of the Boer War obscure. Both France and Russia stood in the way of that British expansion which best serves the interests and the evolution of the syndicate. In France the strange Dreyfus Case—blown up to so fierce and inexplicable a heat,—sufficed to cripple the army, and corrupt socialism did the rest.

Came, next, the turn of Russia.

The story of the disorganization of the Russian army is a curious one. Time went to the working of it. Until the reign of Alexander III. the high commands in the army were held by Germans, more or less Russified. That czar, energetic and authoritative, displaced most of them and gave the commands to Russians of race. The result was a cohort of enemies for the dynasty,—the Germans, who were mostly Protestants; the Poles, who were Roman Catholics directed by the Jesuits; and the Jews, who were widely disseminated in all parts of the empire. Upon all of them the foreign agents sent to Russia to "organize disorder" could count; everywhere they found aids and allies, and mysterious anarchists began to agitate and act. For a while death was very busy,—"collaborating," as Bismarck used to say. Rapid death took away Skobeleff, Miribel, and Alexander III.,—even as Carnot was taken away in France, and, when he, in turn, became an obstacle, Félix François Faure. When Nicholas II. came to the throne the Germans, the Poles, and the Letts of the Baltic provinces came back to power. Always death was busy. Muravieff was minister of justice; at the height of the peace congress at The Hague, collaborating death got him. Kuropatkin, who had gained his grade by making French puns at court, was made minister of war; under his inefficient rule the bureau of information—the secret service,—was destroyed. The military *attachés* at the foreign capitals, if they were doing honest work, were removed. Everywhere the Polish-German element crept in. The great army organization which Skobeleff had left was sapped and disintegrated. The non-Russians reconquered the administration. It is commonly thought abroad that those who are not members of the orthodox church are persecuted in Russia. So far from true is it that only thirty-five per cent. of the officials and functionaries of the government belong to the orthodox church, even nominally, while forty per cent. are Roman Catholic Poles, and twenty-five per cent. are Protestants of German origin.

So, slowly and from above, way was made for the revolution which was to kindle in the lower strata. From London, Germany, and Vienna the agents of the "International Revolution" crossed the frontier,—envoys more dangerous than those bombs which Bismarck, in his old age, cynical and unabashed, admitted he had sent into Russia. They gathered up recruits among the students, among the dreamers, among the lovers of liberty, among the two millions who do not work on the soil, and among the ambitious and the idle, the good and the bad, always at the beck of revolution. The labor unions were led into this political coil. Came, then, the red day in January, when troops and workingmen clashed and the dupes of revolution were shot down in the streets. It was a lost battle, but it was the beginning of a long war. And this was a battle of the proletariat? This was the uprising of Demos, gaunt from hunger, savage from injustice? This was the rising of socialism?—of *Narodnaia Volia?*—of the *Bund?* Hear, then, the word that was sent abroad by the divers revolutionary committees of Russia, the Terrorists, the Society of Avengers, the Marxists:—

"Holders of Russian bonds have nothing to fear."

That was the first declaration of the revolutionists, and never before, since the world began, I think, was their irony so grim and monstrous.

BORIS

GEORGE

PAUL

CYRIL

THE MOST PROMINENT OF THE RUSSIAN GRAND DUKES

The grand dukes of Russia represent the largest band of idle aristocrats in the world. Every male member of the royal family or its immediate branches is given the title of grand duke, and the result is that the czar is surrounded by a useless lot of men who must have money to spend in great quantities. Some of them, like the late Sergius Alexandrovitch, frequently hold responsible positions, but they do more to incite class hatred and rebellion than anybody else in the empire. Sergius was a brilliant man in many ways, but he was a despot of the most profound type,—he had no use for those beneath him. All of the grand dukes are not presented,—there are too many,—we merely attempt to publish the pictures of a few of the most prominent. It is estimated that it costs the Russian people nearly one hundred million dollars a year to support these men and their families. If they were permitted to draw on the Russian treasury at their will, the result would probably cause a severe depletion of the imperial funds, and Russia needs all the money she can get. Patriotic Russians say that the worst menace of the grand dukes is their meddling in political affairs, and trace the repeated defeats of General Kuropatkin—one of the most strategic soldiers in the world,—to the continual interfering of these men. An American army officer who has been watching the war in Manchuria says that the orgies of the grand dukes at Port Arthur were disgraceful in the extreme

CONSTANTINE CONSTANTINOVITCH

VLADIMIR THE STRONG

MICHAEL ALEXANDROVITCH

ALEXANDER MICHAELOVITCH

THE REGIMENT OF COSSACKS COMMISSIONED AS THE PERSONAL BODYGUARD OF THE CZAR. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "SUCCESS MAGAZINE"

For this the martyrs of liberty were driven up like sheep against the guns. Well, the dupes of the "revolutionary committees" are marching in lean files toward Siberia. Surely Demos will rise again. The wisdom—international and impersonal,—of finance has decreed it. But always one shall sow and another shall harvest the grain. There is an alchemy which turns into mere yellow metal the desires of men, and their pitiful hopes of a Tolstoian paradise on earth. And the *muzhik*, when he shakes off one master, will find another at the door.

And the czar?

He is exiled into ignorance. Dim murmurs come to him from the outer world; perhaps he lifts his eyes, curious and questioning; then the phalanx of grand dukes presses closer, or De Witte comes, suave and supple, to conjure away the noise. This little man lives in perpetual illusion.

II.—Behind the Scenes of Revolution

Round the czar of all the Russias there is a wall. He can not get out. He has never visited a communal parliament, nor a *zemstvo*, nor a village, nor a manufacturing town. The *camorra* of functionaries which surrounds him governs in his name. It holds him in perpetual fear. It keeps him so close he can hardly see a finger's breadth of sky. The service *de permanence* is made by the grand dukes themselves. Beyond the ministerial chiefs and the few foreigners whom the czar summons, no one approaches him save an old valet who served his father before him. And is it this dreamy prisoner who can say, *"L'état, c'est moi?"*

"I am the state." In Russia one man can say that, and he is not the czar. Power, there, as everywhere else, is in the hand that holds the purse. From him who administers the money all other ministers depend, and from the grand duke to the far-away peasant no one is beyond his reach. He is the veritable head of the *camorra* of place-holders. There is a general idea—but quite false,—that Russia is a complete organism moved hither or thither by the will or the caprice of the czar. It is not easy to make clear the occult power of this man who holds the key of the treasure-chest. The system was perfected, if not created, by De Witte. His position in Russia is very strange. At one moment he may be in place; at another, apparently disgraced, he may hide in some sub-ministry or vague committee for the study of this project of reform or of that; but always his power remains the same. Is he a liberal? Is he a reactionary? Revolutionists like Lazarewitch and Roubanovitch, busy with bombs and the more dangerous dynamics of socialism, will tell you that he is on their side, working in his way for a new and freer Russia; and some grand duke, fondling his Saxon princess under the orange trees of the Riviera, will prove to you that De Witte is the mainstay of the imperial throne. He is a mysterious man. He built the Trans-Siberian railway and endowed Russia with Manchuria—and a war.

His theories are democratic, yet all his political friendships are among the nationalists. He created a state bank for the aristocracy and another state bank for the peasantry; his favor can make or mar prince and *muzhik*. By the system of foreign loans which he negotiated he holds Russian credit in the palm of his hand. Banks, commerce, customs, railways, and taxes are subject to his knowledge and his will. Not only that, but also his power abroad is extraordinary. Through his financial police and his agents in all the capitals he can send the price of bonds up or down as he pleases. He speaks and the occult powers of European finance act on the word. This man, who takes so humble an attitude before the czar, is really the autocrat of Russia, active, informed, and responsible. Not long ago a high official was sent abroad to negotiate a loan. In the trail of this loan crept obscure political treasons. An honest Russian agent (for there are a few,) discovered this, and, instead of aiding the project, put a stop to it for good and all. Now the high official whom De Witte had sent abroad expected to gain a corrupt commission of over two million dollars. He complained to De Witte and—the honest agent was recalled. The charge against him was that he had caused a loss of two millions—to Russia. Here comes in De Witte's subtlety: the money, he argued, would have been spent in Russia!

Money!—Money!—

It is the one cry in Russia; money for the wants of an idle aristocracy,—

By this need De Witte holds in leash the nobles whose lands are mortgaged to his bank of the nobility, the grand dukes who get their pensions from him, and Ivan in his fields. With what millions he plays, this man!

Is he a mere emissary of foreign finance?

Far subtler is the character of this man of genius.

In a land where public robbery is smiled at,—where a thousand Tweeds organize corruption,—De Witte has handled billions of money, with none to control his use of them, and not one dirty penny has stuck to his fingers. His way of life is meager, even sordid. His little house on the Isles is without comfort or beauty. A worn rug covers the floor of his study; there are old sofas, littered with coats and old shoes, a table, chairs, and many books. So he lives, in shabby disorder. Yet he is the very essence of pride and ambition,—like all others born to dominate men. He is of the race of Richelieu. Without ancestry, and without education, he has craned himself into an eminence of autocratic power beside which that of the grand ducal *camorra* is a pale thing, and that of the czar wavers in the balance. Go where he will, a perpetual incense of flattery steams up to him. But he is humble and suave. He bends his spine to the grand dukes. He effaces himself before a Bouliguine or a Trepoff. Yet his way leads among pitfalls and swords. Wherever he has friends he also has enemies. His only open enemy, perhaps, is the austere Pobedonostev, that tetric and intolerant old man—a John Knox of orthodoxy,—whose position at the head of the church places him above the need of money and the reprisals of De Witte. For the rest, De Witte has, like the czar, his own police. Very curious is that drama of spy and counter spy, played in old Europe.

It is true, I believe, that, where three Russians are gathered together, one of them may not be a spy.

The grand-ducal party has its police; it is known as the ambassadorial police. Its headquarters are the embassies of Paris, Washington, London, Vienna,—all the capitals. It is that police of which you read in the wonderful novels of Russian life written by what Savages I know not. Through Sardou's melodramas it passes, fantastic and absurd. Made up of *grandes dames*, of decayed nobles and broken officers, its inefficiency is proved every day. It is a mere plaything in the hands of the ambassadorial police of England. This matter, as all others, the English treat in a business-like way. They have in their pay almost all the porters and office boys of the other embassies; add to this that the system of espionage in the world of society is almost perfect. The English embassies are served by a corps of wonderful women. Their agents are of all ranks and types,—intellectual, artistic, religious; among the proletariat as in the *beau monde*. That of Russia is too busy covering up the personal scandals of the grand dukes—at Monte Carlo or Naples,—to attend to its proper business.

FROM A STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHTED, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, N.Y.

THIS HUGE CANNON IS A RELIC OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, AND IS KEPT INSIDE THE KREMLIN (CITADEL,) OF MOSCOW, AS A PICTURESQUE SOUVENIR OF OLDEN TIMES. IT WAS NEAR THIS CANNON THAT THE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS ALEXANDROVITCH WAS RECENTLY ASSASSINATED

Far more important is the czar's personal police.

The head of it is one of the most remarkable men I have ever seen,—an obese, bearded Muscovite, with the title of baron,—a title which has been given for so many base financial services that it has lost distinction. He is a man of the world,—of every world. One of his chief functions is to watch the anarchists and the revolutionists. No one knows them better. He goes into that world as freely as into court society. As an instance of his usefulness

I may mention that when, once upon a time, President Loubet went to Lyons,—the town where Carnot was assassinated,—he had no great confidence in the *sûreté générale* of his own country, (not knowing what dark plans might be afoot,) and he sent for the Muscovite. The latter went with him to Lyons. The president of France, as he journeyed through his own land, was guarded by the czar's great detective. It is also his business to spy upon the spies of the embassies and upon those of De Witte. He is the sole informant in whom the czar has confidence. From him he gets his soundest knowledge of foreign events and foreign opinion. The czar does not see the newspapers,—a special newspaper, summarizing all the others, is printed for him; and the news that reaches him has been sifted by the *camorra*. A little light comes to him from this fat Muscovite. Nor is it news alone that comes. It was the baron who sent to the Winter Palace, last year, the hypnotizer "Philippi," who gained a tremendous influence over the mystic czar. Philippi "suggested" to the empress that she should have a son; but, in spite of this triumph, the grand-ducal band drove him from court. His power was growing dangerous.

FROM A STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHTED, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, N.Y.

The palace bridge across the Neva River, St. Petersburg, seen from the front of the Exchange on Vassili Ostrof. The dome on the right is St. Isaaca. The sharp spire in the center is on the admiralty or navy department. This bridge was the scene of many of the principal events in the recent riots

The baron—by the way, for reasons entirely unconnected with what I write here, but of importance to my friends, I do not give his name,—the baron, I say, has no difficulty in sapping the secrets of the embassies; those of De Witte's police are better guarded. The chief of the great minister's secret service is Raffalovitch. His official title is that of "financial agent" at Paris. In a way it is appropriate enough. He informs his master of the conditions, propitious or not, for the issuance of loans. When a loan is issued he knows how to make it succeed, or—if that is in his instructions,—to make it fail. Through Raffalovitch runs the chain which binds De Witte to the Anglo-German syndicate,—to London and Frankfort.

These are the figures that stand in the background of Russian politics. These are they who fed with straw the revolutionary bonfire of January 22, 1905. It is not a pleasant world where these dark shapes flit to and fro,—a world of obscure treasons and mysterious ambitions. Let us, if you will, go see the grand dukes! They are glorious. Insolent in gold lace,—with plumes and galloons,—they affront the sunlight, and, if they are the worst conspirators in the world, they represent the antique autocracy against which all the others conspire.

III.—The Phalanx of Grand Dukes

When Alexander II. freed the serfs he stripped the Russian aristocracy of its power and privileges. The nobles, to-day, have not quite so much influence as the landed gentry of England. Their political power is confined to the empty parade of the *semstvos*,—those impotent county parliaments. The real aristocracy is that of the imperial family in all its grand-ducal ramifications. It consists of three classes. The sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, and (in the male line,) the grandchildren of the czar bear the titles of grand duke, or grand duchess, and imperial highness. The eldest son of the grandson of a czar and his male descendants are called highnesses and rank as princes. All others of the imperial blood are serene highnesses.

Thus they form a caste by themselves. So far are they from ordinary humanity that one of them said, with no thought of disdain: "We and men." Thus calmly he separated the sheep from the goats. Like the czar, they are quasi-sacred for the people. Their coachmen in scarlet livery mark them in the streets. In the railway stations a red carpet is laid down for them. Trains start, not according to schedule, but when they give the word. Nor is it well with him who hesitates to obey. On the edge of the New Year the Grand Duke Vladimir, a huge and haughty old man, journeyed to Warsaw. Naturally he went by a special train. The way was obstructed by trains of mobilization, hurrying far eastward troops and munitions of war. The grand ducal train was sidetracked at a little station. Three hours passed, and the great man's impatience flashed up. He summoned the station master and ordered him to send his train through.

"I dare not delay the war trains," the unhappy wretch pleaded.

"I order you," said the grand duke.

"I dare not," repeated the little man, humbling himself.

With a howl of rage Vladimir raised his hand; steel flashed, and he struck. The station master fell dead at his feet. The body was carried swiftly away. The police had the politeness to draw up a report, stating that the little man had died of an apoplectic stroke,—or, perhaps, of sheer regret at having disobliged the czar's uncle, and all the way to Moscow the war trains were held up, shunted, and got out of the way, and the grand duke went on.

Obeyed by all, flattered by all, feared by all, they are of the blood.

The imperial court wherein Nicholas II. has installed his *melancholia* is gloomy. The two Marys quarrel,—his obstinate little German wife and his mother, the stormiest autocrat of them all, a Danish princess, sister to England's queen. The dowager empress is not greatly loved. The liberals, especially, hold her responsible for the brutal reaction which turned the guns on democracy, coming to claim its own. Oddly enough democracy admires her brutal courage. The day after the January massacre she alone affronted the riotous city,—without guards, in crimson state, she drove through the streets; in her person (the hard, old woman!) autocracy showed itself, fearless and contemptuous.

Beyond the imperial court is a swarm of little courts. These are the palaces of the grand dukes. Crude social gaiety has sway there, Slavic and luxurious, and there ferment the dynastic intrigues. The race is haughty and brutal, but there are grand dukes and grand dukes.

"There is only one thing that can tame a grand duke," said a Russian,—and he, too, was of the blood,—"and that is religion."

It was a strange remark to hear from this cynical aristocrat, smoking his unbelieving cigarette under Italian palm trees. He explained. You may divide the grand dukes into three classes. Those who believe in religion are good patriots, knowing their duties to Russia. The unbelievers are the idlers and drunkards who go racing, gaming, and yachting in the fashionable corners of the world. The dangerous and ambitious men are those who pretend to believe. It is a catalogue like any other. The idle type you know well enough,—the drunken follies of Grand Duke Boris; or that Alexander whom I saw one night between two hats of flowers and tulle, at Maxim's, in Paris; or that other who was discovered at Monte Carlo, the other day,—in pawn to a hard-hearted hotel-keeper. They, nor those old brothers of Alexander III. who drag their senility from St. Petersburg to the Mediterranean,—formidable drinkers of champagne and maniacal gamesters,—are not harmful to their country or dangerous to the czar. One thing only they want,—money. Sometimes they get it; sometimes they don't. De Witte is the purse-keeper. Their share of the grand-ducal appanage, which is ten million dollars a year, he sends or withholds, "according to the state of the finances," or his own plans. One of the czar's uncles was in Paris, last year. At a gaming club near the Madeleine he lost ten thousand dollars,—a *bagatelle*, but his pocket was empty. He telegraphed St. Petersburg. No answer came and the grand duke was in an unpleasant predicament. He recalled that one of the great dailies had asked him to visit its new building. He sent one of his followers to announce that he would accept the invitation and—borrow "for a few days" the ten thousand dollars. The publisher lent the money. His highness, with his suite, visited the newspaper offices—from the press room to the weather bureau atop,—and was photographed at every point. The newspaper had its grand-ducal advertisement. His

GRAND DUKE SERGIUS

SERGIUS DE WITTE

FROM A STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHTED, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, N.Y.

The famous Great Bell of Moscow, within the walled citadel known as the Kremlin. It is twenty-six feet high, sixty-eight feet in circumference, and weighs two hundred tons. Tradition says that it was cast by the old Czar Boris, who established serfdom in Russia. The photograph in the left-hand corner is that of the Grand Duke Sergius, who was assassinated on February 17, 1905. The photograph in the right-hand corner is that of Sergius de Witte, who wields the greatest power in the empire, next to that of the czar. He is responsible for the finances of the nation,—now "the sinews of war." He lives modestly, and, like the czar, has his secret police

[*Concluded on pages 369 to 371*]

The Grand Army of the Republic

Elsie Florence Fay

Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear,
And at each succeeding roll call fewer voices answer "Here!"

Still their regiments are marching,—many march with noiseless tread,
And no bugles sound "assembly" in the bivouac of the dead.

Glorious tales of gallant service echo still on every hand,—
Charge and siege and bitter hardship,—comrades lost on sea and land.

Now a reunited nation joins to bless the honored dead,
Though forgetful of the living who have likewise fought and bled.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here:
Lift them to the living heroes,—hail them all with cheer on cheer.

Not for long will they be with us: soon each regiment will be
Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

But to-day the drums are muffled and the flag at half-mast waves,
Keeping green dead heroes' memories as the grass above their graves.

Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay;
Now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loveliest blooms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore,
Eighty million throats are swelling,—we are free forevermore.

The Lost Opportunity

A Story of a Drummer, a Hunted Man, and a Sheriff Whom They Thwarted

Henry Gardner Hunting

It was raining. The light from the little road-house came dimly through the water-veiled panes and fell in small, pale, unilluminating patches on the muddy road, serving to show how very muddy it was, indeed, but without guiding the traveler a whit in the matter of ruts and holes.

Hazzard floundered up to the door with remarks upon his lips more vigorous than polite. He kicked the clots of mud from his feet on the edge of the low porch and pushed open the unlatched door with an energy sufficiently expressive of his mood to announce it before him.

He put his grips by the wooden desk in the corner, his scrawl on the book, and then, depositing his boots on the floor back of the stove and himself in a chair in front, called for the hottest hot supper the place could provide, to be served right there where he could eat and toast himself in comparative comfort.

He was a big fellow, tall, powerful, and clean-cut of feature and of limb. To the little landlord he had seemed, in his great rain coat, nothing less than huge when he first strode into the small hostelry's general room; and, when the rain coat had been cast aside and he stretched his full length upon the big chair before the fire, his damp, wrinkled clothes drawing tight about the big muscles of thigh and shoulder, mine host stared in sheer admiration, and then hustled away to superintend the supper himself.

Apparently, the damp young man was the only guest blown up by the storm, that night, to the little wayside inn. He was quite alone in the general room, free to stretch and lounge and doze as he liked, or to think over the discomfort of his half-mile tramp in mud above his ankles, and to anathematize the farmer who would take in a broken-down carriage and livery skate, but who was distrustful enough of human kind to allow a tired-out drummer to foot it to the road-house. But Hazzard's nature was of the sort to choose the more agreeable of two such subjects for meditation, or to find another still, better than either. Beyond a shrug at thought of a clean-up in the morning, he gave his soaking little further consideration, and, being rather too hungry to doze, he looked about for entertainment.

A country weekly, more than a week old, lay on the table; an almanac hung by the window over the desk; the pink sporting section of a city newspaper of the previous Sunday lay in the wood-box behind the stove. Hazzard turned to the walls, with their time-worn pictures and posters, in preference to any of these. Over the entrance door was a woodcut of Maud S., the still famous trotter, framed in tarnished gilt, with her record printed beneath. Between the front windows was tacked a lithograph of "The Drums and Fife of Bunker Hill," with a patent-medicine advertisement across the corner. Over the long table hung a colored half-tone reproduction of a Spanish bull-fight of days gone by. Everywhere else were pasted up posters of fairs and auction sales, a circus bill or two, and notices of an election of supervisors.

Hazzard looked them all over casually. None of them held any special interest for him, he thought. But, just as he was about to settle back in his chair again, one square slip, newer than the rest, pasted up next to the door behind his chair, caught his attention.

It was a sheriff's poster. It bore the portrait of a young man,—not ill-looking, Hazzard thought,—a square-jawed, heavy-browed face, in which there was some hardness, indeed, but, to Hazzard's eye, not much of villainy, despite this legend, printed below, which carried its own charge:—

> $100 REWARD!
> EDDIE CANEY, *alias* Kearney, age, 28,
> BURGLAR,
> wanted for robbery at Putney, and now at large.

A minute description followed, with particulars concerning the reward offered. Hazzard read it twice. Then he sat down by the table again.

"A hundred dollars!" he muttered, with a whimsical smile. "I would n't mind landing that bunch myself. A month's pay easily earned that would be,—if I could get my hands on Mr. Caney, and could hold him." He looked at his big hands and laughed. "I need the money, too," he added, grimly, staring at the stove; "I think Nell and Billy could just about use that much getting some spring duds. They have n't had much this winter, that's sure."

He slipped down low in his chair and put his still damp, stockinged feet on the guard rail of the stove. "Poor Nell!" he muttered, in half a whisper. "She did n't know what she was going up against when she married a poor man. I'd certainly like to pick up a hundred extra for her,—yes, even by a man-hunt. I s'pose this fellow ought undoubtedly to be caught, in the interest of society."

He pulled out a worn leathern pocketbook, and drew two yellow-backed twenty-dollar notes from it, fingering them carefully as if the thought of his need of money had given rise to quick fears for the safety of this reserve.

"One of 'em for Nell, anyway," he said, aloud, dropping them back into their place and smiling slightly. "The other I guess 'll have to buy me a suit of readys to keep me out of the rag-bag."

The landlord and the supper came. Hazzard sat up and showed hearty appreciation of the cookery, and then lounged again with his pipe while the dishes were cleared away. The rain

still fell ceaselessly and the wind whistled about the little building in a fashion to make the rough comfort inside seem luxurious. Hazzard dozed, woke, meditated, and dozed again. Finally, at nine o'clock, the landlord brought a hand-lamp, over which he peered at his guest with sleepy eyes.

"That'll be your room behind you there," he said, indicating the door back of Hazzard's chair; and then, with a brief "Good night," he trotted off to his own chamber, leaving the young man to retire at his pleasure.

"A hundred dollars!" muttered Hazzard, his mind lazily returning to the poster for want of other occupation. "That'd buy a lot of things. If that fellow was thoroughly accommodating, now, he'd blow in here for my benefit. Twenty-eight! He's even younger than I."

He relighted his pipe, moved his chair, tipped it, and carefully balanced it back against the wall. "I wonder how it would seem," he thought, speculatively, "to be ducking around the country on a night like this, with everybody else laying for you to get the price on your head. It would n't be exactly a Sunday-school picnic."

He closed his eyes and let the smoke from his pipe trail lazily from his lips upward across his face. He liked the solitude, with the storm outside to remind him of his present warmth and dryness, and he enjoyed his own thoughts, which trailed waywardly, like the smoke, across his mind. More and more dreamily he smoked and thought till dreams actually overtook him and he dozed away into a country where muddy roads and broken carriage-springs exist by rarest chance, and distance is traversed without effort. He dreamed that he was skimming over the earth at a furious rate, pursued, for some unknown reason, by a country sheriff's posse, and that he was laughing at the slow pace, when he dropped down into the little road-house general room with a bang and a jar that shook all the sleep out of him.

He woke to find that his nicely poised chair had tipped down to its four legs with that peculiarly flat, disconcerting bump a chair gives in that kind of drop, and he sat upright, staring and blinking across the dimly lighted room at the dark square of the porch window on which the sliding raindrops were gleaming dully with reflected light.

It was a black, blank space, the window, suggestive only of the wet and cheerless cold without, of lonely, sodden fields and desolate fence-rows, and of the great, blind, enshrouding night over it all. But, as Hazzard gazed, a shadow suddenly rose from the outer sill, shapeless, vague, and undefined to his sleep-clouded eyes, and under it, half hidden, half revealed, in faint, uncertain white, appeared the outlines of a human face.

The country drummer was not a coward, but something in this uncanny apparition suddenly slowed, then quickened the beat of his heart, and set the chills to creeping up his spine. He did not move, but looked with wide eyes at the ghostly visitor for a long minute, while the rain alone broke the silence by its beat on roof and pane and trickled down the glass, cutting zigzag lines across the face outside. Then the phantom stirred and was gone, but instantly the door knob turned and a feeble pressure from without pushed slowly at the bolt.

Hazzard shivered. "The devil!" he muttered; "they should n't spring 'em on a man that way." He pulled his stiffened limbs under him, crossed slowly to the door, unbolted, and opened it.

The draught sucked in and set the single light on the table flaring, while a gust of rain slapped across the boards at his feet as if whipped in by the tail of the whistling wind in passing, and out of the blackness a strange figure shaped itself. A man, a pitiful, slinking, misshapen figure, but still a man, in unmistakable flesh and blood, though with not much of either, slipped in, closed the door, and leaned weakly against it, overcome with exhaustion, his force quite spent.

The man stood silent and motionless but for long, shuddering, weary breaths. Hazzard's great figure towered over him while the big man looked down at the little one with astonishment. Ragged, dirty, worn, and exhausted, the fellow made visible efforts to retain his stand; but, even with his hands still braced against the door, he might have slipped to the floor had not Hazzard taken his arm and pulled rather than led him across to a chair.

"What's the matter, man? Done up?" he asked, quick pity for the forlorn creature stirring in his heart. "You're about frozen."

He placed a chair by the hot stove, and led the hesitating stranger to it.

"Ah!" the latter gasped, as he warmed his trembling hands; "oh, God, I'm near dead!"

He drooped in the chair like a wet weed, lying so still for a moment that Hazzard feared a collapse. Then the warmth began to tell and he stiffened up slightly to a sitting posture and looked wearily but anxiously at the big man, while the water trickled down from his shapeless hat and fell, with a little soft spat, spat, upon his saturated coat.

Hazzard looked into the white face earnestly and then pulled off the rag of a head gear, pushed the man's hair back from his forehead, and looked again.

"Well, I'll be ——," he said, softly, and then glanced over his shoulder at the sheriff's poster on the wall where the square-jawed, heavy-browed young man looked out at him grimly. "It's you," he added.

The other fixed his eyes on Hazzard a moment in dumb surprise, then frowned half hopelessly, half defiantly.

"Yes," he said, at length, slowly, "it's me."

"A MAN SLIPPED IN, CLOSED THE DOOR, AND LEANED WEAKLY AGAINST IT"

He brightened more, presently, under the influence of the heat, and commenced to scan the drummer with quick, sharp glances, only avoiding his eyes.

"You're up against it," said Hazzard, quietly. "How long since you had a square meal?"

"Night before last," returned the other, briefly.

Hazzard sat still a moment, hesitating, then rose to his feet without ado. "I think I'll forage for you," he remarked, in a matter-of-fact tone. "Better get out of your wet duds."

He cast a glance back, as he turned toward the door leading to the tavern's back rooms and saw his visitor sit up and fix his eyes with a sudden fire in them upon him.

As he went back through the dark hallway he held the white face before his mind's eye and studied it. It contained a record of physical suffering and hard experience; it contained bitterness. These were prominent. But there was more,—a little wildness, like the look of a scared child. What else? A subtle droop suggestive of indignities suffered, perhaps cruelties unsuccessfully combated, which had knocked out some of the props of self-respect and self-confidence. Yes, and there was suspicion, also. But that was not the question. Was the face vicious? It was not.

Hazzard bumped into a half-open door, but scarcely noticed it. He was excited. He struck a match. What luck—the pantry! He picked up a platter of cold meat, a loaf of bread, and other cold eatables. A slight search revealed some dry tea leaves in a tin can. He carried them all back to the general room.

The stranger had slipped out of his wet outer garments and stood in his underclothing by the fire. The warmth had revived him wonderfully. Hazzard just glanced at him.

"We won't wake the landlord," he remarked, quietly, setting out the impromptu supper and taking down the little steaming kettle from the top of the stove for the tea. Then, having done what he could to make the meal complete, he sat down and lighted his pipe again, while the other began to eat. Just then he noticed that the window curtains had been pulled down. He glanced quickly at the door and found it bolted.

"H'm!" he said; "following you, are they?"

But the man did not reply; he was eating like a half-starved dog.

Hazzard smoked on quietly. Occasionally the man's eyes would rise suddenly to look at him sharply, but for the most part they rested on the food, and the observer had time to confirm his first impressions.

"I suppose you have been out in this storm all day," he remarked, after a time.

The stranger nodded but did not pause in his eating. Hazzard was silent again. His thoughts were still rather unsettled by excitement. It was not an everyday experience for a country drummer to have a man with a price on his head drop into his very hands. He looked over at the queer figure opposite to him. A fugitive from justice,—a criminal,—a thief,—that's what this little hungry fellow with the bloodless face and matted hair undoubtedly was,—a foe of society, an outcast, a lawbreaker. He felt a sudden sense of disproportion in such a charge against so forlorn a creature. If this little fellow were a thief he could be of but one type. But there was no more of a sneak about him than of shrewd cunning or brutality. Hazzard wondered.

The man laid down his knife and fork, drank a long draught of the tea, and then leaned back in his chair with his eyes suddenly coming up to Hazzard's face and stopping there.

"Well," said the drummer, "had enough?"

The other did not reply. He sat so still and looked so persistently and earnestly from under his dark brows that Hazzard felt uncomfortable. Suddenly the little fellow got upon his feet.

"Look here," he said, the words coming out with a sharp emphasis of impulse, "you are the first man who has treated me like a human being in more weeks than you'd believe." He paused and the blood came quickly into his face, darkening it and seeming to fill it with heat, while his eyes brightened with a queer, unnatural light. Hazzard stared at him, astonished, and was conscious of a quickly passing suspicion as to his sanity. "They've no cause," went on the other, "but they seem to hate me. I'm going to tell you." He stopped as quickly as he had begun, and hesitated.

"All right," said Hazzard; "I've no objection."

The sharp lines in the man's face hardened slightly as if he thought the words a rebuff. Then

[Concluded on pages 365 to 368]

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

IV.—WHAT WE WASTE ON FOOD AND TRIFLES

Cleveland Moffett

I believe that these rich women, though generally ignorant of the condition of the very poor, are really kind at heart, and I verily believe that any earnest man or woman could find ten of them who would each subscribe one thousand dollars a year to relieve the sufferings of little children, little boys who are to be the future breadwinners of the country.—From a letter to the Editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, written by a woman in Little Rock, Arkansas.

IT seems impossible to go far in this series without getting into controversy; the subject is too vital to be considered with academic calm; we *care* too much about these questions of wasted wealth and poverty to discuss them without taking sides. And I find myself opposed, not only by those who blame me for "attacking" the rich, but by others who think I do not go far enough in my "championship" of the poor.

A man from Tennessee writes:—"Your remedy for the misuse of wealth is as inane as Tolstoy's remedy for war,—more religion. Suppose you do get a soft heart or two to respond to your call, will that be striking at the root of the evil? There is a far greater wrong involved in the way they *get* their wealth than there is in the way they squander it. Now what do you say to that?" I say it is quite true, but we can only talk of one thing ata time.

And a writer in the Pensacola, Florida, "Journal" remarks with many capitals:—"To the superficial mind Mr. Moffett's conclusions may SEEM logical and right, to the one who goes deeper into the subject they are altogether WRONG. . . . . If an industrial system gives to one class MORE than it can possibly USE and to another class LESS than it actually NEEDS, something is wrong with that system and Mr. Moffett's plan of almsgiving and of charity can never equalize or adjust it."

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If the editor of the "Journal" will read the third article in this series [April number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.] he will see that he has misunderstood my conclusions and will find that I suggest *legislation not charity* as a remedy for the evils we both deplore. I certainly believe in charity as a temporary expedient for the relief of conditions *that exist*, but I am sure the ultimate remedy lies, not in philanthropy, but in the making and enforcing of laws to improve these conditions. There is an elemental succor that the poor should get, not through varying and often mistaken benevolence, but through a permanent and well organized relief system that ought to be as much a part of our city and state machinery as the free schools and free hospitals. The poor mothers of future citizens should have proper medical attendance *as their right* and not by the bounty of any man. It is a shame and a crime that twenty-seven thousand women in New York City alone (see current report of the Lying-in Hospital,) were last year left without doctor's care in this great peril. And the children who go to school *hungry*, as thousands do, to-day, in our great cities, should have food given them as *the right of potential citizens* since without food they can not learn. On the same principle they should have parks and playgrounds and should be freed from the infamous servitude of child labor. And families living in tenements deadly with seeds of tuberculosis, as hundreds of tenements are, should be given decent homes *as their right* in return for the large rents they pay. And millions of people now languishing in miserable surroundings,—think of those dark foul stairways,—should have *as a right* some pleasure after their toil, something to cheer and uplift them, something more attractive than the saloon, say good music,—think of the noble organs in thousands of silent churches, untaxed churches that belong to the people, organs that might be playing evenings *for the people*, if these things were thought about, organs that will, I fear, be playing *miserere* one of these days if these things are *not* thought about.

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Such obvious rights of the people, unfortunately, are not yet accorded, and years may pass in discussion and struggle before they will be accorded; meantime, it seems clear enough, that charity must do what it can. No one denies that steam fire engines are better than wooden buckets for fighting fires, but when there are *no* engines we rally at the bucket line and do our best. That is precisely my position regarding the burning needs of the poor; these needs are urgent *to-day* in all our great cities, especially the needs of poor children, they constitute a grave and immediate menace to the general welfare, and *they must be met* by individual benevolence until the day comes when laggard legislation shall meet them better.

Josiah Strong quotes the following from a New York newspaper:—"A gentleman died at his residence in one of our uptown fashionable streets, leaving eleven million dollars. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, in excellent standing, a good husband and father and a thrifty citizen. On his deathbed he suffered great agony of mind and gave continued expression to his remorse for what his conscience told him had been an ill-spent life. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'if I could only live my life over again! Oh, if I could only be spared for a few years, I would give all the wealth I have amassed in a lifetime. It is a life devoted to money-getting that I regret. It is this which weighs me down and makes me despair of the life hereafter.'"

But someone will say:—"Suppose various millionaires were moved to extraordinary almsgiving, suppose a hundred million dollars were raised for the poor and you were appointed to spend it? What would you do?"

I can see my questioner's eyes twinkle as he waits for me to fall into some sociological error. Yet I make bold to say that there is no great difficulty in pointing out how such a sum might be spent wisely for the poor. Let me try. I should begin by sending as many poor families as possible (choosing those willing to work,) entirely away from our crowded cities with their hopeless and destructive surroundings. I would send fathers, mothers, and children away from foul tenements and tainted streets, away from the sweatshops and pitiful wages, away to the great West and the great South, where there is work and a future for everybody. Of the hundred million dollars, I would spend, say, ten, on that.

Then I would divide eighty millions between model tenements and playgrounds for poor children. I would wipe out loathsome consumptive blocks that disgrace our civilization, and, within ten years, that eighty-millions would be saved to the city many times over in lessened vice, crime, disease and death. Besides, the model tenements would pay four per cent. on the investment. With the remaining ten millions, I would establish free medical attendance for poor mothers and for sick children of the poor, and I would spend the earnings of the model tenements on pure milk for poor children with perhaps a nominal charge; and a part on food for hungry children; and a part on clothing for half-naked children. In other words, I would concentrate mainly on children of the poor not on the parents, on the theory that there is every hope for the children but little for the parents. And I really believe that a hundred million dollars spent in this way would reduce the horrors of poverty in a city like New York, within a generation, by one-half. And what is a hundred million dollars? Not much more than rich New Yorkers keep in their pockets every year by refusing to pay *their honest personal taxes*, which we shall come to presently.

Let me quote here from a letter which Bishop Henry C. Potter has been kind enough to write me on this subject:—"There is undoubtedly," he says, "great and grave peril to the republic in the extravagance of the newly-rich or ostentatious people; but the cure for this is not in doles contributed by those who indulge in such extravagance coincidently with the giving of a great ball or other entertainment [I suggested this.] but rather in such thoughtful consideration as will ameliorate the circumstances of working people."

But what, I submit, can "thoughtful consideration" accomplish unless it lead to the giving of alms or the making of laws?

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Bishop Potter continues:—"It is easy enough to draw a picture of the poverty of the unemployed in New York City, but no honest man who has read Mr. Wycoff's book can doubt that there is work for every man in the United States, *if he is willing to go where work is to be had.* If he insists on living in a great city and finds himself without work and in danger of being starved, nobody is responsible for such a condition of things but himself."

No doubt, as the Bishop says, there is work *somewhere* in the United States for every man willing to work, but how is a very poor man in New York City to know where that place is and how is he to get there? Suppose he is living with his wife and children in one or two rooms of a tenement? Suppose some of them are ill? Suppose he has never been able to save more than the rent money and a pittance for food? This is precisely the condition of tens of thousands in all our great cities. Is it not clear that he must have help before he can move? Suppose five thousand dollars would transport a hundred such families from New York tenements to some healthful region in the West where work is waiting. And suppose a rich man or woman about to spend fifty thousand dollars on an evening's *fête* were to give one tenth of it (the cost of the wine bill,) to save these people from their misery. Would not that be a good

thing? Why not? It would change five hundred human slaves into men and women, it would lessen the class hatred that these *fêtes* arouse and it would relieve the self reproach that the rich *must* feel when their costly pleasures are purely selfish. I know the sociologists would declare this bad economics but I believe the average fair-minded citizen would call it good practical Christianity.

I also receive protests from various readers who instance conspicuous acts of kindness and generosity from the rich to the poor and declare that rich people, after such benevolence, are *quite* justified in spending what they please on clothes, dinners and fashionable pleasures. Besides does not everyone know that a demand for luxuries is a demand for labor? And can anyone deny that the rich man who spends his money on extravagant entertainments is a better citizen than the rich man who hoards his money? Does n't he circulate his wealth? etc., etc.

These fallacies I have sufficiently considered in my previous article where I dwelt on the essential difference between productive and unproductive labor. As to the kindness and generosity of the rich I know that they abound and always have abounded, notably in New York, but we are discussing general conditions, not exceptional cases, however admirable, and a brief study of charity statistics makes it clear that *the average* rich man or rich woman in our great cities gives to the poor less than even the old fashioned tithe that was prescribed when the world knew nothing of such huge fortunes as are common to-day. Think of the young men and the elderly men in New York City worth ten, twenty, fifty, sixty millions and more. The New York "Tribune" estimates that the metropolis numbers 1103 millionaires with fortunes varying from one to one hundred and fifty millions. Does anyone suppose that these gentlemen give tithes of their immense incomes to the poor? If they did we should not find the hospitals of New York struggling under a burden of debt, as most of them are, and turning thousands away from their doors for lack of funds. Nor should we find that awful record of deaths among tenement children, —twenty-one thousand under five years of age sacrificed in a single year, 1902, (see health statistics,)— in the city of New York!

It is estimated that there are six thousand men in America with fortunes varying from one to ten millions each, say fifteen billions in all. And 235 men with fortunes varying from ten to one hundred millions each, say seven billions. And twelve men with fortunes exceeding one hundred millions, say three billions. This gives a total of twenty-five billion dollars, more than one-fourth of the entire national wealth, to 6,247 men. Now the income of twenty-five billions at four per cent. is one billion dollars. And a tithe of that is one hundred million dollars. Can anyone point to six thousand men in this country who between them give to charity one hundred million dollars *every year?* Statistics carefully prepared by the Chicago "Tribune" show that the total for the United States of "gifts and bequests to charity, benevolence, education, hospitals, churches, museums, etc.," for the year 1903, amounts to $76,934,978; and it should be noted that over nineteen millions of this was given by two men, which leaves some fifty-seven millions given by *all the rich in America*, save two, whereas by the principle of tithes, six thousand rich men alone would have given twice as much.

"But this is most ungracious!" some one exclaims. "There is no law requiring the rich to give tithes to the poor. We should be grateful for *whatever* they give. We have no right to blame them unless they violate the law."

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Which brings me to an important point in this consideration, I mean that, in the matter of giving, the rich *do* violate the law not only in its letter but to a much greater extent in its spirit. They manage by various tricks and subterfuges to avoid paying their just taxes on personal property and by so doing they withhold hundreds of millions of dollars a year *that belong to the people.* Many rich New Yorkers whose Fifth Avenue palaces are filled with priceless objects of art, all taxable under the law, are content to pay *not one dollar* to the city that protects their property on the evasive ground that their "residence" is in some small place in Rhode Island or New Jersey where the tax is trifling. Among those who, it is openly alleged, used this loop-hole last year were Levi P. Morton, W. G. Rockefeller, Jr., E. C. Benedict, E. H. Harriman, and Mrs. Caroline Astor. And many corporations doing a large business in New York City establish "home offices" in various small towns to escape their honest dues.

As for those individuals who acknowledge a New York residence there still remains an easy way to baffle the tax collector, that is to "swear off" his tentative assessment. Certain securities like government bonds, corporate stock, etc., being exempt by law, a rich man has only to declare that the bulk of his fortune is in that form to go practically free of payment. There is no effort to verify such statements although it is a matter of common knowledge that they are to a scandalous extent either false or misleading. "With slight exceptions," said the New York "World," a few weeks ago, "personal taxes are collected only from the people who can not afford to maintain residences out of the city or have not enough property to induce them to commit perjury at the tax office."

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And the New York "Herald" in a recent editorial on "New York's Astounding Wealth," which it puts at thirteen billions, concludes that three billion four hundred and seven million dollars of "sworn off" assessments should really be counted in the city's wealth. Which means that wealthy citizens of New York perjured themselves last year to the extent of *nearly three and a half billion dollars!*

When one remembers that, barring real estate and certain things exempt by law, a man's personal property includes *all* that he possesses,— money, debts due, bonds and mortgages, furniture, books, pictures, objects of art, jewelry, chattels, carriages, horses, automobiles, yachts,—*everything* down to his watch and chain, and when one thinks how these rich men live and what they have, one realizes that our present system of personal taxation is a melancholy farce. Fancy J. Pierpont Morgan and John Jacob Astor assessed at four hundred thousand dollars and three hundred thousand respectively! The price of one of their pleasure boats! Fancy such enormously rich men as Clarence Mackay, Edwin Gould, Howard Gould, J. R. Keene, James Henry Smith (rated as the richest bachelor in the world,) James Stillman and George W. Vanderbilt *not assessed at all.* Fancy Andrew Carnegie assessed at *five millions!* His income for three months! And Russell Sage at two millions! He usually "swears off" everything! And John D. Rockefeller at two and a half millions! Merely the "profit and loss" on just one week's transactions!

Is it any wonder, in view of this condition, that the American people are showing less enthusiasm than might be expected over various much heralded benevolences of the rich? The fact is they are beginning to regard these simply in the nature of partial restitution.

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And if our multi-millionaires really wish to be loved and respected by their fellow men they must stop these cowardly evasions and pay their honest taxes. Let them go back to the old idea of *noblesse oblige*,—how far we have departed from it,—and scorn to increase their riches by putting a heavier load upon the poor. For that is exactly what they do in shirking their taxes!

It is estimated that one hundred men, estates, and corporations own more than half the wealth of New York City, yet they pay only one fifth of the tax levy. The difference, amounting to many millions, *which they owe*, is paid by other citizens. Is it not a sinister sign of the times that these kings of finance, these princes of trade offer to the people such pitiful examples of dishonesty and greed? Why should they not be glad, yes, proud that their vast resources enable them to render a signal service to the state? That is the spirit in Germany where the righteous income tax prevails and where the man who is assessed for the largest sum, so I am assured, takes it as

THE ORCHIDS, ALONE, SHOWN IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH, COST FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS

This banquet was given by the wife of a New York millionaire at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. There were four thousand orchids used in the piece seen in the center. The mosses used in decorating the walls were specially sent from Florida. The decorations were among the most elaborate ever seen. The service was of the finest. The entertainment cost fifty thousand dollars

high honor and pays his tax with scrupulous exactitude.

