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SUCCESS MAGAZINE

JULY 1905

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Contents of the July Issue

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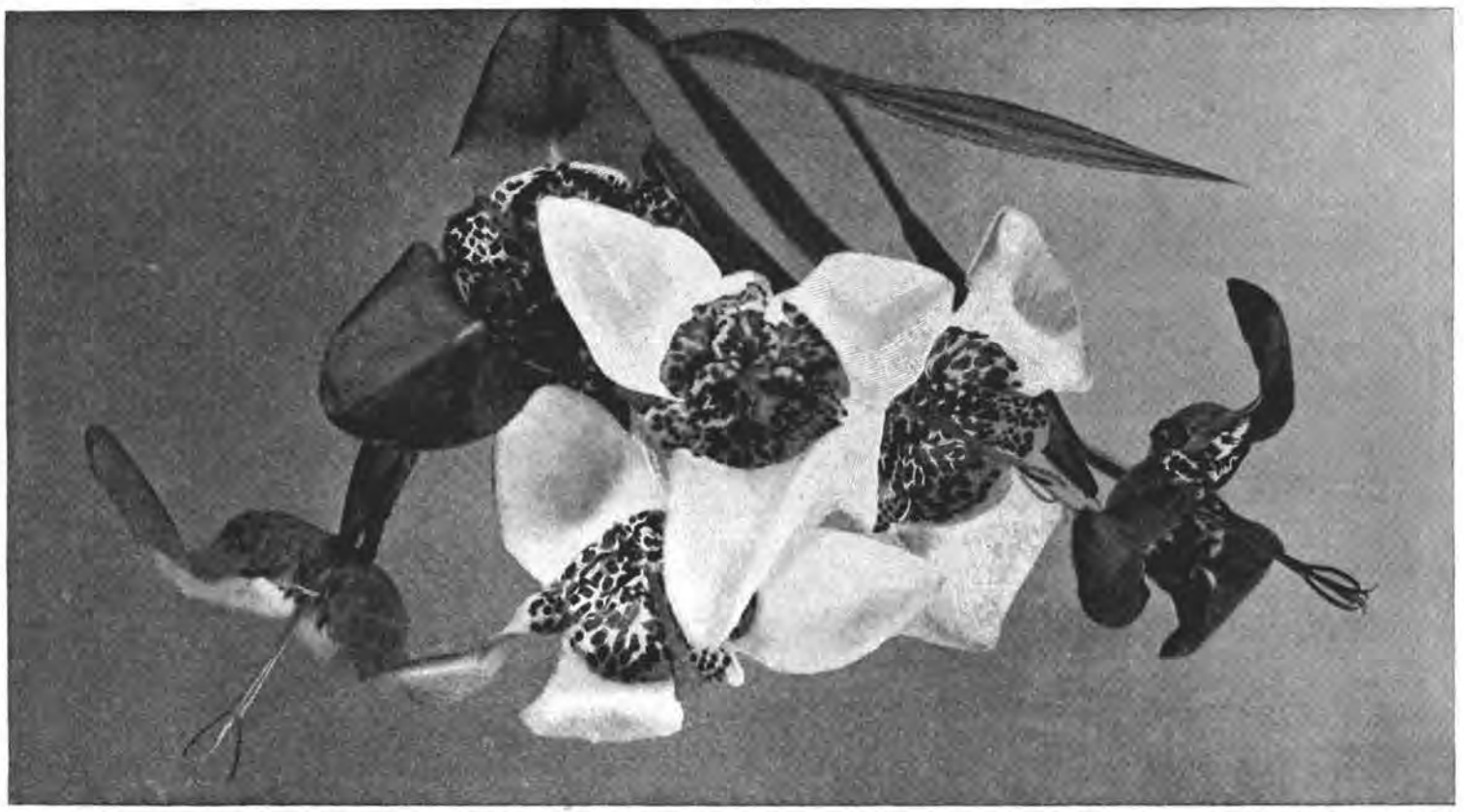


THE TIGER LILY IMPROVED BY HORTICULTURE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS IT ONE-THIRD SMALLER THAN ITS NATURAL SIZE

MR. BURBANK IN HIS GARDENS AT SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA, EXPLAINING TO VISITORS SOME OF HIS PLANT WONDERS

Luther Burbank

THE HIGH PRIEST OF HORTICULTURE WHO HAS WORKED MARVELS IN TRANSFORMING AND IMPROVING PLANT LIFE AND PRODUCTS

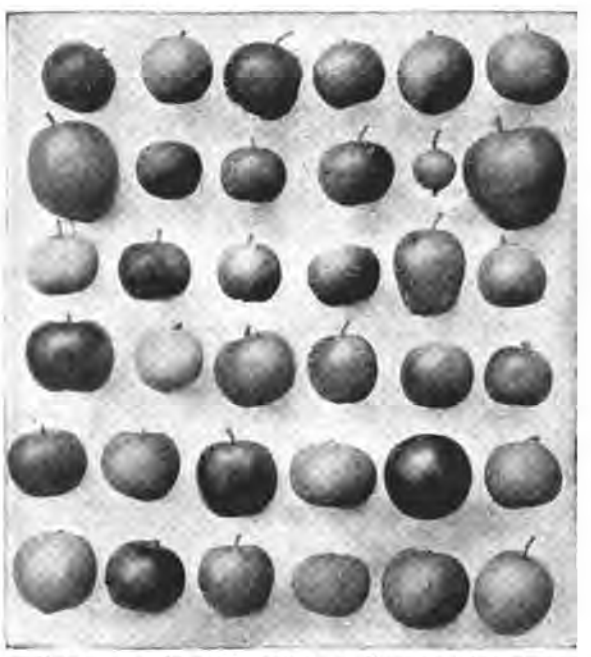
George Archibald Clark

DURING the past winter about a score of students and professors at Stanford University were privileged to hear Luther Burbank talk about his work. He is not a lecturer, and has never been willing to give a formal address at the university, though often invited to do so. His friendship for President David Starr Jordan, however, led him to make an exception, or, rather, a compromise, by which he consented to talk to a small informal gathering of students and instructors, specially interested, by reason of their studies, in his particular line of work. The audience might easily have numbered a thousand, but was necessarily limited to such a number as might be gathered about a laboratory table.

About the room were photographs, charts, and specimens, illustrating his work. He sat at the head of the table, beside President Jordan, who acted as a sort of toastmaster, calling up each particular creation with an appropriate introductory allusion, and asking Mr. Burbank to respond with its story. One by one his principal achievements were thus described, the speaker entering heartily into the spirit of the meeting, being placed entirely at his ease by the cordial and sympathetic attitude of his audience. Charmingly, without ostentation or boastfulness, and yet most interestingly, he told the story of his several experiments. Questions were freely asked and readily answered. It was as if some great artist had undertaken to talk

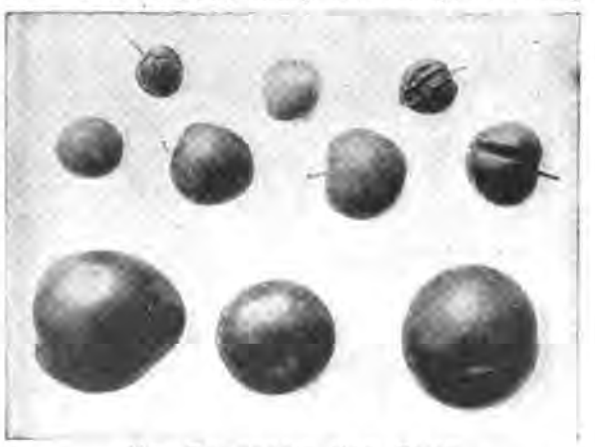
THE BURBANK ROSE

This beautiful flower grows in great profusion in the valley lands of California, and was raised by Mr. Burbank for making heavy rose beds or hedges that would remain long in bloom. It was awarded the gold medal at the St. Louis Exposition



SEEDLING APPLES FROM A SINGLE VARIETY

This apple is known as the "Early William." The illustration shows the variations as the result of crossing. Each is hearty and full-bearing



MR. BURBANK'S NEW PLUM

It is successfully grown from the seed of a cross between the Burbank Plum and the Apricot Plum. This photograph shows the variations in the fruit

AN ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

The middle nut shows the improvement resulting from crossing the Japanese Walnut—on the right,—and the English Walnut—on the left

informally to a few kindred spirits of his masterpieces and of how they came to be produced.

So successful were those two or three gatherings—so interesting and profitable both to speaker and to hearers,—that Stanford University offered and Mr. Burbank accepted a lectureship on plant evolution, by the terms of which he will visit the university twice each year and tell in this same informal way the continued story of his work. It is probable that no event in the college year at Stanford will be looked forward to with keener anticipation than these visits of the "Wizard of Horticulture."

OUR FOREFATHERS WOULD CRY, "BLACK ART!"

In the popular mind, the impression being assisted largely by the newspapers and the tales of the average tourist who visits Santa Rosa, the work of Mr. Burbank has taken on something of the uncanny, mysterious qualities which are associated with the term "wizard." To deprive a raspberry or a cactus of its thorns, to drive out the stone from a plum, to make a white blackberry, or to implant a delicate fragrance in an otherwise scentless flower, to say nothing of the creation of an absolutely new fruit or flower, is sufficiently wonderful to suggest magic. In an earlier day the doing of such things would have been associated with the Black Art, and it is conceivable that their author might have suffered at the stake.

But to hear the wonder-worker himself tell, in his simple, matter-of-fact way, the story of how these things were accomplished, was to have the veil of mystery lifted from them. To know that these creations were the work, not of a moment, but of years on years of patient, persistent labor, involving the study and manipulation of hundreds of thousands—yes, millions,—of individual plant subjects, and that the course of their attainment was marked by the disappointments, doubts, and failures incident to great achievements, was to find them brought down out of the realm of romance and placed among the hard everyday facts of life as the deeds, not of a wizard, but of a genius whose stock in trade was truly an unlimited capacity for hard, painstaking work.

HIS EDIBLE CACTUS MAY PROVIDE FOOD FOR FOUR TIMES THE WORLD'S POPULATION

Mr. Burbank is a plant reader by profession. Where others, interested in the development of plants, devote occasionally a little of their leisure to experiments in grafting, crossing, and the like, he is devoting his whole life and the full measure of his brain and heart. With him it is an absorbing life-work. Born and reared on a New England farm, with little opportunity for schooling and limited access to books, and forced to struggle at every step with poverty and adverse conditions, he has risen by sheer force of his genius upon the ladder of success, until to-day, at the age of fifty-six, he has won a fame, based upon splendid achievement, which makes his name a household word not merely in his own state and nation but also in the lands beyond the sea.

During the past year, it is said, six thousand visitors, many of them undoubtedly of the merely curious type, but including also scientists and men of note, went to Santa Rosa, attracted by his name and work. Among these was one of special note, Professor Hugo De Vries, of Amsterdam, author of a work on the theory of mutations and himself a plant investigator of great attainments. He has said that one of the principal inducements which led him to visit California was the prospect of seeing Mr. Burbank, with whose work and reputation he was familiar in his own land. Of this work, after seeing it at Santa Rosa, this great scholar said: "This is not the work of every man; it is the work of a genius."

An early and abiding love of nature, a sympathy with her manifestations, an intuitive perception of her laws and their workings, unerring judgment, and infinite patience and capacity for work, have been the elements of Mr. Burbank's success,—a success which has already been attended by inestimable benefit to mankind. The humble potato which bears his name and is the product of his earliest efforts is said to have added no less than twenty million dollars to the wealth of the world. Of his latest production, the spineless and edible cactus, it is estimated that it is capable of providing food for four times the present population of the world, using only desert regions for its production.

In 1875, Mr. Burbank exchanged the narrow and limited conditions of a New England soil and climate for the practically limitless possibilities of California. He located at Santa Rosa, in the Sonoma Valley, and in his experimental gardens there and on his farm at Sebastopol he has accomplished and is accomplishing his wonderful work. His horticultural plant is not an extensive one, nor has he an expensive equipment. The area he has under cultivation does not exceed fifteen acres.

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION HAS GRANTED HIM ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

We are told that, in the early days of his career, the good people of Santa Rosa looked not with approval on their fellow townsman. To them he seemed engaged largely in the useless and wasteful occupation of planting great quantities of fruits and flowers only to tear them up and destroy them. They did not understand or appreciate his work. This is not, however, unusual. The world has long been familiar with the proverb of the prophet and his honor. But this has all changed, and the citizens of Santa Rosa, as well as of the state and nation at large, stand ready to do honor to the name of Luther Burbank.

One of the great handicaps he has labored under has been lack of adequate means. He has never been rich, and it has been a constant struggle to provide for the needs of his family and at the same time carry on his experiments. Until a few years ago he did this by combining a nursery business with his experimental work. This at length proved so successful that, in 1903, he was able to sell out the business with the prospect of devoting himself exclusively to his own work. But at best his means were not such that he could embark upon a line of investigation regardless of the financial outcome.

Naturally he has not been without offers of financial assistance. They have come to him in the past, but always with hampering conditions which he could not accept. He has bravely and wisely set his face against any entanglements which would sacrifice his independence or the high ideals he has set for his work.

Fortunately, however, this period of struggle is now over. The Carnegie Institution has come to his aid with an appropriation of ten thousand dollars annually for a period of ten years, under conditions which he can accept and use to the best advantage of his work. It is a recognition richly deserved, and it will be returned a hundredfold in benefit to mankind.

The processes by which he works are not new or peculiar. They are in accord with well-known and unalterable laws of nature. The principal methods used are selection and crossing. Nature is using these same processes every day. The bees and the wind carry the pollen of one flower to fertilize another, thus bringing about the crossing of species. The struggle for existence, and a thousand circumstances of growth and development, tend to weed out the unfit among the plants, leaving the best to survive. This is selection. But where nature's operations are largely left to chance and accident, Mr. Burbank gives them intelligent direction and his results are sure and immediate.

THE SHASTA DAISY

In its original state this is a small flower that grows wild in California. Mr. Burbank has transformed it into a beautiful garden plant five times its ordinary size, and has given it a delicate perfume which, in its primal state, it never possessed

HE COMBINES THE FRUITS OF MANY NATIONS

He takes two plants whose life-habits, structure, and environment may have been wholly different. He brings them together, implanting the pollen of one upon the stigma of the other. As a result the species are thrown into a state of perturbation,—set to "wabbling," as it were. The life-tendencies are broken up by the shock. The plants resulting from the crossing may resemble one or the other of the parent plants. These are not important. Some of the plants will combine the best qualities of the parents. From these improved varieties of fruits and flowers are produced. Some of the plants will be different from either parent,—perhaps unlike any other plant in existence. From these unusual variants new plants may be developed. He selects his original subjects from far and near. He brings a raspberry from Siberia to combine it with a blackberry of California. He brings a plum from China or Japan to combine it with a native apricot. An experiment is built up on the foundation of a common wild flower, as the daisy, for example. In another experiment, a flower from Australia may be used. He brings a cactus from Central America to cross with a species from Arizona.

Having crossed his species, he plants the seeds. From the resulting seedlings he selects the single plant, or the two or three at most, which he finds best suited for his purpose. The seeds of these are again planted and the work of the selection goes on. It was from a bed of sixty-five thousand plants that he selected the one from which his white blackberry was developed. The seeds accumulate by a rapid progression. In a few seasons there is an immense quantity of them. All are planted. He does not believe in dealing with a few examples. He chooses few, but the number to be chosen from is large. When the time for selection comes, the whole lot—it may be a hundred or two hundred thousand,—is passed before him in review. He selects those which suit his purposes, and the others go to the brush heap and the bonfire. Professor De Vries has remarked: "It is no easy task to pick the right apple tree from a growing bed of three hundred thousand seedlings." But this is exactly what Mr. Burbank does. He deals with large numbers and his results are correspondingly large and important.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DISTINCT VARIETIES OF PLUMS GROW ON HIS FARM

Some idea of the scope of his operations may be gained from the fact that there are growing on his farm as many as three hundred thousand distinct varieties of plums; sixty thousand varieties of peaches and nectarines; five thousand almonds, and a like number of walnuts and chestnuts, besides thousands of berries and flowers.

One day he discovers, among the thousands of yellow poppies growing in one of his beds, a single flower in which there is a threadlike touch of scarlet color. He isolates the plant, saves its seeds, and plants them. Some of the seedlings show the characteristics of their scarlet-tinged ancestor. These are chosen; the others are discarded. The new seeds are planted and the seedlings again subjected to careful selection. After years of patient labor he is rewarded by the possession of a scarlet poppy instead of the yellow one with which he started. Other poppies are similarly turned to orange and white and variegated hues.

In studying a bed of verbenas of a scentless variety, he notices a faint odor as of the trailing arbutus. He searches for the plant with the odor, but fails to find it. Another year the same odor is discovered, and a persistent flower-by-flower search discloses the plant which in some way has come to possess this property. It is isolated and the work of selection and re-selection goes on until the result is a beautiful flower, naturally odorless, which exhales a delightful fragrance.

FLOWERS BLOSSOM AND TAKE VARIOUS COLORS ACCORDING TO THE WIZARD'S WILL

Among a lot of plums, not otherwise noteworthy, is one which, for some unaccountable reason, possesses a delicate flavor and odor like that of the Bartlett pear. The seed is saved and planted. Among the resulting fruit are plums showing the same peculiar flavor. These are again planted, and the work is carried on patiently and persistently until a variety of plum is established with the flavor and meat quality of a Bartlett pear.

Several Japanese plum seeds are planted, and among the trees produced is one which shows a remarkable quality of productiveness. Its seeds are saved, planted, and followed up, and the result is a variety of plum possessing a wholly unprecedented fruitfulness. This quality almost becomes a defect because orchards of the trees must be closely stripped to reduce the fruit to a quantity which the tree can mature. From a single tree of this variety twenty-two thousand plums have been stripped, the normal quantity of fruit being still left on it.

In working on the Isabella grape with a view to improving it, Mr. Burbank found a certain bud sport which gave a large and superior fruit. Seedlings from the bud were found to breed true to the bud, and showed no inclination to return to the original stock. Thus a new variety of grape was established.

These are but glimpses at the way in which he works. We think it wonderful, and so it is, but he does not. To him it is all natural and largely a matter of routine. He will agree to develop a flower of any given hue, to implant a new fragrance or intensify an original one, to double the size of its bloom, or to extend indefinitely its blooming period.

The gladioluses are flowers which naturally bloom in an irregular fashion on one side of the stem. He takes them in hand, and, in the course of years of labor and experiment, teaches them to bloom symmetrically on all sides of the stem, making the once top-heavy, unsightly flower a thing of beauty. The pampas grass ordinarily shows a white plume. He succeeds in making it display also a pink plume. He takes the tiny common daisy of the field and develops it into a magnificent bloom, the famous Shasta daisy, five to seven

A HYBRID MESEMBRYANTHEMUM

This was a beautiful flowering plant on which Mr. Burbank spent a great deal of time. It died suddenly and without apparent explainable cause

THE PRIMUS BERRY

It is obtained by crossing the raspberry and blackberry, and is a luscious and healthful fruit containing all the delicate flavor of the former

THE CACTUS READY TO BE EATEN

This former scourge of the desert Mr. Burbank has transformed into a remarkably productive food that will serve effectively both man and beast

THE PLUMCOT
An absolutely new fruit which has been obtained by carefully crossing the plum and the apricot

HYBRID POPPIES
How a large flower is made from small ones

inches across. He makes over an amaryllis from a small insignificant flower into a bloom ten inches across, and then breeds it back again until it is a tiny but perfect flower an inch and a half in breadth. He causes the native blue and the native scarlet larkspurs to blend into a new flower of purple hue.

