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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

JUNE 1905

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of the skin by using HAND SAPOLIO. If you want a velvet skin, don't PUT ON preparations, but TAKE OFF the dead skin, and let the new perfect cuticle furnish its own beauty. Those who use HAND SAPOLIO need no cosmetics—Nature, relieved, does its own work, and you will gain, or retain, a natural beauty that no balms or powders can imitate

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The safest soap in existence is HAND SAPOLIO
SHOULD BE ON EVERY WASHSTAND

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN can only be secured through Nature's work. Ghastly horrid imitations of beauty are made by cosmetics, balms, powders, and other injurious compounds. They put a coat over the already clogged pores of the skin and double the injury.

WOULD YOU WIN PLACE? Be clean, both in and out.

We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with HAND SAPOLIO.

It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.

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

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Do it gently, wisely, but firmly. Insist on having HAND SAPOLIO from your dealer. He owes it to you.

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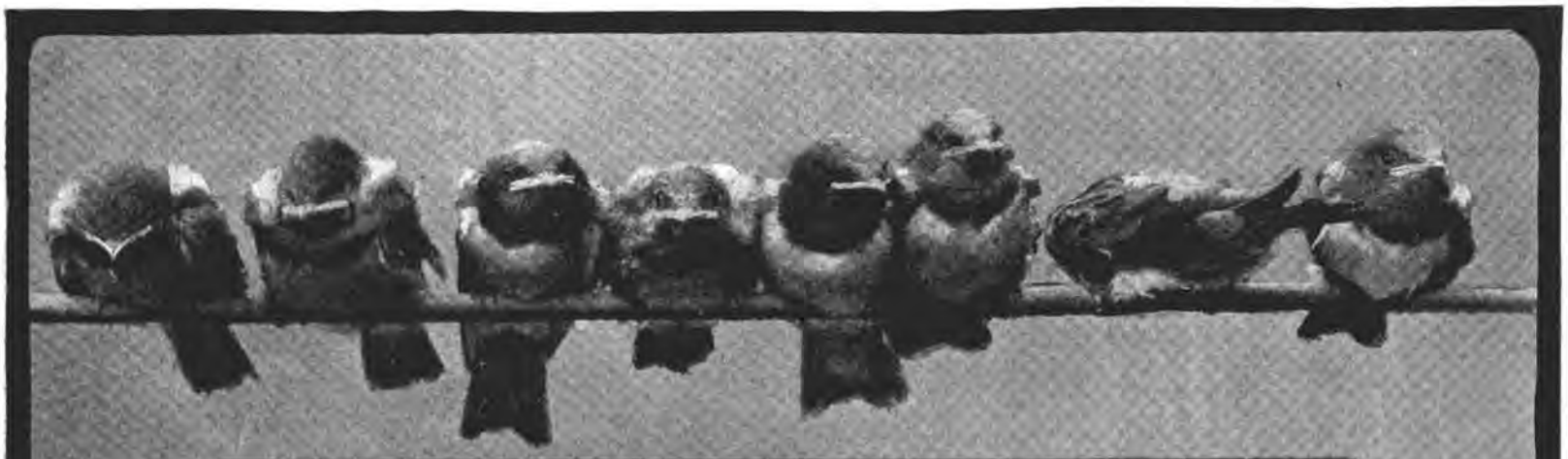

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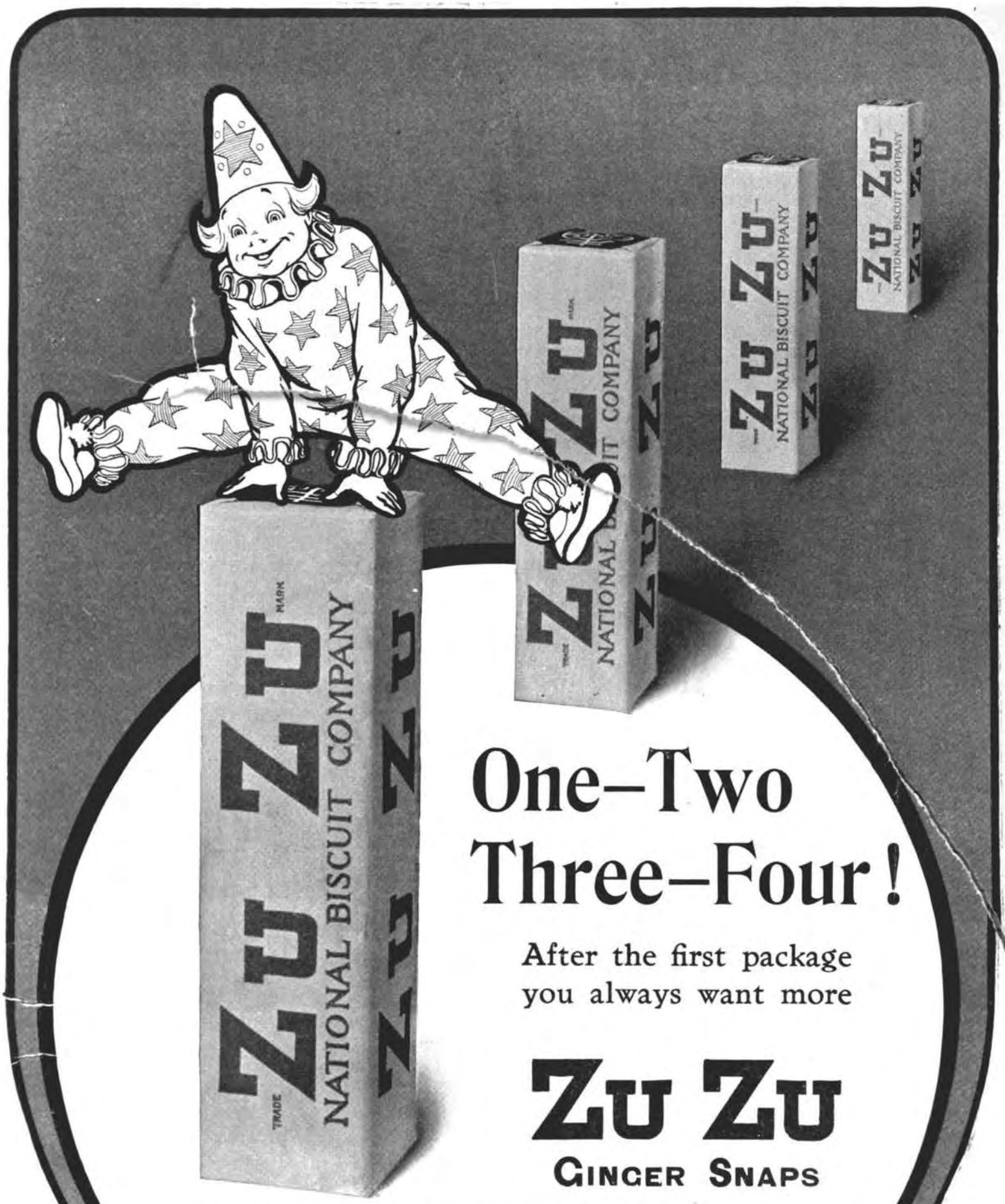

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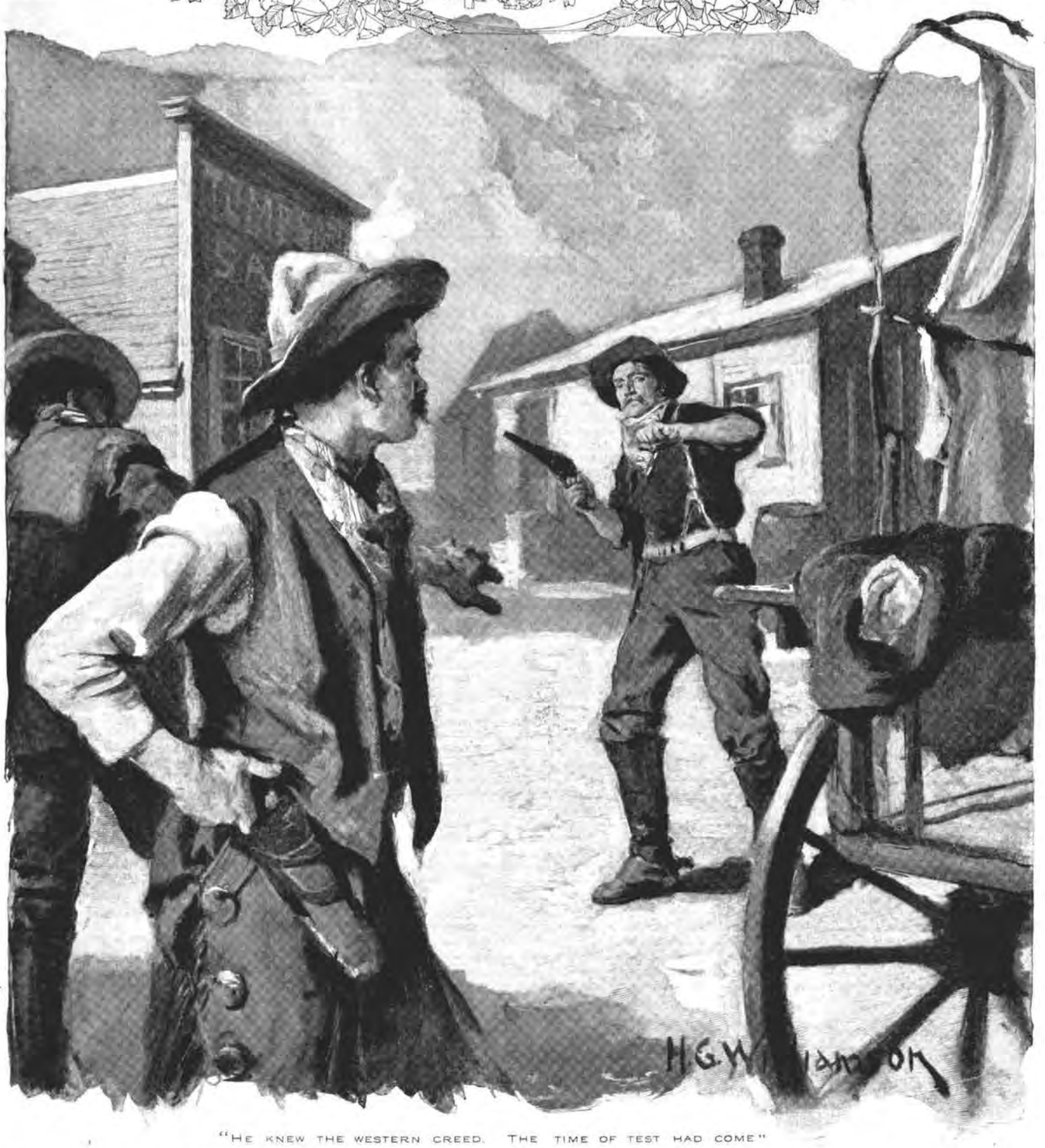

"HE KNEW THE WESTERN CREED. THE TIME OF TEST HAD COME"

The Lost Mine of the Uintahs

Emerson Hough

[AUTHOR OF "THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE"]

THIS is the story of a lost mine. That it is "a true story" need not matter much; indeed, many may doubt that it is true, for much of the incident of this little melodrama of the actual West is as remarkable as if it were the product of the most cunning imagination. Fiction could hardly be stranger.

Of lost mines in the Rockies there are many. Every western state and territory has its lost mine. Not until the ultimate page of the history of the hills shall have dimmed will this phantasm of hidden treasure fade utterly away. Perhaps all stories of lost mines date back to that original and greatest of all mountain legends, the tradition of the Madre d'Oro, or Mother of Gold, whose history is in the heart of every mining man from Bering Strait to the Isthmus of Panama. The valley of the Madre d'Oro, according to the vague legend, lies somewhere in the heart of a distant range of mountains, which latter may be in Alaska, in Mexico, in Central or South America, perhaps in Colorado, or perhaps in Utah,—who knows? Some say that the Aztecs knew of this valley. Others tell us of lost men in modern days, madmen, raving, telling of wealth unspeakable, wealth seen for one moment and then lost forever. The story of the Madre d'Oro states that the great valley was crossed by a stream of water that broke over an exposed face or dam of solid gold. It tells—oh, brilliant hope!—that ever, when the morning sun rises above the rim of the hedging mountains, so that its rays fall upon the great ledge of gold, a flush of rich golden light springs up above the valley, a sign visible of the Madre d'Oro, mother of all the gold! But it tells, also,—ah, sad sequel!—that he who looks beyond the rim, and sees the flush of this great light, is thereby forever stricken blind. This may be allegory, showing the futility of immense wealth to confer human happiness,—showing the ashen qualities of those apples which humanity has ever coveted

since the creation of the earth. The miners of the West have never held this to be allegory, but fact. I myself, by many a camp fire far away in the mountains, since once I was admitted to that freemasonry of the West which none but lovers and sharers of the West may ever know, have heard whispered tales, broken midway and finished by a nod or a glance or a gesture of lips compressed. We all knew that somewhere there was a *madre d'oro*, and knew that some day some one would find it. So, if we may believe this story of the lost mine of the Uintahs, there was, indeed, one day, a man who found it, and that not long ago.

We may start this story of the lost mine of the Uintahs upon *data* at hand even to-day. There is a man living at Salt Lake City who knew much of its first history. This man is A. D. Ferron, a surveyor, now well on in years, whose life in the West dates back to the early Mormon days. He has told reputable men known to the writer that, many years ago, he was in the employ of Brigham Young, whom he attended in a clerical capacity. Ferron has said to reputable men, and will undoubtedly repeat, that, with his own eyes, many years ago, he once saw Brigham Young pull from under a table a dish pan nearly filled with gold nuggets. These nuggets had been brought into the possession of the Mormon ruler by a certain good Mormon known as Caleb Rhodes. The latter thought he had done his church and the Kingdom of Deseret a service by this discovery, which he took to be communicated to him directly by angels of heaven. "See," he said, "I have been given knowledge of great secrets, even as our prophet was given knowledge of the plates of gold containing the sacred writings. We and our people shall be rich! We need never labor more! There is enough and more than enough for all."

Not so thought Brigham Young, the close-mouthed leader of a people remarkable and situated amid conditions no less remarkable. "Listen, my children," said he; "you see this gold, but it is my wish that you forget its presence or its origin. Seek no more for it, and let me, your leader, hear no more of these lost mines, which come not from the saints of heaven, but from the devils below the earth. We are here not to found a community of miners and madmen, but a commonwealth based upon agriculture and made up of homes close to the earth. I can not have my people wandering off into the mountains in pursuit of these golden dreams." So, therefore, to Caleb Rhodes, elated, jubilant, and utterly confident, he issued a mandate that he must no longer pay any visit whatever to his mine, and must banish the thought thereof from his mind forever.

These incidents are not imaginative, but are true and well substantiated. Caleb died and was gathered to his fathers. Left as issue of his body were Enoch Rhodes and Caleb Rhodes, Junior. These did not accept as running to the third and fourth generation the command of Brigham Young that the family of Rhodes should visit the mountains no more. It is known that within recent years Caleb Rhodes, Junior, has shown to reputable men considerable amounts of raw gold,—specks, nuggets, and lumps. It has been known that Caleb Rhodes could get more of this gold when he liked. He was close-mouthed, as was his right. When he disappeared into the hills he told no man of his errand and acquainted none with his trail. These actions of Caleb Rhodes and his possession of this mysterious knowledge of a supply of gold have long caused men to hearken back to the old days of Brigham Young and of Caleb Rhodes, Senior. It needs no imagination to suppose that the son knew the secret of his father, and that he did not accept as binding the edict of the Mormon ruler.

The Rhodes family of the second generation continued to live in the neighborhood of what is now the town of Price, Utah. Enoch Rhodes, the elder son, might have been fairly supposed to be a sharer with his brother of this secret of the old Mormon mine. Enoch was never known to show quantities of native gold, as his younger brother has done within recent memory. The reason why he did not lies in the fact that he died some years ago. But he did not die without making a serious and definite attempt to learn about this interdicted mine. Indeed, he is known to have made an expedition to the mine. Caleb Rhodes tells no tales, but the story of the journey of Enoch is known and well established. It runs somewhat thus:—

Knowing that the old Mormon mine discovered by Caleb Rhodes, his father, lay far off in the Indian country, Enoch feared to venture alone on his journey of exploration. Journey he must, however; for, when the golden light of the Madre d'Oro beckons, none may rest, though obedience may mean death itself. Enoch, whatever fate might threaten, must go into the mountains, and go he did. He journeyed, as is well known, over the somewhat long and rugged trail which lay between the settlement of Price and the agency of the Uintah Indian Reservation. That was years ago, the events happening, as nearly as may now be determined, during the incumbency of an Indian agent by the name of Burns.

Enoch, perhaps feeling the foreshadow of fate upon him, feared to go into the mountains alone. He sought about for a dependable companion for this journey, which his soul told him might be hazardous. He found this friend in the blacksmith at the agency, a man called Enoch Davis, who was well known among the Indians and acquainted with the mountain country which lay to the northward of the agency settlement. Therefore Enoch, the son of Davis, and Enoch, the son of Rhodes, struck a bargain that they should go in companionship in search of the lost mine of the Mormons. Assuredly the flush of the Madre d'Oro lay distinctly for these two there on the northern sky.

The point at which Enoch Davis had his blacksmith shop was later known as White Rock, and it is known that from this point these two set forth upon their quest. They traveled by way of the Duchesne River, following in general direction a road which has since been built through that country. Their way lay along Strawberry Creek, by what is known as Daniels Canyon. The travelers had no need to hesitate. Both were mountain men. Moreover, Enoch Rhodes carried with him, as is known, a map or a chart which had been given him by his father, or which he had constructed from information received from his father. According to this map, as is well established, the way to the lost mine led to the northeast from Daniels Canyon, along an old trail, plain and deeply marked, presumably made by the Indians, which ran along the backbone of the mountain range above timber line, probably about ten thousand feet above sea level. This trail has since been found to be perfectly plain. Why it should be so old, so deep, and so plain may be a part of Madre d'Oro stories of which we do not know. At all events, according to the map, this trail was to be followed along the south side of the mountain crest until the traveler should arrive at a wide plateau or *mesa*. The country confirmed the map in every detail; the story of the old Mormon was verified every mile of the journey. What, then, must have been the feelings of these two adventurers who, following these instructions and meeting these continual confirmations, at length reached a locality which corresponded exactly with the descriptions given of the country lying immediately about Caleb Rhodes's lost mine!

Davis himself has told the story of this journey, as we shall see, and his report holds confirmatory details throughout. In his story he said that, in going up to White Rock from Price, Caleb Rhodes crossed Soldier Mountain, came down Seven-mile Creek to Gate Mountain, and thence over to the Uintah agency, where he met him, Davis. He describes the journey from the agency along the Duchesne to Daniels Canyon with minuteness, also the old trail above timber line on the south side of the range, which exists to-day, mysterious now as then. He says that, when some seventy-five miles out from the agency on their journey, Enoch Rhodes halted the little pack train and announced to him that they were within two or three miles of the mine. This was near the *mesa* or plateau mentioned above. Ah, they were arriving! Soon they would see their *madre d'oro!*

But first they must break the spell of the place! They must appease the spirits of their *madre d'oro*,—the spirits protecting all lost mines. Without doubt, the spirits of the mountains laid hands upon these two. Rhodes, an unusually strong man, the one knowing the secret and owning the chart, was suddenly, and without apparent reason, taken seriously ill almost at the very time when this halt was made in the supposed vicinity of the lost mine. Therefore, according to Davis's story, these two went into camp, about three or four o'clock of the day, this being, in all likelihood, as nearly as can now be determined, upon the third or fourth day after they had left the agency.

On the day following this encampment close to the lost mine, Davis and Enoch Rhodes broke camp and moved a trifle farther into the mountains. They were feverishly eager to get to the end of their journey. Rhodes was seriously ill, but they had not yet reached their mine, and his counsel seems to have been necessary. They pushed on as best they might, the sick man holding himself up with desperate resolve. They came finally to a certain gulch which tallied with the description of the chart. There Rhodes became helpless. The hand of death seemed to lie upon him. Was it, indeed, true that the Madre d'Oro, sometime visible, was, in accordance with the terms of the legend, making ready to sink down once more into the depths of the hills, pulling about it the secret-loving mountains as a robe of mystery? Was this impending death of Enoch Rhodes to close the transient day of this most recent earthly appearance of the mother of the gold.

Rhodes could sit saddle no farther, nor could he climb the rocks afoot. Yet, with his remaining energy, he took Davis and showed to him the very spot where the mine was to be found. "Go!" he said; "there it is. Go!" So, leaving Davis to complete the quest, Rhodes crawled back to camp and lay down upon what was to prove his deathbed.

Davis, thus practically left alone in the undertaking, pushed on into the gulch. He found,—ah, what must have been his feelings at the sight of this which he found! He could never speak coherently of it. Perhaps the spell of the golden vision left him somewhat mad. At least we know that he saw, not a little outcropping of gold, not a little scattered rotten quartz here and there showing free gold at the grass roots, but a spectacle which of itself almost bore warrant for the original legend of the mighty Madre d'Oro. There was a thirty-foot front of shining gold exposed to the open air. A trickle of water crossed it and laid it bare. There was a width of three or four feet to this lode, which was longitudinally exposed to the distance mentioned. Thus, although its dimensions were not of the fabled valley, there was visible, without doubt, a true fissure vein, eroded and washed into partial exposure, and, without doubt, enormously rich. Davis could never speak composedly of this sight.

There, then, was the lost mine of Caleb Rhodes, the forbidden treasure house of the Mormons, and, in all likelihood, one of the most remarkable mines ever laid bare in the Rocky Mountains. Was it, indeed, the mystical Madre d'Oro? Have we, indeed, whispered of this, sitting far away at campfires? In the old freemasonry of the West, were the dreamers—madmen,—therefore altogether wrong?

Davis, with such tools as lay at his hand, fell madly upon this ledge and took out gold,—all the gold that he could carry. He had come hurriedly and brought no convenient receptacle. So, talking and laughing to himself as he hammered and picked and scrabbled with his fingers in it all, he took off his leather chaps, and likewise his buckskin shirt, and crowded the legs and sleeves of these garments as full of the nuggets as they would safely carry. Thus encumbered, he started back to camp, where his friend Rhodes lay sick and near the end of his mortal journey. Davis would tell his friend that the story was indeed true, that the chart had not lied, and that the great mine was, assuredly, found again.

Previous to the time when he actually saw the golden vein itself, both he and his companion had been rendered uneasy by the signs of Indians. They continually saw signal fires and had other evidences that they were followed by red men. The rough bivouac had been made in a rocky gulch on the mountain side, where there was no feed for horses. Above this spot, reached only by a hard climb up the gulch, there was a little bench or *mesa*, affording water and grass for the horses. To this spot Davis had taken the horses, while Rhodes remained at the camp. Therefore, after Davis had brought down to the camp all the gold which he could carry in his chaps and shirt, the two adventurers, feeling that they had reward

"HE REACHED THE PLATEAU WHERE THE HORSES WERE FEEDING. SPRINGING INTO THE SADDLE HE RODE TO THE EDGE OF THE

sufficient, and fearing surprise by the Indians, whom they believed to be near at hand, began to think of getting back down the mountain trail as quickly as might be. Rhodes had not seen the mine, but he was too ill to make the climb up the gulch and too ill to help in the hurried arrangements for the return. It fell to the lot of Davis to ascend to the *mesa* and catch the horses for the return journey. In going out to get the animals, he did not carry with him his chaps and his buckskin shirt loaded with gold; yet he did have a few lumps, amounting to a considerable value, which he had thrust into his trousers' pockets before he left the camp this second time.

He reached the plateau where the horses were feeding, and had but just saddled his own horse when, all at once, he heard shots below him. Springing into the saddle he rode to the edge of the plateau. To go further would be to ride directly into the face of the fire of the Indians, who had located their prey. He dismounted swiftly, took to the rocks, and made what fight he could. The Indians got above him on the *mesa*, and, finding that he could not hold his position, he abandoned his horse and fled down the mountain side. Instead of passing toward the west, along the old trail, he turned down to the south in an attempt to join his companion at the camp. It was due to this latter attempt that the journey ended in such disaster; for, as he ran, he was shot with a rifle ball, receiving a wound in the thigh which made travel extremely difficult and painful; yet he escaped, and reached the camp where he had left his friend. He was too late. The Indians had shot and killed Rhodes as he lay helpless in his blankets. No lost mine, no *madre d'oro* now for Enoch Rhodes! The protecting spirits of the mine had done their work thus far. Neither was it time for a man alone in the mountains to concern himself with a heavy load of gold. Life is first, after all! Davis was glad enough to get away alive. He made his way on foot across the mountains to the southward, and, eventually, after many hardships, reached his little blacksmith shop. He kept his secret for a time, fearing the Indians. The latter appeared at his shop, from time to time, some of them showing little lumps and nuggets of gold. They brought threats regarding an unknown man, who had escaped them, wounded, high up in the mountains near the place of "heavy rock," which was their own place and not belonging to any white man.

At this time a little settlement at what is known as the town of Vernal was just beginning, and Davis's family lived at that point. He himself, wounded, anxious, and fearful of all manner of things, shunned the agency doctor and went about his blacksmithing work crippled as he was. He did not care at once to make a second trip to the dangerous locality from which he had escaped thus hardly. None the less he did show his nuggets of gold to his wife. The latter, rightly believing that where this gold had come from there might be yet other gold, and fancying rather a life of ease as the wife of a millionaire than an existence of hard work as the wife of a blacksmith, ever besought her husband to summon up his courage, to return to the lost mine, and to bring down yet greater quantities of the precious metal. Mrs. Davis, wife of the agency blacksmith, wanted garments of purple and fine linen, with ease, opulence, and freedom from work. The vengeance of this valley of gold came down to her also. Davis and his wife talked the matter over frequently, and the more they argued over it the more obnoxious became the insistence of Mrs. Davis. To make it all short, the blacksmith, one morning, killed his wife with a hatchet. The details regarding this crime are discoverable by reference to the criminal records of Utah.

Not even in that time and place could an incident of this kind be passed unnbticed. Davis, the late gold-seeker, was arrested, confined in the penitentiary for a time, and finally sentenced to die. He was given his choice of execution by hanging or by shooting, and, like a brave man, he chose death by the rifle. He was accordingly executed by shooting. The list of victims of the lost mine was beginning to grow. The guardians of the valley of gold were continuing their work of protection. Three lives, within a short time, had been sacrificed. This, however, was not all.

At this stage of our story two of the chief actors are

"'GO!' HE SAID; 'THERE IT IS. GO!'"

dead, and one minor actor as well. Caleb Rhodes, Junior, and the surveyor, A. D. Ferron, do not appear at all in this part of the action of the tale. Therefore, the question naturally arises, at this juncture, whence were the facts of Davis's story obtained, and how can they be verified, since Davis himself is dead? The answer to this is entirely easy and capable of proof. Davis told his story, while he was in the penitentiary, to a fellow convict who was afterwards freed. The name of this fellow convict, we will say, was John White. Since the man was imprisoned under a sentence obviously unjust, and since he was soon thereafter pardoned and is leading a useful and industrious life in Utah, it would not be proper to give his real name, although it is readily obtainable. A friend of the writer, whom we may call Seaforth, knew John White, and, indeed, knows him now, since White is one of his most trusted employees.

It was through the convict John White that the story of Enoch Davis regarding the lost mine came to light, confirming the old rumors of the Mormon mine, and, later, to confirm the actions of the uncommunicative Caleb, Junior, occasionally known to be possessed of certain nuggets of native gold.

As to John White, for more than ten years he had been following, dog-like, zigzag, this scent of golden treasure, which was eventually to lead him behind prison bars. In his earlier years we discover him to have been a prospector in the far-off mountains of Arizona. In his work there he met continually the Navajo Indians, known to travel far to the northward, and supposed to know somewhat of the mountain country of upper Utah. Among these Indians John White was known as "Hosteen Peshtaki," or "the silver man." They told him stories of their own, explaining that there is among their people a tradition of a mine, far to the northward, very rich in gold. There, say the Navajos, is the place where the Indians got the yellow metal, or "heavy rock," when they cared for it; although, of course, this heavy rock had not much value in their eyes. This mine, said the Navajos to John White, is far to the north, up the great Colorado River, among the big northern mountains. It is situated, they say, always, in their vague stories, at a place whence can be seen three distinct and prominent mountain peaks.

Then began the Madre d'Oro to beckon to this one of her followers. John White, mindful of the council of the Navajos, headed a little cavalcade northward from Arizona. They pushed over desert and mountain range until at length they saw rolling before them the great flood of the Colorado River, with no known ford available. White, at the head of this little band of horsemen, rode on down the canyon which debouches into the Colorado, opposite Trachyte Creek, a stream flowing in from the west. "Come on, boys!" cried he to his followers; "here is a dandy crossing!"—and as "Dandy Crossing" it is known to this day.

John White began prospecting in the Henry Mountains, near the Colorado River. In his wanderings thereabout he saw before him three bold peaks, Mount Hillers, Mount Ellsworth, and another eminence. At once he jumped to the conclusion that he must have found the location of the lost mine of the Navajos. At that time he had never heard of the lost mine of the Uintahs, and had never heard of Enoch Davis, or any of the Rhodes family. Eagerly casting about he found, not, to be sure, any very rich mineral lode, but some placer grounds which, he conceived, would pay fairly well for operating. By that time he was in need of money, as are ever most prospectors. This stage of his life led to the junction point of John White and Seaforth in our story.

Once upon a time Seaforth, who was a civil engineer, was sitting in his car near the point where the railroad bridge now spans the ancient waterway at the junction of the Gunnison and the Grand. There entered, unannounced, a travel-stained, weather-beaten, but thoroughly useful-looking and business-like man, none less, indeed, than John White, late of Arizona, and now owner of a valuable placer claim on a bench along the Colorado River, near the Henry Mountains. John White wanted a grub stake. Without much parley, Seaforth, the civil engineer, gave him his grub stake. Forthwith White went back to his claim on the Colorado, dug, developed, and found that he had something worth while, to the best of his information and belief. Yet presently it occurred to him that he could mine with much greater profit could he only get water up to his dry bench from the Colorado River. He conceived the idea of a sprocket wheel, to be operated by the flood of the Colorado River itself. This sprocket wheel would require the expenditure of more money,—at least ten thousand dollars. He went again to Seaforth, but the latter could not stake him for so much. White, therefore, journeyed on to Denver, laid before certain capitalists his plans, got his ten thousand dollars in return for stock in the placer mine, returned, built his sprocket wheel on the Colorado, and went on with his mining in the neighborhood of his three peaks. It was not wholly satisfactory, because he found that he had not discovered the lost mine of the Navajos.

As to the sprocket wheel itself, it proved only one more of many mining illusions. The Colorado River is mighty and contemptuous in its strength. The sprocket wheel came to a sudden and permanent stop in its operations. Yet by that time the John White properties had proved to be somewhat flattering. There were located close to him, on these bench lands, certain persons not without shrewdness of their own in mining matters, and not without jealousy of another's success. These persons did not like to see John White selling stock in his mining enterprises when they themselves were not able to do so. Jealousy and bickerings continued, and a final consultation among the members of this envious assemblage of neighbors determined the fact that in their belief it would be a most excellent thing to kill John White. There arose, then, one man whom we may call Toler, though that is not precisely his name. Toler, in his cabin on the Colorado, announced boldly to all men that he proposed to kill John White as soon as they should meet face to face.

At that time White was away on a visit to Denver. On his return to his placer mines, some of his friends advised him of the threat of Toler. White was no new man in the Rockies, nor one easily to be frightened away. "As to these threats," said he, "it will be best for me to go direct to

[*Concluded on pages 436 and 437*]

PLATEAU. TO GO FURTHER WOULD BE TO RIDE DIRECTLY INTO THE FACE OF THE FIRE OF THE INDIANS, WHO HAD LOCATED THEIR PREY"

Robert Watchorn,—The Man Who Climbed Out

J. Herbert Welch

THE LIFE-STORY OF A BOY IMMIGRANT WHO HAS BECOME COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHTED BY ADAMS, NEW YORK

IN an English coal mine, thirty years ago, a boy named Robert Watchorn labored. He pushed cars through black corridors for long hours every day, and the indications were that for long years, probably for a lifetime, he would be a toiler in sunless depths, one of thousands of grimy slaves to the world's demand for coal.

He had no reason to expect more than this. At work with him in the mines were great numbers of men who were stolidly traveling the hopeless path that begins with labor underground, at the age of ten or twelve, and brings its follower back, prematurely aged from toil, to the tasks and pay of childhood.

The conditions were as hard for Watchorn as for them. He had no better ground than they for hoping to rise into the sunlight of life. But he did hope. Unlike the great majority, he made a fight against the fate of the average English coal miner.

To learn about this struggle, and its notable results, I recently went to Ellis Island, New York Harbor, to talk with Robert Watchorn, commissioner of immigration.

His Motto Is "Do One Thing at a Time"

"I was eleven when I went to work in the mines of Derbyshire," he said, "but it was not long before I began to feel that life was worth too much to spend in the black bowels of the earth. I made up my mind to climb out."

That climb from the mines has lifted Robert Watchorn to an executive office which President Roosevelt, when making the appointment, a few months ago, said he considered one of the most important at his disposal. He added that he was giving it to a man whose record, subjected to the closest scrutiny, showed diamond-fine.

The journey of the new commissioner up the slope illustrates, in a significant way, what a friendless youth, with no material resources or advantages, can achieve in the United States by the simple plan of applying all his powers to the performance of every duty.

"I believe that what has helped me most," he remarked, "has been my aim to do one thing at a time, and so well that any other man will find it extremely difficult to do it better. In the words of St. Paul,—'this one thing I do.'"

He Had but Ten Dollars when He Landed

It was in his office in the Immigration Building that Commissioner Watchorn thus announced one of the guiding principles of his life. He was gazing thoughtfully out through a window that commanded a broad view of the harbor, and his eyes rested upon an Atlantic liner that was moving in with dignity from the Narrows.

"It was a ship like that—the good ship 'Bothnia,'—that brought me to the New World," he said. "As we came up the bay, that May morning in 1880, I crowded to the rail of the steerage deck to view the shores of the land of promise. I don't know why I thought that it promised much for me, but I did. I was twenty, then, and full of confidence. My sole resources consisted of the English equivalent of about ten dollars, and I had no friends in this new country; but I knew that it is the country of opportunity, and that somewhere behind the green hills that were closing around us, or behind the buildings of the great city that rose dimly ahead, I would find my opportunities, the kind I wanted.

"I had had a chance in England. I had attended an evening school maintained by a philanthropic man named Bone for boys of the mines. When I told him that I had decided to go to America he tried to dissuade me and said he had a plan to provide me with a course in a school of mining. My answer, after thanking him, was that I wanted to be in a land where it is not birth, but worth, that counts. He said that I would be disillusioned, and that he would hold his offer open to me for three years. Soon afterwards I emigrated.

"When I had landed with the rest at Castle Garden, and stood surveying the trees and well-kept lawns of Battery Park, I was full of ingenuous enthusiasm. I was also very hungry, and I viewed with great interest a pie-stand that had caught my notice. The little experience that followed had an influence on me that has extended to this day."

The young immigrant with an appetite bought a piece of the pie and handed the merchant a half dollar.

"Where 's my change?" he asked, after he had finished the pastry.

"Change!" exclaimed the pieman. "There ain't no change. Wot d'ye expect fur ten cents?"

"But I gave you a good deal more than that."

"More nothin'. Chase yerself, or I 'll call a cop."

He did, and the policeman hustled the youth along without his change.

Hard Knocks Gave Him Courage to Win

"I 've had many hard knocks," said the commissioner, in concluding the story of the pie,—"but this one, coming when I was expecting to have the right hand of fellowship held out to me, was one of the hardest of all. It braced me, however, like a dash of cold water. It tightened my determination to win out,—to overcome the odds which, I realized for the first time, must be faced by a friendless alien. More than this, I then and there made up my mind that, when I had achieved a position in the United States, I would try to do something for helpless immigrants."

At that moment the commissioner was interrupted by an official who said that he had in the anteroom an immigrant who had just been ordered

deported to Russia, and who had asked that his case be appealed.

"Bring him in," directed the commissioner.

The immigrant had an intelligent face, and apparently was in the prime of robust manhood. He stood before the big table with the rigidity of a soldier; but his hands trembled, for he was in the presence of the man who represented to him the power of the United States and was about to pass upon his fate.

"Upon what ground has it been decided to exclude him?" questioned Commissioner Watchorn, studying the alien keenly.

"No money," the official answered.

"Has he a trade?"

"Yes, tinsmithing."

"How much did he earn in Russia?"

"Forty rubles a month."

"Is his record good?"

"Yes."

"Is he healthy?"

"Yes."

"In view of the fact that he has every lawful requirement for admission to the United States except his temporary lack of funds," said Mr. Watchorn, "I shall recommend through the commissioner general that the secretary of commerce and labor sustain his appeal and allow him to land."

"An alien who arrives without money," he said, when the immigrant had been taken out, "may be excluded on the ground that he is likely to become a public charge, but in my opinion it is absurd to bar him for lack of money alone. We have to use discretion in these cases. The man who was just in impressed me as a worker.

"Congress has erected barriers only against immigrants who are found to be criminal or immoral, unsound of body or mind, incompetent, or decrepit from age, and those coming in violation of the contract labor law. A million a year outside of these classes are arriving now. When the population of this country reaches one hundred and fifty millions we shall be able to assimilate, because of the increased requirements of the people, two million immigrants a year. If of the right sort, they will not do this nation harm, but good.

He First Labored as a Mule's Substitute

"These people are not the scum of Europe, as has been so often said. I know, for instance, that in many of the coal mines of Pennsylvania are thousands upon thousands of people who came here as aliens, but are as true citizens as any we have. They are frugal, industrious, and intelligent. They cherish their homes and do what they can to educate their children. Among them is a great wealth of patriotic feeling for the land of their adoption. It is the same in the West,—in all sections where immigrants have settled. They constitute a bulwark of American institutions, and here at the gateway we endeavor to protect them."

"In accordance with your resolve when you were an immigrant yourself?" I suggested.

"I suppose so," he replied, smiling. After a slight pause he added:—

"It is curious how things come around, if you work for them and are patient. You need patience. With me, for instance, it has been a journey of twenty-five years from the immigrants' floor upstairs to this office."

Spurred on by questions, he resumed the narrative of his progress in the United States.

In Battery Park, after he had been misused by the pie merchant and the policeman, he saw a sign which read: "Immigrants' Employment Bureau."

"I want work," he informed the man in charge.

"What can you do?" inquired the latter.

"In England I was a coal miner."

"Do you want to be one here?"

"Well, I want to go to work."

The result of this talk was that the young man was provided with a ticket to Steubenville, Ohio, and, a few days later, was engaged in pushing coal cars in and out of a mine which had a roof so low that, mules not being able to enter, boys were em-

ROBERT WATCHORN

ployed instead. On Saturday night the new helper went to the foreman to get his pay. The latter laughed at him.

"Why," he said, "the coal from this mine is supplied to farmers, who pay for it in grain and vegetables. That's the only kind of pay you'll get, and we don't happen to have any on hand this evening."

"After working in the mine all day, must I turn merchant and sell the stuff to get any money?"

"That's about the size of it."

"I think I'll quit this job," said young Watchorn. He drifted into Pennsylvania, and, in the vicinity of Pittsburg, found work in a mine for real money. Meager as was his pay, he divided it into three parts. One part he devoted to his living expenses, another he saved, and the third he sent to his mother in England. One day the president of the bank to which he went each week stopped and shook his hand.

"My son," he said, "I have been told about you. A young man who saves his money and helps the old folks at home as regularly as you do is worth knowing. I want you to consider me your friend. I will help you all I can."

Eighteen months after Robert Watchorn had landed he had sent for his father and mother and younger brothers and sisters. The family was established on American soil. For its pioneer in the new country this meant increased responsibility and even harder work, but, in addition to his struggle for a livelihood for them and himself, he was struggling for an education. Five evenings in the week he went to school.

He Was the Sole Support of His Family

It was there that he began fully to appreciate the value of technical training, and, having saved some money, and his family being comfortably situated, he decided to accept, as a loan, the means which Mr. Bone had offered to provide for a course in an English school of mining.

His steamer had just arrived at Liverpool, and he was on the dock in high spirits, looking forward eagerly to revisiting his old home and meeting old friends, when a cablegram was handed to him. In a mine catastrophe, near Pittsburg, his father had been killed.

The young man engaged passage on the next steamer for New York, and, without having been outside of Liverpool, started back to take up again the burden of the support of his mother and the children by labor in the mines.

But his interests were by no means wholly centered in his family and himself. He thought a good deal about labor conditions, and did not hesitate to express his views. He joined a lodge of the Knights of Labor, and, in 1884, was made its president.

As he was quitting his work, one evening in 1887, he received a telegram offering him the presidency of the organization for the district of Pittsburg. This would mean new and important duties,—a distinct turn in his career. He consulted his mother, as was his custom in all matters of importance, and accepted.

Thus began for Robert Watchorn seven years of great and fruitful activity in the cause of labor. "I had numerous controversies with capitalists," he remarked, "and enjoyed them, because I never sought out these men unless certain that my cause was just. There's nothing like a just cause for boldness."

A convention was called in Columbus, Ohio, in 1888, for the purpose of uniting in one body the various miners' organizations. The plan failed. Robert Watchorn and some others were called upon to outline another. This resulted in the forming of the United Mine Workers of America, one of the largest and most powerful labor organizations in the world. The young labor leader was made secretary and treasurer, and became a prime mover in varied activities beneficial to miners. Wages were raised many per cent. State legislatures were induced to pass laws providing safer timbering for mines, a very large increase of the fresh air supply for each man in a mine, and other requirements which reduced the mortality among mine workers from a death for each hundred thousand tons of coal brought out to a death for every four hundred and eighteen thousand tons.

In his solicitude for the lives of other men the secretary of the United Mine Workers was careless of his own life. Here is an extract from the story of an adventure of his at a mine catastrophe, in 1891, told in "The Black Diamond," of Chicago:—

With Two Others He Rushed into Danger

"The telegraph has given to the world a part of the recent awful disaster in the Hill Farm Mine, in the Connellsville region. It has related how, after an explosion which came because of an incident of the sort to be guarded against only by a system absolutely perfect, not only were lives of miners lost to a certainty, but the fate of twenty-nine men in ten recesses of the mine was left undetermined. It has told of a desperate struggle to reach the place where these men were at work, by digging a way to them from an adjacent mine, and how fifteen and one half days were consumed in this unintermittent, almost hopeless work. It has told how, at length, the mine was reached and found to be, in the distance, a flaming hell. It has failed to tell, in detail, of how the three brave men sought, as the case might be, the living or the dead.

"When the burned mine was finally broken into, a band of intrepid explorers stood at the opening, deep beneath the surface. The group ventured together into the place of death; but, at a certain point, just three men separated from the rest and went forward to solve the problem of whether or not there were any men yet living in the dismal passages. These three men—their names are worthy of remembrance,—were F. C. Keighley, state mine inspector, Robert Watchorn, secretary of the United Mine Workers, and Hugh Doran, mine boss."

In 1893, Mr. Watchorn married Miss Alma J. Simpson, principal of the State Normal School of Ohio. "I owe to my wife," he told me, "more than I can say."

The governor of Pennsylvania, Robert E. Pattison, appointed Secretary Watchorn chief factory

inspector for the state. There were many thousands of little children toiling for long hours daily in the factories. The new inspector, remembering his own childhood, went to work to rescue them from this unnatural thraldom. He drew up a bill that would give him authority to do this. Manufacturers and others formed a powerful opposition. They employed the ablest lawyers, and, when the bill was brought up in a committee of the legislature, one of Pennsylvania's most experienced and brilliant public speakers opposed it. He riddled it with sarcasm and incisive oratory, as an impracticable and foolishly Utopian measure. When he sat down the bill seemed lost. But then the examiner, who had no education except what he had picked up at evening school, rose slowly to reply. He had carefully prepared himself for this occasion, but in a moment he had cast aside his notes and documents and was talking from his heart. The sincerity and simple eloquence of his plea for childhood caused a wave of feeling to sweep the house, and the bill was made a law. Inspector Watchorn took from the factories and mines thousands of children under twelve.

He Was Not Too Proud to Take Any Work

But, when the term of Governor Pattison came to an end, his factory inspector was forced out of office. Through the influence of the ex-governor, he was offered an inspectorship at Ellis Island at five dollars a day, perhaps the best thing available.

"This," he said to me, "was a decided comedown, and yet it seemed to be a working out, in a strange way, of that vague resolution of my youth. I was much interested in immigration. I looked into the service, saw opportunity there, and so accepted. It has occurred to me, since, that this was a critical point in my career. If I had declined the place because the salary and power were much less than those to which I had become accustomed, or if I had let pride influence me, I believe that I should have been cast up on the shoals of life. I will confess that I was in danger of it. The yielding to false pride is a mistake which has wrecked the careers of many men."

In his new field, Inspector Watchorn very soon made himself felt. His reports on sweat-shop conditions on the East Side of New York City attracted attention in Washington. The commissioner general of immigration, on a visit to Ellis Island, sought the inspector out and complimented him in person. He was sent to Roumania to investigate the causes of the immense immigration from that country to the United States, and made

AN IMMIGRANT AND HER BABY, TAGGED FOR TRANSPORTATION TO SOME TOWN IN THE WESTERN PART OF THE UNITED STATES

recommendations to the prime minister there that resulted in the granting of permission to the Jews to work in the soil, a privilege which had been denied them. He inspected the conditions of immigration along the Mexican border, and then, returning to Ellis Island, began a crusade against a long established practice in which, to say the least of it, there was no protection for the immigrants.

Though "Shelved," He Climbed Upward

The inspector's activity in this work of reform aroused no enthusiasm on the part of some of his superiors. Indeed, it created a strong desire to shelve him, and it was at length thought that this had been done when he was assigned to the port of Victoria, on the Pacific coast of Canada. Surely he was at a safe distance.

Yet it was by way of this remote port that he reached the commissioner's chair. It was discovered that many thousands of immigrants were annually coming into the United States through Canada without inspection. Inspector Watchorn was asked by the government to put a stop to this.

He did so. He established headquarters in Montreal, and made arrangements to inspect the immigrants before they should take trains for the "States." The steamship and railway companies put obstacles in his way, and he announced to them that, if he could not make his inspections in Canada, he would hold up every train on the border till the work was done.

The railways gave in. Inspection stations were established at Quebec and Montreal, but Inspector Watchorn discovered that there was still a leak and that thousands were still getting in without scrutiny. One day he boarded a train at Montreal and for three days and nights traveled with the immigrants as one of them. He learned that they were being sold tickets to Winnipeg and other centers in Western Canada, and from there were crossing the line. He began to establish stations at these places, and did not stop until he had a complete chain from Quebec to Victoria.

His Former Foes Gave Him a Banquet

When he was summoned from Canada, by President Roosevelt, to take the place of commissioner of immigration, those who had been under him in the Canadian service, and from whom he had rigidly exacted the full quota of their duty, presented him with an eloquent testimonial of appreciation. The transportation magnates of Canada, who had opposed him so strenuously at the start, gave him a farewell dinner in Montreal and made eulogistic speeches.

"I need hardly say," remarked the commissioner, toward the end of our talk, "that I am glad I migrated to the land of opportunity. When I returned to England for the Queen's Jubilee, and the procession was passing through the streets of London, some one unfurled from a window a big American flag. Nothing else in all the glittering pageant thrilled me as did that sight of 'Old Glory' waving in the sunlight above those British heads. My small son, as stalwart a little American as ever lived, jumped to his feet when he saw it and called out, in a shrill treble that was heard for yards around:—

"'There it is, father; there it is!'

"My brothers and sisters have risen here. I tell you this story of my career for what it is worth. If it proves anything, it is that immigrants may come to these shores strong in hope, if, in the words of Tennyson, they have within them the power 'to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'"

CIPRIANO CASTRO

The President of Venezuela is forty-four years old. Although very aggressive, he is a little man,—almost diminutive,—being under five feet, five inches in height. He is slender and weighs but a trifle over one hundred pounds

My Idea of World-Peace

Cipriano Castro

[PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF VENEZUELA]

I HASTEN to give expression to my views in regard to world-peace. The subject is fraught with so much importance to the general interests of humanity in a civilized and progressive country that it is a pleasure to write thereon.