"The millionaires may have a pleasant time on this earth," writes a man from Emaus, Pennsylvania, "but the hereafter of them is doubtful. Therefore I hope they will uplift this cause which is a very grave one as it now stands, and, by so doing, will receive the full merit of their giving, not that which can be gotten by money but something far greater and more precious, that is the blessing of God."

And I may quote here from a beautiful letter sent me by Dr. W. R. Huntington, the rector of Grace Church, New York, who says:—"I assure you that no man can have lived as I have lived for twenty years with the 'bread line' formed on the curbstone in front of his house every night [It forms at midnight before a bakery next door to Grace Church.] without having the problem of poverty pressed in upon his heart and conscience very forcibly. Moreover, I believe that a large proportion of the rich men and women of New York would gladly surrender every cent they own, if they were convinced that by doing so they could solve this terrible problem."

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Let us hope that Dr. Huntington's trust is not deceived and that some of the millionaires in question may realize what immense good they might do by stimulating other millionaires, through word and example, *to fulfill the whole spirit of the law*, not its letter, in regard to personal taxes. And what a brave and patriotic service the ministers of our churches might render by preaching on this theme! Let them first visit the tax commissioner and get the facts. *Then let them tell the truth!* Why not? Are they afraid? But this is a great evil; is n't it? It is right to speak out, is n't it? Then let them speak! I know that at least two ministers in New York have referred in their sermons to my Newport article and I wish a hundred would refer to this! For such great injustice can be met only by an aroused and fearless public sentiment; will be met only when decent citizens shall point the finger of pity, not to say scorn, at any rich man or rich woman who thus transgresses. And one day,—who knows, since wonders are wrought by the fiat of all powerful Fashion,—we may come to regard cheating in this matter as not less contemptible than cheating at cards. After all what *can* be more contemptible than cheating the poor!

Returning now to what must be the chief concern of these articles, I mean facts not theories or remedies,—for anyone may advance the latter and anyone else may disagree, whereas carefully verified facts *must* command respect,—returning, I say, to facts in our study of wasted wealth and poverty, let us dwell a while longer on the costly banquets given by the rich in our great cities. And, taking the item of flowers, suppose we were to read in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," that a certain princess at the court of Tiberius gave a dinner where the floral decorations cost a hundred thousand sesterces (five thousand dollars,) where the walls were covered with rare orchids grown for the occasion and the ceilings were hung with beautiful mosses brought from a distant province, we should exclaim:—"What a wicked waste! What luxurious enslavement!" And we should pity the Romans!

But we take it quite as a matter of course when told that the dinner in question was *not* given by a Roman princess but by the wife of a New York millionaire. It was given at the Waldorf-Astoria four years ago, the mosses came from Florida, the orchids numbered four thousand and the cost of the floral decorations (I have this from an expert,) was five thousand dollars! I may add that the cost of the whole entertainment was fifty thousand dollars!

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It was during this or a similar *fête*—I remember the newspapers put the cost at fifty thousand dollars,—that a passerby saw a woman standing outside the brilliant ballroom. The night was bitter cold and he saw that she was trying to protect a little child in her arms. As he came nearer he saw that she was crying. He stopped and asked what was the matter. She said the child was sick. He lifted the thin shawl that covered it and saw that the little one had been dead for several hours. It had starved and frozen to death!

In reading the life of Nero we marvel to hear that he had the floor of his banquet hall solidly carpeted with cut flowers so that their fragrance might be pleasantly diffused as the guests crushed them under foot. But flowers are cheap in Italy, and Nero never paid three dollars apiece for American Beauty roses which, as a matter of fact, have been bought at that price by New York dealers to be sold again at an advance. And what would Nero have thought of that Boston speculator who is said to have paid thirty thousand dollars for a lot of carnations! Fancy coming on such a fact in the histories,—six hundred thousand sesterces for some pinks!

And yet, poor as are the poor in our great cities and hungry as they are, it is not so much the waste of money spent on flowers that they would deplore as the waste of the flowers themselves. If the rich realized how the poor love flowers, how they long for flowers, I am sure they would make better use of the blooms they buy in such profusion or gather from their greenhouses, they would see to it that others enjoyed them also, not merely the withered roses and drooping lilies, the crushed crumbs of their abundance, but sweet, fresh flowers, just a few from their great store, a few of the best and most beautiful for the poor, especially poor children.

Let me give two instances out of real life. This one happened in our own family a few months ago. It was midwinter, and on coming home one night, I found a large vase filled with long-stemmed American Beauty roses.

"Where did these come from?" I inquired.

"The cook gave them to me," said my wife.

"The cook?" It seemed impossible, for at that season such roses cost several dollars apiece. But the explanation was very simple. They had been given to our cook by the waitress in a rich home where there were entensive greenhouses. Every morning the head gardener brings in a quantity of fresh flowers for the various rooms and the waitress removes the most faded ones of the day before. And these she gives away as she pleases,—to the butcher, the baker, the express-man, anybody,—twenty dollars worth of rare flowers every day, quite as fresh as those you buy.

I asked the cook about this. "Do n't they ever send flowers to the hospital?"

"No, sir."

"Nor to the poor?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?" I asked.

"The lady says she can't be bothered by people coming after them."

And it appears that when the family are away from home the whole product of the greenhouses is sent to various neighbors with the lady's compliments, but no flowers go to the poor!

The other instance I came on one night while dining at the University Settlement, New York City. One of the women workers there was telling how poor children almost worship flowers, how some of them have never had a flower in their hands, just as there are poor little girls who have never had a doll. And she mentioned one case that seemed to me unutterably sad. There was a little tenement boy whose parents were so poor they could give him no food for his school luncheon, but sometimes they would give him a penny to buy a piece of bread. As the days passed the little boy grew thinner and paler and finally they discovered that he was spending the money for flowers not food. Half famished though he was, he preferred to go hungry and give his penny,—all that he had,—to some push-cart peddler for a faded pink or bedraggled rose, picked from a garbage can, perhaps, but still a flower with something of the fragrance and beauty that his poor heart was starving for.

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I know there are many rich people who think of these things, but there are many who do not.

Suetonius tells us that "none ever entertained him (Nero) at less expense than four hundred thousand sesterces (twenty thousand dollars), and

CANARY BIRDS IN CAGES WERE HIDDEN IN THE FOLIAGE

The object of this affair was to represent a forest, the projectors going so far as to listen to the warblings of canaries hidden in the foliage. Although the decorations seem to have a set appearance, they are lavish in the extreme, and represented, with the banquet, a cost of thousands of dollars. This dinner was given at the Waldorf-Astoria on the same night as that pictured opposite

MAKING FOOLS OF DOGS

THE "SPORTY" DOG

FOR AUTOMOBILING

READY FOR FIFTH AVENUE

These pictures show to what length a woman will go when she centers her affections on a pet dog. The dogs are none the happier for these rather foolish attentions; indeed, they lose their natural robustness and power of resisting sickness. And considerable sums of money are wasted on these queer dog garments. The laced boots, for instance, made in sets to match different colored coats, cost six or eight dollars a pair. Some of the coats are trimmed with ermine, and there are dog collars set with gold and gems worth several hundred dollars. This is all very sad, for it shows what can happen to a mother's love when it is warped and diverted from its sane and natural outlet in little children

the most famous entertainment was one given by his brother at which, it is said, there were served up no less than two thousand choice fishes and seven thousand birds."

But New York has had many entertainments costing more than twenty thousand dollars and, as to abundance of food, I may mention a Lord's Mayor's banquet in London a few years ago (America could no doubt equal this,) where "the following dishes were set before the guests:—250 tureens of turtle soup, 6 great dishes of fish, 80 roast turkeys, 60 roast pullets, 60 dishes of fowl, 40 dishes of capon, 80 pheasants, 24 geese, 40 dishes of partridge, 15 dishes of wild fowl, 2 barons of beef, 3 rounds of beef, 2 stewed rumps of beef, 12 sirloins and ribs of beef, 2 quarters of lamb, 50 French pies, 60 pigeon pies, 53 ornamental hams, 43 tongues, 60 dishes of potatoes, 6 dishes of asparagus, 50 dishes of shell fish, 60 mince pies, 50 dishes of blancmange, 40 dishes of cream tarts, 400 jellies and ice-creams, 100 pineapples, 120 dishes of cake, 200 dishes of hot-house grapes and 350 dishes of other fruits. There was also a different kind of wine with each course." This is quoted from a carefully edited school reader called "The Young American!"

And the New York "Evening Post" records as follows the amount of food consumed by passengers on the steamer *Pennsylvania* on a recent voyage across the Atlantic:—"They ate 64,317 pounds of meat, fish and poultry, 88,719 pounds of vegetables, 79,270 pounds of flour, 5,512 pounds of butter, 6,194 pounds of sugar and 7,249 pounds of fruit. And they drank 1,765 quarts of milk, 2,714 pounds of coffee, 155 pounds of tea, 7,800 quarts of beer, 3,900 bottles of wine, 1,452 bottles of brandy and whiskey and 2,400 bottles of mineral water."

All of which indicates not only a shameful waste of food but a general tendency among the rich and well-to-do towards overeating. Perhaps a practical way of inducing the rich to give to the poor from their excess of food would be to show them that by eating as most of them do they are really hastening their own destruction. Lest anyone think this an exaggerated statement I will quote a passage from an eloquent sermon on "Food and Morals" preached by a brilliant Brooklyn clergyman a few years ago. He said:—"We damage our bodies and demoralize our souls by eating too much. The American dining room has become a place for the indulgence of animalism. Our highly seasoned foods create morbid and abnormal appetites. We eat too much and too often and, the system being borne down by overwork in its digestive department, there comes a demand for stimulating drinks and medicines. I aver without fear of successful refutation that three-fourths of all our bodily ailments or diseases and many of our immoral acts are the legitimate result of improper dietetic habits. If these habits do not affect us directly, they do so indirectly by lowering the tone of the whole system, physical and moral, causing us to break down prematurely into some disease or deviltry."

Thousands of doctors will testify that every word of this is true and that among the many dangers from overeating the chief is from eating too much meat. All the physiologists and special students of the subject are agreed that the average resident of our large cities would be *much* better off if he would reduce his meat allowance by one-half. And in that single statement lies a solution of our whole food problem, for if those who are eating twice as much meat as is good for them would give the harmful half to those who are starving, we should dispose of the hunger problem and incidentally dispose of rheumatism, indigestion and various other ills.

By a conservative estimate there are ten thousand families in New York who spend two dollars a day on meat, that is twenty thousand dollars a day between them. Or, adding a substantial sum for holidays and entertaining, we may say that they spend ten million dollars a year on meat. Josiah Strong in his "Year Book" (1904,) finds that the average amount paid for meat by the poorest tenement families is $64.63 per year. In other words the five million dollars which these ten thousand families should cut out of their annual meat bill *for their own good* would buy a year's meat for seventy-five thousand poor families whose need is pitiful.

It is only a few days since the New York "Times" stated that Inspector Lechstrecker, in his report to the State Board of Charities, "found that out of 10,707 New York school children only 1,855, or less than one-fifth, began the day's work with an adequate breakfast. Four hundred and thirty-nine children frequently came to school without any breakfast at all. The greatest destitution was at the newsboy's school at No. 14 Chambers Street, New York, where thirty of the thirty-three pupils frequently came to school with no breakfast."

It makes one sad to think that we could satisfy all this hunger (and there is much more of it) if we could persuade the rich to give to the poor what is thrown away every day from their overburdened tables. The food supply of New York is so enormous

[*Concluded on pages 372 to 374*]

A THOUSAND-DOLLAR TABLECLOTH

The purpose of this illustration is to show what a single article may cost among the hundreds needed for a fine dinner,—the tablecloth. The one pictured here was recently shown in a large department store, marked one thousand dollars! There are tablecloths much more expensive than this and they are not hard to find in New York

A Mouse for a Monarch

A VERACIOUS CHRONICLE OF GENERAL PHINEAS EMERSON'S STRUGGLE WITH THE WOMAN-SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT AT ITS FLOOD TIDE

Holman Day

PART TWO*

MRS. ARNO did not return to the capitol. The session closed. At the last moment the woman-suffrage bill had a mushroom growth that was fostered in order that the offended members might throw it like a decayed vegetable at General Emerson. The house adopted the favoring minority report by a jeering *viva voce* vote, and then, the senate non-concurring,—by arrangement,—killed the bill.

General Emerson did nothing except scowl at his grinning fellow representatives during this foolery. The members, spreading to their homes, sick of the whole thing, easily avoided argument with the still vociferous women by saying that General Emerson by his craft killed the bill when it came back into the house, and they hypocritically shifted responsibility by alluding to him as the big boss and to his puissance that no ordinary man could withstand. They vaguely hinted at the machine. There are some methods of arguing with women that are better than other methods,—and the representatives are not to be blamed, perhaps. They cheerfully reflected that General Emerson did n't need their championship. Did n't he have the machine?

The state campaign gets well warmed up along with the weather. It is in July that the "feelers" come back from their tours into the highways and the byways and report to the state committee in order that salve, sugar, or mustard poultices may be applied in spots as this or that section of the body politic may require.

After two days of listening to reports, the new chairman of the state committee grabbed his gripful of papers and went tearing across the state to the summer camp of General Emerson. To judge by the face of the new chairman the body politic was in a very critical state of health.

The general listened contemptuously, his crash-trousered legs hanging over the veranda rail.

"Pearson," he said, "you ought to have given those fellows sun helmets and cool cabbage leaves when they started out. They've come back with sunstrokes."

"But I tell you, general," repeated the chairman, fluttering his papers in his sweaty hand, "there never was anything like this—this,—well, it's hardly a revolt, but I do n't know what else to call it. The only thing like it was that Freeman case."

Every politician in the state knew how a miscued vestry dinner had forever done for Executive Councilor Freeman. It was "all fixed" favorably for him and settled long before he invited the legislature to make a Saturday trip on a special train over the road of which he was president, to inspect the mighty industries of his boom town. The trip was entirely successful up to the noon hour, when they hungrily assembled after inspection of mighty industries. Then the legislators were led to a church vestry, where dinner was served by the enterprising ladies of the parish, who had solicited this privilege of their church trustee, the councilor. Each lawmaker, on retiring, was dunned at the door to chink a half dollar upon a little table. Do you say that a minor slip in hospitality like that could never "queer" a man in his party? Remember that men on a day's outing are only big boys. What would you have done in the old days if a boy had invited you to the doughnut jar in his mother's cellarway and then had taken away your marbles in payment for the treat? Legislators went home and day by day drove spikes into the councilor with their little hammers, hardly realizing the nature of their own hostility as they did so,—just spiteful little spikes, not one of which amounted to much, but all together making that especial stick of gubernatorial timber unfit for the campaign saw. That fifty-cent vestry dinner had put Freeman out of business.

"Freeman! P-f-faw!" retorted the general. "You mean to try to make me believe that the men of this state have soured on me because I would n't let a pack of women run the statehouse and insult me to my face? Why, the voters of this state are n't of a pattern with the lalligagging fools that were in the house last winter. When it comes to that, I was championing the rights of men, and—oh, h——, Pearson, this is all too foolish to talk about! It's politics, man,—politics, not kitchen dances,—that we are looking after now, and we want men of nerve as managers."

"I tell you, general, it's serious," entreated the chairman, scruffing his soiled handkerchief over his forehead. "It's the women. There's a woman's club in every school district in this state and every one of them has a line hitched to the state federation, and of course every voter in the state is hitched to a woman some way or other. You ought to be a married man and you'd understand what continual dinging away can do to a man's ears and feelings. Making a few women mad does n't amount to anything,—you're right, there! But when you lit into that push at the committee hearing you punched the nerve center, the solar plexus of all the women of brains in this state, and the quiver of it has run clear way back into the pennyroyal settlements. Now they're coming at you in their own way and it's a way the machine can't tackle. It's new on me. Listen here!" The committeeman went gabbling through his reports. The general yanked down both ends of his mustache, stuck them into his mouth, and chewed and scowled.

"I tell you, general," said Pearson, concluding, "they've got you coming as sure as Sancho. Blast it all, there's a different kind of stitch to politics in this state, nowadays. You could sew 'em up once with a sail needle,—but not now. It's finer work."

"Give 'em the old-fashioned gospel," roared Emerson.

"We've got the newspapers, the state officers, and the county and town organizations, just the same as ever," lamented the chairman, "but the opposition is in the air like dandelion down, floating everywhere. You can't chase it up and corner it. You can't canvass individuals in a case like this. You can't—"

"Now, look here! I suppose you want me to say that, with things as they are, I'd better not go before the convention, hey?" the general demanded, looking sideways from under his bunched eyebrows. "Well, I won't quit. I'm not going to be sent to the stall in any such manner. Why, man,"—and he got up and drove his fist into his palm with a smashing thwack,—"have the voters of this state lost all their blood and iron? Are they taking political cues from sewing circles? Have they binding-tapes around their necks and apron strings in their noses? Get out your men again. I'll go out myself. I'll trace this thing to its corner. I'll lick 'em into line. I know the machine,—every cog and wheel."

General Emerson felt, at the end of a week or so, like a man trying to pick up a shovelful of soft soap on a knitting needle. He found men courteous enough, still respectful as to his claims, but—oh, he had the true politician's sixth sense! He knew that he was not "next," and that he was not able to get under the jackets. That's all there was to it.

The state committee was sullen. Its members declared among themselves that this obstinacy in staying in was racking the machine in every joint. Then they appealed to Emerson's party loyalty, using the same language he had so blandly handed out to others. He wondered then how it was that certain men had n't knocked him down.

The committee members admitted that possibly the opposition was not sufficiently coherent or well enough organized to defeat Emerson's nomination, but they were apprehensive that, even if the machine did jam him down the throats of the convention while a brass band was playing and the managers were licking delegates into line to take their medicine, the opposition, as individuals, would only carry more virulent bitterness to the polls.

"And," said old Captain Warren, committeeman from Knapp County, "when a voter gets into a booth with his back toward the peeking world,

*This story was begun in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for April, 1905

his shoulders humped up, and the end of his lead pencil well lapped, there's only his Creator to see where he marks,—and his Creator does n't come away and tattle about breaches of party loyalty. I tell you, gents, ever since Phin. Emerson threw that rock amongst the hens, they've been cackling 'Scratch!' to the roosters, and if the roosters want any peace and quietness they've got to scratch, and scratch they will, mark my words, when they get the ballots into their hands this fall."

Still grasping at the invisible, still butting at the elusive that fled behind women's skirts, General Emerson had gone back to his camp veranda and there had smoked, and swore, and, as his valet afterwards deposed, "kept up a pretty d—— big thinking."

To him came again the chairman of the state committee, wiping his florid face and fumbling papers in his sweaty hands.

"All I can say is, it beats tophet," he blurted, despairingly.

"I suppose you have come to hear me say that I'm going to throw up like the rest of the quitters?" queried the general, with ominous and scowling calm.

"Oh, no! I thought, perhaps, you were going to give me the good news that you had been out and got everything fixed," retorted the chairman, bridling and snapping angry eyes at Emerson.

"*Et tu, Brute,*" murmured the general.

The chairman caught the growl, thought it sounded like a muttered anathema, and glared with yet more venom. He got up, stamped down his trousers legs defiantly and stood before the party leader, his fists upon his hips.

"It's just this way," said he, chopping out his words, "and I'm giving you the word of the crowd as we've chewed it over. We can't win with you at the top of the ticket, general, and you know it as well as we do. It's the women! Talk about organization! That Arno woman in Borderham has a wire running into every town and city in the state. Every one of the local clubs, at the call of the federation, as they call it, has held regular afternoons of discussion and every member has pledged herself to nail and control at least one vote. Party discipline is all right, generally speaking, but party discipline never went up against anything like this in the state before. The women have declared against you as an 'old bach'—"

A grunt came from the general.

"A foe to home life—"

He snorted.

"A boss and a briber—"

A vicious snarl told that each shaft went home.

"And one who, by insulting the assembled womanhood of the state, has broken the law of chivalry. That last is what they are putting up strong to their husbands. 'Has all chivalry gone from this state?' is their war cry. Why, Emerson, it beats Burchard's 'Rum, Romanism, and rebellion.'"

Anger, disgust, mortification, and the maddening conviction that he could no longer flout the situation with one of his contemptuous sneers stirred passion that painted the leader's choleric face with lurid hues. He beat his fist upon the veranda rail.

"Go ahead and desert me, you pack of quitters," he yelled. "Go hold hands of women-folks, swap cuds of gum, and let them stick their hatpins into your party and then cackle about it!" With other and stronger objurgations he tongue-lashed the chairman off his piazza. The politician stumped wrathfully away to the railroad station, muttering his conviction that Phin. Emerson had turned into a combination of hog and mule, and that he did n't blame the women for throwing him down.

Thereafter, day following day, General Emerson sat on his veranda and kept up his thinking.

Among the half score of office seekers in the state to whom the continuance of the machine *régime* would bring appointments to good jobs in due course of trade, the candidate for railroad commissioner—that senate chairman of the judiciary,—loomed and gloomed. He had been too closely identified with General Emerson's fortunes to hope that another governor would recognize his claims, and, as he snuffed the political breeze and noted its direction and the source from which it blew, he became desperate. Only a desperate man, cursed with a selfish place-seeker's abominable tactlessness would have ventured to perpetrate such a scheme as he put through.

Observing, one day, the comely Widow Arno at a hotel in the state's metropolis, and learning that she was booked for a stay of several days, he scruffed his fat finger thoughtfully along his nose, then went to the telegraph booth and wired an urgent appeal to General Emerson to join him there on business "vital to candidacy."

For more than an hour after the general's arrival his political lieutenant held him by the arm and walked him up and down the corridor past the open doors of the ladies' parlor, and that, too, despite Emerson's surly protests, for he wanted to smoke and enjoyed the more unconstrained atmosphere of the lobby downstairs. The man sputtered incoherent excuses at him, hung to his arm, pushed him along, and chattered interminably, peering at every woman who entered the parlor. At length, however, the general was no longer to be restrained. He whirled on his captor and regarded him with suspicion and temper.

"Say, look-a-here, Curran," he growled, "I've been sizing you up, and, as near as I can find out, you've got me down here just to talk a lot of condemned nonsense at me. Now if you have any real business besides this bluff, out with it! But if you are just lonesome and want someone to take walking exercises with you, go hunt up another fellow. I'm done."

But at that instant Curran's roving and anxious eyes had seen a woman step from the elevator and enter the parlor. It was Mrs. Arno. She crossed the room and stood by a window, leisurely stroking on her gloves.

"ALL I CAN SAY IS, IT BEATS TOPHET," HE BLURTED, DESPAIRINGLY

"We'll step in here and sit down just a moment," he muttered to the general, and, ere the doughty bachelor understood the move, the politician had dragged him across the parlor and presented him before the woman, whom he now noticed for the first time.

"Mrs. Arno," said Curran, breathless, in his haste, "this is General Emerson, whom you know well. All the state knows about the little misunderstanding between you two and it has taken such shape that it is ruining the party,—your late respected husband's party, madam. I'm sure you can fix it up,—you two. Fix it up,—now be good! Fix it up!"

He hastily backed away and disappeared down stairs. The man and the woman watched him out of sight in blank amazement.

Then the general turned a purpling face to the widow, who was surveying him with much curiosity and some archness.

"Mrs. Arno," he greeted, "I hope you do n't think that I had any idea what that d——" The general choked with his sudden swallowing. "Excuse me," he blurted, "and I'll go and cuff his chaps for cutting up such an infernal caper."

But the humor of the situation and the clumsy peace effort of Politician Curran were too much for Mrs. Arno's gravity. Her dimples deepened and she began to laugh,—the ready, rippling, infectious laughter of a healthy woman who is always ready to appreciate the funny side of things. It was such laughter as sends little thrills through a listener, tickles the corners of his mouth, puts puckers around his eyes, and pries open his jaws. There was no withstanding it. The general's thick mustache went to poking up its ends, and then, when he caught sight of Mediator Curran peering above the stair rail to view how his method was operating, he laughed, too,—wholesomely and heartily,—and after people laugh together like that it is difficult to bow coldly immediately after and separate, or even to remember all the sting of former hostility.

Three times in the next half hour Curran tiptoed up the stairs and peeked over the railing. General Emerson and Mrs. Arno were still talking in a corner of the parlor,—she with her cheeks flushed and very eager in her arguments, so Curran judged by her attitude and gestures; General Emerson gazing at her earnestly. After a time her voice rang clearer, and Curran, his ear squeezed between the banisters, heard her say:—

"I can hardly blame you, general, for feeling that I am actuated wholly by personal feeling against you,—but you do me an injustice when you think so. I'll own up that part of my activity has been spite, and I'm ashamed of it, yet I would n't be a woman if that were not so. But I do n't mean to be merely a woman in this affair. Men say women are narrow and bigoted in public matters. I will not be so any more. I'll show you that I can dismiss petty prejudices, General Emerson. There's something involved here that you must needs respect. The women of this state may not need the full ballot, but they do require the moral assurance that they, as wives and mothers, stand for something in the councils of the men; they want to know that they are not reckoned as dolls and paupers and playthings; we have therefore resolved to show you, sir, as the man who most loudly voiced opposition to us in the legislature, as the one most thoroughly representing the old-fashioned political conservatism that despises a woman who dares to have ideas as to the government of herself,—"

The general flapped a gentle gesture of deprecation.

"Oh, you know it is so," persisted Mrs. Arno, smilingly. "Well, we are fighting not merely against you, general, on personal grounds, but against what you represent as a man selfish in politics as he is in—" she smiled again,—"in his affections. And we are winning, general." Her black eyes snapped at him. "You can't deny it,—we are winning. But it is n't to take any little mean vengeance, General Emerson. I should be ashamed of myself were that so. It is all to show you that educated women deserve a higher place in the estimation of politicians than would so many disenfranchised insane paupers. And to prove to you that the struggle is abstract, not individual, the women of this state will treat you as generously, my dear sir, as they will any honest convert,—just as soon as they understand that you are truly converted."

General Emerson twisted his mustache and gazed thoughtfully at her a long time, wrinkling his brows.

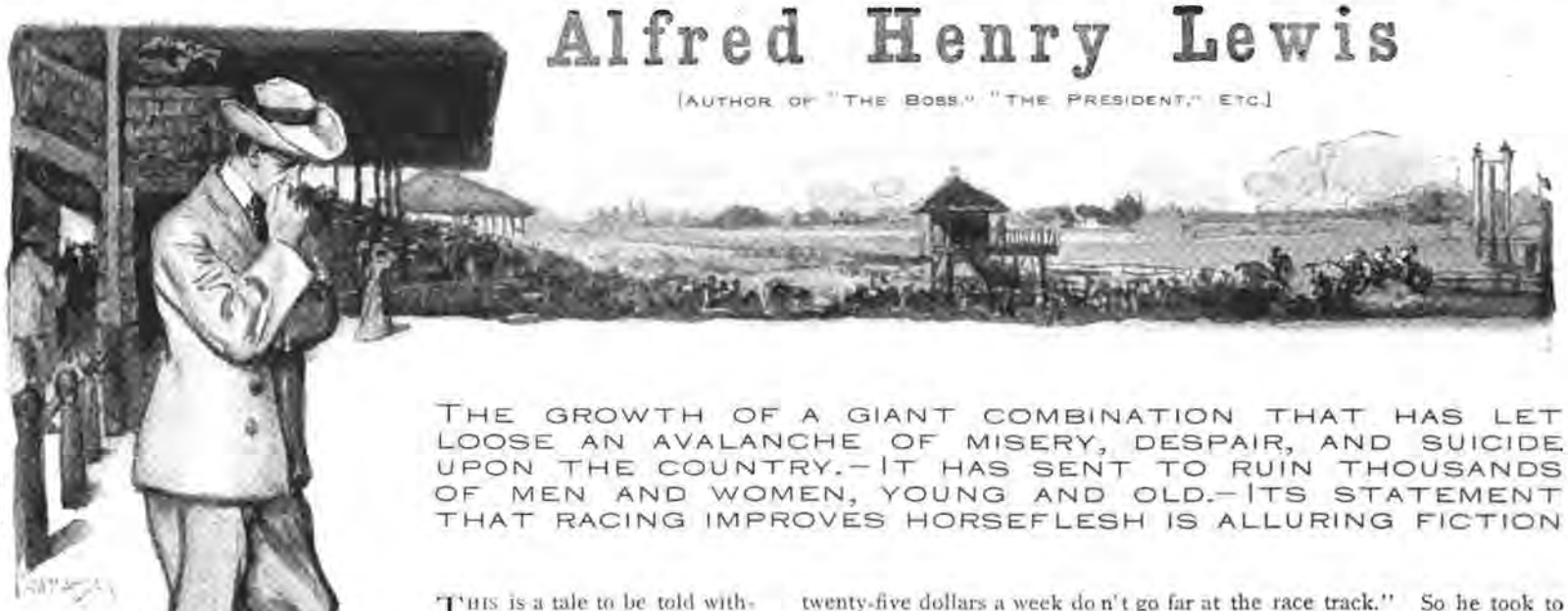
"Mrs. Arno," he said, at length, "if I tell you

[*Concluded on pages 361 and 362*]

The Race-track Trust

Alfred Henry Lewis

[AUTHOR OF "THE BOSS," "THE PRESIDENT," ETC.]



THE GROWTH OF A GIANT COMBINATION THAT HAS LET LOOSE AN AVALANCHE OF MISERY, DESPAIR, AND SUICIDE UPON THE COUNTRY.—IT HAS SENT TO RUIN THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD.—ITS STATEMENT THAT RACING IMPROVES HORSEFLESH IS ALLURING FICTION

THIS is a tale to be told without sound or fury. It will be helped in its relation by a lowering of both lamps and tones. If one have a story, empty of tragedy, or vacant of sorrowful force, he, in an effort to supply impression, would be justified, in its telling, of blare of trumpet, and beat of drum, for there are many who will accept uproar in lieu of the dramatic. None of these fortuitous aids to interest, however, is required in sketching the Race-track Trust. Its somber excellence as a picture of artistic villainy would be detracted from, not helped, by any throwing in of high-lights.

This is an age of dollars, big and senseless,—an age of saurian trade. There be monstrous snakes and mammoth frogs and giant lizards of commerce. Over in Washington, the President has two ophidians by the throat,—the beef constrictor and the railroad python. When he conquers, as he will conquer, his deeds should gain heroic registration as a thirteenth labor of Hercules, by no means inferior in importance to the other twelve.

In any recount of the *reptilia* of dollars, the American world has been taught to shudder at the mention of such overgrown trade serpents as the coal, the gas, the sugar, and those hundred other trusts meant to devour the substance of men. And yet—these, when compared with the Race-track Trust, are mere robbers by retail. They steal one's purse, but there they stop and go no further. The Race-track Trust, like the individual oft mentioned in the Scriptures,—never once with approbation,—and who is described as "going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it," plunders folks of their very souls.

That which makes the Race-track Trust peculiarly a peril is the atmosphere of "respectability" wherewith the evil has been invested. It was the rascal ingenuity of those who foster it, and whose bank balances are fattened thereby, which created that atmosphere. In a day blinded of vulgarity, and which frequently prefers polished brass to rough gold, to be "respectable" is of first importance.

"I MUST WIN IT BACK"

Those who support the horse race call that iniquity "the sport of kings." One must remind them that they too much divide description. If it be the sport of kings, it is also the business of blacklegs. They have written it in the law that horse racing is "to improve the breed of horses." Again they run short of breath. They should have added that its broad effect is to destroy men. Where is the horse that has been helped? If any of our racing gentry inquire, "Where is the man that has been hurt?" an answering avalanche of misery will swallow him up.

IT IS NOT THE SPORT OF KINGS, BUT A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL OF CRIME

Within touch of yesterday a Louis Hambourg blew out his brains. Money, business, reputation,—all had been licked up in the betting rings at the race tracks. There was nothing left but suicide.

An officer of a California university, one McKewen, was caught stealing. With tears he pointed to the race course; his larcenies of over forty thousand dollars had gone to feed the betting ring.

There was a husband and father—his name was Derby,—who murdered wife and children, and then destroyed himself. His children had prattled of Christmas. He had lost all on the race track. Murder and suicide were the solution.

In one of the stores a woman was caught shoplifting. She fainted. When she recovered, she told how she had lost all at the race track, and was trying to hide it from husband and children with theft.

But why prolong a list that is, in its last assertion, endless? Marx, the Chicago boy murderer and brigand, said: "I could make twenty-five dollars a week at my trade; but I was accustomed to play the races, and twenty-five dollars a week don't go far at the race track." So he took to murder and robbery.

The sport of kings? To improve the horse? Rather is it the school for crime! To destroy men!

There is something to infuriate one's self-respect in that race-track pretense "to improve the horse." Too often it presumes that the public is either a fool of no understanding or some smug hypocrite willing to accept excuse for fashionable crime. To improve the breed of horses! As if yacht-building would elevate the breed of battleships!

THE COURTS AID BOOKMAKERS BY LEGALIZING GAMBLING DEBTS

The race horse is a tool of the game, just as ivory chips are tools of the game of faro. Would ivory-chip carving, and a consequent faro game, improve the breed of elephants? Is racing, with its felon corollaries of murder and larceny, women disgraced and men destroyed, the one lone hope of the horse? With its horses like greyhounds, good only for a mile, does it produce those draught animals that Rosa Bonheur painted? Did it give us the cob, or the carriage, or the slow horse? Cattle and hogs have been carried in their culture to extremest heights. And yet when and where were Durhams or Berkshires raced? To improve the breed of horses! After this solemn assurance—writ in the law it is,—one is prepared to hear that the famous goose and turkey race, run on the Brighton road a century and a third ago, was proposed by Mr. Berkley and arranged by Colonel Hanger, with a purpose of improving the breed of those contending fowls, and not, as history supposes, to rob the Prince of Wales of fifteen thousand guineas. Some thief, caught stealing the communion service, or the candlesticks from the altar, will yet explain that he does it to improve his soul!

It was not until 1887 that the legislature at Albany aroused itself to the crying need of "improving the horse," and set about what one might call a horse reform by passing the Ives Bill. This measure was a merest license to gamble, and was, withal, so flagrant an invitation to vice that oldsters say that even an Albany legislature, in an hour reeling with corruption, hesitated and hung back.

The usual "arguments" were resorted to; there would be millions in that gambling, and those who were to profit shadily by it, and in whose ebon interests the bill had been framed, turned loose a cataract of gold. Law, in New York, has been for sale for forty years, and the Ives people met with success. The bill became a statute; and subsequently the courts sustained it, going even so far—a thing not heard of in an English-speaking court, since the days of Mansfield,—as to give judgment for a wager as for any other debt.

This pliability on the part of the courts need not surprise one. The boss system was in fullest flower, then, as now; judges were elected not for what they knew of law, but politics, and came to be no other nor better than just the hand-picked creatures of the machine.

Until the Ives Law, no mighty New York excitement had broken forth about the horse. The public had given itself no more concern over horse improvement than do the Arabs, who raise the best horses under the sun and never hear of a race track.

During the seven years to elapse between the birth of the Ives Law and the coming of a constitutional convention, it may be assumed that the breed of New York horses had not been granted the stamp of any vast improvement, for the convention adopted the following, as one of the clauses of the constitution:—

> Section 10.—No law shall be passed abridging the right of the people to assemble, ... nor shall any lottery or the sale of lottery tickets, pool-selling, book-making, or any kind of gambling hereafter be authorized or allowed within this state.

To the common mind, unsharpened of a criminal avarice, this section would seem explicit. It would appear to close the door

WHERE IT COMES FROM

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

against a possible chance of race-track gambling. To the uncommon mind—that is, the mind of our racing gentry,—no such conclusion appealed. Also, at this crisis, and as shedding a ray on the sincerity of the race-track anxiety "to improve the horse," it should be called to the notice of men that race tracks, horse races and every honest element of present horse racing were allowable under that constitution. The one sole thing prohibited was race-track gambling.

In 1895, divers citizens bearing our most "respectable" names—princes of banking and commerce they were,—bestirred themselves about the legislature for the passage of a racing law. The statute known popularly as the Percy Gray Law was, at their request, enacted.

Clisthenes invented ostracism for the Athenians. He of Athens who, by money, or intrigue, or a willingness to corrupt the fountains of the law or foul the sources of justice, had made himself a menace, could be exiled by popular vote. It would be an excellent amendment to the constitution that should provide for American ostracism. There be folks of whom it might be said that, were they thrust forth from residence among us, debarred from our courts, and stripped of every right of citizenship or property, the best interests of this people would gain promotion by one half. Many of these, who are as human upas trees to blight mankind, assisted in the framing and adoption of that Percy Gray Law. To-day, as supporters of those wrongs against morality and right,—race tracks and race-track gambling, and the endless train of misery and sin that follows in their wake,—they are reaping a pocket-harvest of unclean yellow thousands. Many of these race-track banditti call themselves "gentlemen." This gives glowing countenance to that aphorism, "No one who calls himself a gentleman *is* a gentleman."

Those "gentlemen" who bribed and bullied the Percy Gray Law through a legislature were not smitten of any hope of horse improvement. They sought only for a money profit to themselves. They said "horse;" they thought "dollars." Nor were they to be daunted of any dirt that might attach to those dollars in their collection. The purpose was a gambling purpose; the effort was to plow around that anti-gambling section of the constitution.

THIS LAW WAS PLAINLY INTENDED TO ACCOMPLISH TWO WRONGS

Since the passage of the law, on those two or three occasions when it showed faulty in its scheme of evil, and the success of what outrages were to be committed under it was threatened, it has been amended and repaired. The Race-track Trust would go to Albany and have the Percy Gray Law amended, precisely as the old-time buccaneers took their ships into some safe West India cove, and careened them to amend a leak. In its present shape, and for the foul ends of its original construction, it is perfect, just as a cracksman's jimmy and dark lantern and mask are perfect for those burglaries by which he lives. The Percy Gray Law was intended for the accomplishment of two wrongs: it was to give the Race-track Trust power to gamble. Also, it was to prevent race gambling by any outside malefactor of similar dingy feather. The Race-track Trust would hold a monopoly of that profitable iniquity.

The title of the Percy Gray Law reads: "An act for the incorporation of associations for the improvement of the breed of horses, and to regulate the same, etc." There is nothing to be found in the body of the law that is seriously calculated to cultivate the horse. Nothing has sprung from it in the guise of an association that has helped the horse.

By the light of what black results have flowed therefrom, it would seemingly have been more honest had that caption read, "An act for the incorporation of associations for the advancement of crime and to improve the breed of criminals." There would lurk some spunks of truthful pith and point in such a preamble, and the race-track story, in its vicious expressions, would grant it support.

When England was striving to "shear the wolf" and tea-tax America, Burke spoke on this question of statute-captions.

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "I am sorry to be compelled so often to expose the calamities and disgraces of parliament. The preamble of this law, standing as it now stands, has the lie direct given it by the provisionary part of the act, if that can be called provisionary which makes no provision. Here, Mr. Speaker, is a precious mockery,—a preamble without an act."

When one considers the Percy Gray Law, having first read the caption, he is touched of curious wonder as to what Burke would have said of our Albany legislature, had he come across that celebrated body in the day of his eloquence.

The Percy Gray Law provides for a racing commission, named by the governor. The head of the present racing commission is August Belmont. For practical purposes Mr. Belmont is the racing commission, since his colleagues are only ornamental,—being as so much brass work and deadwood, neither helping nor hurting the commission in its sailing.

THERE IS NO APPEAL FROM THE COMMISSION'S IRONCLAD RULINGS

The racing commission authorizes racing associations, and has arbitrary control over racing within the borders of the state. There is no appeal from its dictum: no race track can exist, and no races can be trotted or run, save by its license and permission. Such racing associations as the racing commission, in its wisdom and mercy, authorizes, by the terms of the law, must, in their racing, be controlled by the Jockey Club.

The Jockey Club is composed of fifty members. It is dominated of a board of seven stewards. The head of the Jockey Club and of its board of stewards is Mr. Belmont, who, you will note, is a kind of racing Pooh Bah, and presumably in sleepless pursuit of horse improvement.

The racing commission—Mr. Belmont, chairman,—decides what race tracks may exist. The Jockey Club—Mr. Belmont, chairman,—settles what horses and owners and trainers and jockeys and stablemen shall furnish the racing. The Jockey Club can bar offensive horses and owners and trainers and jockeys and stablemen, and it does. It can admit to the racing right what horses and owners and trainers and jockeys and stablemen it deems of sufficient moral stamina for so trying a trust. From what horses and owners and trainers and jockeys and stablemen it does admit, it exacts a fee. It gives them a license, the latter revokable at the caprice of the Jockey Club.

SHE BETS WHILE BABY CRIES

It will be seen that Mr. Belmont is of tremendous racing importance, and holds, locally, at least, this "sport of kings" and "the improvement of the breed of horses" in the hollow of his hand. Mr. Belmont's moment as a racing factor finds multiplication in this: he is a heavy owner in several of that octagon of race tracks into which the creative racing commission has breathed the breath of life. Also, he dominates the Washington Track, which, racing spring and fall, makes a ninth and final member of the Race-track Trust.

THE RACE-TRACK TRUST'S MASTER PURPOSE IS TO MAKE MONEY

Born of the Percy Gray Law, the Race-track Trust—aside from the Washington Track, which is beyond the pale of a New York statute—consists of eight racing associations. These are the Coney Island, the Brooklyn, the Westchester, the Brighton, the Saratoga, the Metropolitan, the Queen's County, and the Buffalo Association. The law, giving a two months longer lease of life than did the Ives, limits racing to seven months, from April fifteenth to November fifteenth. These seven months are distributed among the eight members of the Race-track Trust, granting each from twenty-three to thirty racing days. The Washington Track, to keep from getting beneath the feet of its metropolitan fellows and tripping them up, has a race meeting before and another after the New York meetings begin and end. During the racing season there are six races a day.

When one has put aside the cant of "improving the breed of horses," and solved a pretense of gentility that keeps its snobbish eye on England and gabbles inanely of the "sport of kings," he observes that the master thought of the Race-track Trust, being the master thought with every trust, is money in its purse. Its legitimate sources of income are the sale of tickets to the grounds and grandstands, and what dollars may be ravished from the unwary by the programmes, bars, and restaurants.

These rivulets of wealth, when considered by the Race-track Trust, were not enough. More, they would one and all dry up, like streams in desert sands, unless fed by that original well-head of all horse racing, the booking and betting. If there were no pool selling,—no gambling,—no patron would come. The gate would lie fallow, the box office become as a barren waste. There would be an end to the "sport of kings," and the "improvement of horses" would go dwindling to an untimely death.

With a wicked fertility of resource, born of its domination in politics and a complete if criminal mastery of the legislature, the Race-track Trust so framed the Percy Gray Law that certain miracles of disorder and defiance to the constitution were provided for. Race-track gambling was forbidden on the race track, but "punishment" was tamely restricted to a civil suit for money bet and lost. Race-track gambling occurring outside a track was, as against this, made a felony, and folks guilty thereof were to be given a term in prison. That is the present condition. Inside a race-trace fence you may bet and fear not. Outside the fence, Sing Sing yawns.

The Race-track Trust struck at outside pool selling for a double reason. To kill off the pool rooms would increase the gambling at the track, and thereby augment those revenues which the trust exacted from the gamblers. Also, it would swell the sale of tickets, and treble admissions at the gate.

So earnest and stubborn is the Race-track Trust in this enmity toward the pool rooms that it fails not, whenever a mayor runs, to contribute a sum equal to a king's ransom for the campaign. It asks but one favor,—to name the commissioner of police. It controls the police force, and uses it to stamp out the pool room,—which it hates as the rival shop.

THE POLICE MUST CLOSE POOL ROOMS, IF MURDERERS GO FREE

New York City pays a round million a year to maintain a police force. Half the whole energy of those eight thousand policemen is launched against pool rooms. Only fifty per cent. of police energy is left to deal with burglars, footpads, thieves, firebugs, and other desperate felons, which may or may not be the reason of unpunished murder and robbery and arson in our daily midst. How many murders have been committed since the fifteenth of April,—the beginning of the racing season,—and no one punished? How many highway robberies? If the city were a ship, the big leaks would have the first attention, and the police would not abandon a murderer to raid a pool room. But a city is not a ship. No ship is rotten from truck to keel. Special interests can not get secret control of a ship by any darkling method of "campaign contributions."

In discovering what profit and loss accrue to the Race-track Trust, one may approach an estimate by some such trail as this. The over-all value of the eight New York racing plants of the trust does not exceed one million, eight hundred thousand dollars. While these plants vary in value, and some cost more and some cost less than others, the average investment for each, at five per cent., would be bounded by an interest charge of twelve thousand dollars a year. The average annual cost of maintaining a track, which, save for those thirty active days of racing, would be nominal, is below twenty-five thousand dollars. The annual aggregate of purses offered for races is lower, to speak of race-track average, than two hundred thousand dollars. Thus one may see that the average outlay of any one race track, including interest on the value of the racing plant, does not for a year exceed two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, or one million, eight hundred and eighty thousand dollars for all.

There is a last element of outlay. To the foregoing must be added

the tax paid the state on gate receipts. When the Race-track Trust was passing the Percy Gray Law, and arranging defiance of the constitution, the disgrace of the commonwealth, and a franchise for the commission of crime, certain rural members betrayed symptoms of rebellion. To secure an agricultural submission, a clause was added, to the effect that the Race-track Trust must, at the close of each season, pay a tax of five per cent. on its intake, the same to be divided among the agricultural societies of the state. The farmer, in some of his representatives, is not always above a bribe, and this sop of five per cent. brought the cornfield to the shoulder of the Race-track Trust.