In the matter of fruits it is the same. The common French prune he works over into a fruit four to six times as large, of better flavor and rich in sugar. He makes the walnut bear more and larger nuts. He stimulates the tree to an unusual growth, making it attain in thirteen years from four to six times the ordinary growth of the walnut. The chestnut he has made to bear at eighteen months and even earlier. He thinned the shell of the walnut until birds were able to break through it. He then strengthened it back to a point of safety. Finding that people prefer to have the meat of the walnut white, and are bleaching it by artificial means, he sets to work and produces a nut with white meat, removing the tannin in the covering which gives the brown color and the bitter taste. The common rhubarb plant, in his hands, takes on an unusual growth, developing stems four feet in length and leaves three feet across, and, more remarkable still, bearing the year round.

Unassisted, selection is slow. With quickly growing plants and flowers fairly satisfactory results may be obtained. But with the more slowly developing fruits the life of a man is too short to carry out many experiments. To hasten results Mr. Burbank grafts his seedlings into bearing trees and thus gets his fruit without the long period of waiting for the trees to develop their own fruit. Thus, in his orchard, there are trees bearing all manner of fruits. A single apple tree has on it four hundred separate varieties of apples.

THE STONELESS PLUM IS STILL AWAITING THE PROPER FLAVOR

When he was conducting his nursery he received an order for a large number of prune trees, to be delivered in nine months. He did not have the stock under way, and to grow the prune plants from the seed would require at least two and one-half years. The time limit was an essential feature of the order, and Mr. Burbank needed greatly the funds which the transaction would bring in. With characteristic energy he at once set his men to planting a hundred thousand almond seeds. These grow very quickly, and in a few months he had an ample supply of young almond trees. Selecting the trees to fill his order, he grafted prune cuttings upon them, and in the contract time he was able to deliver his twenty thousand prune trees.

Simple crossing means the mingling of strains with the same or closely related species. Hybridization is crossing applied to widely different species or to species existing under widely different conditions. The variations by the latter method are much more marked than in the former.

By crossing the oriental poppy with the opium poppy he obtained a red flower which blooms throughout the year. The blooming period of both parents is short. The hybrid is, moreover, a perennial plant, while the parents are both short-lived annuals. The second-generation seedlings of this cross showed a remarkable variation in the plants, no two being exactly alike. Their leaves resembled not merely every known variety of poppy, but even thistles, primroses, turnips, and mustard plants. More remarkable still, the plants produced no seed. The capsules were present, in most cases, but absent in some. Some of the capsules were four to six times as large as in the original plants; others were very small; none bore seeds.

The crossing of the eastern walnut with a California variety showed, in the resulting seedlings, almost every type of walnut foliage known, besides unusual variations in other directions. Similar wide divergence in foliage is seen in the crossing of the strawberry with the raspberry, and again in the crossing of the raspberry with the blackberry.

The crossing of the blackberry and the strawberry produced thornless plants with trifoliate leaves, which strongly resembled strawberries and sent out underground stolons. Afterwards the plants sent up stalks three to five feet in height, bearing panicles of flowers; but no fruit was produced. The crossing of a petunia with a *nicotiana* gave a plant with an abundance of flowers and vigorous leaves, but with roots inadequate to support them. A hybrid mesembryanthemum was produced which gave a wealth of white flowers. It flourished for four seasons, but all at once every plant died, root, stem, and flower, from no apparent cause.

Mr. Burbank has tried many unusual and daring experiments,—for example, the crossing of the apple with the blackberry. The plants turned out apples, so far as foliage was concerned, although raised from blackberry seeds. But, of the five thousand plants, only two ever bloomed. All were thornless. The experiment yielded no results of value. The same is true of the cross of the mountain ash with the blackberry. A salmon-colored berry was obtained as fruit. The plants were thornless and the seeds were devoid of albumen.

When he crossed the blackberry with the raspberry the result was different. He used a *rubus* from Siberia, a small, seedy, almost tasteless fruit, crossing it with a California variety. The resulting seedlings combine the best qualities of the parents and breed true. The fruit is called the Primus berry and is absolutely new. It is a berry of superior size and flavor, and will undoubtedly have a successful career in the markets. The Primus blackberry is now considered as true a species of the genus *rubus* as any so classified.

THE NEW AND THE OLD
The result of Mr. Burbank's experiments with the Shasta Daisy,—the new above, the old below. The new variety often attains a size from five to seven inches in diameter. The petals are much longer and the disk also larger than in the old

THE BEACH PLUM
This shows the original fruit and the improved

Another new fruit, the plumcot, Mr. Burbank has produced by crossing the plum and the apricot. In this new fruit the apricot form and color persist in the exterior. The flesh varies in color. The pits are sometimes those of the apricot, sometimes those of the plum. This new fruit is still in process of development, and has not yet been put upon the market.

The plum has occupied a large share of his attention. He has three hundred thousand varieties growing on his place. Some of his varieties of plums have attained a marked success. The Climax plum, a cross of a Chinese with a Japanese plum, has revolutionized the fruit-shipping industry. The Bartlett plum has been already mentioned. The beach plum, the Wickson and the Burbank are other important varieties.

Perhaps the most remarkable of his productions among plums is the stoneless variety obtained by crossing the French prune with a wild plum from which the stone had been practically eliminated by chance variation. The seed remains in these plums, but without hard encasement. The fruit is still under experiment with a view to improving its flavor.

MR. BURBANK INTENDS TO ENABLE FRUITS TO WITHSTAND FROST

Great as has been the work already accomplished, reports tell us of still other important and interesting things to come. Among these is a new fruit obtained by crossing the tomato and the potato. It is called the pomato, and is a rich, wholesome fruit of great delicacy.

In this last suggestion are possibilities of the greatest moment to the fruit-growing industry of large sections of the country. The range of cultivation of many forms is closely restricted by reason of their susceptibility to injury from low temperatures. An untimely frost has more than once caused great damage to the orange crop of Florida and of Southern California. It might occur in any season. Such a frost is liable to damage other varieties of the earlier fruits. It seems possible to protect plants and fruit against such misfortune by implanting in them a hardiness to withstand frost. This practical problem Mr. Burbank is at work upon.

But undoubtedly the greatest thing that he has done remains to be noted. This is his development of the spineless and edible cactus, a work upon which he has been engaged for the past ten years. Taking a practically spineless, but small and insignificant variety of cactus from Central America, he has crossed it with several of the northern varieties, obtaining a spineless form of vigorous growth and superior food-bearing qualities. Not only have the exterior thorns been removed, but also the woody spicules within the flesh which have rendered the normal plant so dangerous to cattle feeding upon it. This scourge of the desert, in many cases its only vegetation, has thus been changed from an object of fear into a wholesome forage plant. How great its value as a food producer is may be judged by the fact that a single vigorous plant will produce more than a quarter of a ton of nutritious food.

LUTHER BURBANK

Bonna Sisnon's Wedding

THE STORY OF A GROOMSMAN WHO WENT ON A STRIKE

Joseph Blethen

IN Bonna Sisnon's wedding the accepted code of romance was set at naught. She should have been, according to the code, an eastern girl about to be married to a typical New Yorker; and that letter from the One Particular One, with its unexpected inclosure, should have come out of the mysterious, unchaperoned West. Instead of that, however, her marriage to a western man was about to take place in her father's very pretty home in Zilla, where wealth came with the second year under the irrigation canal, and the unexpected letter with its delightful secret came from New York and bore the postmark, "Madison Square, East," a brand which, in nine cases out of ten, conveys a disappointed hope.

Once before that One Particular One had sent Bonna a letter as delightful as it had been unexpected. She, with her father and mother, had just seated herself in a Pullman. The home in the pretty Philadelphia suburb was broken forever. Her father was to enter the faculty of a state university so far beyond the Mississippi that Bonna felt they should have asked for a missionary instead of a historian. It was to be a hazard of new happiness in a land where fortunes came naturally. Then into the car had come a messenger boy with the letter: just one sheet of paper,—no date, no signature,—but she had known!—just eight lines in the hand of that One Particular One whose fame seemed so grand to her,—

Not the dread of scenes unseen,
Nor faces yet unknown;
Not farewell, nor parting keen
From roses yet half blown.

Yonder land has roses, too,
And Peace goes in your heart;
Hope shall bring her friends anew,
And Love shall play his part.

She was just seventeen when she read that particularly personal message, and the One Particular One was thirty-six. Now, with her wedding to a fellow citizen of this new land but a few days away,—surely Love had played his part!—Bonna was twenty-three. That made the One Particular One two and forty. He had gone on and become more famous. There was much gray when the sunlight glinted on his temples, and he had never come any nearer marrying than seventeen is to thirty-six.

This new letter, again in the hand of the One Particular One, lay on Bonna's lap as she dreamed a bit over the old days. "I've started along a little wedding gift and it will be there in due time," it read. "But, please, I want to have a part while you are still Bonna and not yet Mrs. John Danter. The wedding is all planned, of course. Your good father has told you just the state of his bank account,—a historian's historic balance,—and told you to use it all. But there is still lacking enough for this or that one thing necessary to make your wedding complete. So I send along this draft,—not so big as to be really scandalous, and not made payable to you but to your father, so that he may cash it for you. Use it in making your wedding, and do not even try to tell me how."

All this, bearing that prime reminder, "Madison Square, East," had come out across the unconventional miles west of the Mississippi. Bonna dreamed and then became practical, for the word of the One Particular One could be taken literally,—and the letter still be as far removed from indiscretion as twenty-three is from forty-two. Down in her heart there would always be that little glow whenever she thought of him, or saw one of his plays, or heard any one speak of his great talent. "But he *was* thirty-five," admitted Bonna, "and he had two plays in New York, that fall; and John, with all his business prosperity, is only two years older than I am."

Bonna's dearest wish in connection with the wedding had come to be that Patience Chester might be the maid of honor. John had chosen Clifford Getchell for his groomsman, and Clifford, attorney for the state irrigation commission and a coming wizard of the desert, was to journey across two states to be present. Clifford had been attentive to Patience before he had received this appointment, so full of present rush and future gain. Patience had gone on quietly with her dainty water colors, the breadwinner for her small house in Zilla which sheltered an invalid mother and herself. There had been letters, and Patience had gone to Bonna for confidences. "And now," said Bonna, "it must be Patience for maid of honor if Clifford is to be groomsman."

"'I AM READY TO THROW THE BOUQUET, PATIENCE'"

Four other intimate girl friends were to be the bridesmaids. But even the simple dress that Bonna had desired of each was beyond Patience Chester's present reach, and to give her the dress when the other four were to make their own dresses would not have been acceptable. But now, oh, splendid! She could bid the five girls come to her, be gowned as she wished, and this draft from the One Particular One would cover it all. If Minnie Tolt, whose father had bounded into wealth on two wheat crops, were to take this gift of a simple white gown from the bride, surely even Patience could do so. Seizing her pen, Bonna wrote, and soon five notes lay complete on her desk: five hearty notes bidding five girls come to her, each at her earliest convenient moment.

To three of the five girls Bonna's notes carried a message of pleasure,—capable young Americans who would have attended the wedding in calico and called it a lark, had she so requested of them. But to the remaining two the notes were freighted with special thrills. Minnie Tolt recognized in her message the loss of an opportunity. She had intended wearing a creation for this wedding,—something that would make Clifford Getchell take notice.

"What's the use of our money if we can't use it?" sighed this *Mademoiselle Nouveau Riche*, who was a tall girl, one of the prettiest of the younger set in Zilla.

But, to the girl of the five who was the most on Bonna's heart, the note carried a message of deep kindness. Patience Chester read beneath the simple announcement of the bride's wish a thoughtful, generous, and delicate provision whereby she could accept an otherwise unattainable happiness. So she dropped her work, donned the simple black gown that was her one street dress, and came promptly to Bonna's chamber, there to laugh and cry and be an equal in things of the heart.

"It's so good of you," said Patience. "An heiress could not have done more for her friends. But there's one thing I must know before I accept. Tell me,—you are not doing this by denying yourself something?"

"No, dear. It's a gift from—from One Particular One. He's a great man,—successful,—rich, and he was thirty-six when I was seventeen."

"Oh, splendid!" said Patience, with her ordinarily large eyes grown larger; "what else?"

"Nothing else, positively." But Bonna's face went lovingly into Patience's shoulder.

"Oh, yes, something else!" said Patience,—"rare thought, sweetness, and a kindness no one else can do." Then this diffident, appreciative girl, from far-off Maryland, trembling lest she should say something she ought not to say, opened her heart.

"Bonna, I want to do something, too,—something to show you how much I love you. I've talked to mother. She is quite strong now. The house is fresh and sunny. She says—that you would understand it,—that I could ask all the girls to come to our house,—and each bring some little thing,—a linen shower, Bonna. Would you—be willing?"

"It would be beautiful!" exclaimed Bonna.

"Oh, are you sure? You are to be Mrs. Danter, and that means the Danters of the Topenish Canal. You will be rich, and great, and a leader, Bonna. But I thought—that, just among us girls,—the little set of those who went to the university together and who have been so good to me,—that we could each do something with our hands and you would understand,—even if you *could* buy much finer things."

"You dear little lady," said Bonna, "money can not buy a linen shower, for that rains love and good wishes. Oh, have it, do! Let me sit by your mother's invalid chair, and see my girl friends come to see me as a girl. When you ask them, tell every girl that nothing is to be bought. It must be made by the girl's own hand or the wonderfully important Mrs. Danter-that-is-to-be will frown."

Patience Chester, laughing and happy, as dainty as the Colonial memories which her accent and manner drew about her, stayed to admire and feel a sense of sharing in the beautiful things already assembled in Bonna's chamber.

When Minnie Tolt carried her note to her mother there was an explosion. All her life Mrs. Tolt had envied the rich their spending; now that Mr. Tolt's balance was up among the largest in the Zilla Valley National Bank, Mrs. Tolt's one idea was to make the citizens of Zilla see that the Tolts, too, could spend.

"A studied insult, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Tolt. "That Bonna Sisnon has done this a-purpose to keep you from wearing a stunner. She's afraid if you did wear it Cliff. Getchell would n't notice Patience Chester. Lawzee! Why should he? Ain't she got that mother to support?—and ain't you got a dowery? Well, then, show it! What's weddin's for if they ain't to show girls off just when the young men is feelin' soft?

"That Bonna thinks herself and Cliff. Getchell about right because they've both been to college and both come from the East. She need n't pose, though. She showed she 's got some plain sense when she took John Danter, a young man that ain't been further east than Denver. Danter did n't even git clear through the State University. He learned surveyin' and ditch-buildin', and he got with his father in the Topenish crowd, and now he 's got money. And now Cliff. Getchell 's gittin' on so well, he won't be blind to money himself, either. Money cuts some figure with these young men, and even that Bonna Sisnon knows. Give one of 'em a chanst to pick his choice between a girl with a dowery and a girl with a sick ma, and I *know!*

"I wisht we had some good excuse, so 's you could refuse to be a bridesmaid and then just go to the weddin'. Then you could wear that new stunner. If Cliff. was goin' to be here a day or so it would n't matter so much.

You could plan to be some place where he'd be. One look at you in that stunner would catch him, sure. But he's to come on a noon train and rush up to the church just in time to do his part in the weddin'. Then the whole crowd goes to the Sisnons', and the bridal couple takes the one-thirty overland east. Cliff. Getchell goes on the ten-ten, the same night. If Bonna has her way he will spend the evenin' with that Patience Chester. I tell you, Minnie, these soft-talkin' girls are agin us. They let you into their club because your paw has wheat. They're mighty nice to you in little things, but when it comes to catchin' the finest young man in Zilla they're mighty quick to frame up to keep you out. You've got to take the fight into their midst. Lawzee, I wish I could fool 'em!"

Minnie Tolt felt that much of her mother's complaint was unmerited. She knew that Clifford and Patience had been intimate friends in Zilla when the Tolts were still out on the desert sand,—poor and waiting for water. Then the state experiment station had taught the desert men how to grow winter wheat on the high flats, where irrigation was impossible. Clifford had become an expert canal constructor; the Tolts had grown a hundred thousand dollars in wheat in two crops. Patience was, as before, a sweet girl, small and dainty, who painted in water colors. She, of all Zilla, had not prospered. Romance would send Clifford to her to share his success.

Minnie had been welcomed into this set and was capable of becoming a good comrade; but she, too, had envied money until, when it came, she was off her guard and failed to see its limitations. The suddenly spread feast of pleasure created a desire beyond the power of her judgment to control. She saw Clifford Getchell's progress, heard the gossip of his value as a "catch," and straightway desired to be sought by him. As her mother talked, Minnie knew Bonna's desire of favoring Patience Chester to be both natural and honorable. But the fact still remained that Minnie wanted a young man; and, wanting one, she coveted the one who seemed to her the most difficult to get.

"I bet Cliff. Getchell has a better suit than any of the other men," snapped Mrs. Tolt.

"Oh, no!" replied Minnie, quickly. "That has been arranged. The men are to wear black frock coats, gray trousers, gray gloves, and gray ties. It's different with the men. They must be alike."

"Huh! He's got a chanst, if he wants it. Gets here thirty minutes before the weddin'. No chanst to change. My, could n't he—Oh, *Minnie!*"

Mrs. Tolt's eyes grew large and serious, and Minnie's, also, as she caught the idea of her mother's plan.

"I could n't!" expostulated Minnie, frightened at the thought.

"Of course you could, silly! You could go to Yakima to do some shoppin'. You can come back on the noon train that passes the west-bound overland here. Cliff. Getchell will be on that. You can have your stunner on under a wrap; I'll be there with a hack to meet you and take you right to the church."

"But Bonna's note?" objected Minnie, weakly.

"Oh, ain't you no gumption? Go and be measured. Let 'em make it for you."

"But if I do that and then get here on the noon train it will look so deliberate."

"You can try for Wednesday's train and miss it, silly! Then wire me that you will be on Thursday's. I'll go show your telegram to Bonna. Lawzee, it's so simple!" Minnie, had she been facing this temptation only, would have conquered, for she felt keenly the meanness of the trick when she looked it squarely in the face. But she was unavailing when this desire was backed by Mrs. Tolt's sarcasm. She talked of other things for a day, but when the bridesmaids went to be measured for the wedding dresses the number was complete.

Minnie Tolt was a pretty girl. She was taller, stronger, and more vigorously formed than the dainty Patience Chester. She had been at the state university. She had seen a little of the best people. There she had known Clifford Getchell and John Danter and Bonna and the others. With a careful mother she would have been tactful, and the newly acquired thousands would have been kept in control. But she had envied the best people just enough to blind herself to her own natural opportunity to be as they were. Not knowing herself thoroughly, she felt that she must force herself in. She mistook tactics for tact.

In planning the wedding, John Danter realized that any of the numerous delays to which an overland train is subject might make Clifford Getchell too late for the ceremony. So he frankly stated his case to his next best friend, Franklyn Rennot.

"Suppose you rehearse us, Frank. Then, if Cliff. is late, come to my rescue and be best man," said the groom, and Franklyn readily consented. But, when the wedding party was assembled at the church, on Wednesday evening, and word came that Miss Tolt had missed her train, the bride murmured.

"There will be two to go through the ceremony without rehearsal," said she. "Really, I can't help feeling that Minnie was very careless."

"Her mother took her dress home to-day," said one of the bridesmaids. "Minnie will have to effect a quick change to get here on time."

"Oh, dear! I almost wish I had n't asked her," exclaimed the perplexed Bonna.

"Never mind," said John Danter, reassuringly, "we must make the best of it. I've asked Frank. Rennot to be Cliff.'s understudy; let's ask some one else to be Miss Tolt's understudy. Then we will rehearse and be prepared for the lateness of either or both."