My opinion, on a matter so important, is clear and categorical. A civilized nation can not condemn a war which defends the cause of right and justice, or a country's sovereignty and independence; nor one which, as I understand by national honor, is represented by the purity of the banner and has the support of the magistrates and the people who look to the country to meet its obligations and preserve its good name.

I am a decided partisan of peace. War should only be resorted to after we have exhausted all the resources that civiliation and progress offer us, in such a manner that, by means of complete justification before other nations, foreign to the conflict, is asserted the motive that prompts us, no less than the means adopted to avoid war.

In fact, I can state that, in considering all the resources that are offered us by the international rights of the people and the special laws of each country, there is no reason for international wars; therefore we may presuppose, in the cases which do occur, the obduracy of one of the belligerent parties.

The former consideration becomes of value if we take into account the remedy presented to us to-day for the extreme cases,—the utilization of arbitration: thus we see, for example, that the United States has just signed a treaty of arbitration with Great Britain and France. This has been intimated by some neutral nations to be an appeal by implication to Russia and Japan which, if it has not already been accepted, probably will be,—and now I have reached the case in question. If this appeal relative to the question pending between Russia and Japan had been proposed and accepted at the beginning, would not the war have been avoided which has cost so much effort and so many sacrifices to each of them, with loss of civilization and progress?

Ruinous as has been, in my conception, the tribunal of The Hague, nothing has been more natural, consistent with the idea expressed, than the action of the United States in giving origin and impetus to practicable arbitration.

I repeat that my influence, as the representative of Venezuela, has been, is, and will always be for peace among nations, notwithstanding that all the triumphs of the republic in the last five years are owing to the war which has been unjustly waged against it.

"Mark Twain" and the 'Possum Feast

AT his summer home, Quarry Farm, on the outskirts of Elmira, New York, "Mark Twain" has an aged colored man-servant who, not long ago, celebrated his wedding anniversary by inviting in twelve colored people to a 'possum dinner, that delicacy being supplied by relatives in the South. Twelve by no means marks the extent of the servant's acquaintances, and those unbidden to the feast concluded that, after all, they did not think much of it. One of the more progressive started the report that instead of 'possum the host served plain 'coons. The next day, with great severity, Mr. Clemens said to the servant: "Jim, I've known you a long time and found you a truthful fellow. I want you to tell me honestly which you had for dinner last night, 'possum, or 'coons?"

The servant hesitated, but, in an instant, said: "Which do you mean, Mister Clem'ns, on de table, or round de table?"

TRAPPED BY A TORNADO

A STORY OF A WILD RACE BETWEEN THE GOD OF THE WINDS AND CUPID

FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS
[AUTHOR OF "THE KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES"]

"IT WOULD BE JUST MY LUCK, FOR I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING"

"DO YOU know anything about that brand of machine, Smith?" asked Harding, the railway magnate, thrusting his hands into his pockets and looking suspiciously at a huge touring car.

"I know all about it," confidently declared the young man addressed; "I have one like it in a down-town *garage*."

"Then you can do something for me, if you will," responded the millionaire. "I'm going to take the next train to Oak Cliff, and shall stay over night and part of to-morrow. We have visitors due at dinner to-morrow evening, but there is no train from Oak Cliff within hours of the right time, and it has occurred to me that the folks might come up for me in the new red machine. How far is it by wagon road?"

"About forty miles," eagerly answered Smith.

"Rather rough and hilly, isn't it?"

"Very rough and hilly," promptly declared Smith.

"That's what I told Grace," mused Mr. Harding. "She thinks she could handle the machine, but she thinks she can handle anything. Mrs. Harding and Grace would like the trip; will you run the auto for them?"

"I shall be delighted to do so," asserted Smith, and he told the strict truth.

This conversation took place on the lawn of the Woodvale Golf and Country Club. Smith had fallen in love with Grace Harding the first time he saw her on those exclusive links. In the early stages of his infatuation all had gone smoothly, but the moment he decided to risk an open avowal of his love the fates interfered in ways positively uncanny. After a series of distressing events, the death of an uncle called him to California, and when he returned he learned that the Hardings were to sail for the Continent in a few days. It was at this crisis that the father of the one girl on earth innocently offered him a chance which made him supremely happy.

It was arranged that they should start at half after one o'clock, so as to have plenty of time. Smith had determined on his plan of campaign. He would make a flying trip to Oak Cliff and reach there fully two hours ahead of the time set for their return. During these two hours he would elude Mrs. Harding and have the charming daughter to himself. The plan seemed perfect, but, as usual, something happened.

The visitors who were scheduled to arrive in the evening came at noon. It was exasperating, and Smith gritted his teeth as he pictured himself making that trip alone. He was silently cursing the chattering visitors who had the bad form to anticipate the hour set for their reception, when Miss Harding came smilingly toward him. He braced himself against the inevitable.

"Mamma can not go," she said.

"And you?" he asked, hardly daring to hope for the best.

"They seemed glad to excuse me," she laughed, and Smith could not control the grin which mantled his face.

The fates had relented at last. For three hours he was to have the exclusive companionship of the woman he loved. Already he had selected the place where he would stop the machine and declare the love which was consuming him. When they glided smoothly away from the clubhouse the front seat was occupied by a supremely happy gentleman named Smith, and by his side was the charming heiress to the Harding millions. They waved their hands to the elderly group on the veranda, and in a minute more were on the old toll road.

Smith had been so absorbed in the unfolding of this situation that he had taken no note of the weather. For weeks there had been a succession of warm and cloudless days, and he had come to accept their continuance as a matter of course. He was not unfamiliar with the visible and occult signs of meteorological conditions, and had found the study a fascinating one.

There was not a breath of air stirring. The atmosphere was stagnant, like a pool of water on which the sun has beaten during rainless weeks. The dried tops of the swamp grass and reeds pointed, motionless, to the heat-quivering sky. The dust cast up by the car hung over the road like a ribbon of fog.

The forest to the left shut off a view of the western sky, but he was certain that the clouds of an approaching storm were already marshaled along its horizon. When they shot into a clearing he took one swift look.

From north to south was spanned the sweeping curve of a gray cloud with just a tinge of yellow blended into it. An ordinary observer would have seen in it no premonition of a storm. It was smooth, light in tone, and restful to the eye as compared with the angry blue from out which the sun blazed.

The upper edges of this innocent-appearing mass were unbroken save at one point near the zenith of its curve, from which protruded the sharper edges of a "thunderhead." It was as if some titanic and unseen hand were lifting to the firmament a colossal head of cauliflower, its shaded portions beautifully toned with blue and orange.

Smith said no word of his certainty of the oncoming tempest. He dared not loiter, but he yet had faith in his luck, so he threw on full speed and dashed ahead. From the turn in the road beyond the clearing he headed directly into the line of march of the storm. He had made his calculation, and it told him they would reach Oak Cliff before the rain would begin to fall, but he realized it would be close work. Perhaps the menacing cloud was propitious to his cause?

Miss Harding leaned over and said something, but the whir of the machinery and the swaying of the car made conversation difficult.

"Why this mad haste?" she repeated, her head so close that her hair brushed his cheek.

He returned a noncommittal smile, and again fixed his eyes on the road, which was slipping toward them like a huge belt propelled by invisible pulleys.

The miles kept pace with the minutes. Suddenly the sun was blotted out. When he lifted his eyes he saw birds circling high in the sky. The cattle in the adjacent fields lifted their heads and moved uneasily, as if some instinct sounded a warning in their dull brains. Above the trees he saw the skirmish line of the storm.

His companion had solved the secret of the wild dash. For a quarter of an hour she hung to the swaying seat and said no word. Once he looked into her eyes and read in them that she understood.

They tore through a little village and paid no heed to the angry shouts and menacing gestures of a man who wore a huge star on his chest. Oak Cliff was only twelve miles away! Could they make it?

The restful grays of the cloud had disappeared, and low down on the horizon he saw a belt of bluish black, and, as he looked, a bolt of lightning jabbed through it. They were then running parallel to the patch of the tempest, and he believed he could beat it to Oak Cliff. Even if he failed, he felt sure of reaching the little hamlet of Pine Top, and from there on the country was so thickly settled it would be easy to get to shelter.

Between them and Pine Top was a wilderness practically unbroken; a section reserved as a source of water supply for the great city to the south of them. Into that wilderness they dashed.

There was exhilaration in this race. Each looked into the other's face, and they laughed as a nearer flash threw a sickening glare across the landscape. It was grand to measure speed with nature,—to know that the powerful machine was speeding faster than the wind.

"We shall not melt if it does rain!" shouted Smith, as they took a level stretch at a seventy-mile clip; "but we'll beat it yet."

Crouched beyond the shield, so as to escape the impact of the air, she made some reply, but it did not reach his ears, and the hill which reared in front of them demanded all his attention.

They were taking it with the second speed clutch when a grating sound came to his alert ears, and with it an unnatural shudder of the machinery. He threw off the power and jammed on the brakes. As the car stopped, the deep bass of the thunder rolled over the hills.

"We're caught!" declared Miss Harding, but there was no fear in her voice.

"Not yet!" exclaimed Smith, springing from the car and beginning a frenzied examination of the cause of the breakdown. He doubted if it were serious.

"It is a mere trifle," he declared, thrusting his head from beneath the *tonneau*. "Hand me that small wrench, Miss Harding, please!"

But automobile trifles demand minutes, and nature did not postpone the resistless march of her storm battalions. As he toiled beneath the car he cursed the folly which had induced him to plunge into that desolate stretch of marsh and forest, when it would have been just as well to wait in the village they had passed.

The roar of the tempest's artillery became continuous. The low scud clouds, traveling with incredible velocity, blotted out the blue sky to the east, and darkness fell like a black shroud. He could not see to work beneath the car, and lost another minute searching for and lighting a candle.

In the uncanny gloom he saw the fair face of one he devotedly loved, and her safety was menaced by his bold folly. He realized that it was no ordinary storm then sweeping majestically upon them. He saw her form silhouetted against the black of a fir tree in the almost blinding glare of a flame of lightning.

"Just one minute and I'll have it fixed," he said, and she smiled bravely but said nothing.

There was still not a breath of air. The spires of the pine trees stood rigid as if cast in bronze.

This is the time when a storm strikes terror into the hearts of those who watch its oncoming. This is the awe-inspiring interval when, with straining eyes and beating hearts, one realizes how puny he is, compared with the giant forces of nature. With the first patter of the rain, and with the onrushing of the wind, one experiences a sensation of relief, but it is nerve-racking to stand in that frightful calm and await the mighty charge of the unknown.

As Smith bolted the displaced part into its proper adjustment, he took a certain satisfaction in reflecting that his calculation of the speed of the machine and of the storm had been accurate. Were it not for the ten minutes lost they would have been in Oak Cliff. Of a sudden he remembered that there was a farmhouse not far ahead. He started the engine and leaped into the car.

"Only a mile to shelter!" he exclaimed; "I think we can make it. Where are the storm aprons?"

"We forgot them," she said.

"I forgot them, you mean. Hold fast; it's a rough road!"

The red car leaped forward. Never had he witnessed anything like the vivid continuity of that lightning. With a crash which sounded as if the gods had shattered the vault of the heavens, a bolt streamed into a tree not a hundred yards ahead. A huge limb was torn off and fell across the roadway. It was impossible to stop!

"Duck, and hold fast to me!" he yelled, and with a lurch and a leap they bounded over it.

The pace was frightful. They were going down hill with full speed on. The trees swayed with the first gust of the tempest, and he felt a spit of rain in his face. The crash of the thunder, the roar of the wind through the tree-tops, the drumming of the exhaust, and the clatter of the swaying car beat on their ears, but he did not touch a lever to abate the speed of their flight.

A few hundred yards ahead was a stone culvert spanning the bed of a creek whose waters, years before, had

been diverted to a reservoir a mile or so to the west. Save at rare intervals the bed of this creek was dry. Here was a place of shelter!

As the recollection of this old culvert came to Smith he raised his eyes from the road and saw something which drove the blood from his heart.

A quarter of a mile ahead was a gray wall of rain, and dimly through it he saw huge trees mount in air and twist and gyrate like leaves caught up in an air eddy.

It was a race for the culvert with the odds in favor of the tornado. Smith held his speed until the last second, and then jammed on the brakes as they rushed down the rocky road leading to the old ford. He stopped almost on the edge of the dry bed of the creek, with the embankment to their left.

Miss Harding leaped to the ground and stood dazed for an instant. Smith stumbled as he jumped, but was on his feet like a flash. The arch of the culvert was only a few feet away, but had they not been protected by the embankment they would have been beaten down and killed ere they reached its shelter.

Gravel and pebbles from the roadway above were dashed into their faces by the advance blast of the tornado. Grasping her by the arm he dragged or carried her, he knows not which, to the yawning but welcome opening of the old stone archway so fortunately near.

They can not describe the scene which followed. It was as if the earth were in its death throes.

They were tossed back and forth in this tunnel, a resistless suction pulling them first toward one entrance and then toward the other, only to be hurled back by buffeting blows. There was a sense of suffocation as if the lightning had burned the air. Their nostrils were filled with the fumes of sulphur, and they looked into each other's eyes only when some near flash penetrated the awful blackness of what seemed their living tomb.

A tree was dashed across the west opening, one twisted limb projecting well into the culvert. They could not distinguish the crashes of thunder from those of hurtling trees, or from the demoniac roar of the tornado. All of their senses were assailed by the unleashed furies of the tempest, crazed with rage that these two were just beyond their reach.

They can not say how long this lasted, but there came a moment of appalling silence. The tornado had passed! With this strange calm the darkness slightly lifted, and they knew that the crisis was over.

They were in the center of the tunnel, the rapidly rising water swirling at their feet. He became aware that he was supporting her with his arm, and that her head was resting on his shoulder. Though the tornado had passed, the storm still raged fiercely, but its din seemed silence compared with what had preceded it.

"Are—are you hurt?" she faltered, gently trying to release herself. "Are we going to be drowned?"

"I don't know,—I do n't think so," he faltered, bracing himself against the rising waters and clasping her closer, as if in fear the flood and tempest would drag her from him. "It would be just my luck, for I want to tell you something. I—"

A crash of thunder reverberated through the walls of their prison.

"I want to tell you that I love you!" he declared, ere its echoes had died away. "I love you, I love you, and unless I tell you now I may never get another chance. I have been trying to tell you this for more than a month, and if we never get out of here I want you to know that I love you! Do you love me, darling?"

"I—I don't know,—I think I do," she replied, hesitatingly, a slight suspicion of laughter in her voice. "But, Jack, the water is awfully deep and wet. Is there any danger?"

"Not the least," he declared, joyously. "Do you think I would let you die in this old culvert? I am the happiest man in the world. It is growing lighter. Here's a ledge on which you can stand."

A few feet away was a narrow shelf two feet or more above the bed of the creek, and he helped her to obtain a footing on it.

"If the water rises until it gets up to that," he gayly said, "we will have to take our chances out in the storm. The rain will not kill us. Do not be in the least alarmed, darling; no harm shall come to us—now."

It was pouring torrents. Though the crippled creek drained only a small territory, the flood had already reached his knees. He waded to the east opening and took a glance at the sky. The outlook was not encouraging.

"We can stand another foot and a half rise," he said, laughing. "Are you all right up there, darling?"

"I am quite comfortable," she declared, "but it is all you can do to keep on your feet."

Even as she spoke the water rose several inches in one wave, and he surmised what had happened. The water was checked by a dam which had formed below. In less than a minute it had risen a foot, and was at her shoe tops.

"We're drowned out!" he exclaimed. "Now be steady, and we'll be out of here in a jiffy!"

He lifted her to his left shoulder, and with his free right arm braced himself against the wall of the tunnel. The muddy water reached to his waist and struggled fiercely against him, but her skirts were clear of it. A fall would have been serious. Once he slipped, but he safely reached the opening and struggled up the bank.

The rain had almost ceased, but they did not notice that. They stood spellbound, gazing on a scene of unspeakable devastation.

To the north, west, and southwest the forest lay prone, like a field of wind-swept corn. Huge oaks and pines were tossed in grotesque windrows, their gnarled roots projecting above the prostrate foliage. The once proud trees lay like brave soldiers after a battle, their limbs rigid in the contorted attitudes of death.

"A HUGE LIMB WAS TORN OFF AND FELL ACROSS THE ROADWAY"

The line of the tornado was clearly marked to the north, but the hills shut off the view to the west. The road to Pine Top was one mass of trunks and twisted limbs, but, so far as they could see, the road in the other direction was clear, there being no forest to the right.

At first glance they thought that the touring car was a wreck. It had been lifted and hurled on its side against a partially dismantled stone wall. It was half hid by a branch of a tree, and its rear wheels were partly buried in mud and *débris*.

As they stood silent and awe-stricken amidst this manifestation of the insignificance of man, the sun burst forth from behind a laggard cloud. The effect was theatrical. It was as the throwing of a lime light on a scene which marks the climax of some tense situation. Instinctively they lifted their hands and cheered for sheer joy.

"What care we for wrecked automobiles and wet clothing?" he shouted; "we live; we live!"

"It is splendid to live!" she cried.

Then they returned to earth and the bedraggled touring car. At the end of an hour's hard work the machine gave its first sure sign of returning consciousness, and a few minutes later the red monster stood coughing in the roadway.

Waving a kindly farewell to the shelter which had saved them they took the back track until they came to a road which led away from the course of the tornado. They arrived at Oak Cliff just in time to forestall an anxious railway magnate who was hastily organizing a searching party.

Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Smith are still partial to the charms of the country near the old stone culvert.

Dr. Gian Shimonose, Japan's Gunpowder Wizard

YONE NOGUCHI

DR. GIAN SHIMONOSE

JAPAN is honoring Dr. Gian Shimonose, the inventor of the Shimonose gunpowder which the Japanese navy is using in the war with Russia. Russia herself frankly admits the power and effectiveness of the Japanese balls.

The Shimonose gunpowder is intended to explode. Some mistake it for smokeless powder. The powder which Japan and many other European countries had been using is called the "*men kayaku*," in Japanese. It has many a defect. When it is dry, it easily explodes even from a slight concussion. It is necessary to add to it twenty per cent. of moisture to make it safe. But it will not explode at all, if it contains a larger percentage of moisture. It is easily dried up, too, if you keep it in a box for a year or so. The same trouble occurs again and again, and it always gets molded and loses its explosive power. Americans use *geraltine* (gunpowder,) only for dynamite, but not for cannon. It is tremendous in power, but it is frozen in severe weather. For the last few years there have appeared many inventions in gunpowders in Europe, melinite in France, redyte in England and loplit in Germany. Americans, also, have begun to make moshlite, but the Shimonose powder is far superior to all these. It will not explode if you put fire on it, drop an iron mallet on it, or even if you send a shot into a heap of it, but will only burn like pitch. But if you use a little device for exploding it, it will show wonderful strength. If you put a handful of Shimonose powder on an iron board one inch or one inch and a half thick, and make it explode, it will make a hole in the board as large as the spot covered by the powder. Once the Japanese naval department made an experiment. Timbers in a solid group nine feet square were piled up twenty feet high, and a six-inch cannon ball was fired at the pile. All the lumber was shattered into little pieces, and scattered. It is usual for the Shimonose powder to strike into anything, and, after passing through it, to explode some four or five feet away.

It was said that Dr. Shimonose spent ten years on his invention, often passing a whole day or even a whole week in his chemical room. He almost lost his eyesight and his fingers when the powder exploded during an experiment. He sacrificed almost everything for his work. He began it actually when he was moved to the naval department from the government printing office, where he came in contact with naval implements. In the printing office he invented the special ink now used in Japan for paper money. Through his achievement counterfeits were easily distinguished.

Dr. Shimonose is forty-six years old. He married when he was in his twenty-sixth year. He is the father of one son and one daughter. His wife is said to be remarkable for her sympathy with her husband's work. The Japanese sentimentally call him one of the great inventors of the world, not merely of Japan.

He was born poor and without any support for his education. While at home he studied English under Fumio Murata, who studied in London. In his eighteenth year he left home for Tokyo on foot. At that time Japan had no railroad, and no steamers ran regularly. From Hiroshima, his native province, to Tokyo, is some five hundred miles in Japanese measurement. When he reached the capital he went through the examination, and was successfully admitted to the Imperial University. From scantiness of money he was often compelled to go without food. He borrowed text-books from a fellow student and copied them. It is said that he could not raise money even for his hair-cutting or a bath. After graduation he found work in a printing office. His first wages were small, but, like many successful Americans, he always had an ideal in mind and toward this ideal he constantly worked. He is given great credit for the victories over Russia.

MR. BRYAN IN THE OFFICE OF "THE COMMONER"

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What Government Ownership Means

THE TREND OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT AND THE POSSIBLE OUTCOME

William Jennings Bryan

THE subject of public ownership is one that is occupying a larger and larger share of public thought. A few years ago the advocate of the public ownership of municipal franchises was discredited by those who are in the habit of calling themselves "the more intelligent" and "the more practical." "Socialist" was usually applied to one who had the temerity to suggest that cities should do their municipal work directly rather than through franchises given or sold to private corporations. Gradually the discussion brought out a distinction between what are now termed natural monopolies and enterprises in which competition is possible, and there was developed a school of political economists who insist upon public ownership wherever competition can not be made effective. Upon this basis a strong sentiment in favor of municipal ownership of municipal franchises has been built up, and, where the question has been clearly presented to the people and their opinion sought, the answer has usually been in favor of such ownership.

The water plant was the first to be taken over by the city authorities. It was found that private ownership resulted, first, in a contest over rates, and that this contest often resulted in the corruption of the municipal body in which was vested the power to fix the rates. Next, it was found that a private corporation having a monopoly of the water supply was slow to extend its lines to accommodate sparsely settled sections, and still more slow to improve the quality of the water where the improvement was likely to temporarily reduce the dividends. The progress in the extension of municipal ownership to water plants has been gradual, but steady, until now it is the rare exception that a city of any size leaves the water supply in the hands of a private corporation.

Next to the municipal water plant has come the municipal lighting plant, whether the light furnished is gas or electricity. At first the city furnished light for the streets; afterwards it began to supply private consumers. While as yet a smaller proportion of the lighting plants than of the water plants has come under municipal ownership, the tendency is an irresistible one and the progress in the municipalization of these plants is likely to be much more rapid than it was in the conversion of the water plants from private to public ownership.

MANY A CITY WILL FOLLOW THE BRIGHT ORIFLAMB OF CHICAGO

In some cities private heating plants have been chartered, but the same objections found to private water plants and lighting plants will apply to the granting of franchises to heating plants. Just in proportion as these plants become useful and extensive the objections to private ownership will become apparent. If it were possible to have a dozen private plants running their pipes through the streets and competing for the privilege of furnishing water, light, or heat to the inhabitants of a city, competition might protect the patrons, but even then there would be an immense waste in the duplication of plants.

With the telephone system a new field for municipal ownership has been opened, and it is inevitable that, sooner or later, the private telephone exchange will go the way of the private water plant and the private lighting plant. Any one who has lived in a city where an attempt has been made to regulate telephone rates by the establishment of competing companies knows how inconvenient it is to have to patronize two or more telephone systems or to be cut off from communication with a portion of the city. The municipal telephone is one of the certainties of the future.

The municipalization of the traction lines has met with more opposition, because the building and equipping of a car line involves the expenditure of a larger sum of money, and because the operation of it requires the employment of a larger number of men; but, with the growth of the cities, the pressure in favor of municipal ownership is increasing. In Boston a subway has been built which reverts to the city at the end of twenty-five years. The New York subway (the main line,) will become the property of the city at the end of fifty years, and the extensions will become city property at the end of a shorter period.

Municipal ownership has just won a signal victory in Chicago. The Democrats nominated Judge Edward F. Dunne and made the immediate municipalization of the street-car lines the leading issue. As Judge Dunne is an admirable man, and as his platform also demanded the extension of public ownership to lighting plants and to the telephone system, his triumphant election means much to the public-ownership movement.

THE PEOPLE CAN BUILD WISELY AND CONTROL PARTISANSHIP

The debt limit fixed in the charters of most cities is sometimes found to be a temporary obstruction to municipalization, but the distinction drawn by Bird S. Coler, formerly comptroller of New York, between debts incurred for improvements which bring no specific return in dollars and debts incurred for improvements which pay an interest on the investment is a just one, and is finding increased recognition. It must be plain to any one who will give the matter a moment's thought that a municipal plant which brings in an income large enough to pay the interest upon the indebtedness incurred and to contribute to a sinking fund for the retirement of the debt is a very different thing from an improvement which brings no tangible return to the city.

The cost of a surface line or a subway ought to be no greater when built by the city than when built under just conditions by a private corporation, and the city can, as a rule, borrow money at a lower rate than a corporation; it can, therefore, charge less than a corporation would be compelled to charge, even if the corporation's capitalization contained no water. As a matter of fact, the street-car corporations in the various cities are usually capitalized for a great deal more than the cost of building and equipping their lines, and the public is compelled to pay dividends upon inflated capital.

In the improvement of the service a city line would respond more promptly to the needs of the public and would be more considerate in the treatment of the employees. The difference would be all on the side of public ownership. Experience in England and in Scotland has shown that a city can take possession of a street-car system, increase the pay of the men, shorten the hours, improve the conditions, and lower the fare, yet make a profit for the city; and the same results have followed the taking over of lighting and water plants in this country.

Aside from the pecuniary argument, which, of course, does not influence a great many, the most weighty argument advanced against the municipal ownership and operation of street-car lines is that raised by the employment of a large number of men. The natural conservatism which is to be found everywhere, and nowhere more than in a republic, leads many to fear that the employees may be used for political purposes. It must be remembered, however, that the intelligence of the people at once sets itself to work to remove or at least to reduce to a minimum the evils connected with any governmental action which the people find it necessary to take, and already the friends of municipal ownership are beginning to consider plans for the elimination of the government employee as a partisan factor. A non-partisan civil service is the remedy usually proposed, but it has been found to have three objections; first, the attempt to conceal the politics of the appointee is not always successful; second, the employee

is sometimes coerced into the support of the party in power; and, third, if partisanship does not influence the appointment or act upon the employee, his removal from politics lessens his interest in the problems of government and deprives the public of the service that he might render in the discussion and settlement of public questions. In some places what is called bi-partisanship has been substituted for non-partisanship. That is, the employees are divided between the several parties, the political affiliations of the appointees being recognized at the time of the appointment and respected during the service. I am disposed to believe that a civil service system which recognizes political opinions and protects them is more in keeping with our theory of government than a civil service system which attempts to ignore them. Where the politics of an applicant is concealed there are always a chance for fraud and a temptation to unfairness; where the political affiliations of the applicants are known and the appointments divided between the various parties in proportion to their voting strength, the selection being open and above board, there is no chance for favoritism. Where the right of each party to its quota is recognized the employees can perform their political duties without fear, and the activity of those in one party offsets the activity of those in another party, making it impossible to use the employees as a part of a partisan machine. No government like ours can afford to remove any considerable portion of its people from political activity or penalize participation in the forming of public opinion. With the growth of public ownership the government employees will, of course, increase, not only in actual numbers but also in proportion to the total population, and no civil service system can be permanently satisfactory to the country which does not leave government employees free to perform their civic duties, and a division of the employees between the parties in proportion to voting strength offers the most just basis for appointment that has yet been suggested. Bi-partisanship is entirely consistent with selection on merit through examinations.

While the cities have been considering the question of municipal ownership the subject of state and federal ownership of the natural monopolies within their respective spheres has been forcing itself upon the public mind. Years ago an agitation was commenced for the operation of telegraph lines in connection with the post-office department, but it has not yet taken tangible shape, the very low rate given to the daily newspapers having made them, to some extent, interested in maintaining private ownership of the telegraph service. Every argument that can be advanced in favor of the distribution of letters and papers by government officials can be made in favor of a postal telegraph system, and with the rapid growth of the telephone monopoly the same question will soon be presented in connection with telephone communication between cities.

Should Municipal Ownership Imperil Local Self-government?

The consolidation of railroads, the obstruction of rate legislation, and the constant discrimination practiced by the railroads against persons and communities,—all of these are tending to increase the number of those who advocate the public ownership of railroads. Usually those who favor the public ownership of railroads advocate ownership by the national government; in fact, this is the only form of such ownership that has received attention. The arguments in favor of it have been much the same as those made in favor of municipal ownership of street-car lines and other municipal works or plants, and the objections to it have been the same urged against those, with the addition that the federal ownership of railroads involves a centralization of power at Washington which might in the end result in the obliteration of state lines. Those who insist upon the preservation of state lines are not attempting to revive the discussion that once raged over state sovereignty *versus* national supremacy, but they are actuated by the belief that local self-government is the safety of the republic. Believing that the people can govern best where they are best acquainted with the conditions to be met and the things to be done, those who defend state government and state action believe that the republic is strengthened by the preservation of state lines, each state dealing with matters of state importance. The ownership of all of the railroads of the United States by the national government would throw upon it the employment of an immense body of men, and these men could not be employed from Washington without largely increasing the relative importance of the federal government as compared with the state government, and the removal of so large a part of the government work from the states to the nation would weaken the states' power of resistance to federal encroachments. A system of state ownership for the local network of railroads, coupled with the federal ownership of the trunk lines, would give all the advantages that could come from the federal ownership of all the railroad lines, and at the same time avoid the centralizing tendency of undivided federal ownership. The trunk lines, when once owned by the federal government, would not have to be expanded or extended, while the local mileage is being constantly increased. A system of trunk lines established to-day would answer the purposes of interstate commerce fifty years hence, while the local mileage will probably be doubled, trebled, or quadrupled, during the next half century.

This dual system of public ownership offers several advantages, among which may be enumerated:—

First, it can be inaugurated more quickly. Before all the railroads could be taken over by the federal government it would be necessary to secure a president, a senate, and a house of representatives favorable to the plan, whereas state ownership can be attempted whenever any state is ready to make the experiment. For instance, Kansas, having decided to establish an oil refinery, may find it necessary to establish a railroad to carry the oil from the wells to the refinery and from the refinery to the distributing centers. Any state which finds it difficult to regulate railroad rates by legislation can try the efficacy of regulating by the building or the buying of a state railroad.

If There Must Be a Monopoly, Let the Government Hold It

Second, a system of federal ownership could not be undertaken until those favoring public ownership could agree upon a basis of purchase or condemnation, whereas state ownership enables each state to deal with the question according to the conditions to be met in the state and according to the opinion of the people of the state.

Third, state ownership enables the movement to avail itself of experience: as each experiment in municipal ownership has strengthened those who have been advocating it in other cities, so the success of one state railroad would encourage the adoption of public ownership in other states.

The great advantage of a system which permits the federal ownership of the trunk lines and the state ownership of the local lines is that it gives to the people the benefits of public ownership without removing the government from the people or endangering the principle of local self-government, and it makes it easier to adjust the compensation and regulations to the varying conditions in different sections of the country.

The main objection made thus far to this dual system of ownership is that interstate traffic might be embarrassed. This, however, is not a valid objection, because the trunk lines would give to every state an outlet for its interstate commerce, and the fact that the trunk lines would furnish this outlet would make it easy for adjoining states to arrange for the transfer of traffic over local lines. It would be as easy for state lines to exchange traffic as it is now for the various railroad systems to exchange traffic, the difference being that under public ownership all would be treated alike and every community would be protected in its rights, whereas now fortunes are built up by favoritism and men and communities are ruined by discrimination.

In Germany nearly all of the lines are state lines, less than one thousand out of twenty-eight thousand miles being owned by the imperial government.

No attempt has been made to present an elaborate discussion of public ownership. The only object of this article is to point out the trend of public sentiment and to indicate what is likely to be the result of the discussion which is now going on. The principle which underlies the propaganda for public ownership is that wherever competition is impossible and a monopoly is necessary the fruits of the monopoly must be enjoyed by the whole public and not by a few. In the case of municipal franchises competition is impossible, and, in the case of railroads, competition has generally been found ineffective. While it is possible for the larger cities to have competing railway systems, a large proportion of the people must of necessity deal with the line nearest to them, and the railroads take advantage of this necessity. Those who favor the public ownership of railroads have long favored a strict regulation and control of railroads and are now heartily in favor of the legislation which is being attempted in state and nation, but they believe that public ownership will be found as much superior to the best system of regulation as regulation is superior to a system under which the railroads are permitted to do as they please.

The Attainments of Wise William

Wallace Irwin

Upon the ship "Calusha Shad,"
That sailed the watery brine,
Bill Stover was the wisest lad
That ever drew a line;
And I'd be stowed and likewise blowed
If I knew all that William knowed.

One time I asked, "What bards o' Greece
Was greatest of their class?"
He answered, "Fido, Pyranees,
And Erysipelas."
I must cornfess, I ruther guess,
Ye could n't corner William S.

And chemistry! Say, Bill could talk,
As easy as a wink,
On alimony, sulphur, chalk,
And suicide of zinc,—
He 'd tell you, too, what he could do
By mixin' radium with glue.

And so it was quite natterile
That William liked to shirk,
To set in contemplation while
Us others done the work.
Says Bill, "By heck, guess I do n't wreck
Me mind by swabbin' down no deck!"

And, while we worked and held our tongues,
Wise Bill continued thus
A-tellin' all the ribs and lungs
What growed inside of us:
And, if ye please, he 'd name with ease
Jest eighty kinds o' heart disease!

Until, one day, the mate he says
To knowing Bill, says he,
"You should be writin' books instead
Of loafin' round the sea.
I 'll hire some slob to fill yer job,—
For any Chinaman can swab."

Forty Thousand Miles of Pipe Lines

THE SECRET OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S SUCCESS

John R. Dunlap

[EDITOR, "THE ENGINEERING MAGAZINE"]

THE success of the Standard Oil Company has been so phenomenal, and the American people, including even those who read and think much, seem to be so completely puzzled as to the means by which this enormous aggregation of wealth has been accumulated in the hands of a few men, that I am sure it will both interest and profit every thoughtful reader of SUCCESS if I here point out what is undoubtedly, and obviously, the underlying secret of these prodigious accumulations.

At the outset let me hasten to say that, in view of the personal abuse now being heaped upon the chief beneficiaries of the monopoly, I shall carefully abstain from all objectionable personalities, because my sole object is to have my readers understand the essential facts as to the serious problem now squarely confronting the American people.

In the first place, it is important to bear in mind that crude petroleum is a natural product,—a part of Mother Earth's generous bounty to mankind. The supply is, therefore, limited, absolutely, by the flow from known oil fields. But, on the other hand, the demand is practically without limit,—if the price be made low enough to induce consumption! The simple problem with which Mr. Rockefeller and his associates have chosen to deal, therefore, is to get control in each new oil field as it develops,—to get hold of the supply at any cost, and then to compensate themselves by arbitrarily fixing the prices which consumers must pay,—in other words, "to corner oil,"—which is precisely what they have been doing, systematically, and with astonishing success, for nearly thirty years.

Beyond this, both crude oil and refined oil are large in bulk, and their conveyance from the oil fields to various points of manufacture, and then to consumers in every hamlet and homestead of the nation makes the item of transportation enormously important,—so important, in fact, that, having command of this enormous volume of freight, the Standard Oil Company was, for many years, in position actually to dictate terms to competing railway lines,—precisely as it now dictates terms to oil producers. The sums thus saved through secret "rebates" and "drawbacks" on its own shipments, and the shipments of its competitors in business as well,—as Miss Ida M. Tarbell has clearly proved,—mount into millions of dollars, and furnish one of the most scandalous chapters in all American railway history. But the sensation caused a few years ago by the public disclosure of this rebate system forced the Standard Oil people to abandon that as a safe means of dictating prices to "the oil producer, the man to whom the world owes the business,"—as Colonel Thomas A. Scott, of Pennsylvania Railroad fame, graphically and truthfully described the heroic characters, past and present, who have faced every hardship, have assumed every risk, and have actually done, and are still doing, the prospecting and pioneer work necessary to increase this supply of nature's generous bounty.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S DEFENSE OF COMBINATIONS IN THE OIL TRADE

Just here, let me quote a speaking passage from the carefully prepared, written, and sworn testimony of John D. Rockefeller, before the Industrial Commission of 1899,—in defense of "industrial combination," and seeking to demonstrate that, in building and operating its pipe lines, the Standard Oil Company had only done what the railway companies, operating in various states, have been doing continuously for years past. Said he:—

> We soon discovered, as the business grew, that the primary method of transporting oil in barrels could not last. The package often cost more than the contents, and the forests of the country were not sufficient to supply the material for an extended length of time. Hence we devoted attention to other methods of transportation, adopted the pipe-line system, and found capital for pipe-line construction equal to the necessities of the business. To operate pipe lines required franchises from states in which they were located, and consequently corporations in those states, just as railroads running through different states are forced to operate under separate charters. To perfect the pipe-line system of transportation required in the neighborhood of fifty million dollars of capital. This could not be obtained or maintained without industrial combination.
>
> The entire oil business is dependent upon this pipe-line system. Without it every well would be shut down and every foreign market would be closed to us. The pipe-line system required other improvements, such as tank cars upon railways, and finally the tank steamer. Capital had to be furnished for them, and corporations created to own and operate them. Every step taken was necessary in the business if it was to be properly developed.

There we have the secret, clearly indicated.

It is the pipe lines which lie at the very base of the monopoly.

"Just as railroads running through different states are forced to operate under separate charters," so pipe lines require charters from the states in which they operate.

But who grants these charters?

It is the people, in their sovereign capacity, who have granted these franchises for pipe lines,—and the laws specifically designate them as "common carriers." It is the people who have authorized the building of these pipe lines over private property, under the law of eminent domain,—condemning private property "for the public good." And it is the people who have permitted Mr. Rockefeller and his associates to monopolize, to their exclusive use, this new and simple method of cheap transportation for petroleum oil! In other words, to put the point more definitely, it is the representatives of the people, in the state legislatures, (especially in Pennsylvania, where Matthew S. Quay so long presided,) who have placed the oil producers and the oil consumers at the mercy of these multi-millionaires, through their absolute control of transportation facilities.

THE PEOPLE ARE IN IGNORANCE OF THIS SYSTEM OF TRANSPORTATION

Americans are fond of boasting of our two hundred thousand miles of unmatched railroads, and for a generation past public-spirited citizens have been very active and eager in demanding that every shipper shall enjoy the benefits of fair and equal rates for railroad transportation. As a result, we created the interstate commerce commission, many years ago, and now —thanks to President Roosevelt and his followers!—we are wide-awake to the necessity of abolishing rebates and justly regulating freight rates. But how many men are awake to the significance, the extent, and the priceless advantages of this newer means of cheap transportation for petroleum oil? The simple truth is that so few thinking people are awake that the invaluable legislative privileges represented by these pipe-line franchises have enriched the beneficiaries of the Standard Oil Company beyond their wildest dreams of wealth. Meanwhile, through mere secrecy and subterfuge, and through the absence of publicity, the people have been kept in almost complete ignorance of the fact that this vast system of cheap transportation—relatively cheap in the first cost of construction, and cheaper still in the cost of maintenance and operation,—now covers the populous Middle Atlantic States with a perfect network of pipe lines, measuring tens of thousands of miles in extent; and the same system of arbitrary control is being rapidly extended to every new oil field developed.

The reader who knows nothing of the pipe-line system can very quickly comprehend its essential features by simply studying the accompanying map. It will be observed that innumerable branches reach out to the various oil farms in the producing regions; thence the crude petroleum is transported, usually by gravity, to the larger centers of distribution; and, from the latter, main trunk lines, equipped with pumping stations at high points of land, convey it to the great centers of population where the refineries are located,—New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, on the seaboard; Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago, on the lakes; and Pittsburg and other points, to command the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Within the past few years the same system has been introduced by the Standard for handling the product of the great oil fields of Texas and California, and very recently surveys have been made and extensive construction is under way for bringing the new and rich deposits of Kansas and Indian Territory

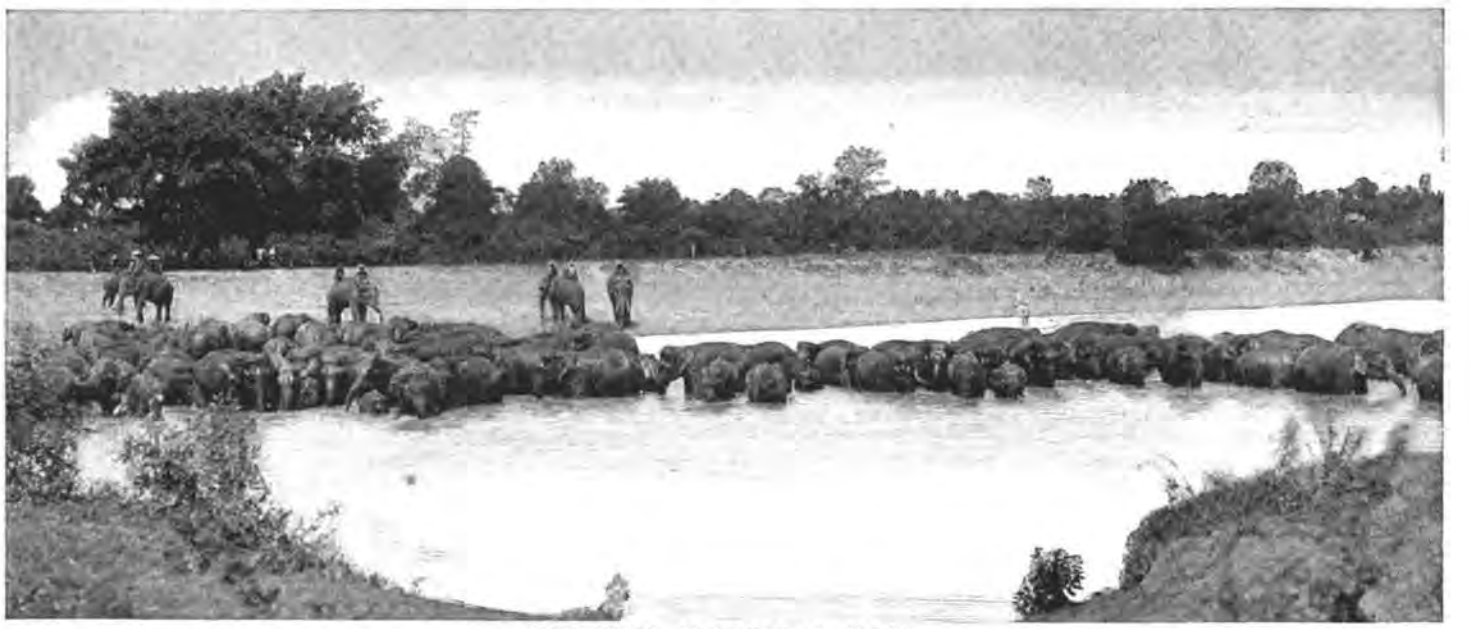
[*Concluded on pages 439 to 441*]

COUNT VON HOHNKE

PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA

GRAF VON HAESELER

THE THREE NEW FIELD MARSHALS OF THE GERMAN ARMY



THE IVORY INDUSTRY IN AFRICA

Corralling a herd of elephants on one of the tributaries of the Congo River is much like rounding up a drove of cattle in the Far West, only the work is much slower. Over twenty thousand animals are killed yearly in Africa to supply the ivory market

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT looked to the West when he selected the men to construct the Panama Canal. Theodore P. Shonts, chairman of the new commission, was brought up in Iowa; Charles E. Magoon, president of the canal zone, is from Nebraska; and Chief Engineer Charles F. Wallace is from Illinois. These three men are expected to dig the ditch that will connect the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific and open the Isthmus of Panama to the commerce of the world. The latest discovery in this trio from the West was Mr. Shonts. Paul Morton, of the navy department, knew him and brought him to the attention of the President, and, after he had an opportunity to know Shonts and learn what he had accomplished, the President decided that he had found the right man. They had a bond between them, too. Both were of Dutch descent. It was an interesting talk these two men had when they came together and discussed the great question they hoped to solve, and, because or their ancestors and names, naturally turned to the personal side of their lives. Mr. Shonts was educated at the Monmouth (Illinois) College, and when he was graduated he spent a year in a banking house to acquire a business training. He read and practiced law and became connected with cases that developed the legal side of railroad construction. From that point he began railroad construction himself and was very successful. He built roads and sold them, and finally purchased a large interest in the Clover Leaf Road and has been its active manager. The fact that he was so successful in railroad construction is one reason why he was wanted as the head of the canal commission. Previous to his acceptance of the place Mr. Shonts spent two weeks on a cruise with Secretary Morton, Senator Eugene Hale, Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, and a number of other gentlemen, all of whom became impressed with him and spoke highly of him. One of the party, a successful banker, said: "Shonts is a keen business man. He has the reputation of carrying through anything he undertakes. He is a man of great executive ability and is just in the prime of life, being forty-eight years old.

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IT is not necessarily a triumph of Japanese diplomacy that war with France has been averted over the possible issue of Russia's fleet having been allowed privileges in French ports which ought not to have been granted. It is a distinct concession to the spirit of the age. It is not necessary to infer that France fears Japan, or that France and Russia fear Japan and England; it is simply a concession to public sentiment,—a desire to do what is right. Right here it may not be improper to say that M. Delcassé's retention of the French portfolio of foreign affairs is a guarantee of peace. Patriotic, fearless, and loyal to the tricolor of France, he has the balance wheel of common sense and the feeling of responsibility which takes in not alone the

ISIDOR RAYNER,
the new United States senator from Maryland

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VESPASIAN WARNER,
Uncle Sam's new pension commissioner

IN THE WORLD'S AFFAIRS

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MRS RUSSELL SAGE,
AS A FACULTY MEMBER OF WILLARD COLLEGE

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THEODORE P. SHONTS
CHAIRMAN OF THE NEW PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT:
HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

RICHARD MANSFIELD, MRS MANSFIELD, AND THEIR LITTLE SON
This photograph shows the distinguished actor at his summer home, New London, Connecticut. It is there that he rests and prepares for the coming season's work

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG,
who will bear a special message from King Edward to President Roosevelt

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BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN,
the senior senator from South Carolina

EDWARD F. DUNNE
He is the new mayor of Chicago, and advocates municipal ownership

welfare of his own country, but that of other nations as well.

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WE have become so accustomed to discussing giant monopolies from the viewpoint of the effect they have had or may have upon our own interests as American citizens that it can not help interesting us and improving our vision and mental horizon if we have an opportunity to see ourselves as others see us. An article in the April number of the "Idler," an English magazine, written by the editor, Robert Barr, treats principally of the trust question as it relates to the beef industry. He describes, with epigrammatic brevity, the effect produced upon the unthinking masses, both in England and in America, by some striking phrase like that of Bryan's, "You shall not press upon the brow of labor that crown of thorns: you shall not crucify humanity upon a cross of gold." It is true, he says, that the phrase may not really mean anything; all that is necessary is that it shall have a good clear sound and run trippingly from the tongue. The body of the article is taken up by a discussion of the personality and power of J. Ogden Armour, who, he says, practically holds both America and England tributary in the matter of the beef supply and in its influence on prices. An Englishman usually takes everything slowly, not to say heavily, but Mr. Barr is an exception to the rule, if it be a rule. He accepts the situation with a half satirical humor that robs it of part of its seriousness.

He predicts that President Roosevelt will cross swords with Armour, and says that, while having a warm admiration and liking for the former, who will, moreover, have justice on his side, he believes the President will go down and out. He says that Armour, with the combination he is almost sure to form with the railroads of Gould and of the J. Pierpont Morgan interests, will be able to make prices higher in the selling department and to cut rates in the purchasing department, and that, ultimately, the people, even though led by such a fighter as Roosevelt, must succumb. England, being dependent on America for her food supply, must do likewise. Seriously, what is to be the result? Even admitting, for the sake of argument, some fantastic and grotesque extravagances on the part of Mr. Barr, the situation is serious enough to appall a thoughtful observer. Less than a dozen men—not to exceed perhaps, half a dozen,—control the food supplies and transportation facilities of the greatest country on earth. Legislatures, courts, and executives seem to be powerless, and the grasp of the monopolists fastens slowly but inevitably on the throat of labor, while the individual distributer and middleman is crowded relentlessly to the wall.

Eventually, in their desperation, producers will rise against their oppressors, and, by sheer weight of numbers, crush them as they have themselves been crushed. It will be a terrible day of reckoning.

HE CAN WHO THINKS HE CAN

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"*I PROMISED my God I would do it.*" In September, 1862, when Lincoln issued his preliminary emancipation proclamation, the sublimest act of the nineteenth century, he made this entry in his diary. "I promised my God I would do it." Does any one doubt that such a mighty resolution added power to this marvelous man, or that it nerved him to accomplish what he had undertaken? Neither ridicule nor caricature—neither dread of enemies nor desertion of friends,—could shake his indomitable faith in his ability to lead the nation through the greatest struggle in its history.