As a basis for that tax and its payment, the trust, for this year, made recently the following remarkable report, which I give in full, because it shows in a nutshell the trust's chief revenue:—

PHOTOGRAPHS, COPYRIGHTED, BY VAN DER WEYDE, NEW YORK

THIS PHOTOGRAPH REPRESENTS THE MANNER IN WHICH HORSES ARE "DOPED" WITH DRUGS ROLLED AND SWEETENED IN SUGAR

	Gross Receipts	Tax
Westchester, R. A.,	$ 566,144.12;	$ 28,307.21
Coney Island, J. C.,	854,421.20;	42,721.00
Brooklyn, J. C.,	731,559.26;	36,577.96
Brighton, B. R. A.,	626,837.10;	31,341.86
Saratoga Assn.,	393,550.09;	19,677.50
Queens Co., J. C.,	218,729.16;	10,936.46
Metropolitan, J. C.,	307,396.03;	15,369.80
Buffalo, R. A.,	106,489.05;	5,324.45
Totals,	$3,805,126.01;	$190,256.24

To this admitted revenue of $3,805,126.01 [Think of that one cent,—bless their careful honesties!] there is to be added a trio of further items. There is an income from the programmes of full two hundred thousand dollars, and an income, not to be overlooked, from bar and restaurant (profit,) of one million, two hundred thousand dollars.

Last, most infamous, and by no means least as a stream of inkish revenue, there are the bookmakers,—those fortunate harpy ones who may commit crimes for which a commoner clay outside the gate would be put in prison for five years! What is the share, the "rake-off," of the Race-track Trust in that villainy? Expert estimates place the whole amount of money gambled for on the track during one New York racing season at, roundly, five hundred million dollars. The business is transacted by two hundred to three hundred bookmakers, ranging from those aristocrats of the Metropolitan Turf Association—who are lords of the ascendant in the Betting Ring, and for whose protection policemen in blue uniforms are detailed by Mulberry Street,—to the nameless peasant "booking" in the Free Field, and ready for a bet of fifty cents. These bookmakers pay for their vulture license a daily sum which, falling as low as an individual seventeen dollars and fifty cents in the Free Field, soars as high as fifty-seven dollars and fifty cents among the nobility of the Betting Ring. For this season of seven months, the vile money going into the hands of the Race-track Trust from this source is put, in its minimum, at $1,500,000.

There be other fields from which the trust does not hesitate to have ignoble harvests. The boys who run between race-mad women in the grandstand and bookmakers in the betting ring, wagering the women's money,—and cheating them,—must pay for that mean privilege.

Rightly set up, the story of a Race-track Trust would read thus:—

Gate,	$3,805,126.00
Bar and restaurant privileges,	1,200,000.00
Gambling privileges,	1,500,000.00
Programmes,	200,000.00
Touts, etc.,	25,000.00
Total,	$6,730,126.00
Deduct expense,	1,880,000.00
Profit,	$4,850,126.00

It is that swollen annual profit of almost a quintette of millons, on an initial investment of fewer than two millions, that teaches the Race-track Trust to bribe legislatures, purchase political machines, control courts, own police forces, and pay tribute to agricultural societies with an appetite for "graft." Most folks find their morals, as well as their politics, in their pocketbooks, and the Race-track Trust is, perhaps, not to be blamed for being no exception to the rule. If it were no more than a matter of so much scoundrel money in its purse, however, the disaster of the Race-track Trust would be measurable and might be borne. But the harm is the moral harm,—and the example set other would-be criminals of snapping successful fingers at the law.

The Rack-track Trust is a fester, and corrupts men to the core. Hugo, in his "*Les Misérables*," tells how Jean Valjean stole through hunger, and says that the strong majority of larcenies is born of a want of bread. In New York the reason has shifted. Since the baleful advent of the Race-track Trust, it has taken rank as the original argument of over half the crime.

THE "BLACK BOTTLE" IS USED IN MANY INSTANCES. IT CONTAINS A CONCOCTION KNOWN AS "GINGER," WHICH IS INTENDED TO GIVE A HORSE SPEED. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE METHOD BY WHICH IT IS ADMINISTERED JUST BEFORE A HORSE IS STARTED

THE HYPODERMIC SYRINGE IS USED, ACCORDING TO THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE, TO INJECT DRUGS THAT WILL KILL A HORSE'S CHANCES OF WINNING A RACE

Humanity is by nature a gambler. Charles Fox said that to gamble and win offers the finest sensation that ever touches the human heart. To gamble and lose offers the next finest, according to the same eminent authority. It is the uncertainty that allures; it offers a reason for lighting a lamp of hope. The artisan turns sick of the weary, meager, half-fed certainty of his fifteen dollars a week. He sees that it will never grow; he knows that—with age,—it will diminish. It is to such and similar galley slaves, chained to the oar of circumstance and made to row to live, that the races most appeal. They may wager their money without leaving their work, and they may put down as small a bet as their poverty pleases.

When one considers what thousands upon thousands of these poor folks the Race-track Trust eats up, his anger begins to take on edge. There is but one other creature like the Race-track Trust in nature. The ant-lion will dig its funnel-shaped pit, and lie buried at the bottom in the murderous sand. The sides, circular and steep, are of snuff-like dust,—dry, and ready to roll with the slightest pressure. Some hard-working ant ventures beyond the brink,—as it were, the rim of ruin. It will never return,—never retrieve itself. It slips lower, and lower still. Struggle as it may, its course is ever downward,—with the treacherous sand giving way beneath its frightened feet. In the end it is at the bottom; the ant-lion seizes it in its savage grip, crushes it, and sucks its life. The ant-lion, to the ants, is what the Race-track Trust is to the men,—a monster, voracious, digging pitfalls.

The wrong is not replied to when one says that the race-track victim is to blame. The stony life-paths of most men drive them to what new ones promise fewer bruises and a better speed. Most men are not heroes,—and he who would remain satisfied with his honest labor's slim rewards must never pity hands or feet or back, but make them ache.

There was a service that the Washington Track conferred upon the public which should have quotation. It gave Benjamin Harrison, when President, an opportunity to voice a White House view of laws which permitted on the race course what they denounced as a felony when committed outside. Mr. Belmont and other interested influential ones pushed through congress a duplicate of the Percy Gray Law. The President drove the knife of veto into its heart. He said:—

> I return without my approval the bill to prohibit book-making and pool-selling in the District of Columbia. My objection is that it does not prohibit book-making and pool-selling, but on the contrary expressly saves from its prohibitions and penalties the Washington Jockey Club, and any other regular organization owning race tracks no less than a mile in length. If this form of gambling is to be prohibited, and I think it should be, the penalties should include all persons and all places.

Once upon a thievish time, certain Missouri race-track buzzards with a genius for imitation, and of a voracity equal to that of the Race-track Trust, so far profited by the latter's bad example as to get through the legislature at Jefferson City a law like unto the Percy Gray Law. The Missouri judges, however, were not boss-made. They used this language in considering it:—

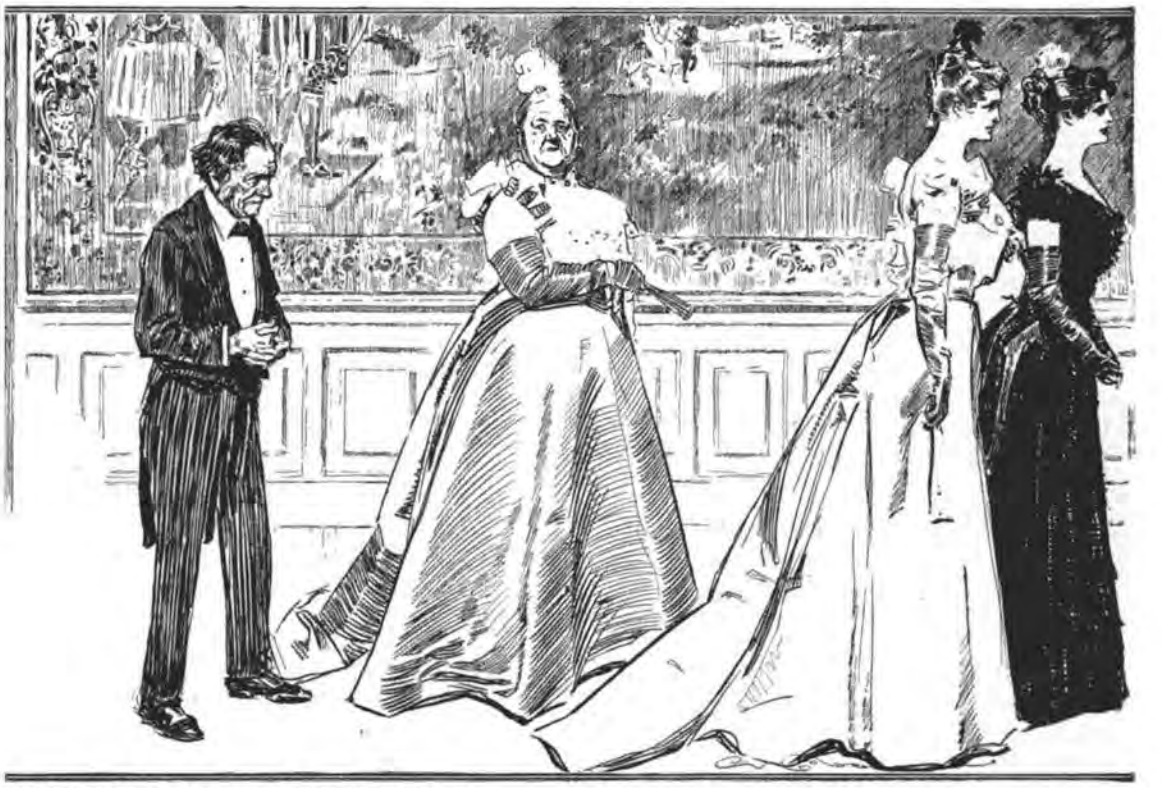
> It takes bookmakers, pool-sellers, and bet-mongers, and divides them into two classes. That class which assembles on the premises or within the limits or inclosure of a regular race course it renders immune from punishment, while the other class which pursues its avocation outside of the sacred precincts of a regular race course is doomed for doing the same thing to fine and imprisonment. If such legislation could be sanctioned, then it would be an easy legislative task to provide for the punishment of robbery, murder, and arson—indeed, the whole category of crimes,—with a proviso that nothing in the act should be so construed as to prohibit or make it unlawful for any person to rob, burn, or murder within the inclosure of a regular race course.

The Race-track Trust in its vicious manifestations is full of the anonymous, replete of the dark unknown. It keeps its secrets; likewise, as a chartered freebooter, it holds to its evil pathway all unchecked. Half a billion is won and lost during the season in betting on the race tracks. An equal amount, doubtless, is won and lost in the pool rooms, and, to furnish the whole billion, murder and theft and embezzlement and domestic wrong march forward.

There is this to be said of the Race-track Trust, and it marks a depth of wallowing disgrace into which no other gambling game descends. Its gates open to daily thousands of women, who throw themselves upon the betting with the mad abandon of bacchantes. A woman at a race track is a spectacle neither to be described nor quoted. Sometimes, with a baby on her arm, another toddling by her side, you find her hysterical over losses. Again, in the frenzy of a lashing finish, she leaps to her feet and screams encouragement to a favorite in language that would daunt a bargeman. In the beginning, Darkness wooed Disorder and Chaos wedded Nyx. If I were searching for a last of the hateful pair's descendants, I would lay hands on the Race-track Trust.

NOTABLE EVENTS OF THE DAY

A SAILOR ON HORSEBACK
Admiral Fournier, of the French navy, taking exercise on land

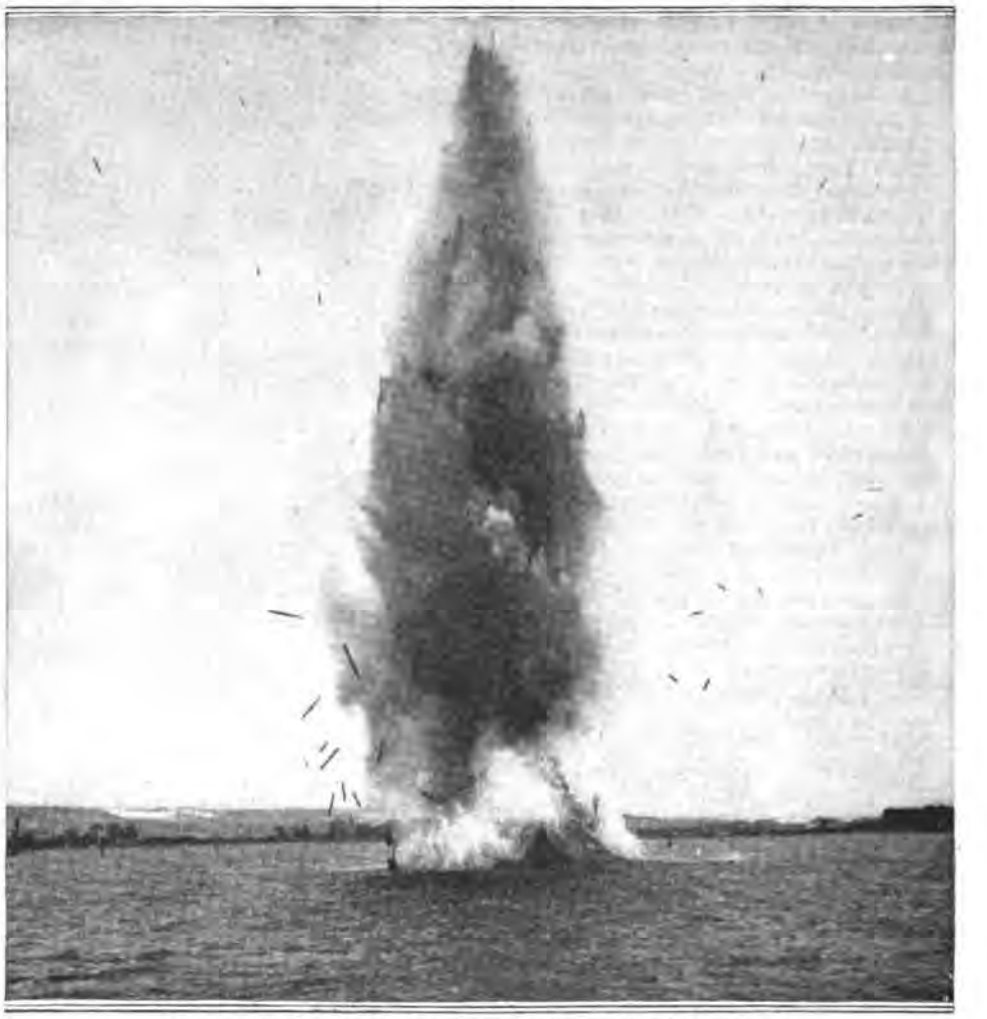


COPYRIGHTED, 1899, BY THE LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
"THE EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP," REPRODUCED FROM THE DRAWING BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

ROB'T M. LA FOLLETTE,
the newly-elected United States senator from Wisconsin, who is spoken of as the Republican candidate for president in 1908

COPYRIGHTED BY ROCKWOOD, N. Y.

JAMES HAZEN HYDE,
first vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the central figure of one of the greatest insurance battles of the day



DESTROYING A STEAMER WITH A TORPEDO.—THE START
During recent naval maneuvers off the coast of Great Britain, tests were made with torpedoes in blowing up large vessels. A four-thousand-ton steamer, laden with ballast, was used as a target. The photograph reproduced above shows the condition of things just after the torpedo struck. The vessel was going ahead under full steam when fired at

WON BY "WIRELESS"
She was Miss Beatrice O'Brien, of Dublin, before she was married to Inventor Guglielmo Marconi

DURING 1904, Great Britain purchased nearly twenty per cent. more wheat than she did in the preceding year, but her purchases from the United States were nearly seventy per cent. less than in 1903. This is significant, not as illustrating any design on the part of British merchants to antagonize American producers, but as evidence of the cold, relentless logic of facts,—that gradually, but inevitably, our agricultural supremacy is being undermined by newer nations, and we are becoming preëminently a manufacturing nation, to which end our mineral resources furnish a constant incentive and impetus.

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In the evolution of electricity as a motive power on railroads, we are no longer confronted by a theory, but by a condition. Expert engineers have long realized that electricity is superior to steam in many ways, but until a comparatively recent day it did not seem feasible to use it as a motive power on long runs or for heavy traffic, from the standpoint of economy. This defect was fatal; for, harrowing as it may be to the feelings of the community at large, the cold, naked fact is that a business proposition is discussed by the directors of a corporation from the view-point of profit, not from that of benevolence or of humanity. It has, however, proved possible to develop electric motive power at a rate as low as is possible by steam or a trifle lower; and, since it possesses all the desirable features of the latter, minus many which are objectionable, it is unnecessary to say that steam power as a traction force is doomed. The output of locomotives was never greater than it is to-day. Every large shop is working to its full capacity, and the orders from foreign countries are increasing.

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Predictions as to the "yellow peril" have been so common that, in a certain sense, they have lost interest, but if the present war should result in such an overwhelming defeat for Russia as to annihilate practically her influence as a factor in Asiatic politics, it might not be unreasonable to wonder whether or not the little brown men might have such a development of "big head" as to imperil the peace of the world. It is too soon to predict definitely the ultimate results of an overwhelming Japanese success, if that should be the final outcome of the present struggle; if China with her half a billion, more or less, of semi-civilized people were not adjacent to Japan from a geographical standpoint, and also ethnologically, the situation would be robbed of half its seriousness.

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Colonel Juan Bautista Lamedo, who poses as the military adviser of President Castro of Venezuela, is quoted as boasting that, with thirty thousand troops, he can, in an overland campaign, capture New Orleans. He says: "This may seem to many, a Utopian vision, but, when we reflect that the North American squadrons can not operate in the forests and that traders will always be traders, inept and cowardly in feats of heroism, our hearts swell

TOLD BY PEN AND CAMERA

DIGBY BELL MRS. KATE DENIN MARION DRAUGHN JANET BEECHER

HOW MR. GIBSON'S CHARACTERS ARE REPRESENTED BY ACTORS IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S COMEDY

SIR CASPAR PURDON CLARKE.
the new director-general of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

DESTROYING A STEAMER WITH A TORPEDO.—THE FINISH

The photograph above shows the remains of the steamer falling back to earth and the foam caused by the sinking wreckage. Some of the spars, experts calculate, were driven over two hundred feet into the air. The deadly missile was fired from a torpedo boat five miles away, and struck with remarkable accuracy. Nothing remained of the vessel

THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN

He was formerly Crown Prince Gustav, and succeeded his father, Oscar II., who abdicated last February. He is a man who inherits his father's gifts and attainments, but is not so liberal. His wife was a German princess, and is related to the emperor

H. RIDER HAGGARD.
the English novelist who is in the United States making a careful study of social conditions

within us and we are willing to take our stand in the vanguard among the distinguished heroes of the New World." Now would n't this pass as the Simon-pure romanticism of the modern Latin race? It is a little difficult for us to take it quite seriously, and it may possibly have been accentuated in its ludicrous phases in the translation; at any rate, let us hope that President Castro will postpone his attack until the Panama Canal is completed.

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An article on "hazing," in a recent number of a current magazine, expresses so well the feelings of the writer that, in indorsing it, he can not be more complimentary than to express the wish that he might have written it himself. There was never much to say in defense of "hazing," even when it was simply silly without being brutal, but the performances along this line, during recent years, cause simply wonder as to whether punishment most fitting is to be found in the penitentiary or in an asylum for the feeble-minded.

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The interview which Sir Charles Wyndham recently gave to a representative of the New York "World," should burn itself into the intellectual consciences of all theatrical managers and entertainment promoters. Half a century ago, Macaulay, with withering sarcasm, and with satire so biting and acrimonious as to require a realization not only of the truth of his accusations but also of the necessity of the punishment in order to justify its severity, took advantage of the occasion of the issuing of a new edition of the poems of Robert Montgomery to show how the merest drivel, the most ludicrous combination of images, and the most inartistic conceptions might be puffed into a kind of temporary popularity by systematic effort on the part of critics and current publications, paid directly or indirectly by publishers. The evil has not been eradicated; criticisms of plays and players, written either by people grotesquely inadequate to the task, or by people deliberately retained, in the interest of managers, to puff certain plays and alleged stars into a notoriety which can never become fame, still fill the columns of our magazines and daily papers. Good criticism does not necessarily imply adverse comment or faultfinding, but it does imply intelligent judgment, some conception of the relative importance of different details, some reading and experience, some knowledge of plays and players whose names have become famous not by puffing but by the deliberate judgment of the ages, and, above all else, it implies and necessitates plain, blunt, old-fashioned honesty. Sir Charles's allusions to the public's need of good stock companies to act as schools of training and as the *nuclei* which attract those who, by genius or talent, or by a capacity for hard work, or by a combination of these qualities, become known as stars, are also opportune and indisputable. There is a prevailing opinion that the standard of American intelligence in the drama,

and in literature as well, is not as high as it should be. The splendid support of plays that are legitimate, the increase of libraries, the demand for good books shows that we are not as ignorant as we, ourselves, imagine. George Ade's comedy, "The College Widow," now running in New York is wholesome fun. It is an astounding success, largely because it is clean and thoroughly American.

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The recent hysterical action on the part of a number of reputable clergymen, in the direction of refusing to accept gifts from John D. Rockefeller on the ground of his having acquired his wealth by dishonorable methods opens up a wide field of thought. There is not, probably, any doubt in the minds of intelligent men that the methods by which the Standard Oil Company has acquired its hundreds of millions have been those of pirates, bandits, and business assassins. By comparison, the sneak thief, the strong-arm man, and the panel operator are reputable business men. All this may be admitted, and it may also be conceded that the "trust robber" who has acquired his millions by methods which are repellent to the consciences of ordinary thieves, when he begins to restore his stealings, is instigated by dishonorable motives,—by a desire to open up a credit account with God, and by the hope that, by restoring five or ten per cent. of his ill-gotten wealth, he will not only allay the indignation of the public, but will also delay the punishment which he is sure to get, here or hereafter. Let us even admit that churches and libraries, and other organizations supported wholly or partly by voluntary contributions should not urge or invite gifts from the representatives of trusts, on the ground that by so doing they become a sort of *participe criminis*, or accessories after the fact. Now what are we going to do with the subject of voluntary contributions to charitable causes by these people? Where can we draw the line? Who is to be the judge? It opens a wide field of thought. We would like to hear from our readers about it.

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During the year ending June 30, 1904, the United States exported agricultural implements,—mowers, reapers, plows, cultivators, etc.,—to the value of $22,749,635, a gain of nearly $1,750,000 over the fiscal year of 1903, and of nearly $6,500,000 over 1902. The gains in export in nearly all lines of this class of goods have been almost phenomenal.

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Almost every good thing has its compensating disadvantages. The determination to enforce the Monroe Doctrine has come to have almost the form of a constitutional provision, and it is conceded by our greatest statesmen and indorsed by well informed public opinion that the idea is sound, and necessary to our safety, or, to our comfort.

We are beginning to discover, however, that we have to accept the responsibilities as well as the advantages of our position. Our South American neighbors and the inhabitants of the islands of the Caribbean Sea have an unfortunate habit of involving themselves in trouble, financial and otherwise, with European nations. They are, like all other representatives of the Latin races, arrogant and disputatious. Their readiness to take offense is, naturally, in inverse ratio to their power to defend their claims, and they are inclined to hide behind the United States, feeling certain that we shall never allow a European nation to go beyond nominal pressure in the collection of claims or in resenting insults.

This attitude, on the part of our neighbors on the south, is exceedingly exasperating to European nations and not less perplexing and annoying to us. Our transatlantic cousins have given, generally speaking, only a kind of tacit consent to our interpretation of international procedure known as the Monroe Doctrine, and naturally feel that, if we are going to stand as guardians of the Latin-American republics, the least we can do is to compel them to behave decently.

On the other hand, there would be violent opposition from the people of this country to any such attempt to control the action of the people to the south of us as might result, and, in fact, would ultimately have to result, in our taking over new territory, either absolutely or provisionally.

President Castro, of Venezuela, seems determined to force our hand, and to compel us to accept one of the horns of the dilemma. The result ought to be disastrous to him; he has not a shadow of excuse for the course he is taking, and, if he could be soundly spanked without compelling his people, who have no responsibility for his foolishness, to suffer, the situation would be relieved of all its disagreeable features.

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There are over two hundred correspondence schools in the United States. The students of one institution alone number over seven hundred thousand. Thirty-two hundred instructors are engaged by it.

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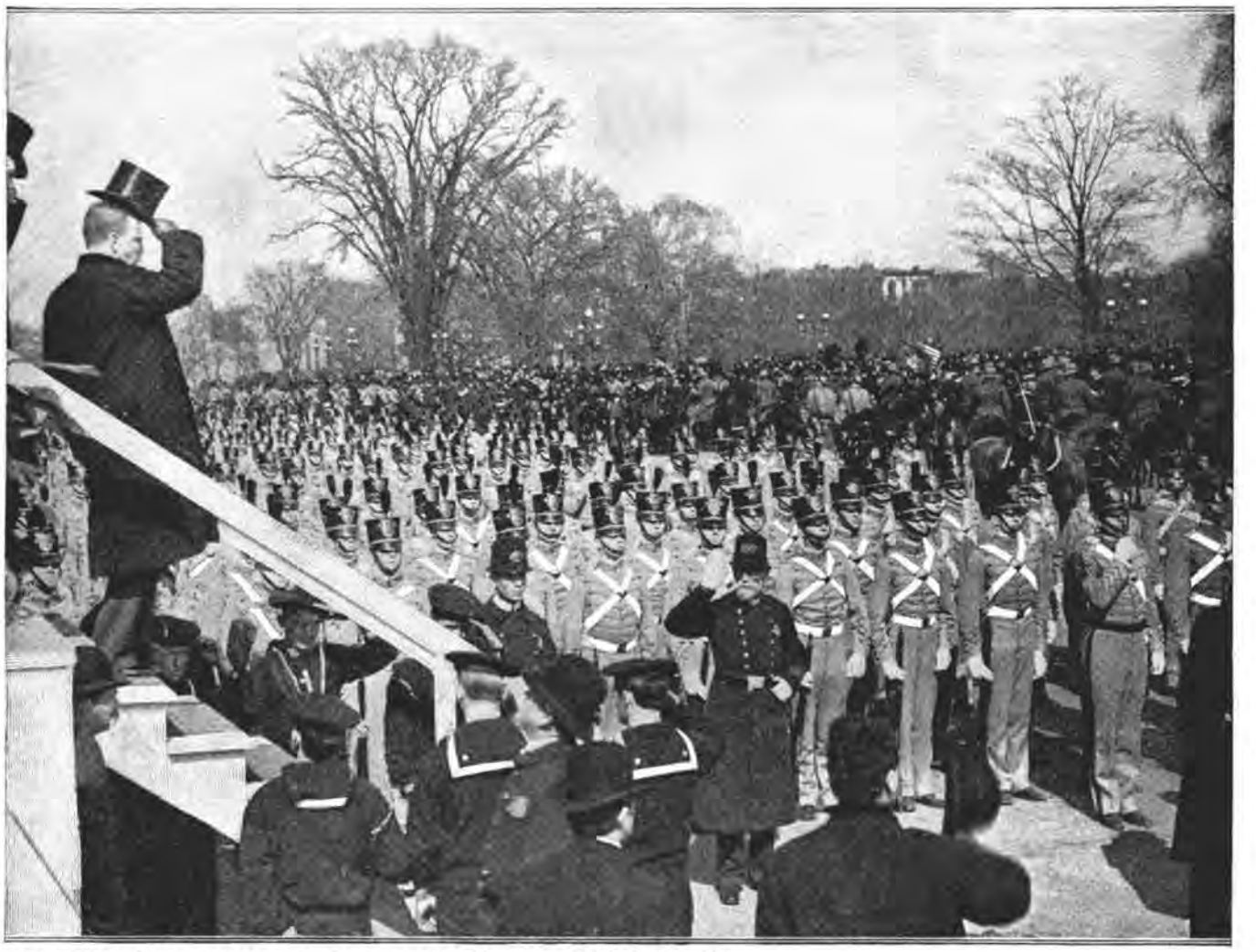
The Roman Catholic population of the United States and its dependencies is far larger than that of any other religious denomination. This fact is brought out by a comparison between the statistics in the Roman Catholic directory for 1905, and those relating to other church bodies, which have been compiled by the Reverend H. K. Carroll. The whole number of Roman Catholics under the protection of the United States flag is 22,127,354. Of these, 7,058,699 are in the Philippines; 1,573,862 in Cuba, 1,000,000 in Porto Rico, and 32,000 in the Sandwich Islands. It would obviously be misleading to include the Roman Catholics of the dependencies in a consideration of the comparative strength of the religious denominations in the United States. Eliminating them altogether, the Roman Catholics of the country still number 12,462,793, while the next largest church body, the Methodists, have 6,256,738 members. The Baptists follow with 5,150,815, then come the Lutherans, with 1,789,766; the Presbyterians, with 1,697,697; the Episcopalians, with 807,922; the Congregationalists, with 667,951; the Unitarians, with 71,000; the Christian Scientists, with 66,022.



FROM A STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHTED, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S FIRST MOMENTS AS PRESIDENT IN HIS OWN RIGHT

This picture was taken just after the President had delivered his inaugural address, on the stand in front of the capitol, and was starting for his carriage to review the parade. The West Point cadets, perhaps the finest marching body in the world, a part of the President's escort, is standing at "attention"

FROM A STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHTED, 1905, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK

FIRING PROJECTILES INTO PORT ARTHUR

[PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES RICALTON. THE ONLY PICTURE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD]

A Japanese eleven-inch siege gun, firing five-hundred pound shells into Port Arthur,—one of the guns which sank the Russian war-ships in the harbor. It is firing at an angle of forty degrees over mountains,—the distance into Port Arthur from the point at which the gun was fired being about three miles. Note the shell in flight just above the cloud of smoke. The position of the sun threw a shadow on men and gun but favored the beautiful cloud of smoke. Black powder was used, giving the cloud effect. Five minutes after this picture was taken, a Russian five-hundred-pound shell entered the solid cement bed of this gun, burst and tilted the gun on one side, just as the Russians were getting the range

JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK

THE LIFE-STORY OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ENEMY OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION IN THE UNITED STATES

Hosmer Whitfield

JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK, whom the Democrats of Missouri elected governor, seems to fit into the refrain of Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Once on a Time There Was a Man," even more perfectly than Joseph Chamberlain, the great British Liberal, whose career prompted the effusion. Next to President Roosevelt, the most extraordinary personal triumph of the whole bewildering election was won by Mr. Folk. His victory was purely individual. He was the only man on his ticket who carried his state. He carried it against the bitter enmity of the personal leaders of his own party. His career is an inspiring demonstration of the value of uncompromising, aggressive honesty to a public man. He personifies the greatest overshadowing issue of present and future politics,—*wipe out corruption*. Mr. Folk, as circuit attorney of St. Louis, was the man who, single-handed, in the past year has brought to bay and sent to jail the majority of the gang of boodlers, bribers, and bribe-takers who, up to his election, had been robbing the city by the big river.

He was thirty-five years old on October 28, 1904. He was only in his thirty-first year when he began the crusade against corruption that has made a new chapter in American history. In these few years this young man has done more in this respect than the entire law system of the United States has elsewhere accomplished. He has practically split wide open the most infamous ring that ever thrived in an American city. Many a man who was old enough to be his father, or even his grandfather,—many a man who was a powerful politician and fearless as a financier,—was trapped by him as easily as if his game were a baby's. Men who thought that they knew every phase of municipal plundering, and who believed that they were above and beyond the law, and safe in the very core of their criminality, scattered before this youngster and left their dark records to indict them.

It was only by chance that he was nominated for circuit attorney of St. Louis. Very little was known of him save that he was a bright young lawyer, a Democrat, and ambitious as a politician. He had come from his native place, Brownsville, Tennessee, to seek a future in a larger municipality. At Vanderbilt University he was known as a clever young man, popular and well liked, but always studious. No sooner had he been graduated than he rushed into law. He was admitted to the bar in 1890, and his life until 1900 was filled with the ups and downs that beset any fellow who throws himself on the world with but one object in view,—to succeed. But it was a sorry day for many in St. Louis when Joseph W. Folk was placed on the Democratic ticket for circuit attorney. How he got on, no one can really explain. Ask any of the bosses and they will hold up their hands in horror and say, "God only knows." He was understood to be ambitious. He was placed on the ticket unwittingly. The bosses thought that he could be "used,"—that he would bow to the regulations of the ring in order to hold his office and win promotion.

WHEN MADE CIRCUIT ATTORNEY, HE SURPRISED THE MACHINE

Like all other young lawyers, with no one but themselves to depend on, he took cases when and where he could get them during his first year in St. Louis, at one time being attorney for ticket scalpers, and he went about hunting for all the petty business that every young lawyer knows. While attorney for some street-railway strikers, he became associated with Harry W. Hawes, his chief political foe. They were both in about the same boat, except that Hawes had been in St. Louis longer than Folk, was somewhat better known, and had greater local influence. Together Hawes and Folk began to dabble in petty politics. Hawes was the organizer of the Jefferson Club, which began with eighteen members and for several years contained only a few hundred, and amounted to little politically. To-day Hawes is still its president and practically its dictator, and its eight thousand members are known as the "St. Louis Indians." Where this name "Indians" originated no one seems to know, it probably being a reflection of New York's Tammany. To-day the Jefferson Club is the "machine," and is feared, liked, hated, and served accordingly. Its influence, usually baneful, has reached from the World's Fair to the bridges over the Mississippi, that are strangling the business interests of St. Louis.

Folk and Hawes were chums. When the making of a new ticket came up, "Ed." Butler, then the undisputed boss,—at Hawes's request,—placed Folk on the ticket for circuit attorney. So little was Folk known that Butler had never heard of him, but Hawes, having some secret idea of his own, and thinking that Folk was an easy, waxy man to handle, obtained Butler's consent to Folk's nomination. Folk accepted, with his usual caution, and with both eyes open. It did not take Hawes and Butler long to discover with what kind of man they had to deal.

Folk has two short words that represent better than any other two words in our language his character. One is "honor;" the other is "duty." He placed his right foot on one, and his left foot on the other, and there he stands. There are men who laugh at this and say that he must waver, and that no man in his position can remain spotless.

On the day that he took office, he discovered frauds in the very election that put him into power. Without a moment's delay he began to bring the illegal voters to justice. Corporations and bosses sent their henchmen to warn him not to go too far. But he was obdurate.

HE IGNORED PARTY EXPEDIENCY IN PROSECUTING CRIMINALS

"We charge you with ingratitude," they said.

"And I charge you with breaking the law," he replied.

"You are prosecuting Democratic wardmen," they said, threateningly.

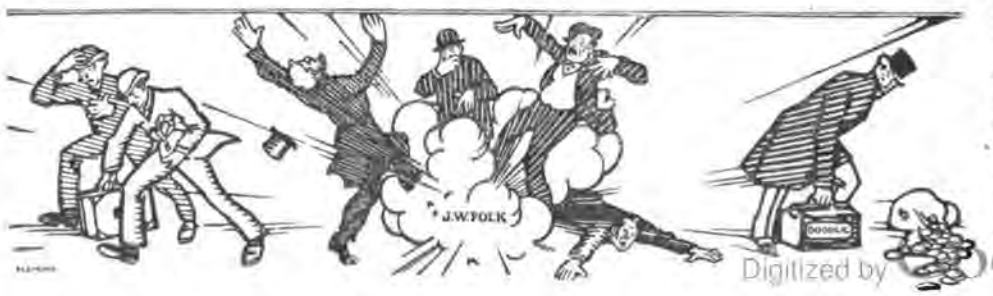
"I am glad to know who they are," he replied.

"It is not your fault that dishonest men voted for you," they said, angrily.

"One who violates the law is not a Democrat, or a Republican, but a criminal," replied the circuit attorney.

This answer has rung through Missouri and the West and its echoes are being heard in the East. It is famous.

Through these dishonest voters, he discovered the nest of boodle plunderers. He discovered that corporations were robbing the people to bribe politicians, and that the laws of the city were being sold without a blush. No other circuit attorney had ever *dared* to attack this political stronghold. He said on the stump that, if elected, he would do his duty. "That's fine campaign oratory," said his adherents; "it will make the people believe that they are really going to get good government."



The party reckoned without its candidate. He was in deadly earnest. His air of determination was real. His words of warning were not the vote-catching platitudes and promises that are of one color before election day and of another there-

after. He went at the very men who elected him as well as the men who opposed him in a manner that silenced the public. The task was herculean, but he was equal to it. Finally his party and the corporations and boodlers back of it saw that their mighty temple of graft was to be shattered. Nothing could save it unless something radical were done. "Folk must be squelched."

There were only two ways to suppress him. One was to murder him, the other to tempt him with a sum of money so large that he could not resist it. The first way was thought to be most expedient. Folk was threatened. Letters were written to him stating that he would be shot if he did not quit. His friends heard of these letters and begged him to desist, but he only prosecuted with more vigor.

HE COULD NOT BE BOUGHT NEITHER COULD HE BE SCARED

His detractors tried to carry their threats into action. A shot was fired at him, but the bullet still rests in the hole that it bored in his office wall. Then they tried to buy him. "Maybe he is only waiting to be offered a large sum," they said. Corporations sent their oiliest talkers to win him over. He told them that they must put their requests in writing. Some dared to do so, only to incriminate themselves. It is said that he was sent a blank check signed by a "leading" citizen, with a request to fill it out for any amount, as it would be cashed at sight. At any rate, he was offered a great amount of money, a sum so large that it was thought that he could not pass it by,—he was offered just two million dollars, openly and without condition, to quit. But he quietly smiled and said, "No!"

This undemonstrative young man, equipped with the courage of plain honesty, and with nothing else back of him save the guidance of a good father and a good mother, and a faithful, loving wife, had, therefore, awakened a new era of civic righteousness in his state. With the adamantine impregnability of a Gibraltar he stood his ground, defying all who opposed him. Slightly undersized, cool, collected, with no touch of the dramatic, he kept on working, not to prosecute any individual, but to defend his state. The people rallied around him. They were made enthusiastic by his progress. They felt that he must be rewarded. His salary was too small a reward, for his life was endangered, and he must be given something to show the gratitude of the people. They met and agreed to purchase a beautiful residence site and build thereon a home and present the title deed to him. He heard of this promised token of appreciation, and nipped its bestowal in the bud. "I shall be obliged to refuse it," he said; "I can not accept anything for my work but my salary."

The people had begun to know that when Folk said a thing he meant it. They agreed to his wishes. President Roosevelt saw a new figure in the young Democrat, and in his last message to congress called the attention of the people to the Folk system of wiping out corruption. Mr. Folk is what is commonly known as "a strenuous worker." He watches every detail of his office. Not only is he untiring in his efforts to maintain a strict and forcible administration, but he seems to infuse that quality into all who come in contact with him. He is firm, determined, and resolute. He thinks well before he decides and then decides finally. He is a master of big things and has keen ability to make friends and win public confidence. He cares little for show, preferring that his acts should count before his words.

MRS. JOSEPH W. FOLK,
THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

MRS. H. B. FOLK,
THE GOVERNOR'S MOTHER

A FIGHT FOR PURE GOVERNMENT

WHAT GOVERNOR FOLK HAS SAID OF HIS WORK

THERE came to St. Louis, in 1898, a capitalist from New York seeking a franchise covering nearly all the streets of the city. He came with tools of greenbacks and gold. He paid the municipal assembly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in bribes to get his franchise. Twenty-five out of twenty-eight members of the house of delegates took bribes of three thousand dollars each. Seven members of the council were given from ten thousand to seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars each, for their votes. One councilman took twenty-five thousand dollars from opposing interests to vote against the franchise, then accepted from the promoters fifty thousand dollars to vote in favor of the measure. Upon receipt of the latter sum he returned the first amount to the man who gave it to him, saying that he could not keep it, as he did not think he could "honestly" earn it by voting against the bill. Upon reflection he likewise returned the fifty thousand dollars, with the suggestion that one hundred thousand dollars was the dignified amount he wanted. In the hope of receiving this he voted for the bill, and finally, after many trials and tribulations, he succeeded in getting five thousand. These seven members of the council were paid a regular salary of five thousand dollars a year each, by street railroads, to serve them instead of the people. The promoter got his franchise, which cost him a quarter of a million dollars in bribes, and sold it for one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The city received not a cent for all the streets given away. The promoter obtained his franchise from the municipal assembly, and also got five years in the penitentiary from a jury for bribery.

An ordinance to light the city was bribed through the house of delegates for forty-seven thousand, five hundred dollars. The bargain was made on the floor of the house of delegates, between the bribe giver and the combine of bribe takers. The money was given to one of the combine, and after the meeting these public servants met at the house of one of their number and divided the plunder. On another franchise these nineteen officials, members of the combine, received two thousand dollars each for their votes. For still another franchise the combine of the house of delegates demanded seventy-five thousand dollars, which was put in a lock box of a trust company, one key being held by the representative of the railroad and the other by the agent of the combine, the agreement being that the money was to be turned over to the members of the combine in the house of delegates when the ordinance should be passed. This seventy-five thousand dollars is in the lock box now, having been caught between the lines, and has been produced in court during the trials. Another corruption fund of sixty thousand dollars is in a lock box in another trust company, put there by this railroad for members of the city council. This, likewise, has been produced in court and counted before juries.

THE GRAFTERS' POSITION WAS SUPPOSED TO BE IMPREGNABLE

There were combines formed in both branches of the municipal assembly for the purpose of getting money for the votes of members of the combine on the measures before the assembly. Laws were sold unblushingly to the highest bidder for money to go into the pockets of these public pilferers. Schedules of bribe prices were established, ranging from a few hundred dollars for a switch bill to thousands of dollars for a franchise. They tried to sell or give away the water works, the courthouse, and the union market, for their own enrichment. Nothing was safe from their avarice,—not even the sewer pipes in the ground. Now, these men were not a band of robbers who captured the city by force, but they were elected by the people to be the makers of laws for them. Most of them were Republicans, and the majority of those who gave them the bribes were Democrats, but that is of no consequence now,—they were all public plunderers. On one occasion a new member of the combine was in the meeting when they passed around twenty-five hundred dollars each of bribe money. The new member asked if they were not afraid they would get into trouble. They all laughed heartily and reminded him of their political power,—how each of the nineteen controlled his own ward, and told him he was perfectly safe, as it had been going on for years, and they and those who put up the bribes were strong enough politically to annihilate anyone who would accuse them of wrongdoing.

If there be an offense greater than all others it is that of him in whom such a sacred trust has been reposed, who sells it for his own gain and enrichment. Other offenses violate the law, while bribery strikes at the foundation of all law.

In constructing this government, of which our great state is a part, our forefathers exercised a wisdom unsurpassed in the annals of mankind. They furnished a republic guaranteeing rights to its citizens never obtained by any other people. The safety of the republic has been menaced, but wise men have steered the ship of state into safe harbors. Enemies threaten, to-day, not from without, but from within.

Benedict Arnold attempted to sell his country for gold; he was a traitor of war. The official who sells his vote is a traitor of peace, more dangerous than traitors of war. The Malian guide who betrayed the Greeks at Thermopylæ did not by that act destroy his country, but a few hundred years later the gold of Philip of Macedon did the work the treason of war had failed to do. Greece fell because corruption had weakened her national life. Rome attained a pinnacle of greatness and was undermined by the same insidious corruption that threatens us. Jugurtha, after he had corrupted the senate and bought the palace of Rome, declared that he could buy the entire city if he only had enough money. Since the beginning of history, governments of all kinds have lived and died. Republics as great as ours have existed and gone down into oblivion through the spirit of corruption. Where wars, pestilences, and all other calamities combined have destroyed one government, corruption has undermined a score. Yet some say that boodling can not be an issue, and that we ought not to get alarmed over a few cases of bribery. When one's house is on fire he is in no condition to argue about fine tapestries and ornaments; he is more concerned about putting out the fire than about anything else.

The only way to stamp out corruption is to hit it hard whenever it shows its head.

"'WHAT IS THE MATTER?' SHE REPEATED, GENTLY. KEZIAH DID NOT ANSWER, BUT CAUGHT THE SLENDER HAND THAT RESTED ON HER HEAD"

THE CRITICISM OF MRS. VAN BIEBER

ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

MRS. VAN BIEBER lay on a couch by her window, listening, drowsily, to faint breaks in the slumberous August stillness which hung about the mountain hotel. The chirp of crickets in the sunburned grass sounded like sharp ejaculations amid the warble of birds in the vines on the walls. There was a steady ripple of a brook that, further down, leaped in a cataract under the clump of pine trees. The voices of men and women on the golf links were softened by distance till they sounded like mere echoes. Mrs. Van Bieber glanced at her writing table. A pile of manuscript lay under a paper weight, and written sheets were scattered beside it. Only four or five thousand words were needed to complete the novel on which she was at work. She had planned to add the last chapter that afternoon; instead, she abandoned her desk and dropped the sheets she had written into the wastebasket. She was in the grip of August lassitude, and the sight of unfinished work did not bestir her as it usually did.

She was aroused by a knock at the door. It was a timid, hesitating knock. She did not move. "Come!" she called, briefly. The door opened and she saw a slim young figure silhouetted against the light in the hall. The room was in a dim twilight, for the shutters were closed.

"Mrs. Van Bieber," the girl said, hesitatingly. She had a low, contralto voice, and spoke very slowly. "I'll go away. I'm sorry I disturbed you. It was rude of me to come here without your leave."

"You did not disturb me. Pray come in. I was not sleeping. I am simply lazy."

Mrs. Van Bieber was gracious but not enthusiastic. She was skillful in keeping people at a distance with perfect courtesy.

The girl was wishing, as she dropped into a chair, that she had not yielded to impulse. She burst immediately into an explanation. "I was in the attic. Mr. Riggs said I might go there and look for something to read. I found this old magazine. There is a story in it by Joanna Durward. I've been crying over it. My mother says that you once wrote under that name?"

"I did," said Mrs. Van Bieber. She sat up and threw the shutters open. The light fell full on the girl's pretty, young, eager face.

Mrs. Van Bieber looked at her curiously, with a glimmer of a smile about her mouth. "You are the young lady Mr. Riggs introduced to me, are you not? He said you wished to know me."