"But who could wear Minnie's dress? What girl would accept, under the circumstances?" objected Bonna. "No, John, if Minnie is late, let her stand on the steps and wait. I shall be married on time with or without the full number of bridesmaids I desire."

The bridal party laughingly applauded the bride's spirit, and the rehearsal commenced. The rector, too, rehearsed as proxy for the bishop, who was to come on the same train that was bringing the groomsman.

"Three people directly concerned in this wedding are to arrive thirty minutes before the ceremony," said John Danter to Rennot, as they stood in the vestry ready to march in for the second time. "Better get a good grip on the situation, Frank. I'll be fussed, I suppose, and you will have to pull things through."

"You keep your eye on the bishop and the bride, and say your lines in the right place," said Rennot. "I'll either produce Cliff. Getchell or be stage manager of this show myself."

"I'm greatly obliged to you, Frank, you may be sure, but I suppose all the girls will think we have transgressed frightfully."

The noon trains rumbled into Zilla,—the long overland from the east, the accommodation from the west. From the overland emerged Clifford Getchell, carrying his own and the bishop's grip, to lead that smiling worthy hurriedly through the depot, where the watchful Rennot literally shoved them into a carriage.

Then, with apparent inconsistency, Rennot turned and waited till he saw Mrs. Tolt hurry a flying, girlish figure toward another carriage.

On the way to the church Rennot laughingly posted Getchell as to his duties.

"I'll manage," said Getchell. "It's a straight walk from the vestry to the altar, and John can guide me that far. Then the ring and the march out. Of course I get Patience."

"Indeed, the bride has allowed us to know that such is half the show," laughed Rennot.

Then, suddenly, he became serious. "But I do n't see how Miss Tolt can get home, change into Bonna's gown, and get to the church in time."

"Why do n't she come as she is?" This came from the calm, unruffled Getchell.

"Why, man, do n't you know? Bonna has presented all the maids with their dresses. Miss Tolt went over to Yakima shopping and missed yesterday's train. So, at our rehearsal, last night, we prepared to protect ourselves; we are ready to marry John and Bonna with or without either or both of you."

"Good!" said the bishop, "that's the spirit. Let the foolish virgin look to herself."

Getchell did not answer. Instantly he had read Bonna's purpose. Dear, clever Bonna, to so arrange this for the sake of the one girl who most deserved it! And so he mused till the church was reached and the bishop said: "Here we are, and on time. When the bridegroom cometh, we will be ready."

Rennot knew, from the carriages before the church, that the other members of the wedding party had arrived. "You have a moment to spare," said he to Getchell. "Step into the vestibule and say howdy to them. Then come around to the vestry as quickly as you can."

Getchell went into the vestibule and was rewarded by a greeting from Bonna.

"On time, Clifford! Oh, I knew we could trust you."

Very soon he found himself holding both Patience Chester's gloved hands and looking all too plainly at her. The four bridesmaids were undeniably bewitching in their gowns, but it was Patience whom he had come to see and for the moment he could see none other.

Then Getchell heard an usher say: "It is time we formed. We can not wait."

Getchell gave a hand to Mr. Sisnon, spoke a word to Mrs. Sisnon, and bolted out the door to make a run for the vestry. But on the walk he literally collided with a girl hurrying toward the church.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Minnie Tolt! Why, you—you have n't changed your gown!" he said, astounded.

"Is it so important?" said Minnie, the forced spirit of the moment giving color to her face.

"Why, surely, you can not—the others have on the dresses that Bonna provided. This dress would be—well, inappropriate."

Clifford glanced at Minnie's gown, and thought it was in itself a very charming thing. Manlike, he missed its ill taste, and thought it a clever effort unfortunately out of place, but to be respected because of its cost.

Minnie caught the glance and with it her courage. "I knew you would realize that such dresses are too simple for—well, for the people who can have better."

Clifford stood silent. "Such dresses?" What dresses? Bonna's gifts to her maids? Then a feeling of resentment swept over him. "Too simple!" Why, such dresses were the more precious because simple and a gift from the bride. Then his thoughts went back to Patience, the inspiration of it all, for whose sake Bonna had planned these gifts. He knew that Patience understood the purpose of the dresses. Therefore, it seemed to him, Minnie's appearance in this gown would offend the bride, displease the maids, and positively stab Patience with its very speaking contrast to her humble purse. He heard Minnie's animated words again:—

"I hope you can find time, after the ceremony, to call, Clifford!"

The ceremony! Clifford came to life, looked at the dress again, and came to an impulsive resolve. Minnie must be kept out of the bridal procession! But how? She was at that moment a very live, very pretty, and richly gowned girl. Who was he to say that she was in ill taste? What expedient could he employ? Rennot's words came to him: "We are ready to marry John and Bonna with or without either or both of you." Then his resolve came. Not for Minnie's sake, but for the sake of the other girl, he would do it!

"Miss Tolt, I will go up in the gallery and watch this wedding.—

[*Concluded on pages 496 to 498*]

"'I WISHT WE HAD SOME GOOD EXCUSE, SO'S YOU COULD REFUSE TO BE A BRIDESMAID'"

From Plow to Cabinet

JAMES WILSON, UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE, TALKS ABOUT THE STRUGGLES THAT COULD NOT KEEP HIM DOWN

J. Herbert Welch

"I AM a plain Iowa farmer."

Swinging around in his chair and gazing at me with keen eyes that twinkled humorously under bushy eyebrows white with years, James Wilson, United States secretary of agriculture, thus described himself. In his office environment there was little to suggest the farmer except the solidity and broad-gauge simplicity of his personality.

"You are also a member of the cabinet," I suggested.

"Yes; but I am a farmer first," he answered.

The truth of the matter is that James Wilson is directing a great educational work in farming. As chief of the agricultural department of the United States, which is doing much more for agriculture than that of any other country, Secretary Wilson may be called not only Uncle Sam's head farmer, but also the foremost farmer of the world.

He told me some big facts about farming. He said that the farmer's rate of financial progress is now greater than that of any other producing class; that the value of farm products, estimated to be nearly five billion dollars in 1904, is increasing by hundreds of millions every year, and amounts to twice as much as the gross earnings of the railroads of the country, and four times as much as the yield of all the mines. He called attention to the fact that, while about six billions are invested in manufacturing in the United States, twenty billions are invested in farms and farm property.

OUR FARMERS ARE ISOLATED NO LONGER

"Agriculture," declared the secretary, "is the real sustaining power of the prosperity of this country. It is absurd to fear general financial depression while the farmers are prosperous, and the latter are now enjoying an era of almost unprecedented plenty. Never before has the yield per acre been so great, or farm life so attractive. The reaching of trolleys and telephones into the rural districts, where they have banished the isolation of the farm, and the strides ahead in scientific knowledge of agriculture, as well as other progressive influences, are making farming a more and more profitable and satisfactory profession to men of brains."

Mr. Wilson, who was signing papers when he began to talk, had laid down his pen and was facing me squarely, with the light of enthusiasm in his eyes. It has been his enthusiasm for agriculture, coupled with the habit of hard work acquired under the exacting attention of his father during his youth on the farm, that has lifted him from the plow to the cabinet.

"The foundations of what I know about farming," he informed me, "were laid a good while ago, in the days when I fed the pigs and was routed out of bed at dawn to go to the pasture for the cows. Very early in life I learned the taste of work. My father saw to that. According to his lights, he was one of the best farmers I ever knew. As I look back, I see that he was in advance of his time. For instance, when we boys had nothing else to do, he would put us to work pounding bone into a fertilizer for the garden. Our neighbors used to scoff at this, but I remember that their gardens were not so good as ours.

FARM LIFE OFFERS UNUSUAL ATTRACTIONS

"My father was ambitious for himself and for his children. He wanted a larger and more productive acreage than he could obtain in Ayrshire, Scotland, and so the family—it was a pretty big one,—embarked in a packet ship and came across the sea. This was in 1850, when I was fifteen. We settled in Connecticut, where we had more land than before. But it was not the best of land, and so, after four years of wrestling with it, we repacked our household goods and once more set our faces toward the west. The journey by land was harder than that by sea. Part of the way we went by train, and then struck out across the prairie in a wagon. When at length we saw the undulating Iowa plains, luxuriant with grass, that marked the end of our pilgrimage, we felt that our trip over the continent had not been in vain. We were confident that we were settling in an exceptional farming country, and we were not mistaken. In Tamar County we unloaded, took up government land, and built a house. The Wilson family, I am glad to say, still calls that region 'home.'"

"You became pretty familiar with physical labor in those days," I suggested.

"Yes," replied the secretary, smiling, "I was very intimate with it; and why not? It was my best friend, and it still is. I am always looking forward to the time when I can get out to the farm, take off my coat, and help with the harvest. But I am not as husky a hand as I once was. I feel, at least ten years older than I did forty years ago, and am afraid I might not be good for forty post-holes a day, which was my stunt when we boys were fencing in the farm."

A clerk with papers interrupted the conversation. "Here is a communication," remarked the secretary, "which calls attention to a point that should be of interest to young fellows undecided about a career. This is a letter from South Africa, asking me to send out a farming expert. One of my troubles here is the perplexity caused by these applications. They come to me from about every agricultural section of the world, requesting me to send on good men. Their writers do not appreciate how much they ask. This department supplies what may be called a post-graduate course in scientific farming, and we have so much work for the men whom we have specially trained that we can spare them with difficulty. But we never hold them to the detriment of their own interests. The point of what I am saying is that there are not enough men to supply the demand for farming experts, who, unlike those in other professions or occupations, never encounter a lack of lucrative and congenial work.

"In this department we have twenty-one hundred of these experts, each a specialist in one of the numerous sciences that relate to agriculture. These young men are at work in various parts of this and other countries, patiently and very practically studying the conditions of plant and animal life, for the purpose of improving the growths of the United States and installing upon our own soil those we do not already produce. Much has already been done in establishing the right conditions here for alien members of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and a great deal more will be done, for it is my firm belief that all of them can be successfully raised within our own boundaries, which include so many degrees of latitude and longitude that we have practically every soil and climate. I consider particularly important the development of the beet-sugar industry in the United States. We are working jealously along this line, and I predict with confidence that within a very few years the sugar beet will be, throughout large areas, our farmers' most profitable crop.

"In agricultural developments and investigations, in the improvement of domestic animals, in the prevention of insect pests, in forestry, in food analysis, irrigation, and the other activities of this department, there are opportunities to do work of tremendous usefulness to the country and to make high reputations. The work of our men is full of interest to them. They are not, as a rule, cooped up in offices. Most of them travel, and work out under the open sky. They have chances for initiative and original investigation. I know of no occupation containing greater possibilities for the right kind of men than farm science, for it is still in its incipiency. There is much to be done, and too few to do it.

THIS DEPARTMENT IGNORES A MAN'S POLITICS

"The pathway into it is not difficult. The agricultural college is the best stepping-stone, since our civil-service examinations are most readily passed by those who have been trained in one. In obtaining positions in this department, influence has no weight. A man's politics interests us no more, in making appointments, than does the color of his hair. What we want is a young man of common sense and industry who is ambitious to learn agriculture down to the ground. I would certainly turn my back on the old, overcrowded professions, and climb the fence into the new field of scientific farming, if I were once more a youth."

"I presume that farm life was much harder in your boyhood than now."

"Yes, elbow grease was the main factor," said Mr. Wilson. "We did n't understand Mother Nature as we do in these days. In the arts of humoring and coaxing her we were deficient. We

had to win her bounty by sheer force. I learned how this was when I was striving to acquire a farm of my own.

"There were forty likely acres which, when I was about eighteen, I made up my mind to buy. The price was three dollars an acre, and I went to work to save the money. The wages of a farm hand, at that time, were far from extravagant. It was not until I was twenty-four that I had the money and got the farm. My aim then became to increase its size. I did not try to make it fine and showy, but profitable, so that I would have money to buy more land. I studied not only my crops, but also my markets. Little by little my farm grew. It now comprises eleven hundred acres. It is all I have, and I do n't hesitate to say that I am proud of it. Its possession is the greatest satisfaction of my life. We farmers rarely become millionaires, but we are surer than most millionaires to keep our wealth and be independent."

To the Farmers: "Keep Out of Politics"

Secretary Wilson advises the farmers to keep out of politics, but in 1867 the citizens of his district insisted upon sending him to the Iowa legislature, where he remained until 1873, being speaker during the last four years of his service. In 1873 he was elected to congress.

"I was the first representative to introduce a bill providing for the creation of the cabinet office of secretary of agriculture, but had no notion that I should ever hold the place myself. The responsibility for this must be borne by William McKinley, who became a warm friend of mine when we were both in the house."

In spite of the secretary's words on this point, it is well known that it was much more his work for agriculture while in congress, and afterwards, than the friendship of William McKinley, that caused the latter to select him, in 1897, for the secretaryship. As an example of the legislative methods of Representative Wilson, it may be mentioned that, when a question of the transportation of animals came before the house, he rode from Chicago to Washington on a cattle train to get the facts. His congressional career ended dramatically, with an act of self-sacrifice that brought into strong relief the generosity of his character.

He had been returned to congress in the close election of 1884, but a resolution was drawn up by the Democrats, who were in the majority, declaring that his seat rightfully belonged to the man who had been the rival candidate in his district in Iowa. The Republican minority adopted a policy of delay to prevent the resolution from coming to a vote, and was successful in this up to the last day of the session, March 3, 1895.

The closing hours of that congress had arrived when the Democrats began a strong attempt to force action on the contested seat, feeling that then or never was the time to replace Wilson with a member of their own party. The Republicans were equally determined to avoid the issue, and fell back upon the tactics of long speeches and other defensive methods calculated to prevent action until the congress should be legally dead. And yet, in this final hour, there was another measure to be taken up, that providing for the restoration to the army of General Grant, who was even then prostrated with disease at Mt. McGregor, and who, it was well known, would be greatly comforted if, before he died, he could once more call himself a general in the army.

The fight over the resolution for the unseating of Wilson caused a deadlock in the house. If this continued, the seat would be saved for Representative Wilson, but he bill for General Grant would have to be left over to the next session, when it would doubtless be too late for congress to pay to the general this last and much coveted honor. It was the purpose of the Democrats to win the resolution or defeat the bill. In the midst of the excitement and noise of members constantly importuning the speaker for an opportunity to be heard, Representative Wilson mounted a chair and demanded recognition. Some one yielded the floor to him, and in a loud voice he said:—

"Mr. Speaker, if this house will vote to restore General Grant to the army, I will consent to be retired from congress."

As he sat down, both sides broke into cheers. In the last hour General Grant was honored, and James Wilson ceased to be a congressman.

"I went back to the farm, where every farmer should be content to stay," said he. "There was plenty for me to do. I took hold, in a modest way, of the same kind of work I am now doing with the invaluable aid of the machinery of the government. I had long felt that the average farmer was handicapped by a lack of knowledge of the sciences which relate to the farm, the cause of this ignorance being partly his suspicion of 'book' farming, and partly the tendency of the scientists to stop just short, in their researches, of anything of practical value to the farmer.

"I determined to do what I could to advance farm science and spread a knowledge of it. With this in view I indulged in investigations of my own, wrote agricultural articles regularly for a syndicate of newspapers, and, after representing the grangers on the railroad commission in Iowa, accepted the place of professor of agriculture in the Iowa State Agricultural College. I had one pupil when I began, and six hundred when I resigned.

"Never in my life did I do harder work than at the college, but I enjoyed it, being confident that my efforts were useful, in that they were spreading the gospel of the need of knowledge in present-day farming. This is the prime requisite of every young farmer of to-day,—this and interest in his work. If he does not like farming he should, by all means, seek his fortune in a town or city, because no man can be good in anything in which he takes no pleasure.

Mix College Training with "Horse Sense"

"But, if the youth has a taste for agriculture, he should make every effort to learn as much as possible about it at a college, and then mix his knowledge with 'horse sense.' For example, if he must buy a farm for his beginning, he should carry a spade when he goes out to look at it, remembering that there is land which is hardly cheap at any price. He should not only try to take advantage of everything nature can give him, but should also give careful consideration to the question of how his crops may be made to bring him the greatest return in money. He should devote a good deal of attention to live stock and dairy products, since this makes him a farm manufacturer, as it were, instead of a mere producer of raw materials upon which some other fellow makes the profit.

"I could talk at great length on how the farmer may become successful, but the whole subject of success in farming, as in anything else, may be summed up in four words,—knowledge, common sense, and industry. Apply a mixture of these ingredients to the fields, and they will become yellow with waving grain, or green with luxuriant grass on which sleek cattle graze. And the owner of the acres, a prosperous farmer, will enjoy one of the most substantial and satisfactory of all careers."

He Won't Spend His Farm in Washington

The secretary's own farm is, of course, one of the finest in the country, but it has received little of his direct attention since he began his work for all the farms. He lives practically all the year round in Washington, where, he says, it is hard for a man of position but no wealth to live.

"Washington life," he told me, "calls for much courage and self-restraint on the part of a man of modest means who holds a high governmental place. In a social way he must, of course, maintain the dignity of his position. He and his family are constantly mingling with persons of large fortune, and on this account are continually tempted to live in accordance with a standard of expenditure not justified by their incomes. I do n't propose to stumble into this pitfall. I have only my farm, and have no intention of spending it here in Washington."

He paused, then added, with a humorous wrinkling of the eyes: "Yet, if the farmers out in Iowa should hear that Jim Wilson is having difficulty in getting along on eight thousand a year, they would say that he is becoming demoralized."

It is to the forty millions of persons who live on farms in the United States that Secretary Wilson looks for approval of his work. "I try to make this department serviceable to the men who work in their shirt sleeves," he said. "I regard the agriculturists as our most important class of citizens. The farmers of one state, or of one section of one state, could take the entire bond issue of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which amounts to one hundred and sixty millions of dollars, and scarcely know it. A year's interest on our national debt could be paid by the value of eggs laid by our farmers' hens in one month of their busy season." His fellow farmers like Secretary Wilson, and he likes them. In the autumn, after the harvest has been gathered, and the agriculturists have the time and the money for a bit of travel, they may be seen every day making their way up the tree-canopied walk to the brick building in which is located the office of the secretary. Although grangers from remote rural districts have been known to show surprise because the nation's head farmer is not at work somewhere about the grounds, the latter, during business hours, is rarely absent from his desk, and is never too busy to see his visitors. With as little delay as possible they are shown into the inner office, and are there greeted with the grip of a hand that is no less familiar with the plow and the scythe than are theirs. The talk invariably is of farming. It is talk such as would occupy two farmers sitting after dinner at their ease on the front porch, with the sounds from the barnyard coming to their ears in a soothing monotone of farm life, and fertile fields reaching away before their eyes. When the agriculturists leave the office they know that their interests are in safe keeping. They know that one of their own sturdy men stands by the agriculture of our country.

SECRETARY JAMES WILSON IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Inspector Val's Adventures*

I.—THE MYSTERY OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

Alfred Henry Lewis

[AUTHOR OF "WOLFVILLE DAYS," "PEGGY O'NEAL," "THE BOSS," ETC.]

IT was a nipping morning in February, the temperature was between zero and freezing, and every city clock of good repute was announcing eight. As Inspector Val stepped into his room in Mulberry Street, Mr. Bowles, the desk man, was hanging up the telephone receiver.

"Inspector," said Mr. Bowles, a look of professional hurry in his face, "word arrives that Jacob De Sille was mysteriously murdered last night."

"Where?" asked Inspector Val.

"At his home."