Napoleon, Bismarck, and all other great achievers had colossal faith in themselves. It doubled, trebled, or even quadrupled the ordinary power of these men. In no other way can we account for the achievements of Luther, Wesley, or Savonarola. Without this sublime faith, this confidence in her mission, how could the simple country maiden, Jeanne d'Arc, have led and controlled the French army? This divine self-confidence multiplied her power a thousandfold, until even the king obeyed her, and she led his stalwart troops as if they were children.

After William Pitt was dismissed from office, he said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure I can save this country, and that nobody else can." "For eleven weeks," says Bancroft, "England was without a minister. At length the king and aristocracy recognized Pitt's ascendency, and yielded to him the reins."

It was his unbounded confidence in his ability that compelled the recognition and led to the supremacy in England of Benjamin Disraeli, the once despised Jew. He did not quail or lose heart when the hisses and jeers of the British parliament rang in his ears. He sat down amid the jeering members, saying, "You will yet hear me." He felt within him then, the confidence of power that made him prime minister of England, and turned sneers and hisses into admiration and applause.

Much of President Roosevelt's success has been due to his colossal self-confidence. He believes in Roosevelt, as Napoleon believed in Napoleon. There is nothing timid or half-hearted about our great president. He goes at everything with that gigantic assurance, with that tremendous confidence, which half wins the battle before he begins. It is astonishing how the world makes way for a resolute soul, and how obstacles get out of the path of a determined man who believes in himself. There is no philosophy by which a man can do a thing when he thinks he can't. What can defeat a strong man who believes in himself and can not be ridiculed down, talked down, or written down? Poverty can not dishearten him, misfortune deter him, or hardship turn him a hair's breadth from his course. Whatever comes, he keeps his eye on the goal and pushes ahead.

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What would you think of a young man, ambitious to become a lawyer, who should surround himself with a medical atmosphere and spend his time reading medical books? Do you think he would ever become a great lawyer by following such a course? No, he must put himself into a law atmosphere, where he can absorb it and be steeped in it until he is attuned to the legal note. He must be grafted into the legal tree so that he can feel its sap circulating through him.

How long would it take a young man to become successful who puts himself into an atmosphere of failure and remains in it until he is soaked to saturation with the idea? How long would it take a man who depreciates himself, talks of failure, thinks of failure, walks like a failure, and dresses like a failure,—who is always complaining of the insurmountable difficulties in his way, and whose every step is on the road to failure,—how long would it take him to arrive at the success goal? Would any one believe in him or expect him to win?

The majority of failures began to deteriorate by doubting or depreciating themselves, or by losing confidence in their own ability. The moment you harbor doubt and begin to lose faith in yourself, you capitulate to the enemy. Every time you acknowledge weakness, inefficiency, or lack of ability, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to undermine the very foundation of all achievement.

So long as you carry around a failure atmosphere, and radiate doubt and discouragement, you will be a failure. Turn about face, cut off all the currents of failure thoughts, of discouraged thoughts. Boldly face your goal with a stout heart and a determined endeavor, and you will find that things will change for you; but you must see a new world before you can live in it. It is to what you see, to what you believe, to what you struggle incessantly to attain, that you will approximate.

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A Harvard graduate, who has been out of college a number of years, writes SUCCESS that, because of his lack of self-confidence, he has never earned more than twelve dollars a week. A graduate of Princeton tells us that, except for a brief period, he has never been able to earn more than a dollar a day. These men do not dare to assume responsibility. Their timidity and want of faith in themselves destroy their efficiency. The great trouble with many of us is that we do not believe enough in ourselves. We do not realize our power. Man was made to hold up his head and carry himself like a conqueror, not like a slave,—as a success and not as a failure,—to assert his God-given birthright. *Self-depreciation is a crime.*

Be sure that your success will never rise higher than your confidence in yourself. The greatest artist in the world could not paint the face of a madonna with a model of depravity in his mind. You can not succeed while doubting yourself or thinking thoughts of failure. Cling to success thoughts. Fill your mind with cheerful, optimistic pictures,—pictures of achievement. This will scatter the specters of doubt and fear and send a power through you which will transform you into an achiever. No matter how poor or how hemmed in you may be, stoutly deny the power of adversity or poverty to keep you down. Constantly assert your superiority to your environment. Believe in yourself; feel that you are to dominate your surroundings. Resolve that you will be the master and not the slave of circumstances. This very assertion of superiority,—this assumption of power,—this affirmation of your ability to succeed,—the attitude that claims success as an inalienable birthright,—will strengthen the whole man and give great added power to the combination of faculties which doubt, fear, and lack of confidence undermine.

Self-confidence marshals all one's faculties and twists their united strength into one mighty achievement cable. It carries conviction. It makes other people believe in us. What has not been accomplished through its miraculous power! What triumphs in invention, in art, and in discovery have been wrought through its magic! What does not civilization owe to the invincible self-faith of its inventors, its discoverers, its railroad builders, its mine developers and city-builders? It has won a thousand victories, in science and in war, which were deemed impossible by faint-hearted doubters.

An unwavering belief in oneself destroys the greatest enemies of achievement,—fear, doubt, and vacillation. It removes the thousand and one obstacles which impede the progress of a weak man or woman. Faith in one's mission—in the conviction that the Creator has given us power to realize our life call, as it is written in our blood and stamped on our brain cells,—is the secret of all power.

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A single-talent man, supported by great self-confidence, will achieve more than a ten-talent man who does not believe in himself. The mind can not act with vigor in the presence of doubt. A wavering mind makes a wavering execution. There must be certainty, confidence, and assurance, or there can be no efficiency. An uneducated man who believes in himself, and who has faith that he can do the thing he undertakes, often puts to shame the average college-bred man, whose overculture and wider outlook have sometimes bred increased sensitiveness and a lessening of self-confidence, whose decision has been weakened by constant weighing of conflicting theories, and whose prejudices are always open to conviction.

Poverty and failure are self-invited. The disaster people dread often comes to them. Worry and anxiety enfeeble their force of mind and so blunt their creative and productive faculties that they are unable to exercise them properly. Fear of failure, or lack of faith in one's ability, is one of the most potent causes of failure. Many people of splendid powers have attained only mediocre success, and some are total failures, because they set bounds to their achievement, beyond which they did not allow themselves to think that they could pass. They put limitations to their ability; they cast stumbling blocks in their way, by aiming only at mediocrity or predicting failure for themselves, talking their wares down instead of up, disparaging their business, and belittling their powers.

Thoughts are forces, and the constant affirmation of one's inherent right and power to succeed will change inhospitable conditions and unkind environments to favorable ones. If you resolve upon success with energy, you will very soon create a success atmosphere and things will come your way; you will make yourself a success magnet.

"If things would only change!" you cry. What is it that changes things? Wishing, or hustling?—dreaming, or working? Can you expect them to change while you merely sit down and wish them to change? How long would it take you to build a house sitting on the foundation and wishing that it would go up? Wishing does not amount to anything unless it is backed by endeavor, determination, and grit.

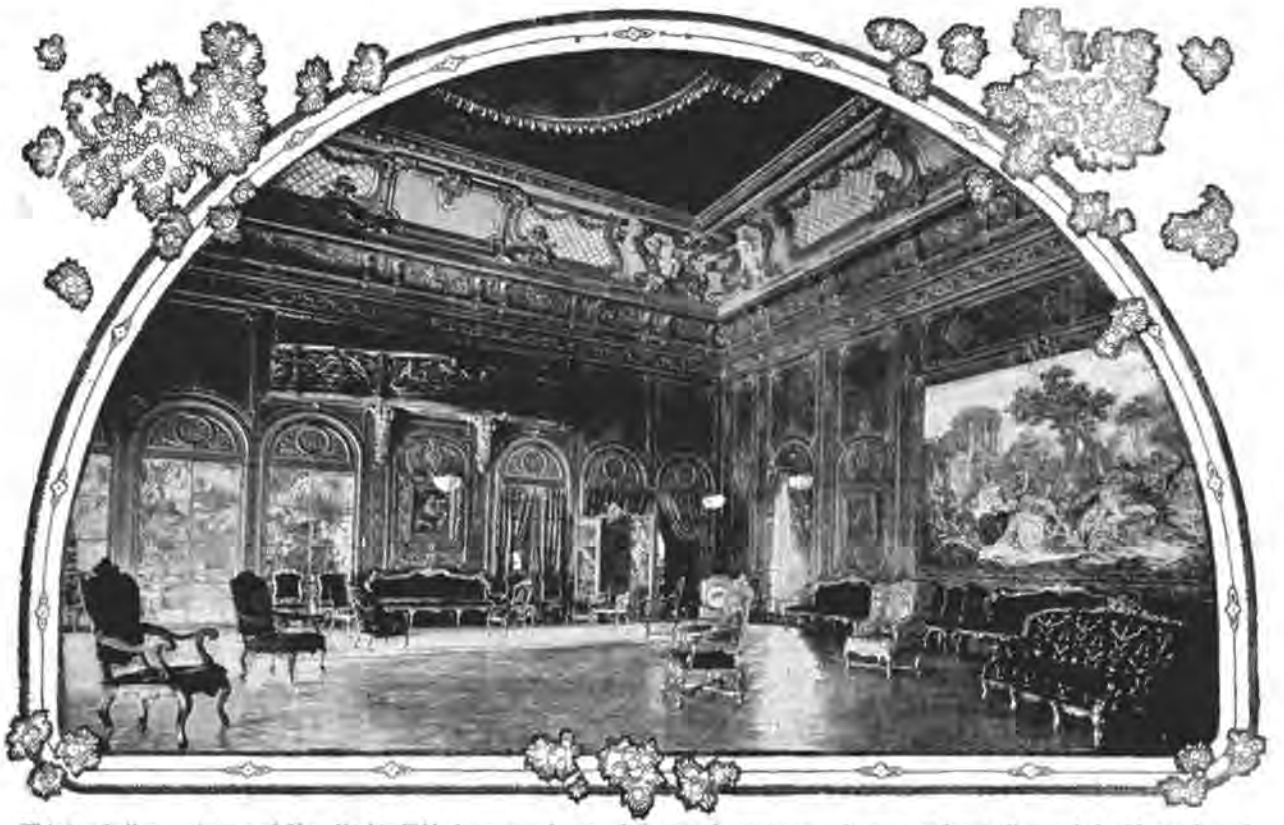
Webster's father was much chagrined and pained when Daniel refused a fifteen-hundred-dollar clerkship in the court of common pleas in New Hampshire, which he had worked hard to secure for him after he left college. "Daniel," he said, "do n't you mean to take that office?" "No, indeed, father; I hope I can do much better than that. I mean to use my tongue in the courts, not my pen. I mean to be an actor, not a register of other men's acts." Sublime self-faith was characteristic of this giant's career.

Every child should be taught to expect success, and to believe that he was born to achieve, as the acorn is destined to become an oak. It is cruel for parents and teachers to tell children that they are dull or stupid, or that they are not like others of their age. They should inspire them, instead, with hope and confidence and belief in their success birthright. A child should be trained to expect great things, and should believe firmly in his God-given power to accomplish something worth while in the world.

Without self-faith and an iron will man is but the plaything of chance,—a puppet of circumstances. With these he is a king, and it is in childhood the seeds must be sown that will make him a conqueror in life.

If you want to reach nobility, you can never do it by holding the thought of inferiority,—the thought that you are not as good as other people,—that you are not as able,—that you can not do this,—that you can not do that. "Can't" philosophy never does anything but tear down; it never builds up. If you want to amount to anything in the world, you must hold up your head. Say to yourself, continually: "I am no beggar. I am no pauper. I am not a failure. I am a prince. I am a king. This is my birthright, and nobody shall deprive me of it."

A proper self-esteem is not a vulgar quality. It is a very sacred one. To esteem oneself justly is to get a glimpse of the Infinite's plan in us. It is to get the perfect image which the Creator had in mind when He formed us,—the complete man or woman, not the dwarfed, pinched one which lack of self-esteem, or of self-confidence sees. When we get a glimpse of our immortal selves, we shall see possibilities of which we never before dreamed. A sense of wholeness—of power and self-confidence,—will come into our lives which will transform them. When we rate ourselves properly we shall be in tune with the Infinite, our faculties will be connected with an electric wire which carries unlimited power, and we shall no longer stumble in darkness, doubt and weakness. We shall be invincible.



This is a ball room in one of New York's Fifth-Avenue palaces. It is one of many rooms in many palaces all crowded with costly and beautiful objects of art. The furnishings and decorations of these gorgeous homes, the pictures, carvings, marbles, rugs, tapestries, stained glass, etc., cost from one to ten million dollars in addition to the cost of the building and the land. All these exquisite things are personal property, taxable under the law. Yet in nearly every case the multi-millionaire owners manage to avoid paying these taxes

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

V.—A REIGN OF LUXURY MEANS GENERAL DEMORALIZATION

Cleveland Moffett

"Art has for its aim the realization of the ideal of beauty. Luxury has but one object, to make a display. The object of art is essentially disinterested; that of luxury essentially selfish."—M. BAUDRILLART, on "Art and Luxury."

"Luxury is pernicious to the individual and fatal to society. Primitive Christianity reproved it in the name of charity and of humility; political economy condemns it in the name of utility and right in the name of equity."—EMILE DE LAVELEYE, in his work on "Luxury."

"Those persons who by means of great power and great wealth seek to spread the taste for luxury are guilty of conspiring against the well-being of nations."—J. B. SAY, one of the fathers of political economy.

AMONG the accessories of costly and ostentatious banquets such as we have been considering, I may add hand-painted *menu* cards, sometimes ordered weeks in advance from artists of repute; also souvenirs of considerable money value, diamond pins, gold bracelets, gold cigarette cases, fans, lockets, watch chains, etc., distributed among the guests like so many *bonbons*. A western speculator whose vagaries keep him much in the public eye gave a dinner some time ago at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel where four shares of United States Steel stock, neatly folded in the napkins, were laid at each place. And another Wall Street magnate, being taken, I am told, with the charms of a young married woman, hit upon this way of making her accept a valuable present that he would not otherwise have dared to offer. He invited a pleasant company to dine with him at a conspicuous hotel, and, in the course of the meal, each lady received a "souvenir" of jewelry worth two or three hundred dollars, but the "souvenir" given to the lady of his preference was worth a cool thousand. They say she left the dining room with cheeks aflame!

This recalls the Roman dinner described by Petronius, when at a certain moment "the panels of the ceiling slid apart and suddenly a great hoop as though shaken from a hogshead was let down, having golden crowns with jars of perfume hanging about its entire circumference. These we were invited to accept as keepsakes."

A friend of mine who visited Palm Beach last year in the fashionable winter season, gives me an instance of particular significance, since it shows that an incitement to gambling is no more thought of at these gatherings than an offer of cigarettes to the ladies. The "souvenirs" on this occasion were stacks of chips worth fifteen dollars each at the gambling tables of the near-by casino where presently the guests were risking these chips, (and more of their own no doubt,) at the alluring chances of faro and roulette.

Which simply shows that we are following in the steps of past ages, for in a letter to his daughter did not Cæsar Augustus write:—"I have sent you two hundred and fifty *denarii*, ($42.50,) which sum I gave to every one of my guests in case they were inclined at supper to divert themselves with the *tali* (dice,) or at the game of Even and Odd."

In a future article I shall go into details of gambling, both among the rich and the poor; for the moment I may express the opinion that in this matter we have nothing to learn from spendthrifts of the past. The "fabulous sums" said to have been squandered at play by the ancients would doubtless excite only indulgent smiles in our great gamesters. Thus Nero's famous stake of four hundred thousand sesterces (twenty thousand dollars,) on a single throw of the dice and Marie Antoinette's hazard of one hundred and forty thousand livres (twenty-eight thousand dollars,) on a turn of the cards at faro, has to my own knowledge been exceeded by the princely husband of one of our Western heiresses who assured me that once in Germany he risked half a million marks (about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars,) on a throw of the dice,—and lost!

Nor are we far behind the ancients in fantastic features of our banquets. Petronius relates that "a whole boar is served up with suckling pigs of pastry, a slave rips open the boar and a number of little birds fly out into the room." But it is only a few years since a rich New Yorker gave a bachelor dinner at his "studio" where an enormous chicken pie was brought in and when the pie was opened not only did birds fly forth but a maiden scantily attired stepped out after them!

This gigantic chicken pie brings to mind the pathetic case of a talented animal sculptor who, notwithstanding his abilities, found himself destitute in New York and finally reached the point where he was obliged to model elephants, lions and tigers in ice cream, butter or blancmange as decorative pieces for elaborate banquets. No doubt we shall shortly hear of struggling architects making castles out of cake, etc., which will be only repeating the lesson of history, for in the period preceding the French revolution we read of a grand dinner where there was "an enormous cake covered with icing modeled into a miniature reproduction of all the buildings and gardens at Versailles. The windows and doors were set with jewels to represent the lights within, and the whole was illuminated with countless tiny wax candles. It took a prominent artist two weeks to design it, and the cake cost over six thousand francs."

The sameness of this effort of the rich to find "something different" is well shown in the case of the Western millionaire said to have given a banquet with goldfish in the finger bowls and his monogram on the sweetbreads! No doubt he, (or his daughter,) thought this a novelty, but we read in "Court Life of Louis XIV., that "at a great banquet there were tiny fishes of the finest beaten gold floating around in fountains of sparkling wine." And the Emperor Caligula is known to have "served up for his guests loaves and other victuals modeled in gold."

Speaking of gold dishes, I happened to be in Tiffany's recently and asked one of the head men if it is true that people really eat off gold plates.

He smiled, and turning to a young man said, "Bring me an after-dinner coffee set."

And presently the young man returned with a small tray holding three small pieces. They were gracefully fashioned and looked like gold. And the tray looked like gold.

"What do you think they are?" asked the head man.

"Silver gilt," I suggested.

"Hold it," he said, and put the service in my hands.

"It's heavy," said I, "but,—it can't be solid gold?"

"That's what it is," he assured me, and pointed to the mark. "These four pieces, the tray, the coffeepot, the cream pitcher and the sugar bowl are eighteen karat gold,—solid. The price is three thousand dollars."

Not only is it true that a number of millionaires in America own plates of solid gold or silver gilt (which latter is considered good enough for European royalty,) but there are rich families who boast sets of china costing from three to five thousand dollars a dozen, so that the breaking of a single plate means the loss of several hundred dollars.

Now I believe in spending money within reason on beautiful things, on fine paintings, noble build-

ings, inspiring music, but I say that any man or woman who uses plates like these of gold or silver, or fragile plates at several thousand dollars a dozen while multitudes near by are perishing of want, I say that such a man or woman is worse than Nero when he shod his mules with gold [See Duruy's "History of Rome."] for Nero may have known no better, but they have been brought up in the teachings of democracy and Christianity and they *do* know better and these things which they regard as trifles, this shameful misuse of wealth, will be counted against them *someday*, when the hour of reckoning arrives.

Let me mention here a few cases of pitiful misery that have recently come to my knowledge in New York City. A poor child about nine years old came to school one morning, through a bitter February snowstorm, with *its feet tied up in rags.* It had neither stockings nor shoes, and when the teacher removed the rags the child's feet were dark purple,—almost frozen.

The same teacher told me of a little girl, about twelve, who had to get up before daylight to sew buttons on sweat-shop garments. In the morning she would go to school and at noon would carry some lunch to her father in the sweat-shop. Then she would hurry back to school with only a crust of bread for her own nourishment. After school she had to struggle until dark with a heavy push cart of potatoes. And she worked until late in the night sewing on buttons. She died of overwork and lack of food!

These are two cases among thousands in New York! Another was at 320 Henry Street, fourth floor, where we found four little children all alone. They were filthy and almost naked. They said their mother had gone down stairs. Presently the mother staggered in with two pails of water. She had just left a sick bed and, weak as she was, had carried these two heavy pails up four flights of stairs. She said her husband was in the hospital dying of consumption, and her one-year-old baby was sick with bronchitis. She had no money, no food, no coal. She declared (in German,) that she would commit suicide if she could bring herself to kill her children first but *she could not kill her babies* and she could not leave them alone!

I wonder how it impresses a millionaire company dining off gold plates to hear such stories! Perhaps they accept the recent dictum of "The Saturday Evening Post" that "wanton charity" is worse than extravagance, and decide to leave well enough alone. It is so *easy* for the rich to do that!

The fact is, as I have said before, we *must* have charity until we have something better, and neither the editor of "The Saturday Evening Post" nor the lady with the gold plates nor anyone else need feel any great concern about the "wantonness" of charity so long as New York hospitals are practically bankrupt and New York tenement children under five years of age are dying at the rate of twenty-one thousand a year, and New York poor mothers are bringing into the world twenty-seven thousand children a year without medical attendance!

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I here submit that there is reason for a certain severity of judgment touching the very rich, especially the ostentatious rich, because the great sums they lavish on pleasures and show are spent selfishly and for self-glory with only harm resulting, as we shall presently see, and furthermore because many of our millionaires are neither very generous nor very public-spirited. When I say they are not very generous, I am putting it mildly, for there is evidence enough that some of them, when there is no question of display, are positively mean. I know a rich man who lavishes thousands on his stables and art collection yet grudges his daughters pocket money. And a lady of my acquaintance once crossed on a steamer with two rich women in the ultra-smart set, who put their maids in the steerage to save a few dollars and protested angrily when the purser told them they could not have the services of these maids unless they transferred them to the second cabin.

Of course it is notorious that the rich are often scandalously slow in paying their bills. I recall one instance where the wife of a multi-millionaire (she was afterwards divorced,) took no notice, month after month, of a bill amounting to over twenty thousand dollars for her daughter's wedding *trousseau*, and this bill was not paid for more than a year after the ceremony, and only then because a resourceful collector "held up" the multi-millionaire himself in the street one day, and finally got his check.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A PAIR!

These look like ordinary shoes, costing ten or twelve dollars a pair or less. As a matter of fact, the maker charges three hundred, five hundred, eight hundred dollars or more a pair for them, *and gets it.* His price varies with his effort in making them and, perhaps, with the wealth of his customer. These shoes are supposed to be made on deep scientific principles that involve questions of foot pressure, equilibrium, etc. They are are also supposed to possess certain electric qualities that benefit the health. But the main point is that they cost five hundred dollars a pair and that rich people pay it!

I have been told of several rich women in the smart set, two of them very rich, who are wont to haggle over prices in the shops as if they were in genteel poverty. One of these ladies whose showy Newport *fêtes* are widely proclaimed, tried, on a certain occasion, to "beat down" an estimate for candle shades, favors, etc., that she wanted in a hurry for a dinner dance, and, having failed in her effort, she finally exclaimed:—"Why, you ought n't to charge me a cent for these things! Think of the advertising you can get out of it! If you treat me right I 'll see that your place is mentioned by all the reporters!"

And another, whose husband is one of the richest men in the world, actually wept before a Fifth Avenue dressmaker in her pleadings for a reduction of fifteen dollars on the price of a certain garment that she simply had to have but could n't afford, she declared, out of the small allowance made her by her husband.

When I was in Newport last summer, people were laughing at the latest petty economy of this same husband who is certainly one of the "closest" of our idle millionaires. He had heard of a new aluminum paint, warranted to keep shiny without much rubbing, and he had forthwith given orders that the brasses on his beautiful yacht be smeared over with this paint so that he might reduce his pay roll by the wages of two sailors previously needed to clean these brasses! This gentleman's income must be at least four million dollars!

I realize that it is not fair to attach undue importance to such trifles, nor fair to dwell on the faults and vanities of the rich and forget their many good works, their frequent acts of kindness and generosity. It may be that as individuals they are neither better nor worse than the rest of us, neither more nor less selfish, neither more nor less foolish; it may be that in their places we should behave very much as they do; still the fact remains that they have a great and special responsibility for the example they set, since that example has an incalculable influence for good or ill upon the whole country. Indeed we may say that the example of the rich is to-day the most potent influence that affects the lives and conduct of the American people. We have no nobility to spread the leaven of chivalry, no princes of the church to guard the doctrine of *noblesse oblige*, no court to show the people how many things there are that money can not buy; we have not even an aristocracy of culture to keep in place the upstarts of the counting room; we have simply money, money, money. Therefore, since money is the sole creed and universal goal, since *everything* depends on money, it is right and important that the lives and habits of the rich be brought under honest scrutiny and that the rising generation be taught that the misuse of wealth is a double crime in America, a crime of the highest treason, since it harms not only the misuser but the entire nation by spreading the sinister gospel of extravagance and greed.

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One of the most convincing evidences that many of our rich lack public spirit appears in the way they manage by trickery and evasion to shirk their just debts to the community, I mean their rightful taxes on personal property. Why should a man who has a beautiful home in New York, whose business interests are in New York, whose friends are in New York, who, in short, is obviously a New Yorker, why should he declare a "residence" in some little place in New Jersey or Connecticut or Rhode Island and put himself to the inconvenience of voting there (if indeed he votes at all,) unless it be to avoid paying his honest dues? I have already spoken of this matter but I may add a few details furnished by an expert in the tax office. This gentleman tells me it is not uncommon for rich men, say on December 15, to exchange their taxable bonds for non-taxable stock so that on January 2, (tax day,) they may swear they hold no taxable securities and so escape payment, although they fully intend, say on January 15, to buy back the same taxable bonds and hold them for the rest of the year in safe but cowardly defiance of the law's intent.

Others give the tax assessor false or misleading statements about their business showing that they have many debts to pay (some of these held over purposely,) and many notes to meet (some of these given to dummies,) and in general, by a juggling of accounts, they make the situation seem bad when it really may be excellent. Thus the gas trust is said to have "overlooked" some twelve millions of its taxable property in a recent accounting to the tax office!

Discussing such dishonesty of large corporations and holders of personal property, Walter Thomas Mills in his "Struggle for Existence" says:—"They can not hide their property, but they can elect a clerk, or a personal dependent, or a member of the corporation to be the assessor, or, as a notorious tax dodger recently remarked, "Even when the assessments have been made, it is one thing to assess and another to collect, with the great corporations so largely in control of the courts." Railways, street car companies, great department stores, great manufacturing establishments, mining corporations, great industrial organizations of all sorts usually maintain a special department devoted exclusively to the subject of avoiding the payment of taxes."

"As a matter of fact," says a writer in "The Outlook," "the tax on mortgages is so widely evaded, either by technicalities or by absolute dishonesty, that mortgages, in New York City, go practically untaxed."

And William T. Stead, giving his recent impressions of America, says:—"I have studied autocracy in Russia, and theocracy in Rome, and I must say that nowhere have I struck more abject submission to a more soulless despotism than that which prevails among the masses of so-called free

American citizens when they are face to face with the omnipotent power of corporations."

It is evident that this dishonesty of the rich must have a demoralizing effect on small tradesmen and property holders who find themselves taxed to the last dollar of their modest possessions (for the loopholes of the law help them but little,) while perhaps in the same tax line stands a multi-millionaire who with his grand air "swears off" everything and walks away without paying a cent. This is done openly every year, this is the example set by the rich for their fellow citizens and there can result from it only two things:—either the rich will be hated for their trickery, which means increased class bitterness; or they will be imitated in their trickery, which means increased dishonesty.

If you mention these things to rich men, they shrug their shoulders and quote the law to you, or some decision of the courts that favors them. All their tricks and evasions are within the law and there is nothing more to say. Yes, but is it fair? Possibly not, but the law permits it. Does the *spirit* of the law permit it? Perhaps not, but the letter of the law does and that suffices. And they are selfish and unpatriotic enough to take advantage of these faults in the law, knowing full well that they are thus withholding every year hundreds of millions of tax money that rightfully belong to the people.

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Nor is it in this alone that our rich men seem lacking in public spirit. How many interest themselves actively in state or municipal problems, as happens commonly in England? How many show any real concern for the public good? How many are even willing to perform that simplest duty of a citizen,—I mean jury service? How many are rather content to fritter away their fortunes and their lives in a round of useless sports and trivial diversions? Or else to grind along until the cold tomb takes them in the stupid business of amassing millions! Of the six thousand millionaires this country boasts, how many are loved by the people? Are there a hundred, are there ten, whose taking off would be *sincerely mourned* by the tears of one poor thousand? Yet why should they not be mourned? Why should they not be loved? How easy for them to be loved! And how much happier they would be if they had also the gratitude and respect of their fellow citizens!

In reply to which I hear murmurs of disapproval and the summons against me of numerous loveable and generous millionaires to witness for my confounding. I know our country abounds in kind rich people and there are some, no doubt, who give tithes of their incomes to charity and many who abhor ostentation, but if a man were standing on a hill beside a river and were sked to say which way the river flowed he would look at the main current without regard to whirls and eddies and would say, "It flows this way or that way." And I believe an impartial observer watching the general drift of life among rich Americans would say that it *seems* to move toward selfishness and show and self-indulgence. If this is not really but only apparently true, then I think the blame must be laid upon the rich themselves, upon the large body of quiet living, wholesome-minded rich who fail to check or at least reprove the greed and extravagance of a selfish rich minority, which minority by its cruel extortions in business, by its profligate and spectacular pursuit of pleasure, is fast arousing for *all* the rich alike a general hatred and contempt. Take the fashionable follies of Newport and New York, the costly *fêtes*, the gambling, the fortunes wasted on food and dress, the scandals, the divorces, the drinking, the coarse talk of certain "smart" women,—if these things are not approved by the serious rich people, then why are they tolerated? It is all a matter of fashion, and fashion in America is simply what rich people want.

Which brings us to an important part of the present writing, I mean the effects upon the country at large of this fashion of extravagance and show now set by the idle and vainglorious rich. At another time we shall consider the effects upon the rich themselves, upon their children and dependents; for the moment it is well to observe what this luxurious example is doing for the mass of our people. And I say at once with all possible emphasis that I believe it is doing serious and increasing harm, changing the old standards of simplicity and honesty, demoralizing many women, and acting as a potent cause of far reaching discontent.

Here is a fan of pearl and lace worth two hundred and fifty dollars. It is such a fan as might be given to one of the guests as a souvenir at an ostentatious dinner

Let us look at certain phases of American life and see if there is reason for so somber a judgment. Take the example of women in the rich smart set and consider its influence on other women neither rich nor poor, on ordinary American women. And remember that for years our newspapers have devoted pages every week to the doings of these wonderful ladies "in society," city newspapers, country newspapers, village newspapers, *all* the newspapers have told about their gowns, their balls, their grand dinners, their weddings, their divorces, their departures for Europe, their returns from Europe, their follies and their extravagances—always the same names over and over again in pompous catalogue until the hamlets in Idaho and the swamps of Florida know them better than the saints of sacred story. Thus, I quote from the first paper I take up:—

"Mrs. H. P. W. was looking most attractive in a costume of white Irish lace over white satin with trimmings of black velvet."

"Mrs. N. W.'s brunette beauty was heightened by a costume of silver gauze figured with pink flowers and trimmed with white lace."

"Mrs. L. W. looked very charming in a costume of ecru crepe de Chine combined with lace and black velvet."

"Mrs. C. H. M. wore a costume of black *crêpe* elaborately embroidered with gold, the bottom of the skirt being flounced with gold lace."

"Mrs. R. G. was a charming picture in a gown of white Irish lace and a large white hat with a pale pink feather."

This seems to be a simple white dress and a simple enough hat. Yet the one costs eight hundred dollars and the other one hundred and fifty. Its the real Irish lace, that does it!

And so on without end season after season, year after year, from all the rendezvous of fashion, from Fifth Avenue, from Newport, from Lenox, from Aiken, from Palm Beach, from London, from Paris, *and always the same names* until by mere force of iteration, by the hypnotism of repetition, as a tireless advertiser at last *compels* you to buy his soap, these "society" people have been taken at their own valuation and in hundreds of towns and small cities all over America thousands of women follow their spectacular flutterings with almost reverent interest. Thus a spurious aristocracy has grown up in this land, an aristocracy that rests on neither culture nor wit nor serious achievements, but simply on money and love of show and Sunday newspapers!

Yet vain and shallow as it is, this tinsel aristocracy is a real power in America, a great power. It dominates the social life of Newport and New York, it decides who shall or shall not pass the dread portals of Fifth Avenue and sit among the chosen,—"the Four Hundred,"—who shall or shall not be nodded to from haughty carriages and counted "anybody" in fashionable gathering places. It is envied, feared, and imitated; worst of all it is *imitated!* Women from every part of the country come to New York and see these "leaders" of society (they are always on exhibition,) observe their gowns and manners and hear about their morals. "Ah," says one, "so *she* is in the 'Four Hundred,' that girl who used to make her own dresses." And another says, "So *she* got a divorce and married a millionaire!" And another says, "What, *that* woman a Newport swell, when her father was James, the miner!" And another says, "They tell me this lady drinks too much, and that one never pays her bills, and another swears like a pirate, but it must be all right, for they're in the 'Four Hundred!'" And thousands say, "But *I* am as pretty and as clever as they are, why should n't *I* do as well? And if they do this or that to succeed, why should n't *I* do the same?" And back they go to their homes in numberless towns and small cities carrying with them and spreading the seeds of recklessness and discontent! Nor can any man tell into what miserable harvest these seeds may grow, into what extravagances, into what scandals and wreck of homes!

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Take the alarming increase in divorces and separations reported from all parts of this country, does anyone doubt that discontent with old-fashioned conditions and a longing for the show and pleasure they read about have influenced women here? If one husband can not give his wife handsome gowns and furs and jewelry, why—there are other husbands! And always there is the example of the smart set, blazoned forth in the papers to show that stepping over the conjugal traces is at least not bad form. Do no ex-husbands and ex-wives exchange friendly salutations on Fifth Avenue and meet as a matter of course at dinners and receptions! And sometimes marry again! And then divorce again! Had not Newport its record last summer of twenty-seven divorces among fashionable cottagers, with more preparing! Did not one lady who moves in ultra circles *literally sell her child* to the husband she was divorcing for a million dollars! And if social lights can do such things and still be honored, what wonder if various wives of humbler station finally decide to kick up ambitious heels and have a try in the running! I suppose there are a million children in this country whose lives have been overshadowed by that sort of thing!

And even among the great body of American women who would stand firm against such demoralization, there may be noted a certain lowering of moral tone as the result of influences "from above;" they tolerate or practice gambling since the "bridge" craze started, they drink more than they did and are less sure than they used to be as what is or is not becoming in a woman.

An amusing illustration of this last point was offered recently at Palm Beach. One day in the height of the season there appeared at the bathing pool a strikingly handsome woman in a much diminished bathing suit. It was made

FOR ONE PARASOL, $500

This is the exact price that was paid for the parasol shown in this picture. It will be difficult to find wherein the value lies, for aside from its daintiness and beauty it is one of those flimsy affairs that will not last more than one season, which is two or three months at a summer resort. If a rich woman should carry such a parasol every time she went out, her friends would say that she was trying to economize. Many rich women buy as many as ten at a time. Incidentally, the hat in this picture cost two hundred and thirty dollars

in one piece, much like a man's suit, very low at the neck, very high at the knees, and there were no stockings. There sounded forthwith a scandalized chorus from ladies present; they were *quite* horrified, and protests were made to the hotel manager. But the next day it transpired that the wearer of this *outré* garment was Lady —— of the smartest set in London and the smartest set in New York, and straightway the murmurs ceased.

"Well," sighed one of the ladies who had been most strenuous against this immodesty, "If I could swim as well as Lady ——, I suppose I should do as she does."

And the hotel manager, knowing the ways of the world, declared that Lady ——, "might wear any old bathing suit she wanted to or none at all," since, being rich and a social power, she could do no wrong!

Wherever we follow our spectacular rich (the newspapers *force* us to follow them,) we find them parading like eccentricities, taking off shoes and stockings in Baltimore after a fashionable gathering to wade in a public fountain; playing leap frog in Washington (men and women,) after a smart dance; wandering off for hours in the Bois de Boulogne (in couples with husbands and wives separated,) after a brilliant Paris dinner; watching the body to body contortions of a young woman and a boa constrictor (this in New York before a company of men;) applauding unmentionable features of the stupid Seeley revel; gambling, gorging, drinking, gallivanting, in short challenging the devil to offer any fillip for their jaded senses! What wonder if the unsophisticated West is yielding to this contamination, as appears in a recent Boston paper which speaks editorially of "an entertainment in Minneapolis where three hundred men gathered to enjoy the dancing of a nude artists' model!"

All of which means, if it means anything, that a powerful element in our "best,"—that is our richest society,—is setting a profligate example in this country, an example that threatens the sanctity and stability of countless American homes. Pleasure and show and money! Dress for the women! Gems for the women! *And a rich husband!* There is the poisoned lure that tempts our maidens! Pleasure and show and money!

And of these three but one is essential; money, for money will buy the other two. Does anyone doubt that thousands of our women are practically selling themselves for money in marriage and then selling themselves again for money in divorce? Does anyone doubt that this pressure for riches brought upon men by our women (wives, sweethearts and society,) is a fundamental cause of the dishonesty that is more and more tainting our business and political life? Ah, now we have said the word, the bitter, wounding word,—dishonesty! There is the danger that threatens this republic,—dishonesty among its citizens. All other evils are less than this, all cures for evils are vain until this evil is cured, *for the whole principle of representative government fails abjectly when the people strive only to plunder and betray the people!*

If one of our writers twenty years ago or even ten years ago had dared to question the honesty of the American people, he would have been counted an impudent renegade, a babbler whose stupid insults would have aroused only contemptuous smiles. But to-day it is different, our eyes have been opened, and, without surprise though with dismay, we see able men commissioned by our great magazines to go from city to city from state to state from one business enterprise to another, with the sole purpose of proving the existence of wholesale corruption in public and private affairs. And month after month we read these ghastly revelations until it seems as if everything is rotten, *all* our cities, *all* our states, the whole world of business and finance, even our national government, even our courts. And we take it as a matter of course!

New Yorkers will remember the Broadway florist who failed several years ago, because his millionaire customers would not pay their bills. And did not a Manhattan clergyman take this dishonesty of the rich as the subject of an Easter sermon and tell his hearers in vigorous phrase that the corner grocer was threatened with bankruptcy because many of the congregation had not paid what they owed him, two rich families being conspicuous offenders!

FOR ONE BOX OF CANDY, $50

This box is about fifteen inches square and five inches deep. It holds twelve pounds of Huyler's best candy. It is covered with pink or blue moire silk and the top is adorned with ribbons and hand embroidery. Besides the candy there is a generous sprinkling of candied violets that cost five dollars a pound. Mr. Moffett asked one of the girls at Huyler's if they sell many of these fifty-dollar boxes. "Quite a number," she said; "especially in the holidays"

And a lady who interests herself in various charities gives me an illustration of the petty spirit sometimes shown by the rich even towards good works. It appears that an appeal in behalf of the East Side Music Settlement was made to the wife of an enormously rich man, whose charities, while abundant, follow lines of rather irritating sameness. The reply brought no contribution on the ground that the lady regarded a musical career as *dangerous for the young*, and, furthermore, she thought that poor people should be kept in the station where they were born. Which is rather amusing when one reflects that her husband landed in New York with a dollar and a quarter or some such amount in his pockets!

The same informant tells me that the secretary of a society to help sick children once asked a contribution from a New York millionaire who, in refusing, explained that he found it best to "concentrate all his benefactions on one particular charity which he named. The secretary, having a skeptical mind, took steps to learn exactly what these "concentrated benefactions" of a very rich man might amount to and found that he gave exactly *twenty-five dollars a year* to the charity in question!

About a year ago I was requested by the richest and most enterprising of our periodicals to write a series of articles on this very subject of dishonesty in American life, dishonesty in high finance, in business, in the professions, among ordinary citizens. I did not do the work because of its vast range and painful nature, but it is significant that a clear-headed editor who knows his public was not only willing but anxious to publish such articles. He must have believed that this dishonesty exists, and who that has weighed the evidence can doubt it? Is the Beef Trust honest? Is Standard Oil honest? Are the great insurance companies honest? Is Wall Street honest?

And, coming to ordinary business, look at the drug trade with drug adulterations, look at the food trade with food adulterations, look at the frauds and shams offered as genuine on every hand.

As for the professions, we may hope that they are in the main untainted, although last month the New York "Sun" printed a half-page advertisement wherein three clergymen "distinguished divines and temperance workers" in black type with their "distinguished" photographs endorse,—oh, simply from a sense of duty!—So-and-So's pure malt whiskey!

As for the dishonesty of individuals, I leave that to the individual reader, he will not deny that the present fashion of luxury and gospel of greed makes men do reckless or criminal things to get money. Think of that poor bank president in Milwaukee.

In conclusion I reply to those who say that, in censuring extravagance, I am striking at the effect not the cause, and who urge consideration of what they think the greater question, how the rich *got* their enormous fortunes. No doubt many of these fortunes were obtained by unfair means, by unjust discrimination of laws, by trickery aud fraud, by stupid luck, as in farm holding on Manhattan Island, and no doubt such fortunes should be made impossible by law, by a graduated income tax or a graduated inheritance tax. Nevertheless, I believe that the wrong done to the people by the rich in *getting* their wealth is less than the wrong they are now doing in *squandering* it. It is better to steal a man's money than his manhood. And while the American people may mourn the usurpation of their oil wells, coal fields, railways, meat supply, etc., there would be deeper cause for mourning if they had lost also their honesty, their frugality and their peace of mind. In these homely qualities, not in material possessions, lies the real strength of this nation, and our profligate rich are doing a wicked thing when they strike at these qualities, when, by their glittering example, they debauch our sound and sane middle classes, when they teach others *to do as they have done*, and spread through the body of our citizens the leaven of dishonesty and discontent. *That* is a crime never to be forgiven, for it would work the political ruin of the state through the moral ruin of the people!

A final word now to those who would help in this investigation. It is not money that is needed so much as an enlightened and uplifted public opinion. And for that we want *truth* above all things, truth without overstatement or exaggeration, a mass of details, everyday incidents in the lives of rich and poor, facts of extravagance and suffering, facts of ostentation and want, facts of profligate waste and misery. We want such facts and details from all parts of the country so that from them we may draw sound and wise conclusions. And readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE can help enormously in this work if they will take the time and trouble to furnish such information,—little things, trifles, yet of value as showing the drift of our life *if only they be strictly and literally true.* Do you, my friend, know one specific case where a man has been driven to dishonesty or crime in his effort to make a show? Do you know the facts *of your own* knowledge? Then for the common good let us have them. No names will be printed so long as we have your assurance that the statements are true. Or do you, sympathetic lady, know a case where some happy home has been broken up through the wife's longing for pleasure and position? Then put down the facts and send them. I repeat, we can not have too many such facts or from too many places. Furthermore, if any reader feels an honest disagreement with anything in these articles, I shall esteem it a favor and a proof of confidence if he or she will write and say so and say why.

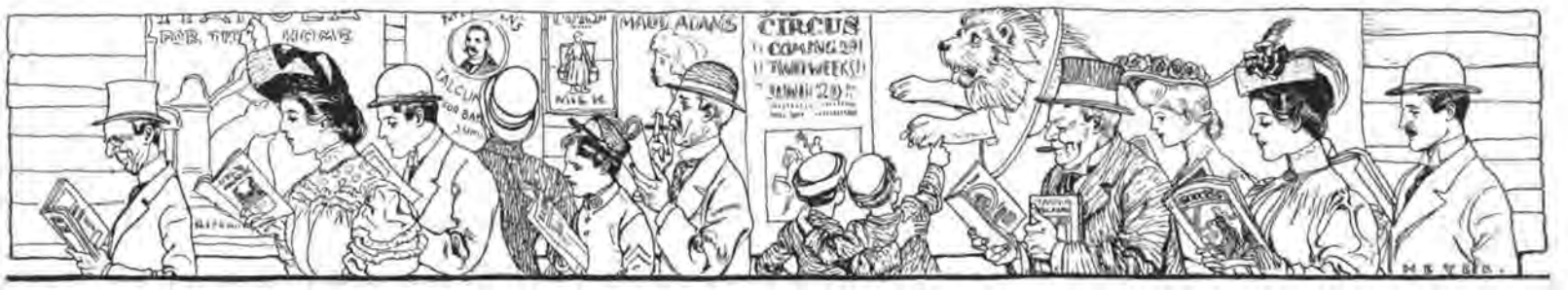
[The next article in this series will appear in the July number of Success Magazine]

[Credit is hereby given to the Hilgart Curative Footgear Institute, New York, for the shoes photographed on page 398]

How Fortunes Are Made in Advertising

LITTLE ACORNS OF IDEAS THAT BECOME GREAT OAKS OF PROSPERITY

Henry Harrison Lewis



A Million-dollar Scrap of Tissue Paper

ONE afternoon, several years ago, a young clerk in a small fancy-goods shop in Troy, New York, dropped an envelope to the floor while waiting on a woman customer.

"Be careful, James," admonished the proprietor of the shop, who was standing near; "that envelope contains a bit of tissue paper representing a million dollars."

Both the clerk and the customer smiled at what they considered a little joke on the part of the proprietor. The former retorted:—

"A million dollars, Mr. Franklin? Shucks! it's only a 'New Idea' pattern."

"Nevertheless," replied his employer, "it is just as I said. I read in the morning paper that the sole right to manufacture and sell that bit of tissue paper hereafter has been bought from the inventors and original owners for one million dollars."

What the man did not tell his clerk, because he did not know it, was the remarkable and extremely interesting story of how a man with an idea and the pluck to carry out his convictions rose within five years from poverty to a position in the ranks of the millionaires of the country. The man is A. J. Pearsall, now the largest landowner of Ridgewood, New Jersey. His idea was the making and marketing of popular dress patterns for ten cents, and the speedy culmination of his efforts was the purchase of his rights by a rival company at a price estimated at not less than a million dollars.

"Whatever success I have achieved," Mr. Pearsall has often said, "was due to three things: first, the idea; second, as much advertising as I could do; and, third, what might be called the ripe condition of the country. The idea came as ideas come to most men, and I was fortunate enough to find a market eager for what I had to sell; but, without the advertising, which I did to the best of my ability, the idea and the ripe market would have been worth comparatively nothing."

"'THE IDEA CAME AS IDEAS COME TO MOST MEN'"

It was in 1896, less than ten years ago, that this man, who to-day speaks with less shame of his former poverty than he does of his present wealth, found himself at a very low ebb in his tide of fortune. He had been a trusted employee of the Domestic Sewing Machine Company, for a term of years, but when that concern changed hands he lost his position, with no prospect for the future. He talks freely of those heartbreaking days when it was a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door, and he tells with dramatic force—the dramatic force of a simple tale of real life,—of the time when, one night, he returned home with the idea burning in his thoughts.

He sat in a darkened corner of the room and told his wife of the plan he had evolved. It was not an idle dream or the visionary scheme of an unpractical man, but rather a carefully weighed proposition based on personal experience.

"I'm going to make a fortune," he said, confidently. "I know as well as it is possible to know anything that wealth awaits the man who takes a certain decisive step at once on the lines I have in mind."

"And what is the step?"

"To make paper patterns to sell at ten cents."

"But there are no paper patterns at such a low price," insisted his wife. "They cost twenty-five or thirty or forty cents apiece."

Mr. Pearsall smiled grimly.

"That is just why a pattern at ten cents will sell," he replied. "It can be made and sold at that figure at a fair profit, and hundreds of thousands more can be sold than would be possible at a higher price. You know that my experience in charge of the pattern department of the Domestic Company stands for something. It stands for my idea now,—my 'New Idea,' for that is what I will call the pattern. The only thing is, I must have money,—enough to incorporate a company and to advertise."

He glanced about him and the grim smile came back to his lips. Money to form a company, and money to advertise? It was easy to say,—those words,—but no man knew better than he the infinite struggle to secure enough even for the daily needs. The idea would not leave him, however, and it spurred him on until, one day, he got the ear of a friend who listened, and, after listening, acted. With the assistance of this friend, a neighbor in Ridgewood, a company was formed and a small office secured on West Broadway, New York. The New Idea Pattern Company was launched.

From the very beginning all the spare dollars, and they were pitiably few, were paid out for advertising. Little by little the retail trade learned of the new pattern at ten cents, and little by little the demand increased. The first year showed a profit, and the second year showed a very encouraging success. There were no dividends declared. Each man took just what was needed for living expenses, and every available dollar went where it would do the most good,—toward the further upbuilding of the foundation of prosperity by advertising. The fourth year found a long-established and prosperous rival showing signs of interest in this new concern that had dared to venture into the field at the ridiculous price of ten cents.