"Yes, I'm Keziah North. When I found that you were here I wanted to rush upstairs to see you. You didn't come down to tea that night, so I hadn't a glimpse of you till the next morning. Then I was afraid you would catch me staring at you. At home we read everything you write. Mother admires you ardently. I have written to her all about you."

"What did you say?" Mrs. Van Bieber's smile deepened as she asked the question.

The girl flushed. "I told her that you are very much like your portrait. One sees it in many publications, you know. I told her of what beautiful gowns you wear, and —of how much—you stay by yourself. I realize why you have to," she added, with quick apology. "You must work hard. You write a book each year, don't you?"

Mrs. Van Bieber nodded.

"The first novel mother allowed me to read was 'John Werner.' How I did love that story! I have a row of your books on my bookshelf. I would rather write the stories you do than anything else on earth. Doesn't it make you very happy?"

The woman with gray hair looked at the girl with cheeks like a blush rose and smiled cordially.

"It does when I meet such appreciation as yours. It is more inspiring than the kindliest things said by the critics."

Keziah clasped her hands together. Her eyes shone and a bright flush came to her cheeks.

"May I see the story you have been reading?" Mrs. Van Bieber asked.

Keziah laid the magazine in her hand. It had a faded brown color and the pages were yellow with age.

"Just think!" she said, eagerly, "it is thirty-five years old. It was printed sixteen years before I was born. Yet your story might have happened yesterday. It is more beautiful than anything else of yours I have ever read."

Mrs. Van Bieber did not seem to hear the girl's voice. She was turning the leaves of the old magazine tenderly.

"Thirty-five years make a great change in everything, —besides one's life. It is a long time since I have seen a copy of this old magazine. Once I was rapturous enough to sleep with it under my pillow. This was my first story, —I was twenty when it was published."

"Was it a true story?"

Mrs. Van Bieber did not answer for a moment. She was gazing across the sunlit grass at the mountain which reared its pine-clad bulk against the blue sky.

"It was partly true. I gave this story a happy ending. A few months after it was published fate ended it differently."

"Did n't Rachel's lover come back from the war?"

There was a tone of tense anxiety in Keziah's voice.

"He did not come back. She never saw him again. Months afterwards she received a small package, which had been found in the dead hands of a Union soldier on the field of Cold Harbor. It was stained with blood and it had been soaked with rain till it was swollen and blurred. In it the girl found her own picture, a few heartless letters she had written, a musty rose, and a little gift she had made when the two were school-time sweethearts."

"Did she die of heartbreak?" Keziah asked, in a low voice.

"No,—she did n't." Mrs. Van Bieber smiled sadly. "Very few people die of heartbreak, dear."

"Is she happy now?"

The woman turned her eyes away from the mountains and looked into the girl's eager face.

"Happy, yes,—she has been happy, but not with the quick, ardent happiness of girlhood. She had a loving husband and children to gladden her home. She has been content,—but what is the matter, my dear child?"

The girl burst into a passion of tears and flung herself on the floor beside the couch, burying her face in an afghan. Mrs. Van Bieber bent over her and smoothed her shining hair.

"What is the matter?" she repeated, gently.

Keziah did not answer, but caught the slender hand that rested on her head and held it fast between her own.

"Tell me what it is. I have girls of my own, who turn to me with all their troubles. I am sorry we did not become acquainted sooner. I came here to shut myself up and write. I did not fancy anybody needed me."

"It is your story of thirty-five years ago that has made me so unhappy," sobbed Keziah. She seated herself on a low stool and wiped her eyes. "I'm silly," she confessed,—"awfully silly. Mother says I cry for nothing. May I tell you about it?"

The woman tightened her clasp on the girl's hand, which she held between her own.

"It's about Jabez," said Keziah, and a pathetic smile broke through her tears. "I used to tell him I could not love anybody with such a name. When the war broke out he was captain of the volunteers in our town. Before that time I used to think it was perfectly lovely to have a soldier for a sweetheart. I was very proud of him at parade time and when they went into camp, He looked perfectly splendid in his uniform. Everybody said that Jabez's regiment would be sent to the front, and I was half crazy. He had nobody but his old grandmother and —me. I pleaded with him to stay at home. Lots of the other men resigned. Jabez would n't do that. He said that, if his country needed him, he would go when he was called. I broke our engagement. He sent for a pretty little cousin to come and stay with his grandmother, and then he went away,—they were ordered to Manila. The night before they left, he came to see me. I would not go down stairs or say good-by. In the morning they marched to the depot. Everybody in town, except me, went to see them leave. I would n't,—but, oh, Mrs. Van Bieber, behind the shutters in my own room I nearly cried my eyes out! That was the last time I saw Jabez. He did not take his eyes off our house till he was past. I was ready to forgive him and wave good-by, but the shutters would not open, and soon he was gone. He has never written me a line. Every week letters come to his grandmother and to his cousin. He does not speak of me in them."

Keziah laid her head against a pillow on the couch. She was crying softly. The curly tendrils of hair about her face had escaped from the comb and clung about her forehead. She pushed them back, impatiently.

"Keziah," said Mrs. Van Bieber, tenderly, "the girl whose story you read to-day was myself. I am going to tell you what life meant to me after the terrible news from Cold Harbor. Through the mist of thirty-five years, I feel as if I were looking into the heart of another woman. I can never tell you how I suffered. I had been harsh, unjust, unreasonable. He told me he did not want to go to the war. He confessed that he was afraid. He was young and splendidly strong. He loved life, and he said there were moments when the thought of dashing into the very jaws of death made him quail with mortal terror. Yet he was brave, the bravest man I ever knew, because, in spite of that terror, he rushed into the thick of the battle, carrying his men with him by the very inspiration of his own courage. When his regiment came home, his comrades brought his body. He was buried in our village graveyard. That day was the saddest in my life. I watched his men—the handful of them that were left,—standing around the open grave, listening to the words of our old pastor. My heart seemed to be turned into stone. I had no tears to shed. The soldiers, in their faded blue uniforms, shook with sobs, the heartrending sobs of strong men. His young corporal tried to put into speech the love and esteem of the men for their brave leader, but he did not finish; his voice choked; the silence said more than words could have done. My whole soul was going up, in a vague prayer, to the man I had loved. Death has come into my life since that time, Keziah, and taken away my nearest and dearest, but it never brought such sorrow as that was. I did not follow my other loved ones with that awful, unanswered prayer for forgiveness."

The girl bent suddenly and kissed the woman's white hand, which lay within her own.

"I'll tell you what I did," said Keziah, impulsively. "After I read your story I wrote Jabez a letter. It has gone. I put it in the mail box before I came to your room. I am afraid he can hardly read it. It is blurred with tears, but he will know that all my heart is in it."

"My dear, I believe that I feel like a preacher who has rescued one human life from unhappiness."

Keziah watched Mrs. Van Bieber's face for a few minutes. She lay silently among the pillows with closed eyes. The room was perfectly still except for the insistent din of the crickets outdoors. She was preparing to steal quietly

[*Concluded on page 340*]

Talks with Young Men and Young Women

Orison Swett Marden

Freshness in Work

FRESHNESS gives an indescribable flavor to our work, whatever it may be. It does not matter how able a book is, if it has not the charm of originality and spontaneity, if we see in it the marks of great effort or straining for effect, we do not care for it, it does not hold our attention. It is the same with a picture, a statue, a song, or a poem,—a work of any kind. If it lacks originality, we will have none of it. But, if the book, the picture, or the poem is vigorous and spontaneous, if it throbs with life, if it has the freshness and fragrance of new-mown hay, or of flowers just opened, we enjoy it with our whole souls.

The great trouble with many people's work is that it is stale, labored, and heavy. It lacks vitality, vivacity; it bears evidence of a depleted mind and an exhausted body. It is easy to trace the tired feeling which an author has dragged all through the pages of his book. It can be seen in the imperfect combinations of color, the tameness and lack of life in the figures upon the canvas of the worn out artist. The results of an overworked brain, or a brain that is weakened by vicious living, are all marked with the fatal stamp of inferiority.

It makes all the difference in the world, in results, whether you come to your work every day with all your powers intact, with all your faculties up to the standard; whether you come with the entire man, so that you can fling your whole life into your task, or with only a part of yourself; whether you do your work as a giant or as a pigmy. Most people bring only a small part of themselves to their tasks. They cripple much of their ability by irregular living, bad habits in eating, and injurious food, lack of sleep, dissipation, or some other folly. They do not come to their tasks every morning whole men; a part of themselves, and often a large part, is somewhere else. They left their energy where they were trying to have a good time, so that they bring weakness instead of power, indifference and dullness, instead of enthusiasm and alertness, to the performance of the most important duties of their lives. The man who comes to his work in the morning unrefreshed, languid, and listless, can not do a good, honest day's work, and, if he drags rotten days into the year, how can he expect a sound career or a successful achievement?

Good work is not entirely a question of will power,—often this is impaired by a low physical standard. The quality of the work can not be up to high-water mark when every faculty, every function, and every bit of your ability is affected by your physical and mental condition. You may be sure that your weakness, whatever its cause, will appear in your day's work, whether it is making books or selling them, teaching school or studying, singing or painting, chiseling statues or digging trenches.

Beauty is a child of freshness. No artist with ebbing force, with his mental and physical powers exhausted, can produce any work that will please or live. No worker in art, in literature, or in any field of effort, can greatly benefit the world if he is not in a condition to do strong, fresh work, stamped with the power of his own individuality.

Many writers, artists, and musicians,—persons in all walks of life,—have wondered at their waning popularity, when those who knew them could see the deterioration in their work, and its cause, in the dropping ideal, the letting down of standards in their dissipated lives, the failure to keep themselves fresh, vigorous, and strong. A man might as well wonder why his horse, which he has been riding all day, without rest, food, or water, and goading with whip and spur, should lag in speed or not feel as supple, elastic, and fresh in the evening as when he started out in the morning.

What should we think of a great singer who, after a night of dissipation, should work hard all day, go without food, sleep or rest, and yet expect to appear before the public the same evening and achieve a triumph in the most difficult rôle she had ever attempted? We should surely think she must be insane. We should expect that any woman of ordinary common-sense would do everything in her power to keep her physical and mental condition up to the highest point of excellence for such an occasion. We should expect that she would take care to get all the sleep and rest possible, that she would avoid excitement, worry, and every form of mental and physical dissipation which would sap her energies or reduce her vitality, so that she might come to her task with all the freshness, spontaneity, and enthusiasm possible.

This is what we should naturally look for from any one preparing for any important task. It is fresh faculties—fresh brain, nerve, and muscle cells,—that do fresh, strong work, work which has the flavor of immortality. When the vitality is low, when the faculties are jaded, when hope has hauled down her flag, and despair and *melancholia* are in the ascendant, we can produce nothing that will live! There is no immortality in our work. Death is written all over it.

It is a man's duty to keep all his powers up to such a standard that he can fling himself into his task with all the freshness and enthusiasm of which he is capable. Then his work will spell something; his life will have a meaning. One reason why there is so much inferior work in the world, why so many reputations decline and are snuffed out completely, and why so many fail altogether, is that people do not keep themselves up to such a standard as to be able to produce fresh, powerful work. They go to their tasks with half, three-fourths, or, perhaps, all of their energy depleted. They have expended it in vicious living, in idleness, vacillation, worry, or some other form of dissipation. Had he the power to analyze the cause of his non-success, many a failure could see these things standing out all over his career,—insufficient sleep, lack of exercise in the open air, lack of change and recreation, irregularity and want of system in his method of living.

The youth who would get the most out of life, who would reach the highest expression in his work and retain his freshness, vigor, and enthusiasm to the last, must lead a regular life. He must resolutely cut away from all forms of dissipation that would lower his physical or mental standard. The moment there is a falling off in the ideal, or any letting down of standards, a decline in physical or mental force, the deterioration expresses itself at once in everything one does.

Every day's work should be a supreme event in every life. We should come to it as carefully prepared as the *prima donna* who is trying to hold the world's supremacy in song comes before her audience. Then our work would breathe out the vigor and vitality and freshness which we put into it. Then life would be glorified, and the work of the world illuminated, transformed.

Your Habitual Expression

WHAT kind of an expression do you wear habitually? Is it sour, morose, repellent? Is it a mean, stingy, contemptible, uncharitable, intolerant expression? Do you wear the expression of a bulldog, a grasping, greedy, hungry expression, which indicates an avaricious nature? Do you go about among your employees with a thundercloud expression, with a melancholy, despondent, hopeless look on your face, or do you wear the sunshine expression, which radiates good cheer and hope, which indicates a feeling of good will and of helpfulness? Do people smile and look happier when you approach them, or do they shrink from you, and feel a chilly goose-flesh sensation come over them as they see you approach?

It makes all the difference in the world to you and to those whom you influence, what kind of an expression you wear.

I once worked for a man who had a habitual smile which was worth a fortune to him. No matter how angry he might be inside, you never could tell it by his face. There might be a volcano just ready to break out, yet his face would wear that serene, happy, contented smile. One corner of his mouth always curved up as though he had received some good news, and was just dying to tell you about it.

A great many people wondered at his success. They thought it far outreached his ability; but there is no doubt that a great deal of it was due to that inimitable smile which never left him. It made hosts of friends for him and brought many customers to his store.

The success candidate should learn the power of the habitual smile, not only because it wins friends and brings customers, but its power over one's own life is immeasurable. The effort to be always cheerful, kind, considerate, and gentle, no matter what wars may be rankling in the heart, has a great influence in transforming the life.

I know a lady who has made it a habit of her life to radiate sunshine everywhere she goes. She says that a smile costs nothing. The result is that everybody who waits upon her or does anything for her feels it a real favor to serve her, because he is always sure of getting this indescribably sweet smile and expression in return.

What a satisfaction it is to go through life radiating sunshine and hope instead of despair, encouragement instead of discouragement, and to feel conscious that even the newsboy or the bootblack, the car conductor, the office boy, the elevator boy, or anybody else with whom one comes in contact, gets a little dash of sunshine. It costs nothing when you buy a paper of a boy, or get your shoes shined, or pass into an elevator, or give your fare to a conductor, to give a smile with it, to make these people feel that you have a warm heart and good will. Such salutations will mean more to us than many of the so-called great things. It is the small change of life. Give it out freely The more you give, the richer you will grow.

"Something Which Brings Things Out Right in Spite of Me."

HOW MANY times we come to a crisis in life when some obstacle confronts us which we think will be a terrible calamity and will perhaps ruin us if we can not avoid it. We fear that our ambition will be thwarted, or that our lives, perhaps, will be wrecked. The dread of the shock which we think will overwhelm us as we come nearer and nearer to it, without any possibility of averting it, is something frightful.

Many a time in the writer's life has he come to such a point,—when it seemed as if all was lost,—and yet something beyond his control has straightened out the tangle, solved the puzzle which seemed insoluble; the storm which threatened shipwreck has passed over, the sun has come out again, and everything has become tranquil and serene once more. If we look ahead, the troubles seem thick and threatening; but when we get there, we usually find a clear path, plenty of room, pleasant faces, and people to help us in case of need. When we look back over our lives, how few accidents have really happened to us. Many have threatened, but, somehow, things have come out right in spite of us, so that we have wasted our vitality, we have grown old and wrinkled and bent, and have shortened our youth anticipating troubles and worrying about calamities which never were to happen. Why should we thus needlessly throw away happiness and usefulness?

It seems strange that when we know perfectly well that we are dependent for every breath we draw upon a Divine Power which is constantly providing for us and protecting us, we do not learn to trust it with absolute confidence and resignation.

There is only one thing for us to do, and that is to do our level best right where we are, every day of our lives; to use our best judgment, and then to trust the rest to that Power which holds the forces of the universe in His hand, and which does all things well.

No Give Up in Him

DID you ever see a man whom you could not down,—whom no discouragement, however great, could dishearten, whom no hardships could discourage? Did you ever see a man who had no give up in him, who would never let go his grip

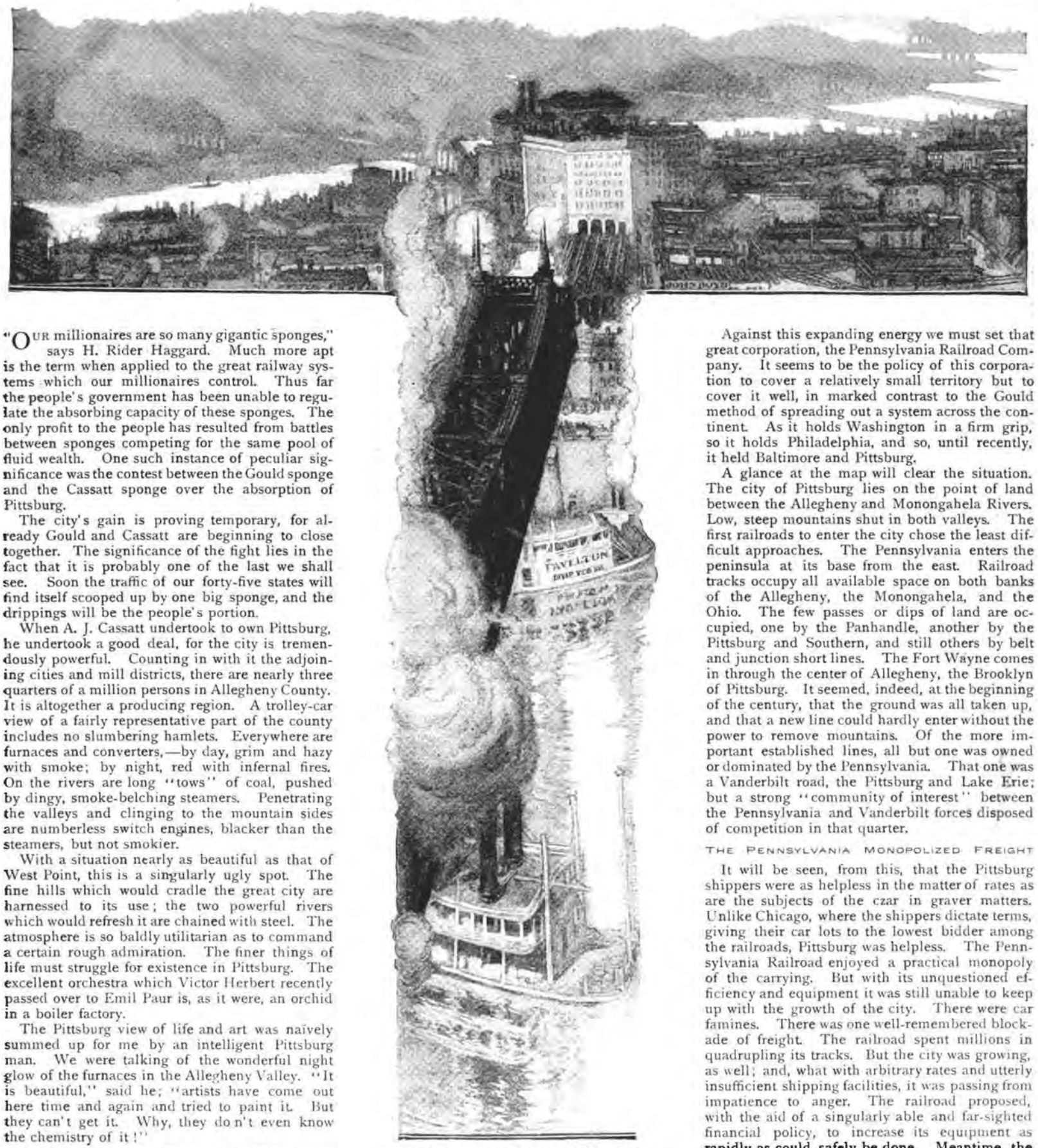
[Concluded on pages 341 and 342]

The Gould-Cassatt Fight for Pittsburg

A Long Strategic Battle for a Right of Way

Samuel Merwin

[Joint author with H. K. Webster of "Calumet K," and "The Short Line War"]



"Our millionaires are so many gigantic sponges," says H. Rider Haggard. Much more apt is the term when applied to the great railway systems which our millionaires control. Thus far the people's government has been unable to regulate the absorbing capacity of these sponges. The only profit to the people has resulted from battles between sponges competing for the same pool of fluid wealth. One such instance of peculiar significance was the contest between the Gould sponge and the Cassatt sponge over the absorption of Pittsburg.

The city's gain is proving temporary, for already Gould and Cassatt are beginning to close together. The significance of the fight lies in the fact that it is probably one of the last we shall see. Soon the traffic of our forty-five states will find itself scooped up by one big sponge, and the drippings will be the people's portion.

When A. J. Cassatt undertook to own Pittsburg, he undertook a good deal, for the city is tremendously powerful. Counting in with it the adjoining cities and mill districts, there are nearly three quarters of a million persons in Allegheny County. It is altogether a producing region. A trolley-car view of a fairly representative part of the county includes no slumbering hamlets. Everywhere are furnaces and converters,—by day, grim and hazy with smoke; by night, red with infernal fires. On the rivers are long "tows" of coal, pushed by dingy, smoke-belching steamers. Penetrating the valleys and clinging to the mountain sides are numberless switch engines, blacker than the steamers, but not smokier.

With a situation nearly as beautiful as that of West Point, this is a singularly ugly spot. The fine hills which would cradle the great city are harnessed to its use; the two powerful rivers which would refresh it are chained with steel. The atmosphere is so baldly utilitarian as to command a certain rough admiration. The finer things of life must struggle for existence in Pittsburg. The excellent orchestra which Victor Herbert recently passed over to Emil Paur is, as it were, an orchid in a boiler factory.

The Pittsburg view of life and art was naïvely summed up for me by an intelligent Pittsburg man. We were talking of the wonderful night glow of the furnaces in the Allegheny Valley. "It is beautiful," said he; "artists have come out here time and again and tried to paint it. But they can't get it. Why, they don't even know the chemistry of it!"

The City Needs Every Outlet for Trade

Pittsburg stands for coal, iron, and steel,—unyielding materials that call for hard-headed men. You must know an ingot from a billet if you wish to converse in passable Pittsburgese. But, taken at their own valuation and on their own ground, these men are imposing, and wonderful in their grasp of all that can be expressed in terms of dollars or feet. They send out to the world, in any year, a hundred million tons of freight. It is natural, therefore, that the transportation problem should be to them the vital issue of life. The welfare—material,—of Pittsburg depends upon keeping wide open every possible outlet of trade. The city must be free to expand. 'More railroads! More cars!' is the slogan.

A bird's-eye view of that part of Pittsburg which is the scene of the most strategic fight for a right of way ever engaged in by two great railroad corporations. It required two years to build the short tracks between the end of the bridge and the station, so effective were the obstacles of legislation placed in the way of the builders,—the Wabash interests working under George J. Gould

Against this expanding energy we must set that great corporation, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. It seems to be the policy of this corporation to cover a relatively small territory but to cover it well, in marked contrast to the Gould method of spreading out a system across the continent. As it holds Washington in a firm grip, so it holds Philadelphia, and so, until recently, it held Baltimore and Pittsburg.

A glance at the map will clear the situation. The city of Pittsburg lies on the point of land between the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers. Low, steep mountains shut in both valleys. The first railroads to enter the city chose the least difficult approaches. The Pennsylvania enters the peninsula at its base from the east. Railroad tracks occupy all available space on both banks of the Allegheny, the Monongahela, and the Ohio. The few passes or dips of land are occupied, one by the Panhandle, another by the Pittsburg and Southern, and still others by belt and junction short lines. The Fort Wayne comes in through the center of Allegheny, the Brooklyn of Pittsburg. It seemed, indeed, at the beginning of the century, that the ground was all taken up, and that a new line could hardly enter without the power to remove mountains. Of the more important established lines, all but one was owned or dominated by the Pennsylvania. That one was a Vanderbilt road, the Pittsburg and Lake Erie; but a strong "community of interest" between the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt forces disposed of competition in that quarter.

The Pennsylvania Monopolized Freight

It will be seen, from this, that the Pittsburg shippers were as helpless in the matter of rates as are the subjects of the czar in graver matters. Unlike Chicago, where the shippers dictate terms, giving their car lots to the lowest bidder among the railroads, Pittsburg was helpless. The Pennsylvania Railroad enjoyed a practical monopoly of the carrying. But with its unquestioned efficiency and equipment it was still unable to keep up with the growth of the city. There were car famines. There was one well-remembered blockade of freight. The railroad spent millions in quadrupling its tracks. But the city was growing, as well; and, what with arbitrary rates and utterly insufficient shipping facilities, it was passing from impatience to anger. The railroad proposed, with the aid of a singularly able and far-sighted financial policy, to increase its equipment as **rapidly as could safely be done. Meantime, the city must wait,—and competing lines must be kept out at any cost.**

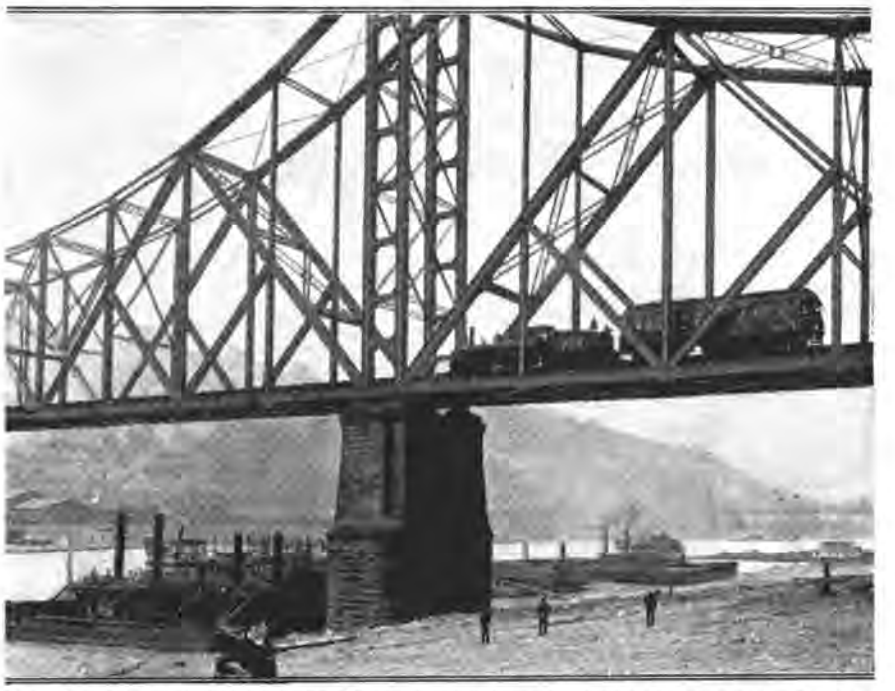
This is, of course, a consistent enough policy. It is not unlikely that the chiefs of the Pennsylvania system looked upon Pittsburg as really their legitimate property, and felt that any attempt to take it away from them would be unjust and wrong. That, to some observers, their attitude seemed touched with *hauteur*, even with insolence, is a minor matter. That is the merely human side. On the other hand, the shippers of Pittsburg were not to be satisfied, it may be said, with reasonable rates. They demanded bargains and rebates.

The trouble seems to be that the interests of the opposing parties were incompatible,—that Pittsburg, a nearly irresistible force, was in contact with the Pennsylvania Railroad, a nearly immovable body. The results were certain to be interesting. As a matter of fact, the elder Dumas could hardly have elaborated upon the picturesque intriguing that followed. A well-informed western railroad man said to me, "If ever men had murder in their hearts, it was in that Pittsburg fight."

This *hauteur* on the part of the Pennsylvania has its amusing side. The old-fashioned notions that the railroads are common carriers subject to the law and that they are quasi-public corporations which must not be manipulated for purposes of private greed do not seem over popular at Philadelphia. The academic theory that, because we have given the railroads unlimited franchises, wide land grants, and the all but imperial power of eminent domain, we have therefore some right to ask what they are doing, and what they propose to do next, is not widely held there. A newspaper man of some prominence, personally known to Mr. Cassatt, once tried to interview him as he stepped from his car in the Pittsburg station. At once, he said, Mr. Cassatt's directors and officers crowded around him in an impenetrable circle and escorted him thus to his carriage.

On another occasion, later in the fight, a strong newspaper which had been mercilessly attacking the Pennsylvania became so enraged over certain unexpected and peppery language from Andrew Carnegie, whose cause it had been supporting, that it sent a man to offer its services to Mr. Cassatt. It is plain that this addition to the ranks would have been a reënforcement, indeed, in the losing battle of the Pennsylvania. But again the newspaper man encountered that chilling *hauteur*. He dropped a hint to prominent Pennsylvania officials. These caught the force of the situation and set to work almost desperately to bring about the meeting. But the atmosphere about Mr. Cassatt was impenetrable, and, after waiting three days, his heels well cooled, the newspaper man returned, his paper renewed its fight, and the Wabash was ultimately carried into Pittsburg on a wave of popular feeling which the newspapers kept in motion until it beat down what appeared to be the last intrenchment of the Pennsylvania Railroad in the select council of the city.

The Pennsylvania, then, like all healthy railroads, was interested mainly in gross receipts; because, in the profound words of an eminent financier, "without gross receipts you can't have net receipts;" and, like another gentleman of picturesque memory, it was not unwilling to let "the public be damned" in the meantime. The Wabash Railroad, in its bold raid into the enemy's country, was also after gross receipts, and the shippers of Pittsburg—even, it is to be feared, some members of the city council and most of the politicians,—were, directly or indirectly, guided by the same desire. But, although, in place of heroism and devotion and self-sacrifice, we find audacity and cunning and self-seeking, it was, nevertheless, a brilliant fight.



THE FIRST TRAIN MAKING ITS TRIUMPHANT JOURNEY ACROSS THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE MONONGAHELA

THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER THE MONONGAHELA RIVER AT THE PITTSBURG TERMINAL OF THE WABASH

It is called the greatest cantilever bridge on this hemisphere. On the left is the long tunnel under Mount Washington, and on the right, only a few hundred feet away, is the terminal station on Liberty Street. This bridge was built under the charter of a defunct traction company

II

On the line of the Panhandle Railroad, southwest of Pittsburg, is the town of Carnegie. It was there that the Scotch ironmaster prepared steel products for the market by the hundred thousand tons. A short railroad, the Pittsburg, Bessemer, and Lake Erie, controlled by Carnegie himself, provided a partial inlet and outlet for his traffic; but he was in the main dependent upon the Panhandle, a Pennsylvania property. It has been estimated that, in 1900, the traffic given by Carnegie to the Pennsylvania system amounted to three million tons. That it galled a man of his spirit to develop an industry to this point only to find himself and it at the mercy of a railroad corporation goes without saying. For years he wrestled with it, haggling over terms, and submitting to what he considered gross impositions, until, turning a new leaf with the new century, he declared open war. The immediate provocation was a deceptive traffic agreement: Carnegie thought it gave him a certain low rate; the railroad read it differently. Carnegie announced that he would build a railroad of his own from Pittsburg to tidewater, and he meant it. Poetic justice demanded that the new line should parallel the Pennsylvania. He sent out surveying parties with instructions to "locate" a right of way as far as Chambersburg, at which point he proposed to secure traffic arrangements with the Western Maryland, and thus get through to Baltimore.

THE RIGHT MAN APPEARED WHEN WANTED

Each sort of situation will discover its own sort of men. At a seaport you find sailors; in a battle, heroes; and, on the Yukon, miners. Pittsburg, half strangled by the Pennsylvania Railroad, swarmed, in 1900, with promoters, each with his scheme which would bring a new railroad to the city. One of these men, an engineer of standing, exerted a momentary but none the less important influence. He and his associates gave the first impetus to the movement which brought the Wabash in. It goes almost without saying that James H. McRoberts's plan, that of building a short line from near Wheeling or from some point in Eastern Ohio, was hardly a new one. Joseph Ramsey, Jr., the president of the Wabash, had surveyed such a route as much as twenty-five years earlier. A Pittsburg man, as well as engineer and railroading expert, no one understood the situation better than Ramsey, and no one dreamed more continuously of raiding the Pennsylvania's territory and raising the siege of Pittsburg. But the plan which would realize the dream demanded not only to be complete in all those details which appeal to "capital;" it demanded also to be presented in its most alluring financial aspect. During the many years of his association with George J. Gould, Ramsey was unable to convince his chief of the feasibility of the raid.

Enough has been said of the physical difficulties in the way of bringing a new railroad into Pittsburg. It is enough to add that, of the first five miles of the Wabash Pittsburg Terminal Line from the new station on Liberty Street, about two miles are either bridge construction or rock tunneling; and to add, also, that the cost of the sixty miles of railroad was close to twenty-five million dollars. The Monongahela River is crossed on a cantilever bridge that, if it adds no appreciable charm to the city, represents the highest engineering skill.

The McRoberts party saw, as did others, including Ramsey, its president, that on the Wabash rested the hopes of Pittsburg. Certainly, no help was to be got from the Vanderbilts, or the Baltimore and Ohio, and the elimination of the Vanderbilt and Pennsylvania interests leaves very little in the way of railroads in the Middle Atlantic States.

GOULD'S PLANS ARE FOR A MIGHTY ROAD

With the Wabash it was different. The Gould idea of a trans-continental railroad has long been commonly known. Jay Gould was its father. George Gould had lately been carrying it steadily forward. With the Missouri Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, and the Texas and Pacific, his lines formed a network between St. Louis, Denver, Salt Lake City, western Texas, and New Orleans. The Wabash brought him east of St. Louis to Chicago, Detroit, and Toledo. It will be seen, from this, that he was rapidly getting into a position where he could lay tribute on the great heart of the country, from the Rockies to the Alleghanies, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and that he was nearly within reaching distance of both coasts. This was the situation, in 1900.

That the Wabash touches Toledo is to be remembered; it was a strategic point in the campaign. From Toledo to the Panhandle of West Virginia extended a minor line, the Wheeling and Lake Erie. This line was mainly controlled by a few men. Myron T. Herrick was chairman of the company. It is difficult to imagine, to-day, why the Pennsylvania company left this tempting property to be captured by the enemy, just as it is difficult to explain a number of other actions and inactions of this most able of railroad corporations, except on the ground of stupidity. The *hauteur* mentioned at the beginning of this article certainly seems stupid, as does the reactionary policy with which the company tried to

restrict the almost inevitable growth of Pittsburg.

It was the open break between Andrew Carnegie and the Pennsylvania which gave the McRoberts men their opportunity. They felt that the key to the problem was in their hands. They possessed a valuable interest in large tracts of coal lands, fourteen thousand acres in all, which lay to the south of Pittsburg. They were interested also in a small, financially shaky railroad, the West Side Belt Line, which gave access not only to this coal but also to a considerable number of steel plants along the upper river. The McRoberts plan was to bring Carnegie and Gould together and convince them of the vital importance to both of his propositions. Gould should buy the Wheeling and Lake Erie, which, connecting with the Wabash at Toledo, would bring him as far as the Panhandle of West Virginia. The final link, from the Ohio side of the Panhandle to Pittsburg, would then be built along the line surveyed by McRoberts, touching at Carnegie, and connecting with the West Side Belt Line. To Gould the plan seemed to mean not only an entry into Pittsburg, that greatest of freight centers, but a long step as well in his march to the sea. To Andrew Carnegie it seemed to promise a weapon with which he might be able to unhorse the Pennsylvania.

MR. GOULD SAW THINGS IN A NEW LIGHT

Up to this time the apparently insuperable difficulty had been the great cost of the construction work. In order to meet this objection the McRoberts party approached Carnegie and asked him if he would feel like making a traffic contract with the new road. Carnegie said he would, and that, if Gould would build to Pittsburg, he would agree to give him twenty-five per cent. of the tonnage from his mills, after deducting what could be hauled over his own road, the Bessemer. This share might be estimated roughly at three quarters of a million tons annually.

With these inducements—the Carnegie verbal agreement and the West Side Belt Line, with its coal lands,—the McRoberts party went down to New York and secured an interview with George J. Gould. At this point McRoberts drops out of the story. "Pioneers," I heard a railroad veteran say, in another connection, "always lose." McRoberts and his associates were charged almost to bursting with facts, plans, and prophecies. They could talk the tonnage of Pittsburg more forcibly than Ramsey himself. They had every detail in hand; they were prepared to sweep away every objection. Gould caught their spirit. "Gentlemen," he said, bringing his hand down on the table, "I will not only go to Pittsburg,—I will go to the sea!" Ramsey had entered the room during the talk, and he said to the promoters: "You gentlemen seem to have done more in half an hour to convince Mr. Gould than I have been able to do in all the years I have known him."

The plans and documents were left with Ramsay to be examined by him and, later, by Mr. Gould himself. But in the election which followed the meeting McRoberts forgot that Ramsey had his own plan for entering Pittsburg. The papers were soon returned to them, more or less curtly, with the statement that Mr. Gould did not think it advisable to take up the plan. McRoberts was surprised at this. He was more surprised, a day or so later, at a rumor which reached his ears. It was to the effect that Ramsey, Myron T. Herrick, of the Wheeling and Lake Erie, Andrew Carnegie, and certain other financiers and railroad men were holding extended conferences. He and his friends tried to find Ramsey, only to be informed that Mr. Ramsey had "left town." They went to Carnegie. "Ramsey left town?" said the steel man. "I do n't think he has. Schwab saw him yesterday." The promoters kept at it until they satisfied themselves, with the sight of Ramsey's person, that he was still in New York. But the plan had really been dropped, said the Wabash president, then. Mr. Gould had altogether given up the idea of building to Pittsburg.

Meantime the same rumors had reached the offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and, too late, they looked over their fences. In the direction of the Wheeling and Lake Erie they found a gap. They promptly tried to buy this road in the New York market. A large block of stock was acquired in this way, but it was not enough. They approached Myron T. Herrick; but he had gone over to Gould and burned his bridges. Gould had the Wheeling and Lake Erie. He was sixty miles from Pittsburg.

PITTSBURGERS HARDLY TRUSTED THEIR EYES

On February 25, 1901, the Pittsburg "Dispatch" published the first public announcement of the Wabash plans, in an article four or five columns long. Pittsburg read it and was happily astounded. Then the story was questioned, even in the "Dispatch" office. It seemed incredible. The proprietors of the paper sent a telegram to Ramsey, asking him to affirm or deny it. He denied it in a return message, promptly and vigorously. But, unfortunately for him, there was a leak in his own message. After stating that the rumors were wholly false, he concluded with the intimation that it might be well to keep the business quiet for a time. The "Dispatch" published Ramsey's telegram on the following morning, and then Pittsburg knew that the announcement was substantially true, that Carnegie had at length got his weapons in hand, and that the Wabash was coming into Pittsburg.

The Pennsylvania then began examining the fences that were left. For some time it had virtually controlled the Baltimore and Ohio, which has a passenger station in Pittsburg proper. In March of that year it bought the Baltimore and Ohio outright.

Meanwhile, two days before the "Dispatch" announcement, on the twenty-third of February, the organization of the United States Steel Corporation was completed. This fact has its bearing on the situation.

THE STORY IS PLAUSIBLE, BUT ERRONEOUS

There are several Pittsburg versions of the genesis of the Steel Corporation. They are all more or less incorrect, but one of them comes inadvertently near to the truth. It runs to the effect that, when Cassatt first heard that Carnegie was getting in touch with Gould, he went to J. Pierpont Morgan and said, in substance: "Mr. Morgan, Carnegie is combining with George Gould to bring the Wabash into Pittsburg. How can we stop it?" Mr. Morgan is supposed to have replied:

ONE GREAT CORPORATION CRIPPLED ANOTHER BY CUTTING DOWN ITS TELEGRAPH POLES

The Gould party ready to leave the Pittsburg passenger terminal on June 16, 1904, for a trip over the famous bridge. George J. Gould is in the center of the group on the car platform. President Joseph Ramsey, Jr., wearing a straw hat, is standing on the step

"There is only one thing we can do. We must buy Carnegie." This, the story goes on to tell, is how the United States Steel Corporation came to be started.

This would be interesting, if it were true. But the truth, or what seems unmistakably to be the truth, is even more interesting, and decidedly more dramatic. It was not the Carnegie-Gould alliance which aroused Cassatt and Morgan, for they did not know the terms of that alliance. If they had,—but thereby hangs a tale.

It was probably Carnegie's bold plunge into railroad building on his own account that brought about the new order of things. Under the present régime in Wall Street the industrial and financial fabric of the country is closely interwoven. Mills, railroads, banks, insurance companies, and oil and coal concerns find that their interests are interdependent on a common financial foundation. A sort of harmony, or "wolf honor,"—to apply William Hard's brilliant phrase,—is indispensable in keeping the system smoothly at work. A certain quality of consideration for the profits of others, even a sort of submission to the will of others, is called for on the part of all but the leading members of this system. The grand dukes of American industry and finance bear a relation to each other somewhat similar to the relation found subsisting between the different royal families of Europe. However much they may oppose one another, or even war upon one another, any growth among their peoples of a sense of freedom draws the crowned heads together in defense of a common belief in a more or less attainable autocracy. So the upward push of the laboring man, or the independent course of any capitalist who attempts to maintain his freedom, finds our grand dukes in close alliance, ready to defend the principle of substantial oligarchy. Carnegie, when he kicked over the traces, took the bit in his teeth, and started off for himself, appeared to Wall Street pretty much as a runaway horse appears to the old lady in the carriage. It simply would not do to permit of the building of an independent railroad across the state over which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Widener-Elkins Syndicate, and Matthew Stanley Quay exercised control by divine—or diabolical,—right.

MR. CARNEGIE HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR

Mr. Cassatt, perhaps, would have preferred to chop off Mr. Carnegie's teeming head. But, finding this method somewhat impracticable, he and the other gentlemen to whom I have been referring under the class name of grand dukes hit upon the more costly device of buying up Carnegie. This, they felt, would remove from active business life the disturbing factor; and, having gone thus far, and having paid Carnegie the equivalent of several hundred millions, they went a step farther, bought up practically the entire steel business, and started that most unwieldy of business craft, the Steel Corporation, on its adventurous, deep-water journey.

As for what next came to light—but let us never again say, with Charles Lamb, that your Scotchman wants humor.

Carnegie had been bought off, but he was not through with A. J. Cassatt.

One day, late in January of 1901, an enterprising reporter—himself somewhat of an octopus, with tentacles reaching into all the dark corners of Pittsburg's industrial life,—came upon the Carnegie-Gould negotiations. The facts were soon in his possession. To him it was a piece of news, but Carnegie and Ramsey got a promise from his paper that they would hold it back for thirty days. Then the Wabash-Carnegie traffic negotiations and the Morgan-Carnegie steel negotiations went on side by side through the month of February. Carnegie scrupulously neglected to inform his right hand concerning the movements of his left. On the twenty-third the world read in its morning papers that the Steel Corporation had been launched; on the twenty-fifth, Morgan and Cassatt read in *their* morning papers that they had bought not only Carnegie, but also Carnegie's contract with Gould through which three quarters of a million tons of freight annually were to be diverted from the Pennsylvania to the Wabash Railroad. The Scotchman had fought them; they had thought him beaten, kicked upstairs, and turned out to play with his libraries; but his soul, it began to appear, was marching on.

THE MACHINE WENT DOWN IN THE CRASH

The question next arose whether or not this Wabash agreement could be evaded. But Carnegie's Scotch humor proved to be of the thoroughgoing Presbyterian sort. As was said significantly at the time, the agreement was drawn up with the Steel Corporation in view, and it was drawn up to hold.

The Wabash lost no time in getting at the business of construction. Companies were formed to operate in Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania. In order to cross the Monongahela River the charter was quietly revived of a defunct traction company which had got no farther in life than the building of piers in the river. All this would bring the road to the city wharves, within a few hundred yards of the proposed terminal station in Liberty Street. A bill to grant the franchise for these few hundred yards was introduced in the city council. The city was alive to the importance of bringing the Wabash in. The chamber of commerce actively favored the bill. Its passage was looked for from week to week. It really seemed, for a time, that the strangle-hold of the Pennsylvania was to be thrown off.

This general exultation was a phase that came—and passed. After a time it appeared that there was friction somewhere. The franchise bill was slow in passing the city council. This was puzzling to observers, for the bosses of the council, state senators, Christopher Magee and William Flinn were among the underwriters of the new Wabash line. A good deal of political dust was thrown into the eyes of the lookers-on. Before long Ramsey was kept as busy denying that his road had given up the fight as he had at first been in denying that it was going to fight at all. But Ramsey's denials had not the force they once might have had, and discouragement was frankly in the air. A year passed. By this time the dust had cleared, and, plainly to be seen, seated in the select chamber of the council, was the "syndicate of twenty-one," all that was left of what, in 1900, had seemed an invincible political machine.

The story of the decline and fall of this particular machine, if I had space to give it here in detail, would appear as a curious, almost extravagant bit of political history. In a word, the "reform" campaign in Pittsburg, which was going on side by side with the Wabash fight and with the steel-corporation intrigue, resulted in the complete downfall of the machine. The reformers

This tunnel is at the southern end of the bridge. Trains running out of Pittsburg cross the bridge and plunge directly into the tunnel. Work on this tunnel was kept up continuously during the two years that the "syndicate of twenty-one" was in power

went so far as to get a new charter for the city, to abolish the office of mayor for two years, and to set up a new municipal chief executive, called the recorder, who was appointed by the governor. By this move they divided the control of the city between the forces of the governor and those of the city machine. Later, after considerable pulling and hauling, they carried the lower branch of the city council. But this "syndicate of twenty-one," a mere remnant of the machine, bitterly opposed by the great body of citizens and deserted by its former leaders, could not adapt itself to this queer notion of giving a valuable franchise to the Wabash without pocketing a large bribe. At length, however, after two years, even political expediency seemed to urge the twenty-one to yield to the pressure, and so they turned to the stock market for their pay.

The agreement was that the ordinance should be passed on the evening of Monday, February 3, 1903. Monday morning those in the secret began buying heavily in Wabash stock on the New York exchange. This buying continued until Wednesday. More than seventy thousand shares of Wabash, preferred and common, changed hands during those three days; and, as the total sales in Wabash on the preceding Saturday were but two hundred shares of common stock, the amount purchased by Pittsburg's select councilmen is not difficult to estimate. But the day of that particular machine had passed. Luck was against it. Even its heavy buying failed to raise Wabash to any considerable point, so its attempts at extortion practically failed throughout.