"At his home," repeated the inspector; "the De Sille house is in Washington Square." Then, addressing a bull-faced individual, with bulky shoulders and sharp gray eyes, who was idling near a window, he added: "You may come, Sorg."

When Inspector Val and Detective Sergeant Sorg reached the street, a thin flurry of snow had begun to paint the pavement white. The inspector drew the fur collar of his coat more closely about his throat, and coughed in a deprecatory way. Mr. Sorg, who looked, in his cloth cap and rough jacket, not unlike a prosperous longshoreman, cared nothing for snow. Mr. Val signaled a brougham which waited across the street.

"Stop at the arch, in Washington Square," was his direction, as he followed Mr. Sorg into the brougham.

There was a profound contrast between Inspector Val and Sergeant Sorg. The former owned a sleepy, intolerant eye that may have been an affectation or may have been a mask. This gave him a slumbrous expression, as of weariness worn out, that, coupled with his sensitive face, made for the highbred and aristocratic, which impression the quiet extravagance of his dress assisted. Mr. Sorg, as against this, was slop-shop and rough, and the separation between him and his companion was as the separation between upper Fifth Avenue and Cherry Hill. Yet both were the bane of criminals, and had gained celebration in their ancient and recondite mystery of crime-searching.

As the brougham drew up beneath the arch, the two officers got out. A walk of fewer than one hundred yards brought them to a sedate mansion of red brick. The dark shades of the windows were closely drawn, and the place had an atmosphere of secrecy.

Inspector Val rang the old-fashioned bell; the door was opened by an elderly woman with a strong Jewish face. She motioned quietly toward a small reception room off the hall, and seemed to understand the official character of her visitors without a word of introduction.

"It was I who telephoned, gentlemen," she explained, as, having carefully closed the street door, she followed them into the reception room. "I suppose," she continued, "that you would prefer to hear what I know before beginning an investigation."

The inspector made a gesture of assent.

"Proceed, madam," said he; "begin by telling us who you are."

"I am Mr. De Sille's housekeeper. I have had charge of his house for almost fourteen years."

"Go on, please!"

"This morning I got up at my usual hour,—six. It may have been half after seven before I came down stairs, as there were duties which detained me on the second floor. I came down the front stairs, and, as I passed the doorway which opens into the library, I was surprised to find the gas burning at full head. The room, being to the rear, would have been dark without a light, but at the hour mentioned I supposed that Mr. De Sille, according to his custom, was fast asleep. I stepped into the room, and there he sat in his armchair,—dead. I shall not describe the appearance of the body, or the room, since you are shortly to see for yourselves. When I had recovered from the first shock I approached and made sure that nothing of life remained. Then I left the room and locked the door, leaving all things undisturbed."

"Who were in the house last night?"

"There were five, not counting Mr. De Sille. The family proper was made up of Mr. De Sille and his nephew, John Steendam,—a young man of twenty-two. There were three colored servants: a boy, a girl, and their mother, who is the cook. Then you are to count myself."

"Where is young Steendam?"

"He is asleep in his room. When I discovered the death of Mr. De Sille I ran to call him. I did not call him, however. The three colored servants, who sleep in the rear of the house, and come down by the back stairs, were already in the kitchen, where they are now. I have said nothing to them of the tragedy, and, as we sit here, saving the guilty one it is known only to us three."

The housekeeper gave the inspector the key to the library.

"I would rather not go in," she said.

"Very good. Remain in the hall, please, and let no one leave the house."

In a large easy chair facing the door was the dead Jacob De Sille. The body was not posed bolt upright, but had slipped down into the chair, the head forward with the chin resting on the shirt bosom. The hands were empty and hanging almost to the floor. A small pistol, caliber thirty-two, was lying on the carpet as if it had fallen from the left hand.

Inspector Val paused on the threshold for a survey of the room. The furniture was of massive mahogany. There was nothing beyond the common save a large old-fashioned safe, the heavy door of which stood on the swing. In the fireplace, where one or two coals still glowed, were evidences of papers having been burned.

He made an examination of the dead man. There was a wide bruise over the left temple that reached back into the hair. On the right cheek was a jagged cut. There was blood on the floor, dark and dry and hard.

"What do you think, Sorg?" asked the inspector; "should such wounds mean death?"

Mr. Sorg shook his head cautiously.

"He's dead, all right," he observed, tentatively; "and, as for the marks, while that gash on the cheek ought n't to count, there are the others. You can give a party quite a tap with a sandbag, enough to kill him, and yet not leave much of a trace. That 's what a sandbag 's for."

While Mr. Sorg was speaking, Mr. Val had continued his examination of the room. The carpet, a thick Wilton, came in for a hawklike scrutiny. At the feet of the dead man, on the left of the chair, lay the pistol. An unexploded cartridge reposed in each of the six chambers. In a far corner was found a gold bead the size of a pea. The bead was not perforated, but had two small links, each set oppósite the other, and plainly meant to connect it with other beads. The inspector pounced upon this bead with a little cry of satisfaction. He gave it a sharp examination and then put it into his pocket.

The safe was searched. In all respects it showed as empty as a vacant church. A small steel box inside had its key in the lock. This little box was as vacant as the main compartment. Whatever may have been the contents of the safe,—whether jewels, money, or papers,—they had been confiscated. The pile of ashes on the hearth showed the disposition of certain of the latter. Inspector Val painfully sifted the ashes, hoping to find some unburned scrap. There was none.

One feature among the indications riveted his particular interest. There were four round scars, an inch and a half in diameter, in the thick carpet, where the plush had been forcibly flattened. Of these, one was very evident, as if the plush had been ground rather than pressed down. It looked as it might look if the instrument that made it had been giving a boring, twisting motion. Mr. Val was much taken by these round scars, and bent over them, magnifying glass in hand. Mr. Sorg suggested the legs of a chair pressed down by a heavy man as explaining these.

"Where is the chair?" asked the inspector. "Besides, these marks are not at regular distances from each other, as would be the case had they been left by a chair."

Mr. Sorg said nothing. He was the more inclined to silence since a rapid glance showed no chair in the room that could have produced them. In one of these was a smirch of dried blood. Mr. Val called Mr. Sorg's attention to the blood. The latter tossed his hands as if he had no theory to advance. Mr. Val smiled.

"What you lack, Sorg," said he, "is imagination."

Mr. Sorg shrugged his heavy shoulders.

Inspector Val made the rounds of the window and doors. Not one had been forced; there was never a sign of the housebreaker. The front doors were double, and locked themselves when closed. The looted safe suggested a burglary, and that Mr. De Sille had been murdered by the housebreakers. Nor did the want of evidences of violence about the windows forbid this inference, since the robber or robbers might have entered through the agency of duplicate keys. For all that there were indications, open and patent, that negatived the theory. The shirt front of the dead man displayed two black pearls of price. On the little finger of his left hand gleamed a solitaire diamond,—blue, and of a value even with that of the pearls. In its proper fob was a repeater. A common cracksman would have taken these.

The inspector discovered, across the left wrist of the dead man, a black welt. The wrist had been all but broken by a blow from some heavy bludgeon-like weapon.

When his examination was complete, he locked the library door and put the key in his pocket. Then he sought the housekeeper. Outwardly steady, she was clearly on a tremendous strain, and only controlled her nerves and avoided breaking down by a supreme effort.

"Pardon me, madam," observed the inspector, "you have n't given us your name."

"Jane Agnew."

To the questions of the inspector the housekeeper unfolded certain particulars that had gone untouched in her opening statements. She was a widow; her husband had been dead fifteen years; she had no family,—neither chick nor child.

"What was in the safe?" asked Mr. Val, when the housekeeper had covered certain cardinal points in her own story.

"That I do n't know. Mr. De Sille was utterly secretive. In the years I 've kept his house, not one word concerning himself or his affairs has he told me. The safe might have held a million in gems or money or bonds. On the other hand, it might have contained nothing."

"Did you ever see it open before?"

"No."

"It is not required," observed the inspector, "that I press any question concerning Mr. De Sille, personally; I 'm fairly posted as to his history. But about the nephew?"

The tears began to gather slowly in the housekeeper's eyes.

"I love the boy," she said, simply, as if apologizing for the tears. Then, collecting herself, she proceeded: "I have told you that his name is John Steendam. Master John is an orphan,—father and mother both dead. His mother was the only sister of Mr. De Sille. He has lived with his uncle since he was twelve years old,—ten years."

"Were they on good terms? I ask because your failure to awaken him and tell him of his uncle's death has a queer look."

"When you go to Master John," returned the housekeeper, sorrowfully, "you will appreciate my reasons for such a course. And yet it may all be explained in a manner compatible with his innocence." Here she began to sob softly. "I would not, for the world," she continued, wringing her hands, "say or do aught that pointed to Master John as his uncle's murderer!"

"Calm yourself, madam," said Inspector Val; "you will best help young Steendam by telling all you know. Believe me, we should discover it in any case. Let me ask again: were Mr. De Sille and his nephew on good terms?"

"Until he came from college, a year ago, Master John was the apple of his uncle's eye."

"And since he came from college?"

"They have had quarrels. And yet, I would forfeit my life, to the last Mr. De Sille loved Master John better than all else on earth."

"Tell me of the quarrels. What did they differ about?"

"Since Master John came from college he has lived rather a fast life,—cards and wine, I think. Mr. De Sille wanted him to go into business. He had the controlling interest in a bank, and wanted Master John to go to work in the bank. The latter refused, and it was over that, added to Master John's drinking and gambling, the two quarreled."

"When was their last difference?"

"Last evening, about nine o'clock. They had high words in the library; and, as I passed the door, I overheard Mr. De Sille say: 'I shall make a new will! Yes, sir; I shall marry and disinherit you.' A moment afterwards the front door closed with a slam, and, looking from my room window, I saw, by the light of the street lamp, Master John walking rapidly away. An hour later, ten o'clock, I went to bed and to sleep."

"And did you hear nothing more? Did no noise arouse you?"

"Yes; the street door. I heard it again about eleven o'clock. I was in a first light sleep and it roused me. I remember the hour, for I turned up the night lamp that stands by the bed and looked at my watch. I paid no particular heed, however, for I thought it was Master John who had come back, perhaps in a calmer mood, to continue the discussion with his uncle. I went at once to sleep, and never opened my eyes again until six in the morning."

"Then the sounds of the struggle, which must have taken place in the library, never reached you? You heard the street door, but you could n't hear murder taking place in the library?"

Inspector Val uttered this in a manner of suspicion. The housekeeper did not appear disturbed, but maintained her attitude of quiet sorrow.

"One can hear the street door from my room very readily," she said, tranquilly. "The library, however, is to the rear, and, call as loudly as you may, if you are in the library with the door closed, no one in my room would ever hear you."

"These acoustic peculiarities of the premises shall presently be tested, madam." The housekeeper bowed. "Meanwhile, the last sound that attracted your waking notice was the opening and closing of the front door, at eleven o'clock, when you thought it marked the return of young Steendam. Show us young Steendam's room; I think our next word should be with him."

The housekeeper arose weakly and led the way to the second floor. She pointed to the third door down the hall.

"That is Master John's," she said. "It is n't locked; it opened to my hand when I ran upstairs to call him, as I 've described."

"And where is your room, madam?"

The housekeeper pointed to that small front room, so

*** This is the first of a series of six detective stories which Alfred Henry Lewis has written specially for "Success Magazine." In the next story, which will appear in the August issue, Mr. Lewis will tell of Inspector Val's experiences in the remarkable case of "The Man That Flew."—The Editor**

common in the architecture of the New York dwelling, which goes by the title of a hall bedroom.

"It is there," she said.

"Won't you please remain in your own room, then, until further word from me?" Inspector Val threw open the door, and, without demur, the housekeeper went in and took a seat near the single window, which overlooked the front steps. The key was in the lock. "Pardon me," concluded the inspector, "if I turn the key on you for a moment."

The housekeeper offered no response, but continued to gaze steadily from the window into Washington Square. Without further parley the inspector backed from the room, and closed and locked the door behind him.

The door of young Steendam's room opened readily, as the housekeeper had promised it would. The shades of the two windows were down, but enough of daylight filtered through to make the one gas jet that was burning show dim and sick. On the bed, asleep and breathing stertorously, lay a broad-shouldered young man. He had on shirt, trousers, and shoes; his coat, vest and collar were thrown about the floor. The bed stood where the shadows were deepest, but it could be seen, even in the dull light, that the face on the tumbled pillow was swollen and sodden of drink. The young man's shirt bosom was bedaubed with blood in a score of places. Upon examination, the dress coat and vest were found to be similarly stained. A washstand in one corner bore evidence of drunken efforts to wash the bloodstains from a handkerchief, and the square of cambric, wet and still of a dull red, was lying in the bottom of the basin. The gray eyes of Mr. Sorg began to gleam.

"We've got our man!" said he, in a whisper.

"Wake him up! And look out for yourself: he's only half sober, and as strong as a horse."

Mr. Sorg shook the sleeper rudely by the shoulder.

"Turn out!" said he. The one on the bed opened his filmy eyes and gazed in a blurred, non-understanding way at Mr. Sorg. The latter met the look with a second terse command: "Come! Turn out!"

Young Steendam's response was quick and furious. A look of mingled rage and wonder came into his eyes and cleared them instantly. He sprang from the bed.

"Scoundrels!" he cried, "what are you doing here?"

Without waiting for an answer he threw himself upon Mr. Sorg. In the coolest way in the world that seasoned officer parried the attack and pinned Steendam hard and fast. The young gentleman had been the college pride as an athlete, and had pulled an oar in the college boat, but in the grim hands of Mr. Sorg he was like a babe. Inspector Val, who had stood leaning against the door jamb, during the brief struggle, as one wholly unconcerned, came up and with professional dexterity snapped a pair of irons on young Steendam. It was done in the fraction of a second. Mr. Sorg released him, and Steendam, realizing fate in the guise of the steel circlets on his wrists, ceased to struggle, and seated himself on the side of the bed. He glared inquiringly at Inspector Val, who said nothing. After a moment of silence, the prisoner spoke.

"What is this?" he asked, shifting his glance from Inspector Val to Mr. Sorg.

Mr. Sorg had a genius for silence; besides, he was in no wise skillful of debate or controversy. He turned toward Mr. Val as if passing the query over to him.

"I am Inspector Val, of the Central Office," said that gentleman. Young Steendam gasped as if the name were not new. "And this is Detective Sergeant Sorg, a member of my force."

"What is the trouble?" asked Steendam, in a mystified manner. "Why should you be here?"

"I put that question to you. Why should we be here?"

He watched the expression of his prisoner's face with the intentness of a lynx. The only emotion therein set forth was round-eyed amazement. If it were acting it was superlative art.

"There's some mistake, gentlemen," Steendam said, at last. "I've done nothing. I had a gay night and drank too much. But I had my head. I did nothing,—had no trouble; I would have remembered it."

"Trouble!" retorted Inspector Val, pointing to the shirt bosom. "What do you say to that?"

"My nose bled coming up the stairs. It does that sometimes when I've been drinking too much."

"That is your explanation?"

"On my honor, gentlemen, that is the fact."

"It is my duty," observed Inspector Val, while surprise continued to grow in the face of Steendam, whose astonishment—real or feigned,—seemed to increase as he came more and more from out the double fog of sleep and wine; "it is my duty to warn you that you are not bound to answer questions; also, that your replies may hereafter be used against you. Keep the subject of your safety, then, uppermost in your mind."

"I'll answer any question!" cried Steendam. "I've nothing to hide. I was drunk last night, but I did no wrong. I met several college friends. I drank, perhaps, the more, because I intended and still intend it to be the last time. From to-day I shall not touch a drop."

"An excellent resolution!" remarked Inspector Val, dryly. Then he added: "What time did you come home, last night?"

"It was this morning,—three o'clock. I drove from Delmonico's in a cab."

"Alone?"

"Yes! I left my friends about two-thirty."

"The blood could have dried in that time," said Mr. Sorg, argumentatively, watching the face of Inspector Val.

"The blood!" cried young Steendam. "I've explained that it came from my nose."

"I mean the other blood," observed Mr. Sorg, stolidly.

Mr. Val interrupted any further question on the part of Steendam.

"When did you last see your uncle?" he demanded.

"About nine, last night."

"What did you talk about? Was your conversation pleasant?"

"No," returned the young man, shamefaced and confused; "he upbraided me with my habits, and we had harsh words. After I left I felt the justice of his complaints; it was that which taught me to resolve on a new leaf. I intend to tell him that I'm through with wine and cards, and am ready for work. It was no more than a case of wild oats."

"Did you ever see that before?"—and Inspector Val held out the pistol found on the library floor.

"It is my uncle's. He kept it in his writing table."

"And that?" Here Mr. Val presented the golden bead.

"No; I never before set eyes on it," said Steendam, shaking his head. Then, rousing resentfully, he asked: "But why should you question me? By what right do you do this thing?"

"You shall have your answer before we leave the house. Now you must dress for the street. I am going to take the irons off, and trust you'll have the good sense to behave."

Young Steendam gave his word, and Inspector Val released his wrists.

"You remain here," remarked the inspector to Mr. Sorg, "while he's dressing."

He returned to the second floor and opened the housekeeper's door. That woman, tears silently flowing, was still at the window, a picture of subdued grief.

"Who was Mr. De Sille's family physician?" he asked.

"Doctor Bellaire."

"And his lawyer?"

"Judge Tuffts."

"I shall call these gentlemen to the house, together with the coroner. I shall remain until they come. For the time being I must beg you to keep to your room."

"And Master John?"

"You must wait, madam."

When he returned to Mr. Sorg and young Steendam, the latter had completed his dressing.

"And now, gentlemen?" he asked.

The inspector led the way down stairs. Young Steendam came next, while the cautious Mr. Sorg brought up the rear.

"Let us go into the library," said Mr. Val.

Unlocking the door, he stepped aside for Steendam to pass before him. Both Mr. Val and Mr. Sorg canvassed their man narrowly as he pushed open the door; the ordeal had been planned to break him down.

For a moment Steendam stood gazing at the dead body of his uncle. He uttered no word, made no sign, and gave forth no cry of either horror or surprise. He simply stood and stared. The bluff color had been stricken from his cheek, and his face was as pale as paper.

After a brief pause, in which he rocked a little on his feet like one unsteady with drink, he began to command himself. He went close to the dead man and tried to lift the right hand. He shrank back. Straightening himself, he came round on his heel to Inspector Val.

"Who did this?" he whispered.

"That is the question. Until it is answered, we shall be obliged to detain you upon the charge of murder." Then he said to Mr. Sorg: "Take the prisoner to the station house. Tell Mr. Bowles to come here; I shall stay until he appears."

II.

Young Steendam neither winced nor shivered when the dread charge of murder was laid against him: he again bent his glance on his dead relative, and was as one who only half hears and does not at all understand.

"He's our man, for sure!" observed Mr. Sorg, in low, satisfied tones. "See how easy he takes it!"

"You can tell nothing from that," returned Mr. Val, in tones equally guarded. "You argue, Sorg, that young Steendam killed his uncle because he seems calm and steady. On the other hand, if he were the murderer, would he not rave and exclaim and lament?—and all to show how deeply he was shocked and how hard he grieved?"

"'TURN OUT!' SAID HE. THE MAN ON THE BED GAZED IN A BLURRED, NON-UNDERSTANDING WAY"

"Then you've changed your mind," observed Mr. Sorg, in dismay. "You don't think he's the murderer, now?"

"No, I never thought so. We shall, since it is the obvious thing to do, lock him up until after the coroner makes his inquiry. But, take my word for it, he's not our man."

"Who, then?"

"Look for a cripple with a crutch. Also look for a woman who was his companion."