The time finally arrived when the giant Goliath discovered a promise of danger in the little David. Then war was threatened. The president of the Goliath company opened communication with David. "The situation is growing intolerable," he said, in effect. "You are hurting the market, and we will not stand for it any longer. We will do one of two things,—either fight you to the bitter end, which we would deplore, or buy you out. Which shall it be?"

Mr. Pearsall talked it over with his associates.

"We have nothing to fear from a war," he said, decisvely. "Our books show that we are in the best possible condition. We have inaugurated new ideas. We were the first to make our illustrations look like photographs showing the finished costume as worn by a woman instead of the old idea of the simple garment without the head, and I rather guess we would give them a run for their money, but I don't care for war. I would rather sell and live the rest of my days in peace,—that is, if we get our price."

His associates agreed with him and word was returned to Goliath. History does not show what occurred in the president's office when the reply arrived from David, but the bitter pill was swallowed, and, several weeks later, the New Idea Pattern Company became a subsidiary company of the Butterick concern, and A. J. Pearsall retired with a fortune of seven figures made in five years. This was the recipe:—

An idea,.....one part;
Advertising,.....three parts;
A ripe market,.....two parts;
Mix, and make one fortune.

A man does not have to be a keen student of human nature to find an interest in stories of fortunes made by his fellow men. There is something strangely fascinating in the details of success. We like to read, for instance, of the manner in which Pierre Lorillard first carved his way to a competency from the beginning made in that little old mill hard by the Bronx. We admire the courage and hustle that enabled him, in the early days of advertising, to send out whole troops of men mounted, and attired, as were the crusaders of old, in helmet and corsage. Even those in the thirties among us can remember the blaring bands, the stern crusaders, and the banners borne aloft showing the "Red Cross" and the words, "*In hoc signo vinces*," which the elder Lorillard used to advertise his "Red Cross" brand of plug tobacco.

The tales of the elder Bonner and his hardy adventures on the uncharted seas of advertising, of the time when he called on James Gordon Bennett for half of the few pages of "The New York Herald" of that day, of how he paid five hundred dollars for a story, and five thousand dollars to tell the public that he had the story, and of how he saw his five thousand, five hundred dollars come flowing back to him threefold on the tide of an interested public,—ah, those stories are like meat and drink to us who appreciate our facts with the flavor of fiction. You could not stand on the tower of any lofty building in New York City and shoot a gun without having the bullet fall upon the roof of a house sheltering an interesting story of a fortune secured by advertising, and you would hit mighty few houses sheltering fortunes—that is, legitimate fortunes,—made without advertising.

"'HAF YOU SHAVED MIT THE KAMPFE GARDEN RAKE ALRETTY?'"

What a Man Accomplished Who Tinkered With a Broken Blade

Did you ever shave yourself with a safety razor? It comes in a little box and has a jointed metal handle and a short blade protected by a metal guard. It really does not matter if you did or not; you have heard of the Star Razor, because the firm

manufacturing it is a wonderful advertiser, and it has a story to tell of its origin that knocks the trivialities of fiction into a cocked hat. Some twenty-odd years ago three brothers named Kampfe came across the broad Atlantic seeking their fortunes in the New World, where so many brother Germans had acquired wealth. The Kampfes were expert machinists, and it was not long before they found an opportunity to establish themselves in a little shop in New York, where they made hand lathes and other small bits of machinery. They prospered in a quiet way, but there was no great hope in the future of their business until, one day, the younger brother met with a trifling accident.

He was shaving with the aid of an ordinary razor when, suddenly, those in the room with him heard a muttered exclamation followed by a slight thud and the tinkle of breaking metal. When they looked up they saw a cut on his face from which the blood welled freely, and upon the floor lay the offending razor with the blade snapped in twain.

"That's the very last time I'll shave with a razor like that," declared he, in a rage; "I cut myself almost every time."

"You will go, then, to a barber, or raise a beard to your knees," laughed one of his companions. But, as it happened, he did neither. Gathering up the fragments of the razor, he put them away, and by and by his brothers observed that he was tinkering with the broken blade. He said nothing, but one day, to their mild surprise and amusement, he produced a curious arrangement somewhat like the present "Star Safety." He shaved with it, too, without cutting himself. Curiosity compelled his brothers to try the newfangled thing, and then it was tried by their friends. At first it was a joke.

"Haf you shaved mit the Kampfe garden rake, alretty?" one German friend would ask another.

But in time its merits were appreciated and an attempt was made to manufacture the razors for commerce. No advertising was done, and the business languished. A few orders for small quantities, never more than a dozen, came dribbling in, and finally the brothers began to lose faith in the value of the invention. Then, one day, an order came in the mail from a New York cutlery house for one gross. The elder Kampfe laughed when he read it.

"Humph! it's a fake," he said, and promptly tossed the order into the wastebasket.

The paper was thrown away, but within a week a letter came from the cutlery house asking why the order had not been acknowledged. The Kampfe brothers awoke, then. The gross was manufactured and another after that. A little advertising was done, and finally the great triumph came. I presume most of you have seen, in one form or another, the famous letter of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the kindly philosopher of the "Breakfast Table." It is good enough to reprint, anyway, and it will stand for all time as one of the greatest weapons for successful advertising ever placed in the hands of a firm by a beneficent providence.

"'THE MOWING OPERATION REQUIRED NO GLASS'"

It was something like twenty years ago that the good doctor set sail for a little journey to Europe, which he afterwards described in his book entitled "Our One Hundred Days in Europe." It was an extremely tempestuous trip, but Dr. Holmes would not dispense with shaving. In that book, which has been widely read, he said:—

> The "Cephalonia" was to sail at half past six in the morning, and at that early hour a company of wellwishers was gathered on the wharf at East Boston to bid us good-by. We took with us many tokens of their thoughtful kindness. With the other gifts came a small tin box, about as big as a common round wooden match box. I supposed it to hold some pretty gimcrack, sent as a pleasant parting token of remembrance. It proved to be a most valued daily companion, useful at all times, never more so than when the winds were blowing hard and the ship was struggling with the waves. There must have been some magic secret in it, for I am sure I looked five years younger after closing that box than when I opened it. Time will explain its mysterious power. The next morning at sea revealed the mystery of the little tin box. It contained a reaping machine, which gathered the capillary harvest of the past twenty-four hours with a thoroughness, a rapidity, a security and a facility which were a surprise, almost a revelation. . . . . The mowing operation required no glass, could be performed with almost reckless boldness, as one can not cut himself, and, in fact, had become a pleasant amusement instead of an irksome task. I have never used any other means of shaving from that day to this. . . . . I determined to let other persons know what a convenience I had found in the "Star Razor" of Messrs. Kampfe, of New York, without fear of reproach for so doing. It is pure good will to my race which leads me to commend the "Star Razor" to all who travel by land or sea, as well as to all who stay at home.

This testimonial, which was entirely unsolicited, could not have been bought for all the money in Boston. In itself it was worth a great deal, but its falling into the hands of clever advertisers enhanced its value one million per cent. The three brothers saw the opportunity, and they have never ceased to profit by it from that day to this. Their former business of making small machines was absorbed by the making of razors, a number of years ago. To-day their fortunes can be figured at little short of a million. Here, again, we have the never-failing recipe,—an idea, one part; an opportunity, two parts; advertising, *quantum sufficit*.

In summing up the most profitable assets of advertising, it seems that the exploitation of an attractive and characteristic trade-mark offers greater opportunities for successful results than anything else. People who purchase articles seldom write to the advertisers, who are practically unknown to them. They ask for a certain brand of this or a certain make of that. They ask for Uneeda Biscuits, or Quaker Oats, or Macbeth lamp chimneys, or "Force," or Royal Baking Powder, or Ivory Soap. If the good housewife

"'MONEY TO FORM A COMPANY?'"

needs a bag of flour, she instinctively mentions Pillsbury's Best, and, if her daily need calls for a carpet sweeper, she promptly orders "Bissell's." If she is asked why, it is probable that she will say that it is the best, whether she has used it or not. The trade-mark, "Bissell's," is in her mind and upon the end of her tongue because she has seen it in magazines, in newspapers, and upon the billboards of the country. This is one of the peculiar developments of the mind which accounts for the immense amounts of money that are spent each year in the United States in all kinds of advertising.

A Swede Settler With an Eye for Art

There is no greater proof of the value of an attractive trade-mark—when thoroughly advertised,—than the case of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. There are other insurance companies just as good, and others just as well known, but the happy inspiration that secured for the Prudential the stupendous value in advertising of the word "Gibraltar" undoubtedly did more for the marvelous success of the company than any other thing. The word is a synonym for strength, permanence, security, and usefulness, and, used as the Prudential Company uses it, invariably with a picture of the famous Rock of Gibraltar, it carries its significance throughout the length and breadth of the country. A recent experience of one of its twelve thousand agents will illustrate the value of the word to the company, and the value of any characteristic trade-mark to any company that advertises properly and well.

One day last July the agent in question happened to be driving along a dusty prairie road in the central part of Minnesota. He was out looking for "business," but had not much hope of writing many policies in that particular region. The day was oppressively hot. In the north a heavy bank of clouds had formed, and the fitful breathing of a vagrant wind indicated the coming of a storm. The house he had passed last was fully three miles away, and he whipped up his horse in a sudden effort to escape the coming rain.

Presently there came a rise of ground, and beyond that a little farm of probably thirty acres, in the center of which stood a rude mud "shack." It was not very promising, but it offered some sort of shelter, and the agent drove from the road to the door. A large, fair-haired man, brawny and mild-eyed, came out in response to his call. Behind the farmer appeared a woman and several children.

"Can I wait here until the storm passes?" queried the agent.

The man nodded.

"A Swede settler with little money, and less knowledge of the English language," muttered the agent, as he led his rig under the lean-to barn. He found the interior of the house neat and well kept, but painfully devoid of furniture. There were only two rooms, a bedroom and a combined kitchen, dining room, and living room. After seating himself in the latter he amused himself playing with the children for a while, and then, as a matter of habit, began to talk insurance.

"Been here long?" he asked the farmer.

"Four year," was the stolid reply.

"Own the place?"

The Swede nodded.

"Got a pretty big family."

"Ay tank so."

"Any provision made for the support of your family if you—er,—should be called away?"

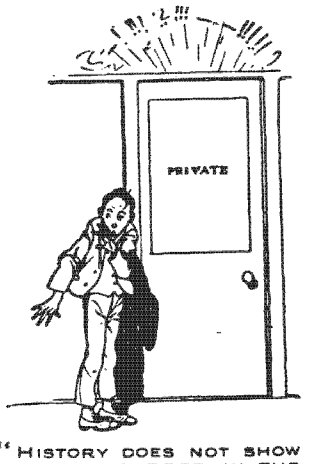
"Ay no go way," responded the Swede, placidly.

"I mean if you should die. Such a thing might happen, you know. Now, see here, my friend, my business is to enable men like you to leave a comfortable sum of money behind them when they are gone. I am an agent of an insurance company. You know what insurance means. You pay a few dollars while you are alive and your family gets a great deal more when you are dead. Ever hear of the Prudential Life Insurance Company?"

The farmer shook his head. He did not seem interested, but the agent rattled on, bringing forth one argument after another, and finally, in the line of his routine work, he drew from his pocket a reduced facsimile of a famous advertising sheet of the company, showing the Rock of Gibraltar with several steamers passing it. The Swede's stolid face lighted up. He leaned forward and exclaimed:—

"Ay seen that. I bane to town and seen that. And my boy, he bane to town, too. He have that picter."

He said something in Swedish to a tousle-headed youth, and presently a much-thumbed poster was produced. Its frayed and jagged edges showed that it had fallen from some fence, but the rock was there, with the famous catch-line, "The Prudential Has the Strength of Gibraltar," printed upon its front. To the agent, who knew his business, it was like a seed unexpectedly planted in a desert, and he made good the traditions of his calling.



"HISTORY DOES NOT SHOW WHAT OCCURRED IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE"

The value of that oriflamb, as it might be called, to the Prudential Company, is

incalculable. It forms the principal feature of the enormous amount of advertising (estimated at more than a quarter of a million dollars annually,) done by the company, and it appears monthly—to quote an assertion of the company,—before more than fifty million people, through the medium of three hundred and sixty-eight publications. The use of the word "Gibraltar" as a synonym of the strength and prominence of the company came from a suggestion made by one of its agents. Its value was instantly recognized by President Dryden, and it was first used in an advertisement appearing in "Public Opinion" in August, 1896. In 1895, the year in which the Prudential began its campaign of advertising, its assets were $15,780,154. In 1903, or after eight years of advertising, its assets were $88,762,305, almost five times as much. In 1895, its insurance in force amounted to $303,130,155. After nine years of advertising its insurance in force reached the enormous total of $1,056,733,008!

"A MUCH-THUMBED POSTER WAS PRODUCED"

For the third time it may be pertinent to give a recipe:—

Take, of an attractive and significant trade-mark, ... four parts;
Good American business method, and a superior article ..... four parts;
Persistent advertising ..... eight parts;
Mix, and make several fortunes.

What the Discovery of an Old Clock Suggested

It is rather a good thing, in these modern days of iconoclastic proclivities, for one to feel that he has not yet lost interest in the old-fashioned stories of business success. We still read with absorbing interest of Dick Whittington's little journey to London, and of how Abraham Lincoln, our "Abe," crouched before the flickering light of the home log fire and laid the foundation of the education that was to broaden his mind and raise him to the seat representing the highest gift of his fellow men. We like to tell these stories to our boys. They are very fascinating links in the national chain of progress; and, after all is said and done, the little stories of success—of prosperity carved roughhewn from the adversities of lowliness and poverty,—form not the least interesting pages in our country's history.

What is fiction compared with the simple story of a country youth of eighteen who, with ten dollars in pennies saved by stern privation, journeys to the great metropolis of New York,—working his way on a cattle train, mind you,—and there lays the foundation of a business that has made him a millionaire? This did not occur in the early thirties, but no longer ago than the year 1879. The business was that of manufacturing little novelties in a small room on Fulton Street, chiefly rubber-type outfits and rubber stamps which the ambitious proprietor had invented before leaving his home in Michigan. The little business grew steadily, under his careful handling, until it had acquired, by 1887, eight years later, a manufacturing volume of more than five hundred thousand dollars annually.

One day the boy, now grown to man's estate, chanced to visit the shop of a clock dealer not far from his own store. On one of the shelves, covered with dust and surrounded by a hundred other discarded odds and ends, he espied a curious old timepiece, a sort of cross between a clock and a watch. It was not especially attractive, but it looked as if it could be manufactured at a low figure in quantities, and, if reduced somewhat in size, could be carrried in the pocket. There was a vague idea tucked away in the young inventor's brain, and he bought the old timepiece then and there. At odd times he studied its dingy brass case, and made mental calculations with the unwieldy clock as a basis. The studying and the calculations continued until the year 1902, when suddenly the country became aware of the advent of a new and extremely novel timepiece,—the Ingersoll dollar watch. The commercial possibilities of such a remarkably cheap watch were questioned by all the wiseacres in the business, but Robert H. Ingersoll had not taken the step blindly. During the time intervening between the accidental discovery of the old brass clock and the launching of his dollar watch he had devised improvements and perfected and patented machinery for manufacturing the watches at a minimum cost, and so skillfully did he estimate his margin of profit that to-day the firm of Robert H. Ingersoll and Brother has an immense capital and an output of ten thousand watches every working day of the year.

The share of this prosperity due to advertising deserves a separate paragraph. It is undoubted that Mr. Ingersoll was one of the first business men to recognize the value of publicity in extending trade. Always original, he reasoned that a direct appeal to the public through printers' ink would create a demand for his wares which the dealers could not ignore. Consequently he was one of the pioneer advertisers to conduct a campaign on a national scale, and the firm ranks, today, as one of the largest patrons of advertising in the world.

[This is the first of a series of four articles which Mr. Lewis is writing specially for Success Magazine. In the next article he will tell the story of a three-million-dollar trade-mark, how it was christened by a family physician, and how its advertising campaign grew from a few thousand dollars a year to one thousand dollars a day; also the story of a mother's appeal that started a business now worth many millions.—The Editor]

Little Glimpses of Progress

The Value of Evidence Studied by Experiment

A CURIOUS application of the experimental method to the study of the credibility of evidence has been made by Marie Borst, who has just published a book on the subject in Geneva, Switzerland. Mademoiselle Borst showed to twenty-four persons, twelve of each sex, a picture representing simple scenes of daily life. Then each was asked to write a description of it, and, later, was questioned about it. From these experiments, which extended over six weeks, the writer concludes that entirely faithful evidence is the exception, almost every story containing invention as well as fact. In a spontaneous deposition, about ten per cent. of the statements are incorrect. Narratives drawn out by interrogation are longer, but even less faithful. Evidence improves in accuracy by repetition, and women give better testimony than men. Finally, evidence given under oath is more exact than evidence not so supported, although the difference is very slight.

To Calm Waves by Bombardment

SHELLS filled with oil, intended to calm a stormy sea when fired into it, have been invented in France. The effect of a film of oil in reducing the size of waves is well known, but in the case of a moving vessel it is difficult to reach those in front, among which the ship's progress will soon bring it. At first, ordinary explosive shells containing oil were tried, but these, besides being dangerous, did not distribute the oil evenly. At present wooden shells are used, which break when they strike the water, allowing the oil to run evenly over the surface. For night use, the shells have an illuminating attachment. The results are said to be satisfactory.

To Temper Tools by Electricity

ELECTRICAL methods of tempering steel tools are coming into use. The principle is an old one, although the application is new. The tempering is done, of course, by variation of temperature, and its success depends on the fact that heat generated by electrical methods may be easily generated, localized, and controlled. In one process the tool is plunged into a cold conducting solution, thus completing an electric circuit. Intense heat is generated at the surface where the liquid and the solid touch, and at the proper moment the steel is cooled by interrupting the current, thus bringing the low temperature of the liquid into play. In another process the heat is generated by an electric arc formed between the tool and a carbon electrode similar to those used in an ordinary arc light. These and similar methods are believed by experts to be of considerable value.

What Is Consciousness?

ONE of the hardest of the nuts that still remain for psychologists to crack is to account for the fact that we are conscious of our own actions. Excluding this, it is comparatively easy to treat bodily motion or even brain activity as mechanical, and to refer them to chemical and physical laws; but a man built and operated along these lines would be an automaton, but nothing more. It is consciousness of action that distinguishes will from mere instinct. What is its nature?—and how does it act? No promise that its mechanism is to be revealed in the near future yet appears in the body of existing scientific fact,—so we are told by Professor Jacques Loeb in a recent address. Consciousness seems, he says, to be a function of that particular mental machine that enables us to remember past events in their proper sequence; but what this organ is and how it acts we do not know, although it seems to be located in the cerebral hemispheres and its working may depend in some way upon the presence of fat in the nerve cells, since solvents of fat, like chloroform and ether, are also powerful anæsthetics.

For health's sake, for beauty's sake, and for the sake of happiness and success, do not worry.

From Jungle to Jacket

Michael White

HOW MAURICE SCHMERBER BOOMED A BUSINESS

"'IF BUSINESS DEMANDS THAT THE ANIMALS BE FED EVERY HOUR, THEY MUST CONFORM TO IT'"

THOUGH the name of Maurice Schmerber may be unknown to national fame, nevertheless it carried weight in the dry-goods trade. As we should say in other professions, Mr. Schmerber had arrived, and it signified just as much to him and to the dry-goods trade as if he had written a book and set all the critics' pens a-scribbling, or invented an airship in which a farmer could flit securely to market. Be assured that it is a wide gulf which separates the confidential adviser from a floorwalker of a great department store. Mr. Schmerber had commenced his business career further down the ladder than this, but his engaging manners and lightness of step had first attracted notice. Hence he received advancement to the "floor," which, at one time, looked like the not very exalted summit of his career. In fact, as a floorwalker, he created such a pleasing impression that the management refused to listen to any suggestion from him of promotion to another department.

"Schmerber, you're doing right well where you are," was all the manager said, accompanying the words with a pat on the shoulder, and it was not at all to his liking.

He reflected, with a touch of bitterness, that a man may fit a part too well; for to shine as a floorwalker among floorwalkers was not his ambition. It was not to that end that he had cultivated an engaging smile, a beard parted in the center and brushed away handsomely on either side, and a graceful deportment which was manifested in the easy swing of his coat tails as he escorted customers to the various departments. Briefly, the reason for his discontent was that, although he received the advantages due to an agreeable external appearance, he realized that there was a great deal more in him than this. He possessed the business intuition for grasping an opportunity, and the daring requisite to throw out a line of goods in the teeth of competition, just as a military commander hurls his forces upon the enemy at the right moment. But for the hour to prove himself he seemed to wait in vain. The way to recognition lay from behind the counter and not by the center of the floor, or the stage, as it is in other paths of effort. However, at length his opportunity came.

"A BEARD PARTED IN THE CENTER AND BRUSHED HANDSOMELY ON EITHER SIDE"

Quite unexpectedly he received a summons to the manager's private office.

"Schmerber," began the latter,—he was not "Mr." Schmerber then,—"Schmerber, you've bothered me a great deal about a chance to show what you're made of. Now, maybe, it's come, if it's in you to improve it fully."

Schmerber bowed attentively. He knew when it was opportune to smile, and when to assume an air of gravity. If his opportunity had come, now was the time for a display of earnestness, purpose, and decision; and these he called into play in the expression on his face.

"Schmerber," proceeded the manager, swinging back in his chair thoughtfully, "I don't mind telling you that we are not satisfied with the progress we are making in a general business way. For instance, our goods are of better quality than Marx and Blumenstein's, opposite, and we have slashed prices right under their feet, but they draw the crowd, and we don't; that's all there is to it. Now, if you have any idea why that's the case, you may speak right out."

Schmerber had observed the rush of business at Marx and Blumenstein's, and did possess an idea upon the subject, therefore there was no reason for him to hesitate.

"It is their demonstrations, sir," he replied, with emphasis.

"Aye! What?" exclaimed the manager. "Their demonstrations, you think! Nonsense, Schmerber! Nonsense! You're away off there. Don't you know that our reputation for the most artistic demonstrations is conceded by everyone in the business. Why, our spring costume display was classic."

The beautiful three-carat white-blue diamond on the manager's middle finger of the right hand scintillated sparks of colored fire, as he waved aside the suggestion, intimating, "If that's your idea, I don't think much of it."

Schmerber smiled confidently, as men are apt to do when their view of a situation is perfectly clear.

"I admit, sir," he replied, "that our demonstrations are more artistic than Marx and Blumenstein's; but theirs have ten times the grip in them, notwithstanding."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the manager, evincing returning interest.

"I mean this," replied Schmerber, "that the people glance at our windows, and exclaim, 'Charming!' or, 'Oh, isn't that too lovely!' and then go over to Marx and Blumenstein's, and are swept in off the sidewalk by the opposition demonstrations before they have time to think."

"Well?" exclaimed the manager, interrogatively.

"Well, sir," continued Schmerber, "don't you see that to grip the crowd, to drag them away from Marx and Blumenstein's, we must sacrifice artistic delicacy for striking effect in our demonstrations?"

"But that is against our business policy," objected the manager.

"Then, sir," argued Schmerber, "we must expect to be beaten on every line by Marx and Blumenstein. And why so? Because, in these days, shoppers have not the time to examine critically the artistic merit of a demonstration. If it does not grip them at the first glance, and if they are not dragged right in by it, they go away to—Marx and Blumenstein's."

The manager regarded his subordinate fixedly.

"I am not sure, Schmerber," he reflected, after a moment's pause, "but that there is a good deal on the right side of what you say. You think we ought to follow the lead of Marx and Blumenstein,—is that it?"

"No, sir, I do not," Schmerber rejoined, emphatically; "I think we should outstrip them. I would create a demonstration, as the first of a series, that would not leave a nurse-girl or a small boy in front of their windows."

"That may be all very well, Schmerber," remarked the manager, "but you know we are not running a free show

business. What we are after is to dispose of our goods."

"Quite so, sir," returned Schmerber, with a slight inclination of the head. "But, as I said before, my idea is that our demonstrations should not only grip the crowd, but also drag it in to our counters. They should be timely,—striking,—impossible to resist."

"For example?" queried the manager.

Schmerber straightened himself, and rested a hand lightly on the manager's desk.

"Oh, take a seat, Mr. Schmerber," said the latter, motioning toward a chair.

It was the first time Schmerber had been addressed by the manager with the titular prefix. It was also the first time he had been invited to take a seat in the private office. He regarded both distinctions as favorable omens, and seated himself with prudence to avoid creasing his coat tails.

"Our display of furs is next on the schedule, I believe," he commenced.

"Yes, the goods were delivered last week."

"Very well, then. I would suggest this—"

He occupied twenty minutes in unfolding his plan. During this period the manager's face expressed a variety of emotions,—at first a shade of incredulity, then gathering interest,—surprise,—conviction.

"And if that plan is carried out, sir," Schmerber concluded, "I think Mr. Marx and Mr. Blumenstein will step over and stay awhile in front of our windows."

The manager rose from his chair and paced back and forth under the influence of manifest feeling.

"It is strong," he ejaculated; "it is daring,—almost dangerous,—it will cost, and, therefore, should make money."

"A combination, sir," added Schmerber, "which, in these days, can not fail if handled properly."

The manager halted and faced his subordinate.

"I admit it, Schmerber. You are right. Go ahead with your demonstration."

The tone, the manner of the order came from the manager as if he might be saying, "There is the enemy: destroy him."

There was a gleam in Schmerber's eyes as he rose, and his beard, brushed aside so handsomely, perceptibly bristled. The opportunity had come and with it Schmerber, the man of business acumen,—of action.

"When shall I begin?" he asked.

"At once. The window dressers and mechanical staff are placed under your direction. The advertising manager will coöperate with you in whatever you suggest for your demonstration."

"Very well, I shall also require—"

"I will O. K. your checks, Mr. Schmerber."

It was remarked, subsequently, as characteristic of Mr. Schmerber, that, when he left the manager's office, there was not visible in either manner or action a trace of that emotion which might have been expected of one called suddenly to put through a proposition fraught with tremendous consequences. No longer was he under obligation to precede customers to their counters,—the gulf between that duty and his present having widened immeasurably,—yet, observing a lady of the domestic type in search of the department of ruching, with the same courteous genuflexion and graceful swing of the coat tails as before, he conducted her to her purchasing destination. At the zenith of his fame Mr. Schmerber retained a proper sense of the fitness of things in accordance with the ethics of the dry-goods trade.

Thereafter, for several days, he was an exceedingly busy man. His coat tails were often at the horizontal rather than the perpendicular. By his direction the interior angle of the store formed by the street corner was all torn down, and carpenters set to work to construct what resembled a small auditorium. Then came the turn of the window space. In this substantial iron bars were fitted, dividing it into three sections suggestive of open strong rooms. Presently the whole was screened from view within and without. In the meantime Mr. Schmerber might have been seen in unlikely places. With pencil and notebook he frequented the winter quarters of menageries, questioning freely and making observations much as follows:—

"ROARED TILL THE PLATE-GLASS WINDOWS RATTLED"

"Now that tiger there, you say he has a record of two coolies?"

"Three coolies," replied the keeper, with a touch of respect; "three coolies and a pair of oxen."

"Not all at once?" asked Mr. Schmerber. "He could n't have eaten them all at once, surely, could he?"

"No, I guess not all at once," replied the keeper. "Once in a while, maybe; just when he felt like it."

Mr. Schmerber scribbled in his notebook:—

"Bengal tiger,—name, Pundit. Record,—three coolies and a pair of oxen, at intervals; when other food was scarce, probably."

"He 'll do very well, I think," remarked Mr. Schmerber. "Then, as to the lion. Now, can you guarantee he 'll roar,—say every twenty minutes?"

"Oh, I do n't know about that," protested the keeper. "You see, lions roar mostly when they 've a mind to. They do n't do it by clockwork, nor are they fitted with an electric button in the tail to start 'em."

Mr. Schmerber's features expressed disapproval of the keeper's facetiousness. He remarked that it did n't seem to him that the animals were properly disciplined. No business, he said, could be pushed to the limit of success in which the subordinates did things when they felt in the humor. However, the question was, did the lion roar at all?

"Why, yes, he 'll roar all right," replied the keeper, "if any noise like a foghorn shakes him up a bit."

A light flashed through Mr. Schmerber's alert brain.

"Ah, he 'll roar if he hears a foghorn?"

"Well, I 've heard him do so."

"Then I think we can manage that," concluded Mr. Schmerber. "By the way, though, he has n't a record of a rajah or something, has he?"

"Not as I know of," replied the keeper. "Old Nabob 's that friendly you could pull out one of his whiskers for a pipe cleaner, and he would n't say nothin' about it."

Mr. Schmerber regarded Old Nabob with responsive interest, but thought, nevertheless, that it would be imprudent for him to take such a liberty.

"Now, as to the bear," he resumed, "did I understand you to say that he was shot by some one?"

The keeper glanced quizzically at his visitor.

"How," he asked, "could he be walkin' around there on his hind legs and shot by some one?"

"No, you 're right," returned Mr. Schmerber; "I 'll admit that I am not familiar with the live-animal business. I 've never handled a line of this kind before. But you said something about a gun, did n't you?"

"Well, he was with a performing show, once, and they taught him to fire off a gun."

"Why, that 's just the thing!" exclaimed Mr. Schmerber, after the manner of one who had made a fine discovery. "That 's great! But he has n't forgotten how to do it, has he?"

"No, I guess not," the keeper returned, reflectively, "but you can't have him firing off guns anywhere near Pundit and Old Nabob. They are kind of sensitive about guns. They seem to remind them of a bad time somewhere."

"That's a pity,—a great pity!" observed Mr. Schmerber. "He might have drawn attention in that way to our one-dollar-and-ninety-seven-cent bearskin muffs."

"Would n't there be somethin' kind of queer about that?" suggested the keeper,—"expectin' a bear to shoot at the skins of his kinsfolk?"

"In business," returned Mr. Schmerber, decisively, "there should be no kinsfolk for bears or anyone else. It would have been a stroke that Marx and Blumenstein could appreciate. But if the success of our demonstration would be risked by the lack of discipline in the other two, we must, of course, give it up. On Saturday night, about eleven, then," he concluded.

"On Saturday night, sure," agreed the keeper; "you 'll

"'HE WAS WITH A PERFORMING SHOW ONCE'"

[*Concluded on pages 442 and 443*]

HUMOR AND ANECDOTE

Trifles that Lead to Success

SI H. PERKENS

"NEARLY every youngster who has achieved something in life," said Adolphus Buddington, a prominent Canadian, "had an initial motive for laboring and hoarding of a simple and usually of a funny sort. For instance, a friend of mine who practically carries a certain South American republic in his pocket, was incited to run away from home and get a stowaway's passage to the country in question, by his overwhelming desire to see monkeys in their native haunts. Well, he saw them, all right, and being a shrewd lad at that, studied the natives and their needs, and now, 'twixt revolutions, pretty well runs things.

"Another wealthy man I know, a banker in the Northwest, was a poor boy in New York. Passing through Union Square one night, he saw in a jeweler's window a scarf pin, the design of which was a bird's claw of black enamel holding a diamond. The pin fascinated him, and he determined to buy it. The youngster did odd jobs by day, went to school at night, and feasted his eyes and refreshed his resolution whenever he could, by the sight of the jewel. At the end of three or four months the pin disappeared, but he found that he had nearly twelve dollars in the bank. That twelve dollars was the beginning of the big fortune that is now his, for the acquiring of the nest egg had taught him the value of hard work and thrift.

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"Still another of my acquaintances who is interested in agricultural machinery in a big way, left home without his parents' permission simply because he was not allowed to harbor a poor yellow dog that he picked up in the street. As he has since told me, his one desire was to secure a fitting shelter for his pet, just how or where he did n't know. At all events, he wandered to New York with the dog at his heels, and sold newspapers for a time. Then the dog got lost, he tired of the city, yearned for the country again, and somehow or other managed to beat his way to Chicago, where he became office boy with a firm that was booming a harvester. He worked his way up to a partnership.

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"In my own case, fortune directed my steps by means of an Eccles cake. Do you know what an Eccles cake is? Well, from my boyish standpoint, it was about three mouthfuls of ambrosia mixed with manna. Actually, it is a flaky sort of bun, concealed in the heartcore of which is a blob of something akin to mince meat that has no meat in it. It derives its name from a little town in the north of England, wherein lived the benefactor of humanity, who was its discoverer. When I was about twelve years of age, family circumstances compelled my leaving school. I became an errand boy in a grocery store on Market Street, Manchester, receiving a salary of about a dollar a week, six cents of which was allowed me for pocket money. Once a week there was a sort of fair held at the foot of Market Street, in which country produce was retailed by farmers. One of the venders was a plump old dame who used to have a basket full of Eccles cakes, flaky and exquisite, for which she charged two cents each. I generally squandered two-thirds of my allowance on her cakes, and sometimes would, after circling around her for half a dozen times, while struggling between desire and prudence, expend my last two cents on a third cake. I used to live for about a week on the memory of my feast and on the anticipation of the one forthcoming. It occurred to me one day that if I could manage to double my salary that I could also double the size of my banquet. After thinking the thing over for two or three days, I cautiously broached the matter to my father, to the end of finding out whether my efforts would be rewarded as I wished. To my intense delight he told me that when I was earning one dollar and fifty cents a week, I should have twelve cents for pocket money. On this I went to work with a will, and in three months' time had my salary raised to the desired amount. But in the interval I discovered that there was a whole heap of satisfaction in working hard and faithfully, to say nothing of the satisfaction of the additional salary. So I began to lose interest in Eccles cakes, but took more interest in my duties and in the acquisition of a little money. From that time on I usually succeeded in accomplishing that which I set out to do. Nevertheless, to the Eccles cake is due the glory of my success."

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Mr. Lawson's Encounter with a Wind Clock

THOMAS W. LAWSON, himself an adept in unconventional tactics, recently received a shock at his own speciality. He was driving a spirited horse to a light vehicle. Having occasion to leave it in order to enter an office building, he called to a street urchin.

"Sonny, hold my horse?"

"Cert.," was the pert reply; "what do I git?"

"A dollar an hour," said Mr. Lawson, laughing.

"By that clock?" continued the lad, pointing to a street clock in front of a jeweler's.

"Yes," said the financier, much amused.

"All right," assented the boy, with a sudden alacrity in contrast with his previous hesitation.

Mr. Lawson performed his errand and emerged again from the office building.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked the boy.

"Two hundred and seven dollars."

"What?"

"By the clock, mister."

Mr. Lawson glanced at the clock,—an advertisement. It contained no works, but was operated by currents of air, and the hands were revolving with the rapidity of a pin wheel.

"I thought Wall Streeters could do more business on wind than anybody else," gasped Mr. Lawson, "but this takes my time!"

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Where "Free Silver" Is Hard to Procure

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN, United States senator from South Carolina, carries his regard for silver money to an extreme which even the most ardent advocates of the sixteen-to-one theory might not think justified. Not long ago Senator Tillman went into an uptown restaurant in Washington for luncheon. The bill was eighty-five cents. The senator tendered a ten-dollar bill in payment,

and the waiter brought back nine one-dollar bills, a dime and a nickel.

"Here," said Mr. Tillman, "take that paper money back. I don't want it. I want silver dollars."

His request was granted, but with considerable difficulty, for in Washington paper dollars are circulated to the almost total exclusion of the other kind. Usually the bills are new and crisp, as the facilities for exchanging old and ragged bills at the banks and the treasury are unusual.

Senator Tillman insists that his attitude on the money question in 1896 and 1900 has nothing to do with his preference. "I want the silver because I want to feel that I have something in my pocket," is his explanation of it.

How "Buffalo Bill" Started His Wild West Show

I. NEWTON GREENE

"BUFFALO BILL" conceived the idea of his Wild West show twenty-nine years ago, according to the recollection of Frank P. Brewer, sheriff of Snohomish County, Washington, who, in 1875, was a cowboy employed by an "outfit" along the Platte River and knew the famous plainsman. In an interview, Sheriff Brewer tells, as follows, how Colonel Cody started his typically American attraction:—

"I became acquainted with 'Buffalo Bill' when he was employed by the government as scout at old Fort McPherson. Cody saw much active life on the plains, and, during a long and eventful career, rendered his country many valuable services; but he became weary of the life and put an end to it by establishing his ranch, 'Scout's Rest,' on the North Platte, where he settled down to the then lucrative vocation of raising cattle.

"Living in the vicinity of 'Scout's Rest,' I quite naturally became better acquainted with its owner and his family, with whom I spent many pleasant days under their hospitable roof. Long life on the plains in the Indian service is not, on the whole, conducive to a life of peace and quietude. Cody began to grow restless. He did not wish to reënter the service, though the government would gladly have welcomed him back in the cavalry saddle, but he did long for a life of more activity than befalls the average stockman.

"Frequently, in our gatherings, we indulged in thoughts of the life we should like to lead. During one of these talks Cody suggested that a fortune awaited the man who should take a portion of the wild West, in which we lived, to the staid East for the edification of the 'tenderfeet,' and he immediately followed up this thought by collecting such western curios as he believed would create interest among Easterners. We all aided the scout in getting together his first Wild West show, which was very much in the rough and a long way from the finished article which delights the world to-day. As near as I can remember, Cody went to Chicago with a small herd of trained elk, a few 'cow punchers,'—all experts in throwing the rope and breaking bronchos,—Miss Annie Oakley, the rifle shot, and himself in the *rôle* of a rifle and six-shooter wonder. Some time later the government permitted him to annex Indians to his show.

"His venture almost immediately took the public by storm. 'Buffalo Bill' was a popular man among plainsmen and soldiers. He is ever a staunch friend in time of need, with his purse always open to those requiring his assistance."

Some Advice for "Uncle Joe"

"UNCLE JOE" Cannon, speaker of the house of representatives, was entertaining at luncheon a certain austere Quaker friend, and was regaling the latter with the story of the collapse of a life insurance enterprise in which he had lost money. "Uncle Joe" interlarded his remarks with burning phrases, torrid expressions and lurid words that caused a great uneasiness on the part of his strait-laced guest. He was filling his lungs prior to another explosion, when the Quaker exclaimed:—

"Joseph, will thee take some advice from me?"

"Why, certainly," answered "Uncle Joe."

"Well, then, thee had better ice thy language, or take out a posthumous fire insurance policy."

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Important Points of Etiquette

Dramatis Personæ: MRS. ENDICOTT WINTHROP, MISS SADIE SMITH

SADIE.—I will not take your time to apologize for imposing upon you, since you have so kindly offered to help me solve my social perplexities,—but I have a whole budget of questions to ask the oracle to-day.

MRS. WINTHROP.—The oracle is at your service, fair nymph.

SADIE.—I did not know that there *were* so many things about which to know. You once said that the Golden Rule was the foundation stone of social intercourse, but—

MRS. WINTHROP.—That is true, hold to that and you can never go very far astray, but there are *forms* in society that one is expected to know, if one is considered to belong to it.

For instance, a young girl of my acquaintance, at her first dance was offered a chair by her partner and in her instinctively unselfish consideration hastened to say, "Oh, no, thank you. I'm not tired. *You* sit down!" That is an extreme case but may illustrate my point.

SADIE.—Should I rise when any one is introduced to me?

MRS. WINTHROP.—When another woman is introduced, you should rise, if you wish to be friendly, offer your hand as well, but, when a man is presented, you merely bow and smile, with cordial graciousness, and murmur his name. If he is a friend of an intimate friend you may tell him that you are glad of the opportunity of meeting him. In your own house, if a friend brings a young man to be presented to you, you should rise.

SADIE.—If I have asked a young gentleman to call upon me—

MRS. WINTHROP.—Excuse me, dear. People no longer speak of their friends as gentlemen and ladies. That is taken for granted, and it is considered provincial to speak of a "lady friend" or a "young gentleman friend." They speak of the latter as "a friend of mine" or "a man whom I know."

SADIE.—Well, if I have asked a man to call, saying that I am always at home on a certain evening of each week, and he comes at another time and I am out, what am I to think, and how treat him when I do see him?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Do not be too exacting. With the best intentions a man may not always be able to manage his engagements as he would like to do. If, however, when you meet him he makes no apology or explanation for not calling when you said that you would be at home, you may infer his indifference—or forgetfulness,—and treat him politely, but without much interest. Never appear sulky or hurt; it pays a man too open a compliment.

SADIE.—If a man asks permission to call on a certain afternoon or evening, should I refuse to see any one else who might come?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Not unless you are willing to show the first man marked interest or consideration.

SADIE.—If, when I am receiving the call of one man, another should come, which should go first?

MRS. WINTHROP.—The one who came first. He should not go immediately, but, after about ten minutes, he should rise, while he is the speaker, and bid his hostess good-by, shaking hands with her and with the other man.

If, however, he is there by appointment, and is very sure of the welcome and approval of his hostess, he may linger and thus intimate to the newcomer that there are reasons why he wishes to outstay him, and, a gentleman perceiving this, would bring his call to a close as soon as he might without appearing abrupt.

SADIE.—Is it all right for me to accept an invitation to drive alone with a man?

MRS. WINTHROP.—In the city, never: unless a groom occupies the rumble. In the country it is permitted by Madam Grundy.

SADIE.—Does that very arbitrary lady say that a girl may not go to the theater alone with a young man?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Yes, she is very insistent upon that point, in large cities. A chaperon is not a spy, accompanying those who may not be trusted to behave with propriety, but has come to be representative of the care with which gentlefolk think it seemly to surround a young girl.

If a young man can not afford to pay for three tickets, he may induce some woman relative of his own to pay her own entrance fee, for the pleasure of seeing the play.

SADIE.—How should they sit?

MRS. WINTHROP.—The girl sits between the chaperon and the young man.

SADIE.—When entering a theater who should precede down the aisle, the gentleman or lady?

MRS. WINTHROP.—If an usher is showing the way to the seats, the lady precedes her escort. If both go down the passage seeking an usher or trying to find the seats, the man leads the way. In church the woman always goes first.

SADIE.—Fashionable people are not always well bred, I think. I have seen them arrive very late at the play, and incommode others by passing before them, interrupting their view of the stage, and sometimes a girl and a man will talk in undertones during the performance.

MRS. WINTHROP.—There is no rudeness like the impudence implied in ignoring the rights—and apparently—even the presence of others.

St. Paul was a gentleman,—for only a gentleman would have said,—"Let each esteem other better than himself." *Noblesse oblige.*

SADIE.—I have accepted several invitations to card parties lately. What a mania cards have become!

MRS. WINTHROP.—Yes, among women of my age, it is almost a vice. I think it is Pope who parodied Goldsmith's "A youth of labor and an age of ease," saying, "A youth of folly and an age of cards."

SADIE.—I have been surprised at the temper displayed, when a partner has made a mistake, among people who are considered to be in good society.

MRS. WINTHROP.—Yes. I hope that I am not too snobbish, but when I see the play of an opponent challenged with asperity, or notice the greed in the face and manner of some who are competing for a prize, I feel myself in very bad society, indeed.

SADIE.—I do not like to say it, but I think women are less courteous at games than men.

MRS. WINTHROP.—I fear it is true. They have not the sporting spirit and are bad losers. Any exhibition of annoyance is ill bred, though there are players who are a great tax upon one's politeness and exasperating to those who take real interest in the game. They forget to play until reminded, constantly ask what the trump is, they revoke, deal the cards carelessly, talk incessantly, and allow their attention to be diverted from the game upon the slightest excuse. Some are lazy, leaving to others all the little services; some ungenerous, never refusing to profit by an inadvertence. A past mistake should never be referred to, and all criticism be addressed very courteously to the one at fault—never to others,—concerning his play.

SADIE.—I have rather a delicate question to ask you. If a man should turn the conversation into channels that are embarrassing, or "say things" that make me blush, what should I do?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Freeze him out. Assume all the dignity of which you are capable. Look past him, or over him, and change the subject with such abruptness and utter irrelevance that he may feel snubbed. If he has not the grace to feel ashamed of himself, and should he ever repeat the offense, refuse to see him when he calls, by sending word that you are engaged, and recognize him only by a bow, distant and unsmiling, when you happen to meet. A cut direct is an insult, and no lady revenges herself in that way.

SADIE.—Another thing, dear Mrs. Winthrop, if you are not quite tired of me. If a man sits on the arm of my chair or shows in any way a familiarity that I do not like and yet hate to resent and make a fuss over what may seem a trifle—

MRS. WINTHROP.—There is no need to be too grave over such things. Merely get up and change your seat with a smiling challenge in eyes and manner, as though getting even with him. It is better to check small liberties at the outset, when it may be done without too much seriousness. A gentleman will not venture on forbidden ground again. You may say that a *gentleman* would not so err in the first instance,—but "a man's a man for a' that."

SADIE.—I do not want to be thought a prude and lose a man's liking.

MRS. WINTHROP.—Nor will you, if you show your resentment tactfully. A man knows perfectly well when he is stepping over the bounds, and he does not like or respect a girl the less who instinctively refuses to permit any liberties. It is to him, also, the assurance that other men receive like treatment, of which he is apt to be appreciative.

SADIE.—What presents may a girl accept from a man friend?

MRS. WINTHROP.—Again I quote Madam Grundy, who says with much emphasis, that only flowers, *bonbons*, books, and music may be received with propriety. Occasionally an exception is made of a dog, or some little object for a collection or to gratify some hobby.

If a man, ignorant of this social law, offers anything else, a girl may always quote her parents' objection to her accepting it. I fail to understand why girls hesitate to do this. A dutiful daughter appeals to a man's ideals. They are said to be of the stuff that makes good wives.

SADIE.—I am often at a loss to know what to say to young men,—just at first.

MRS. WINTHROP.—They are probably suffering from the same embarrassment, so try to set them at their ease and, in thinking of them, you forget yourself,—which is the first step toward interesting conversation. Talk of things, thoughts, hobbies, rather than persons,—unless just to discover your common friends, and, in doing so, never drag in the names of persons of whose acquaintance you are a little proud. Did you ever hear of the woman who, prone to that habit, was asked whether, when she was at Constantinople, she saw the Dardanelles?

She replied: "Oh, yes, we dined with them several times."

SADIE.—Dreadful! Well, good-by, dear Mrs. Winthrop, and thank you for your kindness. I am getting deeply into your debt,—but I love you.

MRS. WINTHROP.—Ah, that pays for all that one can ever do.

Hot-weather Tempers

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

IT is much easier to keep good-natured in cold weather than in hot. One may be uncomfortable in cold weather, but there is seldom the active irritability present that there is when the thermometer begins to soar. Sometimes it seems as if one's fortitude and powers of endurance and self-control had exuded with the perspiration, or as if they were of those chemical compounds which evaporate and disappear with a high degree of heat.

This would not be so bad if the capability for vigorous expression were to vanish with them; but whereas the cold may have the effect of numbing and checking the flow of eloquence, hot weather seems to encourage an outpouring of language. The woman who will attain a state of deadly quiet in a zero temperature will express herself only too freely when the nineties are reached.

I don't wish to condemn such persons. My heart opens with unfeigned sympathy to those who detest hot weather and whose tempers show this detestation by putting forth thorns. The cold blasts of winter may not tend to amiability, but, compared with the torrid breath of summer, they are as nothing in the way of provocation of plain, old-fashioned crossness. All the beauties of the green things "agrowing and ablowing" can not make up to some of us for the agonies of the heated term.

Since there has yet been no practical discovery made by which the temperature may be lowered to suit the tastes of the heat-haters, the only thing that one who suffers from the excessive warmth can do, is to make an attempt to keep the temper, at least, in cold storage. It doesn't sound like an easy feat, perhaps,—though it sounds easier than it is. Yet this, or something like it, is the only means by which one may render life tolerable to herself and to those about her during the dog days.

In the first place, don't begin to lose your temper. Avoid occasions of provocation. Stop arguments. Don't put yourself into a position where you will be subject to irritation. There is neither rhyme nor reason in pleading "Lead us not into temptation," and then putting a leading rope into the possession of a person or of a set of circumstances!

The housekeeper should make an especial study of hot-weather tactics. She should resolve to take life coolly and not to do so much for her family that she will be worn out and make them more uncomfortable by her depression or crossness than she has made them comfortable by her good cookery. The much bepraised, much bejeered simple life should be followed as far as possible. "Fussy" dressing should be abjured. All living should be done on the most agreeable plan.

I know this is against the principle,—and, alas! against the practice,—of our Puritan ancestors and of too many of their descendants. But bear in mind that, while it may be well enough to seek troubles when you think life is too pleasant, you will have no need of going in search of annoyance during the hot weather. The summer insects, the summer heat and the summer dust will provide you with a fine assortment of trials while you wait. You need not go out of your way to look for them.