III.

"But," the reader may ask, "while the Wabash was fighting its way into the city, what was the Pennsylvania doing?" In answer, I propose to take up here in detail one or two of the more important counter attacks. There were a good many of these; but I have scarcely space for them all, even for such encounters as took place about the Panhandle bridge, where the Pennsylvania, despite the obvious fact that it had not used the bridge for years, undertook to enjoin the Wabash from passing under it. I must also pass over the active opposition of the Vanderbilt road, the Pittsburg and Lake Erie. But there were three skirmishes which can not be so lightly dismissed. The first, the "Duquesne Way Grab" and its sequel, was the most vital to Pittsburg. The second, the Baltimore fight, in which Cassatt tried, after suffering defeat at Pittsburg, to keep Gould from the sea, was the fiercest. And the strange attack on the Western Union was the most spectacular.

Along the north shore of the lower Pittsburg peninsula, on the Allegheny River, extends a broad street and wharf known as Duquesne Way. The way ends at "The Point," where there is some valuable warehouse property. In the early fall of 1902, an ordinance was introduced in the common council which would grant to the Pennsylvania Railroad the right to construct elevated tracks along Duquesne Way and practically to take possession of "The Point." A man who, for various reasons, was deeply interested in the Wabash-Carnegie cause examined the proposed franchise and saw at a glance what it meant. He went to President Ramsey and laid the situation before him. This situation was about as follows:—

Across the river, in the city of Allegheny, were the tracks of the Pittsburg and Western. While, so far as management went, this road was controlled by the Baltimore and Ohio, it was operated under a peculiar ordinance, which provided that any other road might use its tracks on payment of a proportionate share of the cost of construction and maintenance, and after obtaining the consent of the Allegheny council. This explanation will, perhaps, make it plain to the reader that if the Wabash could be extended across the river to connect with the Pittsburg and Western it would have access to the numerous mills and manufacturing plants on the Allegheny side. More than this, it could have used the Pittsburg and Western tracks as a means of getting to the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburg, which was controlled by men friendly to the Gould group, and which would give it a second route to the west in addition to that by way of the Wheeling and Lake Erie.

MR. RAMSEY PROVED A CHAMPION FIGHTER

If the Pennsylvania should get the right to put up an elevated structure along the entire length of Duquesne Way it would be very difficult for the Wabash to cross the way and bridge the river. The man I have mentioned went over this ground with Ramsey, but the Wabash president could not see it. He shook his head. "We don't want to cross Duquesne Way," said he. "If they want it, let them have it." The most his informant could get from Ramsey was a promise to lay the matter before George Gould. This was done, and Gould's decision was immediate. "See to this matter at once, Mr. Ramsey," said he.

Consequently, an ordinance was promptly introduced which would grant to the Wabash permission to cross Duquesne Way over the Pennsylvania structure. The fight over these two ordinances was waxing hot when the Pennsylvania made its second move. It proposed to purchase the baseball grounds in Allegheny and convert them into a great railroad yard with seventeen tracks at grade at a point where the Wabash planned to cross. This, with its Duquesne Way plan, looked for a time like an effectual check on the Wabash. The usual accusations were freely made against the council. Ramsey himself brought these accusations to a culmination in a blazing and sarcastic open letter to the two councils which he issued in the middle of December. He accused them of "amending and emasculating" the Wabash ordinances in the interest of the Pennsylvania. He even went so far as to name J. McCrea, the first vice-president of the Pennsylvania Lines West, and to accuse him of forcing the council to make changes in the elevation of the proposed Duquesne Way tracks. Finally, as was the case throughout the fight, the unmistakable spirit of the city had its effect. The aldermen were forced to take the Wabash point of view. "Indeed," one man expressed

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GEORGE J. GOULD

it to me, "before they got through with it, the Pennsylvania men had to come around and 'leg' for the Wabash bill in order to get anything at all."

The last attempt on the part of the Pennsylvania to check Gould's march to the sea was not directly related to the Pittsburg controversy, but it has its place in this narrative. On the eighth of January, 1902, the rumor slipped about that the Wabash had secured control of the West Virginia Central, a road controlled by Senators Elkins and Davis. Gould denied the purchase, but Colonel T. B. Davis, the senator's brother, admitted that a sale had been effected, and gave the price as seventeen million dollars. The Baltimore "Sun" predicted that this would cause a demand for the Western Maryland; a bit of geography will explain why. The West Virginia Central touched at points in Ohio which were within easy reach of Gould's lines in that state. It extended also to Cumberland, Maryland, a point only sixty miles distant from the Western Maryland at Cherry Run. If Gould had bought the road, it plainly meant a descent upon Baltimore. Two days later, Mayor Hayes, of that city, received the first tentative offer for the Western Maryland. (A word of explanation is necessary here. This road was controlled by the city of Baltimore, which held not only mortgage bonds amounting to more than twelve million dollars, but also the right to name a majority of the directors, whoever should hold the stock.) Rumor at first placed this first offer as a Pennsylvania move to block Gould, then as coming from Gould himself.

Inch by Inch Gould Fought to the Sea

The looked-for denial from President Ramsey that the Wabash interests were concerned in this offer appeared on the same day. "There is not a word of truth in any portion of the rumor," said he. "Neither the Wabash Railroad nor the Gould interests are connected with the matter of purchase." Within a very few days, Mayor Hayes received several other tentative offers, but in each case the offers came from bankers or brokers, and the capitalists behind the deals were carefully hidden from view. One mysterious syndicate talked largely of building a parallel line, to be called the Buffalo, Pittsburg, and Western, in case the city should refuse to sell. The Pennsylvania openly opposed the sale, "because," as was said, "its Baltimore and Ohio and the Western Maryland were conducting a mutually advantageous interchange of business over the Potomac Valley and Cumberland Valley extensions." The Pennsylvania wished the city to maintain the *status quo*, and, for the first and last time in the fight, Cassatt spoke out. "The Western Maryland," said he, "will not be sold."

From this time on, the principal concern of the citizens of Baltimore was to discover for which of the bids the Pennsylvania was responsible. General opinion soon had it, however, that Cassatt's hand would be found governing the approaches of the Reading. Nearly all parties agreed that the transfer of the Western Maryland to Pennsylvania interests would mean the destruction of Baltimore's hopes of competing with Philadelphia as a seaport. The Pennsylvania and the Reading both had their strongest interests in Philadelphia, and were deeply concerned in that city's welfare. At this time, to add to the confusion, some doubt was expressed as to the right of the city of Baltimore either to hold or to sell the road. The condition existed, yet there was nothing in the law of the state which would convey to a man who wished to bid on the Western Maryland any definite information as to what he would gain in respect to the right of control held by the city. The matter was referred to the city solicitor, who disposed of it in an opinion to the effect that the city had a right to sell.

On the sixth of March, Mayor Hayes signed an ordinance authorizing an offer for bids. This was gone about at once, and the seventeenth of March, not two weeks later, was set as the date on which all bids must be in. There were four bids: from the "Fuller Syndicate," which was supposed to control the West Virginia Central; the Reading, the Hambletons, and the syndicate represented by W. W. Varney. The Reading offer was practically dismissed, mainly because of the suspicion concerning Reading-Pennsylvania affiliations. The Varney offer was also laid aside, for there was no telling who was behind him. By this time Baltimore was buzzing with excitement. All the bidders were represented on the ground, and all were calling more or less continuously on Mayor Hayes. Meanwhile, Washington County, Maryland, which held nearly half a million dollars' worth of Western Maryland stock, promptly accepted the offer which the Fuller Syndicate had made for its holdings.

Throughout the bidding the persistent belief that George Gould was behind the Fuller Syndicate gave it the position of a favored bidder. Late in March the belief was confirmed by the discovery that George Gould's brother, Howard, was interested in it, as were Myron T. Herrick and W. S. Pierce, who was counsel for Gould's Missouri Pacific. Early in April the other contestants began raising their bids. All three of these others offered better terms than did the Fuller people, but all were still under suspicion. The excitement grew. On the tenth of April, Mayor Hayes definitely stated that bribes had been offered to councilmen. Accusations that the council was playing politics, conceivably even in the interest of the Pennsylvania, flew thick and fast. The Fullers, finding themselves outbid, drew Ramsey to their aid. Said he, in amusing contradiction of his former vehement assertions, "The fact that the Goulds are interested in the sale of the road was demonstrated long ago."

All sorts of devices were suggested by those interested in the city's welfare which might effectually prevent the Pennsylvania from getting control. The council asked the Fullers to raise their bid in order that the sale might be concluded with them, but this the Fullers would not do. Suspicion was running so high that even this syndicate was suspected of playing catspaw to the Pennsylvania. In spite of continued and desperate struggling Mayor Hayes seemed unable to bring the situation out into the light of day. In every quarter, lurking in the shadows, he fancied he could see Baltimore's bogy-man, A. J. Cassatt. It was George Gould who finally straightened it out. He wrote a straightforward, vigorous letter to the mayor, stating flatly that he owned no Reading stock, and also that, if he should succeed in acquiring the Western Maryland, he proposed to make Baltimore the eastern terminal for his great system.

This letter clinched the business. An ordinance disposing of the road to the Gould interest was quickly passed and signed by the mayor, and George Gould found himself at last at the sea. Fuller, Herrick and Pierce were so pleased that they promptly gave five thousand dollars apiece to the Johns Hopkins University.

But the oddest counter attack of any, on the part of the Pennsylvania, came after the fight was all over. If Cassatt and Gould had been of the ages, respectively, of twelve and nine years, the thing would have been more nearly explicable. As it stands, it illustrates for our benefit the fact that great corporations are not always the impersonal, passionless affairs we have supposed. Corporations, very likely, want consciences and all moral sense, but they can now hardly be said to want temper. When the fight was over, the Wabash unmistakably in Pittsburg,—the Pennsylvania, somewhat battered, holding grimly to what was left,—Cassatt looked about him to see if there was not something of Gould's lying around on his side of the fence. He found the Western Union, a "Gould property," supplying him with telegraph service wherever the Pennsylvania System reached out its tentacles. Western Union poles by hundreds and thousands stood on Pennsylvania property. Western Union wires entered all Pennsylvania stations. Here was something he could smash.

Miles of Telegraph Poles Were Removed

On the twentieth of September, 1881, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company had signed a contract with the Western Union Telegraph Company providing that the latter should supply the telegraph service needed by the former. The contract had a proviso to the effect that, after twenty years, the telegraph company might be compelled to remove its poles and wires from the property of the railroad whenever requested in writing to do so. This contract had expired by considerably more than a year, when, early in 1903, the Pennsylvania delivered to the Western Union a notice to vacate. This was the beginning of a lawyers' warfare which continued through the spring. As the Pennsylvania put it, "a partnership has existed between the plaintiff and defendant for years, and the court is asked to declare that all contracts and agreements are terminated and ended."

On the twentieth of May, the United States court of appeals sitting in Philadelphia upheld

the right of the Pennsylvania to remove the poles and wires of the Western Union and refused the injunction requested by the latter company. The Western Union promptly appealed to the United States supreme court. Meanwhile, two days later, on the morning of the twenty-second, wrecking crews appeared on that branch of the Pennsylvania which connects Camden with Atlantic City, and lost no time in destroying all the Western Union property they could lay their hands on. They worked rapidly. A wrecking train would halt by a telegraph pole, men would run a chain about it near the ground, attach a guy rope to control the direction of its fall, and then start the derrick machinery. In a moment the pole would be lying on the ground, men would be rolling up the wires, and the train would be moving on to the next pole. By night of the following day, the twenty-third, all the wires in Pennsylvania and New Jersey were down, and the wrecking gangs in Maryland were nearly through. As an illustration of the arbitrary methods of the grand dukes the performance was complete.

The question arises,—to what has this struggle led? Never was a commercial fight more bitterly waged. The Wabash is now running passenger trains into Pittsburg, and it will soon have a well established freight traffic. The present situation would suggest to the unthinking that the real victor in the fight was the city, and that, with competing systems in her territory, the Pittsburgers will be in a position to demand reasonable rates for the shipping of the products of their mills and mines. But a moment's thought will raise the question again.

A suggestion of the answer lies in another question. What resulted from the entrance of the Vanderbilt system? A "community of interest." Pittsburg used the Wabash as a club with which to fight the Pennsylvania. The Wabash used Pittsburg for the same purpose. But now that the fighting is over and the smoke is clearing away, it is not difficult to see that the common interest lies no longer between the Wabash and Pittsburg, but, rather, between the Wabash and the Pennsylvania. The grand dukes may fight among themselves, now and then, but they may be relied upon, sooner or later, to present a solid front against the public.

At the office of an organization of Pittsburg shippers a man who ought to know what he is talking about said to me: "*We know* that the first steps have been taken toward an agreement between the Wabash and the Pennsylvania." This statement is not explicit, but it is probably near to the facts. It should be cheaper for the Pennyslvania and the Wabash to share the control of Pittsburg than for them to permit the city to control itself. Therefore, we may expect to see Pittsburg, in a few years, about where it was before the raid. What may take place at that time it is not easy to forecast. As the matter now stands, its by no means least interesting feature is the evident tendency of these two roads, after fighting for two years like pirates over buried gold, to share the treasure and take their stand, back to back, to defend the gold against the attempt of the original owners to regain control of it.

A Subject for Chiropody

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES relates the story of a cowboy guide who put up one night at a tavern that was, by reason of some festivity in the little town in which it was located, taxed to its capacity. The guide found himself placed in a room with a stranger, but the tavern keeper assured him that the arrangement would prove satisfactory for the reason that his bedfellow was a mild-mannered man from the East. Somewhat tired, the guide retired early. Determined to have at least his half of the bed, he strapped his spurs to his ankles. Apparently the eastern man, when he eventually went to bed, was seriously inconvenienced, for during the night he awoke the guide and said:—

"Pardon me, sir; but, if you're a gentleman, you will trim your toe nails."

An Ade" to Digestion

AMONG the many attempts to play upon George Ade's surname, the one here given is, perhaps, one of the best. A man from northern Wisconsin, who met the humorist some time ago, told him how his writings had made existence more tolerable for him in his lonely country home.

"I was a terrible sufferer from dyspepsy," said he, "but I read that laughing was helpful to the digestive organs; so, when I went to the city next time, I stepped into a bookstore, and told them I wanted somethin' amoozin'. They give me some of your books, and after meals I had my ole woman read to me from 'em. And say, it don't make no difference how much they criticise your books, you're an aid to digestion, anyway."

The Criticism of Mrs. Van Bieber

ISABEL CORDON CURTIS

[*Concluded from page 331*]

from the room, when her companion suddenly spoke.

"Keziah," she asked, "did any other story of mine ever move you as this one did?"

"No. Everything you write is beautiful, but nothing else is like this." She touched the faded cover of the magazine lightly with her finger.

"It seems strange. This is a very crude, unpolished bit of work. If I should write the same story to-day, I could make it much finer."

"Oh, you could n't," cried the girl, impulsively.

"I think it is because the incident appealed to you strongly," said Mrs. Van Bieber, smiling.

"It was not wholly that." Keziah's voice grew very earnest. "It seems impertinence to criticise such work as yours, only—this is so simple and so true and—so human. Mother has always taught us, outside the enjoyment of your books, to learn something from your style. She says there is a finish and beauty and clearness about it that few authors have to-day. I do n't believe you had acquired such a style thirty-five years ago. The story was written right from your heart, as if you felt a great sympathy for your characters. I could almost believe you cried while you wrote about that girl watching her lover march away to the war."

"I did. I remember I had to rewrite several pages. The words were almost washed out by tears. You are a rare little critic, Keziah."

"I have been rude," cried the girl, flushing remorsefully; "I am ashamed to have said such things."

"My dear child, it is very seldom I meet such simple, honest criticism as yours. I want you to put your thoughts into words, exactly as if you were discussing my work with—well, with your mother, for instance."

"May I tell you what came into my mind while I read this story?" Keziah asked, eagerly.

"Yes, tell me everything."

"I thought of what I once heard Joseph Jefferson say about his art. He made a speech to us girls when I was at boarding school. He was talking of how at first an actor plays a rôle he loves, convincingly, with real feeling and sympathy. If it is a character that makes a tremendous hit, he has to go on playing it, year after year. His work may constantly be growing more artistic and nearer perfection, but sometimes its very perfection dims its first beauty. When I read your last book, I thought I could never compare it with anything else you had written. I read chapters of it over and over again, for there were beautiful things in the book I wanted to remember. It is marked on nearly every page. But this little story,—I read it breathlessly, and I cried over it, from beginning to end."

Mrs. Van Bieber drew the girl's face down to hers and kissed the white forehead. "I think," she said, "that both our lives have been helped because you came to-day."

* * * * * * *

The following is an extract from a letter to Captain Jabez Fleming, at Manila:—

"Everybody in our house says, 'Keziah's crazy.' I have counted the months and weeks and days and hours from the time you will sail, till I have figured you will reach San Francisco on the tenth of May.

"There is something I had planned to keep as a surprise for you, but I can't. We are going to California to meet the transport that will bring you back! I 'll tell you how it happened. I had not even dared to dream of such a thing, for mother could never stand a journey across the continent. One day we had a visit from Mrs. Van Bieber. I had not seen her since I left the Adirondacks, last summer. She stayed a week, and, before she left, what do you suppose she got mother to promise?—That she may take your cousin Lucy and me to California next month! She is going to Pasadena for a long visit at her daughter's home. We shall spend a month there with her, then we shall go to San Francisco, in May, to meet the transport. Jabez, dear, will it not seem to you as if the next three months will never pass? Lucy and I will have a perfectly glorious time in Pasadena, but I shall want the days to fly. I have something else wonderful to tell you. On a page in Mrs. Van Bieber's new book, which has been out just three weeks, one may read:—

"'To dear Keziah, my inspiration.'

"Jabez, when I read those words it was the proudest moment of my life. And what do you suppose Mrs. Van Bieber told me? This book was almost finished that afternoon, when we had that memorable talk. She stayed in the Adirondacks until the frost came and wrote it all over again. I'm not going to tell you a word about it, only I want to be near you when you read it. It is the most beautiful real story and stirs one—. It is getting notices everywhere, more appreciative, Mrs. Van Bieber says, than anything given her work before. I can't tell you how many thousands of books have been sold already. Jabez, excepting my own mother and your grandmother, she is the sweetest woman that ever lived.

"P. S.—I can not tell you how ashamed I am of having been jealous of your sweet little cousin Lucy. You were such a goose not to have told me long ago of her engagement to your Lieutenant Glynn. That would have saved both of us *such* a headache. I was an unreasonable, jealous, perverse wretch. Only now,—as they say at camp meeting,—now, Jabez dear, 'I am enjoying a change of heart.'"

Talks with Young Men and Young Women

[*Concluded from page 332*]

no matter what happened,—who, every time he failed, would come up smiling, with the air of a conqueror, and more determined than ever? Did you ever see a man who did not know the meaning of failure, who never knew when he was beaten, who had excluded the word "can't" from his dictionary, who did not know what it meant to be discouraged, whom no obstacle could down, no reverse weaken or turn back,—the man who never wavered or doubted or took a step backward, no matter what misfortune overtook him? The man who was never feazed, have you met him? If you have, you have seen a conqueror,—a real man.

Cheerfulness Is Power

"FATE itself has to concede a great many things to the cheerful man." The man who persistently faces the sun so that all shadows fall behind him, the man who keeps his machinery well lubricated with love and good cheer, can withstand the hard jolts and disappointments of life infinitely better than the man who always looks at the dark side. A man who loves shadow, who dwells forever in the gloom,—a pessimistic man,—has very little power in the world as compared with a bright, sunny soul.

The world make way for the cheerful man; all doors fly open to him who radiates sunshine. He does not need an introduction; like the sunlight, he is welcome everywhere.

A cheerful disposition is not only a power,—it is also a great health tonic. A depressed mind makes the system more susceptible to disease; encourages its development because it kills the power of resistance. A cheerful soul can resist disease, and it is well known among physicians that there is a greater chance for recovery from exhaustive diseases of a bright, sunny soul than of a gloomy, despondent one. "Cheerfulness is health; melancholy, disease." Gloom and depression feed disease and hasten its development.

We know physicians who give very little medicine, and yet they are singularly successful because they have sunny souls. They always radiate brightness and good cheer. They know that it is hope, more than drugs, the patient needs, that it is encouragement and not disheartening diagnosis that helps him to recover. They give him every bit of hope and encouragement and good cheer possible, for they know that these are more effective remedies than are to be found in the pharmacopœia.

Hints to Young Writers

II.—Choosing the Right Word

"I HAVE found it at last!" exclaimed a famous writer, one day, while walking in company with a friend. "Found what?" asked his friend. "Why, that word I have been hunting for days."

It is strict attention to the choice of words and their arrangement, and the greatest care in bringing out the delicate shades of meaning, that make polished writers and orators. A great writer or speaker uses words as a great artist uses colors and tints. A word which does not precisely fit the thought offends his taste as much as green where blue is required would offend the taste of an artist. Some authors wait for hours or days,—leaving blanks in their manuscripts,—for the right words to convey the exact shading of their thoughts. When Kipling does not find a word just suited to his meaning, he invents one, usually so expressive that it becomes a permanent addition to the language.

The language of even educated people often bears the marks of a pinched vocabulary, which does not indicate a wide range of reading, or a large experience in the practice of elegant conversation. I have in mind a man who failed to reach the success for which he had undoubted ability, because of a restricted, narrow, limited vocabulary. He was constantly repeating himself. He thought in a narrow circle, and could not express his ideas in fresh, vigorous language, because of his poverty of words.

Young people are often too much in a hurry to discriminate finely and choose delicately the words which exactly express their thoughts. The words must fit the idea exactly. Clean-cut fittingness and aptness strike an editor immediately. He can tell quickly whether a writer is an artist or a sloven. He knows whether or not you have picked up your words without fully understanding their meaning. Make a practice of looking up in a good dictionary every word you do not thoroughly understand. Learn to go to the bottom of things yourself. A habit of investigating the meaning of words, by looking up their synonyms in dictionaries or thesauruses, does not involve a waste of time, for a rich, well-rounded vocabulary is one of the grandest possessions of life.

A man who can express his thoughts in simple, transparent language,—in words that exactly fit his ideas,—no more, no less,—is a rare being. There is nothing else so much wanted in the world of literature, to-day, as concise, graphic, and lucid expression.

Accuracy of detail is one of the characteristic traits of a genius, whom Dickens has somewhere described as "a being who pays attention to trifles." The picture drawn by Barrie, in "Sentimental Tommy," of his hero hunting for a particular word is not overdrawn. It shows the budding genius of a future writer. Tommy Sandys is given a last chance to win a scholarship. He failed at the regular examination, but in this second contest—the writing of the best essay on a given subject,—Tommy's friends were confident of his success, his fame as a writer of letters and compositions having spread far beyond the village of Thrums. Tommy's heart beat joyfully. He already counted the scholarship his. He began to write, and his pen traveled on without pause to about the middle of his second page. Then he paused. He wanted a single word in the Scotch dialect to express an idea. He thought of several which would pass muster, and which, indeed, the examiners would not question, but the one which expressed the exact shade of meaning he wished to convey would not come. It was "on the tip of his

tongue," as he afterwards explained, but still evaded him. An hour went by almost before the boy was conscious of it. Everything was forgotten,—the examination and the consequences hanging on its results, the time, the place, the people, all but the missing word. With a gasp he came to a realization of conditions around him when he was asked to hand in his essay. It was only begun. It could not even be considered in the competition. Yet Tommy could have outdistanced all competitors had he been satisfied to use a word that would do fairly well. But the artist, the genius in him could be satisfied with nothing but the exact one, and after being dismissed in disgrace he returned to poke his head inside the door and exclaim, triumphantly, "I kin it noo; it's *puckle.*"

Slipshod writers who use any word which happens to come to them, regardless whether or not it conveys the precise shade of thought they have in mind, because they are too careless or indolent to search for the right word, never become great authors. Many articles in newspapers and periodicals are contributed by writers of this class. Many of the "best-selling" books, even if lauded by reviewers, more enthusiastic than critical, as "great books," contain glaring inaccuracies and misapplied words.

"On a single word," said Wendell Phillips, "has hung the destiny of nations." No one knows better than he did the exact value of words. He was easily the foremost forensic orator America has produced, and his eminence was due to the high standard he set for himself. Every word exactly expressed the shade of his thought; every phrase was of due length and cadence; every sentence was perfectly balanced.

A beginner in the art of writing or speaking often aims at great ornamentation and elaboration, thinking that much filigree-work and decoration and many words of great length and sonorousness make a stronger impression than plain, simple language. It is quite the reverse. Simplicity, as well as precision, is essential to the best speaking or writing. As masterpieces of literature, the Bible and the works of Shakespeare are preëminent. A young writer who aims at perfection can do no better than take these as his models. To show how elaboration or ornamentation would destroy the sublimity and effectiveness of Bible narration, G. P. Quackenbos transforms the verse in Genesis which describes the creation of light,—"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light,"—into "The sovereign arbiter of nature, by the potent energy of a single word, commanded light to exist, and immediately it sprang into being." The stately lines of "Paradise Lost" are simplicity itself.

The great trouble with many aspirants in literature is that their words lack force and fire. They do not carry conviction. They do not make vivid pictures. They are characterless and energyless, like those who use them. They do not quite speak to our wants, or make any impression on our minds. These young people are satisfied, at beginning, with less than their best, and so degenerate into bungling "hack" writers, whose work nobody cares to read. They are not willing to pay the price of success,—to study, to read, to think, and to toil unwearyingly in the search for excellence. Their aim is low, and pursuit of a low ideal is the only real failure in life.

QUIT—

Gossiping.
Fidgetting.
Grumbling.
Hairsplitting.
Saying that fate is against you.
Finding fault with the weather.
Anticipating evils in the future.
Pretending, and be your real self.
Going around with a gloomy face.
Faultfinding, nagging, and worrying.
Taking offense where none is intended.
Dwelling on fancied slights and wrongs.
Talking big things and doing small ones.
Scolding and flying into a passion over trifles.
Boasting of what you can do instead of doing it.
Thinking that life is a grind, and not worth living.
Talking continually about yourself and your affairs.
Depreciating yourself and making light of your abilities.
Saying unkind things about acquaintances and friends.
Exaggerating, and making mountains out of molehills.
Lamenting the past, holding on to disagreeable experiences.
Pitying yourself and bemoaning your lack of opportunities.
Comparing yourself with others to your own disadvantage.
Work once in a while and take time to renew your energies.
Waiting round for chances to turn up. Go and turn them up.
Writing letters when the blood is hot, which you may regret later.
Thinking that all the good chances and opportunities are gone by.
Thinking of yourself to the exclusion of everything and everyone else.
Carping and criticizing. See the best rather than the worst in others.
Dreaming that you would be happier in some other place or circumstances.
Belittling those whom you envy because you feel that they are superior to yourself.
Dilating on your pains and aches and misfortunes to everyone who will listen to you.
Speculating as to what you would do in some one else's place, and do your best in your own.
Gazing idly into the future and dreaming about it instead of making the most of the present.
Longing for the good things that others have instead of going to work and earning them for yourself.
Looking for opportunities hundreds or thousands of miles away instead of right where you are.

MARTYRS AT THE STEAK

BURGES JOHNSON

THE gnashing teeth bit hard
On a stern and rib-bound roast,
While boarders 'gainst a dented wall
The leaden biscuit tossed.

And their anxious brows grew dark
As they glanced the table o'er
And recognized, in a chowdered form,
Some things they'd seen before.

What sought they thus afar?
Fresh loaves and tender meat?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of farms?—
They sought a bit to eat!

Not as the conqueror comes,—
They hurried in pellmell,
All hungry-eyed, emaciate,
At sound of dinner bell.

Aye, call it what you will,
The proudest spirit bows
Before that nameless, shameless thing,—
A city boarding house.

Senator Scott's Three Rules

M. S. BURKE

NATHAN SCOTT, who has just been elected for a second term to the United States Senate, was bound out to a Quaker farmer for a term of seven years, when but nine years old, and, according to contract, was given board, clothing, and schooling, in return for his services. At the end of his indenture, when he would be sixteen years of age, he was to receive a lump sum of one hundred and eighty dollars, provided his conduct had been satisfactory.

He made his home with his employer, as one of the family, and the farmer's good wife mothered him, "like the genuine article," as he afterwards expressed it, binding up his cuts and bruises, and looking out for his comfort just as she did for her own family.

At length his term of service expired, and he was ready to start out into the almost unknown world, from the comparative seclusion of the farm, and the district school, the advantages of which had been conscientiously secured for him by the farmer.

Then the old man pulled a huge wallet out of his pocket, and selecting from the roll of bills it contained exactly one hundred and eighty dollars, handed them to the lad, and gave him at the same time a gratuity in the way of advice:—

"Nathan thee has been a good boy," he said; "and now that thee is going out into life by thyself, there are three things that thee would do well to specially remember. It is not what thee eats, but what thee digests, that will make thee healthy. It is not what thee earns, but what thee saves, that will make thee wealthy. It is not what thee reads, but what thee remembers, that will make thee wise."

With his one hundred and eighty dollars, and the good farmer's advice, Nathan Scott started out; and, though he gave the first three years of his manhood to his country's cause, he was not long in establishing himself successfully in business. He lived up to the honest Quaker's three empirical postulates with advantage to himself; and, when his old friend and master died poor, the erstwhile bound-boy had it in his power to prove a helpful friend.

Lew Wallace's Unwritten Novel

TEST DALTON

THE great American novel, according to the late Lew Wallace, was "Murvale Eastman," by Tourgee,—a book of fifteen years ago. It has the sub-title, "Christian Socialist," and is a story that few people have read, as it was issued by a small publishing house. General Wallace thought this title detracted from its interest, as people might imagine it a life of a socialist leader, or a treatise on socialism.

General Wallace himself had in mind an American novel. He once said that it was his intention to write this story after he had completed his memoirs. His theme was the striving of Americans to accomplish wonderful things in an incredibly short time. His hero was to be a restless American who lived for a few years in Europe, then in Australia, in Africa, and in South America, and who, finally, after years of wandering, returns to his own country only to start again upon his journey, never satisfied, never happy, the spirit of an Indian within him, and the childlike desire to see new scenes. In each of these countries his hero was to accomplish worthy deeds, and when he returns to his own country it is with the intention of leading the life of a son of the soil, but his hero finds he can not do so. The story would have been suggestive of "The Wandering Jew," with the element of religious controversy eliminated.

He is one of the few human beings I have known who will often in the heat of an argument see and straightway confess that he is in the wrong, instead of trying to shift his ground or use any other device of vanity.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Praise goes a good way with most men, and some stop there; but cash goes a long way farther. If you want to keep your growing men with you, you must not expect them to do all the growing. Small salaries make small workers and careless workers.

How Sadie Enlarges Her Circle of Men Friends

MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Dramatis Personæ: MRS. ENDICOTT WINTHROP and MISS SADIE SMITH

SADIE.—Good morning, Mrs. Winthrop, I feel like introducing myself as the clown does at a country circus, with "Here we are again!" I seem to be perpetually in need of your advice.

MRS. WINTHROP.—To make us think that our advice is valued is one of the most delightful forms of flattery! We old folks feel it to be so.

SADIE.—I read somewhere that "Goodness is the coquetry of age," and I thought of you! Well, now, I have come with my head full of questions. Will you please tell me how I may know some young men? It sounds rather shocking,—but I am ashamed when with other girls that I know so few.

MRS. WINTHROP.—It is natural and proper that you should want young men friends. All girls do,—just as young men want friends among young women. The good Father of us all intended it to be so. There are girls who are born natural little nuns and there are others who are forward and free in their manner and relations with men, but modest, well-bred, womanly girls are neither, yet enjoy the society of the other sex.

SADIE.—I should like to have just a few nice young men friends, but I can not advertise for them, nor search "the highways and hedges" and compel them to come in.

MRS. WINTHROP.—To invite a young man to call the first time you meet him appears a little too eager, but the second time, say "I should be glad to have you come and see me sometime. I am at home any day after five o'clock." Or,—more informally,—"Come and see me. I am always at home on Tuesday evenings and every day at afternoon tea."

SADIE.—Suppose that he should not want to come?

MRS. WINTHROP.—He will at least be pleased at being asked, and the compliment is too universally paid to stir his vanity. Besides, if you and he have "gotten along together" he will want to go. If you mention special times, he will be all the more likely to go. That is a conclusion drawn from experience.

SADIE.—I wish young men could ask permission to call.

MRS. WINTHROP.—That is no longer the custom, because in that way a woman may be put in the embarrassing position of refusing the permission or of accepting an unwelcome visitor, one perhaps distinctly undesirable as an acquaintance.

SADIE.—Please tell me what he will do and what I should do, if he comes?

MRS. WINTHROP.—He gives the servant at the door two cards, one for your mother and one for you, and at his first call he asks if the ladies are at home. Your mother may use her own discretion about coming into the room a little while, under some pretext,—and to get some impression of him. If she does not wish to come, upon your entrance make some excuse for her. At his second call, he still leaves two cards, but he need only ask to see you.

SADIE.—Do I take his hat, or, at least, ask him to remove his overcoat?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Oh, no indeed. He will do that himself, leaving hat, stick, and coat in the hall. If he should wear his overcoat into the room and carry his hat, it merely means that he has come but for a hurried call of a few minutes or so, and you need take no notice of the fact.

SADIE.—I shake hands with him, I suppose?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Yes, he rises at once, of course, upon your entrance, and you go toward him offering your hand in welcome. He takes a step or two to meet you, but, as hostess, you are the one to show the more cordiality. It is only in her own house that the woman may express to a man the more flattering attention.

SADIE.—I hope that I shall not feel embarrassed, and not know what to talk about.

MRS. WINTHROP.—Sit at your ease,—the bodily comfort contributes to the mental repose,—but not in a lounging attitude. A well-bred girl does not lean too far back, cross her knees, or take such relaxed positions as when rest is the object. Try to forget yourself, and to give him a thoroughly pleasant call. Surround him with an atmosphere of real friendliness. Be cheerful, merry. Tell him any good story, witty anecdote, or funny experience that you have read or heard of. When people have laughed together the ice of formality is broken and pleasant, comfortable relations are begun.

But far better than knowing how to talk well is to know how to listen well. When studying the gracious art of pleasing, an art in which every woman should be an adept, listen with genuine sympathy, real attention, ready comprehension, to all that he has to say, and this with

simple sincerity, not with a sentimental manner of hanging upon his words. I have seen girls look at a man as though a god were speaking! Anything assumed reveals artificiality, which is justly despised.

Lead him to talk of what he knows, of what interests him, of his hobbies, of himself, perhaps,—nearly every one likes to talk about himself or herself to one who shows real interest. Do not flatter him in any other way. If you are not especially interested, let no expression of your face hint at your being bored, no inattention reveal your lack of appreciation.

SADIE.—(archly.)—Ah, Mrs. Winthrop, how about artificiality,—and *assuming* interest?

MRS. WINTHROP.—That is the courtesy that you owe to your guest. If it be acting a part, it belongs to the rôle of hostess. His coming to your house commits you to the duty of making his stay as agreeable as it is in your power to do. The shortest and most direct path to this is to lead him tactfully,—to do the talking himself, and he will go away with the delightful conviction that he has made a pleasant impression, has enjoyed himself immensely, and that you are a charming girl.

At afternoon calls, tea is offered,—either the tea-table is in the drawing room and the servant brings in hot water, cream, a plate of tiny sandwiches or cake—or the entire tea service is brought in on a tray and placed on a table before the hostess. You make the tea before him and now do learn to make *good* tea. It usually adds much to the enjoyment of any particularly delicious cake if you can tell him that you made it. Housewifely girls generally appeal to a man's ideals and call up pleasant home pictures.

SADIE.—If, when a young man is calling upon me, mother comes into the room, should I rise?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Yes, and to disguise the stiffness or formality of the act place a chair for her, or offer her yours, and a cup of tea. The young man also rises and remains standing until she is seated or has left the room. He stays from half an hour to an hour,—if you are alone,—though he may excuse himself after a call of twenty minutes, and rises to take leave when he is the speaker. Do not press him to stay, but tell him that you would be glad to see him again.

SADIE.—Do I go to the door with him?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Oh, no, take leave of him in the drawing room. He will feel less embarrassment than if you were standing by, while he struggles with overcoat and possibly overshoes.

SADIE.—Do I offer anything to eat or drink at evening calls?

MRS. WINTHROP.—No; unless you can make some wonderfully good "cup" or innocent punch,—that you offer to make before him,—when you know a young man pretty well, getting the ingredients yourself and foraging for the cake and things with his help. Acquaintanceship takes strides under such circumstances.

SADIE.—Well, dear friend, what is the next step?

MRS. WINTHROP.—After a man has called upon you it is perfectly within the proprieties for you to show him some little hospitality. If you only know two young men you may invite them and one of your girl friends to dine informally and go afterwards to the theater. Your father and mother should accompany you. If you know three men, your mother may go with you without your father, or your father may chaperon you alone, and you may ask another girl friend. The dinner hour should not be later than seven, and may consist of oysters, soup, fish, an *entrée*, a roast with two vegetables, a salad, sweet course and coffee, or the oysters, *entrée*, and salad may be omitted in part or wholly.

SADIE.—The cooking may not be all that it should be.

MRS. WINTHROP.—The oysters and ice cream may be sent in from outside. The canned soups are not to be despised. A planked shad, roast poultry and coffee are within your cook's resources. You may hire a small omnibus or carriage, to hold six or eight persons, to call to take you to the theater and return for you, leaving the girl friend at her home, and you and your parents at yours. The young men will probably say good night to you then and there, or at the theater exit, saying that they prefer to walk home, or make an excuse to withdraw. If they do not do so the omnibus takes them home. Arrange as far as possible that the same persons do not sit together at the theater and at table. Should you feel too uncertain of your cook, or if a dinner is too much trouble, you may ask your friends to the theater and have a little supper afterwards at a restaurant of reputation. In that case, you send their tickets to the young men, if they accept, asking them to meet you in the vestibule of the theater, and you and your chaperon call for the young women of the party in a carriage. It is better to engage a table in advance, of the head waiter of the restaurant, choose your *menu*, and give him a small tip—to aid his memory.

SADIE.—What do you think the right tip?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Fifty cents,—but at the most fashionable places, nothing less than a dollar would insure his interest in making your little supper a success.

SADIE.—What should I order?

MRS. WINTHROP.—You may have raw oysters first, then some little *entrée* of lobster, perhaps, a quail or squab, either cold or hot, with lettuce salad, an ice and black coffee. You may omit the *entrée* and yet have a nice little supper.

In the usual course of things the girl friend will write you in return, where you will meet other young men, and little by little you will draw into the circle of your acquaintance a set of young fellows whom it will be pleasant to know,—only do not be in haste.

SADIE.—But I am twenty-one, Mrs. Winthrop.

MRS. WINTHROP.—And thereby wish to imply that

MAC'S $10,000 HOBBY

"Mac" was discouraged. There was no doubt about that. In spite of his efforts to keep a stiff upper lip, it was plain to the "boys" at the little club where "Mac" and his friends were wont to meet of evenings, that things were not coming his way. So after "Mac" had failed for several nights in succession to appear at the club, his friends decided it was time to see what was up. A couple of them dropped around at his home one evening after supper. The result of their call was thus reported to the club an hour or two later: "Mac was glad to see us, but he says he's got to cut out the club for awhile. He's going to school." At this there were sundry exclamations of incredulity. "You're joking us," was the expression of one that voiced the conviction of all."

"Well," said the first speaker, as soon as he got a chance to go on, "he's not exactly going to school; but it's the same thing, the school is coming to him. At any rate he's got a lot of books and things and when he ain't reading the books, he's doing queer sums on paper. What made him blue, he told us, was because he hadn't enough school-learning to get a better-paying job. He's getting the learning now and he expects when he's got that to get the job."

The boys knew "Mac" well enough to know that when he started out to do a thing he generally did it, so they did not try to dissuade him. As one of them phrased it, "*It's only a hobby of Mac's.*"

Neil MacIntosh had a good deal to make up in the study line. He had quit his books without regret after a "schooling" consisting of three terms of three months each, and gone to sea before the mast when still a boy. After a few years knocking around the world, he was so glad to get back to New York alive that he still speaks of his return as if it were a joy of yesterday. The rest of his remarkable story is best told in his own words as he gave it recently to a meeting in New York composed of clerks, mechanics, and workers of all kinds who wanted a way pointed out to better their lot in life.

"When I landed in New York," said MacIntosh, "I got a position at a dollar a day, and after six years, my salary was only ten dollars a week. It was about this time that I began to realize my lack of education. I decided that I ought to learn a trade and so I went to work in a carriage factory in Columbus, Ohio. After about four years I came back to New York and was employed by the New York Steam Company as machinist's helper at eleven dollars a week. My next employment was with the Edison Company at twelve dollars a week. When I was advanced to the place of steam fitter with two dollars a week more I had gone as high as I could there. I saw that the reason I was thrown around from one job to another, with no certainty of a living wage, was my lack of education. I had a very slim knowledge of arithmetic, and although I studied from some books which I bought, I gave it up as hopeless. I had some books, too, on steam engineering, but I couldn't make much out of them.

"One day I heard of the success of the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton in helping men like myself to qualify for better positions. As I was then 35 years of age, it seemed a little late in life to try to learn anything new, but I thought it would cost nothing to write and ask them what they could do for me.

"They made the way so plain and easy that I decided to try it, and see if they could do as well for me as they had done for others in similar circumstances.

"After studying one hour every night for a year I made application for a third class license as engineer. Such had been my progress that I had no trouble in getting it. Another year of study, and I was granted a second class license. During the first year I was employed as third assistant engineer. The second year I was promoted to second assistant, while the third year I was appointed chief engineer, having gotten my first class license during that year. In three years I had had three promotions and my salary had increased nearly one hundred per cent. Knowing as I did, that by no other means could this rapid advancement have been secured, I felt pretty well satisfied with what the I. C. S. had done for me.

"I stayed with the Edison Company until the opportunity came to secure the position of constructing engineer with the Block Light & Power Company. I supervised the putting in of the light and power plants in the Grand Hotel and in one of the large department stores. This work led to the position of chief engineer at the Hotel Marlborough at a salary of $1,800 a year. Six years in this position brings me up to the time I went into business for myself. Last year my gross income was about $50,000, out of which I netted $10,000.

"It was in the course of my service of the Marlborough that I got the idea, which the knowledge imparted to me by the I. C. S. enabled me to perfect, and which has brought me success. I designed an iron combination arch and feed water heater, and it was put under one of our boilers for a test. Since then, I have secured a patent on this water arch, and have put it in several of the municipal buildings in New York City.

"In designing this arch, the Drafting Course of the I. C. S. was invaluable to me. I never could have accomplished it without the knowledge I got from the Correspondence Schools in Machine Design, Strength of Materials and Applied Mechanics. The best investment I ever made or ever expect to make was the pittance that I paid for my instruction from the I. C. S."

Neil W. MacIntosh is to-day a prosperous Mechanical Engineer with offices at 54 John Street, New York, advanced from a steam fitter's weekly wage of $14.00 to a business of his own, commanding a net income of $10,000.00 a year. This is what the I. C. S. has done for *him*—it will cost you nothing to learn what it can do for *you*.

We can qualify you, in your spare time, for a more profitable occupation, or better pay in your present position. But we must first know your aim and ambition. To make it easy for you we give here a list of the best and most profitable positions. Designate by a mark the one you prefer, cut out the coupon and mail it to us. While it places *you under no obligation whatever*, it gives you the opportunity to achieve the success that has come to thousands of others by the same means.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 967, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Telephone Engineer
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Show Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Mechan. Draughtsman	Civil Engineer
Ornamental Designer	Building Contractor
Illustrator	Architect's Draughtsman
Civil Service	Architect
Chemist	Structural Engineer
Textile Mill Supt.	Bridge Engineer
Electrician	Foreman Plumber
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

you have no time to lose. Bless the baby! Seriously, dear, if you show yourself eager for their acquaintance your position among young men will not be what you would like. Men want to do all the courting. The moment they perceive that a girl is "running after them," as they would express it,—at least before any especial interest has been aroused in her,—that moment is she held cheap in their estimation. Attributes purely womanly, not "womanish," are those that attract the men whose friendship you would want.

SADIE.—None but the kindest of friends would take so much pains to set right an ignoramus like myself, and I do thank you a thousand times.

MRS. WINTHROP.—You are a thousand times welcome.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE MISSES DELBY, N. Y.

LITTLE SUNBEAM

ERNEST NEAL LYON

Whence and whither, dancing by,
Little Sunbeam?
Tarry a moment! Can you? Try!
Let us be comrades,—you and I,—
Bring me a message out of the sky,
Little Sunbeam!

What is your secret? Whisper it, pray,—
Little Sunbeam!
Are you ever smiling and merry and gay?
When folks are frowning, and hopes grow gray,
Never do you steal sadly away,
Little Sunbeam?

Tears are so many and smiles so few,
Little Sunbeam,
Here is a work for us both to do;
Bringing to mortals of Heaven's own blue,
Making the dreary earth blossom anew,
Little Sunbeam!

Chase all the shadows out of my brain,
Little Sunbeam,
Sorrow and solitude, worry and pain,
Deeds that are selfish, dreams that are vain,
Make me a Child of the Morning again,
Little Sunbeam!

MRS. HATTERSON:—I did n't see you at the lecture on "The Simple Life."

MRS. CATTERSON:—Why, no; I had no idea it was going to be such a swell affair.—Brooklyn *"Life."*

IRATE EMPLOYER:—See here, you young Rip Van Winkle, I only hired you yesterday; and I believe, on my soul, you've been asleep around here ever since!