"A woman, and a cripple with a crutch!" repeated the astonished Mr. Sorg.

The sergeant made ready to take his prisoner to the cell. On their journey down the hallway the inspector asked:—

"Was your uncle left-handed?"

"Left-handed?" repeated Steendam, in a kind of daze. Then, recalling himself, he replied: "Oh, yes!—yes, he was left-handed."

The next day Inspector Val was much abroad in the town. It was late in the afternoon when, for the first time, Mr. Sorg got a passing word with him.

"Judge Tuffts is the executor of De Sille's will," said Mr. Sorg. "Young De Sille is the sole heir."

"I've known that for some time," replied the inspector.

"But doesn't it offer a motive?"

"It would offer a perfect motive if young De Sille had done the deed."

"For the life of me, I can't see anything else for it!" urged Mr. Sorg. "Mr. De Sille is killed any time between ten and three o'clock. We find the nephew upstairs soaked in blood. He quarreled with his uncle at nine; the latter threatened to disinherit him. Within six hours the uncle is dead, and in comes the will making the nephew heir to millions. You recall, too, that no window was forced—"

"My dear Sorg," said Inspector Val, "I recall it all,—every step of the transaction as you relate it. Your theory would be unanswerable if it were not for one thing. It has one weak point."

"And what is that?" demanded Mr. Sorg.

"The weak point is this," replied Mr. Val, banteringly, "young Steendam is not the guilty man. What! Are you

still unconvinced? Here! I owe you something. Be in my office at four o'clock to-morrow."

It was the following afternoon. The clock stood at the touch of four precisely when a man, accompanied by a woman thickly veiled, was shown into the private rooms of Inspector Val, where the latter was seated with Mr. Sorg. The man was a Hercules, or perhaps a Vulcan would be the better word, since his right leg was twisted and misshapen, and sensibly shorter than its fellow. His face was dark, forceful, and gloomy to the verge of sullenness. The woman, or, rather, the girl, was slight, but well rounded, and extremely pretty, if one might be allowed to guess at the fact through the folds of her veil. The thing that emphasized itself upon the attention of Mr. Sorg was the heavy ebony crutch wherewith the man assisted himself.

"I am addressing Inspector Val, I believe," said the man, as he and his companion were shown in.

"Quite right," replied the inspector, "and you are Mr. Martin Dodge. This is Mr. Sorg, my assistant." Then, as he placed a chair for the girl, who had not spoken, he said: "I trust, Miss Upton, you will pardon me for bringing you here, but under the circumstances I had no choice. Be seated, Mr. Dodge."

"You have our names," responded Mr. Dodge, "and our address, as one may see by your note telling me to come and bring Miss Upton. Nor shall I pretend that I have no surmise as to what has brought us here. Your purpose is to arrest me for the murder of De Sille."

"Your arrest," said Inspector Val, "is as yet in the air, and depends upon the finding of the coroner, which will doubtless be made before the hour is out. The examination of Dr. Bellaire and the coroner's physician is expected to settle that point. Should they say the blows you dealt him were the immediate reason of Mr. De Sille's death, you will be held for the crime of murder."

At the fatal word the girl gave a sharp cry.

"Oh, Martin!" she wailed, "it was I who brought this trouble on you!"

"It was no fault of yours, Sallie," returned Mr. Dodge, who held himself, for all the dread word "murder," both cool and steady; "it was the fault of that wretch, De Sille." Then, to Inspector Val, he added: "It is a sad business, but what I did I would do again. Your note, however, was written yesterday. Why did you wait until to-day to bring me here?"

"I thought it best first to have the autopsy and the finding of the coroner. I was taking no risk; for twenty-four hours you have been under my hand and my eye."

"Well," responded Mr. Dodge, drawing a deep, troubled breath, "I perhaps ought to say in my own defense that I should have come to you yesterday morning, save for the pleadings of Miss Upton, who as you may imagine, was left fairly distracted by what had occurred. What is it you desire? A full recital of our trouble with De Sille, I suppose."

"I've no right," said Inspector Val, "to ask you to furnish evidence against yourself. I shall tell you, however, what I already know, and you can then best judge whether you are to help or to hurt your case by adding to it."

"Proceed!" said Mr. Dodge.

"I know, then, that, when you were twelve, your father, a widower, married the mother of Miss Upton. Miss Upton's mother was a widow at the time, and Miss Upton herself was a child of three. Two years later your father died. Mr. Baldwin, of the Colony Trust, was appointed your guardian, and you have lived ever since with your stepmother, who, so to phrase it, brought you up. In brief, your family consists of your stepmother, Miss Upton, and yourself. You are a bachelor and wealthy. Miss Upton and her mother are also independently rich."

"You have my story very exact."

"So much for your past; now to get down to the present! Night before last, at eleven o'clock, you and Miss Upton went to the house of Mr. De Sille, in Washington Square. You probably walked, for the distance is nothing, even for your lameness, since your own house is no more than a couple of blocks away, in Fifth Avenue. Mr. De Sille himself let you in. You went to the library, where you had a quarrel. He drew a pistol. You struck him across the wrist with your crutch, and the pistol dropped from his hand."

"I SEIZED THE PACKAGE THAT HAD FALLEN FROM HIS HANDS AND THREW IT IN THE FLAMES"

At the suggestion of the blow a confirmatory scowl darkened the brow of Mr. Dodge.

"Either before or after he drew the pistol, you dealt Mr. De Sille a blow on the temple with your crutch. Also, it was the foot of the crutch that cut the gash in his cheek. At some point, Miss Upton endeavored to get between you and Mr. De Sille, and either you or he grasped her by the wrist in putting her aside."

"How should you know that?"

"I was told it by a gewgaw. To go on,—in the fireplace you burned a package of papers or letters, which was taken from the safe. Your nerve must have been perfect, for at that time Mr. De Sille was lying dead in his chair, and yet you never left me so much as one unburned shaving of those documents. Miss Upton, I can well believe, was overcome by what she had witnessed. When you had finished with the papers, and she had recovered, you let yourselves out through the front door, which locked itself behind you. There you have what I know of this somber business; the question I am unable to answer is the question of motive. What brought you and Miss Upton to Mr. De Sille's house? Being there, what moved you to strike him? These queries, doubtless, would have been fully replied to by those papers which you burned; but, as I've already stated, your destruction of them was quite complete."

While Inspector Val was talking, Mr. Dodge, albeit his expression showed that he appreciated the peril under which he stood, checked off the truth of what was related with exclamations and nods of affirmation. Miss Upton, on her part, sat rigid and still; save for the single outburst recorded she offered neither motion nor word. As the inspector ended, and Mr. Dodge was about to speak, the desk telephone rang.

"Well?" said Mr. Val, putting the receiver to his ear. "Yes!—You 're sure? — Thanks! I 'm glad to hear it."

"The coroner?" asked Mr. Dodge, and, for all the iron will of the man, there was a tremor in his voice.

"Mr. Dodge," replied Inspector Val, as he hung the receiver on the hook, "I will not prolong your anxiety. The examination shows that Mr. De Sille died from heart failure, and not as the result of your blows. Still, while that disposes of the charge of murder, there were the blows, and the burning of the papers."

"I will gladly tell the entire story," broke in Mr. Dodge. "What you have said concerning the visit to Mr. De Sille's and what took place is true. Those details you failed to give, and the motive, I am only too ready to supply. When you have heard them you will absolve both Miss Upton and myself from even a shadow of blame. I take it that I need not particularly describe Mr. De Sille, or the character of man he was."

"It is unnecessary," replied Inspector Val. "I knew him, sort and fiber, like a book."

"Then you knew him for the sinister, secret man he was, with few acquaintances and fewer friends. Among those to whom he was well known, Miss Upton's mother must be numbered. My own acquaintance with him was but casual; I avoided him as much as I might, for I disliked the man. His acquaintance at our house was really with Miss Upton's mother. Twenty-five years ago he had been closely connected with Mr. Upton, possibly as a partner in business; at that time and in that way he met Miss Upton's mother."

Mr. Dodge hesitated, and Inspector Val signed him to go on.

"Now comes the painful part," continued Mr. Dodge, after a pause, "but I must speak freely. Either before or at the time of Mr. Upton's death, De Sille got possession of divers documents—letters, mainly,—which showed that Mr. Upton had been guilty of certain money crimes against the government. I will not particularize; it is enough that they were offenses both penal and disgraceful. The fact that Mr. Upton had been guilty of these crimes was known only to De Sille, and had slept with him for the full quarter of a century. Why he had preserved the proof of them I can not tell."

"If those proofs," interjected Inspector Val, "were calculated to give Mr. De Sille power over any living being, that is your answer. He might one day want to exercise that power, and he would hoard it as a miser hoards his gold."

"Doubtless you are right. The earliest news, however, that either Miss Upton or her mother was given of it, came about in this fashion: De Sille, continuing a former acquaintance in an intermittent way, was wont at long intervals to call upon Miss Upton's mother. Months used to elapse between these calls. That was in the beginning. Within a year past, however, they became more frequent, and the truth came out one day that he, De Sille, although over sixty, had fallen in love with Miss Upton. He was infatuated with her."

Inspector Val glanced at Miss Upton, who sunk her veiled face still lower.

"The situation," continued Mr. Dodge, "might have had its comic side if De Sille had been less fiercely in earnest. He plead and begged, and wept while he declared his love, and at length, when he could make no headway, began to threaten. Even then the threats were vague and formless, and it was not until he heard of Miss Upton's engagement to a young gentleman, and that her marriage was fixed for the last of March, that his menaces took definite shape. That was a fortnight ago, and he signalized it by sending Miss Upton a letter saying that he would disgrace her with the story of her father's guilt, and, as proof of his power to do so, inclosed an old letter in her father's handwriting, sufficient of itself to show all the black things he claimed. He said that a score more letters of similar evil import remained in his hands. These, he declared, he would submit to the man that Miss Upton was about to marry. Also, he would give copies to the papers, and exhibit her father as a criminal whose villainies had escaped detection while he lived."

"An amiable character, this Mr. De Sille," commented Inspector Val; "an amiable sort, indeed!"

"It was at this pinch," resumed Mr. Dodge, "that I first learned of De Sille's crazy infatuation for Miss Upton, and the revenge he aimed at because of her refusal to favor him. Miss Upton and her mother brought me his letter, and the long-ago criminal letter of Mr. Upton, and threw themselves upon my protection. I was deeply stirred; Miss Upton, for years, had been as dear to me as my own blood sister could have been; her mother had given me a mother's love. My impulse was to seek De Sille, take him by the throat, and make those letters the instant price of his life. I am hot-tempered, and, I may add, resolute; to throttle De Sille was my first thought. In the end, while my resolution was firmly fixed to have those letters, I so far cooled as to go about their capture more warily. I took occasion to meet De Sille, and gave him to understand that I disapproved of Miss Upton's intended marriage. I said that I had read his own letter to her and the inclosed letter of her father, and, in brief, offered to become his ally. Encouraged by the eagerness with which he heard me, I volunteered advice.

"'Believe me,' I said, 'Miss Upton well knows that the young fellow to whom she 's engaged—a slip of our local nobility he is,—will never make her his wife once the story of her father's wrongdoing gets out. Convince her of your power, and to save herself and her father's memory she will break off with this man.'"

"Then I suggested that De Sille bring those letters and papers that bore upon the father's guilty practices to our house. By showing them to Miss Upton we could prove how desperate was her case; their mere accumulation and the reading of them one by one would break the back of her resolution."

"And if he brought them," said Inspector Val, "it was

[*Concluded on pages 506 to 508*]

How Fortunes Are Made in Advertising

MORE ACORNS OF IDEAS THAT HAVE BECOME OAKS OF PROSPERITY

Henry Harrison Lewis

THIS is the story of the birth of a three-million-dollar trade-mark, of the doctor who officiated, and of the interesting adventures attending the progress of the trade-mark to its final harbor of fortune.

Thirty-two years ago, among the modest industries of New York City, was a soap-making plant which pursued the even tenor of its way undisturbed by more material prosperity than generally attends the career of a local business. One day the proprietor of this soap plant, while experimenting with a new scouring formula,—he was ever tinkering and delving in his little laboratory,—discovered that he had manufactured a modest "little gray cake" that seemed rather promising. It was not a soap to use with the bath, or at the daily toilet, but rather for the brightening and polishing of the pans and pots of the kitchen and the renovating of the dingy paintwork of one's house. It did its work very well indeed, and in time the soap maker decided to place it on the market along with his other products. He talked with a local retailer, one day, and chanced to mention the virtues of his new article.

"THE MORNING'S ORDER COMES IN THE SHAPE OF A NUMBER OF PREPARED PACKAGES"

"What do you call it?" asked the retailer, whose interest was strong because of the record of this soap maker, whose products ever sold on their undoubted merits.

"Well, I declare, I have n't named it yet," replied the soap maker, Enoch Morgan; "I'll attend to that at once.

Later he called on his family physician, Dr. Cameron, feeling slightly indisposed, and during the consultation he happened to recall his new scouring cake.

"Doctor," he said, rather jocosely, "you ought to be a pretty good hand at chemistry. I want a name for a chemical preparation. It's a soap; not a hand soap, but something that will make that marble slab in your dispensary shine as it did on the day of its purchase. It's a good product, and I believe it will sell, but it must have a distinguishing title. Can not you suggest something?"

The doctor instinctively turned toward his pharmacopœia, which lay open upon his desk.

"Let us see," he murmured, absently,—"soap, *sapo*,—soap, *sapo*; that sounds well. Now, what"—he scanned the index for a moment, while Morgan watched him amusedly, then suddenly he called out, "*Oleum*, that's a good word. Soap oil, *sapo-oleum*, sapoleum,—um-m-m, it's a bit awkward. Ah!"

"Mr. Morgan," he continued, simply, "why not call your new scouring soap 'Sapolio?' S-a-p-o-l-i-o strikes me as just the thing."

And it struck Mr. Morgan the same way. When the latter left Doctor Cameron's office he took with him, written in the doctor's clerkly hand, a word that has become, during the past quarter century, a household name in more than one continent.

It was some time after this that a more comprehensive campaign of advertising was begun with Artemas Ward, of Ward and Gow, as advertising manager. Approximately eighty thousand dollars were spent annually for a while, and then the amount began to increase until it is estimated that at least one thousand dollars a day are devoted to the advertising of this one soap. This fact is all the more important and interesting when it is understood that the three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars a year are not used to exploit a new article, but one that has been in the market for more than thirty years. The Sapolio advertising motto is like that followed by Robert Bonner, who said, when asked for his idea of advertising, "Get a good thing, keep it good, and advertise everlastingly."

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What might be called the second chapter in the romance of Sapolio advertising began about six years ago. At that time a young man named Frazier, a Cornell University graduate, dropped into New York with the avowed intention of carving out his fortune. Up at Ithaca he had been regarded as a promising student with a penchant for drawing and the writing of college jingles. He was attached to the college paper and took an interest in all literary matters. He did not find the metropolis very cordial in its greeting, and his experience became that of other sons of the provinces who had trodden the same road. His efforts to market his drawings and his poetic effusions were not very successful, and not long after his arrival in New York he found it the better part of economy to exchange some of his work for his daily meals. This is no reproach to him; rather is it a proof of wisdom, as it enabled him to husband his slender resources. To-day there can be seen, in the window of a restaurant on East Twenty-third Street, between Fourth and Lexington Avenues, several drawings which formed the weekly remuneration of the proprietor for providing the young Cornell man with his sustenance,—and they are clever drawings, too.

After a time, Frazier secured a position with Ward and Gow, the well-known advertising firm that controls the elevated and subway advertising. He was taken on as a young man of promise, but did nothing very startling until he had been with the firm several months. Then his psychological hour arrived.

One afternoon, just before closing time, while Artemas Ward was arranging his desk prior to going home, he was approached by the new employee. The young man smiled apologetically, and said:—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ward, but would you mind if I submitted an original design for a Sapolio advertisement?"

"Not at all; not at all," cordially replied the head of the firm; "on the other hand, I would be delighted to see it. That's what we are all here for,—to think out ideas and to work for the good of the cause. What have you in mind?"

"I would prefer to show you an outline of the drawing and some of the verses going with it," said Frazier, diffidently; "I'll finish them to-night and bring the completed work to you in the morning."

Mr. Ward gave the matter no further thought, but toward noon on the following day Frazier placed before him a pencil sketch and some jingles. The experienced advertising man did not require a second glance to recognize the value of the suggestion. To him it was an inspiration, and he did not hesitate to say so. What the sketch represented was a scene that has been made as familiar to you as the exterior of your own home.

It was the first drawing of "Spotless Town."

The idea was successful from the beginning. This was only natural, because it included about all the necessary attributes of a sane, fitting advertisement. It was novel, it represented cleanliness, the fundamental idea of the product, it appealed to the popular taste because of its attractiveness and power of entertainment, and there was a tinge of human interest in it. The Spotless Town rhymes have been, probably, the most successful advertising jingles. They seemed to meet one's eye wherever he turned. They were quoted everywhere, and it is not yet forgotten how the idea was adopted in a recent noteworthy political contest in New York.

"IT REQUIRED AN OUTLAY OF MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS"

When all is said and done, what deductions can be drawn from the history of Sapolio's success? Let us see. At the time, thirty-two years ago, when the Morgans made the first "little gray cake," their business was so small and unimportant that its sales did not extend beyond the confines of the city in which it was made. To-day the business is as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar, and Sapolio is used wherever there are pans to scour and paintwork to renovate. Sapolio entered the Philippines long before Dewey paid his morning call, and it sells within the shadow of the Lord's tomb. It is a household article everywhere, together with the knife and the fork and the pan. What caused this wonderful growth? The answer is simple. Thirty years ago the firm spent eighty thousand dollars annually for advertising, and to-day it is spending four or five times as much. That's all.

No, on second thought, it is not quite all. Sapolio has merit. If it was a useless compound and founded on bluff, all the money in the United States could not have carried it through these past thirty years. In writing about advertising, one must bear in mind two principal points: first, that success never long attends the furtherance of an unworthy product, and, second, that success never comes from misapplied advertising. Both these points will be further elucidated in this series of articles.

It seems to be the popular impression that the only result from advertising in the various mediums open to a business firm or individual is the betterment of that firm's or the individual's pocketbook. There is no greater fallacy. There are few more potent causes of civilization than the so-called commercial advertisement. One needs only to look about him to recognize that fact. According to the dictionary, to civilize is "to introduce order and civic organization; to refine and to enlighten; to elevate in social life." Who among us can say that the increased sale

from advertising such articles as educational books and the best fiction does not "refine and enlighten?"—or the rapidly increasing advertising of articles connected with outdoor sports and athletic recreation, the automobile, the bicycle, canoeing and camping outfits, and other products without end? As the authors of a recently published book on modern advertising put it, "It may be doubted if any other force, the public-school system, the church, and the daily press excepted, is acquiring so great an influence for good as advertising. To it we largely owe the prevalence of good roads, rubber tires, open plumbing, sanitary underwear, water filters, hygienic waters, biscuit wrapped in moisture-proof packages, and breakfast foods at low prices, well prepared. These are only a few of the things which the public has been taught to use, to believe in, and to demand."

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Advertising has done another thing as an agent of civilization. It has simplified business and protected the customer. How many of us have forgotten the time when we bought our principal groceries in bulk? Salt, coffee, sugar, crackers and almost everything else eatable were weighed in the same scale by the grocer's hand, and wrapped in paper of questionable cleanliness. How is it, to-day? The morning's order comes in the shape of a number of neatly prepared packages which, sealed at the factory, have carried their contents uncontaminated through the various handlers from the manufacturer to the consumer. Advertising has made it possible to buy Uneeda Biscuit, Cream of Wheat, any of the "fifty-seven varieties," Horlick's Malted Milk, Domino Sugar, or any other of the hundred and one food products in the smallest corner grocery store with as much safety as of any of the large corporations.