This may seem like rank nonsense to the summer worshipers, who are never happier than when the mercury starts on a steady climb. How we others envy them! But let me say to those thrice-fortunate souls—and bodies:—Have patience with those who are less lucky! You may not be able to understand the peculiarly trying experience of wilted collars, stringy, curlless hair, shining and moist face, and perspiring body, but at least try to appreciate what the effect of these must be upon the sufferers. Make allowances for their irritability in the hot weather. Remove from them, as far as you can, occasions of offense. Aid them to convert the hot-weather temper into something less terrifying than it is in many cases. Be indulgent to them and help them to keep cool by encouraging them to be indulgent with themselves.

The fellow who can be late when his own interests are at stake is pretty sure to be late when yours are.

There is only one place in the world where you can live a happy life, and that is, inside of your income.

There is no advertisement for a business house like having its men go around bragging because they are working for it.

WITH THE HOUSEKEEPER
MRS. CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

[For various reasons it has seemed best to abandon the use of the title of "The Successful Home" for the section of this magazine especially devoted to the interests of the home. All the departments which have been included under that caption will be continued, however, and on a more extensive scale. The topics that attract women will be covered, so far as possible, and the aid of the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is asked, by suggestion and letter, in making this portion of the magazine helpful and useful to all in the household. Any communication relating to a department not signed should be addressed to me. CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.]

China Specialties

THAT this is the age of the specialty in all lines is an accepted fact, but somehow one has hardly thought of applying this fact to china in its various phases. Still the truth above stated is not so obvious in any other line of articles, useful or ornamental, as in the new dishes, plates, etc., displayed in the various crockery shops. At this rate, Dame Fashion will soon give us a new style of dish for every article of food set forth by the market-man.

In days gone by, entire "sets" of china, all the dishes decorated with one design, were considered the correct thing for a properly-laid table. If one of these dishes or plates was broken, it could not be replaced unless one had the new bit of *faïence* made to order and paid accordingly for one's whim. Many of the beautiful dinner sets are called "open stock," and, if a platter, soup plate, or gravy boat is broken, one can replace it in the shop from which the set was bought.

A SET FOR GREEN CORN

It is becoming more and more fashionable to have plates of different designs for each course. If one wishes she may have Royal Dresden for the soup, Minton for the fish, Doulton for the meat and vegetables, Coalport for the salad, and Limoges for the dessert, while the coffee is served in tiny cups of fragile Belleek ware.

Therefore, the housewife welcomes with delight the many and various forms of china that appear in what may be called the line of specialties. We are all familiar with the oyster plates formed by what appears to be oyster shells joined together, as we are also accustomed to the various fish plates and dishes, painted in dozens of piscatorial designs. Nor are the ravishing Welsh-rabbit plates and mugs new any longer, although we cherish the big and little "Molly-Cotton-Tails" that sport upon each piece. Perhaps the various lobster and salad sets are not more novel, but some of them are very beautiful. Salad bowl and plates formed of bright green china lettuce leaves are tempting. So is a set made of green china leaves upon which repose one or two sprawling scarlet lobsters. With this set is a little mustard pot, and a dish to hold the dressing.

One of the most attractive novelties is that of a green-corn set, composed of a large dish and plates decorated with the ears and husks, and a pair of salt and pepper cruets, each in the shape of an ear of corn. Another vegetable which has its own specialty is the tomato. This has only the salad plate upon which the tomatoes are served, and the individual plates, each containing a different view of a "love-apple," and the yellow tomato blossoms.

The melon set, here shown, is more novel and is prettier than the one with which we have grown familiar, and the strawberry set is exquisite. One might suggest that there is a little too much of this last,—as there are, besides the dish and saucers, individual sugar bowls, a larger one for powdered sugar, another for granulated, and a saucy-looking little creamer.

Plates decorated with the design of the fruit with which they are to be served are many. Among the prettiest are plates for grapes, pears, peaches, apples, and cherries. The fortunate person, who sees one of these plates with the exquisite and tempting fruit upon it, has his appetite sharpened and made eager for the luscious fruit, and we all know that sentiment and imagination have much to do with the satisfying of our appetites.

A MELON SET

A Little Corner of the Servant Problem

Mary Stewart Cutting

WHILE the servant question has always been a problem in this country, it is true that the conditions governing it has changed. There is an increased pomp and circumstance of daily living, for one thing. There is much more for a servant to do. Meals are more elaborate, and the serving is infinitely more elaborate,—a thousand little niceties of arrangement are considered necessary that were hardly thought of ten years ago. The dinner hour is so late in many houses that even all the long, hot summer evenings are devoted to the serving of food and the washing of endless dishes. This is true not only of large houses where company is continually entertained, but also in very small ones, tiny homes, in which the possessors are just starting on their journey of housekeeping life, with one or two servants, and a baby, and a quantity of costly wedding glass and china and silver to be used appropriately, and a tradition of "the way everyone else does it" to be lived up to.

The servants have changed in many ways as much as the scheme of living. They are no longer the rough, ignorant, illiterate peasants who were taken into our homes forty years ago, and who baked and cooked and washed and ironed as the mistress taught them to do, and who spent their evenings knitting stockings or sewing their stout linsey petticoats, and expended their small wage on flaring calicos and purple bonnets. The maid of to-day can read and write well,—she can, perhaps, cipher better than her mistress,—she is interested in the lighter magazines and papers that fall to her lot, and she dresses, as a rule, neatly and well. Her chief aim in life is to have some time to herself.

While the style of living and the type of servants have changed, the conditions of service have not. To the rule laid down by the theorist that there should be a sitting room for the servants, I heartily subscribe, but the fact is, that in a thousand suburban homes you will find no such provision made by the architect. In city houses, the front basement room may sometimes be used for this purpose. Although it is conceded that it is uncivilized to house servants poorly, and the ragged bedroom that was only a degree above a mud cabin is supposed to be a thing of the past, it is, in many cases, hardly a thing of the past, after all, but a dreary, faded, unrefreshing spot, of which, moreover, the servant has no time to take care.

The construction of our houses is such, that the servant's room is always up three pairs of stairs, and is, usually, frightfully hot in summer, and correspondingly cold in winter. She would never think of asking a friend up there to pass the afternoon with her, even if you would think of letting her do so. Her only other refuge is the kitchen, which even in its neatest condition breathes of heat and work,—or the street, for which it is no wonder that she longs. It is a constant source of vexation in a small household that "that girl is always wanting to go out."

Housekeeping is coöp-

A LOBSTER SET, IN GREEN AND RED

eration; it is not a set of rules. Whatever tends most to the well-being of all its members will achieve the highest good. While the servant is paid to do a certain kind of work, her comfort, her happiness, and her health should be just as much looked after as those of any other member of the family, and, *in return, the same consideration for others should be exacted from her;* but the *onus* of this work rests absolutely upon the mistress of the house.

I have found fresh air, and plenty of it, an antidote for many domestic ills. A cook who is always standing over a hot range is apt to take a heated view of difficulties, and a nurse who is left with three fretful and troublesome children while her mistress is at a tea, stands very much the same jarring of the nerves that the lady would.

I have heard much of the laziness, impertinence, and general good-for-nothingness of servants. Personally, during a period of over twenty years, I have seen very few *young* women (except in the case of persons habitually intemperate or immoral,) who could not be converted into faithful and industrious helpers by the coöperative plan, and that while the construction of our houses remains as it is. *Any* material may be used, but the mistress must give of her life and of herself to produce this result. Let a servant feel at once that you expect the best of her—that you *believe* the best of her,—it is an atmosphere that the dullest can recognize. Try to find out what she can do, and then teach her something of what you want done. Many a woman wears herself out unnecessarily doing what her servant is hired to do, rather than take the trouble to teach her. I knew once of two sisters, Irish women; one had been in this country three years, living out as cook and general housekeeper. She was an excellent woman, but could cook only the plainest food. She was stupefied with astonishment on visiting her sister, six weeks after she had "come over," to find that sister triumphantly displaying twenty jars of tomatoes, which she had canned, unassisted, that day, while freezing ice cream for dinner. Neither achievement was in reality a difficult one. The directions had been given as clearly and simply as possible, with the understanding that if there were any mistakes they did n't matter while she was learning, but the pride and delight of the new cook over her accomplishments was good to behold and upheld her in many a hard day's work. A very young and inexperienced housekeeper can so study a good cookery book that she can conversationally give particular directions for the dishes she wants to have made, even if she could not prepare them herself. There are few domestics who have not some practical knowledge of the handling of fires, or of the conventional methods of cooking.

One suffers, of course, for the mistakes of others. It sometimes takes a maid a while to understand the basis on which your house is run,—but I can not say too strongly to my fellow housewives,—work with the material that is offered to you. Do n't complain of it,—*use* it. If it be possible, so far as lies in you, never notice sullenness, or irritating ways, or anything that you are not supposed to know or hear. Control your own moods strictly when with your servants, speak cheerfully and politely even when you feel most unlike it, and insist on your children's doing so. It is almost entirely a matter of habit. Do n't make your servants' behavior the criterion of yours, or take up the chip that Bridget has put on her shoulder. Do not be in too much haste to put her cross manners on the score of ill-temper alone,—the toothache, or the pain of a sore finger, or the delay of news from a sick mother at home may be the cause of it, as you can find out later. She will insensibly learn better ways if they are shown her. Far from noticing work at once when it is ill done, I could almost say—never notice it then! Do not forget it,—but speak a kind word of warning *before* the next attempt. It will have ten times greater effect, and no irritating power. Peace is not only a great blessing in itself, but all other virtues as well, grow stronger where it reigns.

Taking servants away from their work, when they are in the midst of it, to do some other work for you, is one fruitful source of anarchy. No one who likes to do work well wishes to be disturbed in it. It is subversive of all decent law and order. There are, indeed, some households where the system is so perfect that it has almost the effect of co-operation, the difference being that its primal attention is solely the comfort of the employer.

A STRAWBERRY SET, IN GREEN AND RED

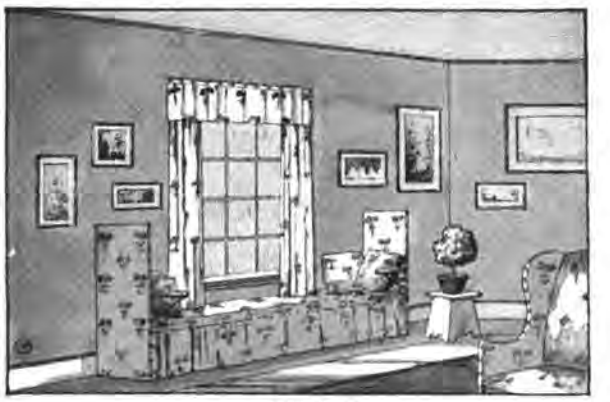
Home Furnishings and Decorations

JOSEPHINE WRIGHT CHAPMAN

Suggestions for Seats

A SEAT in a living room or chamber is not only an addition to the attractiveness of the room but it may be made very useful as well. The space underneath is valuable for storage, and, if the combination of bookcase and cupboards is added, its usefulness is threefold.

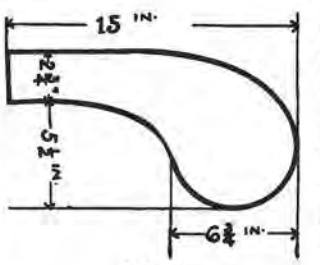
Illustration No. 1 shows a very useful seat for a sleeping room or even for a lodging house hall bedroom, where one is obliged to make the most of every available space. This seat is so simple that any woman should be able to make it. First, make two boxes of exactly the same size, three or four feet long, according to the space to be filled, eighteen or twenty inches wide, and eighteen inches high, if you intend to use a pad for the top, or sixteen inches high, if you use a four-inch-thick cushion. These boxes should be made with hinged covers.



NO. 1

At each end of the seat is attached a board the width of the seat and three feet, six inches high. Secure these boards to the ends of the boxes with screws so that they can be easily taken apart if one wishes to move the seat. The two arms are sawed out as shown in Illustration No. 2. They are secured to the back with a three-inch angle iron, or bracket. These arms should be braced with a brass or iron rod. The rods should have the ends flattened, with a hole for the screw and bent so that they can be screwed to the arm and back. If one prefers, these braces may be made of wood.

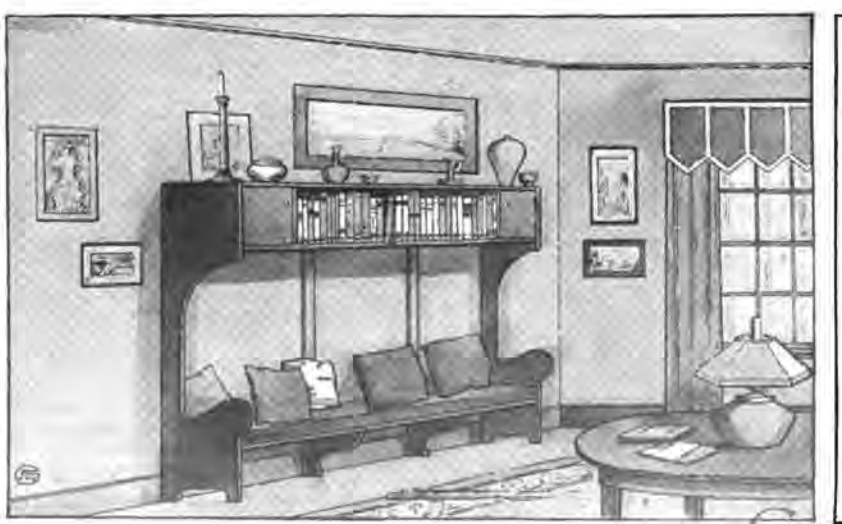
There are many inexpensive and effective materials in the market which can be used for the window hangings and seat coverings. Of course, in selecting this material, one must consider the wall paper in the room and select that which will harmonize with it. Bright cretons always give a cheerful appearance, but these could not be used against bright-figured wall paper. In a room papered in this way, the only covering that could be used would be a plain material such as linen or denim. If, however, the room is papered in a plain or two-toned paper, the bright creton or chintz would be the most attractive covering. If one desired a quieter covering, there is a very cheap cotton print, known as the Cambridge print, which comes in yellow, green, and other colors, and which has a little figure in a contrasting color. As is shown in the illustration, the backs of the seat are covered with the material, and the edges finished with gimp and large brass-headed nails. The arms should be covered in the same manner, and the edges finished also with the gimp. The boxes should be placed close together and covered with a pad or a four-inch cushion on the top. This pad or cushion is covered with the same material as the back, and a flounce is attached to the edge which reaches to the floor. If this cushion is laid loose on the seat, it can easily be removed to give access to the storage boxes underneath.



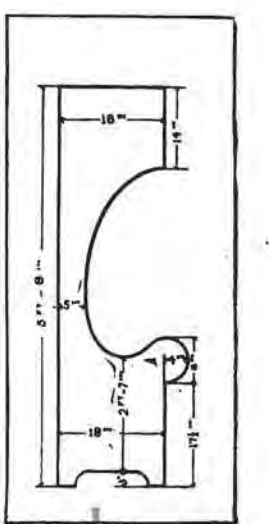
NO. 2

Illustration No. 3 is a combination of a seat, bookcase, and cupboard. In making this seat it will be found best to have the various pieces smoothed and cut just the right size at a mill. The ends and the seat piece should be of at least one and one-half inch stock, and the other pieces of seven-eighth inch stock. The ends should be sawed out according to illustration No. 4. The pieces for the top and bottom of the bookshelf should be eighteen inches wide, and five feet six inches long. The piece for the seat should be of the same length, but should be nineteen and one-half inches wide, so as to project a little beyond the ends. There should be two pieces for braces at the back, each three inches wide. The two pieces which divide the bookshelf from the cupboard should be ten inches by eighteen inches, making the height of the shelf ten inches. The doors for the cupboard should be ten inches square. The seat should be placed sixteen inches from the floor, and may be supported by brackets, as shown in the illustration, or there may be two straight legs at the front edge of the seat, instead of the brackets. The seat may be made into a box seat by placing a board across the front under the seat and flush with the edges of the ends. This board should be fifteen inches wide and five feet, six inches long. If one wishes, another board, the same size, may be put across the back under the seat, and a board sixteen and one-quarter inches wide, and five feet, six inches long may be used for the bottom. If a box seat is made, the top should be in three sections and hinged.

Such a seat as this will go a long way toward furnishing a room. The bright bindings of the books give color and the top may be used as a shelf for bric-a-brac. Speaking of bric-a-brac, a great deal of thought should be given to the selecting of this. There are to-day many interesting bits of pottery which may be bought for an extremely small amount of money. One of the most effective kinds is the green glazed Spanish pottery, which is good in color and artistic in shape. We are all familiar with the famous Grueby ware, which comes in green and yellow.



NO. 3



NO. 4

Of Interest to Girls

THE editor of the home department has been receiving many questions both from young girls and from married women. Such a number of these queries have come that it has proved impossible to print the letters that accompanied them. Personal replies could not be sent, because so few of the queries were accompanied by stamps. It has, therefore, been thought best to answer the queries briefly in this column. Questions on any subjects of interest to girls will be answered here,—and the housekeepers, too, shall have their chance.

MARY J. F.—If your mother objects to the acquaintance I should strongly advise you not to continue it. Your married friend may seem all that is pleasant and agreeable, but, if her associations are not those of which your mother approves you ought to consider your mother and defer to her judgment in the matter. I do n't mean that you should break abruptly with your friend, but do not seek her or go to her house except upon special invitation. She will soon understand. The excuse of your pressing school duties and the work your mother wishes you to do should be sufficient.

▲ ▲

MURIEL M.—If you are asked to send an acceptance to the wedding do it in the form in which the invitation was written. Do not send merely a card with "Accepts" or "Regrets" on it. That has a business-like savor that is out of place in a social relation.

▲ ▲

PAULINE H.—Proof reading is something you can not pick up easily. It requires a good deal of careful study, and it is not the easiest thing in the world to find a good position. Proof reading alone is seldom done except by some one who has worked himself or herself up to it in connection with other work, in a printing office, on a newspaper, or on a magazine. To get the kind of position you describe you would have to begin at the bottom and work up.

▲ ▲

JANET.—I am afraid I have not much faith in nursing as taught by correspondence. You can get a good deal of book knowledge in that way, but only the experience that you acquire in a hospital or a training school will stand by you in emergencies. If you mean to be a nurse get the best training you can. Nothing else will enable you to fill responsible posts.

▲ ▲

MAID MARION.—If your mother tries your temper, I think it is probably more your fault than hers. Has it occurred to you that possibly you try hers? Girls have a way of blaming their mothers too freely. I do n't like it. Sometimes a mother may be unreasonable, but in most cases she is in the right and the girl who is discontented and critical is usually much to blame.

▲ ▲

BEAUTY LOVER.—I do not approve of the use of cosmetics. Sensible diet, plenty of exercise in the open air, sleep in a well ventilated room, and the judicious use of a good cold cream at night will do wonders for you. If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I will give you the name of a cold cream I can recommend.

▲ ▲

BASKING RIDGE.—I have a preference for chaperons when one goes on such an expedition as you suggest. It is pleasanter for the girls and the young men themselves to have an older person along to whom to turn in case of emergency. But, if the married sister of one of the girls or boys is included in the party, she will answer as well as the maiden aunt of whom you speak.

▲ ▲

INDUSTRIOUS.—Send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will send you or anyone else who wishes it a list of women's exchanges. That will be the best place for you to dispose of your fine embroidery and hemstitching. All sorts of fancy goods are put on sale there.

▲ ▲

ESTELLA.—I think it would do you good to find some work that would take your mind off yourself. I can see that you have had troubles, and I am sorry for them, but I can see, too, that you are in danger of growing morbid. Do n't think, my dear child, that I am finding fault with you. It is natural that you should be unhappy; but you will be surprised at the difference it will make in your feelings if you will do a little charitable or kindly work.

▲ ▲

MERTON.—Do n't offer your photograph to the young man. If he wants it he will probably have courage enough to ask for it. In any case, you cheapen yourself when you suggest to him that you shall give him the picture. Do n't be too ready.

▲ ▲

NELLA K.—The thing you need is steady work. If you had it you would not be letting your mind run so much upon what seems to me a rather silly love affair. Put the man out of your thoughts and put something else there instead. It is a pity you left school so early. Is there no trade you would like to learn, no branch of study you would like to take up? Make a good cook of yourself, if you can't do anything else; put something into the place of love-sick broodings.

▲ ▲

MISSY.—I certainly think you are doing a wise thing in learning something of cookery and housekeeping before you are married. It is especially necessary since you are to do most of your own work. Let me urge you not to bestow so much attention upon fancy cookery that you will not take time to learn the solid, practical things,—bread-making, the cookery of soups, meats, and vegetables.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Put Sunshine into Your Business

"THE most manifest sign of wisdom," said Montaigne, "is continued cheerfulness." Many business men have proved the truth of this. It is an established fact that people can do more and better work in a sunny, cheerful atmosphere of kindness and good will than in a gloomy, depressing one, where harsh criticism and fault-finding is the rule, and smiles and words of cheer and encouragement the exception.

No matter what your business may be, you will find that no investment you can make will pay you so well as the effort to scatter heart sunshine through your establishment. Scolding, fault-finding, criticizing, and slave-driving methods have been tried in every business from the beginning of time and have proved total failures. Many a man has strangled his business by his harsh, brutal treatment of his employees. He has crushed hope out of the most buoyant, strangled enthusiasm, killed spontaneity, and made service for every one in his establishment a dreary drudgery instead of a delight.

God never meant labor to be a drudgery; he meant it to be a pleasure, and we find that it is so in concerns where moral sunshine, harmony and good will prevail. It is in such places that we also find the best work done,—best both in quality and in quantity.

Sunshine in the inner, as well as in the outer world, is the source of all that is beneficent, strong, wholesome, and upbuilding. Darkness and gloom in the outer world produce rank, noisome weeds, weak, sickly, unfruitful plants. Darkness and gloom in the inner world weaken the hand of the worker, palsy his efforts, make him puny, ineffective, unproductive.

"If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman," says George Macdonald, "I shall feel that I have worked with God." The man who is working with God is working in the most effective way for himself. The employer who puts sunshine into the lives of his employees is not only his own best friend, but he is also a benefactor of the race.

If you are an employer, then, do not go about your place of business as though you thought life were a wretched, miserable grind. Show yourself master of the situation, not its slave. Rise above the petty annoyances which destroy peace and harmony. Make up your mind that you are too large to be overcome by trifles. Resolve that you will be larger than your business, that you will overtop it with your manliness and cheerfulness.

To say nothing of its being your duty to make the lives of those who are helping you to carry on your business as pleasant and as full of sunshine as possible, it is the best possible policy for you to pursue. You know very well that a horse that is prodded and fretted and urged all the time by means of whip and spur and rein, will not travel nearly so far without becoming exhausted as one that is urged forward by gentleness and kind treatment. In their susceptibility to kindness, men and women are in nowise different from the lower animals. You can not expect your employees to remain buoyant, cheerful, alert, and unwearied under the goad of scowls and the lash of a bitter tongue. Energy is only another name for enthusiasm, and how can you expect those who work for you to be enthusiastic or energetic in your service when surrounded by an atmosphere of despondency and gloom, when they expect a volley of curses and criticism every time you pass.

Many a man who could have been a success, sleeps in a failure's grave to-day because of his gloomy, mean, contemptible disposition and manner. He poisoned the atmosphere about him by venting his spleen, dyspepsia, and bile on every one in his vicinity. He not only minimized the value of his own efforts, but he also paralyzed the powers, the initiative, helpful faculties and suggestive ideas of all those who worked for him.

The habit of fault-finding and criticizing and goading by bitter and unjust tongue thrusts often has its origin in a fit of dyspepsia, or an attack of bile. A weak man yields to the temptation to vent his ill feelings on others, to growl or to snarl or maybe to fling a curse at some unfortunate employee, when his liver is out of order, or his digestion is impaired by over-indulgence of some kind the previous night.

Let a man indulge in this weakness two or three times, and the habit grows until it becomes a mighty giant, his master and ruler. He may excuse himself by pleading that it is an unfortunate failing of his, but that he can not help it. Unquestionably it is a failing, but it is one that can and should be conquered. How can a man expect to conquer his business, to win the respect, not to speak of the love, of those about him if he can not conquer himself.

You have no more right, my friend, to vent your spleen, your bile, your miserable, despondent moods on others than you have to inflict personal violence upon them. You have no more right to stab an employee with your sarcasm or curses than you have to stab him with a knife. The cruelty that stings mentally is the worst and most cowardly kind of cruelty, because it is not punishable by law. But, in the end, it carries its own punishment, for it proves a boomerang that hurts you who strike with it far more than you hurt your victim. If you think that you can rule your employees by fear, or that you can pour out a volley of abusive language upon them every time you feel like it, without inflicting injury on yourself, you are greatly mistaken. Every mean thrust you aim at them will come home to you; it will strike a double blow, and you can not escape.

Whatever attitude you adopt toward your employees will react both on yourself and on your business. Make them glad to see you; encourage them with a smiling face and cheering, sunshiny words, and you will be surprised to see how much it will do for you, personally. Your sympathy and encouragement are not only not thrown away on them, but the reflex action is even worth infinitely more to you in the growth of your manhood than the effort it costs.

The habit of scattering sunshine and gladness through your business, of lighting the lives of your employees by taking a personal interest in their welfare, will enlarge your sympathies, ennoble your character, and immensely enhance your value to society. It will, as a matter of course, increase your happiness, because you can not make those who work for you happy without yourself becoming a happier as well as a better man. You can not help feeling an exquisite pleasure, an untold happiness, in the knowledge that you are beloved by those in your employ, that they look up to you, respect, and admire you, not only for your clean-cut business methods, but also for your manliness, kindness of heart, unfailing courtesy, and cheerfulness. No matter whether you consider it from the point of view of personal happiness, as a business investment, or as a means of helping humanity generally, you will find no more profitable occupation than that of scattering sunshine wherever you go.

▲ ▲

How to Be Popular

"WHILE most arts require long study and application," says Lord Chesterfield, "the most useful of all—that of pleasing—requires only *the desire*." One of the greatest investments one can make is that of attaining a gracious manner, cordiality of bearing, generosity of feeling,—the delightful art of pleasing. It is infinitely better than money capital, for all doors fly open to sunny, pleasing personalities. They are more than welcome; they are sought for everywhere.

Many a youth owes his promotion or his first start in life to the disposition to please, to be accommodating, to help along wherever he could. This was one of Lincoln's chief characteristics; he had a passion for helping people, for making himself agreeable under all circumstances. Mr. Herndon, his law partner, says: "When the Rutledge Tavern, where Lincoln boarded, was crowded, he would often give up his bed, and sleep on the counter in his store with a roll of calico for his pillow. Somehow everybody in trouble turned to him for help." This generous desire to assist others and to return kindnesses especially endeared Lincoln to the people.

The power to please is a tremendous asset. What can be more valuable than a personality which always attracts, never repels? It is not only valuable in business, but also in every field of life. It makes statesmen and politicians, it brings clients to the lawyer, and patients to the physician. It is worth everything to the clergymen. No matter what career you enter, you can not overestimate the importance of cultivating that charm of manner, those personal qualities, which attract people to you. They will take the place of capital, or influence. They are often a substitute for a large amount of hard work.

Some men attract business, customers, clients, patients, as naturally as magnets attract particles of steel. Everything seems to point their way, for the same reason that the steel particles point toward the magnet,—because they are attracted.

Such men are business magnets. Business moves toward them, even when they do not apparently make half so much effort to get it as the less successful. Their friends call them "lucky dogs." But if we analyze these men closely, we find that they have attractive qualities. There is usually some charm of personality about them that wins all hearts.

Many successful business and professional men would be surprised, if they should analyze their success, to find what a large percentage of it is due to their habitual courtesy and other popular qualities. Had it not been for these, their sagacity, long-headedness, and business training would not, perhaps, have amounted to half so much;

for, no matter how able a man may be, if his coarse, rude manners drive away clients, patients, or customers, if his personality repels, he will always be placed at a disadvantage.

It pays to cultivate popularity. It doubles success possibilities, develops manhood, and builds up character. To be popular, one must strangle selfishness, he must keep back his bad tendencies, he must be polite, gentlemanly, agreeable, and companionable. In trying to be popular, he is on the road to success and happiness as well. The ability to cultivate friends is a powerful aid to success. It is capital which will stand by one when panics come, when banks fail, when business concerns go to the wall. How many men have been able to start again after having everything swept away by fire or flood, or some other disaster, just because they had cultivated popular qualities, because they had learned the art of being agreeable, of making friends and holding them with hooks of steel. People are influenced powerfully by their friendships, by their likes and dislikes, and a popular business or professional man has every advantage in the world over a cold, indifferent man, for customers, clients, or patients will flock to him.

Cultivate the art of being agreeable. It will help you to self-expression as nothing else will; it will call out your success qualities; it will broaden your sympathies. It is difficult to conceive of any more delightful birthright than to be born with this personal charm, and yet it is comparatively easy to cultivate, because it is made up of so many other qualities, all of which are cultivatable.

I never knew a thoroughly unselfish person who was not an attractive person. No person who is always thinking of himself and trying to figure out how he can get some advantage from everybody else will ever be attractive. We are naturally disgusted with people who are trying to get everything for themselves and never think of anybody else.

The secret of pleasing is in being pleasant yourself, in being interesting. If you would be agreeable, you must be magnanimous. The narrow, stingy soul is not lovable. People shrink from such a character. There must be heartiness in the expression, in the smile, in the handshake, in the cordiality which is unmistakable. The hardest natures can not resist these qualities any more than the eyes can resist the sun. If you radiate sweetness and light, people will love to get near you, for we are all looking for the sunlight, trying to get away from the shadows.

It is unfortunate that these things are not taught more in the home and in the school; for our success and happiness depend largely upon them. Many of us are no better than uneducated heathens. We may know enough, but we give ourselves out stingily and we live narrow and reserved lives, when we should be broad, generous, sympathetic, and magnanimous.

Popular people, those with great personal charm, take infinite pains to cultivate all the little graces and qualities which go to make up popularity. If people who are naturally unsocial would only spend as much time and take as much pains as people who are social favorites in making themselves popular, they would accomplish wonders.

Everybody is attracted by lovable qualities and is repelled by the unlovely wherever found. The whole principle of an attractive personality lives in this sentence. A fine manner pleases; a coarse, brutal manner repels. We can not help being attracted to one who is always trying to help us,—who gives us his sympathy, who is always trying to make us comfortable and to give us every advantage he can. On the other hand, we are repelled by people who are always trying to get something out of us, who elbow their way in front of us, to get the best seat in a car or a hall, who are always looking for the easiest chair, or for the choicest bits at the table, who are always wanting to be waited on first at the restaurant or hotel, regardless of others.

So, if we analyze the charm of personality, we shall find that it consists mainly in well wishing for others, in a desire to please and to be really helpful, to be interested in other's welfare, to assist others, and to make everything pleasant for them.

If there is anything worth while for the young man starting out in life, it is a gracious manner, a superb bearing, a personal charm. This is infinitely better than money capital combined with bad manners. I know commercial travelers who get large salaries because of their remarkable ability of getting at people who are hard to see, making a good impression upon them, getting their confidence, interesting them.

This ability to bring the best that is in you to the man you are trying to reach, to make a good impression at the very first meeting, to approach a prospective customer as though you had known him for years without offending his taste, without raising the least prejudice, but getting his sympathy and good will, is a great accomplishment, and this is what commands a great salary.

There is a charm in a gracious personality from which it is very hard to get away. It is difficult to snub the man who possesses it. There is something about him which arrests your prejudice, and no matter how busy or how worried you may be, or how much you may dislike to be interrupted, somehow you haven't the heart to turn away the man with a pleasing personality.

What keeps young men down? Themselves. They are their own greatest stumbling-blocks.

Good manners pay even if they do not make friends, because we can not try to make others happy and to radiate sunshine without feeling better and purer ourselves.

ON THE WAY UP

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

CHARLES H. WILSON

How, Step by Step, a Young Man Became a Prosperous Patent Lawyer

By virtue of ambition and hard study, Charles H. Wilson has rapidly risen in an environment which has in thousands of men and women developed a spirit of easy non-progressiveness. After he was graduated from the Free Academy at Utica, New York, he made up his mind to devote himself to the practice of patent law, and with this in view, entered as a clerk the office of a firm of patent lawyers. He soon found, however, that he was not obtaining the right foundation for his career, and succeeded in getting a place in the United States patent office as a "laborer," at fifty dollars a month.

CHARLES H. WILSON

He very quickly became discontented with this position, and by studying nights for two months, succeeded in passing a civil service examination, which brought him an appointment as "book typewriter," at seven hundred and twenty dollars a year. He had his eyes on the place of fourth assistant examiner in the patent office, the examination for which is regarded as perhaps the most difficult of all technical tests for governmental positions. It comprises physics, chemistry, technics, German and French, the higher branches of mathematics, and a practical knowledge of mechanical drawing. To fit himself the young typewriting operator entered the night classes of the Corcoran Scientific School, taking lectures from six o'clock to ten, and devoting the remainder of the evening to study.

He took the examination in the spring of 1902, and, among a hundred competitors, stood first. This triumph, brought him, in April, 1902, the position of fourth assistant examiner, at a salary of one thousand, two hundred dollars a year. That he would have been content with this had he been of ordinary caliber is indicated by the fact that of the thousands in the civil service, few reach positions which are any higher. But this young man pushed on. He entered the Columbian Law School, and, in 1904, was admitted to the bar, and to practice in the court of appeals for the District of Columbia. Meanwhile, he had been promoted to the grade of third assistant examiner, with a yearly salary of one thousand, four hundred dollars. Recently he has accepted a partnership in one of the most important firms of patent lawyers in New York City.

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PHILIP PITT CAMPBELL

How a Tariff Speech Became the Turning Point in the Career of a Kansas Congressman

Few members of the house of representatives achieve national prominence in a first term. During the session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, Philip Pitt Campbell proved himself a notable exception to this rule. With no disposition to force himself beyond the barriers with which precedent restricts a new member, his general knowledge of subjects under discussion, his judgment and forceful manner of expression quickly won for him the respect of his fellow members. Speaker Cannon gave him an opportunity to preside over the house. He made a speech on the tariff which was so convincing that it was used as a campaign document by the national committee. But it was as the author and champion of the resolution calling for an investigation of the Standard Oil Company that Mr. Campbell attracted general attention.

PHILIP P. CAMPBELL

It would be difficult to imagine conditions that promised less of final success than those of Philip Campbell's early life. When he was a child, his parents settled in Keosho County, Kansas. In this section, at that time—1867,—there were no railroads, schools, or churches. The family had no property,—just courage. The father died in 1873, leaving a wife and seven children. At the age of ten Philip assumed the responsibilities and did the work of a man. With a yoke of oxen he broke the prairie, hauled wood ten miles, and corn to market in the distant town. Through this period of struggle his mother maintained her courage, and managed well. As the other children became able to help at home, Philip added to the family resources by working for neighboring farmers, putting in four years as a hired hand.

Confronted by such conditions, the idea of securing a college education seemed hopeless, but Philip was used to overcoming obstacles. When he was twenty, he drove a hundred miles to Baldwin and entered the sub-preparatory department of Baker University. He had never studied grammar, history, or geography, but had read much. He had saved sufficient money to pay his room rent and tuition for three months, and to buy a bucksaw. With this and some other tools he did odd jobs about town and thus paid his way until, after six years of the hardest kind of work and study, he was graduated from the university, having won the degree of bachelor of arts, and later on receiving that of A. M. In the meantime he earned the honor of representing Kansas in an interstate oratorical contest.

During the summer months of his college life he helped on the farm and utilized his spare time studying law. The law books were borrowed from T. W. Cogswell, of Osage Mission, in whose office the young man finished his legal studies. He was admitted to the bar in 1889, and soon became one of the promising young attorneys in the state. From the start he took an active interest in politics. The keystone of his success has been a genius for hard work. He takes great pains to thoroughly inform himself before expressing an opinion on a matter of importance. His convictions, once reached, are particularly strong, and he announces and defends them with great vigor. Nowhere is he more respected than in his home town of Pittsburg, Kansas, where he resides with a wife and four interesting children.

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CHARLES A. CARLISLE

What a Young Man with a Genius for Hard Work Accomplished

A career thoroughly characteristic of achievement has been that of Charles A. Carlisle, of South Bend, Indiana, who holds an important place in the world of commerce. Not "on the ground floor," but down among the furnaces and coal bins he made his start. This was less than twenty-five years ago. Now, at the age of forty, he is one of the directors and executive heads of the Studebaker Company, president of the American Trust Company, vice president of the National Association of Manufacturers, and a director in several other important commercial organizations. He is also president of the Harrison Republican Club of Indiana, and was appointed by the governor of Indiana a member of his military staff, with the rank of colonel.

CHAS. A. CARLISLE

From the work of grocery clerk and janitor, Mr. Carlisle has reached his place step by step, not through qualities which are remarkable in themselves, but by dint of the combination of common sense, high aim, earnestness, and industry. One morning in his early youth he climbed aboard a stage coach that had stopped in front of his home in Ross County, Ohio, waved to his mother, standing on the porch, a confident "good-by," and set his face against the town to win his fortune. After he had worked as a grocer's clerk, a newspaper reporter, and in other capacities in Columbus, Ohio, without the success that satisfied him, he decided that he would like to be a railroad man and went to Cleveland to get a position with the Nickel Plate Road. His experiences in Cleveland are characteristic of his whole career. They are best outlined in his own words:—

"It was a bright morning in May when I called at the office of Mr. Sanborn, the local freight agent of the railway, with my hair nicely brushed, my face clean shaven, my Sunday suit on, and my shoes polished. Mr. Sanborn was seated in his office, and, when I approached, looked up with the inquiry,—'What can I do for you?' I told him, and he evidently thought I was looking for a soft snap. 'What we want around here,' he remarked, 'are workers.' He went on to say that his colored porter was going to leave him in a few days and that he wanted someone to do janitor's work, at thirty dollars a month. 'I suppose you would n't care for that,' he said. 'Yes, I would,' I answered. My pride had received a hard blow, but I was looking for work. I bought some overalls, and pitched in as janitor. I had a lot of people to please, and my lot was one of tribulation.

"But not many weeks had passed before Mr. Sanborn called me into his office and asked me if I could write. I

answered that I could. He asked me if I could do mathematical problems, and again I said I could. Then he asked me how much was five and a half times five and a half. I hastily summoned my school learning in fractions, and after a moment gave a reply that was satisfactory. 'Report here at my office next Monday morning,' said Mr. Sanborn; 'I am going to make you my private secretary.'

"Talk about joy! There was never a greater joy than mine. Yet I had so thoroughly mastered myself during the previous few weeks that I held my joy in check. Within three years, and through his encouragement, I traveled in and out of the various ramifications of a local freight agency, requiring the most rapid writing, the quickest figuring, and absolutely accurate work. At the close of the third year I was promoted to the place of cashier of the joint stations, requiring a bond of twenty-five thousand dollars. This application fell into the hands of Louis Williams, general manager, who inquired of Mr. Sanborn who I was and from where I came. One day he came into my office and asked me about my parents. We then discovered that they were his own early associates,—friends of a lifetime. He said to me, 'Why did n't you come to me, and I would have helped you get started? At the beginning I could have given you a better job.' I was happy to say that I was glad that I started as I did, and was glad that success had come to me as it had, because it brought with it the warmth of genuine friendship with my associates."

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BURPEE L. STEEVES

He Entered College when He Was Twenty Years Old, and Earned His Board by Washing Dishes

THE lifting power of determination and self denial is strikingly illustrated by the career of Burpee L. Steeves, lieutenant governor of Idaho. His start in life was particularly difficult, but the obstacles instead of discouraging him, spurred him on, giving him a momentum and force which have resulted, since the period of his first struggles, in steady progress and success.

BURPEE L. STEEVES

A small and rocky farm in New Brunswick, Canada, was his birthplace. When he was five years old his family moved to Prince Edward's Island, where he grew to young manhood. Like so many successful men, he obtained his preliminary training for a strong grip on life as a teacher in a country school. At this work he saved two hundred and fifty dollars, and, when he was twenty, went to Salem, Oregon, because he felt that in a new country his opportunities would be greater. His first thought was to improve his education, and so, in 1888, he entered Willamette University, where he earned his board by washing dishes. He was graduated in 1891, and in the same year began the study of medicine. He was graduated at the head of his class in 1894. This scholastic success is made the more notable by the fact that during his six consecutive years in college he was entirely dependent upon himself for a livelihood. In these years his expenses averaged less than one dollar a week. In reply to a request for his own explanation of his achievements, the lieutenant governor said:—"I attribute whatever of success I have attained, politically or otherwise, to the fact that I have steadfastly tried to do what is right, and to merit the confidence which my fellow citizens have seen fit to repose in me. This is the keynote of success, and, combined with good judgment and industry, is sure, in this land of ours, to meet abundant reward."

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Six Detective Stories

By Alfred Henry Lewis

[Author of "Wolfville Days," "The Boss," etc.]

WE take pleasure in announcing to our readers that we have secured six detective stories, by Alfred Henry Lewis, to begin in our July issue. The central figure in these stories is "Inspector Val," the prototype of one of the most successful detectives in the Police Department of New York City. Each of Mr. Lewis's stories will center around some great case to which "Inspector Val" has been assigned, and the methods employed by this clever detective in running his prey to earth will show the remarkable avidity of mind, courage, and daring employed by the skilled sleuths of a metropolitan police force. "Sherlock Holmes," the greatest detective of fiction, has held the world enthralled for a generation. We believe that "Inspector Val" will prove to be equally as clever as his famous brother whom Conan Doyle so skillfully devised. Mr. Lewis's first story, "The Mystery of Washington Square," will appear in the July issue.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN

Diverted from One's True Pursuit by Salary

MANY young men, from accident or from necessity, get into situations which are not along the line of their bent, but which, however, yield them the means of living, and they often lack the moral courage to sever their connections and start lower down along the line of their inclination. This is a dangerous situation, for no one can do his best work until he gets into the right place. He must pull with, not against, the current of his nature.

I know college graduates who have taken schools temporarily, or who have managed to get sub-masters' positions or chairs in some academies, in order to earn a little money to pay college debts, perhaps, or to enable them to get a start in the things they like, and who have remained there through life, although they never had the slightest idea that they would follow these vocations for a living. They were sidetracked by the salaries, which, before they went to college, would have seemed paltry, or perhaps they had families depending upon them, which made it difficult for them to break off and get into positions more fitted to their ability and tastes.

I do not hesitate to state that it is one's duty, not only to himself, but also to the Creator who put it into his blood and stamped it in every fiber of his being, to get into his right place, no matter what the sacrifice. The salary should have nothing to do with it, unless others, by its loss, would be brought to want. A youth owes it to his Maker, who fitted him for a certain line, to get into that line as soon as possible. The instances are rare, indeed, where a bright young man is compelled to remain in a place which is not suited to him. The Creator did not make giant brains for a pygmy's work, and no man is a pygmy when he is in his right place. He did not make a Lincoln to do the work of an ordinary clerk, or a Webster to teach a district school for a life-career.

Thousands of people are trying to make their living by the exercise of their weakest faculties instead of their strongest ones. Their vocations do not coincide with their bent. They have been brought up, perhaps, with the idea that they must stick to the thing they undertake and make the best of it.

A great many youths can not tell, when they first start out, where their real bent lies. They can not tell what they can do. But, as soon as they develop more, their stronger qualities come out, their real bent strengthens, and the predominant faculties push their way to the front.

Again, a more liberal education, or a college course develops faculties which have lain entirely dormant before. In other words, the entire state of the mental faculties often changes during one's physical and mental development, so that the bent of the boy may not be the bent of the man.

The relation of the faculties is often greatly changed by the special training of one faculty or set of faculties, so that what was dominant before the course of training may become subordinated by other faculties which have pushed themselves forward in the course of development.

The "stick to the last" idea has crippled many a youth. No man should stick to his last if he is convinced that he is in the wrong place and there is a possibility of getting into the right place. No one should stick to his last if a change is possible when he is conscious of getting a living by the exercise of his weakest faculties. No man should stick to his last while cursed with commonness or mediocrity, when a larger, fuller experience of life is possible to him. No man should stick to his last when a higher and better way is open to him. No man should stick to his last when he finds that to do so will cramp his better life, stifle his higher aspirations, and handicap his complete development.

What can be more painful than to discover, by many failures and blunders, after you have fixed yourself in the groove in which you must run for the rest of your days, that you have mistaken your vocation! Waste, it is said, is the law of the world; but among all the various forms of waste, what is more painful to behold than the waste of talent,—the waste of ability? "How melancholy to see men plodding drearily for a lifetime at a task for which they have neither genius nor love, going through life in mediocrity, fighting the battle of life with a broadax instead of a battle-ax, fighting the battle of life with one hand only or with one hand tied, or rowing against an irrresistible current!"

Many people fail because their ships hug the shore too closely. They are afraid to launch out into the deep water beyond the rocks. It not only requires courage, but sometimes even boldness, bordering on audacity.

The man with a great reserve carries conquest in his very presence. He does not need to argue,—himself is his greatest argument. You do not doubt his ability, you see it, you feel it. It radiates from his very presence.

Why He Did not Succeed as a Salesman

He was too anxious.
He lacked resourcefulness.
His tongue outlasted his brain.
He could not read human nature.
He did not work by a programme.
He did not know how to approach men.
He could not take a rebuff good-naturedly.
He did not bring the whole man to his task.
He was not a man before he was a solicitor.
He did not carry confidence or conviction.
He ran down his competitor and disgusted people.
He went in the spirit of "I will try" instead of "I will."
He scattered too much; could not concentrate his talk.
He knew enough, but could not tell it in an interesting way.
He did not believe he could get an order when he went for it.
He did not have reserve argument enough to overcome objections.
He spent most of his time trying to overcome a bad first impression.
He was too long-winded. People got tired before he got to the point.
He tried to make circulars and letters do the work of a personal canvass.
He always thought he could do better if he could only get to some other town.
He lacked cordiality; he antagonized and repelled people by his cold manner.
He carried side lines. He thought if he could not sell one thing, he could another.
He gave one the impression that he was a beggar instead of the representative of a reliable house.
He unloaded cheap lines and off-style goods on one customer and then bragged about it to the next.
He tired the customer out before he got down to business, and could not see when he was boring him.
He did not thoroughly believe in the thing he was trying to sell, and of course could not convince others.
He was too mercurial; if he did not secure orders from the first few people he solicited, he lost heart and gave up.
He overcanvassed, saying so many good things about the article he was selling that people did not believe they were true.
He did not like the business; his heart was not in it; and he intended working at it only until he could get a better job.
He could not see the interests of the man at the other end of the bargain, but tried to use him only for his own selfish ends.
He did not have high enough appreciation of the dignity of his work. He thought people would look upon him as a peddler.
He would work his would-be customer up to the point of enthusiasm, but could not quite make connections and clinch the bargain.
He was polite only while he thought he was going to get an order, but when turned down, got mad and said nasty, cutting things.
He had not the power of adaptability or of tact; he always used the same line of argument, no matter what the man's degree of intelligence or education, or position might be.
He would creep into a customer's office with a sneaking, apologetic, self-effacing, "please-kick-me" air, which aroused contempt and disgust rather than admiration and confidence.

The best in others will only come out to meet the best in you.

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

One reason why we do not make the most of the winning material in ourselves is because of a magnified idea of the great superiority of others who do things in the world.

As a rule, no good comes from criticising others; anybody can do that, but the man who can accept his own honest estimate of himself, and resolve to profit by it, has achieved something.

No matter what you are doing, think your way. Don't go without thinking; think everything out. Don't run without a schedule; have a programme and go by it. Think! Think! Think!

The great majority of people need bracing up all the time. They want to be reassured. They do not know their own minds: they are not sure of themselves. The leader, the man who can rule others, must be master of this art. Encouragement is to many men what flattery is to some women.

Tact in the Home

LILIAN WHITING

TACT in the home is that subtle and irresistible grace which is, at once, as potent and as invisible as electricity. It is a sixth sense, a determining factor, perceived only by its results. If it is not strictly a heroic virtue, it is, at all events, the one without which all others fail of their true effect. It is the gift that combines with every other, like the cipher in numbers. Emerson alludes to tact under the name of Address, in his epigrammatic rhyme :—

The only credential,
Passport to success,
Opens castle and parlor,
Address, man, address.