SLEEPY JOE:—That's what I thought you wished, sir. Here's your advertisement: "Wanted: an office boy, not over sixteen; must sleep on the premises."—New Orleans *"Times-Democrat."*

ON THE WAY UP

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES OF MEN WHO ARE CLIMBING UP THE LADDER, AND THE SECRETS OF THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS

M. LINN BRUCE

He Became the Lieutenant Governor of New York After Sixteen Years of Hard Work

M. LINN BRUCE

NEW YORK CITY is considered one of the most difficult of all places for the unknown legal aspirant to obtain a foothold. M. Linn Bruce came to the metropolis sixteen years ago to practice law. He was a stranger in the city then; now he is lieutenant governor.

It was in the town of Andes, N. Y., that he did most of the foundation building for the substantial structure of his success. His birthplace was Mercersburg, Pa., but in 1875, when he was five years old, his father, Dr. James Bruce, became pastor of the United Presbyterian Church in Andes, a charge which he still holds. Linn Bruce, when a boy, acquired a knowledge of the "three R's" at the district school, went to the Andes Academy, and then to Rutgers College, where he was graduated in 1884, the valedictorian of his class. During the next four years he taught school, and in the meantime he was also studying law, going for this purpose after school hours to the office of the Hon. Cassius M. Shaw, in Andes. He was admitted to the bar in 1889.

Not alone with school-teaching and the law was the young man busy. He also interested himself actively in politics, and in the campaigns lost no opportunities to take "the stump." He made ringing speeches in the little schoolhouses, which were lighted for these occasions by the lanterns of his hearers. The earnest efforts of the youthful orator brought him to the notice of the party leaders of the central section of the state. He cultivated their acquaintance, and from them learned much of practical politics.

Shortly after he was admitted to the bar, Mr. Bruce came to New York City. He was a managing law clerk for two years, and then opened an office of his own at 18 Wall Street, where he has since practiced. He quickly won respect in the metropolis, and largely widened his acquaintance among political leaders of character and standing. These came to admire him so much for his open-mindedness, ability, good sense, and good judgment that when his nomination for lieutenant governor, the first elective office for which he consented to be a candidate, was broached, the suggestion met with a unanimous response from the party powers. The executive ability he had displayed as chairman of the New York County Republican Committee in the second Low mayoralty campaign proved him to be a man who merited promotion.

One of the chief assets in the lieutenant governor's equipment for a political career is his force and eloquence as a speaker. One of the leading orators of the country recently said of him: "Bruce is not a campaigner; he is a crusader."

He attributes his success in campaign oratory,—first, to a thorough knowledge of his subject, derived from exhaustive and thoughtful study; second, to a close study of his audiences, which has resulted, after years of experiment, in an unusual ability to present the same facts in different ways to different audiences, and thus to meet their several points of view; third, to a careful shunning of clap-trap and false reasoning, presenting only facts, plain and irrefutable, with their direct and certain deductions, in an honest, dignified, and earnest manner.

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FREDERICK P. WALTHER

In Five Years He Has Struggled Up from Newsboy to United States Commissioner

FREDERICK P. WALTHER

A "NEWSY" at fourteen years of age, a court stenographer at seventeen, a United States commissioner at twenty-two, that is the brief story of Frederick P. Walther, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Walther bears the distinction of being the youngest United States commissioner ever appointed. He was given the position by Federal Judge Francis Wing, of the northern district of Ohio, less than fourteen months after he became of age and before he had practised law half a year. Eight years before, Judge Wing had known Walther as a newsboy who sold papers about the court house. The signing of Walther's commission was almost the last official act performed by Judge Wing before he retired from the bench in favor of Robert W. Tayler, well known as the leading counsel for the protestants in the Senator Smoot hearing before the senatorial committee.

Mr. Walther, born in 1882, went to school until he was fourteen. Then he had to go to work, for the family at home was large and he was the oldest boy. He had made a friend in E. C. Schwan, an attorney, who hired him as an office boy. To-day Walther is Schwan's partner.

"My toes were out of my shoes and my clothes were rags," says Mr. Walther, in telling his story, but I was ambitious. My employer allowed me to read his books, I studied shorthand, and three years later I was appointed court stenographer. Then I began to read law at odd moments; I got down to the office at six o'clock and that gave me several hours in which to study before court opened. I studied also at noon and late every night."

Mr. Walther was ready for the bar examinations before he was twenty-one, but the State of Ohio admits no youngsters to the bar. Last June, six months after he had reached his majority, Walther took the examinations, along with several hundred college and university graduates. He was the youngest man in the class and stood almost the highest.

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S. D. S. IYENGAR

Why a Young East Indian Traveled to the United States to Become an Electrical Engineer

S. D. S. IYENGAR

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY numbers among its most promising students, Svirangan Desikachar Sheshadry Iyengar, an East Indian. He was sent by His Highness, Krishnaraj of Wadiar, the *maharajah* of Mysore, a state in Southern India, containing some of the richest and most productive gold mines in the world. Iyengar's patron selected him to come to America and study electrical engineering, in order to assist his government in managing the big plant installed at the foot of the Canvery Falls by the General Electric Company of Schenectady. A contract was made by his government with the General Electric Company, for nearly two million dollars for the installment of the plant, and, as Iyengar says, "being American, it is necessarily a perfect success." They supply power to extensive gold mines in the city of Kolar, situated about ninety miles away from the falls, thus proving a great source of revenue to the government. During the first year it paid six per cent. on the outlay. The *maharajah*, thinking it would be more profitable and also a great step toward modern civilization if his countrymen could be sent abroad to qualify themselves as electrical engineers, selected this young man. Iyengar was well qualified to study electrical engineering, as he had already received the bachelor of arts degree in the Madras University. He had studied chemistry, English, and Indian law.

Iyengar says: "Ever since I was a boy I had had a yearning to come to America. The dream of my boyhood was to study in an American university, and I can not express how happy and proud I was when I heard I had been chosen to go to the United States."

The young man left India in March, 1902, and, after a two months' tour of England, arrived here two years ago last May. He first studied in the testing department of the General Electric Company, at Schenectady, during a period of sixteen months; becoming fairly well acquainted with the practical side of electrical engineering, he was requested by his government to specialize in power transmission, and for this study he chose Columbia, entering there last year, and taking a course in higher mathematics in this year's summer session.

He expects to secure the E. E. degree in 1906. Then he will remain another year in America, inspecting the various big electric plants, and afterwards return to his own country to see what practical use he can make of his advanced American training.

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RABBI J. L. LEVY

The Upward Climbing of a Young Jew Who Began His Career in England

RABBI LEVY

FEW men under forty have accomplished so much as Joseph Leonard Levy, rabbi of the Reform Congregation, Rodelp Shalom, of Pittsburg. Not only in his special field of congregational work, but also as an orator and writer, he has attained conspicuous success. His active career began in Bristol, England, in 1885, when he was elected rabbi of the Bristol Hebrew Congregation, being then only twenty years old, and the youngest ordained rabbi among English-speaking people.

Feeling that he could no longer preach orthodox Judaism, he emigrated to the United States in 1889, and accepted a call to Sacramento, California, at a great financial sacrifice. He became rabbi of the Keneseth Israel Reform Congregation, in Philadelphia, in 1893, and during the eight years

of his labor there he steadily rose in influence. He has published eight volumes of lectures and essays, founded the Philadelphia Sterilized Milk, Ice, and Coal Company, the "Home of Delight," a slum settlement, was one of the founders of the Transatlantic Society of America, and of the Southern Religious Society in Philadelphia, which is designed to help the Jewish immigrant. The breadth of his interests is indicated by his strong advocacy of "equitable protection," to be obtained by a readjustment of the tariff, by his assistance in the work for the negroes at Tuskegee and similar institutions, and by the patriotic fervor which caused him to be the first volunteer in the United States at the time of the Spanish-American war.

Dr. Levy receives from his Pittsburg congregation a salary of $12,000 a year. Since his arrival in that city he has published three volumes of addresses. He is editor of "The Jewish Criterion."

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SENATOR ELMER J. BURKETT

A Brief Sketch of the Youngest Member of the United States Senate

ELMER J. BURKETT

ELMER J. BURKETT, of Nebraska, who is the youngest United States Senator, is thirty-seven years old. Burkett is six years younger than Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, and four years the junior of Senator Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, who were the youthful men of the senate until Burkett took his seat. They were both the same age as Burkett when they began their services in the senate, but Senator Bailey had served ten years in the house before he was promoted to the senate. He had also been leader of the minority during one term, so that his career in national politics began at a younger age than any other man in public life. He was twenty-seven years old when first elected to congress. Senator Beveridge had not been in the house previous to his election to the senate. Senator Burkett is one of the men who "arrived" quickly, after becoming a member of the house of representatives. He soon found a place for himself. Perhaps his rapid advancement was due in a large measure to the patronage of Joseph G. Cannon. When the present speaker was chairman of the committee on appropriations he was always looking about for young men of ability to serve on his committee, and it was through Mr. Cannon's influence that Mr. Burkett was given a place on the committee on appropriations after he had served but one term in the house. This gave him the opportunity, and he made a good record for himself. He became a candidate for the senate last summer, and the Nebraska Republicans endorsed him in their state convention, in this way affording the people an opportunity to express their preference.

▲ ▲

SEÑOR LEOPOLDO CANCIO

The Man Who Is Rapidly Advancing the Conditions of Education in Cuba

LEOPOLDO CANCIO

CONSIDERABLE improvement in educational matters has been accomplished in Cuba since the days of the old Spanish regime. The young republic is attempting to follow closely in the footsteps of the United States. The small number of elementary schools, with about thirty thousand pupils, in 1892, has been increased to 3,532, with an attendance of over one hundred and fifty thousand; the standard of high schools and the University of Havana has been considerably elevated, and, what is most important, church supervision over state educational institutions has been abolished. The present school budget of Cuba amounts to nearly twenty-five per cent. of the whole annual expenses of the government, the estimate for this year reaching the respectable sum of $3,751,087.08. The low salaries of teachers have been much increased and now compare favorably with those in the United States; elementary country teachers receiving forty-five dollars, those in Havana seventy-five dollars, and high-school teachers one hundred and twenty-five dollars per month. The elementary schools are furnished with free books and materials for the pupils. Modern methods have been introduced in high schools, where sixty English teachers are employed, and a new course of civil and electrical engineering has been added to the curriculum of the University of Havana. In 1903, an experimental agricultural station, under the direction of an American, Mr. Earle, was established in Santiago de las Begas. This, however, is as yet not much frequented.

The person most instrumental in all these improvements is Señor Leopoldo Cancio, the republic's secretary of public instruction. The results achieved so far are most gratifying, and the future holds out many promises for the fulfillment of the secretary's ambition. Señor Cancio is a lawyer by profession, who received his entire education in Cuba. Born in 1851, in Sancti Spiritus, province of Santa Clara, he became interested in politics as member of the old autonomist party, and was elected member of the cortes (lower house,) in 1879.

For those who Laugh

"Pa," asked the kid, "what is 'race suicide?'"

"Race suicide, my son," quoth *paterfamilias*, "is automobile speeding."

▲ ▲

MISS GOITALL.—Did you attend the german last night?

MR. FUDGE.—No, I can't speak the language, and I knew I should not enjoy myself.

▲ ▲

AMATEUR WRITER.—My friends say this story of mine will prove a great success, and they have promised to buy it when it comes out in book form.

EDITOR.—How many friends told you that?

AMATEUR WRITER.—Oh, a dozen or more.

EDITOR.—Go and make a hundred thousand more such friends, get their written agreements to buy the book, then come back and I'll talk business with you.

▲ ▲

Johnny on Twins

When asked to write a short composition on some interesting experience, Johnny, after much labor, handed his teacher the following:—

"Twins is a baby, only it's double. It usually arrives about 4.37 in the morning when a fellow is getting in his best licks sleepin'. Twins is accompanied by excitement and a doctor. When twins do ennything wrong, their mother can't tell which one to lick, so she gives it to both of 'em so as to make sure. We've got twins to our house, and I'd swap 'em enny day fer a billy goat or mos' ennything."

▼ ▼

Across the Styx

"Who's that big, pompous fellow with chin whiskers and the protuberant brisket?"

"That's a Napoleon of Finance."

"And that theatrical-looking chap?"

"A prominent Napoleon of Managers."

"And that noisy, low-browed individual?"

"A Napoleon of Pugilists."

"And who's the little, quiet fellow in gray?"

"Oh, him? That's Napoleon."—Houston "*Chronicle.*"

▲ ▲

In A. D., 2000

GIVE me a spoon of oleo, ma,
And the sodium alkali,
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma!
I'm going to make a pie.
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,
And his tissues will decompose;
So give me a gram of phosphate,
And the carbon and cellulose.
Now give me a chunk of caseine, ma,
To shorten the thermic fat,
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,
And look at the thermostat.
And if the electric oven is cold
Just turn it on half an ohm,
For I want to have the supper ready
As soon as John comes home.

Cleveland "*Leader.*"

▲ ▲

"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?"

"Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—Detroit "*Free Press.*"

▲ ▲

"Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of your heirs."—Philadelphia "*Press.*"

▲ ▲

"It used to please me when I was a youngster," said Olden, "to have the barber ask me if I wanted a shave."

"Yes?"

"Yes; and now he sometimes flatters me by asking if I want a hair-cut."—Philadelphia "*Public Ledger.*"

▲ ▲

"This pay-roll is too big!" exclaimed the manager of the Hamlet company. "Can't we get along with less people?"

"You might give up the ghost," suggested one of the grave-diggers.

And the manager, wrongly thinking the suggestion referred to himself, discharged the humorist instanter.—Cleveland "*Plain Dealer.*"

▲ ▲

"He says he proposes to make automobiles that will easily attain a speed of eighty miles an hour."

"Whew! that's a great business undertaking."

"Yes; but most of all it means a great undertaking business."—Philadelphia "*Press.*"

▲ ▲

"Harold!" began his wife, in a furious temper, "my mind is made up——."

"Mercy!" interrupted her husband; "is that so? I had hoped that your mind, at least, was your own?"—Detroit "*Free Press.*"

▲ ▲

IRATE FATHER:—I thought you said you were worth ten thousand a year.

WOULD-BE SUITOR:—Yes, sir, I am—but I only get six hundred.—Exchange.

▲ ▲

MRS. HAWKINS:—And 'ave you made all the arrangements for your marriage, my dear?

MRS. JORKINS:—Well, not quite all. I've got to buy me trooso, and take a 'ouse, and get me 'usband a job, and buy 'im a good suit o' clothes, and get some reg'lar washin' work to do. An' then I'm to name the 'appy day.—"*Pick-Me-Up.*"

THE SUCCESSFUL HOME

CONDUCTED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

The Spring Dietary

A COUPLE of months ago mention was made in these columns of the change of dietary that is desirable as the first spring days arrive. If this be advisable when one first begins to know "that tired feeling," it is still more necessary as the languid days come more frequently. May is none too early to attempt to plan the diet for warm weather.

I use the word "attempt" advisedly, for many are the homes in which the housekeeper is hampered in her efforts to improve her family's health through their diet by the opposition of the members of the family themselves. They do not care to have their food made lighter and simpler as the days grow longer and better. They cleave to the flesh pots and refuse to have salad substituted for pastry and fish and eggs for meat.

There is no right to which the ordinary American clings more tenaciously than that of eating what he pleases. If the housekeeper wishes to make a change she must do it with tact and diplomacy. We, none of us, enjoy being coerced into doing what is for our good. Luckily, there are few men who do not cherish a fondness for some sort of "greens" as the spring advances. It is Nature's indication that for once, at least, what they want is good for them.

Give them "greens," by all means, of any and every kind. Now is the season when dandelion, poke stalks, spinach, chard, asparagus and cress are daily growing cheaper and more plentiful. Serve them in a variety of different ways. Try skillfully to implant and cultivate a taste for salad.

I know that there are places in which almost the only idea conveyed by the word "salad" is the lobster or chicken or salmon salad with which our grandmothers were familiar. Potato salad has made its way pretty generally, but the green salads have still their place to earn in many communities. I recognize the difficulty there is in getting fresh lettuce and escarole and chicory and endive and the like in country neighborhoods.

But there are more ways of achieving a salad than those known to the ultra-fastidious cooks, who look with more or less contempt upon other than fresh green salads. Delicious salads may be made of the every-day vegetables,—beets, turnips, carrots, potatoes. They may be combined, a little celery added to them, a good boiled dressing poured over them, and, thus prepared, a salad is a meal in itself. When you can add water cress to it, so much the better. A good salad is made from the young beet leaves, and from the tender leaves of the young dandelion, as well as from cress. Compound salads of canned string beans and canned pease, of canned asparagus and of uncooked cabbage. Accustom your family to seeing a salad on the table at least once a day. Your meat bills and your doctor's bills will be lessened, your blood purified, and your whole physique improved by the introduction of the green foods the system craves in the spring weather. Drink cool water, and drink plenty of it, but abhor ice water as you would a plague. Water at a natural temperature is the best beverage in the world.

NEW ENGLAND ASTER

This flower may be transplanted from the field to the home garden at any time without injuring it

The Home Flower Garden

MARY ROCERS MILLER

GARDENS AND PEOPLE.—There are as many kinds of gardens as there are kinds of people. Stiff, conventional folks, fond of ceremonious functions and formality, may be depended upon to admire geometrical beds, stars, wheels, circles, octagons, and the like. They go into a sort of severe ecstacy over floral sundials, flags, and rugs. Now and then a neglected corner in their own gardens escapes into natural, wild, disorderly beauty, but it is frowned at and disapproved of.

Your unconventional soul whose ideal of social life is "the canty hearth where cronies meet" carries his unconventionality into his garden. Even his stiff, unbending plants, like sunflowers and everlastings, are so grouped and blended with less formal ones as to become graceful parts of the whole.

THE FORMAL GARDEN.—I am going to dismiss the formal garden with a word or two, first, because I can't have it; second, because I don't want it,—at least not for every day use. Formality in gardening as well as in society is synonymous with expense. Therefore, the simple garden, which can take care of itself without becoming utterly degenerate, belongs to the simple home. Some of the most perfect formal gardens are open to the public, and we may enjoy them without trying to construct crude and inartistic imitations in our limited spaces.

LAYING OUT THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Even an informal garden should be planned. Though it need not have trimmed box borders, nor sheared shrubs, it needs paths to make it accessible. Informality does not mean absolute "hit-or-miss-ness." Without a plan made before the planting is done, the misses would be more frequent than the hits. Making the plan includes not only the laying out of paths, beds, and borders, with undulating edges, but also a careful consideration of color combinations. Anyone who has ever suffered from a group of magenta phlox swearing (as the French say,) audibly at a clump of bright-yellow flowers will realize the force of this statement. Mignonette, with its green and neutral tints, softens harsher colors. With zinnias, phlox, poppies, asters, and such, sowed broadcast for mass effects, I get an extra packet of white and usually manage to produce a harmonious result.

ANNUALS.—These most popular plants are suited to nearly every purpose of the garden, except the permanent border. They come annually from seed, and afford a continuous succession of bloom from frost till frost, if chosen carefully and cared for reasonably. The very hardy ones, like candytuft, sweet peas, and California poppies will blossom in earliest spring, if planted in the fall before frost. (This is a hint for autumn, 1905).

For a garden that is beginning *now*, this month, the first blossoms will come from those tiny hustlers, sweet alyssum, "baby's breath," and the larger Drummond phlox and ten weeks' stock. Directions for planting every seed of them will be found in the catalogues of reliable seed firms. Some annuals have a delightful (or disagreeable, —depending on the point

of view,) habit of self-sowing and will fill all available space with their progeny keeping a continuous show of flowers. Others will go to seed and out of business, if not watched, long before you are ready to dispense with them. Pansies, for instance, and sweet peas, should not be allowed to go to seed. Their season of bloom may be prolonged almost indefinitely by gathering all the flowers.

ANNUALS FOR SPECIAL USES.—For screens and verandahs there are climbers like morning-glories, nasturtiums, moonflower and scarlet runners; everybody will think of these, but some may have forgotten the delicate-leaved cypress vine, with its deep red flowers, and the balloon vine, beloved of our childhood. For bare, rocky corners there is nothing else so dazzlingly satisfactory as *portulaca*, (rose moss,) which seems to revel in scorching sunlight,—and re-sows itself. Nasturtiums do well on rocky places and do n't mind drought.

For backgrounds, in borders not yet filled with permament shrubs, the bush-like things with broad leaves like castor bean, cosmos nicotiana, and perhaps a few cotton plants will be most satisfactory. For shady places there are pansies and *Godetias*, and native ferns and wild flowers.

No garden deserves the name unless it furnishes an abundance of flowers, not stingy little nosegays only, but flowers to give away in sheaves and armfuls for church decoration, hospital, and homes. Too little scientific attention is given to gathering what the garden can well spare. Picking and arranging flowers are arts quite aside from gardening proper. Happy be the family whose gardener and artist are in accord! Remember this: flowers should be *cut*, not pulled; good reasons for this will occur to every flower lover, and no one else will be reading this article. Some lovely flowers either droop immediately on being cut or close in the evening and, therefore, are less fit for indoor use than others. Poppies are old offenders. We are most grateful, therefore, to the discoverer and propagator of the Shirley poppies, whose exquisite colors and graceful forms alone would give them a place. They have the added charm of lasting well in water. Nasturtiums in their glory of tawny and other rich colors are delightfully "becoming" to the modern vases in our shaded libraries and informal sitting rooms. For bed rooms, sweet peas, scented pinks, and others of delicate odor and tints are admirably suited. For fall blooming, cosmos, marigolds, "rich as the crown of a king," ten weeks' stock, verbenas, zinnias, and asters, will last late, some of them continuing to bloom after frost, even.

PLANTS FOR EDGING.—A bed or border often looks untidy or is encroached upon by the lawn grass from lack of suitable edging plants. These should be low, tenacious, hardy, and of long season. Of the annuals, sweet alyssum is ideal, ageratum is good, and pansy, *portulaca* and nemophila are used. Some of the perennials are better if the border is permanent. Moss-pinks, English daisies, fringed pinks, primroses, and blue flags are good for low border.

IMPROVING UPON NATURE.—There are many people who hold that attempts to improve upon nature are not only unnecessary and presuming but also sure to result in dismal failure. We need only to remind such that nature produces crab apples while horticulture produces pippins, and then go about our business helping nature out wherever we see a chance. I had a brook once admirably adapted for forget-me-nots. My neighbor said, "I wager they won't grow. If conditions were right they 'd have been there long ago." Yet I scattered the seeds plentifully, and even the croaker rose early to admire my brook full of blue flowers. I brought seedling cardinal flowers from the hardy border and set them behind a rock. They throve and now mirror their brilliant flowers in the pool. When my flowers escape under the garden fence and strike out for themselves I bid them good speed in their chosen battle with the natives. I once knew a woman of public spirit who surreptitiously threw all her extra seeds into vacant lots in her neighborhood. In some cases it was labor lost, but she smiled knowingly when the surprised owners remarked upon the "volunteer" hollyhocks, poppies, sunflowers, and columbines that appeared from year to year. I know, too, of a once perennial mud hole transformed by its new owner into a sight people came miles to see. Native water lilies and a very few other hardy sorts did the work when once they had been transplanted.

A WILD GARDEN.—An epidemic of this fascinating form of gardening usually breaks out every spring when things are blooming their fairest. Impulsively we seize the trowel, or oftener drag out by hand, some plant whose blossoms please us, and without ceremony transplant it. We "put it right under a tree!" we say, and what more could it expect? Yet very often our wild gardens come to grief. We must reform, that 's all. Some plants will stand moving while in bloom, but the ones we most desire are not so accommodating. If we really want a wild garden we shall care enough to watch and wait till the plants are ready to transplant. We shall gather seeds and bulbs and take up roots from the wild just as we do in cultivated gardens. Then only shall our efforts be worthy of success.

MAKE YOUR BACK YARD LOOK ATTRACTIVE
How a yard may be transformed into a veritable flower garden without much trouble or expense

Dainty Handkerchief Work

MARY LE MONT

IN fancy work, perhaps nothing else lends itself quite so well to the making of a great variety of objects as the handkerchief.

It is always pretty, and its shape and style of trimming enable it to become either an article of clothing, a lamp shade, or a useful article for the household.

Lamp shades of handkerchiefs are quite charming. A hole is cut in the middle of a softly tinted and handsomely decorated oriental silk handkerchief of medium size, and the bias edge of the hole is hemmed around and decorated with a bead or gimp border. Tassels are added to the corners, or a bead fringe can be sewed on the entire edge, and then the handkerchief is ready to throw over any style of plain lamp shade or globe of the china or glass variety, and make it a thing of beauty.

The demand for handkerchiefs to be used solely in making up fancy articles has caused the manufacture in this country, and abroad, of very beautiful ones which could not well be put to any other use, and which vary in price from several dollars to five cents each.

Large handkerchiefs, printed in artistic floral designs and costing only five or ten cents apiece, can be made into kimono sacques, duster bags, combing sacques, slipper cases, laundry and collar bags, as well as workbags.

One of the prettiest of these is made by laying one handkerchief flat upon another, with the corners of the top handkerchief forming deep points beyond the centers of the sides of the under square. The middle of the upper handkerchief is then cut in two crossing lines, leaving four points in the middle. Each point is turned back on the cloth, the edge folded under and featherstitched in coarse embroidery silk. This leaves a square opening in the middle of the cloth and a ribbon is sewed to each corner with loops long enough to hang the bag up by. When featherstitching the top handkerchief to the bottom one, the stitching runs above the colored hem of the cloth along the upper edges of the points, and this gives a pretty effect to the bottom of the bag. Such a bag is nice to use for holding darning or fancy-work, or soiled cuffs, collars, or handkerchiefs, and the shape is such that a man is as

A KIMONO MADE OF SIX HANDKERCHIEFS

much pleased with it as a woman is. It is shallow and yet capacious.

A dainty hairpin holder is made by dropping a china or glass receptacle—such as a short, wide bottle,—into the middle of a lace-bordered handkerchief, and then tying the handkerchief around the edge of the bottle with a pretty bow in front and a bow and loop in the back. It may be hung on the dressing table, and, when soiled, one has only to put the handkerchief into the wash and substitute another.

A hatpin holder is made in the same manner, except that a long bottle is employed.

The serviceable ball of string can also find a nest in the middle of a pretty lace handkerchief, tied around with ribbon and decorated with a bow. The end of the string hangs from the middle of the lace points.

A beautiful pillow sham or cushion cover can be made from three lace handkerchiefs. One is cut in half and the lace edges have a lace beading sewed between them through which baby ribbon is run and finished with rosettes at the ends. Two lace-bordered handkerchiefs of a different pattern are cut from corner to corner and the bias edges fastened with beading to the four sides of the center square. Ribbon is run through the beading on two sides, and the other sides are left without this line of ribbons since rosettes decorate the middle of these two sides.

Eight or ten lace handkerchiefs, joined by beading and trimmed with baby ribbon, make a very lovely dressing-table scarf, and a more practical, but quite as dainty scarf, may be made by fastening three or four of the largest-sized men's linen handkerchiefs together with a narrow beading. Lace beading is then run around three sides of the scarf and a lace ruffle added. Ribbon is run in, with rosettes at the terminations of each row of beading, and at the four corners of the scarf. This style of scarf is very durable.

Little laundry bags, for holding the numberless small pieces of feminine neckwear, are a necessity, and when they can be made as pretty as they are useful, they are hailed with delight. An effective little bag is made by laying an embroidered handkerchief with an irregularly scalloped edge over a larger one with a deep border of embroidery in regular scallops. The upper handkerchief is sewed to the lower one inside of its border, the lower corners turned back and stitched across the bias line. This shows the pretty corners of the under handkerchief and permits room for two small satin bows. Across the top of the bag thus formed, over an inch inside the edge, is run a band of thin lawn, wide enough to slip a ribbon

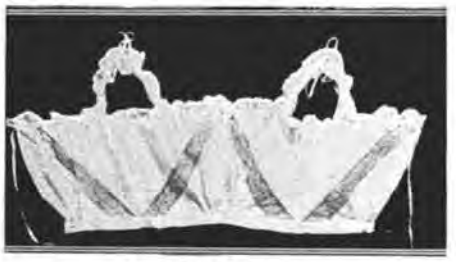
FANCY WORK, OR CUFF-AND-COLLAR BAG MADE OF TWO HANDKERCHIEFS

A PILLOW SHAM OR CUSHION COVER
Made of three lace-bordered handkerchiefs joined with lace beading and ruffles

through. Two ribbons are run entirely around this band, one tying on one side and the other upon the opposite side, with loops long enough to hang the bag up by. When the bag requires to be laundered the ribbons may easily be removed.

One can treat one of the long shapes of pincushions to a very attractive handkerchief cover by folding a lace-bordered handkerchief twice, from corner to corner, and stretching the bias edge along the side of the cushion. A second handkerchief is stretched along the other side and a bow placed in each corner between the outer and inner lace borders. A few pins can hold the folds along the middle of the cushion, and the top may be refreshed at any time by simply being unpinned and washed.

A new use for the small lace-bordered and embroidered



A CORSET COVER
Made of two embroidered handkerchiefs joined with lace inserting

handkerchiefs, which are so elaborate in themselves, is to make sleeves of them.

Every woman knows that she must have a good supply of white sleeves to wear from her elbow dress sleeve to her wrist,—unless she wants to wear long gloves or display her arms. The handkerchief makes a charming sleeve. Cut each small handkerchief in half and gather the halves to a sheer, fitted foundation, letting the corners of the handkerchiefs meet in the front and the back. As these ruffles will be a little full the handkerchief may be gathered a second time about an inch or more below the top edge and this second row of gathers makes the ruffles fit more closely to the arm. About four handkerchiefs would be required for a long pair of these under sleeves and three for a pair that does not come over the wrist, or

A HAIRPIN RECEIVER
Made of one handkerchief and ribbon bows

where the dress sleeve comes a little below the elbow.

Handkerchiefs of embroidery and lace can be most effectively manipulated in making the dainty chemisettes which will be worn all through the spring and summer in the necks of dresses.

Corset covers of handkerchiefs are familiar to most women and there are many ways of making them. A very pretty one may be made of two handkerchiefs with hemmed borders embroidered on the inner side.

Cut one handkerchief from corner to corner for the two side pieces. The bias edge forms the top and the points of the handkerchiefs come upon the belt exactly under the arm. Half of the second handkerchief, cut in the same manner, forms the back. This has its point at the top and bias portion gathered to the belt. The other half is cut in two, making quarters, and these small pieces form the two fronts, the bias edges being sewed to the side pieces. Each piece is joined by means of wide lace inserting. The top of the corset cover is finished with a beading and lace ruffle. Ribbon is run through this beading and also through the beading which edges the shoulder straps. These shoulder straps are merely narrow bands edged with a lace ruffle and sewed to the upper edges of the corset cover over the arms.

Small handkerchiefs, cut in half and gathered into pockets, and then fastened with ribbon bows to one big bandanna square, form the most useful sort of receptacles for slippers, scraps, and odds and ends.

The ingenious woman is never at a loss for something attractive which may be made of handkerchiefs, from an apron to a child's cap,—from a petticoat flounce to a chemise yoke.

Pretty Wall Coverings

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT CHAPMAN

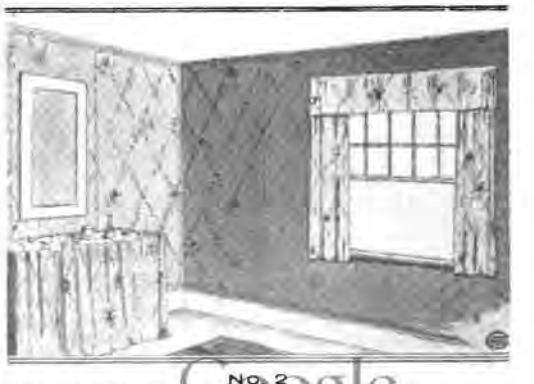
THE covering of the walls is the most important consideration in the furnishing of a house, and far too little attention is usually given to it. The wall covering

NO. 1

serves as a background for everything in the room and the success of the furnishing depends largely upon it. There are many interesting ways in which a woman, with a little careful study and a little trouble, can cover the walls with simple materials which may be taken down and put up elsewhere should she move to another house or apartment.

Of course, hanging the walls with wall paper is the simplest treatment, but very few women are capable of laying this properly, and, if it is not put on smoothly, the effect is anything but pleasing. We will consider then that wall paper is out of the question, and turn our attention to covering the walls with the different kinds of stuffs.

In selecting the material it is well to choose one with as smooth a surface as possible, so that it will shed the dust. In a sleeping room, or a small room where one does not wish to hang a picture, a bright-flowered chintz or cretonne gives a cheerful effect. The covering should be stretched on the walls as tightly as possible, the joints being lapped and tacked firmly. Strips of picture molding, painted or stained to match the wood work of the room, should be nailed at the top near the ceiling and along the top of the baseboard. It is very necessary that this molding should be nailed firmly to the wall, as simply tacking the covering to the wall will not hold it in place. Tack common upholsterer's gimp along the wall below the molding at the top and above the baseboard molding at the bottom and along each seam. This gimp



NO. 2

NO. 3

should be of a color to harmonize with the wall covering. Illustration No. 1 shows walls treated in this way. If the chintz or cretonne is too expensive, there are cheap little prints such as the Washington or the Cambridge print which could be used instead.

There are in the market many interesting English glazed chintzes. These are quite expensive but one can afford enough for a frieze, saving in the expense of the rest of the wall covering by using the common glazed cambric, of a tone to harmonize with or to match the background of the chintz. The cambric is tacked to the walls to within about two feet of the ceiling. The chintz is tacked around above this; it should be laid on the straight way of the goods, each joint being well lapped and stretched so tightly that the joint will not spread open. A picture molding should be nailed close to the ceiling to hold the upper edge in place. Strips of white wood or pine, two or three inches wide and half an inch thick, should be nailed on to cover the joints between the cambric and the chintz and the upright joints of the cambric, and down each side of each corner of the room and across the baseboard. The width of these strips depends on the size of the room. They, as well as the picture molding and all the other woodwork of the room, should be white. Illustration No. 2 shows this wall covering.

If the room is very small, a common Turkey red may be used, instead of the cambric, but one must be careful in this case to select chintz which will harmonize with it.

In the living room or library where pictures are to be hung, a plain quiet covering is best. A russet brown or green denim makes a good background. The frieze may be bright and figured or of a plain contrasting color. Chintz or cretonne will not be so good for this purpose as some material with a more conventional design, such as the India prints. If one prefers, the frieze may be made of denim or grass-cloth on which a striking design may be stencilled. The wall covering and the frieze should be put on as in illustration No. 2, and finished in the same manner, with pine or white wood strips, except that the wood should be stained a weathered or burnt oak. This can easily be done by painting the strips with common Diamond dyes, using seal brown and black dye mixed with water. Try the stain on a piece of wood first, to get the right color. The width of the frieze in this scheme depends on the height of the room. A narrow wooden shelf put up on wooden brackets, as shown in illustration No. 3, will be useful for bric-a-brac and will add to the appearance of the room. This shelf should be stained to match the strips. If the woodwork in the room is not the weathered or burnt-oak color, it will be a simple matter to paint or stain it to match the wood on the walls. Instead of using the wooden strips to cover the joints of the denim, wide leather gimp, put on with large brass-headed nails, is very effective.

▲ ▲

The Baby's Early Habits

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

"So it is a girl, after all."

The speaker was one of the first callers who had been permitted to see Betty. The baby was nearly three weeks old, and Betty was sitting in a big chair, with the newcomer lying placidly across her knees.

"Weren't you disappointed?" asked the visitor.

"Not in the least," said Betty, calmly. "And Jack is the funniest thing about her you ever saw. I suppose every man wants his first child to be a son, but when Jack heard it was a girl, he said, 'What a comfort it will be to have an eldest daughter!' The only trouble I had was that the basket had been lined with blue, when pink would have been so much prettier."

Betty declared that the reason for the baby's good behavior in the way of sleeping and eating was due to her having been so welcome and to the happiness with which her coming had been waited for. It was no use to say that other babies, no less welcome, had been the victims of colic and sleeplessness. Betty held to her own judgment in the matter, although she was willing to yield some of the credit to the good start that had been given by the sensible nurse. Later in life she was confirmed in the faith that much of a child's future good habits depends upon the training it receives during the first month of its life. From the first day of existence the nurse began to train the small Elizabeth in regular sleeping habits. Likewise, regular hours of feeding had been enforced. The baby was fed every two hours, and no oftener. In the night she had but two feedings,—one at about ten o'clock,

—the other at two o'clock,—and no more until six A. M.

Mrs. Melton protested against this vigorously, not to Betty, but to the nurse.

"It stands to reason," pronounced the newly made grandmother, "that the child's stomach holds so little that it gets empty quickly. The poor little creature must be almost starved by waiting from ten to two in the morning for a meal."

"You are not starved when you go from six or seven in the evening until half-past seven or eight the next morning without food," said the nurse.

"That is different," returned Mrs. Melton, with dignity.

"Not so very different," said the nurse. "Most of that time you are asleep and your stomach is resting, like most of the other organs of your body. The baby's stomach is doing the same thing. And, at all events," she went on, "if she were suffering or even uncomfortable, it is not likely that she would sleep as peacefully as she does."

Mrs. Melton shook her head, only half convinced. It was another trial to her that the nurse would not take the baby up when she cried.

"It is good for her," said that heartless personage. "It expands and strengthens her lungs and is about the only form of exercise she takes."

So the baby was allowed to cry a little, although Mrs. Melton could not fail to notice that when the cry was that of hunger or pain no one was quicker to detect it than the nurse, and to go to lift the child or to change its position.

This changing of position was a matter of great interest to Betty. She said it appealed to her as sensible.

"You see," she said to Jack, who had to listen to all her conclusions with regard to the newcomer, "it strikes me as being so rational. Now, when I wake up at night, I can't think of anything more likely to drive away sleep for hours than to have some one take me out of my warm bed and pull me about and make me eat something. But if I turn over and change my position I go right off to sleep again. It's just the same with baby."

At the first, there was no difficulty about what the baby should eat. Betty was able to nurse her and was delighted. The milk seemed to agree with the child and to nourish her, and Betty rejoiced that she would be spared the bother that she had always heard attended the path of a bottle-fed baby. But when the little girl was two weeks old, there was a change. She no longer seemed satisfied with her food and would cry plaintively, soon after her feeding, and be nosing hungrily about and biting her little fists long before it was the proper time for the second meal. The nurse and the doctor had several conferences on the subject and finally came to the conclusion that the mother's milk did not agree with the baby.

"I have heard of such cases," said Mrs. Melton, when she told Betty about it. "But I did not think you would be one of them. I was always able to nurse my children until it was time to wean them."

"That was what I wanted to do," grieved Betty. "I think it is too bad." She was very silent for a while, and it was a damp handkerchief the nurse found under her pillow when she came to her with her mid-morning broth. But Betty had a philosophical turn, and she soon determined to make the best of matters.

Then came the great struggle over the decision as to what the baby should be fed.

"I never knew there were so many baby foods in the world," said Betty. "Are there *any* babies who are fed by the natural method?"

Certain of the baby foods were excluded at once. Over others there was much discussion. All the friends who had heard of the new development rallied around Betty with suggestions, until, as she said, if she had had charge of an orphan asylum she could have tried a new food on each inmate. Finally the choice was made. It should be no patented food at all, but cow's milk.

In the beginning the proportion of milk given to the child was only one-seventh of the total amount of food taken. To get the proportion and quantities right, a small tin dipper was procured which held just a measured ounce of fluid. With this nine ounces of the top of the milk in the sealed bottles was dipped out. Two ounces of this were put with thirteen ounces of boiled water and to it were added two even tablespoonfuls of sugar of milk. This was well mixed and put into ten small bottles, each to contain an ounce and a half. These were corked with plugs of cotton and set in the ice box. As each one was needed, it was taken out, set in hot water long enough to bring the contents to blood heat,—this usually took about five minutes,—the cotton stopper was removed, the rubber nipple fitted on, and the bottle given to the baby.

This was only at the beginning. When the baby was two months old the food had to be increased in strength and in quantity. From four to five ounces of milk was used for the baby's twenty-four-hour provision, and with this was put twenty-four ounces of boiled water. Three scant tablespoonfuls of sugar of milk sweetened it, and from two to three ounces were given at each feeding. By the time she was four months old she had but one feeding at night, one every three hours during the day and there were sixteen ounces of milk to twenty-six of boiled water. Three full tablespoonfuls of sugar of milk sweetened this amount, and six ounces of food were put into each one of the six bottles that held the day's supply. At ten months she took a quart of milk and sixteen ounces of boiled water, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar of milk, in the six feedings, of eight ounces each, that supported her during the twenty-four hours. By that time she had dispensed with a night feeding, and took her last meal at six o'clock in the evening and nothing more until the next morning.

All these were later developments and there were others that came with them. The child had a slight tendency to constipation and to combat this without medicine Betty

diluted the milk with oatmeal gruel instead of water, making the gruel by boiling a large tablespoonful of oatmeal for fifteen minutes in half a pint of milk in a double boiler. This seemed to agree with the baby better than the milk diluted with the water had done.

At first there was a great question as to whether or not there was a necessity for sterilizing or Pasteurizing the milk. The former process destroys all germs, the Pasteurization is less radical, but answers the purpose as well. It is done by putting the bottled food into a tin pail with a false bottom on which the bottles may rest without risk of breaking on account of contact with the heated bottom of the vessel, pouring cold water about them and then as rapidly as possible, heating the water to a temperature of 160 Fahrenheit. A thermometer must be in the water to test the heat. As soon as the degree named is reached the vessel must be removed from the stove, a thick cover put over it to retain the heat and the bottles left thus for fifteen minutes. They may then be taken out, cooled in water of a lower temperature to at least fifty degrees and kept where the mercury will not rise above that mark.

As I have said, there was long discussion as to whether it would not be wise to Pasteurize the milk. But Betty determined to wait until it was proved necessary and the child was so well that it never was demanded, for which her mother was devoutly thankful. The preparation of the modified milk daily and the care of the bottles were quite enough. As soon as one of these was emptied it was washed out with cold water, then filled with a solution of borax and water, mixed in the proportion of a saltspoonful of the borax to a cupful of water and after it had held this for some minutes it was emptied again, washed out in boiling soapsuds, rinsed several times and set aside to drain. It was rinsed again in scalding water before it was refilled with food, and the black rubber nipples that were used required as much care. To be sure, the boiling suds were not used, but the nipple was washed in cold water and soaked in the borax solution and then rinsed again. Never was the baby allowed to use a rubber with a long tube. Of these, Betty and Mrs. Melton had an equal horror. All the utensils employed in the preparation of the food were scoured at least once a day and washed with borax water.

With such food as this the baby was fed every two hours at first, then, as she grew stronger and the amount and the strength of the food were increased, at longer intervals until by the time she was three months old she was brought to feeding every three hours.

Moreover, the small woman was not allowed to dally over her meals, as she was inclined to do. If she showed a disposition to play with her food or to drowse over it she was brought up to her duty and not more than twenty or twenty-five minutes were granted her for a meal. It did not take Betty long to learn that baby was like grown persons and that there were times when she did not want her food. On such occasions Betty let the baby-stomach have the rest it evidently craved and permitted the little girl to leave her bottle unfinished. If she cried and seemed hungry between meals, a teaspoonful of cool water would often quiet her and prove that it had been thirst and not hunger which had made her restless.

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New Recipes

Cabbage and Cheese

Boil cabbage tender, and drain it. Chop fine, and stir into it a lump of butter, salt, and pepper to taste. Make a white sauce. Put a layer of the cabbage in the bottom of a greased pudding-dish, pour the white sauce over it, then strew thickly with grated cheese. Put in more cabbage and white sauce and more cheese, and continue in this way until the dish is full. Sprinkle buttered crumbs over the top and bake for half an hour.

Savory Potatoes

Peel and cut into small cubes eight large potatoes. Boil until tender in salted water, into which you have stirred two stalks of celery, cut up small, and half a minced onion. Drain the potatoes from the water, and stir them into a cup-and-a-half of white sauce, seasoning with salt and pepper. Turn into a buttered pudding-dish and bake to a light brown.

Scalloped Sweet Potatoes and Bacon

Parboil and peel sweet potatoes. Chop six slices of cold fried bacon small. Put the sliced potatoes into a bake-dish, sprinkling them, as you proceed, with the minced bacon. Sprinkle the top of the potatoes with buttered crumbs, and pour a cupful of soup stock over all. Bake for three-quarters of an hour.

Vegetabl Cream Purée

Scrape and cut into small cubes a white turnip, a carrot, two potatoes, three stalks of celery, a cluster or two of cauliflower, a small onion, a stalk of salsify, and two dozen kidney beans that have been soaked over night. Put into a saucepan with three pints of cold water and simmer gently until the vegetables are reduced almost to a pulp. Rub through a colander, and add a half-cup of soaked rice. Boil until this is soft, ther add a scant tablespoonful of butter rubbed into one of flour, and when the soup begins to thicken add a cup of cream into which a pinch of soda has been stirred. Bring just to the boil, stirring steadily, season with celery salt and white pepper, take from the fire, and pour gradually upon the beaten yolk of an egg. Whip hard, and serve.

Home Dressmaking

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

BLACK SPANGLED ROBE, COVERING SILK FOUNDATION, WITH ODD DESIGNS IN JET BRAID

IF the home dressmaker would only realize it, the art of being well dressed has been made simpler than ever before by the one-color scheme of dressing. If she would get this fact firmly fixed in her mind the question of color combinations would not worry her. As it is, there are few amateurs who, as soon as the material is bought for a gown, do not ask the vexed question: "What color shall I put with it?"

The great designers ordained this scheme of things some years ago, because they were artists, but like most reforms it did not spread as evil would, but filtered slowly through every strata of society. It has not yet reached everywhere. This summer it will be given its most severe test, and those who disobey its rules will not fare well in the opinion of those who know about clothes.