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And advertising has carried enlightenment to all sorts and conditions of men and women who otherwise might have remained in ignorance. It has spread the gospel of the sanitary care and feeding of children. Without advertising, the various infant foods which have so materially assisted in the upbringing of our children would not have prospered. What better proof of this can be found than the history of one particular brand, the name of which is everywhere associated with the photographs of healthful children?

It was a little more than twenty years ago that a man named Thomas Doliber, living in Boston, had his attention called in a rather sensational way to an infants' food preparation manufactured and sold in England. Mr. Doliber was visited, one day, by a mother who asked if he sold Mellin's Food, an English preparation. She added that she had used it on the other side, and that she was convinced that her child, then grievously ill, was in urgent need of it.

"If you haven't it, will you please cable for some, at once?" she pleaded.

Her earnestness so impressed Mr. Doliber that he sent for a supply that day. A careful investigation convinced him that the article had considerable merit, and that it was well worth exploiting in this country. After consulting with his partner he went abroad and made all necessary arrangements. There were many obstacles to overcome, but finally the food was placed on sale in the United States.

"It required an outlay of more than twenty-five thousand dollars before the first bottle of Mellin's Food was made, and to me, at that time, it was a large sum," said Mr. Doliber. "All the money I had, and all I could get hold of, went into Mellin's Food. I gave up a comfortable residence in the city, and moved to a small house in the suburbs. Once—I say it with a blush,—I offered to transfer the life-insurance policy which had been made for the benefit of my family, to an advertising agency, as security for further advertising."

The first advertising done was in the form of a small four-line reading notice in the Boston "Transcript." This notice was read by a lady visiting the White Mountains, who wrote to Mr. Doliber asking if he would personally recommend the new preparation. He did so, and the lady's child, who was quite ill, immediately began to improve after taking the food. Mr. Doliber received a warm and appreciative letter from the mother, who was a lady prominent in society in Philadelphia, and received permission to publish it. The letter did a great deal of good, and was the first step in a campaign of testimonial publicity that has made the sale of Mellin's Food so remarkably successful. I quote Mr. Doliber again:—

"There has never been a moment, sleeping or waking, since I started this enterprise, that I have not thought or dreamed of some way to increase it and make it better known. I have often waked up in the night with an idea, and I would lie awake and develop that idea in my mind. I soon found that that plan was endangering my health. Then I would have a block of paper, a candle, and matches on a chair at my bedside. If I waked in the night, as I often did, with an idea that was useful about the business, I would immediately get up and note it down. This would enable me to crystallize that idea, and keep it where it would be safe, and I would go back to bed and to sleep. What has made my business successful? It has been advertising; it has been the giving away of samples; it has been personally visiting sick children; it has been corresponding with despairing mothers; it has been issuing circulars of advice; and it has been every other means that I have been able to think of." To-day Mellin's Food is one of the most extensively advertised products in the world. It uses pages in all the leading magazines, and it stands together with Mennen's Talcum Powder, the Douglas Shoe, and the Eastman Kodak as a living proof of the value of advertising as connected with the use of photographic faces. The Mellin's Food characteristic advertisement, as you undoubtedly know very well indeed, is to show a photograph of a real child which has been brought up on Mellin's Food, and to give its name, generally with a testimonial letter from the mother and the catchy phrase, "We are advertised by our loving friends." It is used not only in the United States but also in many foreign countries.

MR. "JAKE" FRAZIER
[SKETCHED FROM LIFE]

Mellin's Food and the other products just mentioned are what might be called distinctive articles for magazine advertising. In his statement quoted above it will be observed that Mr. Doliber places advertising at the head of the list of methods that have made his enormous sales possible. Mellin's Food has been an extensive advertiser in magazines, undoubtedly for the following reasons:—

"ONE HAS ONLY TO LOOK ABOUT HIM TO RECOGNIZE THE FACT"

1.—A magazine lasts at least thirty days.

2.—It has some permanence beyond that period.

3.—It is a bound book, and is read slowly by people with some leisure.

4.—Its advertising pages are invariably printed on good paper and with the care necessary to produce satisfactory results.

5.—The circulation of a magazine is general and well distributed. It is not confined to any city, state, or group of states.

There can be no question that the successful advertising of any article or any proposition must include one or more of the magazines of the country. And, it must be understood, this does not mean one issue, but, in many cases, every issue throughout the year. The importance of the magazine as a medium is proved by the amount of advertising in the principal magazines of last December, for instance. The thirty-three leading magazines of that month contained three thousand, four hundred and fifty pages of paid advertising, which cost the advertisers, approximately, one million and a quarter dollars. Beginning with the assumption that the American business man is not a fool, how easy it is to trace the connecting link between the yearly expenditure of fifteen million dollars simply in magazine advertising with the colossal fortunes acquired in this country during the past fifty years. In this connection it is interesting to note that the latest estimate gives a total of four thousand multi-millionaires in the United States.

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In a previous article some stress was placed upon the importance of an attractive trade-mark in advertising. The case of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, with its use of the word "Gibraltar" as signifying protection, strength, and solidity, was cited. That it is possible to coin a word and to make it equally effective has been proved by the Eastman Company with its trade-mark, "Kodak." Here is an arbitrary group of five letters strung together without any apparent significance, yet what does it stand for, to-day? It actually has almost superseded the ordinary word, camera, and it will not be many years before the dictionaries of the day will contain the verb, "to kodak," meaning to photograph. It has cost several million dollars to educate the people into the belief that photography is a fine recreation and of value in many ways, and that the Kodak is essentially a first-class camera, but the millions expended for this purpose have brought many millions in return, and the Eastman Kodak Company, to-day, sells its products not only throughout the length and breadth of this country, but also, through subsidiary companies, in all quarters of the globe.

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When Mr. Eastman was a manufacturer of photographic supplies in a small way it occurred to him that much could be done to increase the use of cameras in this country, and that there was a fortune in it for the man who would inaugurate a systematic plan of campaign with that point in view. He resolved to be that man. In those days photography was confined principally to professional photographers and a few men and women who made a scientific study of the art. Cameras were complicated machines, so intricately constructed that an ordinary person could not handle them with any degree of success.

Mr. Eastman's first task was to perfect a "box" camera, or one with the mechanism entirely enclosed, so that the manipulator need not bother with the delicate task of adjusting and exposing. After many experiments a marketable machine, so simply arranged that almost all that was necessary to take a photograph was the pressing of a button, was constructed. Then came the question of selecting a suitable name. Mr. Eastman took upon himself this important task. He cast about for some word in the English language that would fit the purpose, but without satisfactory results. Then he resolved to invent a word. In time "Kodak" was born, but its birth did not excite any great degree of enthusiasm. To his associates it was n't any better than any other fanciful collection of letters. *Podoc*, or *berec*, or *nunkak* would have answered the same purpose, and it is only just to say that the word Kodak would be just as meaningless to-day if the magic

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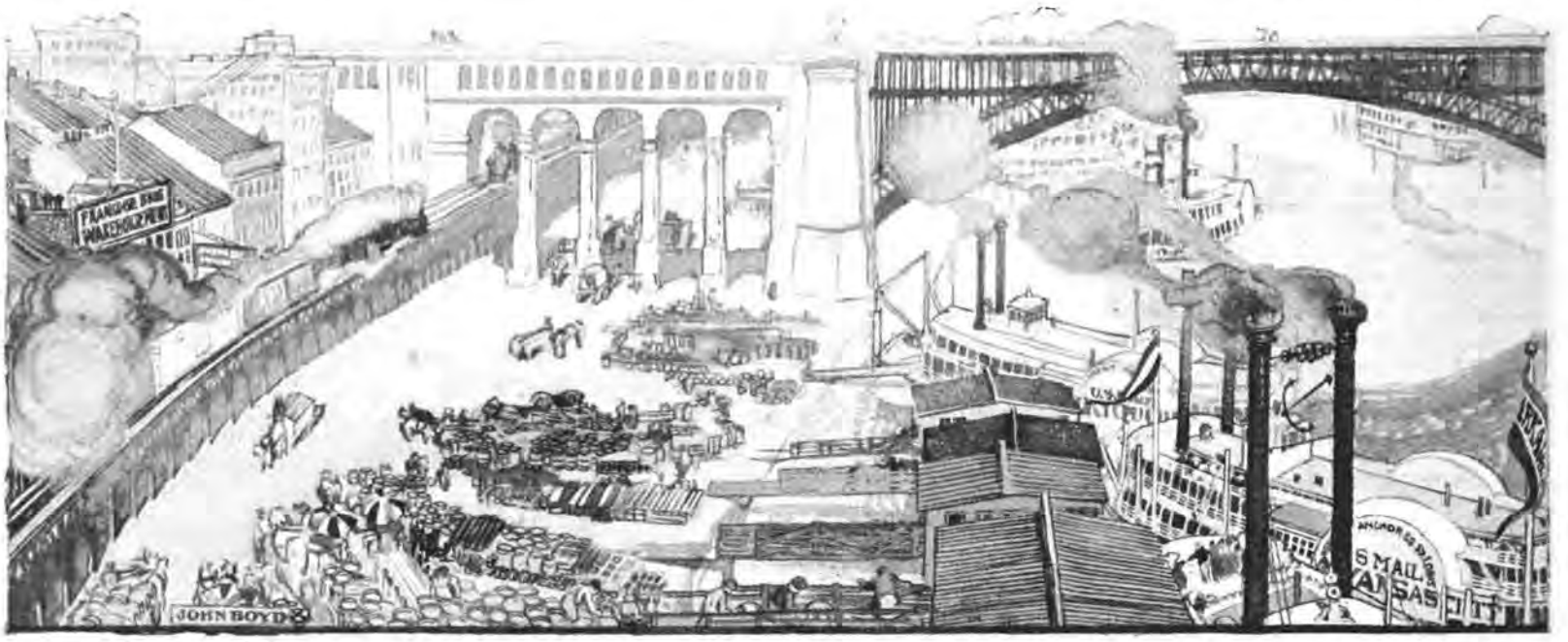

In the Grip of the Railroads

ST. LOUIS,—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE

Samuel Merwin

JUST what is this vast, irresponsible power which the railway magnates wield? We know that they do something or other with rates,—but rates are too complicated for the grasp of mortal mind. We know that they have some subterranean method of reaching our pockets through our local coal dealers. We know, also, that they buy and own legislatures. But we have found it somewhat difficult to bring our feelings to a focus. We demand specific instances. The case of St. Louis, therefore, is interesting, because it gives us a typical illustration of the methods of our overlords. What George J. Gould, J. P. Morgan, A. J. Cassatt, and a few other predatory barons are doing to St. Louis they are doing in one way or another to other cities. What they are doing to St. Louis is what they are getting ready to do to all of us.

These individuals—Gould, Morgan, and Cassatt,—do not live at St. Louis; they live a thousand miles or more away. Their only interest in St. Louis centers in what they can get out of it. As for anything further or deeper, they simply do not care,—and they see no earthly reason why they should care. They are more or less contented to have in their control—at their pleasure, I may say,—the metropolis of a region which compares in extent with the German Empire.

AN ACT OF CONGRESS THAT WAS SHATTERED LIKE A SHELL

This control is exercised through railroads which, apparently competing elsewhere, are here united in a monopoly of traffic. The merchants have been fighting it bitterly, but in vain, for twenty years. Once, in their desperation, these merchants put up their millions and built their own bridge and their own terminal tracks, and got an act of congress to protect the bridge and forever prevent the monopoly from grabbing it. But Gould *et al.* can rise above acts of congress. They smiled and smiled—and grabbed. To-day they are operating the Merchants' Bridge.

Such partial relief as has been from time to time granted has been the result of humble appeals from the city to its overlords. So extreme is the situation that the only alternative to this submission lies in measures so very radical that the city shrinks from undertaking them. But I will attempt to present the facts as they are, and then I must leave it for my readers to judge whether or not the situation squares with the experiment in practical democracy which we began little more than a century ago; whether the real rulers of this country, the men who hold the whip hand over us, are, or are not, answerable to its citizens, by whom and for whom our nation is conducted.

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HOW FREIGHT IS CARRIED INTO ST. LOUIS

A "mix-up" of wagons on the Eads Bridge. The inability of the terminal monopoly to handle the terminal traffic has given rise to a heavy teaming industry. A considerable part of the freight which reaches East St. Louis and which should be carried on into St. Louis in the original cars is rehandled and loaded on the wagons of the St. Louis Transfer Company

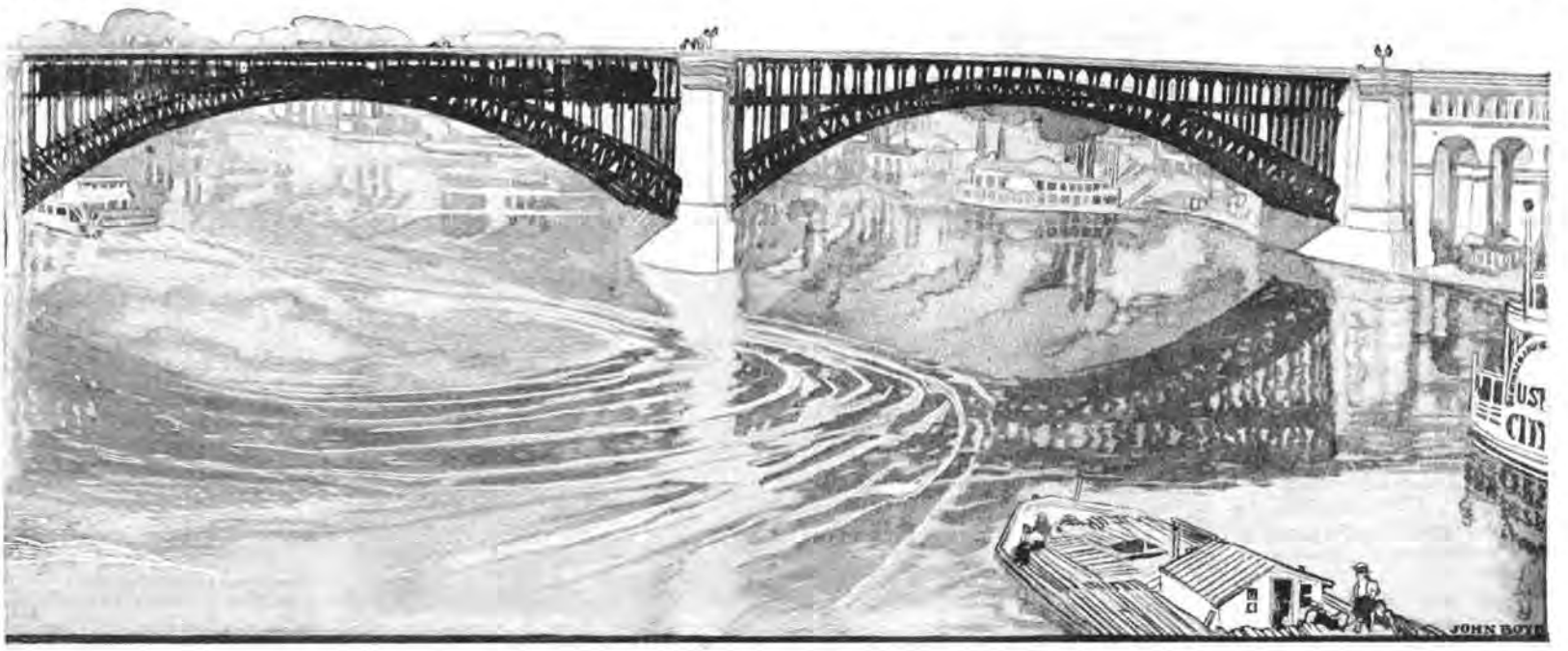
I.

The original owner of the Eads Bridge was the St. Louis Bridge Company. In 1881, this company leased the bridge to the Wabash and Missouri Pacific Railway Companies. Eight years later was organized, for "general terminal purposes," the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis. The terminal association took over from the two railroads the bridge lease, which it has ever since owned.

From the first it was plain that the bridge, with its two tracks, was hardly a step in the direction of adequate handling of the traffic. Congestion then, as now, was a chronic condition. Merchants found it impossible to get their materials into the city or their products out of it without irritating delays. To double the confusion there were streams of traffic flowing constantly through the city between eastern and southwestern points. The bridge tracks run into a tunnel on the St. Louis side, and after a sharp turn or so emerge into a ravine known as Mill Creek Valley, which divides South St. Louis from the business section. This ravine is less than two city blocks in width, at the bottom, and the sloping sides limit arbitrarily the number of tracks which may be laid there. Nevertheless, all the local and through traffic had to pass through ravine and tunnel and cross the bridge.

Conditions grew steadily worse, until a majority of the merchants, headed by a few brokers and bankers, whose interest was mainly of a speculative nature, set about building a bridge of their own, the one which has ever since been known as the "Merchants' Bridge." There was more fight in the air, at this time, than St. Louis has since known. The merchants were so bent on preventing the railroads from getting control of their bridge that they had incorporated in the act of congress which authorized the structure an amazing clause. It ran that the Merchants' Bridge must never be consolidated with any other bridge across the Mississippi, and that, if any manager, director, or *stockholder* should ever bear the same relation to any other bridge, *the secretary of war should at once, without legal proceedings, confiscate the property, in the name and for the use of the United States.*

Never did men seem more desperately in earnest. They went ahead during the later eighties of the last century building their bridge and laying tracks to connect it with the



through lines on both sides of the river. But the speculators were strong in the company. They saw that the railroads which shared the monopoly had not the slightest intention of using the new bridge, but proposed simply to "let it rot." Consequently they slyly secured an amendment to their act of congress, which made the impossible possible. Instead of forbidding consolidation with "any other bridge," the amended act employed the words, "any other *bridge company*." Also the word *stockholder* was stricken out, the clause reading merely that no manager or director could be a manager or director of any other bridge.

The Deal Was Consummated by Sly Readings of the Law

The move was diabolical in its cunning, for now it became feasible to sell out to the terminal association, which was not a bridge company, but merely controlled a bridge company. Thus the speculators could comply with the letter of the law, while moving contrary to its spirit and actually consolidating the two bridges under a single management. The deal was consummated in 1893, when, through another sly reading of the law, the Merchants' Company, still so called, threw open its tracks, as by law it was compelled to do to all, to the rolling stock of the terminal association. Incidentally the Terminal quietly acquired a majority of Merchants' stock.

Lincoln used to tell us of a steamboat which had such a very big whistle and such a very small boiler that every time the whistle was blown it was necessary to stop the boat and get up steam. The efforts required in getting that blustering act through congress and in building a bridge under its provisions seem to have exhausted the spirit of St. Louis. The actual consolidation of the two bridges was altogether an open affair. The men who were concerned in it talked with admirable frankness. Everybody knew what they were about, yet the merchants were silent, and in this ignominy ended the episode. The Terminal owned the two bridges, the monopoly was again supreme, and all was quiet along the Mississippi.

For nine years the situation did not materially change. The Terminal stock was by this time divided among eight or nine railroads. Then, in 1902, war was declared in a new quarter.

In theory, and under the law, the Terminal, like the Merchants' Company, must open its tracks and bridges to all roads. In practice it is slightly different. The things that the Terminal can do to an unfavored road—controlling, as it does, most of the yards, trackage, and locomotives on both sides of the river,—are obvious. It would be simply the wearisome old game of "losing" cars, delaying perishable freight, shortening the supply of empty cars for shipment, delaying delivery of cars to points which serve the convenience of merchants in unloading, keeping passenger trains from getting into the Union Station on time, and so on and on. It is evident, from the facts, that the Rock Island System had had its difficulties with the Terminal before that time, in 1902, when it undertook to get possession of ferry privileges.