Tact is courtesy carried to its fullest expression, and courtesy itself, in its ideal sense, is love. Tact is flexible and sympathetic, and it is swift to recognize the point at which it is wisdom to concede. Firmness of purpose is all very well, but there are considerations that may well outweigh the carrying of a point. A human being is not a machine. Fixed hours and definite engagements are all very well as the framework of living, but they are by no means to be mistaken for life itself. Work and affairs are for people, but people are not constructed exclusively for affairs and work. There are other claims.

It is the defects of qualities that often make themselves jarring notes in the home. The persistence that degenerates into insistence and annoys rather than sustains; the abrupt question that breaks in rudely on a moment of dream and vision; the intense partisanship that relegates every member of the family to the vigilant espousal of one side or the other of any subject for discussion; the lack of consideration in little things,— all these are the breakers, which a failure in tact creates, on which the family happiness is too often shipwrecked. There is no reason why the same scrupulous courtesy which is the unwritten law in social intercourse should not equally prevail in the family. Love should include courtesy as one of its manifestations. In the degree in which one is swiftly responsive and constantly in touch with love and generosity and sympathetic perception does he command the potencies of life.

The most scrupulous respect for the individuality of each member of the household is the open door to the most perfect interchange of confidence. The delicacy that never intrudes even in the habitual intimacy of family life is the key to confidence and sympathy. When the mail comes, for instance, the practice of putting the letters of each member of the family in the room of the person to whom they belong is one form of tactful courtesy. Let any sharing of the contents be voluntary and never enforced, and then will it be mutually sweet and full of interest and affection. When the boy comes in from school and remembers to put his books in the proper place, but throws his cap on the floor, tact will commend the former and perhaps ignore, or else gently refer to the latter, rather than ignore the thing well done and rebuke the defect. Tact conciliates, while the lack of tact reproaches and thus irritates the one rebuked.

Sometimes a confidence is given which turns out to be the initial chapter of a story which enters into an individual life with transforming force. Once told,—there may follow a train of circumstances and experiences which the one into whose life they have entered prefers not to further relate. They have become sacred and personal, or other reasons arise which constrain to silence. The lack of tact which will question regarding this initial confidence and keep up a perpetual reiteration of a desire to know what is not voluntarily given is one of the most flagrant violations of that courtesy and fine consideration which we are seeking to discuss. This persistence is well named nagging, and it is one of the most intolerable of the sins of familiarity. To recognize the right moment to let a given subject drop is to have achieved a signal success in tact.

The relative virtues of public and private living have been too often contrasted rather than seen as mutually inclusive. Is it the life of society—of formal and ceremonial meeting, of incidental and accidental contact,—that demands the finest qualities to the evasion, or ignoring of them in the enforced intimacy of the family? Rather is it true that no form of life so absolutely requires complete and harmonious purpose as that of the home. The woman whose mind has been disciplined by university study and enriched by classical culture, by travel, and by social experiences,—the woman who has garnered the best that the world can offer will yet find herself taxed by the demands of home and family life. All fine threads she holds in her hands,—the ordering of all the daily resources, the giving to each and all sympathy, comprehension, and companionship; the hospitality,—not merely in entertaining, but that even truer hospitality of thought and the keeping the sweetness of spirit that thinketh no evil. The most potent force is that of unconscious influence, and the woman who makes her home the center from which all that is uplifting and invigorating radiates is contributing the best possible aid to social progress. To keep the living coal on the domestic altar is to live a life that is not remote from the angelic and the divine. Charm is the result—the influence, so to speak,—of a combination of all beautiful qualities. Dr. Holmes well said: "It is a woman's business to please. I don't say it is *not* her business to vote, but it is essentially her business to please, and there must be something about her that makes you glad to have her come near." The highest development of tact is mirrored in these words.

HOME GARDENING

MARY ROGERS MILLER

SUMMER vacations don't go with gardens,—that is, unless one can be content to combine them on the same ground. Last year, in July, we left our garden for six weeks, with dire results. Everything went to ruination, and there were only three jars of vegetables on the shelves when there were to have been a hundred! This year we burnt our bridges behind us by taking our vacation in late February and early March in the South. This summer is the garden's.

GARDEN TOOLS.—If your garden is really a serious affair, into which you have put good money and work and out of which you expect to feed the family, you can not afford to be without a wheel hoe. With it before you, you are in a position to push your work. With only the old-fashioned hoe you will be pushed clear out of the garden by the weeds, and take a backache with you into the bargain. You can do more and better work with a wheel hoe, and in less time, than with hands, rake, common hoe, and hand weeder,—after you get the knack. Its various attachments rake, scrape, plow, hoe, weed, and cultivate; you do the rest,—that is, you furnish the intelligence that guides and the strength that keeps the wheel moving. The woman with the wheel hoe is a theme worthy of the up-to-date poet's attention!

A COMBINATION HAND PLOW

Next to the wheel hoe in ease of use and efficiency comes the Dutch or push hoe, splendid for fine work in long rows if you have n't a wheel hoe. It costs far less and accomplishes great things with small output of strength.

Good garden tools count up on the debit side of the garden account, but without the essential ones the garden will certainly cost more than it comes to. It is good economy to buy the best. Here is a list recommended by high authority, and costing about ten dollars:—

Wheel hoe, spade, fork, push hoe, rake, common hoe, trowel, small spray pump.

A friend of ours, whose garden is a wonder, has a new kind of hoe, which is destined to put all old-time hoes out of business. He had it made from a piece of an old circular saw. The blade is crescent shaped, and sharp on both edges. It cuts whichever way you push it,—and the way its two horns go after the weeds in between the plants and everywhere else is a caution!

HOMEMADE TOOLS.—Ninety parts ingenuity, mixed well with old broom and fork handles, twine, an old file, a broken saw, and other cast-off articles, will often combine into tools better than the market supplies. The old shears will do for the gardening basket, but a good sharp knife is an ever-present help, especially in fashioning home-made tools. A six-foot stick, marked "loudly" with such oft-needed spaces as "ten inches," "one foot," "eighteen inches," "two feet," "three feet," etc., hangs with our other gardening tools. The "heavyweight" gardener will find an old-fashioned garden board, about twelve feet long by twelve inches wide, a real comfort in a soft garden. By staying on the board while planting small seeds one avoids the humiliation of raking out huge footprints!

THE TWOFOLD PURPOSE OF CULTIVATION.—Hoeing should begin with the weeds; even before the vegetable seeds have been sprouted. The smaller the weeds the easier they are to kill. Every minute they stay in the ground they pump up the moisture and the plant food you want for the crop. It will take years to put that same food back and money to replace it in the form of "boughten" fertilizers. Economy usually demands early destruction of weeds.

Getting rid of weeds is a very obvious reason for hoeing but not the only one. Every time the soil is stirred it becomes less compact and gives up its plant food more readily. Fine, loose soil holds water, in a way more suited to the needs of plants than packed, lumpy soil. A clean garden may need hoeing almost as badly as a weedy one.

We must not allow ourselves to forget that thinning is weeding, from the point of view of the plants left in the row. The up-to-date gardener thins, transplants, and tills, if he wants big, early, finely flavored vegetables.

WATERING.—The woman gardener of earlier days is always pictured with a ladylike watering can. If the lady will don a brown linen apron and heavy boots, she is welcome to make herself at home either usefully or ornamentally in my garden. But a watering pot is of little use in the kind of garden I have in mind. When plants are suffering for water they want it in generous drenchings from a garden hose, if nature fails to provide frequent showers. Sprinkling does more harm than good. When only the surface of the soil is made wet it is apt to bake dry, greatly to the disadvantage of shallow-rooted plants. A gentle spray or sprinkle is necessary in seed boxes, flowerpots and miniature gardens; so if you already have a watering pot, I would n't cast it into everlasting darkness. If you have n't, do n't squander good money on one. A common pail has a better handle, and, with the hand for a sprinkler when needed, one does easily without a watering pot. The hose, used for carriage cleaning and the lawn, will be of greatest value in both vegetable and flower garden in dry times. There is no better "bug destroyer" than a strong, well-directed cold-water spray. Sweet peas are most invariably covered with green plant lice, which do great damage. Turn the hose on them! Be sure to hit the under sides of the leaves,—of all the leaves. There is nothing more effective. The best way to keep plants supplied with water is to make the soil hold the water furnished by nature. Weeds and sunshine are great water wasters. If the soil is full of decaying vegetable matter and properly drained it will catch and hold water enough. How stop the waste? Pull out every weed and extra plant. That sounds simple, but you could not get rid of the sunshine so easily, even if you wanted to. There are some minor ways, like running the rows so that the tall plants will shade the space between the rows, but the great water conserver is proper tillage and *earth mulching*.

THE USEFUL WHEEL HOE AND ITS ATTACHMENTS

THE EARTH MULCH.—What is it? For what is it good? After a shower the sun comes out and begins to

draw the moisture from the surface. The beating rain has packed the soil so that every grain is in close contact with those on all sides of it. As the water is drawn by capillary attraction from one to another, in a short time a crust forms which gets harder and harder till the next rain comes. Woe be to the tender plants whose roots are caught in the tight clutches of these contracting masses of earth grains! In the garden we protect the ground from the action of the sun by mulches of various kinds; straw between rows of strawberries; leaves and litter around currant bushes and roses. In the tilled garden we make an *earth mulch*. This is simply a layer of loose earth on the surface. After it rains and the surface has dried slightly we take our rakes and out we go. We rake and rake, until over all the exposed surface is a layer of fine loose dirt. Thus is broken the capillary connection, and beneath our earth mulch is the moist black earth.

INSECTS AND SPRAYING.—If there is anything more disagreeable than the thought of killing insects it is the thought of their killing our plants. I never knew a garden big enough to supply all the potato beetles, squash bugs and cut worms and the family too. Spraying with poison dissolved in water is best for leaf-eating insects, except in cases where the leaves are the parts wanted by the family. In the smaller, or even medium sized garden, there is no safer way than "hand picking." For cabbage caterpillars and such, nothing could be safer or surer than Bill Nye's remedy for the potato bug: "Place between two boards and press gently till he expires." Yet we will not forget that upon certain other insects rests the responsibility of most of our crops. Wholesale destroying of all insect life in the garden would be bad all round.

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The Prize for Home Gardeners

THE prize of five dollars for the best letter on the care of the blossoming house plant with which the writer has had most success, accompanied by the photograph of the plant thus raised, is given to Mrs. James M. Miller,

PRIMROSES
[First prize awarded to Mrs. James M. Miller, Washingtonville, New York]

Washingtonville, Orange County, New York, for her letter on the care of primroses and the two attractive photographs that accompanied it.

Honorable mention is due the interesting letter of Mrs. Lorren Styles, of Victor, New York, for her sketch of the red *amaryllis;* to Mrs. Charles Stevenson, of Austin, Texas, for her account of her success with the night-blooming cereus, and to Mrs. C. S. Lee, of Wellsville, New York, for her photograph of primroses.

The unused pictures and sketches will be returned, in cases where postage was inclosed. The contributors who failed to send stamps with their photographs can have these returned if they will send stamped, self-addressed envelopes for them to Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, care of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.

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A Successful Home Gardener

Mrs. James M. Miller

WITH me, primroses are most satisfactory, Otconica and Chinese primroses blooming freely even in north windows. For early bloomers, plant seeds the last of March, or in April. Take a cigar box, make small openings in the bottom, put in a few pebbles for drainage, fill with good, firm garden soil, press soil firmly and evenly with a piece of pasteboard, and sow seeds. The Otconica seeds should be barely covered with finely sifted soil; to the Chinese give a little more covering. Lay a thin piece of muslin cloth over the soil, sprinkle gently, set the box in the shade, and keep the cloth damp and lying over the box to prevent drying out too quickly. Remove the cloth at night for air. Little plants will appear in from twenty to thirty days. Leave the cloth off then, and give light, but avoid too strong sunshine. When the plants have four leaves, transplant; later, when larger, put them in small pots or cans,—I prefer the latter. As buds appear, fertilize with water, to which has been added household ammonia in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of this to one gallon of water. Shower often and well to rid the Otconicas of white flies that attack the underside of the leaves.

HOW SCOTT GRABBED THE LIVE WIRE

By HOLMAN DAY

"IF you should dream," said Contractor Scott, "that you were crawling on your hands and knees, inside a circular wall, with all your earthly possessions on your back, trying to find a hole through the wall and yet knowing well enough that you never could find one, and believing that you were doomed to fumble and butt away at the foot of that wall all your life—I say, if you should have such visions as that in the night it would come pretty near being a nightmare, wouldn't it?

"Well, I had all the mental effect of that thing happen to me in real life. I certainly was up against it and with the consciousness that it was through no especial fault of my own, and also that no struggles of mine could change conditions. Ever and ever butting away at the wall and hunting for a hole to crawl through.

"The end of it? Why, I climbed up that wall and over it on a live wire, astonishing myself all the time while I was doing it. And I guess some of the folks around me were astonished, too, at the way it all came out. Here's how it happened:

"I wasn't of the 'submerged tenth' class or a down-trodden serf or any thing of that sort, you understand, but a chap pretty moderately comfortable, as the world looks at it. But I tell you, my friend, there isn't any real despair to equal that of the fairly intelligent chap of the middle classes with a family and ambitions, who has fallen into a rut of a job, and feels that he hasn't got the right technical education to suit his activities and aspirations.

"I had been a carpenter for ten years and at the end of the time I knew I had reached the limit of my earning capacity in that line, no matter how zealously I applied myself.

"When we 'sawdust lawyers' talked such things over, as we ate our noon dinners out of our pails, the fellows I worked with asserted that getting up somewhere in life all depended on how a chap started, for after he got to a certain age a man had sort of mortgaged himself to the future by what he knew how to do best—and so he was tied to the treadmill. You see, at that time I didn't have any idea that some one had planned out a way by which a chap could climb over the wall.

"I think I said as much to a stranger who called at my house one evening and stated that he represented some kind of an educational system taught by mail.

"I had never heard of the International Correspondence Schools or what the idea meant to a man in my position. But when he asked me whether I believed I had just the right kind of an education to fit in with my ambitions, why, that gave me a chance to launch out on my favorite topic. But the man proceeded to show me that not only had someone anticipated the growl that was coming from such as I, but had figured out a way around the difficulty. Why, when he found out that I had a hankering electricity-wards, he said I could become an electrical engineer, if I wanted to be one, and needn't lose a clip of work. I'll own up that at first crack it sounded as though he was assuring me that my rosiest dream would come to pass and expected that I would believe him. But he kept at it and told me about other cases and in the end I decided to find out whether or not the 'sawdust lawyers' were mistaken.

"I wasn't very ambitious at the start. I began in the wiring and bell-work course. That's what I meant when I said I got over that wall by climbing on a live wire. It was a mighty interesting end of wire that came dangling toward me; it was just full of the tingling electricity of helpfulness. The moment I grabbed hold of it I felt awake all over. I want you to understand that there are some lively batteries attached to the business end of the I. C. S. wires. It's soggy material, indeed, that they can't put the thrill of accomplishment into.

"I studied nights and my spare hours and you can best judge of my encouragement and sense of self-reliance when I say that in a short time I gave up my carpenter work and started out in my new field. I got a job by simply mentioning that I was taking a course with the I. C. S. and showing my cards. The raises in pay I got, and they were pretty regular, I assure you—were all on account of my connection with the school and the progress I made in my studies.

"I went from $9 a week as a helper to $2.50 a day as an electrical foreman for the Brigham Electric Company. I felt that then I was at least half way up the wall! But that wire still thrilled in my clutch! That's the advantage of having hold of a good thing, you understand!

"So I enrolled for the electrical engineering course and, receiving the bound books, studied them by the assistance of the principles I had learned in the preceding course, and used them for reference books in my practical work. Then I was fairly on top of that wall! More thrill in the wire—more enthusiasm communicated by the knowing how and the knowledge that I *did* know how—and that those behind me knew how. *I got tired of working for some one else.* Yes, sir, I just jumped right square off that 'wage wall' and left it behind me—and if I talked to you an hour I couldn't better express my views of the I. C. S. course than by simply stating that I jumped. I had moral, mental and technical confidence in myself, and I've told you frankly how I got it. I trust that now you realize that a course of this training doesn't mean simply the accumulation of a lot of dry details and items of knowledge."

Mr. W. W. Scott, of 48 Armory St., Cambridgeport, Mass., whose experience is given above, is now an electrical contractor with an income of $4000 a year. Thousands of others have attained success by the same means. You can do so if you will *make the start.* The I. C. S. can help you to qualify in your spare time for promotion or a more profitable occupation or to commence work at a better salary than if you started without training. They do this through their easy system of teaching by mail. The start is simply to fill in and mail to them the coupon below. They will tell you how they can fit you for the position you want, and they will send you their booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," telling what the I. C. S. has done for a thousand others beside Mr. Scott.

MRS. HERRICK'S TABLE TALK

THERE is always a demand for something new for supper on Sunday night. It need not be elaborate or expensive; in fact, these qualities are drawbacks rather than recommendations. The novelty must be pleasing, not costly, and the housekeeper must be able to make it the day before; or if she can not quite do that, she must not be obliged to devote much time or labor to it on Sunday.

When she has pondered for a while on these essentials, she ceases to marvel that the supper table Sunday night is so often a second and a chilled edition of the Sunday dinner. The housekeeper's invention is seriously taxed every Saturday with the planning for two days' meals. It is not strange that her powers fail her when she seeks a novelty for the third meal on Sunday. She will be—or should be,—devoutly grateful if she can find any unfamiliar and acceptable suggestions among the following recipes. That certain of them can be prepared in the chafing dish may give them added merit in her eyes.

SAVORIES

Clams Scalloped in Shells

Cook together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour until they bubble. Pour upon them a cupful of liquid, half milk and half clam juice. Add a tiny pinch of soda to the milk. Stir until you have a thick, smooth sauce, and add then a pint of clams, chopped. Put in a beaten egg, adding it drop by drop, and, when all is in, season to taste with salt and cayenne. Have large clam shells washed clean and buttered on the inside, and put the clam mixture into these. All this may be done on Saturday. On Sunday set the shells in a pan in the oven, turn another pan over them and let them cook ten minutes, uncover and brown lightly. Pass sliced lemon with them.

Creamed Panned Oysters

Cut rounds of buttered toast to fit the bottom of your ramequins or nappies, or if you have not these in the right shape, of tin patty pans. On the toast lay oysters, allowing three or four to each pan. Put a bit of butter and a dust of pepper and salt on the top of each one. Set in a quick oven for ten minutes or until the edges of the oysters crimp. Have ready hot cream, having allowed a couple of teaspoonfuls to each pan of the oysters, and put this with them just before you send to the table.

It will take but a few moments to prepare this dish, but if the housekeeper desires she can make the toast and arrange the oysters in the pans on Saturday or on Sunday morning, putting the pans on the ice or in a cold place until time to set them in the oven.

Devilled Panned Clams

Prepare as for panned oysters, using clams in place of these. When they are baked pour over them a "devilled" mixture, made by stirring together a saltspoonful of mustard, a tablestoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce, and ten drops of Tabasco. Half a teaspoonful of this, poured into the liquor and melted butter that should surround the clams in each pan, will be enough to give the hot touch that makes the name appropriate.

Devilled panned oysters may be prepared in the same fashion.

Savory Lobster.

Cut a pint of lobster meat into small pieces. Do not chop it. Make it hot with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of dry mustard, and three or four dashes of cayenne pepper or paprica. Let all get smoking hot together and add the juice of a lemon and a wineglassful of sherry. The latter may be omitted by those who object to the use of wine. This dish may be prepared in a chafing dish or in a saucepan.

Little Pigs in Blankets

For this, select rather large oysters and lay them in seasoned lemon juice,—the juice of two lemons, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Leave them in this for fifteen minutes, take them out and wrap each oyster in a very thin slice of bacon. Pin the edges of this together with a toothpick. Melt a little butter in a pan or in the blazer of a chafing dish, and fry the "little pigs" in it until the bacon is crisp. Serve brown bread, either sliced thin, or toasted, with this dish.

Panned Kidneys

Fry thin slices of bacon in a frying pan, or in a blazer, until crisp, take them out and put into the pan the fat lambs' kidneys, which have been split and rolled in flour. Cook for five minutes, add a couple of tablespoonfuls of hot water, stew five minutes longer, season with pepper, a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and a tablespoonful of tomato or mushroom ketchup.

Pillau of Rice and Peppers

Cut green peppers in half, lengthwise, removing the seeds. Throw the peppers into boiling water and leave them there for five minutes. Take them out and drain. Have ready to fill them boiled rice which has had stirred into each cupful of it a tablespoonful of melted butter and two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese with salt to taste. Fill each pepper shell with this, mounding it up on top. Place the peppers thus filled in a pan. This can be done on Saturday. Late Sunday afternoon set the pan, covered, in a hot oven for ten minutes, uncover and brown lightly. This makes a delicious accompaniment to cold meat.

Meat and Green Pepper Scallop

Mince any cold meat you have and season it well. Ham is very nice for this dish, and so is poultry of any sort, but other cold meats will do. Cold veal to which has been added a small amount of ham is excellent. Butter a pudding dish and put a layer of the meat into the bottom. Over this place a layer of green peppers which have had the seeds removed and have been cut into small pieces. Sprinkle fine crumbs thickly over this, pour in enough well seasoned stock to moisten it thoroughly, and then add another series of the layers of meat, peppers, and crumbs. Continue with this until the dish is filled, making crumbs of the top stratum. Strew bits of butter over all, cover, and bake in a good oven for ten minutes; then uncover, and bake ten minutes longer, or until well browned. All of the preparation of this dish except the baking can be done on Saturday.

Tomato and Egg Scallop

Chop up the contents of a can of tomatoes or an equal quantity of fresh tomatoes, stewed. Make sure that there are no hard lumps left in, put with the tomato a small onion, minced, and let it cook slowly for half an hour. Season with salt and pepper. Boil four or five eggs hard, throw them in cold water to loosen the shells, peel them and cut each egg into eighths. Butter a bake dish, fill it about a quarter full of the tomato, and on this lay one third of the eggs. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and put in more tomato and egg. Have tomato for the finishing layer, strew with crumbs and bits of butter. Bake, covered, fifteen minutes,—just long enough to make the contents of the dish thoroughly hot, uncover and brown. This dish, also, except the final baking, can be prepared and cooked the day before it is to be eaten.

Savory Rice and Tomato

Fry until crisp a quarter pound of chopped salt pork. Put into the pan with it a medium-sized onion, minced fine, and brown. Add this to three cupfuls of boiled rice; mix in two green peppers, seeded and chopped, and a cupful of tomato sauce. Season all to taste, with salt and pepper, turn into a buttered bake dish, sprinkle with fine crumbs and small pieces of butter, and brown. Everything but the baking may be done on Saturday.

Oyster Omelet

Beat six eggs light, yolks and whites separately, adding three tablespoonfuls of milk to the yolks. Stir the yolks and whites lightly together, turn into a hot frying pan, and cook until set. Have ready a rich white sauce to which a beaten egg has been added and in which a dozen oysters have been cooked until the edges curl. Lay the omelet on a hot platter, pour the oysters over it, and fold upon itself. Serve immediately. Some persons think this is improved by sprinkling with grated cheese just before sending to the table.

SWEETS

Stuffed Pineapple

Select a large, fine pineapple and cut off the top smoothly. Scoop out the inside, taking care not to break the sides of the pineapple, cut the pulp into dice and put with it half as much orange, also cut small, as much banana as you have orange, and a dozen Maraschino cherries, each halved. A few teaspoonfuls of the Maraschino liquor from the cherries may be added to the mixture. Return all to the pineapple shell, set this in a very cold place and leave it there for an hour before serving. If possible, it is well to put the pineapple thus filled into a pail and pack this in ice and salt for an hour. The contents are thus chilled thoroughly. Place the top, with its tuft of leaves upon it, on the stuffed pineapple when it is sent to the table.

Italian Chestnut Pudding

Select large Spanish or Italian chestnuts for this, put them over the fire in boiling water, and cook for ten minutes. Remove them from the

stove, and the inner skins will come off easily with the outer shells. Put the peeled chestnuts into boiling water again and boil until tender. By this method they are kept white. When tender, put them through a vegetable press or "potato ricer," mix a little white sugar with them and, if you use wine, moisten them with a couple of tablespoonfuls of sherry. Mound them in a dish and heap whipped cream upon them.

Fruit Syllabub

Line a glass dish with thin slices of rather dry sponge cake. Over this pour enough fruit juice to soften the cake. If it is made in summer you may use the juice of ripe berries or peaches, crushing them to extract the juice; if in winter, the juice of lemons or oranges may be used, or syrup from preserved fruit. Rub six lumps of sugar on the rind of two large oranges until the sugar is yellow with the oil from the orange skin. Then crush the sugar and add it to a pint of rich cream. Squeeze the juice of the oranges on two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and add this, too, to the cream. Whip it all stiff, and heap on the cake. The top of the cream may be ornamented with preserved or fresh berries.

Orange Jelly

Soak half a box of gelatine for half an hour in enough cold water to cover it, add to it a cupful of granulated sugar, pour upon it three cups of boiling water, and stir until entirely dissolved. While the gelatine is soaking, grate the peel of two oranges and squeeze the juice of three upon the grated peel. Let them stand together for half an hour, then strain into the jelly. Turn into a large mold, or into small molds, and put into a cold place to form. It is a prettier dish if halved orange skins are used for molds. The jelly is then served in the skins and whipped cream may be heaped upon each half just before sending to the table.

Cranberry Bavarian Cream

Soak a quarter box of gelatine in a half cup of cold water. Heat two cups of milk in a double boiler, beat the yolks of two eggs with a pinch of salt and half a cup of sugar, pour the hot milk upon them and return to the double boiler. Stir until the custard begins to thicken and then add gelatine. When this is dissolved take the custard from the fire and strain it. Let it become cold and then put with it a cupful of sweetened cranberry juice, made by cooking the cranberries as you would for jelly, and half a pint of cream beaten stiff with the whites of two eggs. Turn all into a mold, set on the ice and leave until cold. Serve with sweet cream.

Raspberry Tapioca

Soak one cupful of pearl tapioca in two cupfuls of cold water until the water is all absorbed. Put over the fire together with the juice from a pint of canned or preserved raspberries and cook for half an hour. Add the berries to the tapioca and syrup, turn the mixture into a mold, and put on ice, or in a cold place, to form. Serve with whipped cream.

Cake Custard

Make a sweet, boiled custard,—about three cupfuls. While this is hot stir into it half a dozen stale sponge cakes broken up very small, and two tablespoonfuls of peach jelly or marmalade. Beat hard, and, when cool, set on the ice to get very cold. When ready to serve, pour into glasses, heap on top of each a tablespoonful of whipped cream, and in the center of the cream put a very little peach jelly.

What It Costs to Feed Five People

[E. D. B., Texas]

I supply my family, five in number, with wholesome, palatable food for twenty dollars a month. On the first of each month I order the staples,—things I must have: lard, sugar, coffee, flour, etc. I then divide the money left into equal sums to be spent weekly, and I do not exceed the limit. I always try to select the foods that afford the greatest degree of nourishment, considering the sum expended. Potatoes, cereals, and well-cooked meats with rich gravies, usually form the basis of my meals; of grains, I find rice, and either fine or coarse hominy, very desirable. I vary my bill of fare as much as possible, and never cook just the same things in the same way for two days in succession. Formerly, I spent almost twice as much as I now manage on; and my husband and son declare they can see no difference between what we had then and what we now have. I buy one pound of butter weekly, and one quart of milk daily; a few chickens supply us with fresh eggs. Where everything to eat is less expensive, a family the size of ours, could fare well on half what we spend. To live well on a small amount requires careful management, but the satisfaction it gives more than repays one for the extra trouble.

PRIZE CONTEST

"At What Age Should a Girl Marry?"

THIS is the subject for a prize contest, the name of the winner of which will appear in the September number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE. Every married woman has ideas on the subject, and I shall look for interesting papers. Each answer must be written clearly, on one side of the paper, must not exceed two hundred words in length, and must be in this office by June 25. The prize offer is five dollars for the best paper. The answers should not be confined merely to a statement of the age, but must be accompanied by reasons in support of the position taken.

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[EDITOR OF "THE HABERDASHER"]

WITH summer, the primness of town clothes yields to the informality of country or lounging dress. Life "in the open" has come to have almost as keen a fascination for the American as for the Englishman, and this naturally influences his manner of dress. Indeed, as I have often maintained, the growing love of outdoor sports has changed completely the course of fashion, making comfort the fundamental principle. But comfort as well as "dandyism" may be carried to extremes, and the one may become quite as absurd as the other. The very short jacket and the very tight trousers may well excite derision, though they are not a whit more preposterous than the jacket cut nearly to overcoat length and the trousers which are so wide that they flap like a sail in a breeze.

The only sure guide to correct dress is good taste. Clearly, all things are not becoming to all men, and it devolves upon the individual to choose those things in which he looks best. Few men have either the leisure or the inclination to chase each fresh will-o'-the-wisp of fashion, so they must follow the safe middle path, which, after all, is the path that leads to appropriateness in dress. Shun extremes, for the line of demarcation between the new and the bizarre is narrow.

Summer clothes are patterned closely after spring clothes, save that they should be a bit roomier for comfort's sake. Tweed, flannel, homespun and serge are cool and sightly fabrics. Suits should be cut loose, the jacket falling straight from the shoulders without shaping-in at the waistline, and the trousers sufficiently full to allow ease in moving about. As a concession to the heat no waistcoat is worn, the leather belt replaces suspenders, and trousers are turned up at the bottom. Contrary to the belief of some persons, who see in it an aping of English customs, the practice of turning up the trousers in summer is a perfectly sound one. When suspenders are put aside for the belt, trousers will trail in the dust unless the bottoms are folded up. Nothing denotes untidiness so much as this.

A "WATCH ALBERT" FOR SUMMER COATS

In grilling weather no color looks so cool and cleanly as white, hence the vogue this summer of white launderable cravats. I illustrate here a broad white four-in-hand, knotted "pear-shape," under a turn-down collar of the form much affected by college boys. This combination of cravat and collar, breathing comfort in every fold, appeals particularly to young men who are very partial just now to the easy and breezy in dress. It is not incorrect to wear a "wing" collar during the months when waistcoats are discarded, though the turn-down or "fold" collar savors more distinctly of summer, and is, besides, more in accord with that comfortableness which properly belongs with lounging dress.

THE "MACKINAW" STRAW FOR THIS SUMMER

The low-cut russet shoe, which fastens with buckles instead of laces, is a bit of an innovation. For wear with tan shoes there are tan hose, which, preferably, should be plain or self-clocked. The correct shoe is quite pointed at the toe, moderately high of heel, and has a thick, outswinging sole. Patent leather is not worn during the summer except with evening clothes. It is purely and primarily a dress shoe, and to use it for business or for any other informal occasion argues ignorance of what is manifestly proper. Black hose are, of course, always in good taste, and gray, tan, blue, and, in fact, all the plain colors and simple mixtures are sanctioned during the blistering days. Care should be taken, however, to have shoes and hose harmonize with the rest of the costume. This is a chief point of good dress.

BUCKLED OXFORD SHOES

Watch chains are not worn in summer, for the obvious reason that there is no place to put them. Instead, narrow strips of leather, called "Watch Alberts," are used. These are made of black seal or tan pigskin, buckle through the buttonhole in the left lapel of the jacket and lead into the breast pocket where the watch is carried. Sometimes, especially at the seashore, when white serge or white flannel suits are worn, the "Watch Albert" is of white leather to match. Belts are fashioned of seal, pigskin, and kindred leathers, black or tan, and measure one and one-eighth and one and one-quarter inches. Particularly modish are belts of white buckskin or box cloth, to accompany the white suits that are so cool and comely near the water.

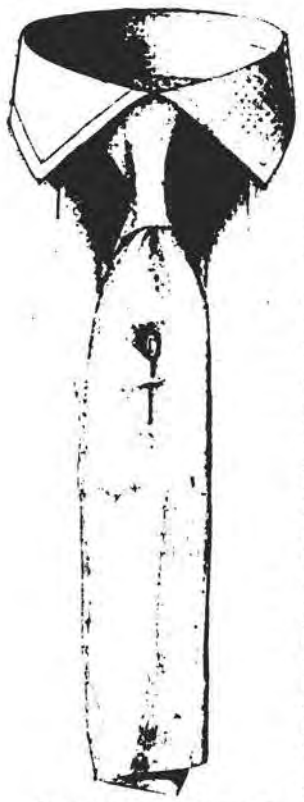
Among straw hats, the rough or so-called "sennit" straw is most approved by young men. I show here another correct form, the "Mackinaw," with a soft roll brim and a fancy ribbon. This shape is particularly well suited to summer and to the ruling scheme of dress, which makes comfort the uppermost consideration. Fancy ribbons in simple effects help to give a color touch to the straw hat, but pronounced ribbons should be avoided, unless in the wearer's club or college colors, where they symbolize something definite. The Panama hat, common belief notwithstanding, has not lost one iota of its correctness, though it is only in place in the country and on the field, never in town.

Some men dislike to go gloveless even in summer, and, for these, silk gloves have been introduced. They are white, tan, or gray, and fasten with a single large pearl button. Leather is cumbrous and prone to induce perspiration, but silk is admirable for summer, for traveling, and for lighter wear generally. The newest hot weather glove is made of seamless French linen. It is remarkably cool, soft, and grateful to the skin, and is, besides, washable. Fabric gloves have been gaining vogue for several seasons, because leather is out of the question for summer use.

A correspondent writes to ask how the bridegroom, the best man, and the ushers should dress at a formal church wedding. The dress of all is simple and uniform. The bridegroom, the best man, and the ushers wear a black frock coat, gray-striped trousers, white waistcoat, white shirt, poke collar, white or pearl Ascot cravat, fastened with a jeweled pin, gray suède gloves, buttoned patent-leather shoes, and they carry silk hats. It is well, if new shoes be worn, to have the soles blacked, as they will show when the groom kneels.

At an informal "at home" wedding, the so-called "morning coat," which is simply a form of cutaway, may be worn, and the shirt, cravat, and shoes are the same as those worn with the frock coat. It is in good form to have the shade of the cravat match the shade of the gloves. Thus, with a pearl-gray Ascot, pearl-gray gloves should be worn, whereas, a white Ascot demands white cape or duck gloves. Diamonds are not worn in cravat pins; pearls, opals, turquoises and sapphires are preferred.

A much debated question is that relating to the occasions when the evening jacket, commonly called the "Tuxedo coat" may properly be worn. The best usage does not sanction the evening jacket at any function at which women are present. Remember, the evening jacket is not formal dress, but purely a lounging garment, and manifestly the wearing of a lounging garment when women are about, is repugnant to a gentleman's sense of what is fitting. Only the "swallowtail"



A WASHABLE "FOUR-IN-HAND"

suit will serve on ceremonious occasions. This rule is unbending.

I know that summer tempts a man to throw off restraint and "gang his own gait" in dress, but the proprieties can not be violated for the sake of mere comfort. Good breeding knows no season.

It is still the vogue to crease trousers. In fact the trouser crease is now more sharply defined than ever, and those who are anxious to be well dressed are very careful in this particular. It should be fully understood that to have a crease in the wrong place, or a badly made crease, is worse than not having one at all. The best way to obtain accuracy is to observe carefully the marks your tailor puts in when the trousers are first purchased, for he of all men should—and as a rule does,—know what is correct.

These little things are important for a man to remember if he would be well-dressed. Certainly it is an easy thing for a man to keep his trousers neatly creased. There is no excuse for untidiness in dress in this age, and especially when neatness and cleanliness are important factors in business life.

Fitness in Dress

FITNESS in dress is more important than fashion. Your clothing should be becoming. It should be suitable to your physique, your complexion, your manner, your style. In other words, it should be a part of yourself. Clothes should accentuate, not spoil the individuality. They should be made to fit the man, not the man to fit the clothes.

Some men wear expensive clothes, but ruin their whole appearance by a hideous necktie, with colors which fight against their complexion, or a collar which is unsuitable, or an unbecoming hat, or other inappropriate article. They will wear bright red ties, for instance, because they look well on somebody else, although they are very unbecoming, and at variance with everything else they are wearing. I know a prominent man who wears, with a dress suit, a tie which properly belongs to a Prince Albert and which makes him look ridiculous. Otherwise he dresses well.

Others ruin their appearance by fancy waistcoats, which attract the attention of everybody as a sort of signboard. Or, perhaps, they wear a huge watch chain, almost large enough for a logging chain, or a showy charm.

THE CORRECT VEST, COLLAR, AND TIE FOR A GUEST AT A SUMMER WEDDING

What to Wear and How to Wear It

MRS. GUY HALLAM

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ACCORDING to the calendar, vacation season is close at hand, and it behooves one to look into the matter of a suitable wardrobe, and the various appurtenances of travel, if one is contemplating a little trip. The problem of clothes depends very much upon where one is to spend one's vacation. A wardrobe suitable for a trip to some quiet country place would be totally unsuited to the seashore hotel and *vice versa*. In the matter of trunks and bags, it is false economy to consider price too carefully when making a selection. Cheaply made articles of this kind are never a credit to the owner, and a few extra dollars usually insure additional years of utility. It is considered as necessary to look as well when traveling as when on the street. This is accomplished, to a certain degree, by the use of a traveling coat which protects the entire dress. The dress should not be a white blouse worn with a dark skirt, but a silk one to match, or better still, a shirt-waist suit of washable material, made very simply and finished with pretty collars and cuffs. The traveling coats are very much on the redingote lines,—semi-fitting, with fullness in the body, plaited into the waist curve, and worn with or without a belt. The sleeve is also tucked and finished by a turnover cuff. Such a coat is not only suitable for traveling, but is also most useful for ordinary wear. Mohair, either plain or checked, is the fashionable material for coats of this description. Pongee and linen, in natural colors, are also used, but the latter is not very satisfactory, as it easily crushes. No elaboration of any kind is permissible, for such coats must be strictly tailor-made, depending entirely upon the cut and the little details for their *cachet*. Of course, one must have a white linen suit. I say white, because, after all, nothing else is more fit, in a practical sense, bespeaking immaculate freshness through tubbing, as well as producing the happiest effect of contrast against the green of earth and tree. These linen suits are unlined, and adhere strictly to simplicity. The severely plain effect is relieved only by white pearl buttons, bands or stitching. A smart air may be given by pretty cravats, odd belts, and by proper hosiery and shoes, for it is the consideration of detail which means so much in good dressing. A few separate blouses are also needed in the summer wardrobe. They may be of any desired

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style or material. For morning wear, the simpler the better; but, for those intended for dress-up occasions, one can not be too lavish in the use of hand work and lace.

Sanction has been given to short elbow sleeves, and dressy costumes are all made in this style. With short sleeves one wears long *mousquetaire* gloves, or real lace *mitaines*, or mitts. Included in every going-away wardrobe is the tailor-made suit, in the original meaning of the word,—for it now embraces anything from a machine-stitched covert to an all-over lace foundation, ornamented by stitched bands. Not the least attractive are these later creations, where different materials meet in perfect friendliness and heavy cloth and fragile tulle are combined. Applications in cut-out or irregular designs, in cloth and in linen, adorn the finest laces and silk with equal satisfaction. In considering the wardrobe, one is reminded of the all-important subject of hats. One's every day hat should be rather plain, matching the tailor suit in straw or trimming. The polo and turban, tiny little affairs that are scarcely larger than the crown of our last year's hat, are quite the newest shapes. Then we have the new sailor with a low crown, rolling brim, and built up to an aggressive height in the back. These tip-tilted sailors are almost as hard to wear as the polos, but, with proper manipulation, they can be made becoming by the deft touch of the milliner, who knows just what angle to give the brim, or by the careful adjustment of the *bandeau*. In dress hats the assortment is so varied that one's fancy may run riot in the selection of shape and trimming.

Girdles and belts are taking a more important place among accessories of dress than ever before. The full skirts and round blouses require a high girdle that sharply outlines the waist. The universal becomingness of the suspender suits for girls has brought the style into use for older members of the family,—and the "grown-up" sister will rejoice in a fashion so practical and attractive. The straps lend breadth to narrow shoulders and taper to the waist. The girdle is made of the same material as the skirt, or of velvet, and is worn with a light blouse. For the crushed girdle, soft ribbon or silk of different shades is used, and the darker shade is usually placed at the waist-line. Time and skill are the chief factors in turning out pretty neckwear, for hand work is their greatest feature.

4672

Eyelet embroidery is seen more than anything else, with an edging, or ruffles, of accordion-plaited Swiss. Quite the prettiest finish I have seen for these eyelet stocks is a lining of velvet of a very delicate shade, which, extending above the collar, gives a dainty touch of color. Our Paris correspondent says that the tailors there include with the making of the gown a pair of gaiters or "spats" of the same material. These, not only of dark materials but also of light colors and even white, worn over black patent-leathers, are considered very smart. The new sleeve models shown are all that are needed in refreshening last summer's gowns, remembering that it is not only the style itself but the art of wearing the garment, the poise of the body, and the daintily-arranged accessories, as well, that contain all the *cachet* of a toilet.

4673

4669.—Girls' Frock. Sizes:—5 to 12 years.

4670.—Boys' Russian Suit. Sizes:—2 to 6 years.

4671.—Girls' Plaited Frock. Sizes:—4 to 12 years.

4672.—Child's Round Yoke Dress, in high or open neck, Sizes:—1 to 6 years.

4673.—Girls' Shirt-waist. Sizes:—8 to 16 years.

6303.—Ladies' Long Coat. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6304.—Ladies' Circular Skirt, in round or walking length. Sizes:—20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6305.—Ladies' Rain or Traveling Coat. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measnre.

6306.—Ladies' Apron. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6307.—Ladies' One-piece Shirt-waist. Sizes:—32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

NOTICE

[For the convenience of our readers, we will undertake to receive and forward to the manufacturers orders for patterns of any of the designs on pages 422 to 424 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.]

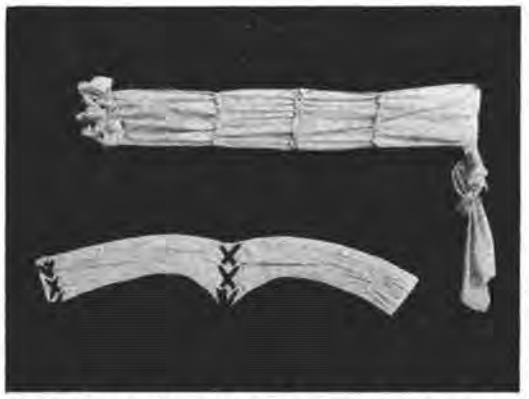
"Take Joy home
And make a place in thine own heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her.
Then will she often come and sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows,
Aye, or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad.—
Joy is the grace we say to God."

If you want your employees to feel that your interests are theirs, you must let them see that their interests are yours.

Smart Neckties, Scarfs, and Belts for Summer

MARY LE MONT

PERHAPS never before has the smart woman had as wide a selection of neckties, scarfs, and belts from which to choose as now. These articles of personal adornment mean much to the completeness of a costume, and they



NEW STYLES IN SUMMER GIRDLES AND BELTS

add or detract from the appearance of the wearer. according to the taste displayed in their selection.

This will be a season of soft, diaphanous scarfs. These, in exquisite real lace, three yards in length and nearly a yard in width, that once added to the charms of our great-grandmothers, have been brought forth and are gracefully draped about the head and shoulders in the evening. Besides the scarfs there are also small, three-cornered pieces of lace, like a shallow cape, that are thrown over the head, or about the shoulders much in the form of a fichu.

People who have not heirlooms of rare old lace to wear as scarfs, and who can not purchase new lace scarfs of nearly as great beauty, may content themselves with long scarfs of flowered *chiffon*, edged with a feather-stitched hem, or with a mere outline of narrow lace. Some of these are in plain colors, pale blue, pink, white, and rich red.

Crepe de Chine is also used for this dainty accessory. This material is light, sufficiently warm to afford protection from chill evening air, and falls in the most graceful folds imaginable. Another charm lies in the beautiful deep

A DAINTY STOCK

fringes, and also in the hand embroidery, of oriental workmanship, seen upon some of these scarfs.

Many women who had white shawls and scarfs, which showed dark lines where the folds had been, have had them dyed in the new tints of geranium red and pale blue. Pink, too, has had a share of favor, but the geranium-red coloring is the favorite for *crepe de Chine* scarfs. These are several yards long and always wide enough to double, although they need be only about a yard wide.

Soft, thin crochetted scarfs are by no means to be despised, and some lovely ones are being made up, for cool summer days, in fancy afghan and knitted stitches.

A pretty tie is made by having a strip of lace finished at each end with a medallion of lace. Plain or *point d'esprit* net may be finished in the same fashion, with an edging of lace braid around the sides. It is worn around the neck, or stock, and may be tied in a bow in front, with long ends, or as a four-in-hand.

Quite a novel idea has been invented in a tie made of a

SIR WALTER RALEIGH STOCK, SHOWING TAB WITH RIBBON TIE LACED UP THE FRONT

strip of *chiffon*, gauze, or net, shirred in groups of small tucks and then sewed up to form a long, double strip, with the seam underneath. Fancy ends, shaped like a triangle and edged with lace and then accordion plaited, are inserted in each open end and sewed flat. A ring of shirred material is then slipped over the doubled tie. This may be moved up and down, after the tie is on, allowing it to fit around the neck, or bringing the ends together lower down upon the bodice.

The "tailor-made" girl will wear around her collar a

SMART HEAD OR NECK SCARF OF RARE OLD LACE

small leather strap, fastened in front with a buckle of gold or silver. This must match her belt in color, and, if possible, her gloves, also.

Small, full bows of ribbon, lace, or *chiffon*, with dangling ends, will be in good taste for simple ties, and for dressy wear there is an unlimited profusion of dainty novelties in lace and embroidery to wear at the neck. Quite a fad exists for mingling lace with fine embroidery, for fancy bows and ties, upon fine stocks of the same materials.

There is no set rule about stocks and ties, the point

CHIFFON TIE WITH ACCORDION PLAITED ENDS

seems to be to have them of fine and sheer materials, with a filmy effect. When heavy lace is employed, it must be very handsome, as cheap forms of heavy lace are not in good taste. Irish crochet, *Pompadour* and Russian are the heavy laces in vogue at present. Italian and Flemish laces are used as other neckwear, but not in ties.

If the well-dressed woman is particular about the beauty and appropriateness of her ties, this season, she is no less so in regard to her belts. The new belts invariably either match the costume or appear as a trimming to it. Leather belts are still wide, and some new ones are shown with a plain surface decorated with designs in cut steel or embossed work.

Stiffer leather, with a more polished surface than formerly, is used. In fact, belts and purses are made of the same fine leather. There is a fad for having the belt and hand-bag correspond with the tops of the shoes in color, but this is an extravagant fad which few can afford to follow.

Silk is more often used than satin for belts for summer wear, and there is quite a fancy for ombre effects in three tones in a single girdle. These are very beautiful and are usually duplicated in the coloring of the neckwear and trimming of the hat. Silk girdles will be made up a great deal of pompadour ribbon, with the predominating color in the ribbon harmonizing with the color of the dress. These girdles are wide all around and are either shirred or plaited,—usually both,—and boned to fit the waist. They fasten under plain or large fancy buckles. They are also frequently finished with clusters of silk flowers or loops, and have dangling sash ends, very short, and with ribbon ornaments.

Civilization is largely the product of the individual fighting his way up to a higher level.

When your credit is doubted, do not bother to deny the rumors, but discount your bills.

Summer Dress for Winter Homes

MARION TILDEN BURRITT

NEVER before were summer house-furnishings so beautiful, so serviceable, and so thoroughly adapted to the uses to which they are to be put. They are enough to entice one into the making of a summer home merely for the sake of utilizing them, and present an effective antidote to that home-disintegrating malady, the domestic service problem. In fact, the number of summer homes grows yearly, in spite of the aforesaid evil. Nevertheless, most people live in the same houses all the year round,—people in the smaller cities and towns, people in the suburbs of great cities, and the majority of those in the great cities themselves.

But because one can not have a seaside cottage or a mountain villa, he need not therefore despair of having a summer home. Make the place where you are—the house or the apartment you live in during the summer,—your summer home. As you make yourself a summer frock, so deck your house in cool attire, and you will see with how much greater equanimity you can endure the summer heat. Just as we put away our furs and velvets and wools, and replace them with cottons and light silks, so we should strip our houses of all that feels hot or looks hot, and redress them in summer garb. Such a change in our immediate environment will do as much toward resting our nerves and keeping up our vitality as a fortnight's outing in the human beehive we call a hotel or in an overcrowded, underkept boarding house.