There are many sides to this scheme. As carried out by the great designers every angle is rounded. With ultra-fashionable women as customers, the designers carry out the one-color scheme to its extreme, by making half a dozen gowns for them in different shades of one color, with hats to match, and the women add not only jewels to suit the gown but even the cloth uppers of their boots.

Any one who has had experience with women in the question of clothes will find that the thing the amateur wishes most to avoid is having two gowns in the same color during the whole season. It is the thing the fashionable woman cares least about.

When it was the rule to wear all white and all black, each trimmed with the other, or with another color, the majority of women went along with easy minds. But neither of these will be fashionable this summer. In muslins only will white be acceptable. So the one-color scheme must be tested in blue, pink, purple, red, brown, or green. These will be the colors that every one must work with. If each of these colors had to be trimmed with another,—and unfortunately, many women will decide in this way,—the result would be bad in many cases, and grotesque in not a few. The principle that the careful woman must hold by her for this summer is the using of other shades of the same color in combination.

Rose pink will be fashionable, and it will be trimmed with shell pink and another shade deeper than rose. Pale blue will be trimmed with turquoise and the intermediate shade. Golden brown shows to the best advantage when combined with seal brown and that peculiar shade known as onion skin, which promises to dominate the light colors this summer.

Olive green carries Nile green with it, and purple is to be made exquisite combined with lavender and violet. Green and blue is a combination that has had its day. It will be deftly done in some of the new summer plaids, but it is too commonplace for the minority. So rampant will be colors that *lingerie* frocks will be worn over silk slips in every shade of the rainbow. Black over colors should be avoided.

The passing of the loose, unfitted shirt-waist suit for anything except morning house wear will be a distinct menace for home dressmaking, because the new bodice requires a new lining boned at the waist with its belt draped over it. But the snug lines and the well-curved back and bust will give trimness to all figures and take out of the hands of the careless ones a method which was often abused to the verge of "sloppiness."

Except with the thin muslins and linens, the majority of gowns will be made over these boned linings, and the

thing to be kept most in mind by the home worker is the observance of the straight line from just beneath the bust to the lower point of girdle. She must remember that there is no straight line this year from brooch to belt buckle. A trick, by the way, she might not object to knowing, is the use of a broad corset steel put in the girdle in front to keep it entirely straight between the two points.

A PLAITED MODEL OF BLUE IRISH POPLIN, TRIMMED WITH PERSIAN EMBROIDERIES

In truth, the whole shape of the figure will be changed this summer. The sloping shoulder, the low bust, the droop at the back over the belt, the loose, large armhole—are all out. We are back into military lines. This summer will see the square shoulder, the tight flat back, the small armhole, and the high bust.

These lines will be carried out in soft fabrics. The really smart material will be a new weave of *crêpe de Chine* covered with large Pompadour roses in colors. Old-fashioned shiny silks covered with flowers will be brought back into favor for one's best gown. *Messaline* will be regarded with high approval, as its exquisite colorings and remarkable weaving make it drape to great advantage. The finest French veilings will be made into skirt and bodice suits, elaborately plaited and untrimmed, save for a bit of good lace at neck and wrist.

The novelty for every-day wear will be gayly colored plaid linens and mercerized cottons, very much on the order of the calicoes of the South. Silk Spanish lace will be the ultra trimming, and Cluny next in favor. Both Brussels and French Valenciennes will remain on the top crest of the wave for certain kind of dresses, sharing the honors with Brussels *appliqué*, fine net laces, and real Torchon, for these new plaid linens. Avoid machine-made coarse laces.

The woman who can do hand embroidery would be wise to spend her spare hours working on flounces, stocks, cuffs, and especially round chemisettes. Handkerchief linen is the material used. All opaque wash materials are to be avoided for the transparent ones. Thin muslin is to be preferred to thick linens. The woman who must remodel will find life easier because of the spangled robe. It sells from fourteen dollars to forty, and can be made to cover almost any good silk lining. It needs little trimming, but when a woman is artistic she can add greatly to its effect by following the design here and there with silver and gold bullion thread. If she wants to adopt the last touch of style, she will make a high girdle of cloth of silver or cloth of gold instead of colored satin. If her gown is black, she will want a black girdle for it when worn on inconspicuous days.

Whatever she does in remodeling, it would be well for her to put down in her notebook that she wants lace at the neck and sleeves in depth and profusion. Of course, she will wear elbow sleeves. Every woman will this summer, even in her short coats. The new elbow sleeve will be very full and always turn the bend of the arm, and its multitude of ruffles will aid the thin woman in covering up a bony forearm. The new glove which will arrive with the late spring is intended for this gown. It will be a revival of the old-fashioned *mousquetaire*, wrinkled half-way to the elbow.

SPRING HOUSE GOWN OF COTTON NET, WITH LACE MEDALLIONS AND RUFFLES OF THE MATERIAL

It is a fortunate thing for the purses of the majority that nearly every fabric used last summer can be used again this year. Lines have changed but it will only take a moment for every careful woman to call to mind that, as all last summer's gowns were voluminous, her trouble in reshaping will be slight.

Sugared Sweet Potatoes

SWEET potatoes are never better than when cooked in the southern style and baked with sugar. Boil and peel the sweet potatoes and cut them lengthwise into slices. Arrange them in layers in a pudding dish, treating each layer to butter and sugar in the proportion of a heaping tablespoonful of butter and a cup of sugar to each quart of the potatoes. The sugar should be of the moist, light-brown variety. When the dish is full, with bits of butter and sprinklings of sugar for the top dressing, cover it and bake for twenty minutes, then uncover and let the potatoes brown. Properly prepared, this is a delicious dish.

It is a ten-thousand-dollar job, but a nine-thousand-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-dollar man can not fill it.

Home Millinery
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

A HAT OF RED STRAW, WITH HOMEMADE ROSES OF RED SILK

HOME millinery is always more difficult than home dressmaking. It is hard to tell why. The majority of fingers can make clothes; a restricted minority can make hats. The woman who is clever enough to make so difficult a garment as an Eton jacket can not tie a bow in front of a hat. Yet it is essential that thousands of women make or trim their own hats. Their purse affords one good hat, possibly, but their many colored gowns demand at least four different kinds of head gear.

It is not economy for a woman to put fifty dollars into a good looking gown, and two dollars into a homemade hat. It is bad management. A good hat must go with a good gown. It need not be an expensive affair, but it must be in harmony with the gown beneath it. You would n't wear openwork silk stockings with heavy laced boots. You would n't wear coarse flannel high-necked shirts with a transparent lace robe. You would n't wear pearl earrings with a calico shirt-waist suit. Yet the very women who would scoff at such unfitness will gaily go forth with a splendid gown and a bad, cheap, carelessly made hat. Too many women have an ostrich-like quality. They glory in their body plumage and forget the ugliness of their heads. Yet all of the best dressed women in the world are brilliant examples of how important a matter it is to study the head gear equally with the neck gear. Your gown never affects your face. But your beauty is made or marred by your hat.

First: It should be the ambition of every woman, who has not a long purse, to learn the first principles of hat making. These are taught in a hundred places in each city, and for a few dollars they could be learned from any milliner in town. It is now a fad for the most fashionable and rich girls to learn millinery. It would startle the public to know the names of some of the multimillionaires who make nearly all their own hats. Each of these rich girls has gone through a preliminary course. They recognize the absurdity of paying fifty dollars for a good hat, which is the price asked by the great milliners; and if these women can save, and learn, surely the woman who may have only fifty dollars a year to dress on should do the same. The shops are a great help to the home milliner, because they bring out thousands of shapes in all manner of wire, buckram and other fabrics, on which a woman need only build her trimming.

A MUSHROOM HAT
of soft leghorn, trimmed with *chiffon* roses

Even with this help she often goes far wrong in the result. Why? Because she will not remember the most important detail, which is, to study every side of her face between two mirrors. She should learn just what her features won't stand; which side of her face is the better; what curve is demanded at the back, because of her shoulders. When she buys a hat, or the frame for one, she should not do it carelessly, but try it on, standing up and sitting down, before

A PICTURE HAT, TRIMMED WITH PLUMES

a mirror, with a hand mirror to help. She should remember that one of the most important lines to watch is the one behind the ear. An ugly curve there ruins the shape of shoulders, of nose, of chin and of forehead. It can give an unbecoming expression to the whole face.

Here are some simple rules which every woman should follow: If the nose is long, don't wear a hat that falls far over the back of the neck, or that has a point in front. If the face is fragile, and the features small, do n't wear a heavy hat of any kind. If the chin is square and mannish, do n't wear a hat that tilts over the eyes. If the forehead is high and exposed, with scant hair on the temples, do n't wear a flaring picture hat. If the line of the jaw is hard and strong, do n't wear a stiff hat that accentuates this line beyond the ear. Unless the face is youthful, do n't wear rosebuds; unless it is jaunty, do n't wear feathers. If it is colorless, do n't wear neutral shades, and when in doubt, always get a small hat with a soft brim, for, remember, few faces have those clear-cut qualities that allow a perfectly even line around the head. It takes a Madonna to stand a halo. Irregular faces call for irregular brims. Always match the hat to the gown, or make it harmonize. Never wear black hats with a brown gown; a blue hat with any shade of red gown; a brown hat with any shade of gray frock. Blue hats must be worn with blue gowns only, and red hats go with any mixture of black and white or gray and black.

The *lingerie* hat will dominate this season. It is easily made at home. Embroidery in the eyelet method or of handwork on transparent linen, with scalloped edges, or crochet laces, edged with Valenciennes will be preferred. One can buy frames for these at twenty-five cents. The inside of the frame is then covered with wash net and small lapping ruffles, while the top is made in two pieces, the brim and gathered crown of wide embroidery. The trimming is a scarf of Liberty satin ribbon, arranged in an Alsatian bow in front. These will be worn by women of forty-five years, as well as by young girls. In buying straw hats remember that the simpler the trimming the better. Silk roses and loops of satin ribbon are always convenient and becoming. Never use feathers, unless they are good, any more than you would wear paste diamonds. Never use cheap colored flowers. If you can't afford good ones make yours at home of Liberty silk or louisine. Cut the strips bias, fold them double, and gather into a large, open rose, with a button of the material or of metal in the center. These are a charming and fashionable substitute for French flowers. Unless you are rich, avoid hats of Malines or chiffon for summer wear. Good straw is infinitely better. If you have a straw hat of good shape, and fine quality, which is somewhat faded, or which you wish to match with some gown and color, go to a shop where they keep artists' materials, get a tube of water-color paint and paint your hat. It will look like new. This trick well carried out enables many a woman to have three more hats than she could afford to buy.

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Girls' Problems

I WISH I could print some of the letters I have received from girls of late. They have been on several interesting subjects. Some are still writing about the church-going question, and I regret that that subject has been closed, so far as the magazine is concerned. Others write on matters which would be of general interest,—only the correspondents request me to refrain from publishing their letters. Probably they desire personal answers, but they do not inclose stamps.

It may seem a trifling matter to refuse to answer letters unless stamps are inclosed, but the editor has to do it in self-defense. When one has a large correspondence, the item of postage amounts to a great deal, and it is impossible to undertake to reply to those who do not send it. I answer promptly all letters accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelopes, and I beg that my girl friends who wish me to reply to them will bear this in mind when they write to me.

Two or three girls have written and asked me about

ways to earn a little money at home. I will send a suggestion which may put them in the way of doing this, if they will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope with the request; and, under the same conditions, I will also be happy to post a list of Woman's Exchanges to any one wishing it. I have been asked for such a list by two or three correspondents.

One word more to the girls who wish suggestions about supporting themselves. I can help you more intelligently if you will tell me if there is any one thing you can do well, or if you have an aptitude in any especial line. Write to me on any subject that bothers you and I will try to help you to the best of my ability. At all events you will have my good will and friendly interest.

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The Prize Contest

THE offer of a prize of five dollars for the best short article on the cost of feeding a family has called out a plentiful crop of letters. A number of them is printed below. I have read them all carefully and, in many cases, wonderingly. I make public certain of them with great hesitancy.

I am a firm believer in economy, but I think it is possible to carry that virtue too far. When I read of one family in which the average expenditure for food is one dollar apiece, weekly, I shake my head in disapproval. I do not believe it is possible to nourish properly any human being,—except a babe in arms,—on that amount. By this I do not mean to question the veracity of my correspondents. I do, however, cast doubt upon the accuracy of their estimates. A housekeeper can not declare that she feeds a family of five on five dollars a week when she has a garden of her own from which she secures vegetables, a cow which provides her with milk and butter, and hens that supply her with eggs. So her computation can not be depended upon. Another correspondent gives a bill of fare in which the women of the house are alloted meat but once a day and sometimes not so often. A woman who does heavy work ought to be fed with substantial food.

I shall be happy to hear further from my friends the housekeepers and to be proved in the wrong. I utter my protest here not only because I believe in a generous diet but also because I deprecate the trouble that will be provoked among husbands if they hear that there is even one wife who can feed her family at one dollar a week *per capita!*

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The Prize Paper

[E. G. P., Milwaukee, Wisconsin]

Ten years ago the food for each member of my family cost me two dollars and twenty-five cents a week; to-day it costs two dollars and sixty-three cents. My first rule in providing is to give them what they like, that it may be eaten with relish. This also promotes jollity and good-fellowship,—things good for digestion. What they like is porterhouse steak, roast turkey, and ice cream, but they also eat, with great cheerfulness, pork and beans, stewed beef and rice pudding, *because they do not have any one of these things often.* The secret of economical housekeeping is to combine the more costly dishes with the inexpensive ones, keeping the economy out of sight. With cold meat, have a good soup. When there is a stew, brighten their spirits with a course of grape fruit or a salad. When the meat is roast beef, the fruit from the sideboard is enough dessert, with coffee, crackers, and cheese.

In nothing else does a housekeeper take more pride than in dishes which are at once palatable and inexpensive. Such are black-bean soup served with slices of hard-boiled eggs and lemon; tomato soup, made with beefsteak bones, onions, celery, and a spoonful of meat extract; picked-up codfish; rice pudding; Indian pudding,—all of them delicious, if made exactly right. Homemade orange marmalade costs but little and adds a touch of luxury to the breakfast table. Rusk and fried mush are welcomed gladly if used at proper intervals. The element of surprise must not be neglected. Keep some favorite dish out of sight until it is forgotten and then spring it upon them. This is bringing psychology to the aid of dietetics.

[Will E. G. P. kindly send her name and address to Mrs. Herrick.]

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A Common-sense Letter

[O. T. P., Tennessee]

It has never come under my observation that the average housekeeper keeps an actual account of all the pennies that go out for food or other household expenses, or spends weary days and nights trying to make figures come out even; and I am more convinced every day that these exact, methodical calculations are confined to the cooking-school magazines which come to us, and which cause us heartfelt sighs because we can not manage and save, and be the true helpmeets that so many of our fortunate sisters seem to be.

But, be that as it may, the really good housekeeper, or wife, who wishes to get the best with her allowance, knows first how much she has to spend by the week or the month, studies the market, and sets her table accordingly.

The size of the family has little to do with it. If the family is large she must buy less expensive foods, and strive and study to get those which are the most nutritious for the amount she has to spend. If the family is small, then she can indulge in finer fruits and greater delicacies; but her table need not be any less attractive or less wholesome because she must confine her purchases to cheaper material.

It is a poor rule that won't stretch a little, and so it is that an accurate list of expenditures in one part of the country would not fit at all the conditions somewhere else. So let every housekeeper know her limitations of purse, study the tastes of her family, consult the cookbooks as much as she likes, but plan her own *menus* with the idea of making all things meet, and she will probably be a much happier woman than if she tried to follow the cut-and-dried directions of someone else.

What to Wear and How to Wear It

MARTHA DEAN

6287.—Ladies' Eton Jacket. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.
6288.—Ladies' Thirteen-Gore Skirt, Round or Walking Length. Sizes:—20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6295.—Ladies' Blouse, with alternate plaits and shirring. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.
6296.—Ladies' Plaited and Shirred Skirt. Sizes:—20 to 30 inches, waist.

6292.—Ladies' Surplus Waist, with rolling collar. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.
6293.—Ladies' Full Skirt. Sizes:—20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

THIS is the season when the whole world of femininity turns its attention to the bride to be and to the sweet girl graduate in their preparations for the following month. The fashions that govern the wedding and the graduation gowns are necessarily the same as the fashions governing other gowns, the only difference being that the material selected for these should be white and simplicity the keynote. Both, however, should be made in such manner as to serve for less important occasions.

There are never any radical changes in the wedding gown from season to season. An excellent model shows the surplice front now so popular. The high neck and pointed yoke, made of lace or *chiffon*, and the long *mousquetaire* sleeves are particularly becoming. The predilection for heavy satin has given way to the present style of supple stuffs. *Crêpe de Chine*, silk muslin, organdie, *mousseline de soie*, *chiffon*, Paris muslin, batiste, and China silks are favorite materials for the bride, and any of them are good for the girl graduate's gown except the silks. For trimming, one may use any fine lace and edging,—although preference is given to *broderie Anglaise*. A silk foundation is always preferable, but an effective substitute may be made of lawn with trimmings of "Val."-edged ruffles. The selection of flowers is always a matter of taste or of convenience. Orange blossoms for the bride, by long custom, are entitled to preference. White carnations, bride roses, lilies of the valley, small white country roses, or white lilacs, all have their following. The bouquet is tied with broad white satin ribbon, which falls in long streamers.

Quite the newest note that has yet been sounded is the introduction of the elbow sleeve. It is not only in the dainty summer gowns that we see it, but it is affected in the "tailor mades" as well. This is the development of the *lingerie* sleeves of last season, which at first were full-length, but which have gradually grown shorter until now they are elbow sleeves. With this style one wears long *mousquetaire* gloves, to match the color of the gown, or long lace mitts. It is impossible to wear the elbow sleeves without losing a little of one's height line, and, no matter how much you may admire this style, if you are short you should give preference to the sleeves which mark a long line from shoulder to waist.

6290.—Ladies' Girdles. Sizes:—Small, medium, and large.
6291.—Ladies' Sleeves. Sizes:—Small, medium, and large.

4663.—Child's One-piece Frock. Sizes:—2 to 9 years of age.

4664.—Misses' Surplice Waist. Sizes:—12, 14, 16 years of age.
4665.—Misses' Full Skirt. Sizes:—12, 14, 16 years of age.

4657.—Girl's Russian Dress. Sizes:—3 to 9 years of age.

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 359 and 360 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.]

6297.—Ladies' Shirt-waist. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6289.—Ladies' Collars. One size.

6294.—Ladies' Shirred Blouse. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

A Mouse for a Monarch

HOLMAN DAY

[*Concluded from page 322*]

what I have been thinking during some weeks without daring to own it to any one, and if I tell you what I think now, it would sound like a crafty politician hedging. I'd rather lose the nomination than have you think that. I'm going to—" he got up and took her hand,—"to let your woman's generosity and good sense tell you how I feel in this matter, and, if the time comes when what I say can sound manly and sincere and not like an attempt to curry favor, I'll be frank and honest in telling you that I have changed my views as to what women are worth and what they can do. I'd say more, but I should appear to be too precipitate a convert. Good day!" He dropped her hand and turned away, but paused at the door.

"I am going to announce my withdrawal from the gubernatorial fight," he said. "That will be one proof that I am converted. I will no longer force myself against the will of the women of this state."

"There may never again be such an opportunity in this state for a leader to show that he is just, and for the women to prove that they are magnanimous," she declared, with spirit. "Are you willing to take a woman's advice, General Emerson?"

"Yes," he admitted, with ready heartiness.

"Well, then, as they say in politics, 'stand pat' and keep your ear to the ground." She laughed as she said this, with a little affectation of a politician's mysteriousness.

He swore softly at himself while descending the stairs, but there was no frown on his face, and then he paused and struck his flat hand against his breast and muttered, "They can wink and they can hint what they like,—I mean what I said to her, but—but I feel as though I should have to be introduced to myself and start in getting acquainted all over again."

Curran was tramping about the lobby and faced him with a look that was part sheepishness, part stubborn determination to round up and take a jawing.

"I know I did n't do that gracefully, general," he said, "but—"

"You infernal, officious jackass!" began General Emerson, fumbling in his pockets, and for one brief moment the horrified Curran wondered if he were hunting for a weapon. But he produced only a cigar case, opened it, and said, very mildly, "Smoke with me, Curran, and—" he tapped the politician's breast for every word,—"if you want that appointment as railroad commissioner, keep your mouth shut."

There was always a bit of mystery in political circles about the inside details of the rest of the affair.

A certain livery-stable keeper, resident a dozen miles from Borderham, says that a rather slouchily dressed man claiming to be a mowing machine agent hired a team to drive into the country, one afternoon, and came back late, and that, when he told this person that he was a "dead ringer" for the state's biggest man, General Phineas Emerson, the stranger said that he had never before heard of any such person, being from the West, himself. That stable man used to walk around General Emerson when he saw him in public on after occasions and mumble his suspicions.

State politics, soon after this affair of mistaken identity, began to assume interesting new phases. A shrewd person, reviewing the matter in the light of events that succeeded, might have detected something more subtle than ordinary masculine political craft running through the operations.

A new candidate for governor was put forward somehow,—from somewhere. It was not a candidate calculated to heal party wounds. 'T was a man whom the average voter of the state disliked with the intolerance decent men entertain toward a straddler and trickster.

At about the same time the newspapers began to hint that General Emerson was out of the race. There were little stories of his retreat to his camp and his isolation there, and it was very prettily hinted that he was not the bluff dictatorial man he used to be,—that something very like remorse was preying on him.

At length—and it was now only six weeks to the state convention, and voters were frothing against the new candidate,—at length General Emerson,

with the excuse that he was definitely out of politics and therefore could not be accused of toadying, allowed himself to be interviewed by a sympathetic young woman reporter. With her card she had handed him another that operated on him like a talisman. He tucked it away in his waistcoat pocket. He crumpled the reporter's card thoughtfully as he talked.

Yes, he had had an eventful life in politics, but it had been a hardening life. His schooling had been amidst bumps and bangs ever since the time when he had been "bound out" as a boy. Having been deprived of a woman's gentle influence and mellowing presence all through his life, he had grown into habits of—yes, he would say it,—boorishness, without fully realizing his rude and undisciplined nature. Hence that awful scene in the house chamber that had driven him from the world in despair, after the enormity of his offense broke upon him. He advised all men to marry early and thereby avoid his error and supply the lack from which his character suffered. He prophesied a brilliant future for the women of the state, admitting that he now for the first time esteemed them at their true measure of ability and value in social and political economy. The truly remarkable confession closed with these words:—

"I left this erstwhile proud, now humble, man at the sunset hour. He was gazing away into the glowing west as though he saw in those empyrean fires the light of that hearthside he had never known,—as though he could see on the curtaining clouds the shadow of the wife that should have comforted his dark days,—as though the babble of a distant waterfall spoke in the voices of children. I left him eating out his heart in bitterness and ruth, holding out his hands too late to the sweet goddess he had put aside in his pride in order to clash shields with the god of ambition."

The federation read and gasped, really frightened at its power. Then some mysterious influence of melting tenderness and forgiveness seemed to be poured through the federation's official veins. The source of the influence was unknown, but it appeared to bubble near the federation's fountain head. Now that the federation had pulled down the giant of them all, there was an entire change of front on the part of the victors. Some one suggested that it ought to console,—woman's holy office. It would show that it did not harbor ill will toward one who was genuinely repentant. So the federation sent a smiling delegation to "the lonely giant eating out his heart in ruth," to invite him to address the state convention of the federation on "The Future Wife, Mother, and Suffrage Reformer."

Widow Clarissa Arno had suggested this idea, and she headed the delegation by the universal request of her sisters. When she announced the chosen subject,—so a few jealous and discredited women now assert, in the light of later events,—a queer flash of mutual intelligence shuttled between the fallen giant and the spokeswoman.

The same look passed undetected athwart the big hall where the majority political party of the state held its convention, a few weeks later. General Emerson, forced by a sudden wave of popular emotion, from emotional headquarters, to accept the nomination as governor and "redeem the party," was making his speech of acceptance and thanking his roaring constituents. When the cheers came he invariably looked toward a handkerchief fluttering in the rear gallery, where the feminine spectators were massed. For reasons that need not be dwelt on he did not mention in that speech a newly discovered political truth that had been forced on his attention: that is, that the right kind of woman does not need the ballot in order to do business.

And—well, of course this was after the due and proper year of mourning,—a woman of that sort told him that one really-and-truly politician in a family was sufficient, and therefore she confined her attention exclusively to the social duties incumbent on the mistress of the gubernatorial mansion.

But, under the rose, when he wanted to quiz her a bit, he liked to call her "the boss's healer."

'The late Governor Horatio Seymour, of New York, said that, if he were to expunge from his life the things he regretted most, he should wipe out his triumphs instead of his mistakes. "I could not afford to dismiss the tonic of mortification, the refinements of sorrow. I needed them, every one."

If you are willing to make a door mat of yourself, do not be surprised if people wipe their feet on you and kick you aside.

The Well-dressed Man

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN
[Editor of "The Haberdasher."]

IN sharp contrast to the almost scornful indifference with which fashion in men's dress was long regarded is the very real deference paid to it to-day. This is observable not alone in the large cities, the natural centers of culture, where the club, the ballroom and the opera are ceaseless reminders of the obligations that society imposes, but also in the smaller communities where rules are necessarily relaxed and there is nothing save an individual's sense of propriety to guide him. The common conception of "fashion" has radically changed. It is no more an ogre, a drill-sergeant, a cracker of the whip, but a preserver of that *decorum* which makes intercourse between well-bred people delightful.

Spreading enlightenment and a deeper appreciation of the refinements of living have brought with them a new and truer estimate of dress. The man of fashion, as he throve a decade ago, the club lounger, the elegant idler, or the drawing-room hero "uttering platitudes in stained-glass attitudes,"—where is he? Dip into some musty book, printed back in the sixties, and you will find the "dandy," in the full flush of his unfolding, a smug prig, if there ever was one. Dress was not to him a thing apart, but the thing itself.

THE CORRECT BUSINESS STYLE FOR SPRING AND SUMMER

Contrast this effeminate type with the well-dressed man of to-day, who exults in the strength of his good right arm seasoned of muscle and tanned by exposure to sun and wind, and the gulf between the mode that was and the mode that is seems wide, indeed. To be sure, the "dandy" is not extinct, but the spirit of the times is not hospitable to him and he wields no influence whatever in helping to shape the fashions. He has a veritable itch for "reforming" dress; and velvet cuffs on evening coats, black silk sashes, white kid waistcoats, and like absurdities are some of his contributions to the problem.

We are better dressed than ever before, because we are more sensibly dressed, because we avoid extremes, because we are more independent in choosing what is becoming to us individually, and because we make good taste rather than "faddishness" our guide. The American possesses, in rare degree, an intuitive perception of the fitness of things which saves him from striking a false note. Our acute sense of humor and quickness to see the absurd side of a thing have strangled many a dress enormity in the cradle.

The sketch which accompanies this article pictures the correctly cut business or lounge suit for spring. It is about thirty inches long for a man of normal height,—five feet,

eight inches,—has three buttons, broad lapels, and one center or two side vents, seven inches deep in the back. The arms have a cuff finish and there is a breast pocket. Worsted fabrics are largely used this season, and gray in overplaids and herringbone patterns is especially approved. The cut of the business jacket is comfortably loose, with just a bit of shaping in at the small of the back. The trousers are cut quite full around the hips, and they narrow gradually from the knees downward.

The morning coat, which is just a degree more formal than the jacket, and a degree less formal than the cutaway, is thirty-six inches long and has flap side-pockets. It is made of gray, brown, or fancy cloths, and the trousers are of the same material as the coat. The regulation "cutaway" is little worn this season, the morning coat supplanting it.

The frock coat, inaccurately called the "Prince Albert," is forty inches long, double-breasted, and made of black vicuna or dark Oxford gray, and silk-faced to the buttonholes. The skirts are full and cut in the approved bell-shape. Some of the newer frock coats are single-breasted, and these are silk-faced to the edge of the lapel, instead of to the buttonholes.

For morning wear, the so-called fold or turn-down collar is correct, while the "wing" is reserved for the afternoon, the "poke" for formal functions, and the "lap-front" for evening dress. With fold and wing collars is worn a four-in-hand (cravat,) two and one half inches wide, whereas a poke collar demands a capacious Ascot or once-over cravat. Colored handkerchiefs are in good form for the breast pocket of the business jacket, but they must not be too vociferous. The season's street gloves are made of tan cape to accompany the jacket or morning coat, and of gray *suède* to go wth the frock.

Only a white shirt with attached cuffs is permissible for formal day or evening dress; colored soft shirts are worn with the business jacket or the morning coat, and may be plain or plaited. Calfskin shoes, with buttoned tops, and low-cut calfskin shoes, laced, are equally proper for business. The Derby hat, black or brown, is the correct headcovering for town, and it is only when we put paved streets behind us and sniff country air that soft hats may properly be worn.

Golf, tennis, riding, driving, motoring, sculling, yachting and tramping call for special dress, which I shall take up in a forthcoming paper.

Hoover's Discovery of the Nature of Electricity

J. CARTER BEARD

THE principal of the village academy in Painesville, Ohio, during the fifties of the past century, was a Mr. Baldwin Bishop. He was a man whose heart and soul were in his work. He was sure, in some unexpected and original way, to show his disapproval of any individual in the institution with which he was connected, who could justly be called a shirker. There was, in one of the classes of which Professor Bishop had charge, a lad by the name of Hoover, who had evaded the recitation of his lessons when called upon to take his part, pleading a poor memory. His delinquencies were, however, almost, if not entirely, due to a lack of application, and this the professor more than suspected.

During the week before the school session ended for vacation, examinations, embracing the subjects studied by the pupils during the whole term, took place in the class rooms. During this time it was the custom of the relatives and friends of the students to visit the academy. On the occasion referred to, the presence of a number of young lady acquaintances spurred on the boys to do their best.

The subject on which they were expected to show their proficiency was that of natural philosophy. After several members of the class had distinguished themselves more or less creditably in their attempts to explain familiar phenomena, Hoover, who had evidently been dreading the ordeal, was suddenly called upon, and, in deference to "rule and custom of time and place," stood up to be questioned.

"Mr. Hoover," said Professor Bishop; "will you kindly explain to us the cause and nature of electricity?"

The question surprised every one present but Hoover; all questions bearing upon any subject the class was engaged in studying were the same to him.

He colored up, and paused, stammered, and took refuge in his usual formula.

"Professor," he said, "I knew the answer to that question before I came to class but I have forgotten it."

"Are you sure you can not remember it?" asked his teacher; "take time and think, sir."

Mr. Hooker again shook his head.

"No, sir," he said, "I knew it a little while ago, but it has slipped my mind entirely."

"What a pity!" said the professor, approaching him, and laying his hands upon Hoover's shoulders as he turned him about, facing the visitors.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "look at this young man. Of all who have lived upon the face of the earth one person,—but one,—this Mr. Hoover, *if he has told us the truth*, has learned the cause and nature of electricity, and," continued Professor Bishop, dropping his voice, "the pity of it is that he has forgotten it."

The Power Behind the Throne

THE Canadian election, which returned Sir Wilfrid Laurier to power only a day or two before Mr. Roosevelt's sweeping victory in this country, brings to light a story which shows that the North Carolina "cracker" who thought Grover Cleveland was still president is not alone in the world.

Just before Canada's election day, an old inhabitant appeared in the streets of Quebec, and, meeting a friend, fell to talking politics. In the course of conversation he chanced to refer to Victoria as still queen, whereupon he was informed that that great and good lady had been dead for something more than four years.

"Dead!" he exclaimed; "Victoria dead! Then who is it that now rules England?"

"King Edward the Seventh," came the reply: "He who was Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales."

The ancient one shook his head wisely, and, for a few moments, stood in deep thought. "Great Scott!" he finally exclaimed; "he must have a pull with Laurier."

The Lost Opportunity

HENRY GARDNER HUNTING

[*Concluded from page 316*]

he spoke again, abruptly. "I've got to tell somebody," he said. "Will you listen? I'll tell it quick."

Hazzard nodded, and leaned back in his chair, watching curiously.

"Eight months ago, to-morrow," began the other, carefully, "I lost my place in a railroad office because I would n't stand for the blame of a costly error made by the head of my department who was a relative of a director. I won't detail it all." He looked at Hazzard. "No, I should think not! It makes me mad,—it made me mad, literally, I think,—the shameless injustice of it. Then I did a fool thing. I made a scene in the superintendent's office,—threw my resignation in his face, for one thing, and demanded my transportation to Chicago. They would n't give it to me, naturally, so I stole it,—not a pass, you know, but a ticket from the station office where I knew the ropes. Yes, I stole it. That's not a pleasant word, is it? But it fits all right. I was caught at it, and, though I did my best to square myself, I was sent over the road for three months."

He stopped short. The color was mounting again into his face and his eyes were glittering.

"Three months!" he cried, suddenly. "What do you know of that? Do you know what that means? Jail for three months! Good God, it seems impossible! And I'm a married man! My wife is as sweet a woman as ever lived. She went home to her people with the baby,—our year-old boy,—but she believed in me. Even when I told her what I had done,—before my hearing, I mean,—she just cried and said it was wrong, but that she believed I had only made a mistake. She believed in me, but her father does n't,—and I have n't had a word from her since the night she left me in Putney Jail."

He paused again, panting, for his strength was taxed by his excitement. Hazzard did not move; he waited.

"Jail made me madder than before," continued the other. "Three months in a dirty hole with a lot of drunks and tramps and sneak thieves, who made a joke of me with all the vile ingenuity some of that class have!" He shuddered. "Three months, eating my heart out and cherishing my injury, did me no good. Do you know, I had murder in my heart more than once during that little three months. It's a short time to make a would-be murderer out of an ordinarily decent, peace-loving boy, is n't it? But I went through hell, do you see? It was—oh, I can't describe it to you,—but I was n't hearing from my wife, do you understand? I—"

He stopped again. His voice had risen wildly and the tears had started to his eyes, running over to his thin, now dull-red, cheeks. Hazzard looked at him in startled pity and with fascinated interest.

"When I got out," said the other, presently, in a more quiet tone, "I wanted to go to my wife to see her, to know how she was and how she felt toward me. I thought, if I could get one loving word from her, it would brace me up and maybe take some of the bitterness out of me. I went to her father's house, but it was closed against me,—closed, do you understand? The doors were shut in my face. Then, by heaven, I was furious! What had I done to deserve this? Whose fault was it that I—but there's no use retailing all this.

"I could n't send for her to come to me, for I had neither place to live nor money to buy food or clothing or anything else. I tried to get a place, but my record was an insurmountable barrier. You've no idea what I went up against. I had no notion of the brutality there is in the world. I know, now. Maybe I would have been brutal, too, in the same way, once. I do n't know. But, let me tell you, it's hard sledding for a man that's down in this great, glorious, beautiful God's country of the free!"

Hazzard's eyes fell before the bitter gaze the other turned upon him. Somehow the wild words seemed to contain a personal charge which sent his thoughts back to the poster on the wall and the ideas it had stirred in his own mind. The other man had stopped, and was shivering slightly. He walked over to the stove and half mechanically

felt of his drying clothes on the chair there. Then he turned and continued:—

"I got to the hungry point,—very hungry, I suppose,—as hungry, at least, as I was, to-night, before you fed me. I appealed to charity,—begged, you know, from door to door. A man set a dog on me. I was too hungry to be civil, I guess,—do you understand? Then the very devil broke loose in me. Oh, it's there. It's in every man, maybe, when he's driven to bay. I did the thing again,—stealing,—and then again; only eatables, you know, but I stole them, and I rejoiced in it, too, for I began to get the feeling that I was only taking my own, of which they were all trying to deprive me."

He had turned away from Hazzard, but he turned back again, the misery in the deep lines about his mouth fairly startling the onlooker.

"Have you a wife?—maybe a boy?" he asked, and then, without waiting for a reply, he spread out his hands piteously and the tears flowed out of his bloodshot eyes. "I am a thief! Think of it,—I am a thief! And there's my wife and the—boy,—oh, God,—that little fellow'll break my heart! I think of 'em both, nights and days, too, and the little one,—and the wife,—what in the name of heaven am I to do? I'm a thief,—think of that! But who's to blame! Am I the only one?"

He caught his breath with a choke and waited. Then he quietly finished his story, almost in a sentence.

"Then I was caught again, for I was only an amateur burglar. I was sentenced for six months, but I got away a week ago yesterday with two fellows who were waiting trial for arson. They haven't caught me yet,—they will, of course."

He stopped abruptly before the table and rested his hands on it, looking across at his solitary listener with fevered eyes, while his lips quivered with his weakness and the depth of his feeling. Suddenly he dropped down upon his chair and threw his head upon his outstretched arms on the table.

Hazzard's chin was sunk upon his breast, his neglected pipe between his fingers on his knee, while his eyes stared at the figure before him, absorbed utterly in the brief story he had heard. Presently, however, as the other did not move, he drew a long, quiet breath, and softly tipped forward till his chair touched the floor again. Then he laid his pipe on the table and went and stood before the fire. He felt of the clothes hanging on the chair. They were nearly dry. He drew out his watch and looked at it, and then settled into an easy attitude and waited, thinking.

The room grew very quiet. Outside the wind howled, but the rain seemed to have ceased. It no longer beat audibly upon the panes. The drummer shifted from foot to foot. He looked at the drooping figure by the table and then away. Then he scowled darkly and was still again. Once more his eyes went back to the odd half-clothed form. This time they dwelt there long and quietly and thoughtfully. Ten minutes might have passed. Suddenly Hazzard spoke.

"If you could get away,—clean away, I mean, what would you do?" he asked, abruptly.

The man at the table started and raised his head, but did not answer.

"Well?" said Hazzard.

"Why," returned the other, wearily, "I'd go as far west as I could get, and change my name, I guess,—and—look for a job."

"Yes," said Hazzard, "I guess you'd have to go away. And then?"

"And when I got one I'd get a message of some kind to my wife and have her come to me."

Hazzard smiled. Something suddenly seemed pleasing to him and something was as suddenly decided. He crossed to where his bags stood and took a railway time-table from one of them.

"Perry is three miles east of here," he remarked, with apparent irrelevance. "The S. & P. I. runs through there with a train west at 2:19 this morning. It's now midnight, just. Atkinson, on the D. & B., is four miles back down the road, and the Omaha train hits there in an hour and a half. That's the best proposition, though they'll most likely look for you up that way."

The man at the table stood up suddenly. "You—you're going to—why, man, there's a hundred dollars reward out for me!—I don't know why, I'm sure, but there is."

Hazzard said nothing. He was digging deeper into his grip. Presently he pulled out a gray traveling cap and walked over to the table. "Better get on your togs," he said; "it'll take

you a good hour, do your best, to get to Atkinson."

The other turned, the blood hot in his face and his eyes suffused. "Good Lord!" he muttered, half incredulous still, "I would n't have believed it!"

"Hustle," said Hazzard, briefly, turning away: "put on that cap instead of your hat; it won't be so easily spotted."

The young man ran to the chair by the stove and caught up his clothes, hurrying into them. In a moment he was dressed. He came and stood before Hazzard again. His hands were trembling, but his eyes were glowing when the other looked up from the card and envelope with which he was busying himself.

"Ready?" asked the latter, quietly.

"Yes," said the hunted man, his face twitching.

"Take this card," said Hazzard, "and this envelope. The card has my address. Write me under your new name; I'll know whom the letter comes from. In the envelope is a little starter for you,—as a loan. Now go, and get the wife and the kid to you as soon as you can. They need you worse 'n you need them."

The young man caught the drummer's big hand in both of his own. "I do n't know how to thank you," he said, throwing his head up for the first time with a flame of returning manhood in his eyes, "but I believe God sent you here to help me."

"I hope so," said Hazzard, whimsically, "but do n't say anything foolish about it. It's your little kid, you know,—I've got one,—it's for the kid's sake I want you to get away, and for the wife, too, poor girl! Go, now,—go quick."

The man turned, ran quickly across the floor, and then stopped and turned again. "I'll never forget you," he said, huskily.

"Nor I you," returned Hazzard, seriously. "Good night!"

In a moment the door had closed and Hazzard stood alone in the middle of the floor. He turned around, opened the stove door, and dropped the discarded black hat upon the glowing coals. Then he sat down in his chair again, tipped back, and lighted his pipe once more. Presently he closed his eyes, and, forgetting to smoke, sat so still that he might have been thought asleep.

It was cold gray dawn when he was disturbed. Some one came up on the little porch outside and stamped with heavy boots down its length to the door. Other steps followed, and then the unlocked door was opened just as Hazzard opened his eyes, and a big brawny countryman entered, followed by two or three other men of lesser stature, of whom he was evidently the leader.

"Good morning!" said Hazzard, who was the first to speak. He wondered if he could be right in his first, instant surmise as to who and what they were.

"Good morning!" returned the big man, rather surprised. "Have you seen anything of a little feller in a black hat, sort o' weazened lookin'? He came here."

"Did he?" asked Hazzard, who was lighting his pipe again. He smiled to himself at his own shrewd guess.

The countryman noted the smile. "He did?" he asked, sharply.

Hazzard pointed over his shoulder with his thumb at the poster on the wall. "That little fellow, you mean?" he asked.

"Yes," exclaimed one of the other men, "that's him!"

"What do you want of him?" asked Hazzard, still smiling.

"None o' your bizness," replied the leader, sourly. "We—"

But one of the other men broke in. "There's a hundred dollars reward for him," he said.

"For burglary?" asked Hazzard.

"Yes."

"Why so much?" queried the drummer. "That's a good deal for anything in a small way in stealing."

One of the men laughed. "The sheriff wants him bad," he said; "it's near 'lection."

The drummer's eyes narrowed ever so little. "And you fellows are out to get the money, I suppose," he added. "Did any of you ever see him?"

"I seen his picture," returned the leader.

"What did he steal?" asked Hazzard.

"Darned if I know; something up to Putney."

"Are you an officer?" Hazzard's voice was growing sharp.

"Not reg'lar," admitted the countryman, beginning to notice the other's manner; "I'm special

depoty-sheriff, 'pinted fer this pertic'ler 'casion."

"H'm!" sneered Hazzard, "I thought so." Then, suddenly, he changed his tactics. "Well, I don't know but I might as well tell you, too, and let you get the money,—if you can," he added. "I'd like to make the hundred myself, but I guess I've missed my chance. That's another lost opportunity. The fellow was here,—let me see." He pulled out his watch. "It's six o'clock now. Well, it was some time before five he came in, and he went on, out toward Perry. Maybe you can catch him, if you hurry."

The leader turned, with a hoarse gurgle of delight. "Come on," he cried; "we'll get him yet."

They went out. Hazzard gathered up the dishes from the table, but he did not smile as he carried them to the back room of the house. On his return he met the little landlord, who had just come down stairs.

"Who was talking?" asked the latter.

"Some men in to ask the way to Perry," returned Hazzard, wearily. "Will breakfast be ready soon?"

The landlord looked at him oddly, but went out to the kitchen, and Hazzard entered the bedroom where he was to have slept. He rumpled the bed covers and then pulled them off the bed, and then he washed in cold water from the white pitcher on the stand and went back to his chair and pipe again to wait for breakfast.

He tilted back against the wall and drew out his leathern pocketbook. Only one twenty-dollar bill lay in the pocket where the two had been, and the country drummer looked in at it and sighed slightly.

"That one's Nell's, anyway," he said. "I guess these clothes'll have to do me for a while yet." Then he smiled. "Lost opportunity," he repeated to himself; but he was still smiling when the breakfast was brought in.

A Secret of Progress

HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

THE story is told of an Englishman who recently came to the United States, and who, because of the difference between the American atmosphere and that of his own country, was much impressed with the democratic spirit that prevails.

Shortly after his arrival, he was sitting in the window of a luxurious hotel in one of our leading cities.

"What an extraordinary country!" he said to an American with whom he had been chatting; "you tell me that birth or family count for nothing?"

"Nothing at all," agreed the resident.

"And that man out there," continued the Britisher, pointing to a laborer sweeping the street, "I suppose that man might even become mayor of this city, some day?"

The other glanced out of the window.

"No," he replied, tersely, "that man could n't."

"He could n't?" said the Englishman, in surprise; "why, is that man any different from the others?"

"Keep your eye on him and see if you can't tell for yourself," said his companion, with a sphinx-like smile.

The Englishman looked for a moment.

"I give it up," he confessed, at length; "why is it?"

"Well, I'll just tell you," replied the American; "that man's sweeping against the wind."

He Thought He Stopped the Paper

AN acquaintance met Horace Greeley, one day, and said: "Mr. Greeley, I've stopped your paper." "Have you?" said the editor; "well, that's too bad," and he went his way.

The next morning Mr. Greeley met his subscriber again, and said: "I thought you had stopped the 'Tribune.'"

"So I did."

"Then there must be some mistake," said Mr. Greeley, "for I just came from the office and the presses were running, the clerks were as busy as ever, the compositors were hard at work, and the business was going on the same as yesterday and the day before."

"Oh!" ejaculated the subscriber, "I did n't mean that I had stopped the paper; I stopped only my copy of it, because I did n't like your editorials."

"Pshaw!" retorted Mr. Greeley, "It was n't worth taking up my time to tell me such a trifle as that. My dear sir, if you expect to control the utterance of the 'Tribune' by the purchase of one copy a day, or if you think to find any newspaper or magazine worth reading that will never express convictions at right angles with your own, you are doomed to disappointment."

Men of Many Minds

HE was a slow old man, evidently from some Quaker suburb, and he looked in at the local ticket window of the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, as if there were no others behind him waiting their turns, with watches and money in their anxious fists. He would like to know when the next train started for Conshohocken.

"Due naow," snapped the agent, in characteristic Pennsylvania twang.

"Do I knaow?" answered up the venerable gentleman; "of course I do n't, or why should I be standin' here listenin' to impudence——"

"Hurry up, there!" and "Oh, cut it out!" and similar polite remarks came from down the line, and the uniformed usher gently urged the questioner past the window, still muttering: "If I'd knaown I guess I'd not been askin'."