There was an old company, known as the Wiggins Ferry Company, which made a leisurely business of transferring wagons and cars across the river. In 1902, observing that the Wiggins Company possessed large areas of land and invaluable trackage facilities on both sides of the river, the shrewd men who direct the policy of the Rock Island Railroad made a move to capture it. Very quietly the Mercantile Trust Company began to buy up the stock. The "respectable citizen" device was employed, at first. Dignified representatives of the trust company approached widows and managers of estates, and, as they offered five hundred dollars,—for shares that were rated in the market at less than two hundred and fifty dollars,—their efforts met with considerable success. For some time the Terminal men knew nothing of what was going on. But one day President McChesney, of the terminal association, happened to be sitting in the office of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company when a Mercantile Trust man called to see about some stock. Mr. McChesney scented a fight, and at once set the Mississippi Valley Company to buying in opposition. Both sides showed unlimited determination. The two trust companies finally brought their fight out into the open, and advertised for stock. The price went up and up, until finally several large blocks changed hands at one thousand, five hundred dollars, or even more, a share.

The result of this commotion was that the Rock Island, although it did not get control of the ferry, emerged with so large an interest that the Terminal was forced to take it in at terms advantageous to the raiding road. This led to somewhat of a shake-up, and to the practical reorganization of the terminal association on the basis which holds to-day.

The Tap Root of the Iniquity Is Buried Deeply in Wall Street

The capital stock of the terminal association is owned in equal amounts by fourteen of the railroads which enter St. Louis and East St. Louis. These roads guarantee the interest on the Terminal bonds and the payment of deficits, and each is entitled to a representative on the Terminal's board of directors. Thus it will be seen that the Terminal, while, as a company, it is separate and distinct, with its own general officers and its own equipment, is absolutely owned by the railroads, most of which are in turn owned or controlled in Wall Street, New York. Wall Street, then, owns the terminal railroad association of St. Louis,—the fourth largest city in America.

The Terminal, in turn, owns the Wiggins Ferry Company and the Merchants' Bridge Company. The companies, between them, control absolutely the two bridges and the car-ferry system which give access to the city from the east. The nearest bridge on the north is thirty or more miles away; the nearest on the south, one hundred and twenty-five miles. They own trackage rights along both banks of the river so complete, particularly on the East St. Louis side, as to make it impossible for any new road to get tracks in. As the city has grown, they have added belt lines, yards, and switches, a little at a time, until now it is possible to divert a

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A FERRYBOAT OF THE WIGGINS COMPANY

The Wiggins Ferry Company operates boats for transferring wagons and cars. Its tracks occupy about all the available space on the East St. Louis bank, in addition to valuable property on the St. Louis side, so that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for a competing company to get a footing. The Wiggins Company is owned by the Terminal Railway Association

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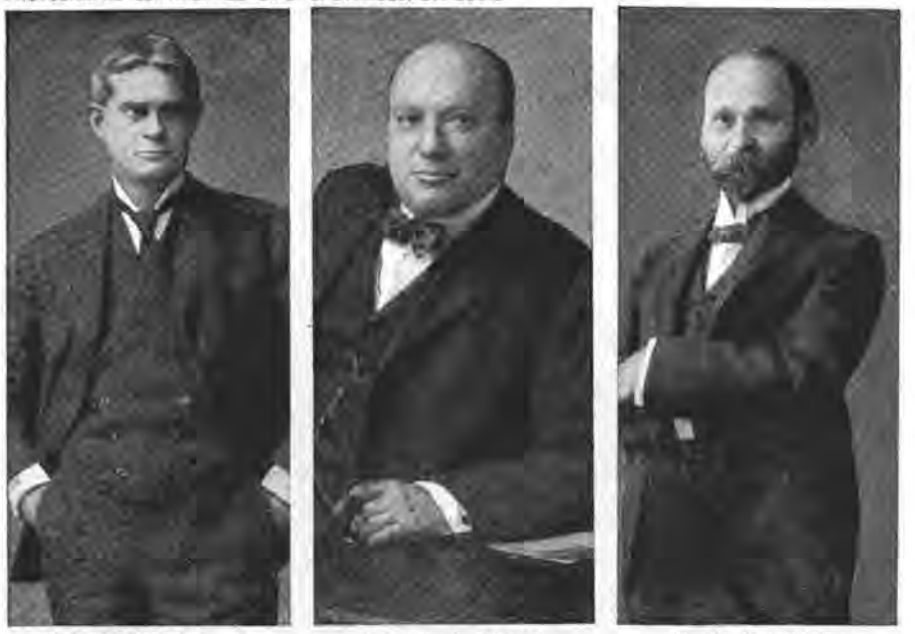

W. S. McCHESNEY, JR. GEORGE J. TANSEY W. K. KAVANAUGH

Mr. McChesney, Jr., is president of the St. Louis Terminal Railway Association. His task is to hold the angry and desperate citizens of St. Louis "at bay." The Terminal is operated in the interest of the fourteen railroads that own it. Of these fourteen railroads, four are controlled by George J. Gould, three by J. P. Morgan, and two by A. J. Cassatt. Mr. Tansey is president of the St. Louis Transfer Company, which makes a profit out of the congestion at East St. Louis by hauling freight in wagons between the two cities. The Transfer Company is controlled by the Wiggins Ferry Company, which, in turn, is owned outright by the Terminal Association. The Transfer Company is operated in close harmony with the railroads, and receives an allowance of five cents per hundred pounds from the railroads for the freight hauled in its wagons. Mr. Kavanaugh is president of the Wiggins Ferry Company. These three men are prominent in the "Business Men's League," which is supposed to voice the independent public spirit of St. Louis in opposition to the present situation. It is one of the most startling "round-robin" situations that has thus far been developed in American business affairs

part of the through freight, which once had to pass through Mill Creek Valley, around the city. But a passenger train from any line must be turned over to the terminal association before it can enter the yards about the Union Station, and any train from the east, passenger or freight, must be turned over to the Terminal before it can even cross the river.

Passengers approaching from the east all pay thirty cents as a bridge toll, whether they know it or not, and freight shippers can not ship to the city at all. St. Louis, as regards eastern points, is not "on the map." Bills of lading, over all lines, read, "to East St. Louis." Here the freight trains are surrendered to the Terminal, which makes an extra charge of five cents a hundred pounds — from five to eight dollars a car, —for carrying merchandise across the river and delivering it in St. Louis. This terminal charge is an arbitrary rate, irrespective of freight classification, and so it has come to be known to those who are acquainted with the situation as "the bridge arbitrary."

This "arbitrary" charge is not merely a local rate. *It is added to the through rate* from or to East St. Louis. Applied to goods shipped merely from East St. Louis to St. Louis, this charge might be considered as not out of reason. But, when it is applied to a shipment originating at New York City, it takes on a different appearance. With the notion of verifying the information which I had gathered at St. Louis, I went to the freight agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at No. 461 Broadway, and asked him to give me the rate on a carload of household goods from New York to St. Louis. After consulting a pamphlet, he named the rate as ninety dollars. Then, taking up another little book, he said that the bridge toll would be five dollars additional, making a total of ninety-five dollars.

Business Has Been Injured by the Unending Congestion

Now let us do a little figuring. According to the folder issued by this same Pennsylvania Railroad, the distance between New York and St. Louis is one thousand and sixty-four miles,—we will call it an even thousand miles. The distance between East St. Louis and St. Louis is, strictly, less than one mile, but in order to make all allowances we will call it two miles. At ninety dollars, then, the rate from New York to East St. Louis on a car of household goods is nine cents per car mile. At five dollars, the rate from East St. Louis to St. Louis is two dollars and fifty cents per car mile, or nearly thirty times as much per mile for the last two miles of the car's journey. There would be, presumably, no change at East St. Louis; the identical car which left New York would be taken through to the yards in St. Louis proper, and this charge of two dollars and fifty cents per car mile would be really made by the same interests as those which have hauled the car the thousand miles from New York at a rate thirty times as low. It is well to remember, in this connection, that five dollars is the minimum toll per car. In the case of heavier freight than household goods the rate would be proportionately higher.

Merchants can not ship at all from St. Louis to points east of the Mississippi. They must send their goods to East St. Louis and ship from there, and the Terminal controls all the regular means of conveyance between the two cities. The alternative is that a firm may go to the expense of keeping up a large wagon service of its own, in which case the Terminal collects bridge toll from the drivers.

East St. Louis merchants, on the other hand, do not have to pay the "bridge arbitrary" except in a few cases which are so insignificant that it would be merely confusing to name them. It is fair to say that in general East St. Louis is not imposed upon. The reasons for this are as complicated as the rate question itself; but the chief reason is that East St. Louis, being a basing point, is free to ship in either direction at through rates, while St. Louis must ship *to* the basing point before it can get the through rates. This fact is one of the intrenchments of the terminal monopoly.

To the merchants of St. Louis, the terminal charges, heavy as they are, seem almost unimportant beside the injury to their business resulting from the unending congestion of traffic. A "through bill of lading" and more bridges are what they are fighting for first. It is notorious that the Terminal can not handle the traffic. Every merchant has a wearisome tale to tell of cars delayed and business lost. The only method by which the merchants can expedite the handling of their freight is to send a man to the yards at East St. Louis with his pockets full of cigars and silver quarters. Such a messenger gives up his time to prowling about the yards, ferreting out the cars in question, and inducing individual switchmen and yard bosses to single out his cars for immediate handling. It is a fact that it takes longer to get a car from the city to a point twenty-five miles beyond East St. Louis than to get a car down from Chicago, three hundred miles away. In short, the cry of St. Louis is not the cry which goes up from all our other cities against the railroads,—the mere matter of a greater or smaller discrimination in rates. The Terminal is choking the city, and is charging it to the tune of five or more dollars a car for the privilege,—in all several million dollars a year.

The Eads Bridge is a double-deck affair. The trains run below; the wagons and trolley cars and foot passengers have the top. The congestion of freight in the yards of East St. Louis has not unnaturally suggested the idea of wagon transportation. The St. Louis Transfer Company, which has the carriage monopoly at the Union Station and handles most of the city's baggage, has developed this wagon traffic into a considerable industry. A more or less continuous stream of wagons of the transfer company flows between the two cities. Merchants pay the Transfer four cents a hundred pounds for this service; the railroads allow it five cents a hundred; and the Wiggins Ferry Company owns a large part of the Transfer stock,—so that even in employing the wagon transfer the merchants are paying toll to the monopoly.

The Interstate Commerce Decision soon Turned the Tables

Several large mercantile houses recently undertook to organize their own wagon services into "transfer companies" and asked the railroads for the five-cent allowance. But last spring the interstate commerce commission ruled that the St. Louis Transfer Company was alone a common carrier and was alone entitled to the allowance.

Now, in summing up these facts, the first question to arise is, "Why does not the Terminal increase its facilities and take a hand in developing the trade of this region?" The city is growing. Even the Terminal can not check it altogether. The Southwest is developing at a wonderful rate, and that section is to St. Louis what the Northwest has been to Chicago.

When I asked Mr. McChesney, of the

[*Concluded on pages 500 to 505*]

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ONE REASON FOR CONGESTION

These transfer boats, operated by the Wiggins Ferry Company, and the two bridges with their total of four tracks, are the only means of getting cars directly into St. Louis from points east of the Mississippi. The resulting congestion at East St. Louis applies alike to almost all kinds of local and through traffic. It affects the West and the Southwest as well as St. Louis

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

VI.—WHAT WE WASTE ON JEWELRY

Cleveland Moffett

"Do you suppose any woman was ever the better for possessing diamonds? But how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them?"—RUSKIN.

"This woman, ambitious and vain, thinks to enhance her own value by loading herself with gold and precious stones In order to deck her in brave array the whole nation exhausts itself; the arts groan and sweat in laborious servitude; the whole range of industry wears itself out."—BOSSURT.

"When the eye of God beholds our earth and on it millions of men engaged in manufacturing useless things, such as jewels and laces, side by side with millions of other men in the extremity of want, how foolish, how infantile, how barbarous must we appear to Him! We pass our time in making ribbons and trinkets when we have not sufficient food or clothes —EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

QUITE recently the New York "World" published the picture of a very rich American woman (whose fortune, be it said, was wrung from the servitude of thousands in torturing mines,) "wearing eight hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth of pearls, photographed at the Wickes-Haven wedding." The mere fact that this lady posed complacently for such a picture and afterwards allowed its reproduction in a newspaper is a commentary on the modest ways of our spectacular millionaires; but we are now considering merely the pearls, "excrescences of shell fish" as Ruskin calls them (he should have said *diseased* shell fish,) and of these the lady wore two black ones in her ears worth forty thousand dollars, five pink ones in a brooch worth fifty thousand dollars, a rope of very white ones worth three hundred thousand dollars, and around her neck two strings of large ones (large excrescences,) worth three hundred thousand dollars and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars respectively. So that as she stood there, posing for the camera, she was worth in pearls of various sizes and colors, the enormous sum of eight hundred and forty thousand dollars. Which means that she had spent on useless baubles dangled over her body enough money to buy a year's meat and milk for ten thousand starving tenement children!

And the newspaper adds:—"Her pearls represent scarcely a third of her jewelry. She has two diamond crowns, one studded with sapphires and another with rubies, she has necklaces that would have been envied by queens a hundred years ago."

According to the New York "Herald," there is no need of going back a hundred years to find queens envying the jewels of our rich women. In a special London cable to the "Herald" a few weeks ago we are informed that "Queen Alexandra has been so impressed with the beautiful jewels worn by a well known American society leader in London that she has asked the favor that a superb tiara of sapphires and diamonds might be sent to Buckingham Palace for closer inspection."

"But," someone may ask, "are these newspaper statements reliable? Is it true, for instance, as one paper declares that New York has ten rich women who own jewels to the value of half a million each, or five million dollars' worth in all?"

This question I submitted to one of the head men at Tiffany's, who is, perhaps, the best authority on jewels in the United States, and he assured me that beyond question there *are* ten women in New York who between them own five million dollars' worth of jewels!

"Is it an exaggeration," I asked, "to say that there are women in New York City who own single strings of pearls worth from two to three hundred thousand dollars apiece?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars," he said, "is no exaggeration but three hundred thousand dollars—" he hesitated. "We have sold a single string of pearls for two hundred thousand dollars, and it is not uncommon for rich women to add new pearls to a string. Very likely there are single strings in New York worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and perhaps three hundred thousand."

Then I showed him a statement that there are diamonds in New York City to the value of one hundred and seventy million dollars. Was that possible?

"It is not only possible," he replied, "but I am sure it is an understatement. There are about five hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds in the United States and I believe nearly half of them are in New York, say, two hundred million dollars' worth at least."

Two hundred million dollars' worth of diamonds in New York City! Think of that!

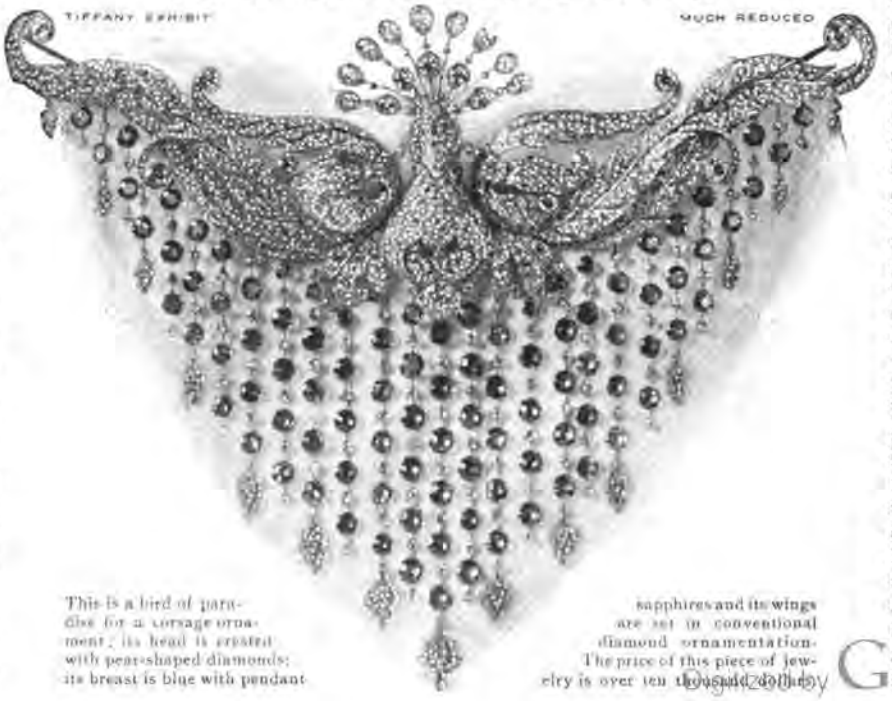
The more one looks into this matter the more one's conviction grows that never since vanity came upon the earth have Eve's daughters decked themselves with precious stones as they are decking themselves to-day in America. Here is a rich woman, Mrs. Leland Stanford, who died the other day leaving *a million dollars' worth of jewelry!* Think of that! And here is the government report showing how amazingly the demand for precious stones has increased in the past decade and stating that we are actually importing over two million dollars' worth of diamonds a month, cut and uncut, with a total for the past year of over twenty-six million dollars' worth! To which must be added the cost of cutting, the cost of gold settings and the profits of retailing, all borne by the purchaser! Indeed, I am told that every year we spend three times as much on diamonds as on sewing machines! A pretty subject there for a sermon!

Of course no one objects to women having a reasonable amount of jewelry, what they can wear without ostentation or any great concern for its safety; such modest possessions are sanctioned by universal custom, and from all time jeweled rings and trinkets have been symbols of love and should remain so. Besides there is a beauty in precious stones just as there is in other stones not called precious,—witness the opal, the most beautiful of them all. But when women value jewelry neither for its beauty nor its associations, but merely for its costliness, when they wear as much of it as they can simply to show that they have been able to *buy* that much or make men buy it for them, when their pleasure in having it lies chiefly in the knowledge that others envy them, then I say the love of jewels is an evil thing, based on arrogance and selfishness. And I can not see what justification any woman who knows of the misery about her can find for spending half a million dollars or anything like it on jewelry!

It should be noted, furthermore, that the chief harm of this passion for jewels is not in the waste of millions involved, although that is bad enough, but in the stirring of envy, in the prompting of extravagance, in the urging to dishonesty. If we could know what crimes have been committed for the sake of diamonds we should see that there is some devil's hypnotism in the glittering stones and would have them all cast into the sea for general safety. Certain it is that no house where precious stones abound is free from evil desires. Servants are tempted, guests are tempted, strangers are tempted, even intimate friends are tempted. Who has forgotten the story of those stolen Newport jewels? And so the unfortunate owners of these wonderful necklaces, tiaras, plastrons, rivieres, etc., must hire men to guard them when they wear these coveted treasures or else leave them unseen and unused behind stupid iron doors. There are palaces on Fifth Avenue with safes for silver and jewels as massive as those in a bank. And there are millionaire homes where no one is ever free from the hard eye of a lurking detective. I know one such home where *three* detectives are on duty night and day, each one to watch the other two. That is one of the minor penalties of riches.

JEWELED BIRD IN DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES

TIFFANY EXHIBIT MUCH REDUCED



This is a bird of paradise for a corsage ornament; its head is crested with pear-shaped diamonds; its breast is blue with pendant sapphires and its wings are set in conventional diamond ornamentation. The price of this piece of jewelry is over ten thousand dollars.