It was from a spirit of economy that the thrifty housewife of a generation ago shrouded her house in brown holland and mosquito netting, and her reputation for thrift and housewifely care was in direct proportion, apparently, to the desolate ugliness she left behind her when her task was done. The idea of combining beauty and utility and causing an effect of restful, soothing delight to flow from her efforts toward economy was very far from occuring to her.

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Something of this tradition still remains in the large cities, and the gloom of the shroud and the winding sheet clings to them still. City houses, when inhabited in summer, too often present the appearance of being torn up and unsettled, as if they were about to be vacated in a day or two, and this can not but affect the occupants. One feels that they must be in acute sympathy with the old hymn, "I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night."

The first word of advice, therefore, in summer home-making is, don't use shrouds and winding sheets if you really wish to change your winter home into a summer one, and not merely into a place to eat and sleep in and to check off the days as they go by. Nothing else produces such an effect of restless expectancy as one of these shrouded rooms. Everything seems to murmur in muffled tones, "We know we look ugly, but we are just done up for the summer. Only just wait until fall comes and then you will see how fine we are!" Indeed our parlor or library has been transformed from a living room into a waiting room, and we ourselves seem like tired, impatient travelers, counting the lagging minutes of the passing summer, while waiting for the train of autumn days to arrive.

Again, the very presence of "shrouds" suggest that a hot and dusty season is in progress. But one does not wish to be reminded that it is hot and dusty. When we come in out of the glaring heat of the sun, this is just what we want to forget.

If you have a statue or an elaborate piece of carving that is likely to collect dust, try to find a closet where it can be safely put away, but don't cover it with netting. Have your rooms look airy and cheerful. Shrouded and muffled objects make it appear stuffy, as well as gloomy.

Little effort is made to make city interiors attractive in summer, and yet herein most should be done, since there is everything to repel one outside. Even green fields and meadows and the shining seas are not alluring with the thermometer at ninety-five degrees, but where one comes in from sweltering pavements and a lifeless baked atmosphere, there is double need that the home should be soothing, refreshing, and beautiful,—yes, beautiful, though it be the beauty—and at best should be *only* the beauty,—of extreme simplicity, pleasing coloring, and absolute freshness.

A reaction against the shrouded process has until recently led people outside the large cities to make little alteration in their furnishings during the hot season, but now the custom is growing of making as complete a change as practicable. This is no doubt due to the increased number of all-the-year-round country homes and the greater elaborateness of their furnishings.

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A housekeeper to-day knows that the trouble she takes in putting her house in summer dress and in packing away half of the things which seem necessary for comfort in winter, but which, in summer, are only in the way, is more than compensated for by the decreased daily care in the dusting and ordering of the house, and if she indulges in summer furnishings primarily from the desire to make her home more attractive, cool, and restful, during the summer months, she may add the consolation to her soul that she is, in the end, just as surely practicing economy as the housewife of old, who took no account of æsthetic considerations. Dust and flyspecks *are* ruinous, and the

wear and tear saved on upholstery and hangings during one third of the year more than pays for the cost of providing substitutes and covers that can be washed and kept fresh and sweet.

To attain, then, the first and greatest *desideratum* in summer home-furnishing,—simplicity,—take down and put away all heavy draperies from doors and windows. Elaborate lace curtains may be replaced by Swiss muslin ones, which can be obtained ready-made and ruffled (as most people know,) for eighty-five cents or a dollar a pair. These are especially recommended for city houses where the windows are high and the making of curtains for them would entail too much labor. For smaller windows, Swiss at twelve and one-half cents a yard is quite good enough, and may be made up with little trouble, or even cheese cloth can be used. Few people realize the desirability of cheese cloth for curtains. It hangs charmingly, may be had in almost any shade, and is so inexpensive that one does not much care whether it fades or not.

Portières may very well be dispensed with in summer, but if rooms seem too bare without them, or, if they are really needed to screen one room from another, there are a dozen cotton materials of which they can be made which are not expensive, and are as beautiful as anything in velvet or satin,—cotton tapestries, denim, cretonnes, and arras cloth, for instance. Arras cloth is comparatively a new fabrics, (though the name is old enough,) and is used for hangings, cushions, chair and couch coverings, and the like. It comes in plain colors in charming artistic shades. Guild hall tapestries (at fifty cents a yard,) offer a fine variety both in designs and colorings. They may be used at any time of the year, and would not be recommended especially for summer were it not that they may often be selected for furniture covers in preference to cretonnes, when the latter can not be found in good designs to harmonize with the walls, and then it may be one's wish to have the *portières* to match. In most cases denims or cretonnes will answer as well, and are much cheaper.

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Having got rid of heavy hangings, there is no other way to increase the airiness of our rooms like a change of floor-covering, especially if our rugs are dark and heavy. In no other department of house-furnishing has there been such an improvement as in rugs. Not long ago it was impossible to find anything endurable, if oriental rugs were out of the question, but now the matting and fiber rugs are charming in design and color, and there is a great variety of cotton-rag rugs which are filling a long-felt want. The "thread and thrum" is one of these, which now can be had at the large department stores, and the "Dolly Madison," as well. They are delightfully old-fashioned and fresh, and the colorings are perfect. Japanese rugs, also, are always useful.

Let all the furniture that is not needed be put away, if possible,—all meaningless tables and superfluous chairs that nobody sits on, except on the edge, and with timidity. But let what are left—the comfortable armchairs, the sofa, the couch, and a few generous tables for books and flowers,—look as if you were not afraid to use them. Of course, if one can afford to substitute rush or wicker furniture, so much the better; but, if not, the upholstered pieces should have cotton covers, which can be made at home. In the covering the old brown linen (which is mostly *écru*,) is by no means altogether to be despised. If used with certain well-defined backgrounds,—the plain red, green, or brown now so much in vogue for walls,—it is very satisfactory, but it must be avoided in rooms which are dull and colorless, and it need not be so omnipresent as formerly, since there are many other coverings which are as cheap as this or cheaper, and usually more attractive.

In redressing a room, consider first your walls. If they are of plain colors or of two tones of the some color, figured denims and cretonnes may be used; but, if the paper is flowered or of pronounced design, the various hangings, chair covers, and cushions should by all means be of plain materials. If your walls are bright, try to tone them down in the colors you use for draperies. If they are neutral, more pronounced shades of the same color may be tried; but, if they are gloomily dull, they should certainly be made lighter and brighter by the accessories. In general, a living room may be somewhat gayer and prettier, so to speak, in summer than in winter, and if the original coloring is not such as to lend itself to a soft artistic blending of tones which is so satisfactory and delightful, airy, gay "prettiness" may be aimed at. But though the living room may temporarily deck itself in cretonnes of brighter colors and more striking designs than would be admissible in winter, yet these colors must by no means be harsh or garish, and there should be a well-defined color scheme, so that the whole shall make a harmonious impression.

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Let us consider the most difficult of all walls to treat to summer uses,—the red one. What seems more impossible to do anything with in summer? Yet very pleasing effects may be obtained with a little experimenting. Use in the room a great deal of light buff or *écru*, or a great deal of white; which you choose will be determined by the amount of light and the way it comes in. If you have muslin curtains, to start with, of course you can't have anything simpler or fresher, but if your windows have been decorated by an elaborate combination of netting and lace, substitute muslin or cheese cloth. If your doorways are large and seem to need *portières* they may be had (from four to five dollars a pair,) in washable cottons in beautiful designs of red on a white ground, or *vice versâ*. With these, white linen chair coverings may be used, and even your sofa pillows may be covered with some of the many fancy white cotton materials that now come for this purpose, or white Singapore lattice may be put over red. Over the couch itself may be thrown another red-and-white *portière* such as is used at the doors, or all the coverings and hangings may be made of chintz or cretonne,—a white ground with designs in red, or a light buff ground with rich, soft red and old blue. A room in red and white may have a few suggestions of apple-green here and there. Where before you have had velours table coverings or oriental or Japanese embroideries, use white linens, and have them laundered often, so that they may be spotless.

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If the walls are green, it is a very easy matter to arrange the room charmingly for summer, as almost any shade is capable of treatment with white or *écru* or buff. An ideal summer living room is produced by making the *portières*, furniture coverings, cushions, and even shades, of cretonne, in a white ground, with conventional flower designs in

green and buttercup yellow. If the room is large and there is a good deal of furniture to be covered, care should be taken not to get so much cretonne that it will dominate the green tone of the wall. A few sofa cushions and one or two odd chairs may be covered with plain green, and green or yellow jars for flowers will add to the effect.

Another scheme with green walls would be to use *écru* linen with a green stripe or small figure for the furniture covers, and arras cloth and pongee for hangings and cushions. A deep moss green wall may be treated with green and white, or white alone, as was one red room.

If the walls are of some shade of tan, then the process may be reversed and the draperies made of greens or of golden browns, or of cretonnes with white grounds and brown and yellow designs. In general, take out all the red, crimson, and old rose that may have been used in winter. It is surprising, to those who have not tried it, to see how a room will be transformed even though the main furnishings remain absolutely the same, if the secondary colors or undertones and overtones are changed.

As for the bedrooms, since the living room, by the use of cretonnes, has usurped many of their effects, these may also be redressed along the lines of greater simplicity and freshness. First clear away all superfluous decorations,—photographs, dust-collecting cards and favors, all flimsy embroidered concoctions, and all beruffled and beribboned bureau scarfs and table covers. If you have had cretonne draperies, take them down and leave only Swiss muslin or cheese cloth at the windows. You can not have too much white. If you have had an elaborate lace bedspread, take it away and put in its place Swiss muslin over a dainty color or over white, or use dimity trimmed round the edge with cotton fringe, or crocheted edging, after the fashion of our grandmothers, and the same material may be used for stand and bureau covers. (By dimity, I need not say that I do not mean the thin, sheer material with little hair stripes, which is used for summer frocks, but the heavier kind, which comes for such purposes.) A room with old colonial mahogany furniture will especially lend itself to the severe lines of dimity coverings, while Swiss may be used with white enamel furniture or birds-eye maple.

Let your only ornaments be a few simple pottery bowls or jars for flowers, a few good books, and a candlestick, so that you can go to bed by candlelight.

A simple bedroom is attractive at any time, but in summer it is a necessity. The rest and refreshment you will get in entering such a room will more than repay the trouble you take in putting away the winter finery.

Jupiter and Ten

J. CARTER BEARD

JUST after the Civil War, when a large number of army contractors became suddenly wealthy, the widow of one of them, a Mrs. Daniel Mulligan, sent cards to the artists in the old studio building on Tenth Street, announcing that she had, during her late visit to Italy, purchased for a considerable sum of money, an oil painting, the work of one of the old masters. The cards did not specify which of the old masters, but its recipient was invited to attend a private view of the picture in question at such and such a time, and at such and such a number, Fifth Avenue.

The subject of the picture, as given on the card, was "Jupiter and Ten." At an informal meeting of the invited artists, it was unanimously determined to accept the invitation, in order to investigate the eccentric subject of this mysterious picture by an anonymous old master.

On their arrival at the time and place designated, the group of artists were ushered into an anteroom where refreshments awaited them, after enjoying which, they were invited into the parlor. Everything in that room was spick and span, glaring with raw crude color, and brand new, except a huge canvas that hung on the wall opposite the door at which they entered. This, without doubt, was the mysterious painting. It resembled an old, dirty, weather-beaten blackboard, rather than a work of art.

After looking at it for some time, they discovered sundry dim streaks and smears of Indian red, and burnt sienna, and yellow ochre, and after a while managed to make out, or conjecture, the figure of a man and what might possibly be meant for some kind of a beast, so hazy and indefinite in form that, while Mr. Cropsy declared it was a large goat, Mr. Hayes was equally sure it was intended for a hippopotamus. While they were debating the matter their hostess, arrayed in gorgeous apparel and blazing with jewels, entered, and asked them what they thought of the picture.

The artists looked helplessly at each other. It was a hard question to answer; but, after a few moments of awkward silence, Mr. Bierstadt turned to her, and, in a grave and serious tone of voice, said that he had seen and studied the old masters abroad, but never, among them all, had he met a picture like this one. He declared it to be the most remarkable work of art he had ever had the opportunity of beholding. "But," he continued, in the same slow, serious manner, "it is, perhaps, a little beyond us. We can see Jupiter, that is we think we can; but the 'Ten?' Where ten? What ten? How ten?"

"Oh! gentlemen," said the hostess, "that is jest what I 'ad you here to tell me. It's a mytheologikkle subjick, and I thought it was your business to know all about sech pickchures?"

"But, madam," said Perry, "are you quite sure that 'Jupiter and Ten' is really its title?"

In answer to his question Mrs. Murphy summoned her servants and had the painting taken down, an arduous piece of work requiring considerable time and labor to accomplish.

"Now," said the hostess, "turn it about and less see the back of it."

This being done she pointed triumphantly to the reversed painting.

"There," she said, "if any misdoubts me word, they ken jest read the name of the pickchure for thimselves."

And there, sure enough, plainly printed on a large card pasted on the back of the canvas was to be seen the title of the painting:—"Jupiter and Io."

"Cropsy," said Mr. Berry, turning toward him, "you and Hayes were both wrong, the beast in the picture is neither a goat nor a hippopotamus, but the heifer into which Io was transformed to escape the jealousy of Juno."

Elocution,—Old and New

ELENE FOSTER

THERE is almost no other art that has undergone so great a change during the last ten years as has the art of reciting. We all remember the old-fashioned elocutionist, that gorgeous creature who was wont to appear at evening entertainments and, in sonorous tones, relate the tale of the poor little cripple who starved to death in his wretched garret, or of the child who saved the train,—thereby losing his own life. When we think of her we wonder that we could sit through one of her performances, and, even now, we recall with a shudder of horror the grewsome tales with which she entertained (!) us. Thank goodness, we have outgrown our liking for the "Yellow-cutionist" and her day is practically over!

Kate Douglas Wiggin, in one of her New England stories, tells of one of these young women who came to Bixby Center to recite. "But," says Aunt Hitty, who is telling the story, "so many of our ladies sleeps alone in their houses at night that they had to up and tell Mis' Tucker that they could n't go hear her cousin read 'thout she read quieter pieces, and Mis' Tucker said that if she read quieter pieces what would be the use of knowing elocution?"

The old idea, that in order to exhibit her talent at its best the elocutionist must rant and tear her hair, is fast disappearing, and the public, as well as the elocutionist, appreciates that it is the "quieter pieces" which require more real talent than the heavier selections.

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In the place of the once familiar figure of the elocutionist there now appears a modest, unassuming maiden, who, in a perfectly natural manner, with no stage airs and graces, relates a simple story, recites a poem, or gives a character sketch, much as if she were telling a story to a friend. The naturalness and ease of the whole performance charm her audience, as well they may, for there is true art. We do not like to think of this young woman as in the same class as the elocutionist whom we knew of old, and so let us call her by another name; let us call her a reciter.

The public nowadays demands first of all naturalness in a reciter. It is human nature in all its phases that pleases, and the reciter who can faithfully "hold the mirror up to nature" is the one who will make a success of her chosen work. The more familiar an audience is with the character depicted, the more it will enjoy a clever portrayal. For instance, there is nothing else that pleases a "State of Maine" audience so much as the conversation of a "State of Maine" farmer, or of the seamstress who "goes out by the day." Every little homely, familiar phrase amuses them hugely, and it is the same with every class of people. We love to laugh at the foibles of others even though those same foibles may be our own as well. This is shown by the popularity of the monologue or character sketch, a form of recitation which was introduced some years ago by Miss Beatrice Herford, and which has been welcomed with joy by a public grown weary of elocution.

The monologue has been called a "fad," and an early death has been predicted for it, but so long as human nature is human nature the good monologuist need have no fear for the future. The monologue has been criticised, too, on the ground that it is a frivolous thing. What if it be frivolous? There are plays which we have enjoyed immensely and look back upon with a thrill of pleasure even now, which, if analyzed, one must needs admit were frivolous. When we go out in the evening to be entertained we want to be entertained; we do not want our feelings harrowed by some tale of woe. We all have sorrows enough in real life without wasting our sympathies on fictitious troubles. So let us say, "Long live the monologue."

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It is by no means an easy matter to give a monologue and to give it well. It means far more preparation than for reciting a scene from Shakespeare or a Browning poem. In order to give a monologue successfully, one must, first of all, be a close observer of human nature in general, and, especially, of the type of character depicted in that particular monologue. If it is a dialect, one must have lived for a time, at least, in that part of the country where the dialect is spoken, and must have become thoroughly familiar with every inflection and peculiarity of it. Such knowledge as this can not be gained from books, nor can it be learned from a teacher of elocution. Like all other copies, dialect loses with each reproduction. One must acquire it first-hand. No teacher can even lay out a course of study to be followed, but each individual must study it for herself.

In point of fact, the old-fashioned teacher of elocution is as out of date as the old-fashioned elocutionist herself. The modern reciter has little need of a teacher, save in the technicalities of her profession. Just as a painter learns to use his brushes and colors, or a musician learns the mechanical process of bringing the best tone from his instrument, so the reciter must learn to use her voice to the best advantage. She should develop her voice just

as for singing, in order to get the greatest possible range and that she may be heard distinctly in all parts of the hall. She must study breathing, just as a singer does. She should also study physical culture, so that she may move gracefully and easily. Physical and vocal training are essential, but right here, teaching should stop. If one has complete control of voice and body, a perfect understanding and keen appreciation of the selection she is to recite, and the power to impart this sympathetically to her audience, she will find her name enrolled among the good reciters.

Many young girls who have no particular leaning toward other pursuits, take up reciting as the pleasantest means of earning a livelihood. Hundreds of these girls flock to our large cities every autumn to enter the schools of elocution, and they spend several of the best years of their lives fitting themselves for a profession for which they are in no way suited. This seems a great pity when, for the same expenditure of time and money, these girls might be learning bookkeeping, typewriting or some other useful occupation which would bring them in far surer returns. A girl should consider carefully before entering a profession that is already overcrowded. If she has real talent, then she may safely go ahead, for in this, as in every other profession, there is always room at the top.

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It is not even necessary to go to a teacher for instruction in voice and physical training. If one will only discriminate, she can find at the public libraries good books on both these subjects, and, if she practices faithfully the exercises which are given, there is no reason why she should not prepare herself quite as well as she could with a teacher.

For physical training, there is a book by Dr. C. Wesley Emerson, president of the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Massachusetts, a man who has spent a lifetime in the study of the subject, which may well be used as a text-book. Good breathing and voice exercises may be found in a little volume on vocal training by Professor Monroe. There are other more elaborate books on these subjects, but a few good exercises carefully practiced are worth far more than many done in a slipshod way.

Drill on a selection, with precise instruction as to gesticulation and the different tones of voice to be used for stated passages, results in the stereotyped mechanical style which we know as elocution. It is with reciting as with all the other arts, each student must work out her own salvation and it is originality that pleases the public.

Much may be said on the subject of the selections chosen by the reciter. Nowadays, when there are so many good books on the market, it would seem an easy matter for the reciter to select an extensive *répertoire* and one that has real literary worth. Formerly, the literary merit of a selection was a secondary matter, but in this enlightened age it should be the first consideration. There are so many short stories and poems by such writers as Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Josephine Daskam, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Ruth McEnery Stuart, F. Hopkinson Smith, and others, that one can scarcely take up a magazine and not find something which could be used as a recitation. There is therefore no excuse for one's reciting literary trash.

While there is no longer any field for the old-fashioned elocutionist, there is a wider field than ever before to the reciter. The women's clubs offer numerous opportunities for any one who recites well, and the custom of engaging after-dinner entertainers, or some one to amuse the guests at an afternoon reception, is becoming more and more in vogue among society women in all our cities. There is no royal road to success in this work any more than there is in any other line, but if a girl has the "divine spark," like murder "it will out."

[The writer of this article is well known to the public through her recitations of dialect poems, stories, and original monologues. Miss Foster has recited in New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, and also in London and Paris. She is a leader in her profession, and her work has been successful because of its simplicity and lack of affectation.—THE EDITOR.

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JOHNNY:—Pa, is it wrong to steal from a trust?

JOHNNY'S PA:—Don't let the question bother you any, my son. It's impossible.—Cleveland "*Ledger*."

▲ ▲

"It's seven o'clock, Fritz! We must run home."

"No; if I go home now I shall be whipped for being so late. I'm going to stay till nine, and then I'll get *bonbons* and kisses because I'm not drowned."—"*Lustige Blätter*."

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SHE:—I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance,—and for such a charitable purpose.

HER HUSBAND:—Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time.—London "*Tit-Bits*."

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The Japanese josh jiu-jitsu
Is a terrible thing if it gitsu.
You're up in the air
Before you know where
You're at when the awful thing hitsu.
New York "*Mail*."

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"What a nice little boy," said the minister, who was making a call, "won't you come and shake hands, my son?"

"Naw!" snapped the nice little boy.

"My gracious! Don't you like me?"

"Naw! I had ter git me hands an' face washed jist because you come."—Philadelphia "*Press*."

THE MUSIC THAT CARRIES

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

I 'VE toiled with the men the world has blessed,
And I 've toiled with the men who failed;
I 've toiled with the men who strove with zest,
And I 've toiled with the men who wailed.
And this is the tale my soul would tell,
As it drifts o'er the harbor bar:
The sounds of a sigh do n't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

The men who were near the grumbler's side,
O, they heard not a word he said;
The sound of a song rang far and wide,
And they hearkened to that instead.
Its tones were sweet as the tales they tell
Of the rise of the Christmas star—
The sounds of a sigh do n't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

If you would be heard at all, my lad,
Keep a laugh in your heart and throat;
For those who are deaf to accents sad
Are alert to the cheerful note.
Keep hold on the cord of laughter's bell,
Keep aloof from the moans that mar;
The sounds of a sigh do n't carry well,
But the lilt of a laugh rings far.

Sir William Won the Farmers

A PICTURESQUE and versatile man is William C. Van Horne, the builder of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and for years its president. Sir William is not alone a railroad man. He is, as well, a botanist, geologist, painter of landscapes of high merit, and practical farmer. He owns a large farm near Winnipeg, and takes great interest in the agricultural activities of that region.

Not long ago he was present, for instance, at a meeting of farmers assembled in Winnipeg to discuss their relations with the Canadian Pacific. A number of the agriculturists were certain that they had grievances against the road, and these they proceeded to air. Finally Sir William was asked to speak. As chairman of the board of directors of the railroad he was expected, of course, to talk solely from the standpoint of the company, and the attitude of the farmers when he began was very critical, but after a few preliminary remarks he said:—

"On the whole, gentlemen, I think that this railroad has dealt pretty fairly with us farmers."

A laugh went up, and at the close of the meeting the agriculturists returned to their homes with the feeling that they could expect the best of treatment from a railroad that had one of themselves, a fellow farmer, at its head.

Where Our Sympathies Lie

COUNT CASSINI, the Russian ambassador at Washington, is not without a sense of humor even when so serious a subject as the war with Japan is concerned. Not long ago, when evidences of the pro-Japanese feeling in this country were unusually conspicuous, Count Cassini, in conversation with one of the assistant secretaries of state, expressed surprise that the American people should take side with Japan against Russia, the traditional friend of the United States. Embarrassed by the truth in the ambassador's estimate of the popular sentiment, the state department official hesitated a moment and then said:—

"Ah, but Mr. Ambassador, the Americans always sympathize with the weaker nation in a case of this kind."

Smiling, Count Cassini replied:—

"I am confident that my *confrère*, Mr. Takahira, the Japanese minister, would be interested in that explanation."

Ben King and the Critics

WHEN Ben King's now classic poem, "If I Should Die To-night," was first published in the Chicago "Tribune," the editor received a number of curt letters from alleged critics who thought that they knew more about poetry and its effect on the general public than even Mr. King himself.

Shortly after the poem appeared one person wrote the editor and said, "The maudlin and cheap sentimentality of this verse leads me to shed a tear of despair that the literary market is so bereft of good material."

Another wrote, "I read the first line and my face lit up with an expression of ghoulish glee for I thought I knew the rest. I could have sworn that he was going to end his poem with some sentimentality about mother. But the crafty writer fooled me."

A third wrote, "Why do you publish such rot? Can't you cut this poet off by refusing to pay him? Don't you think that he should be relegated along with Eugene Field to the realm of ineffable bosh?"

All this happened over twenty years ago. The editor showed the letters to Mr. King, who replied, "Well I may be wrong, but I believe that my little poem will certainly strike a human chord and live longer than I do."

The author was right. "If I Should Die To-night" has been reprinted no less than twenty thousand times. It is imbedded in every anthology of American literature, and it has been given a place in nearly every school reader. Though a bit of "maudlin sentimentality," it struck the place from which the tears come, and gave its author an eternal place in American literature.

Progress in Science

GARRETT P. SERVISS

Is the Atmosphere Still Growing?

The Light that a Strange Well in Kansas Sheds on the Nature of the Earth's Interior

A GREAT surprise which met a party of well-drillers for oil and gas in Kansas has turned out to be a matter of high scientific interest. Near the town of Dexter they drove a well to the depth of four hundred feet, and, as a gaseous emanation began to pour forth, they believed that they had made a valuable strike and at once sought to turn it to advantage in the usual manner. Arrangements were made for generating steam by burning the gas, and, with the power thus obtained, other wells were to be drilled.

But, when they touched a match to the gas pouring from the well, it refused to burn! It seemed to be nothing but air. After some experimentation it was found that the strange gas would burn when introduced into a fire box already filled with blazing fuel, but as soon as the fuel was exhausted the gas went out. It persistently refused to burn alone.

At this point, the interest of the natural-gas seekers in the phenomenon flagged. Although the unburnable gas flowed steadily, at the rate of seven million cubic feet every twenty-four hours, it was of no use to them and offered no return for the money they had unfortunately invested in releasing it from its imprisonment. They might as well have opened the sealed box that the Arabian fishermen found, and let out a jinnee who could do them no good. But, unconsciously, they had rendered a service to science. A cylinder of the "hot air," as the gas was contemptuously called, was sent to the University of Kansas for analysis, and the full results of this analysis were made known at a recent meeting of the Geological Society of America.

It has been found that what the mysterious well is blowing forth so abundantly is mainly pure nitrogen, which is one of the two principal constituents of the air we breathe. The analysis shows that the gas consists of about seventy-two per cent. nitrogen, about fifteen per cent. methane, about twelve per cent. of some kind of inert gas, the precise nature of which has not yet been ascertained, and a very little oxygen and hydrogen.

The puzzling question is, "How did all this air become imprisoned underground in a place where there are no great caverns, but only layers of sand, resembling that from which ordinary natural gas is usually obtained? Besides, what became of the oxygen that must have been associated with the nitrogen, if it was once a body of air entrapped in the earth?"

The investigators of the university confess that they are not prepared to answer these questions, but Professor H. L. Fairchild, the geologist, makes a suggestion which puts the matter in a new light. Suppose, he says, that the earth's atmosphere, and also the oceans of the earth, represent liquids and gases forced out of the interior of the shrinking globe,—then this singular nitrogen well in Kansas may be simply explained by regarding it as a proof that the interior supply of gas in the earth is not exhausted, but that, on the contrary, the atmosphere is still growing from this source.

If this view is correct, the oceans, too, may be growing, though not to an extent measurable in less time than that covered by a whole geological age. There has been a considerable change in the prevailing opinion concerning the presence of water in the earth's interior. Formerly, it was generally thought that the steam which explodes volcanoes had leaked down into contact with the hot strata of the earth's crust, but now there is a tendency to regard this sub-volcanic water as being compressed out of the rocks themselves in the slow shrinking of the globe. There is evidence that, in the past, the atmosphere has varied from its present constitution to such an extent, at times, that many forms of life now flourishing could not have existed in it. If the earth is still contributing interior gases to the air, it becomes an interesting question what the atmosphere will become in the future.

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Do Sunspots Affect the Weather?

Fresh Interest in the Problem of how the Sun's Disturbances Influence the Earth

THE recent appearance of immense groups of spots upon the sun, taken in connection with the vagaries of the weather during the past winter, and with the suggestion of Professor Samuel P. Langley that the radiation of the sun has, within the past two or three years, undergone measurable variations affecting the general temperature of our planet, brings the subject of the cause and nature of sunspots, and their possible effect upon the earth, once more prominently before the public. It is a question that concerns all mankind. If the supposed effect exists, our interest is not diminished by the fact that it is a thing completely beyond human control or interference. But, being forewarned, and understanding the nature of the disturbing forces, we may, conceivably, mitigate the results to ourselves.

Just now the sun is approaching a state of maximum disturbance. Something is going on in his mighty globe which produces tremendous upheavals on his surface, and these are accompanied by the appearance of black spots, so large as occasionally to be visible to the naked eye, although we are ninety-three million miles away from them. Just what these spots are we do not know, but there are excellent reasons for believing that they show the existence of vast expanses of cooler material floating in the photosphere of the sun, somewhat like masses of cooled slag on the surface of liquid iron. If they were extensive enough to cover all, or nearly all, of the solar

surface, the sunlight and the supply of heat would be practically cut off from the earth, and it would cease to be a habitable globe.

Some of the distant suns in the heavens have apparently reached this stage, and thus have perished; others are far advanced in the same direction, and many of these exhibit enormous variations of light, alternately flaring up and then dying down like bonfires. Our sun, however, seems to be only in the first stage of this great process of gradual extinction, and the variations caused in the amount of his radiation have not yet become serious enough to threaten disaster to his attendant planets. Still, they are great enough to attract attention, and their effects upon the earth may unquestionably be measured provided we can discover the precise manner in which they manifest themselves. That they are somehow related to magnetic storms is now fairly well settled, but it remains to determine their precise relationship to the weather and to the temperature.

One of the most important facts that has been learned about sunspots is that they come back in a more or less regular cycle of about eleven years. But this cycle undergoes considerable variations of length. In the case of the one through which the sun is now passing, the beginning of the maximum has been delayed beyond the normal period, and past observations have shown that when this occurs the spots become larger and the disturbances more violent. For this reason it is deemed probable that the approaching maximum will be a notable one, and that it may afford better opportunities than any hitherto for solving the great problems involved.

Particular interest also attaches to the present disturbed state of the sun, because a total solar eclipse, of uncommon duration, and visible from favorable points on the earth, will occur August 30, and the luminous surroundings of the sun, which are only visible to us during total eclipses, exhibit special brilliancy and very characteristic forms when the sun happens to be in a state of unusual excitement. It is believed that the study of this eclipse, for which scientists are making great preparations, will considerably advance our knowledge of what goes on in the immediate neighborhood of the solar globe, where the electric and magnetic disturbances may resemble those close around a gigantic dynamo.

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Turning Language Backward

A Machine That Gives Us English with All Its Sounds Reversed

ONE of the most entertaining exhibitions of "moving pictures" is seen when the motion of the machine is reversed and the people or animals shown on the screen go through their motions backward, beginning with the end and ending with the beginning. This has now been outdone by an instrument, invented by Poulsen, which was exhibited at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Philadelphia. This machine actually turns language backward and makes words and sentences present themselves to the ear wrong end foremost, the result being an entirely new language, produced by the complete reversal of an existing one.

The apparatus consists of a piano wire, wound from one spool to another and passing between the poles of a small electro-magnet, which is connected in circuit with a telephone transmitter. It is a property of steel wire to retain distinct magnetic impressions made upon it, and, as the wire runs under the magnet, the impulses caused by a speaker's voice produce a series of such impressions. These, as the wire passes the electric connection of a receiving instrument, reproduce the sounds of the voice. As long as the motion of the wire is direct, the words spoken into the transmitter are reproduced in the receiver, just as in ordinary conversation with a telephone. But if, after receiving its impressions, the wire is run through the apparatus in a reverse direction, the same sounds are reproduced backward. The first thing heard is the closing sound of the last word in a sentence, and then all the other sounds come along in reverse order, ending with the opening sound of the first word.

The effect, as Professor F. E. Nipher has shown, may be represented by spelling any English word backward. But, in order completely to represent the reversal, not only must the order of the letters be reversed, but each individual letter must also be turned about from right to left, as when seen by reflection in a mirror. There is an entire reversal of the order in which the waves of sound reach the ear, but the effect is that of a smooth and flowing conversation carried on in a perfectly unknown and unrecognizable tongue. Yet, if this new language were impressed upon another wire, and that wire were then run backward, the sounds would reappear in the form of ordinary English words. It is possible that this curious instrument may have some scientific value in the study of spoken sounds.

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Mental Contagion

How Science May Combat Epidemics That Affect the Mind

PSYCHOLOGISTS predict that in the near future science will be as deeply interested in the facts of "mental contagion" as it now is in the microbes of physical disease. By mental contagion is meant the phenomenon of unconscious imitation, to which everybody is more or less subject. If one person in a party yawns, several others are likely almost immediately to follow the example, without thinking of doing so and without any consciousness of the source of the impulse. So, if a man coughs in church, a volley of coughs, resulting from mental contagion, is likely to follow from other members of the congregation.

These would be set down by the psychologists now investigating this subject as examples of normal and harmless contagion, for they say that, like the microbe in the body, mental contagion may be either beneficent or noxious. Its power for evil is shown when it produces epidemics of crime and fanaticism. A panic seizing a crowd of people is a striking example of mental contagion.

The communication of such impulses from mind to mind is explained by the investigators in this way: every emotion of the mind tends to find expression through muscular adjustments. These adjustments produce outward and visible, or otherwise sensible, expressions characteristic of the particular forms of emotion that have given rise to them. But any emotional expression, when perceived by a person other than the one directly subject

to it, creates in the mind of that person the same emotion that gave rise to the original expression, and then this second person's muscular system becomes subject to a similar emotional adjustment.

This is mental contagion, which acts without consciousness on the part of the subject, and often without intention on the part of the person first experiencing the emotion concerned. Such contagion may spread with astounding swiftness, and move vast multitudes as if they were governed by a common, carefully thought-out purpose.

Doctors Vigoroux and Jugulier, of Paris, have lately endeavored to classify the cases of mental contagion in such a manner that the objectionable and dangerous manifestations of the tendency may be discriminated and properly dealt with. They hold that mental contagion is preventable, and that, if crime and insanity are contagious, it is the duty of science to discover methods of arresting their spread, as truly as it is its duty to exterminate the pathological microbes of bodily diseases.

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Cannonading Hailstorms

Freach Vine Growers Believe in the Efficacy of Guns to Protect Their Grapes

FOR several years past, in the great vine-growing districts of France and Northern Italy, where sudden hailstorms frequently cause immense damage, a systematic war against such storms has been conducted with the aid of cannon of a peculiar construction. These cannon are aimed at the sky, and when fired they hurl toward the clouds great blasts of air thrown into spinning rings by the explosion. Although scientific meteorologists express little or no faith in the efficacy of such efforts, the vine growers are virtually unanimous in the belief that the cannonading furnishes nearly complete protection against hailstorms, and the number of cannon in use yearly increases.

Last year, in the district of Limas, near Lyons, there were in existence twenty-eight cannon-firing societies, employing four hundred and sixty-two guns. The reports forwarded from these societies to a central organization in Lyons are enthusiastic in praise of the system, and many surprising stories are told of the driving away, or dissipation, of threatening storms. The theory of those who have faith in the firing is that the shocks produced by the explosions, and the atmospheric gyrations set up by the masses of air shot from the mouths of the cannon, destroy the electric, or other, conditions in the clouds to which the hail owes its origin. They aver that the effects upon the clouds are sometimes most extraordinary. If they are not dissipated, at the worst nothing more than a gentle rain or soft snow falls from them after the firing begins. Sometimes a district not protected by guns adjoins one that is protected, and in such instances the unprotected vineyards have suffered severely from a hailstorm which was rendered harmless when it passed beyond the firing line and was subjected to bombardment.

The system of arranging and using the guns is very simple. A district to be protected is divided into sections furnished with cannon placed at stated intervals, and with watchers whose duty it is to give the signal for the firing to begin as soon as a storm is seen approaching.

In response to the statements of scientific authorities, some of whom still refuse to believe that hailstorms can be dissipated in this manner, statistics have been published, at Lyons, showing that, in sixteen communes where the aggregate losses from damage by hail, during fifteen years before the cannon were used, amounted to three million dollars, the total loss during the five years since the firing method was adopted has been only one hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars, and last year there was no loss at all.

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From My Window

Joel Benton

TWO little children are playing
Down in the yard below;
And what the great world is saying,
How little they care or know.

Chattering, playing, singing,
They spend their golden hours,
Where sunbeams their light are bringing
To butterflies, bees, and flowers.

And Freddie is swinging Mabel,—
Mabel, with curly head;
So "Alice," of "Wonderland" fable,
Stays now in the house unread.

Sometimes, for the four-leaf clover,
They hunt through the matted grass;
Happy, as loved and lover,
No matter what comes to pass.

A hen from her nest has darted,
Cackling, as if possessed;
And the two have, scamperipg, started,
To see who shall find the nest.

Their little friend, Evelina,
Steps through the dooryard gate,—
And no dispatch from China
Brings news that is half so great.

But we, borne far asunder
From them by the robber years,
Look now on their joys with wonder,
With eyes in a mist of tears.

The Lost Mine of the Uintahs

EMERSON HOUGH

[*Concluded from page 385*]

Mr. Toler and take up the matter with him." He knew the western creed. The time of test had come. He went to see Toler, was threatened and assaulted by the latter, and, in self-defense, killed him and shot another of his party, who was fortunate enough, later, to recover. White was arrested, tried by a court which offered but a parody of legal justice, was convicted, and was sent to the penitentiary for twelve years. This, then, is how John White met Enoch Davis, the blacksmith and wife murderer, and explains how he secured from Davis, before the death of the latter, the story of the lost mine and the map of its exact locality.

According to the laws of evidence, there was no apparent reason for Davis to deceive his fellow convict and fellow fortune-seeker, John White. It was in the nature of a deathbed confession, for Davis was at that time sentenced to die and had not long to live. He saw in White simply a kindred soul, an adventurer of the mountains, a man independent, hardy, and faithful. They had both sought lost mines. They had both seen the flickering of the light of the Madre d'Oro upon the northern sky. They were both of the subtle freemasonry of the West. Why should Davis deceive White? Especially why should he lie regarding a lost mine of which Ferron, a living man, tells such stories; regarding which Enoch Rhodes in his time told such stories; and regarding which Caleb Rhodes, Junior, living to-day, tells such stories as warrant an Associated Press dispatch describing a division of the Uintah Indian Reservation as one of the possible results of a gigantic western mining deal? If there be friction or deceit therein, assuredly it is so closely blended with the web of fact as to be impossible of separation therefrom.

A curious part of the story which Davis told to White is that each described the lost mine as located at a point from which were visible three bold mountain peaks. Here, then, the story of the lost mine of the Uintahs tallied precisely with the still more ancient story of the lost mine of the Navajos. John White raged all the more behind the bars. He wanted most of all his freedom, that he might see these three peaks, so that he might once more search for the lost mine which he had sought for years.

Meantime, Seaforth, the civil engineer, retained his former friendship for John White, and, believing that he had been sentenced unjustly, began to look into the matter of his conviction and of his possible pardon. There was, at that time, in the office of prosecuting attorney, the son of Chief Justice Zane, one John Zane, anxious to make a reputation and apparently not over nice as to the methods. The trial judge was one Blackburn, who also seemed unable to "stand the acid," in the apt western phrase. This combination of prosecutor and judge sent John White to the penitentiary. Seaforth fought the sentence. He expended more than ten thousand dollars in his efforts to set free his friend. These efforts naturally excited the enmity of White's former neighbors on the Colorado, whom we may associate under the euphonious name of the Colorado River Destruction Company. They announced that they would kill Seaforth, even as Toler had announced that he would kill White. There was one "Bill" Roads, an ex-captain of Texas rangers, who was at the Green River at the time White killed Toler, and who heard what Toler's friends purposed doing to Seaforth. Without saying anything to the latter of his purpose, Roads quietly sold off his live stock and sought employment with Seaforth. After that the latter could not even go trout-fishing without finding "Bill" Roads following him. The latter was always near him, whether he was at home or upon a journey. As to this "Bill" Roads, we must say that, after these legal matters had finally settled down and Seaforth was at length out of danger, "Bill" disappeared without warning and went back to the mountains. He has never been seen or heard from since that time. He was a strong man, fearless, and loyal; but of him and his history little more may ever be said.

As to his faithfulness, there was reason for it. Both sides in this legal fight over the trial of John White went under arms. The prosecuting attorney hired a professional "killer" as his bodyguard. Another quiet friend of Seaforth, the same "Pat." Grace who was later killed at Cripple Creek, shot through the crack of a door by a man who did not care to meet him face to face, arrayed himself unostentatiously as a friend of Seaforth and John White. The wonder is that more trouble and bloodshed did not arise over the trial, conviction, and subsequent pardon of John White, late of Arizona.

Meanwhile, Seaforth was in touch with White, even after the latter had gone to the penitentiary. He knew that White had been interested earlier in the search for the lost mine of the Navajos; and, moreover, White repeated to Seaforth the story of the lost mine of the Uintahs which his fellow convict, Davis, had told him. Behold, therefore, Seaforth appearing in this involved little drama of the real West as another searcher for the lost mine of the Uintahs, which these three men were beginning to believe may also have been the lost mine of the Navajos. The enterprise of the three men required that Davis as well as John White should be pardoned from the penitentiary, that he might serve as a guide to the lost mine. The freedom of Davis could not be obtained; but, as a matter of fact, a stay of execution was secured for him for three months. During that time search was made according to his instructions for the mine which he and Enoch Rhodes

once had visited. Did Davis deceive these friends? Ask Ferron; ask Caleb Rhodes, Junior.

Seaforth, the civil engineer, was, at that time, owner of a rich mine of "gilsonite," or hydro-carbon, which he had earlier located on the Uintah Reservation. He had built a road to this mine, had got it set apart from the reservation, and had secured for himself a post-tradership under title of an officer of the United States army. From time to time, in these different operations of his busy life near the Uintah Reservation, he had heard Indian stories regarding a lost mine. He did not at first pay much attention to these tales, and did not claim that the stories of these Indians coincided very closely with that told by Davis to John White in the penitentiary. The fangs of this latter story, however, sank deeply into his memory, and he could not help remembering and believing it.

At length Seaforth secured the governor's pardon for John White. The latter was free to go to the hills again. Go he did; but this time he started, not back to the Henry Mountains along the Colorado, but to the Uintahs, far to the northward. By that time it was known by more than these two that Davis had been given his three months' stay of execution in order that John White, the pardoned man, might, under Davis's instructions, go out into the mountains and hunt up this fabulously rich lost mine. The secret of the exceeding wealth of this lost mine now fully appeared, strengthened, we may be sure, by all the ancient stories of Brigham Young's dish pan full of gold nuggets, and of the nuggets which Caleb Rhodes, Junior, had been seen to possess at the town of Price. The K. O. at the near-by post, the quartermaster, his lieutenant, and others, all became mixed up in a wild scramble for a division of the supposed untold wealth of the lost mine, which they were sure was about to be discovered by Seaforth and his friend John White. The K. O. swore that he would court-martial Seaforth and have him dismissed from the United States service if he did not forthwith divulge all information regarding this lost mine which, according to common report, was on the Uintah Reservation, and hence fair prey only for the K. O. himself; but Seaforth and John White wanted the mine for themselves. They, too, would seek it, even as Enoch Rhodes and Enoch Davis had done before them.

John White, set free from the penitentiary, took with him the Davis map and all the memoranda, and started out as fast as he could over the trail which Davis and Enoch Rhodes had traveled at the time of their disastrous expedition. He followed Duchesne River, Strawberry Creek, and Daniels Canyon, and found, at length, the old trail high up along the upper rim of the Uintahs. He found a gulch and a plateau altogether similar to those described by Davis. Moreover, to his immeasurable delight, he saw from that point three lofty mountain peaks,—mountains mapped, named, and well known in all that western region. This country, he discovered, tallied quite as well as had his supposed peaks of the Henry Mountains with the ancient story of the Navajos. "Here am I," said he to himself, exultingly. "Here am I, John White, pardoned convict, late, indeed, in danger of my life, now escaped, free, and at the threshold of the lost mine of the Uintahs!" How must his heart have swelled at that hour!

But the spirit guardians of the lost mine still performed their duty. The Madre d'Oro, if, indeed, for a time, it had thrown apart its garments of the mountains and laid bare its fatal charms to bold adventurers, had once more sunk back into the earth,—once more folded itself round about in mystery. John White did not find the lost mine of the Uintahs. He returned broken-hearted. "I have almost found it," said he, "but not quite. I do not understand."

So he spoke to Seaforth; and so, by chance, Seaforth spoke to me. So the story ended; and Caleb Rhodes the elder, and Enoch Rhodes, and Enoch Davis, and the wife of Davis, and Toler, and "Bill" Roads, and none may say how many others, lie where they hold unspeaking their shares of the secret; while Seaforth and John White may never be content. And one day, again, far in the mountains, by some little flickering fire, if the freemasonry of the old West shall still admit one unworthy, we shall one day whisper and nod, and speak with closed lips of the mystic treasure, the mother of gold, sometimes seen for a little time, here, there, and yonder in the Rockies; to whom belongs this story, whose secret they alone can know.

How Railroad Tracks "Creep"

THE rails on a track that appears to be well laid often begin to move lengthwise, so slowly that their motion is imperceptible until its results have accumulated, but with such great force that nothing will stop it. The onward movement of the rail tears up spikes and shears off steel bolts. A recent exhaustive study by an American engineer throws little light on the subject. The motion is always in the direction of traffic and is due to the moving trains, but it appears to be greatest in loosely and improperly laid track, especially that formed of short bits of rail.

The Natural Heat of Plants

THAT plants as well as animals produce heat, as a result of the processes of nutrition and growth, has been established by the investigations of a French botanist, M. Dutrochet. This fact was long ago regarded as proved, since the sap of trees and plants is often evidently warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, but more recently it has been shown that this is sometimes due simply to the fact that the temperature of the sap is that of its underground source, which, in cold weather, is always warmer than the air. Dutrochet's measurements, however, show beyond doubt that the plants generate heat, especially in the processes of sprouting and flowering. Certain lilies of the *arum* family give off so much heat during inflorescence that it can be plainly felt by the hand.

How Modern Encyclopedias Are Revised

O. C. VICO

FEW people know what an enormous amount of work and what a great expenditure of money are required to make or even to revise a large encyclopedia that will meet the demands of modern times. Even if the manuscripts are prepared with great care, diligently sifted by the editors, and critically corrected by experienced and painstaking proof readers, mistakes will always occur in a publication, consisting of from a dozen volumes up to thirty or more. This is, of course, especially the case with the first edition, and more especially with the first volume or volumes of that edition. All these errors—or as nearly all as possible,—will have to be corrected in the next edition, if the publishers are aiming at reliability, thoroughness, and accuracy in their publication.

When the first volume is sent out among the public the publishers will soon hear from the readers, if they find mistakes. Some out of kindness and friendly interest in the publication call attention to errors they have found and give corrections or suggestions; some are brusque about them, some are irritated, and some are very angry; others make fun of them, and again, others are very sarcastic in their criticisms,—according to the effect the mistakes and errors have on each reader's disposition and personal interest in the articles in which the mistakes have been found.

All the mistakes discovered by editors and readers are carefully noted and systematically recorded so that they may be corrected in the revised edition. The work of correcting mistakes and filing them systematically for each volume, as each volume leaves the press, goes on until the whole set is completed. Careful publishers, who are producing high-class publications and are constantly aiming at reliability, thoroughness, and accuracy in their works, will, however, generally revise each volume, as it is ready from the press, at the same time that they are printing new volumes. It should be mentioned that in this revision only the more serious mistakes are corrected and those that can be made without too much change in the text. In this way the making of new volumes and the revision of those already from the press go on simultaneously. Consequently, by the time the whole set is ready, the publishers offer to the public what is practically a brand-new publication.

▲ ▲

When the first edition (which is quite largely a revised edition,) is completed, the publishers and editors immediately go to work to give every volume a thorough revision, which will take a longer or shorter time according to the number of volumes in the set and the number of editors and proof readers engaged in the work. Until recently it has been customary among publishers of encyclopedias not to give a set a thorough revision until five years after the completion of the first edition, thus giving the readers plenty of time to bombard the work.

By the time the first edition is completed the numerous editors, assistant editors, and proof readers, who, for a couple of years or more, have been engaged in the work of producing the encyclopedia, have been considerably reduced in number. Those remaining are to carry on the work of revision. Even with very great care in the editing, mistakes will, as pointed out, always occur in a publication of this magnitude, especially in the first edition. Therefore, a thorough revision immediately upon the completion of the first edition is absolutely necessary. As an encyclopedia is recording a great number of subjects that are constantly changing, it follows that, in many respects, it will quickly become out-of-date,—as soon as it is completed it straightway begins to become obsolete in many of its articles. In order, therefore, to keep the information given as near up-to-date as possible, frequent revisions are necessary, although to the publishers, they are very expensive to make.