How Revolutions Are Made in Russia

VANCE THOMPSON

[*Concluded from page 314*]

highness forgot to return the money. But this was elementary. Grand Duke Peter Nicolaievitch is, perhaps, a fairer type of grand-ducal money-hunger. He would not be out of place in Wall Street. He secured, for ninety-nine years, a mining concession in Siberia. It was capitalized at ten million rubles. English and Belgian experts, journeying in a private car, and made amiable by champagne, reported untold wealth. The millions were subscribed,—Chludow, the rich merchant, putting in eight millions alone. Nothing happened. At the end of three years an investigation was made: there were no mines, no minerals,—not even a pretense. Of the funds there was not one kopeck left; the grand duke had swallowed it all. And Chludow? He pocketed his loss like the others. Was not Peter Nicolaievitch of the blood?

Between Grand Duke Vladimir and the throne there are not many lives.

There is the baby czarowitz, who must have been much astounded to find himself in the world,—suggested by the hypnotizer Philippe: but a child's life is not much; over such things dynastic ambitions step lively. There is also the czar's brother, Grand Duke Michael; he is mild-mannered; in him the taint of the Romanoff blood shows itself in timidity. He it was whom they sent to London to represent the czar at the burial of Queen Victoria. Upon his arrival a band of English jingoes hooted him in the streets. He was the most amazed young man in Europe. On the day of the funeral he received an official snub. He, heir to the throne of all the Russias, was placed in the procession between the little heirs of insignificant Servia and Bulgaria. The news was telegraphed to St. Petersburg. The court was in full mourning for the old English queen. When she heard the news of the insult to her son the dowager empress took the only revenge in her power. She summoned her carriages, and, surrounded by her dames of honor in gala array,—went to the opera. Then she sent an angry telegram to her sister, England's new queen, and ordered Michael home. Meekly the young man returned, for he is meek.

Next in succession stands Vladimir, the head of the family. He is one of the giants of that strange Romanoff race, which seems to have only two types,—the weakling and the gladiator. Like the great Alexander he can crush horseshoes in his fist, kill with one blow an ox, and eat at one meal, I dare say, the greater part of it. Daily he pours gallons of drink into his huge body; withal he has a clear, cold, dangerous brain. He is a very able man, laborious and active, pretending to great piety, patriarchal, and impressive. As you know, he has no sentimental regard for the lives of station masters. He has a swarm of sons and grandsons to whom he would gladly hand down an imperial crown, and he bides his time.

De Witte's economic and financial evolution—the artificial and industrial agitation which is kept up in the lower strata of Russian life,—is working toward the point where a palace revolution may step opportunely in. This the czar knows. Recently the old grand duke went to pay his respects to his imperial nephew. Now the little czar has impulses of wit and anger.

"Why do you come to-day?" he asked, grimly; "this is not the anniversary of Paul I."

The palace plot against Paul I. was the work of his nearest kin.

The moment is not ripe, and Vladimir waits. His eldest son, heir to this intrigue, is Cyril Vladimirovitch. He it is who was so miraculously saved when the Japanese torpedoes destroyed the "Petropavlovsk" in the waters of Port Arthur. He idles at San Remo, airing his convalescence, and to him comes, among the orange flowers, his *fiancée*, Victoria Melita, the Saxon princess who was once the wife of the Duc d'Assia. They walk by the blue sea and their talk is of crowns.

Of the bad grand dukes he who had the greatest influence at court was Sergius, the brother-in-law and uncle of the czar, who was assassinated at Moscow last February. He and the dowager empress were the chiefs of reaction. He was not a drunkard, his vices were worse, and he added to them an antisemitism which was almost maniacal. He and Von Plehve and Senator Jichareff were the organizers of the Jewish massacres. Von Plehve

was assassinated,—not greatly to the world's loss; he was a base and unscrupulous man. A Lett, born in the Baltic provinces, of Polish and Jewish blood, he was adopted by an old Polish couple, and he gained his first police advancement by denouncing them and having them sent to Siberia. Such a man was bound to go far—even to the death he deserved. Four attempts were made to kill Grand Duke Sergius. The last was successful. He was shot at in Moscow, as he hurried up to St. Petersburg to give his advice to the czar, after the revolt of January 22 had been damped down in blood. He found the czar at Tsarskoe-selo, sitting among his grand-ducal counselors. Constantine, the poet, was there, and old Alexander, one of the good grand dukes,—austere, righteous, and bigoted. The little czar was amazed and anxious. He had installed his impotent omnipotence in a huge chair of red leather; teasing his beard, he waited. One good grand duke and then another urged moderation. The poet thought there might be some way of reconciling the old rights and the new.

"We must complete the work of Alexander II.," he said.

This was the czar who freed the serfs and—just as he was on the point of signing a constitutional charter,—was killed by the Nihilists.

When the poet had spoken his word for reform, old Sergius stood up and beat his fist on the table.

"My advice is that gallows should be set up for these reformers—from the spot where Alexander II. fell, dying, all the way to Irkutsk," he said.

He was an ignorant, dissipated old man; yet he meant much, unfortunately, to Russia.

And the good grand dukes,—they who believe in the religion of their race,—they who are neither profligate nor ambitious,—they who are faithful and loyal patriots,—what of them? Goodness does not bring its own reward in that Russia which is the prey of every covetous instinct, native and foreign. Upon them falls all the wrath of the great financial syndicate which is working for the disorganization of Russia. Their narrowness, their fanaticism and their honesty make them dangerous. Too dull or too ignorant to bend to De Witte and the new power—which they do not understand,—of money, that is to rule Russia as every other European state, they court destruction. They and not Tolstoi are the veritable and pathetic mysteries of Russia. They have no place among their shrewd contemporaries. The Russian revolution has two faces,—that of *la haute banque* and that of duped democracy; and neither face smiles upon those grand dukes who are merely good men and good patriots, nor upon the little czar.

IV.—The Red Cockade of Liberty

De Witte, who rose from a station master to the chief of the Russian ministry, brought into Russia the foreign capital which dotted the gloomy steppes with smoking chimneys. He took the *muzhik*, patient, adroit, and modest, from his field, and set him to turn a wheel or spin the cotton of Turkestan and the United States. French thrift supplied the money. That other peasant dug it out of the soil of Burgundy and Provence. These uprooted *muzhiks* huddled into Moscow, and Vladimir became the proletariat, and like no other. The Slavic soul is formed by prayer and devotion into the blind instrument of the will of others. Of such are the sheep that the *Boyevaya Oraganitsia* drove up against the sabers of the Cossacks and the rifles of the *Preobrajinski*. The chiefs of the revolutionary movement lie safely abroad; they fill the air with cries, and pass round their hats. Lazarevitch, Roubanovitch, Serebriakof, and Jarassof,—the type is well known. They left it to a priest to lead their dupes up against the guns.

There lies on my desk a caricature which was sent me from Russia, where it circulated secretly. The czar is represented bent under the weight of a huge, beneficent Tolstoi, and round the head of the old apostle swarm many little figures, representing this newborn proletariat. The czar, in addition, is gripped by a lot of minuscule students, who cling to his left leg, while his right is held by a little mob of popes. And so he goes tottering, weighed upon by revolution. The picture is a true one. It were complete had the artist made his puppets move to strings held by an unseen hand,—a hand curved and monstrous, glittering with gems. It is that hand which lends the last pathos to that bloody "day of the dupes." The little priest who led the mob belongs to the ardent and mystic race of Little Russia, that land where the peasants die for false gods,—Ivan, or Deme-

trius, coming as a new Christ. He is a visionary, hero, and martyr. The martyrdom of which Tolstoi (wrapped in soft linen and scented with Cyprian perfumes,) dreams fondly, this hectic priest sought under the whips and sabers of the Cossacks, red and black. And Gorki, bored with life, weary even of literature, went seeking a new excitement, and the world rains plaudits on him. Princes and peasants, priests and poets,—they are puppets, one and all, and the strings are gathered up in the hands of an occult and permanent power,—money. Puppets, all,—the *camorra* of grand dukes, fed on glory, gold, and insolence; the hectic priest Gapon, the men of letters, seeking the great intoxicant of martyrdom, the bearded children of the factories of Vladimir and Lodz and Moscow and St. Petersburg; and Ivan, in his *mir*.

Only De Witte knows, or does he know?

A big man, gnarled and tough as an oak,—yet supple in the spine,—he alone is close to the occult and permanent masters of Europe; perhaps he knows.

While the old Russian giant goes staggering through these blind days the great Anglo-German syndicate has laid hands upon that Orient which was, in a way, an appanage of Russia. And the plundering of Persia is only the beginning.

Egypt, Turkey, Portugal, China and Greece are living witnesses of the humiliating subjection to which nations sink when they become the debtors of the great money power. They show, too, how easy it is to confiscate by financial artifices the independence—economic, industrial and intellectual,—of a country, giving it the while the ribbons and parade of liberty,—and Russia's turn has come.

Blue-eyed, bearded, and barefooted, in sheepskins, the *mushik* stands in his field.

"Who are you?"

He answers: "I am Ivan Ivanovitch, and for a thousand years I have labored for the little father."

"Unhappy martyr, come,—we will go and kill the little father, and you shall be free."

Ivan Ivanovitch wonders, and goes. As he returns from the killing, a new master taps him on the shoulder. That is all. The Russian giant has dug in the fields for idle and bloody czars; he will turn the wheel for new czars, impersonal and rapacious. Only in his old fur cap he will display—with justifiable pride,—the red cockade of a liberty he neither wants nor understands.

THE BUSY HAMMER SONG

J. W. FOLEY

THE world is growing better, let us honestly agree;
It honors earnest effort, in whatever walk it be;
No sound is ever sweeter than the toilers' harvest song,
Though the strife be hot and eager and the day be passing long.
But, while industry is eager in its efforts to arise,
Sloth sits by, idly sneering, as the toiler grasps the prize,
For be the fruit of labor in its harvest-time how grand,
The hammer's always busy at the same old stand.

Since nature wrought the firmament; since human eyes were blessed
With budding fields and forests, and man told to do his best,
Some idle souls have liked to sit from industry aside,
Whose mission in the struggle has been only to deride
The efforts of the toiler; who have scoffed at me or you,
From lack of proud ambition; and the ones that dare and do,
Who past the scant horizon of bread and drink have scanned,
Will find the hammer busy at the same old stand.

So ye, who toil and struggle, be not given to despair
When the idlers' anvil chorus is uplifted to the air;
Take heart of hope and labor, for the scoffing voices blent
Are the tongues of Envy jangling in the tones of discontent.
'T is the eagle, proudly soaring, who 's the earth-bound archer's mark,
'T is the songless carrion-bird that scorns the music of the lark;
Remember, when success the gulf of busy years has spanned,
There 's no one hears the hammer at the old, old stand.

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

[*Concluded from page 320*]

that though the rich and well-to-do gorged from morning to night they simply *could not* eat it all. There would still remain an abundance for everyone if some way could be found of distributing the fragments. Just consider the figures which I have on careful authority:—New York receives *every week* ten million pounds of dressed beef, twelve million pounds of pork, ham and pigs meat, one million five hundred thousand pounds of poultry, one million pounds of sausages, one million pounds of mutton and lamb, over two million pounds of liver, hearts, tripe, etc., over one million pounds of canned meat, five hundred thousand pounds of game, and one million pounds of fish.

The fragments of this food, tons and tons of it, are collected every day and carried off to fatten pigs in Jersey or load the fertilizer scows that ply down the bay. Every day of the year from five hundred to nine hundred cart-loads of food, much of it perfectly good, are taken from the homes and hotels of New York and simply thrown away. A million people could live and live well on this waste if the problem of collecting and distributing it could once be solved. And I suppose any kind-hearted individual could solve it in a small way himself,—with a wagon and a little brains!

Coming back to our banquets it is worthy of note that we are approaching the Romans not only in the lavishness and abundance of food but in various attendant eccentricities. Petronius tells us in "Trimalchio's Dinner," that a boiled calf is brought in followed by an actor dressed as Ajax. Simulating madness, he suddenly rushes at the calf with drawn sword, slashes it into slices and then presents a piece to each one of the astonished guests." But this is not more absurd than the dinner of steamed rhinoceros recently served at the Hotel Astor!—not more absurd than the various "monkey dinners," "horseback dinners," "jungle dinners," etc., of which we hear from time to time, nor should we omit the recent "picnic dinner" at a New York hotel where the guests were seated on banks of imitation grass with the result that sundry handsome gowns were ruined by green paint!

Despite the fact that many of our rich families would be incapable of such vulgar ostentation, it can not be denied that love of show and notoriety is a common motive for numbers of these costly banquets. This is one of the signs of a luxurious period and New York sees a constant succession of lavish dinners where the desire is not to get the most possible for the money, but to spend as much money as possible so long as the amount spent be known. For example the very best champagne costs ten dollars a quart, but most people are quite content with ordinary brands at half as much and many people would be at a loss to distinguish the one from the other by the taste alone. Yet ten-dollar champagne is in demand not because it is better but *because the guests know that it costs ten dollars.* And a thousand bottles have been provided for a single night's entertainment!

On the same principle other wines, still more costly, are offered, say a red Bordeaux at twenty-five dollars a quart, or a fine Rhine wine at thirty. Then there are old French brandies that go up to any price, and cigars at two dollars apiece. Also, cigarettes for the ladies that come in glass tubes and cost a dollar a dozen!

Were it not for these expensive accessories, it would be difficult to get the cost of a dinner up to a figure that would be thought sufficiently spectacular. Even with caviar brought from Russia at six dollars a pound, and birds nests from China for the soup, and sole and quail from France, and diamond back terrapin at a hundred dollars a dozen, and canvasback ducks at seven dollars a pair, and fat hens from *Le Mans* at six dollars each, and Rouen ducks at seven, and truffled pheasants at ten, and Belgian asparagus at eight dollars a bunch and Florida strawberries (the first that come in,) at four dollars for a cup of twenty berries, and Hamburg grapes at ten dollars a pound, and Normandy apples a dollar apiece,—with all this and the best intentions in the world the caterer simply *can not* raise the price of food alone beyond fifteen dollars a head. Which for a dinner of forty makes only six hundred dollars! However, with rare wines and cigars, with an

Read the Article on

Greater Atlantic City

On Page 375

IN THIS ISSUE

A FORTUNE IN FOOTWEAR

A pair of slippers, like the one shown in the photograph above, costs one hundred dollars, which is not surprising when one remembers that the white satin is interwoven with gold and silver thread of a new weave, and that the buckle flashes with quartz crystals cut like diamonds. The stocking shown is of white silk, with inserts of *pointe de gaze* lace, and the regular price is one hundred and fifty dollars a pair. A fashionable bootmaker assures Mr. Moffett that rich women among his customers frequently order thirty or forty pairs of shoes, slippers, etc., at a time, the cost of each pair varying from fifteen to one hundred dollars.

extra charge for the most costly plates, perhaps the famous gold service, and with various incidentals, it is possible to improve on this considerably and bring the cost per head up to, say fifty dollars at the outside. This does not include flowers, decorations, handpainted *menu* cards and other souvenirs.

I had intended to continue the comparison of our lavish and ostentatious entertainments with those described in the reigns of Nero and Caligula, but I find my space running short and will include this in the next article. Far be it from me to imply by these comparisons that our country is threatened with the fate of decadent Rome; we are too young for that, we have not yet emerged from our shop-keeping bondage, we have not even entered upon our period of military glory much less our supremacy in the arts. Still the warning is there for the future, and history is there for those who care to read it, and Gibbon's words certainly apply with startling appropriateness to our money aristocracy. "In their dress, their table, their houses, and their furniture," he says, "these favorites of fortune united every refinement of convenience, of elegance, and of splendor, whatever could smooth their pride or gratify their sensuality. Such refinements under the name of luxury have been severely arraigned by the moralists of every age, and it would be conducive to the virtue as well as to the happiness of mankind if all possessed the necessaries and none of the superfluities of life."

[The next article in this series will appear in the June number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, together with opinions by prominent Americans on the shameful misuse of wealth. We shall be glad if our readers will assist the present investigation by sending Mr. Moffett facts regarding instances of extravagance or ostentation that have come under their notice, also of cases of great misery or suffering among the poor. We are indebted to John Wanamaker for permission to photograph the tablecloth shown in this article, to J. and J. Slater, bootmakers, for the lady's slipper, and to J. H. Small and Sons for the floral pictures. The Medford Company furnished the dog's blanket and automobile outfits. Mr. Senn loaned the spaniel and William Phillips the pug in the automobile rig. The dog in the sweater belongs to Robert Leo.—THE EDITOR.]

Business Talks

By the Publisher of "Success"

II.—With Teachers

THE profession of teaching is, by common consent, among the noblest of occupations. There is no finer or higher work in the world than that of guiding the youth of the land, at the most impressionable period of life, to the best and truest aspirations, and he who does this honestly and faithfully, according to his light, helps to create a better type of manhood and womanhood, and deserves the thanks of his fellow man.

Unfortunately, alas! the occupation of teaching is, from a mere material standpoint, one of the most poorly paid of livelihoods. Rarely is it possible for the enthusiastic and devoted teacher to avoid the necessity for serious and frequent sacrifices of luxuries, or even ordinary comforts, in his own personal life and that of his family. In too many cases he is forced to eke out his scanty income by outside "hack-work," "pot boilers," or other drudgery of one kind or another, more or less distasteful to his finer sensibilities. And, finally, when he passes a certain age, regardless of his real efficiency for work, there is too often raised in boards of trustees the question, "Had we not better substitute a younger man?" Sooner or later he is thrown aside like a squeezed sponge, with little or no accumulation of money, and with the necessity, perhaps even more urgent upon him than ever before, of finding means for the support of his family.

What is the solution? Does it lie in a "Teachers' Pension" plan, or a "Home for Ancient and Indigent Teachers," or any other charitable or semi-charitable effort?

"No! Emphatically, no!" Such a solution is wholly inconsistent with a teacher's self-respect or with public policy. No such solution can be general in its application or can adequately supply the necessities of the enormous force of teachers in this country. The problem must be solved *by the individual himself*—by his own foresight, determination, and consistent and persistent preparation for the contingencies of the future. His responsibilities are *his own* and can not be shifted or evaded.

We can not possibly hope to suggest all the many solutions of these personal problems, but there is one of application in so wide a variety of cases, that it is worth the following brief epitome.

In *salesmanship*—in the power of self-support which is always possessed by the successful salesman—lies the hope of the future for many an anxious and distressed teacher. Salesmanship is always in demand. There is always a multiplicity of things to be sold by personal solicitation, and the successful commission salesman or agent, by whatever name he may be known, carries his future in his hand and may laugh at fate. Is it not worth while to learn this art or science of salesmanship in time? Can you not now—teachers of America—use your summer vacations for a training in these opportunities, supplementing your own winter revenues and at the same time making yourselves and your families secure? You are peculiarly adapted by education and personal address to success in the selling field. It is a field large enough to permit of a movement upward into more and more responsible positions—into control of other men—into *independence* of thought and action. It is open to you on all sides. The opportunities are found in the advertising pages of every magazine.

In our own "outside organization," both of summer and winter workers, there is an almost limitless opportunity for a thorough and excellent training in salesmanship under competent instructors, and with an absolute guarantee of salary or expenses, or both. We shall be glad to tell you all about it if you will write us or call personally upon us in New York City, or upon the manager of our Branch Office nearest to you. (See next column.)

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Greater Atlantic City

The Beach, looking toward Atlantic City Heights, 75 feet above the ocean

The Story of How the Popular Watering Resort is Making Poor Men Rich and Rich Men Richer

FIFTY-ONE years ago Absecon Island was a stretch of surf-washed sand on the Jersey Coast.

A year ago the same island was celebrating its Golden Anniversary as the greatest watering resort on the globe, the Mecca of millions of tourists seeking health and pleasure. Its wind-blown dunes have become the site of beautiful Atlantic City, with its permanent population of 35,000, and an estimated summer population of 250,000.

Busy streets, handsome cottages, palatial hotels cover the Island from shore to shore, from the Inlet to Longport, making it necessary for Atlantic City to seek a new direction in which to expand.

Wonderful Growth

Little did Jeremiah Leeds think, when paying forty cents an acre for Absecon Beach, little did his family think when selling it for $17.50 an acre, that to-day a moderate valuation of the real estate within Atlantic City's limits would total $70,000,000. Yet such is the fact.

This wondrous growth is due apparently, not to booming or speculation, but to entirely natural causes which exercise a peculiar fascination over visitors. So long as her beach is the finest, her surf the coolest, her skies the brightest, her breezes the balmiest, her boardwalk the gayest, access to her glories the easiest, so long must Atlantic City hold her sway, and so long will sweltering inland millions crowd her healthful shores. With this combination of excellences, the growth and prosperity of Atlantic City are practically as certain as the rising and setting of the sun.

Within ten years land in the heart of Atlantic City has risen 800 per cent., and Atlantic City is yet in its infancy. Unlike some shore resorts, as Newport, which was made by millionaires, Atlantic City has made comfortable fortunes for almost everybody who has invested in her real estate. The next ten years, in the judgment of those who know best, is bound to see as great a rise in the city's suburban property.

City Must Expand

A glance at the Birdseye View bears out this opinion. There rests Atlantic City on Absecon Island as on a throne—beautiful Queen City of the Coast, but with no room for expansion. Land is just as scarce about her as water is plenty. The salt marshes, five miles in width, stretch toward the mainland, affording no outlet for growth. To build on these is to build on mud washed by tide-water.

But Atlantic City must expand; homes must be built somewhere. There is but one direction—on the highland at Atlantic City Heights in Absecon on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, five and one-half-miles, and only eight minutes ride to the heart of Atlantic City. In this direction is absolutely all the natural high ground unoccupied within seven miles of the city. Accordingly attention is now being turned to this section.

On the Highland

Situated seventy-five feet above the ocean, Atlantic City Heights, in the prosperous and beautiful city of Absecon, with its macadamized streets, electric lights, good sewerage, and pure water, churches and schools, affords the only natural outlet for the growth of Atlantic City, and promises an opportunity to investors not unlike that which made the wealth of the early owners of property on the island.

Here the tonic air of the pines mingles with the healing ocean breezes, making it a natural resort for persons seeking restoration to health. The bay and the beautiful natural lake provide boating, fishing, swimming. The woods of pine and oak afford hunting in season, and artesian wells furnish the purest water. Trips in motor launches or sail boats can be made from Absecon Bridge, the center of the city, via the inside waterways, to Somers Point, Beasleys Point, Ocean City, Longport, Atlantic City, Leeds Point, and the thriving little city of Port Republic, and numerous other points of interest.

Easy of Access

Access is easy, the handsome depot being just eight minutes' ride on the Pennsylvania Railroad from the famous Boardwalk. All trains, including through express, make stops. A trolley line runs from Absecon and Atlantic City Heights is in the City of Absecon, so railroad and trolley facilities are good, tickets being sold at the rate of six for twenty-five cents. A trolley line is surveyed direct through to Port Republic on the famous Shore Road.

The Seashore Land and Improvement Company, who are the purchasers of this property, have divided it into lots, 30 by 100 feet, which they are offering to investors and home builders at prices that will seem insignificant three years hence. Since this is all the unoccupied land there is within miles, such an opportunity to secure a home-site suburban to the world's greatest shore resort will not occur again.

The price of these lots is $40; but for a short time only $10 will be deducted from the price of every other lot. Corner lots command $5 extra, a few choice lots being valued at $50.

It should be remembered that this is within easy reach of the Boardwalk, eight minutes' ride by rail, and a five cent fare by trolley.

These lots may be had on the following easy terms: $1 down, each lot, $1 weekly for 1 or two lots; $2 weekly for 3 to 5 lots. No charge for deed; no mortgages; no interest; no taxes until 1906.

It can be readily seen that a fortune is not required to own a valuable piece of real estate. One may become an investor or a home-builder on a very small capital. Here a family may live inexpensively, amid quiet shade and cooling breezes, within a few minutes' ride of the world's greatest Ocean Sanatorium.

Safety of Investment

So sure is the Company of the goodness of this investment that it gives a black and white guarantee that the lots will increase in value at least 25 *per cent.* within one year, based on the price at which they will then be selling similar lots, or money will be refunded with six per cent. interest. Titles are guaranteed by one of the large trust companies. Should the owner of property in Absecon die before his lots are fully paid for, his heirs will receive a clear deed, thus insuring him against risk or loss. Should he desire to build before July 1st, half the purchase price will be returned, and every assistance given him in his enterprise.

Free Life Insurance

In this way men of moderate means may invest on the easiest terms and under the safest guarantee, with practically no risk. It is certainly a most unusual proposition. Land is the safest form of investment. It cannot burn, be stolen, or affected by financial panic Atlantic City Heights in Absecon is the only land convenient to Atlantic City which can be bought as low, or on such terms.

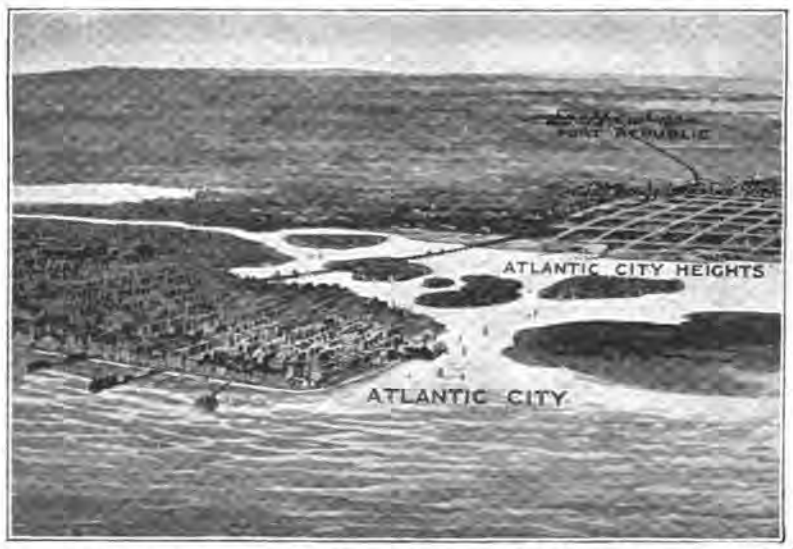
Alfred Adams, Jr., the millionaire beach front property owner of Atlantic City was among the first to recognize the advantages of Atlantic City Heights in the heart of the city of Absecon, and among the first to purchase. He has consented to reply to all inquiries as to the standing of the Company and the goodness of the investment. Prominent officials of railroads, clergymen and hundreds of business men have also purchased largely. Property is sold under wise permanent restrictions, and to white people only. Every facility is offered for investigation.

ALFRED ADAMS, JR.,
The Millionaire Atlantic City Beach Front Property Owner

Low Prices for a Short Time

The price of these lots, which are 30 by 100 feet, at present is $40; but for a short time only, $10 will be deducted from the price of every other lot. For example two lots would cost $70. Corner lots command $5 extra. Five lots including a corner will cost $185, and the terms would be $5 down and only $2 weekly on the balance. The company will allow a discount of 10 per cent. if cash is paid within 10 days from date of purchase.

Purchasers can send money at company's risk.



Birdseye View of Atlantic City Heights, 75 feet above the Ocean, in the modern City of Absecon, on main line Pennsylvania R. R. Six trolley tickets for 25 cents

Within Easy Reach of the Boardwalk

It should be remembered that Atlantic City Heights, in the City of Absecon, which is the first station from Atlantic City, is within easy reach of the Boardwalk, eight minutes' ride by rail. Six coupon tickets can be purchased for 25 cents from the trolley car conductors.

In making your own selection you may get the best choice, but as you are not familiar with the locality, it will be to your own interest to leave the assignment to the company, and you may rest assured that they are worthy of your confidence, and you will get absolutely the best location on the property.

If, after visiting the property at any time within six months from date, you desire to change to another location, they will change for you without any expense. If you prefer, a booklet and map from which to make selection, will be sent upon request. By enclosing $1 with name and address as many lots may be secured as desired, up to five, which is all that can be sold to one person. Satisfaction is guaranteed or the dollar will be returned. Address:

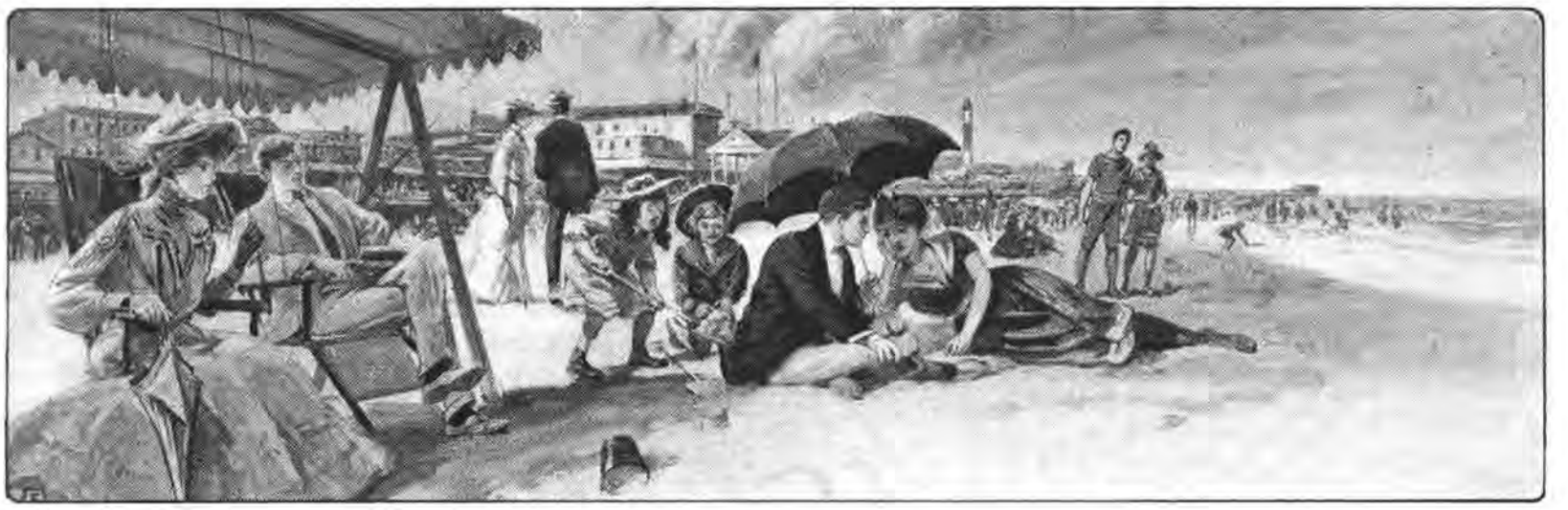
Seashore Land and Improvement Co.

34 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Penn.

Address all correspondence to Philadelphia offices.

Greater Atlantic City

The Story of How the Popular Watering Resort is Making Poor Men Rich *and* Rich Men Richer.



FIFTY years ago Absecon Island was a stretch of surf-washed sand on the Jersey Coast. To-day its wind-blown dunes have become the site of beautiful Atlantic City, with its permanent population of 35,000, and an estimated summer population of 250,000.

Busy streets, handsome cottages, palatial hotels, cover the Island from shore to shore, from the Inlet to Longport, making it necessary for Atlantic City to seek a new direction in which to expand.

Wonderful Growth

Little did Jeremiah Leeds think, when paying forty cents an acre for Absecon Beach, little did his family think when selling it for $17.50 an acre, that to-day a moderate valuation of the real estate within Atlantic City's limits would total $70,000,000. Yet such is the fact.

That wondrous growth is due apparently, not to booming or speculation, but to entirely natural causes which exercise a peculiar fascination over visitors. So long as her beach is the finest, her surf the coolest, her skies the brightest, her breezes the balmiest, her boardwalk the gayest, access to her glories the easiest, so long must Atlantic City hold her sway, and so long will sweltering inland millions crowd her healthful shores. With this combination of excellences, the growth and prosperity of Atlantic City are practically as certain as the rising and setting of the sun.

Within ten years land in the heart of Atlantic City has risen 800 per cent., and Atlantic City is yet in its infancy. Unlike some shore resorts, as Newport, which was made by millionaires, Atlantic City has made comfortable fortunes for almost everybody who has invested in her real estate. The next ten years, in the judgment of those who know best, is bound to see as great a rise in the city's suburban property.

City Must Expand

A glance at the map bears out this opinion. There rests Atlantic City on Absecon Island as on a throne—beauteous Queen City of the Coast, but with no room for expansion. Land is just as scarce about her as water is plenty. The salt marshes, five miles in width, stretch toward the mainland, affording no outlet for growth. To build on these is to build on mud washed by tidewater.

But Atlantic City must expand; homes must be built somewhere. There is but one direction—on the highland at Pleasantville Terrace, adjoining the town of Pleasantville. In this direction is absolutely all the natural high ground unoccupied within seven miles of the city. Accordingly attention is now being turned to this section.

This large tract of highland, formerly known as the Doughty Estate, belonged to General Doughty, of Revolutionary fame, whose log cabin still stands, a relic of that stirring period. This estate has remained in the Doughty family until this spring, when they sold it, thus allowing it to be placed on the market for the first time in over a hundred years.

On the Highland

Situated sixty feet above the ocean, Pleasantville Terrace affords the only natural outlet for the growth of Atlantic city, and promises an opportunity to investors not unlike that which made the wealth of the early owners of property on the Island.

Here the tonic air of the pines mingles with the healing ocean breezes, making it a natural resort of persons seeking restoration to health. Here also a beautiful natural lake, one mile in length, provides boating, fishing, swimming. The woods of pine and oak afford hunting in season, and artesian wells furnish the purest water.

Easy of Access

Access is easy, the handsome new station being just twelve minutes' ride on the Reading Railroad from the famous Boardwalk. All trains, except through express, make regular stops. A trolley line runs from Pleasantville, tickets being sold at the rate of six for twenty-five cents.

The Atlantic City Estate Company, who are the purchasers of this property, have divided it into lots, 25 by 100 feet, which they are offering to investors and home-builders at prices that will seem insignificant five years hence. Since this is nearly all the unoccupied land there is within seven miles, such an opportunity to secure a home-site suburban to the world's greatest shore resort is not likely to occur again.

The price of lots in Section B, within two squares of the Reading Railroad, is $50. Those beyond two squares from the railroad are $40, but for a short time only the company will deduct $10 from every other lot. Corners are $5 extra.

The terms are $1 down for each lot, and $1 per week. It would be advisable to take 3 to 5 lots, and the company will make a special rate of $2 weekly on payments. Five lots, including a corner, beyond two squares from railroad, will only cost $175; or if within two squares of the railroad, $225. No charge for deed; no mortgages; no interest; no taxes until 1906.

It should be remembered that this is within easy reach of the wonderful Boardwalk, twelve minutes' ride by rail, and a five-cent fare by trolley.

Safety of Investment

It can be readily seen that a fortune is not required to own a valuable piece of real estate. One may become an investor or a home builder on a very small capital. Here a family may live inexpensively, amid quiet shade and cooling breezes, within a few minutes' ride of the world's greatest Ocean Sanatorium.

So sure are the Atlantic City Estate Company of the goodness of the investment that they give a black and white guarantee that the lots will increase in value at least *25 per cent.* within one year, based on the price at which their corps of salesmen will then be selling similar lots, or money will be refunded with six per cent. interest. Titles are guaranteed by Integrity Title and Trust Company of Philadelphia. Should the owners of property in Pleasantville Terrace die before their lots are fully paid for, their heirs will receive a clear deed thus insuring them against risk or loss.

In this way those of moderate means may invest on the easiest terms and under the safest guarantee, with practically no risk. It is certainly a most unusual proposition. Land is the safest form of investment. It cannot burn, be stolen, or affected by financial panic. Pleasantville Terrace is the only land convenient to Atlantic City which can be bought as low or on such terms.

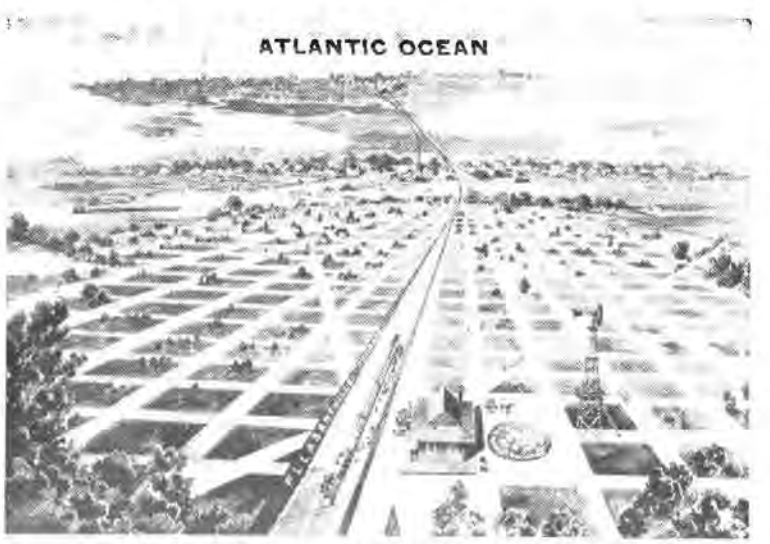
Franklin P. Stoy, Mayor of Atlantic City, was among the first to recognize the advantages of Pleasantville Terrace, and among the first to purchase. He has consented to reply to all inquiries as to the standing of the Company and the goodness of the investment. Prominent officials of the Reading Railroad, clergymen and hundreds of business men have also purchased largely. Property is sold under wise permanent restrictions, and to white people only.

Every facility is offered for investigation. Excursions are run every Sunday from Atlantic City, leaving the Reading Station at 3 P. M. Agents furnish tickets at the station, or they may be had at the Company's offices.

Free Booklet and Map.

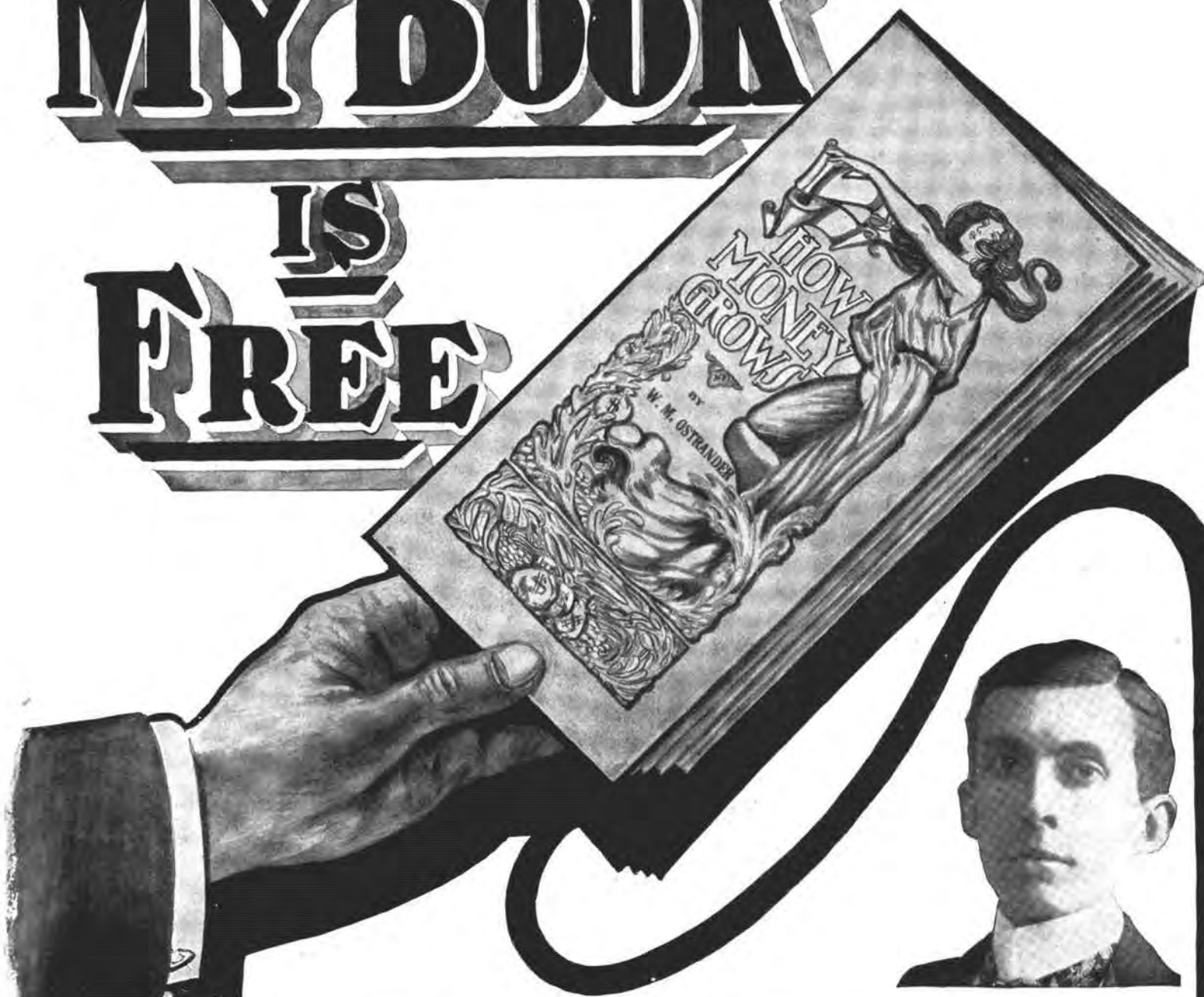
To those who cannot visit the property in person, an illustrated booklet and plans, from which to make selection, will be sent upon request; or, by enclosing $1 with name and address, as many lots may be secured as desired, up to five, which is all that can be sold to one person. Satisfaction is guaranteed or the dollar will be returned.

Send for booklet and further information to Atlantic City Estate Company, Victor J. Humbrecht, President. Home Office, Dept., 1049-1054 Drexel Building, Philadelphia. Branch office, Atlantic City, Boardwalk, nearly opposite Steel Pier.



Birdseye view of Pleasantville Terrace looking toward Atlantic City—reached by Reading R. R. in 12 min.; trolley fare, 5 cents.

MY BOOK IS FREE



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How to Tell a Good Investment.
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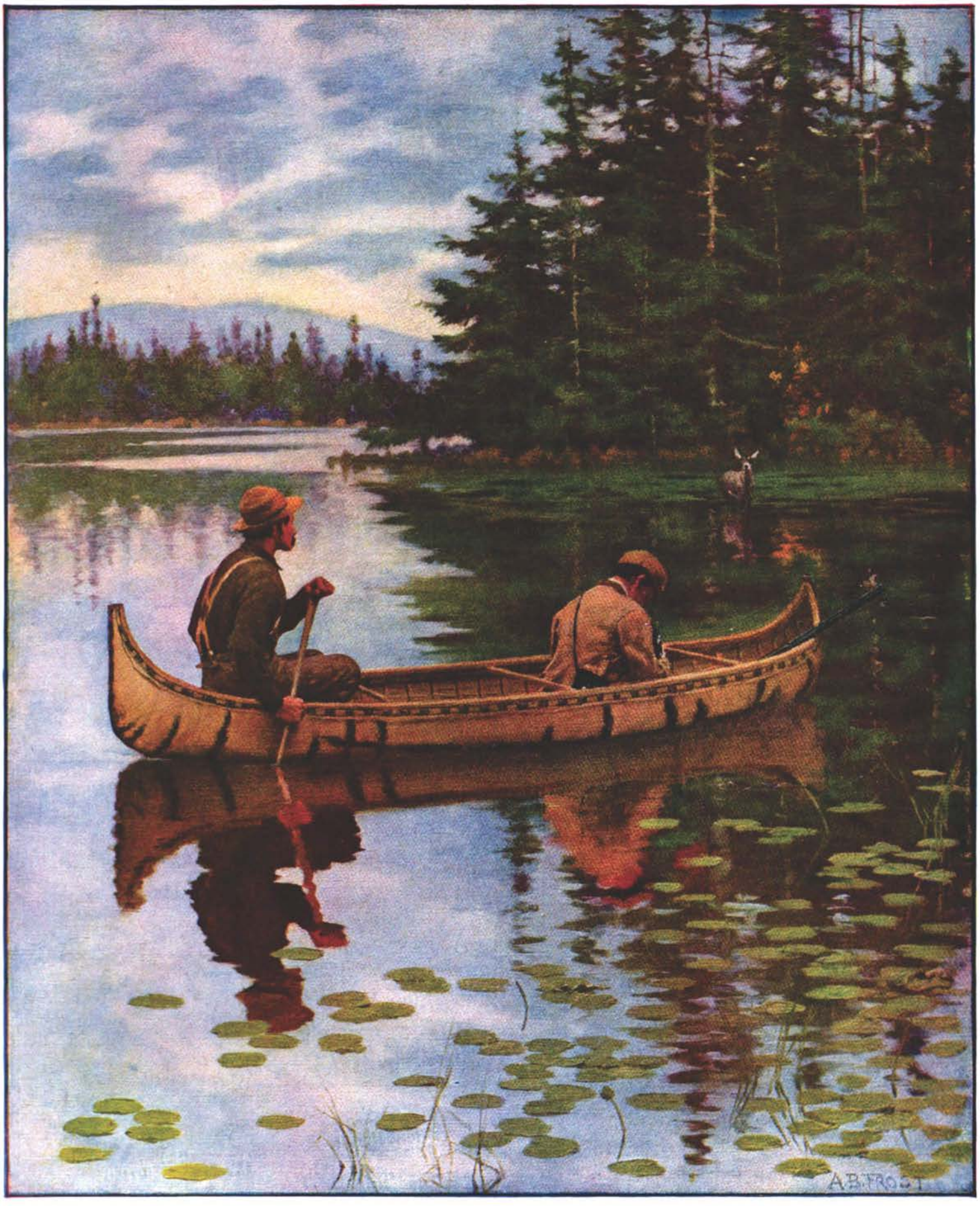

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