In the maps of the countries of the world generally inserted in all large encyclopedias, there will almost always be found a great number of mistakes, and—very generally,—an abundance of obsolete forms in the nomenclature of the different places.

▲ ▲

A man who has done a great deal of work in correcting some large dictionaries, encyclopedias, and historical reference works, who has studied ten languages, and who is well posted on a number of foreign lands, examined over fifteen thousand pages of an encyclopedia recently published in this country. Much of the work he did without the publisher's knowledge. Though this encyclopedia was considered to have been edited very carefully, he discovered over one thousand mistakes in the first volume alone. In the following volumes he found many thousands.

In speaking of one of the most famous violin virtuosos who ever lived, it was stated that in his youth he fell out with his parents and ran away to Cassel, Germany, twelve years after he died. In giving a sketch of a living European author, the statement was made that he wrote and published his first book nine years before he was born. In calling an editor's attention to this error, the editor replied: "Verily, a bright kid, this! What precocity!"

When it is remembered that our modern encyclopedias consist of from ten to about thirty large volumes, one will understand that a thorough revision means a great amount of tiresome work. Only men who fully understand their business are selected for this labor. They must be well posted on many subjects, and must have the abilities of both editors and experienced proof readers combined. The mistakes and errors found by them, and those previously found by the editorial staff, together with those sent in by readers and specialists, are then carefully corrected and systematized and thus put in proper shape for incorporation in the text of the various volumes. In the incorporation of the corrections in the text many great difficulties are met with that bear directly upon the financial part of the business. The type for each page is electrotyped into a plate. To make the corrections in the text it is necessary to cut out the part of the plate containing the errors and in their places insert the amended wordings. Sometimes only a small part needs to be cut out, sometimes a whole paragraph, sometimes a whole page, and sometimes more, all according to the number of words or lines involved in the mistakes and according to the number of words or lines in the corrections.

Forty Thousand Miles of Pipe Lines

JOHN R. DUNLAP

[*Concluded from page 393*]

within absolutely arbitrary control. But it is from the people of Kansas that we now hear a vigorous and determined protest against the tyrannous terms of the transportation monopoly, and to men of mature years that protest is an inspiring reminder of what happened in freedom-loving Kansas only a little more than a generation ago. It was the fighting men of Kansas who first made vigorous, determined, and bloody protest against the introduction of negro slavery within the borders of their proud, free state,—and they won their fight! So, again, it is the sons of these fighting freemen,—under the leadership of their governor, their legislators, their judges, and their congressmen,—who now offer determined and orderly legal protest against turning over to a powerful monopoly their rich natural deposits of petroleum oil,—which they themselves have discovered and developed.

Detailed information as to the cost of building and operating pipe lines is not now available, and no official figures have ever been published showing the total mileage of existing pipe lines,—because it is the settled policy of the Standard to keep these facts securely locked against public scrutiny. But the investigation of 1899 developed two very significant admissions. In that year Mr. Rockefeller stated, under oath, that "to perfect the pipe-line system of transportation required in the neighborhood of fifty million dollars of capital." In the two years immediately following,—1900 and 1901,—the cash dividends declared and paid by the Standard Oil Company amounted to ninety-six million dollars,—nearly double the sum needed to "perfect" the entire pipe-line system then in use, and within four million dollars of the entire capital of the company, which is one hundred million dollars. That clearly demonstrates the low cost of pipe-line construction, as related to the enormous profits of the industry.

In the same year, 1899, Henry H. Rogers testified as to existing mileage of the Standard pipelines: "We probably have thirty-five thousand miles or more, scattered all over the country." Since that time many additions and extensions have been laid in every oil field in the United States; the oil regions of Kansas and Indian Territory have been largely developed; and a trunk line is building from the Kansas fields to Chicago. Thus we are entirely safe in assuming that fully forty thousand miles of pipe-line transportation are now embraced in the Standard Oil system.

This means simply that the Standard Oil Company is now in absolute, arbitrary, and exclusive control of more miles of transportation facilities than three of the greatest railroad systems of the world! Here are the official figures, as reported in 1904:—

Railway Systems	Employees	Track Mileage
Pennsylvania	160,706	19,720
New York Central	45,842	7,158
Baltimore and Ohio	45,000	7,359
Grand totals	251,548	34,237

But oil is cheap, you say?

Yes; much cheaper than it used to be, because of the enormous increase in production,—but not nearly so cheap as it would be under free and fair competition.

Since far back in the seventies, when the monopoly had its beginnings, the constant and reiterated boast of the Standard Oil officials has been that they have steadily reduced the prices of their products to consumers. Lamp oil, which lights the homes of the poor, is a favorite item for quotation; and they proudly point to the fact that the familiar coal oil, burned in every hand lamp in the land, has steadily been reduced in price,—from fifty to forty, then to thirty, then to twenty, and finally to fifteen and twelve cents per gallon at retail to consumers. This is the argument which has confused and confounded newspaper editors and the public, and it has done yeoman service in rendering abortive every protest thus far offered by independent oil operators and independent refiners who have been driven out of business or bought off from competition with the monopoly. Even as late as 1899, in the sworn testimony already quoted, John D. Rockefeller said: "I attribute the success of the Standard Oil

to its constant policy to make the volume of its business large through the merits and cheapness of its products.

But, as against this plausible argument, we know that, during the fall and winter of 1902–3,—the period of the great anthracite coal strike, when the people of the whole Atlantic seaboard were menaced by the grave danger of a coal famine in midwinter, and while the Salvation Army was distributing asbestus bricks saturated with oil,—the Standard advanced the price of oil four cents per gallon! We know, also, that, for the year 1901, the Standard paid to its stockholders net cash dividends amounting to forty-eight million dollars, and again, in 1902, forty-five million dollars, on a capital stock of one hundred million dollars. We further know that the accumulated wealth of these Standard Oil magnates is now so prodigious that it surpasses all records, and is steadily reaching out to control our banking facilities, our chief railway systems, and our most valuable deposits of natural wealth in coal, in iron, and in copper,—the essential bases of all our great manufacturing and constructive industries.

The simple truth is that petroleum is so rich a bounty, and is composed of so many different and valuable elements, that its by-products alone—naphtha, gasoline, benzine, paraffine, lubricating oils, etc.,—would of themselves pay handsome profits on every dollar of cash capital invested both in pipe lines and in refineries. There are, indeed, experienced oil refiners who aver that the ordinary coal oil, with which we are all familiar, could be sold at a profit for probably half the price the Standard has always asked; and there are others who declare that, if lamp oil were marketed at the sheer cost of delivery to consumers, the business of refining would still yield a handsome profit from the sale of the valuable by-products.

An old and successful oil operator and refiner, one of the few men who has won a handsome competency as an independent, recently said to the writer: "The Standard people always say a great deal about their reduction of prices to the consumer. But they never say anything about the influence on prices of an enormous increase in the production of crude petroleum, and they say still less about the wonderful advances that have been made in recent years in the processes of refining. The fact is that the supply of crude petroleum is now so immensely greater than ever before, and the processes of refining have advanced to such a degree—with a corresponding advance in the demand for all the valuable by-products,—that we could market double the quantity now available, if prices were lowered to induce consumption; and, especially, if independent operators who develop new oil fields, and independent manufacturers who refine the oil, could get any sort of equal treatment in transportation. But the trouble is that, when an operator, at his own risk and expense, discovers a new deposit, the only buyer to whom he can offer his product is the Standard Oil Company. It is in control of transportation facilities, and consequently it controls the market for consumers. But, if independent operators in the interior could sell their products to independent refiners at the seaboard, and on the lakes and the rivers, you would see a development of oil production and new oil refineries the like of which we have never before seen."

What is the remedy, do you ask?

It is simple enough. Let the United States department of commerce and labor, or any state legislature, inquire into the extent of the pipe-line system; let it inquire into the cost of constructing pipe lines, including storage and pumping stations; and then let it give us the facts as to the cost of transporting crude petroleum from the various oil fields to the seaboard and refining centers. From the *data* thus officially obtained, through the sworn testimony of the officers and engineers of the Standard, disinterested authorities, and the officials of the few minor pipe lines which are still holding out in competition, let congress enact a law absolutely requiring every pipe-line company engaged in interstate commerce to establish and publish its rates for storage and transportation,—with a penalty of personal imprisonment for every pipe-line official who violates the law. I specify "personal imprisonment" as the penalty, because the cash profits of the oil business, as known of all men, are so enormous that those who control the pipe lines can afford to pay almost any price, in the form of cash forfeit or fine, to forestall independent operators and independent refiners from the privilege of fair and equal rates of transportation.

Then, with rates of transportation established

and published, and all competing producers and refiners on an equal footing, in cases of dispute, where it may be charged that an established rate is exorbitant or unfair, the interstate commerce commission should be empowered to fix and enforce an equitable rate,—precisely as President Roosevelt has wisely proposed in the matter of railway freight rates! Pipe lines are neither more nor less than "common carriers," chartered as such by the various state governments; and, by the very letter of our constitution, congress has power "to regulate commerce among the several states." In recent years the Standard has sought to evade this logical and inevitable legal point, by organizing some of its newer pipe-line companies as local or private corporations,—that is, instead of exercising the right of eminent domain in condemning private property for transportation purposes as "common carriers," it buys the right of way from individual land owners. But this is a transparent subterfuge,—a mere attempt to evade what common sense, numerous state statutes and the constitution itself clearly proclaim; namely, that a pipe line is a "common carrier," and therefore subject to the laws regulating transportation companies.

But it must not be supposed that this logical, just, and necessary reform can be accomplished easily and without effort on the part of those who know the facts. In the "Century Magazine," not long ago, Henry Loomis Nelson, in a notable article on "The Overshadowing Power of the Senate," described that body as "the most perfectly developed trust, or trade-union, in the country; and there is hardly any existing combination which is more inimical to the general welfare than the senate union has sometimes been, and may easily be again."

It will be well, therefore, for observant men to take careful note of the fact that Nelson W. Aldrich, the father-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Junior, is the chairman of the committee on finance, the most important of the senate committees; that Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, who, throughout his public career, has been cheek by jowl with the Standard, is chairman of the commitee on interstate commerce; that John Kean and John F. Dryden are there from New Jersey, the home of the trust; that Joseph B. Foraker and Charles Dick come from Ohio, where the Rockefeller millions had their beginnings; that Philander C. Knox and Boies Penrose are there from Pennsylvania, the stronghold of the pipe-line system; and that on every other important committee of the senate there are lesser lights alleged to be under Standard Oil influence.

Evidence against the Beef Trust

[From the "Democrat and Chronicle," Rochester, New York, March 27, 1905]

In the April number of Success, Samuel Merwin has an article on the beef trust and its methods, which contains more facts to the square inch than any other magazine discussion of this subject that we remember to have seen.

Mr. Merwin does not mince matters; he uses plain language and makes direct charges. He holds the beef trust up for public contemplation, not only as an oppressive monopoly, but as an iniquitous monopoly, poisoning the people as well as robbing them. Reading Mr. Merwin's article, one is impressed with the thought that the pecuniary side of this gigantic conspiracy to exploit the people of the United States is of less consequence than the hygienic side. Pure food laws, state or national, seem a mockery while the beef trust is allowed to use its control over the food supply of the people to shut wholesome foods out of the market in order that their competition may not interfere with the marketing of the trust's unwholesome by-products and wastage

The article is too long to quote and too well written to summarize. Every reader of the "Democrat and Chronicle" who would like to know what the beef trust really is and why it should be summarily smashed, should study Mr. Merwin's statement for himself.

Mr. Merwin and other writers for reputable magazines seem to find no very great difficulty in procuring evidence against the beef trust. Here in this one article in Success are charges enough to enable the officers of the law to smash the beef trust finally and effectually by the simple process of convicting its magnates of actual crime and sending them to prison. It is presumed that these charges are based on evidence. Respectable and responsible publishers do not go out of their way to court prosecutions for criminal libel by making abominable charges that they can't prove. The fact that no action for libel has yet been based by any of the packers, on the allegations of the magazine writers who have exposed the methods of the beef trust, strengthens this presumption.

Now the question is why the government finds itself unable, with all its resources, to get the evidence which private investigators can procure without special difficulty. Possibly better results would be obtained if the government would appoint to do its "probing" such men as Mr. Merwin. At any rate, the probabilities are that the periodicals that have attacked the beef trust have plenty of evidence to support their charges that the government could have for the asking. Why does n't the government ask for it?

Few will be found to dispute the spirit of the old Latin proverb, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Is it not a pity, however, that we are all so inclined to offer fulsome adulation of the dead, about whom, while living, nothing was too vile to say? This is not to be understood as criticising unfavorably the natural tendency to forget the faults and foibles and to remember only the virtues of the people who have "gone on before," but it does seem too bad that more even justice, greater toleration and charity can not be shown to the living.

From Jungle to Jacket

MICHAEL WHITE

[*Concluded from page 405*]

have everything ready? Everything in tiptop shape?"

"Everything," said Mr. Schmerber. "We shall announce, as the feature of our advertisements, below the caption, 'FROM JUNGLE TO JACKET,' that, from Monday, at 9:00 A. M., thereafter for one week, the public will be afforded an opportunity to inspect our fall line of fur goods at popular prices, and under circumstances unique,—instructive,—and irresistibly attractive."

"All right, sir," said the keeper,—"and you want 'em fed at four o'clock?"

"Yes, that will give the public time to appreciate the trend of our demonstration."

Upon Mr. Schmerber's activity during the remainder of the week it is unnecessary to remark, otherwise than that he so arranged the display of furs that they were protected from too inquisitive claws by the iron fencing, and, behind the inner surface of the windows, drop curtains were suspended, to be raised and lowered upon occasion. A delicate interview, too, with the author of a book on wild animals, Mr. Schmerber carried through with characteristic diplomacy. He approached the author with the suggestion that a great favor would be conferred by him upon the firm if he would deliver a ten-minute lecture on the subject of "From the Jungle to the Jacket" while the animals of the demonstration were being fed. Over the author's reserve, the affable, courteous, correct dry-goods manner of Mr. Schmerber prevailed. Was it not the cause of public instruction? Certainly!

It is by night that the general often prepares his attack,

"HE WOULD DELIVER A TEN-MINUTE LECTURE ON THE SUBJECT 'FROM JUNGLE TO JACKET'"

and it was under cover of the darkness of Saturday that Mr. Schmerber directed the transfer of what looked like three huge packing cases from a van backed up to the sidewalk. A casual observer might have remarked this, but he would have gathered nothing more, for the windows of the angle were closely screened, and so they remained until the hour set for the opening of the demonstration on Monday morning.

But before this, unusual sounds from within aroused the curiosity of several small boys, prompting them to perform tiptoe gymnastics in their eagerness to deduce a cause from its effect.

Their attention was shortly drawn to two colored gentlemen in handsome liveries, with packages of pamphlets, who stationed themselves on either side of the vestibule door.

Presently Mr. Schmerber appeared on the sidewalk.

At the same moment the screens were rolled up, disclosing the lion, the tiger, and the bear, embowered by the skins of distant relatives.

The small boys shouted with delight.

Mr. Schmerber raised his hand as a signal.

From underneath the lion came a sound like that from a muffled foghorn. For a moment the lion seemed astonished. He sniffed the floor, and, as he did so, the sound was repeated,—*too hoot!—toot, toot!*

The lion jerked his head upward, opened his immense jaws, and roared till the plate-glass windows rattled.

A wild cheer rose from the small boys.

Mr. Schmerber glanced over to Marx and Blumenstein's, saw that his spell had burst with effect, and smiled.

A few early shoppers, about to be gripped by Marx and

Blumenstein's demonstration, had heard the small boys' first cheer and hesitated. Then came the lion's roar, the small boys' shout, and wings could not have brought Marx and Blumenstein's customers more swiftly across the street. Not a patron remained in front of the rival store.

Then the colored gentlemen distributed their pamphlets entitled "From Jungle to Jacket." By them the people were informed that at four o'clock the screens would be lowered to afford privacy to the animals while being fed, but that purchasers of goods of a value not less than one dollar would receive tickets to a view of this most interesting object lesson, explained by an eminent authority on wild animals in a ten-minute address. The record of Pundit, the vocal power of Old Nabob, and the accomplishments of the bear were then set forth in appropriate verse.

From the first gun of his demonstration Mr. Schmerber was assured of victory. All day long a crowd surged about his windows, while the sidewalk in front of Marx and Blumenstein's was as bare of customers as on a national holiday. It was necessary but to stimulate the lion to roar for any stragglers to abandon the opposition side of the street. Business was tremendous, and small children howled when their parents refused to purchase things they did not want, to make up the value of one dollar and so to obtain tickets to see the animals fed.

In fact, the success of this feature of the demonstration so exceeded Mr. Schmerber's calculations that, while the crowd outside groaned with disappointment when the curtains fell, the auditorium was packed, and still tickets were being presented.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Schmerber to the keeper, "the animals must be fed twice."

The keeper protested that they were never fed more than once.

"We can't help that," returned Mr. Schmerber; "our patrons are demanding to see the animals fed, and at one meal we can not accommodate them."

But the situation of the morrow clearly revealed to him that not by one, two, or three meals could the public interest in the feeding of the animals be gratified.

"They must be fed every hour," he declared, emphatically.

"What!" growled the keeper, aghast; "if they are, they'll bust."

"Then let them bust," gravely returned Mr. Schmerber; "if business demands that the animals be fed every hour, they must conform to it, just as, at present, business requires that I go without food at all."

Next day the keeper reported that the animals had gone on strike and refused to eat, because they could n't swallow another mouthful.

"Then get them mutton cutlets, frogs' legs, chicken liver,—anything," ordered Mr. Schmerber, "to induce them to go to work again,—I mean, to stimulate their appetites. Do n't you hear our patrons clamoring to see the animals fed? Feed them at any cost."

And so the week of Mr. Schmerber's great demonstration drew to a close. By day crowds thronged the store, and at night an electric display bearing the device, "From Jungle to Jacket," added brilliancy to the gratifying scene. The tiger looked as if he had swallowed the three coolies and two oxen over again, the animal Nabob had ceased to pay heed to the voice of the muffled foghorn and grinned perpetually as if he would not mind if all his whiskers were extracted for pipe cleaners, while the bear lay on his side and automatically opened and closed his jaws as delicate morsels were cast in. From all sides Mr. Schmerber received congratulations. The manager patted him on the shoulder, because, in pleasing the public, the whole line of furs had been sold out, and the general receipts had exceeded the most optimistic forecast. Only the keeper seemed dubious, because he foresaw a difficulty in transporting the animals from the store, owing to their increased bulk, and disputes with them over a return to their former slender and simple diet.

But Mr. Schmerber had arrived,—the eye of the dry-goods trade was upon him. His demonstration had swept the crowd away from Marx and Blumenstein, who, for the time being, sat in their offices as men annihilated.

How Weathercocks Originated

A CONTEMPLATIVE individual, with some power of observation, was asking about weathercocks.

"Why weathercocks?" he asked; "most vanes are in the form of arrows. Sometimes they are hands that point with the index finger in the direction toward which the wind is blowing; a running horse is quite popular as a vane; fish, trumpets, locomotives, and many other forms are used, but I seldom if ever see vanes, except in pictures, that can with any propriety be called weathercocks."

I referred the matter by note to our mutual friend, Dr. Detail, and received the following reply:—

"The ninth century was a time of extreme ignorance among all countries which now lead in civilization. An authentic account of the controversies, political, social, and religious, that then occupied Europe, would make a curious and interesting list of reading. In England, the question of how persons who devoted their lives to religion should wear their hair, and at what particular Sunday they should celebrate Easter, became so bitter that the conversion of that part of the Saxon people who still remained pagans fell into neglect, and even those that had been won from idolatry showed signs of apostatizing.

"At this time, by a papal order, it was enacted that the figure of a cock should be set upon churches, in order to put the people in mind of Peter's denial of our Savior and of his unfeigned repentance, thus at once admonishing those who would renounce the Savior and offering forgiveness to the penitent apostle."

Germany's New Field Marshals

THOUGH the German Emperor is a most prolific giver, there is one great gift, within his power of giving, of which he is very chary. Rarely, and then generally only to visiting monarchs, does he give the *baton* of a field marshal in the German army. This year, however, he made four of his highest commanding generals field marshals, but each of them has spent a lifetime in the army.

The fortunate recipients of the coveted, and most distinguished honor, are Prince Leopold, second son of the Prince Regent of Bavaria; General Von Hohnke, formerly chief of the kaiser's military cabinet; Count Von Haesler, the successor of Von Moltke as the greatest of German military strategists, and General Von Loe. The photographs of the first-named three of these officers are shown on page 394 of this issue.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria has grown gray in the army, and as long ago as 1870, during the Franco-German war, he commanded a heavy artillery battery, and was decorated with the Iron Cross for personal bravery.

General Von Hohnke entered the army upon being graduated from the cadet corps as a lieutenant in 1851. Fifteen years later he was a commanding officer in the war against Austria, and, in 1870, he was on the staff of the Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick, in the campaign against the French. He was severely wounded at Sedan, and sent home with the order of the Iron Cross, Class 1. He is the military governor of Berlin, and a disciplinarian of the school of Frederick the Great.

Count Von Haesler entered the army in 1853, and already during the war of 1864, served with such marked distinction, that on the suggestion of the "Red" Prince Frederick Charles, he was made a captain of the great general staff of the Russian army. It was while in command of the sixteenth army corps, with headquarters at Metz, that he made that place an absolutely impregnable fortress, without a rival in the world. As an army corps commander, he was in the saddle sixteen hours out of every twenty-four. His life has been one of rigid rules.

General Von Loe has worn the uniform since 1848, and has filled many high military offices. He was military *attaché* in Paris, and through his close observations Von Moltke and the general staff learned much of their wonderful knowledge of the French army.

A Distinguished Visitor

PRINCE LOUIS of BATTENBERG, rear admiral in command of the squadron of British warships which will visit American waters next October, and the bearer of a special message of greeting from King Edward VII., to President Roosevelt, claims kinship with almost every reigning house in Europe. His title, which dates from 1858, is derived from the town of Battenberg, "the high hill of the Batavias," in the grand duchy of Hesse, and was conferred by the government of that country on the issue of the marriage of Prince Alexander of Hesse and by Rhine and Julie Therese, Countess von Hauke, of Poland. Prince Louis, the oldest of their sons, was born at Gratz, Austria, May 24, 1854. He entered the British navy as a cadet in 1868, and, as a midshipman, paid his first visit to the United States in 1872. He became a lieutenant in 1876, and was awarded a medal and the Khedive star for distinguished service in the Egyptain War of 1882. In 1885 he was promoted to the rank of commander, and in 1891 to that of captain in the royal navy. At present he is director of naval intelligence of the British admiralty, and personal aid-de-camp of King Edward VII. His photograph is shown on page 395 of this issue.

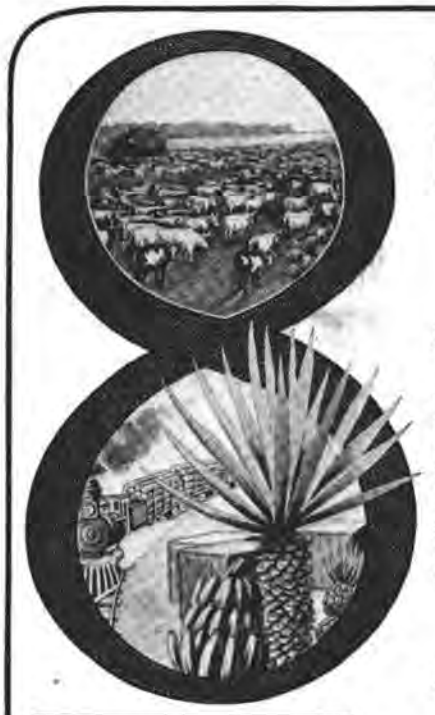
The marriage of Prince Louis to his cousin, Princess Victoria of Hesse, was solemnized in the ducal palace at the ducal palace of Darmstadt, April 30, 1884. The marriage is an extremely happy one. Princess Louise is a daughter of Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland, the second daughter of Queen Victoria. The oldest of the four children of Prince and Princess Louis, of Battenberg, born at Windsor, like her mother, was married in Darmstadt, in October, 1903, at the age of eighteen years, to Prince Andreas of Greece.

The Late Joseph Jefferson

THE death of Joseph Jefferson caused hundreds of thousands of the Anglo-Saxon race a keen pang of grief. His impersonation of the character of *Rip Van Winkle*, created by Washington Irving, was such a display of genius that a multitude think of him simply as *Rip Van Winkle*. In this respect his dramatic career was, in a certain sense, unique. We think of Booth as *Hamlet*, as *Iago* as *Othello*, and recognize his genius in half a dozen other rôles; the same may be said of Forrest, of Davenport, of McCullough, and of all our greatest actors, but Jefferson's name will always be associated with "Even my dog has forgotten me."

Conceding the fact that there will probably never again be his equal as the embodiment of light-hearted irresponsibility as outlined by Irving in his character of "Rip," it is a question whether he was not equally as good, if not possibly better, in his impersonation of *Bob Acres*, in "The Rivals." His versatility was remarkable; aside from his power as a dramatic artist, he was an amateur painter of no mean ability, and as a conversationalist and *raconteur* he had few equals and perhaps no superior. His home life was ideal; in opposition to the ordinary ideas of the nature of the artist and the actor, he was a plain, faithful husband and a loving, sympathetic father.

The gentleness and subdued refinement of humor,—not wit,—the quaint whimsicality of which he was a past master, have as yet received recognition from critics only. To the multitude he is simply the man who could draw tears at one moment and convulse to merriment the next. Comparisons are invidious, if not odious; hence we forbear that unthankful task, but we fully believe that future critics, unbiased by the jealousies of to-day, men who saw him in the early dawn of life and thereafter saw his most accomplished successors, critics who have studied carefully the records of his predecessors along similar lines, will decide that Jefferson, in his own peculiar rôle, belonged in the same class with Forrest and Booth and McCullough.



Over 1000 Stockholders Drawing 8% Dividends

22 Per Cent. Dividends Estimated on Plantation's Full Development

$5 a Month Buys Protected Interest

During the brief time our capital stock has been on sale nearly one thousand persons have invested in shares. Their individual holdings range from one to eighty shares each. You are advised to seriously consider our proposition, if you have not done so, as the number of shares offered at par is limited and being rapidly taken. Investors are secured and shielded at every point. Highly valuable assets, free of encumbrance, in sight—our 288,000-acre plantation, half as big as Rhode Island, in Campeche, Mexico. Annual dividends of **eight per cent. guaranteed,** payable semi-annually. Profit-producing possibilities very great. Labor cheap. Nature generous. Transportation facilities good. Management experienced. World-wide demand for everything we produce.

Sources of Revenue Now:

320,150,000 feet Mahogany and other Cabinet Woods
250,000 tons of Staple Dye Woods
60,000 Full-grown Rubber Trees
250,000 Full-grown Chicle (Chewing Gum) Producing Trees
1,800 Head of Cattle 230 Mules 250 Oxen
Horses, Swine, Farm Products, Stores

The mahogany is being shipped to market and proceeds paid to stockholders in dividends.

The lumber on the plantation is more than sufficient to provide the guaranteed eight per cent. dividends on our entire capitalization for the next twenty-five years.

A large force of men under experienced management is also developing fields of henequen, groves of oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, pineapples, cassava, and cacao, which we conservatively estimate will, seven years from now, enable us to pay dividends of twenty-two per cent. per year indefinitely. Furthermore, it is believed that after the present development contract matures, the plantation will be paying a larger annual profit on each share than the estimated twenty-two per cent., and that each share will then be worth not less than $1,000, which is equal to an investment of $2,000 at five per cent., or $1,000 at ten per cent.

This calculation is based on thorough knowledge of tropical agriculture, and on United States, British and other government reports.

Our managers have matured two other Mexican plantations. Capital stock of both is to-day over $50 above par. Over seven thousand stockholders drawing large and increasing dividends for years.

5 Per Cent. Dividend Paid

(the regular 4% guaranteed and 1% extra for six months)

Our greatest source of income now is lumber—mahogany, Spanish cedar, rosewood and other cabinet woods; logwood and other dye woods. What we have standing in our forests ready to cut and ship is worth $10,276,000 at net prices delivered in New York. The cargo shipped the first part of this year provided the dividend we paid April 1, 1905, of five per cent.

Besides, we have 100,000 henequen plants, and before we get through planting we will have 5,000,000 (or 5,000 acres) of them. In five years these will pay $60 per acre per year.

In five years also our 5,000 acres of orange groves will be yielding $75 to $150 per year per acre. We can count on $100 per acre per year from bananas. The chicle (or chewing gum) producing trees will add $25,000 to $40,000 to our stockholders' profits; railroad ties, $50,000; stores, $15,000; while cattle, raised at very small expense, can be driven on the hoof to Yucatan markets and sold at a good profit.

Each of our 60,000 rubber trees will yield one to three pounds of rubber per year, and rubber brings over $1 a pound at present.

Five dollars a month secures an interest in this great industrial enterprise.

Stockholders' Interests Safe-guarded

THIS company has only 20,000 shares of stock and 288,000 acres of land; hence each share represents fourteen and two-fifths acres of land, and is the first and only claim upon it, thus making a share equivalent to a first mortgage bond. We have no watered stock and can never have any, as a trust company has charge of the issue. The value of the mahogany, Spanish cedar, rosewood, etc., standing on these fourteen and two-fifths acres of land is estimated to be worth $448, net prices New York City.

Revenues paid in dividends, and moneys received from sale of stock used to develop the plantation and increase its value.

All stockholders have equal voting power, regardless of number of shares held, preventing small investors from being "frozen out" or their holdings impaired.

In case of death, investment is returned to heirs or assigns, if desired.

Interest begins to accrue on date of application for shares.

Shares Sold on Instalments

A LIMITED number of shares of stock are offered for sale at par, on instalments of $5 per month for one share, $10 a month for two shares, $50 for ten shares, and so on. The company reserves the right to increase the selling price at any time without notice.

Dividend coupon checks are attached to contract for stock, which can be cashed when due.

Entire plantation, including the improvements—railroad line of 27 miles with equipment, 200 dwellings, factories, mills, tannery and church—free of encumbrance and deeded to a Philadelphia trust company for protection of stockholders.

Considering the great value of the property; the strength of the management; the safety of the investment; the guarantee of substantial dividends; the unusual earning power of the stock, and the certainty of its value increasing above par, this is a high-class investment—one now yielding large returns—an income for life—a legacy for one's family.

Fullest Investigation Invited

OFFICERS

President, WM. H. ARMSTRONG, Ex-U. S. Railroad Commissioner, Phila., Pa.
Vice-President, COL. A. K. MCCLURE, Ex-Editor Times, Phila., Pa.
Secretary and Treasurer, C. M. MCMAHON, Phila., Pa.
Counsel, A. L. WANAMAKER, Phila., Pa.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Consists of officers and
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JOHN B. BARNES, Justice Supreme Court, Norfolk, Neb.
VICTOR DUPONT, JR., DuPont Powder Works, Wilmington, Del.
A. G. STEWART, Atty.-General of Porto Rico, San Juan, Porto Rico

Send in Application Now

to receive stock at par, and ask for handsomely illustrated paper and list of those who have received a total of 51% in dividends under same management.

INTERNATIONAL LUMBER & DEVELOPMENT CO.

Home Office, 767 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRANCH OFFICES

NEW YORK—917 St. James Building.
CHICAGO—1241 First National Bank Building.
TOLEDO, O.—655 Spitzer Building.
PITTSBURG, PA.—403 German Nat. Bank Bldg.
CINCINNATI, O.—78 Perrin Building.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—615 Northwestern Bldg.
BOSTON, MASS.—43 Journal Building.
ST. LOUIS, MO.—210-11 Odd Fellows Building.
CLEVELAND, O.—834 Williamson Building.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—417 Majestic Building
DETROIT, MICH.—204 Hodges Building.
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—612 N. West St.
LAFAYETTE, IND.—518 Main St.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.—121 S. Green St.

Talks On Advertising

Why Some Advertisers grow Wealthy while Others Fail

SIXTY PER CENT of all Advertisers fail! Because, they spend their money for *Space*, under the delusion that Space, filled with anything "Catchy" is "*Advertising*."

They believe that "Money Talks" in Advertising, even when it says nothing.

They forget that Space costs the same whether we fill it with Pictured Nothings or with enduring *Convictions*.

And, the difference, in *results*, between two kinds of "copy," costing the same for space, in a *single* advertisement, has often exceeded 80 per cent, as our records on tests prove.

General Advertisers, who have no means of *tracing* direct results, and who spend their money for "General Publicity," will smile at this.

But, Mail Order Advertisers *know* it is true.

The "1900 Washer Co." of Binghamton, N. Y., or the Wilson Ear Drum Co. of Louisville, for instance, could afford to smile at Advertisers who *doubt* its being true.

These are the kind of Advertisers to whom Advertising is not a blind *speculation*, but systematic eye-open *investment*.

Their records show the precise cost of every *inquiry* for their goods through advertising, because their every Advertisement in every Medium is separately keyed.

They can thus gauge accurately the relative *earning power* of each separate bit of copy published at their expense, and of each medium in which that copy has been inserted.

They thus *know* what kind to *avoid*, as well as what kind to use.

* * *

Please note that the Lord & Thomas definition of "General Publicity" is "Keeping the name before the people." When we speak of "General Advertising" we mean copy which sells goods through the Retailer. This latter class of advertising constitutes three-fourths of our business.

And note also that we are NOT "advising" General Advertisers to GO INTO MAIL ORDER BUSINESS. WE DO, however, strongly insist that all Copy for GENERAL ADVERTISING should possess as much positive SELLING-FORCE and CONVICTION as it would NEED to actually and profitably SELL Goods direct BY MAIL.

* * *

Here is the actual experience of a well-known national Advertiser, who sells a $5.00 article *by mail* only.

This Advertiser has proved that a certain fixed average per cent of his Inquiries convert into direct *sales* through his "follow-up" system.

Each Inquiry is therefore worth a certain fixed price to him which he can pay with profit.

One single piece of copy has been run for that Advertiser, practically *without change*, in all mediums used, for over *two* years. About $200,000 has been spent in *repeated* publication of that single bit of copy. Why?

Because, it produced *results* (Inquiries) at lower cost than any other copy ever run for them in eight years, until lately.

The first month Inquiries from it cost (say) 85 cents each.

Repetition, for two years, wore out some of its interest, so that Inquiries from it finally cost an average of (say) $1.00 each.

New "copy" had been tried a great many times, written by many different ad-smiths, but no other ad ever produced the Inquiries at less than $2.85 average, till lately.

Some of the copy that *looked* good enough to try, *cost* $14.20 *per Inquiry*. And *that* was better looking copy than half of what fills "General Publicity" space in costly mediums *at this very minute*.

* * *

Consider what the knowledge derived from a large collection of certified data, like the above, means when placed at the disposal of General Advertisers who now "go it blind" on copy.

If the $5.00 article had been sold through Retailers, in the usual way, without accurate means of checking *results* from every advertisement it is more than probable that the $14.20 kind of copy would have been used continuously.

Because, *that* was the "catchy" kind, so much in favor at this very minute with "General Publicity" Advertisers.

And, it would have been considered *good* copy so long as the *salesmen* did its work in addition to their own, the General Results being credited in a general way to "General Publicity."

But,—it would clearly have required *fourteen times as much* of that "$14.20 kind" of alleged "Advertising" to produce the same amount of *selling effect* upon the public as the "85 cent kind" of copy (which averaged about $1.00 per inquiry over the two years) actually *did* produce.

Let us figure this out more conclusively:

The Blank Company spent about $75,000 per year, for space, with copy producing Inquiries at about $1.00 average.

It would thus have cost them about fourteen times as much, or $1,050,000 per year, to sell as many of their $5.00 articles through the $14.20 kind of "catchy" copy as it actually *did* cost them to sell the same quantity with the $1.00 average kind of copy.

Good Reader, get that thought clearly into your mind, for we're talking cold *facts* now,—facts we can verify to any prospective client.

* * *

What was it worth to the Blank Company to get a new advertisement which would pull Inquiries at the old rate of 85 cents each, when their most successful copy had worn out, after two years' use, so that Inquiries were finally costing them $1.25 average?

Figure it out and you'll see that *one* single piece of such copy would be worth a third of their $75,000 yearly appropriation, viz., $25,000.

Because, it would add a third to what their appropriation is solely spent for, viz., Inquiries for their goods.

But Lord & Thomas "Reason-why" Copy did better than that, when applied.

It reduced the cost of Inquiries, for the self-same $5.00 article, to *41 cents average*, during all the months it has been running.

* * *

Now Reflect what similar treatment with *your* appropriation would mean to *you*, Mr. Advertiser!

The earning power of every dollar *trebled* by the mere substitution of Lord & Thomas "Salesmanship-on-Paper" for the best copy the Advertiser had in ten years prior to that substitution.

An Advertising appropriation of $75,000 made equal in *proven earning power* to what $225,000 *would have* earned, with the copy which preceded it and which was producing Inquiries at $1.25.

That single piece of Lord & Thomas copy, now running practically *without change* for about four months, has in that time produced approximately 60,976 Inquiries. These are *worth $1.25 each* to the Advertiser, or $91,464 in all, though we reduced their cost to 41 cents each with an actual outlay of about $25,000.

In four months that one piece of copy has thus earned $66,466 *more for the Advertiser* than the $1.25 kind of Copy used immediately before it had produced from the same investment.

And, what *made* it pull Inquiries, *by Mail*, is precisely what *would make* it produce Inquiries *verbally* for the goods, through Retailers, by the use of Lord & Thomas' "*reason why*" and *Conviction* in the Copy.

* * *

This, Mr. Advertiser, is only *one* of many actual instances that we *can prove up* to Advertisers who agree to place their appropriations through us provided *we do* thus *prove* up our capacity to increase Results, with their present appropriations.

Other Advertising Agents will belittle this statement because they *do not know* what we do about comparative Results from actual Tests on Copy, such as we have made.

They cannot *know* what our "*Salesmanship-on-Paper*" is capable of doing. Because they have never had the equipment to *produce* it, nor the organization to record and compare *Results* from it with "General Publicity" results, in such a way as to provide a reliable guide for the writing of future Copy.

Moreover, it is not *their* money that pays for the space they fill with "General Publicity,"—the "$14.20" kind of Copy.

They risk nothing in any case. Their commission is just as *safe* when they fill *your* space with cheap and catchy "General Publicity" as it would be if they filled it with that reliable "Salesmanship-on-Paper" which produces *results* for "41 cents" as against $14.20.

But,—how can *you* hope to compete when using such "$14.20" copy against your competitor who may pit our "41 cent" kind of copy against you?

* * *

Not *one* Advertising Agency in America pays a *third* what *we* do (viz.—$72,000 per year in Salaries) for a capable Copy-Staff.

Not three, in America, pay individually a *fifth* of what *we* pay for Copy.

Three-fourths of what other Agencies spend for "Service" is paid to able *Solicitors* who simply *sell you Space* but cannot help you to fill that space with the *Kind* of Copy that brings you back large *profit*.

Not a *fifth* of what other Agencies pay for "Service" is invested in the *Copy*, which alone determines how *profitable* or unprofitable that space be made *for you*.

The Advertising world is waking up to this fact, Mr. Advertiser, and don't forget that it is *we*,—*Lord & Thomas*—who are doing the awakening.

Could *we* afford to raise this disturbing question, on the tremendous importance of "Copy," if *we* were not the best equipped Advertising Concern in America to *produce* the kind we are talking *about*, for Clients who want it?

We have cited a Mail Order proposition in this article simply because it provided a simple example of *traceable results* on *one* kind of Test.

But, we have proved that what makes Copy *sell goods by Mail* makes it *sell* them, in equal ratio, through Retailers, *over the counter* by General Advertising.

Our article "Making Sure of Results from General Advertising" in another June Magazine explains this phase of the subject clearly.

Write us *today* for our "Book of Tests on Advertising." It is free to General Advertisers, and to Mail Order Advertisers. Its price to all *others* is $5.00 cash with order.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873.

Largest Advertising Agency in America.

CHICAGO NEW YORK

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS AT
Pleasantville Terrace

Every word of this advertisement will interest the ambitious person who wants to get ahead in the world. It points the way to wise investment, and a comfortable fortune, by showing you how to invest your savings —as little as $1. at a time—where they will be absolutely safe, and where they will grow into large profits

HOW $700 EARNED $50,000

Few people outside of the Eastern cities know about the wonderful growth in Real Estate values at Atlantic City.

In making the title for property 50 x 150 feet sold at Atlantic City, a few months ago for $50,000, the records show that this property was bought not many years ago for $700.

A property that was bought five years ago for $6,000 was sold a few days ago for $150,000.

These are only two examples. There are innumerable others of just this kind.

A conservative estimate shows that within the past twelve years Atlantic City Real Estate values have risen over 800 per cent., and are still rising, because Atlantic City has practically outgrown the boundaries of the island on which it stands. There is no more available space, and it must expand inland, just as all great cities grow out to and absorb their suburbs.

The nearest and only desirable suburb to Atlantic City is Pleasantville Terrace. The place that has attracted thoughtful investors and home builders from all over the world.

Where a Washington family will reside.

Panoramic view along the railroad.

"Pleasantville Terrace, the Natural Suburb of Atlantic City"

Atlantic City Estate Co., Philadelphia, Pa. **Says Franklin P. Stoy, Mayor of Atlantic City:**

GENTLEMEN:—I regard Pleasantville Terrace as the natural suburb of Atlantic City. There can be no extension of the seacoast, therefore the city must expand landward. Being located on high ground, with unusual trolley and railroad facilities, there is every reason why Pleasantville Terrace should enjoy the same marvelous increase in values which has made Atlantic City the most noted Real Estate investment in the world.

(Signed) FRANKLIN P. STOY.

Atlantic City, N. J., August 6, 1904.

ELEVEN MINUTES TO ATLANTIC CITY

The main line of the Atlantic City Railroad (Reading System) runs directly through this property, with the famous Atlantic City boardwalk, only 11 minutes from Pleasantville Terrace depot. All trains (except express) stop at Pleasantville Terrace, or one may go to Atlantic City by trolley for five cents from Pleasantville.

Built by a Philadelphian.

NATURAL ADVANTAGES Pleasantville Terrace is the highest natural ground in or near Atlantic City. There is not a foot of swamp land on the property. Geological survey shows an altitude of 75 feet above Atlantic City. The climate is ideal, combining ocean breezes with the invigorating air from the pine and oak trees growing there. It adjoins Pleasantville, with churches, schools and all city conveniences. It is an ideal location for a Summer home, where one may enjoy the pleasures of Atlantic City without hotel expenses or annoyance of boarding houses.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS Unlike many real estate operations, this company agrees to develop Pleasantville Terrace, and make it an ideal suburb. Note accompanying illustrations of building activity now under way. We offer special premiums and lend material assistance to those who will build at once. Thousands of dollars have already been spent by the Company for improvements. Free excursions are run every week from Atlantic City to enable lot owners to see the character of improvements.

We make no charge for deed. No mortgages. No taxes until 1906. If you die before lot is paid for, we issue deed to your heirs, without further payments.

Three cottages nearing completion.

An Exceptional Opportunity

Every one who knows anything about Atlantic City, knows that land there for building purposes has grown scarcer each year. We anticipated this condition by purchasing the General Doughty Estate on the main land, the present site of Pleasantville Terrace.

If we had to buy this land to-day, we would have to charge three times the prices we now ask for Pleasantville Terrace lots. Just think of it! A building lot, eleven minutes from the country's greatest coast resort, for prices and terms like these:

1 Lot costs $30—$1 Down and $1 Weekly

2 Lots cost $60—$2 Down and $1 Weekly
3 Lots cost $85—$3 Down and $2 Weekly
4 Lots cost $110—$4 Down and $2 Weekly
5 Lots cost $135—$5 Down and $2 Weekly

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

This message will be read by thousands of people, yet it is a personal one for you. No matter how small your income, take advantage of it now. Do not let it escape you, such an opportunity may never come your way again. Sit right down and write a postal for a copy of our beautiful illustrated booklet to-day, or better still, send $1, with attached coupon, and we will reserve lots until you can investigate. If not entirely satisfied your dollar will be promptly refunded.

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO.

VICTOR J. HUMBRECHT, President

MAIN OFFICE, 1008 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia **ATLANTIC CITY OFFICE, 937 Boardwalk**

Train leaving Pleasantville Terrace depot for Atlantic City.
Note the high ground. Pleasantville Terrace is 55 feet higher than Atlantic City. Houses have been built and are now going up all around this location since this photo was taken.

CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL TO-DAY.

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO.,
Suite 1008, Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.

I enclose $1. Please reserve.....lots in Pleasantville Terrace, with the understanding that you will refund my dollar if I am not satisfied after further investigation.

Name.....

Address.....

Business Talks

By the Publisher of "Success"

III.—With Clergymen

DURING the months of June, July, August and September, a large number of students from the leading schools and colleges of the United States and Canada will receive our credential cards authorizing them to solicit subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE and our carefully prepared book entitled "Little Visits with Great Americans." There are embodied in this book the autobiographical life stories of men and women who have *done something* in the world,—in invention, in manufacture, in commerce, in finance, in transportation, in labor, in public life, in education, in literature, in art, in music, in philanthropy and in religion. These men and women have given to the reader not only the secret of their own success, but also wise counsel, born of their experience, toward the living of stronger, higher, purer lives.

The combination of the SUCCESS MAGAZINE and "Little Visits with Great Americans" is worthy a permanent place in every home. It will be the duty of the members of our field organization to bring "The Success Proposition" to the attention of the leading men and women in every community. They will present their arguments in a courteous, intelligent and straightforward manner, without undue waste of your time. They will be engaged in an honorable calling,—a calling followed by many of the great men of to-day in their own college days,—and from the profits of their summer's work they hope to continue their studies in school and college during the coming year.

We ask for these student workers, and for all representatives bearing our regular credential cards, such help and counsel as you, the spiritual and intellectual leaders of your people, can give to them. We feel that "The Success Proposition" itself, and our carefully chosen representatives who present it, can be recommended by you to your parishioners with absolute confidence that you are furthering a genuine and honest effort to place the best kind of inspirational literature in American homes, and also to promote the worthy ambition of those who are trying to make themselves strong, intelligent, well-educated men and women,—the men and women who will hold the reins of power in a thousand industries ten and twenty years hence. A friendly word or suggestion from you, an occasional note or card of introduction, and a kindly "God-speed" will be of more value than you can possibly imagine to the shy, retiring, anxiously fearing, earnestly hoping young student, thrown for the first time, perhaps, on his own resources.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor and Founder*

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
University Building, Washington Square, NEW YORK

BRANCH OFFICES:
CHICAGO, ILL., (for Advertising), Marquette Building.
CHICAGO, ILL., (for Subscriptions), Unity Building.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Drexel Building.
TROY, N. Y., National State Bank Building.
TOLEDO, O., Spitzer Building.
KANSAS CITY, MO., Shukert Building.
DES MOINES, IA., Iowa Loan & Trust Building.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 327 Fourteenth Ave., S. E.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, Templeton Building.
PORTLAND, ORE., Russell Building.
SAN JOSE, CAL., Auzerais Building.
LONDON, ENG., (Editorial) 10 Norfolk Street, Strand.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
In the United States, Canada and Mexico, $1.00 a Year. Ten Cents a Copy. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.00 a Year. Postage prepaid.

Privileges of Subscribers

Regular subscribers to the SUCCESS MAGAZINE are privileged to make our New York offices their headquarters when in the metropolis, and to have mail addressed to them in our care. A reading and writing room, equipped with the current magazines, is provided for the free use of subscribers, and gives them in effect a New York "club connection."

Letters should be addressed to the Subscriber, "care of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, University Building, Washington Square, New York."

Bureau of Information

Subscribers to, Agents for and Advertisers in the SUCCESS MAGAZINE are privileged to write to us at any time for information upon any subject. A nominal charge of twenty-five cents will be made for investigating and answering such inquiries, and this amount in coin, money order or stamps should accompany the inquiry in order to receive attention. If the information sought for cannot be given, the money will be returned.

Our Advertisements

We do not admit to our columns medical, liquor, cigarette, or other advertisements objectionable in the home.

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W. M. OSTRANDER

INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT

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