So much for jewelry which after all is only one item in the catalogue of luxury before us. We have still to enter the homes of the rich, the palaces of Newport and New York and see what sums are lavished on such dull things as chairs and tables, rugs and tapestries, marbles and wainscoting. We have still to visit the stables and greenhouses of the rich, their steam yachts and private cars; we must consider their pleasures and follies, take note of their talk, their wit or lack of it, their moral standards, see how their children grow up, how husbands and wives get on together (or apart,) how servants and dependents fare, and many other things, all to be set forth against a somber background of poverty and misery, of tenements, sweatshops and child-labor horrors.

It's a long story, and perhaps we shall do well to pause a moment this month and see what has come, if anything, from the chapters already written. And, first, one specific thing has come or is in a fair way to come in New York, and I mention this now in the hope that some similar result may be achieved in other cities. In the May number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE I said:—"And millions of people now languishing in miserable surroundings,—think of these dark foul stairways,—should have *as a right* some pleasure after their toil, something to cheer and uplift them, something more attractive than the saloon,—say, good music. Think of the noble organs in thousands of silent churches, untaxed churches that belong to the people, organs that might be playing evenings *for the people* if these things were thought about, organs that will, I fear be playing *misereres* one of these days if these things are *not* thought about."

A few days after these words appeared I received a message from the head of an important charitable society in New York who said that this idea of utilizing our closed and silent churches to give poor people good evening music was altogether admirable and he hoped earnest steps would be taken to carry it out in New York City and other places in America.

A little later I mentioned the matter to one of the chief workers at the University Settlement.

"Splendid," said he; "a fine idea, but,"—he smiled and shook his head.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You can't do it. The churches won't have it."

"Why not?"

"Because they're selfish; they haven't the true Christian spirit; they,—well, if you want a practical reason, they'd be afraid of their cushions."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Exactly," he nodded, "they'd say it was a case of—*bugs*. It would n't be, but your fashionable churchgoers would think it was."

"But," I protested, "poor people ride in street cars where rich people ride and—"

"Yes," he said, "but—you try it. When you get a church on Fifth Avenue willing to fill its pews with tenement dwellers, let me know."

As a matter of fact I did let him know within a fortnight. I had my church on Fifth Avenue. And since then two more churches have been offered and a committee of some prominence has been organized to take charge of this movement. Whatever else happens it seems tolerably certain that at least three New York churches will shortly set an example to the others by opening their doors on certain week-day evenings (when they would otherwise be closed,) and offering beautiful music *without prayers and without preaching* to the very poorest people of the city.

It should be noted, however, that this was not accomplished without some difficulty. There were various objections and objectors to be met. At the first committee meeting one lady otherwise broad-minded declared that, for her part, she would *never* approve of using our churches, places of prayer and sacred memories, for popular concerts. Others might do as they pleased but the pew *she* paid for should not suffer such desecration. And she withdrew in righteous disapproval although we urged her to show us how a church would become *less* sacred if used to help the poor or *more* sacred if left dark and silent.

There was also some disagreement as to the character of the music to be given. Should it be secular or religious? And, after all, what music *is* religious and what secular? Would there be selections from the operas? Would they sing "Annie Laurie?" We finally concluded that it would be best to regard the music as neither secular nor religious but simply as *fine* music, whatever might fairly be considered beautiful and inspiring regardless of its origin. And there would be used in its production besides the organ, such instruments and voices as might be available,—violins, cellos, soloists, quartettes,—the details to be worked out by the organists and the music committee.

"I am sure," exclaimed one enthusiastic clergyman, "that if our plan is carried out well and the desperate needs of the poor are rightly presented we shall find the best musicians in the country offering their services."

And the very next week a brilliant violinist not only agreed to play for us but promised the assistance of an orchestra of which he is leader.

Then came the head of the People's Institute, a radical body numbering thousands of members, and assured us, while expressing keen interest in our plan, that our efforts would certainly fail, especially among the very poor, unless we made it clear that the movement was *absolutely non-sectarian* with no proselyting either open or concealed, no preaching or praying, nothing, in short, but a plan to provide pleasant and helpful musical evenings for those who would not otherwise be able to afford them. He also thought it important that the spirit of this movement be one of fraternity, not charity. This was seen to be wise and was unanimously agreed to.

Then followed discussions as to the best way of bringing to the churches on these evenings the people we desired to reach and of keeping away those who do not need free music but might nevertheless come. It was suggested that tickets be distributed through various agencies connected with working men's clubs, settlements, churches, or perhaps through the schools. Also questions of good behavior and regard for church property. There is no doubt, however, that in *some* way all these difficulties can and will be overcome.

For some time it was assumed (I don't know why,) that we could gain adherents only among Protestant churches, Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, etc., and that it would be useless to try for Roman Catholic churches or Jewish synagogues. Which seemed a pity as there are a million Roman Catholics in New York and three-quarters of a million Jews. So I finally had a talk with Dr. Joseph Silverman, rabbi of the rich and important Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue, and was agreeably surprised to find that he saw no religious objection to using a synagogue in the way we proposed but he saw two practical difficulties.

"In the first place," he said, "an invasion of East Side toughs would injure the synagogue property, men would spit on the carpets and scratch the pews with the nails of their boots. In the second place, I'm afraid they would steal prayer books, hymn books, etc. But on purely religious grounds I see *nothing* against the plan."

Then I called on Father Thomas J. Ducey, of St. Leo's Church, and having laid our plan before him, found him heartily in favor of it. He said: "I think great good can be accomplished by this musical suggestion, and I see no reason why any non-Catholic church can object, for their churches are used as lecture halls, and for organ recitals. With us, you can see, the case is not so clear. We believe in the real presence of Jesus Christ, and we priests, as guardians of the blessed Sacrament, are bound in conscience to see that the blessed Sacrament is treated with reverence and recognition. How to get over this difficulty I do not see, unless in this way: Great numbers of the parish churches have large school halls. They have pianos, and these schools could be utilized for the purpose you so laudably desire to accomplish. If there is any other way out of the difficulties that may arise, the authorities of the diocese would be the proper persons to speak in the matter."

So there is the idea, there is a great field for the very best philanthropic effort, a new and interesting field open to everybody in every city that has poor people in it and churches with organs. In such an effort all sects would feel on common ground for there can be no argument as to the power and helpfulness of music in our daily lives. We all crave it; every city dweller knows how poor children crowd after a hand-organ and how wretched street wanderers seek the doubtful consolation of creaking phonographs, automatic music boxes and noisy banjos in saloons that strum when you drop a nickel in the slot. What a joy if this universal longing could be satisfied in a fine big way, if these unfortunates could spend an evening now and then in a beautiful church,—think of the spiritual help from

TIFFANY EXHIBIT

A WONDERFUL JEWELED CHAIN

MUCH REDUCED

This photograph does poor justice to this remarkable piece. It is a long Spanish chain in the style of the sixteenth century *renaissance*. The links are highly decorated and enameled, this enameling being a marked feature of the ornament. The enamels are fused at different temperatures, the first layer placed on the gold surface being naturally harder than the subsequent ones. Eighteen hundred degrees of heat were required and from eight to ten firings on each piece to produce the proper color and harmony of finish. This chain contains forty-three large rose diamonds and nine hundred and eighty small brilliants. Its manufacture required three thousand, six hundred hours of labor, or almost a year of an expert's time, working ten hours a day. The price of such a piece of jewelry is considerably over ten thousand dollars

TIFFANY EXHIBIT

A WILD ROSE BRANCH IN PRECIOUS STONES

MUCH REDUCED

This is a strange flower all of gems and gold. The spray of wild rose is made up of pink tourmalines set *en masse* on the leaves of the flower to give the natural color. The leaves are of emeralds shaped like the natural leaf. The main branch is of green gold. The central topaz is surrounded by small diamonds to represent the little calyxes as in nature. There were twenty *marquise* emeralds, sixty-two pink tourmalines, one yellow topaz, seven pear-shaped *en-cabochon* emeralds and one hundred and sixty-four brilliants used in its manufacture. It is really needless to add that the price of this is over ten thousand dollars

TIFFANY EXHIBIT, BUFFALO

TIARA OF EMERALDS AND DIAMONDS

MUCH REDUCED

This is a beautiful head ornament, composed of three very large emeralds surrounded by a cluster of large brilliants. The sides are flexible so that the piece may be worn at the corsage. The three emeralds weigh over one hundred and twenty-four carats and there are four hundred and ninety-six diamonds counting all the small ones in the ornamental work. Mr. Moffett has been asked not to give the price of this tiara, but it is safe to say that it cost considerably more than twelve thousand dollars. Many pieces of similar design have been manufactured

the mere architecture!—listening to the grand organ tones or to the sweep of stringed instruments or to the voices of trained singers? What a revelation such music would bring to many an embittered soul of unsuspected virtues! What strength and hope would be brought into hard, dull lives! What crimes might be averted, what hatreds appeased! And how little it would cost; a few dollars for light and heat, some organizing by the committee, some work for the musicians who would count it labor of love and then those hundreds of poor hearts gladdened, hundreds of dreary lives brightened and comforted! It would be worth it; so very well worth it! I do hope that many people in many places will realize this and will say to themselves, "These churches of ours have been closed and silent long enough, now we will see that they are open, we will make them sing for those who need song, glad places for those who are sorrowful!"

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Another most gratifying result of these articles is the large number of letters that have been received from all parts of the country and from all kinds and conditions of men and women. This shows the far-reaching interest in the subject and the real desire in the hearts of many people to help in the solution of these menacing problems. For that is what one feels in reading the letters sent to me and to SUCCESS MAGAZINE in regard to the shameful misuse of wealth by our rich. One feels that Americans of all classes are awakening to the fact that there is great danger to our institutions in these conditions of extreme wealth and poverty that surround us. In this whole land there is no man more justly respected than Grover Cleveland. He is a deep, honest thinker if we have one, he is a statesman to rank with any in the world, and we may be sure he does not use words lightly. This is what he says in a note which is brief but full of meaning:—"I heartily sympathize with your efforts and all others, that can possibly lead our people to a better appreciation of the danger to our national life which lurks in reckless extravagance and a disregard of the virtues of frugality and quiet living."

There is the note of warning sounded full and strong, "*the danger to our national life which lurks in reckless extravagance!*"

And I value highly a letter from Tom Watson, who strikes out fairly from the shoulder in regard to "the vast injustice of existing conditions." "It is certainly a heart-stirring piece of work," he says. "I am thoroughly convinced that articles of this sort will bring home to the minds of the reading public a sense of the vast injustice of existing conditions which no other method would so well accomplish. Your motive is a very noble one, and I sympathize with you fully and you have my sincere wishes for your success."

And fancy Jack London, the author, stretched on a sick bed with the surgeons ready to operate taking the time to send me these lines of encouragement:—"As I'm lying in bed awaiting operation, I can not write the letter I should like to write you. However, to the point, I think the subject matter, the point of view, and manner of treatment are splendid."

I've always maintained that in order to be a writer one has to be a *man* first!

One of the last letters written by Dr. William Osler before he sailed for England is the following:—"It seems to me such a series of articles can not fail to do good and bring home to the minds of the rich the necessity of spending more upon the poor. At the same time I think it would be well to emphasize the very great generosity of so many of the rich men of this country.

"Fully one half of the practical good done by well-to-do men is never heard of in the papers. Physicians have better opportunities than many others of knowing about these left-hand benefactions of which the right hand knows nothing. In American life the actual waste of food is shocking."

TIFFANY EXHIBIT

COLLAR OF DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES

MUCH REDUCED

This heavy gold collar, when opened out, is over a foot long and contains five hundred and forty-seven American sapphires, two hundred and sixty-three brilliants and thirty-six rose diamonds. The sapphires are set in twenty-karat gold, the diamonds in platina. The gold in this collar weighs two hundred and eighteen pennyweights, and the making of it required eighteen hundred and sixty hours of expert labor,—over six months at ten hours a day

And here is a splendid reply to those who foolishly reason that, inasmuch as a demand for luxuries is a demand for labor, therefore extravagance and waste are justifiable or even commendable, forgetting that the labor spent on luxuries is not only lost to the nation but is the cause of widening demoralization through the corrupting taint of the luxuries produced. David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, says:—"I am very much in sympathy with the purpose of your articles on the shameful misuse of wealth. I am sure we ought to recognize that all waste of money is waste of human life, and the fact that money squandered pays somebody for services is no justification of squandering it. We have no right to throw away in useless ways the help that man can give. There is no doubt that the squandering of money brings evil and only evil to a nation or community."

This opinion is approved by another distinguished educator, Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, who says.—"I fully concur in your view that expenditures for such luxuries as you describe constitute a waste of capital which might be used for productive purposes or, as you suggest, for philanthropic purposes, and I know no way of effecting a reform except through the enlightening of public opinion, the quickening of the public conscience, and the inoculation of the public mind with higher ideals than ostentatious and wasteful display." On the other hand I have received a contrary opinion from Brander Matthews, evidently one of those who regard charity and its works with suspicion and think it is more blessed *not* to give.

He says:—"If any of the flagrantly luxurious took your advice and gave away in charity a sum exactly equal to the money wasted in splurging entertainments the money devoted to charity, if unwisely spent, might do more harm than the money thrown away vulgarly."

Yes, but why assume that the money would be unwisely spent? I suggested that it be used to feed starving children,—is that unwise? Or to relieve sick mothers,—is that unwise? Or to rebuild tenements foul with tuberculosis,—is there anything unwise or foolhardy about that?

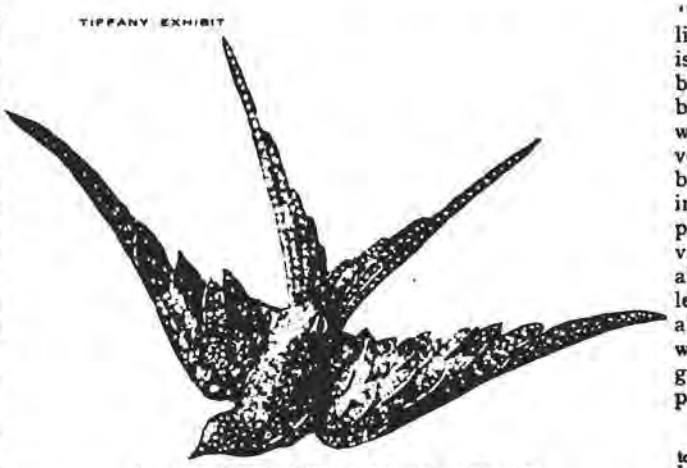
From Edward Howard Griggs, one of our ablest students of social problems, comes vigorous support of the point which can not be too strongly insisted upon, that extravagance is *not* a benefit to the poor.

"I am in profound sympathy," he writes, "with every effort to show the fallacy of the superstition that reckless luxury is a real benefit to the poor. While careless expenditure may relieve acute distress in hard times, there is no escape from the logical situation that all employment of human labor for what is either useless or harmful is paid for somewhere in the social structure by those who are doing the dead work of the world."

Continuing, he contends, and I quite agree, that permanent relief for the evils we have been considering lies in legislation, not in charity.

"Charity," he says, "is a medicine to relieve disease, indispensable when the disease is on, but to imagine that medicine is daily bread is to invite ruin. I believe there will be no thorough-going solution of the problem which you are discussing until men are prevented by legislation, and still more withheld by character from the accession of wealth by immoral means and until we have reached a plane of moral development that will prevent the extreme devotion to merely materialistic aims of life. Meantime, whatever leads those who have power to recognize that all power, whether material wealth or otherwise, is obligation, and must be administered gravely with the aim of serving the largest public welfare, will help toward the solution."

TIFFANY EXHIBIT



A LIFE-SIZE SWALLOW IN JEWELS

This corsage ornament is reduced from a life-size original; the blue sheen of the wings is given by American sapphires, the other ornamentation by brilliants set in a framework of solid gold

[Owing to the exigencies of space in this issue, we are unable to print all of the many excellent letters received by Mr. Moffett. In future numbers we shall publish others, by Charles Sprague Smith, Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty," Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, Rt. Rev. Bishop Henry C. Potter, R. Fulton Cutting, Elbert Hubbard, Walter A. Wyckoff, author of "The Workers," W. J. Ghent, author of "Mass and Class," Ernest H. Crosby, Gaylord Wilshire and others of equal prominence.—The Editor]

Selling Brains

Orison Swett Marden

ONE of the most unfortunate phases of our driving, hustling American civilization is the accumulation of colossal fortunes in a few months or a few years,—fortunes which it would require centuries to acquire in older countries. This rapid accumulation of wealth, by fair or by unfair means, frequently the latter, has developed a fatal national restlessness and discontent, and an abnormal passion for money. Our greed has been stimulated until it has become a dominant passion. Even our children have caught the spirit of this American contagion, and are eager to make money long before they leave school. Almost before he can talk, a child will hold on to a coin, and he seems able to distinguish it from everything else. A boy does not think so much of whether or not he is getting into the place God intended him for as of how much money he is to get out of a job. "What is there in it for me?" is written all over American life.

Is it any wonder that children should thus early exhibit the spirit of greed when, in these days of almost universal education, men assert, as a reason for not sending their sons and daughters to school, that it would not increase their earning power sufficiently to warrant it?

This money craze, or tendency to commercialize the ideal, is found in all walks of life. Never before were so many clergymen, especially young clergymen, leaving the pulpit to go into business. The great commercial prizes are so tempting that their own pitiful salaries look contemptible in comparison. There are clergymen in the American pulpit preaching for a few hundred dollars a year who know perfectly well, and everybody else knows, too, that they could make many times as much money in business careers. Many of them do not see why they should not become rich and powerful; they do not understand why using this money-making capacity is not as legitimate for them as for others. In other words, there is a powerful temptation, to-day, for a clergyman to turn his creative faculties into money-making channels.

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Many of our lawyers are looking for big fees rather than for great legal acumen or high standing at the bar. They know that lawyers are envied, to-day, not so much as members of a great and learned profession, upholders of the majesty and justice of the law, as because many of them make a great deal of money from their practice. They know, too, that they are ranked by fellow lawyers largely in proportion to their ability to get big fees. It is well known that some of the men who get enormous fees and become millionaires are not great lawyers at all, and have nothing like the legal ability of others who are not paid a quarter of their fees. What is his practice worth? seems to be the question by which to measure a lawyer's standing in the minds of most people.

Physicians and surgeons are measured in much the same way. How often we hear it said, "Why, that physician has a practice of twenty-five thousand dollars a year." Sometimes the sum named is twice or thrice as great. Just as if this was the measure of a physician's usefulness! Of course, in a sense, getting enormous fees is some proof of his ability; but it is not the best evidence of a man's real service to the world.

Many authors, to-day, do not seem to think so much of putting immortality into their compositions—of writing books which shall live through all time,—as of earning the largest amount of money possible with their pens. Few modern writers would spend years upon a tiny bit of composition, or exchange their lives for a few immortal verses or a single book that the world would not let die.

It is said that, when Emerson's income was twelve hundred dollars a year, he refused to try to increase it. He saw riches beyond the reach of the mere money-millionaire,—wealth which a poor man or woman can grasp,—the wealth of intellect, the riches which come from an expanding soul, a widening life, and a growing manhood. He preferred to be a millionaire of ideas, of sound philosophy, of high thinking, and of lofty ideals. Time, to him, was too valuable to be exchanged for that which would die. He looked for immortality.

The only reply of the late Theodore Thomas to the interviewer who asked him if he ever attempted to become rich was, "Faugh!" The great orchestral leader brushed the question aside with contempt, as unworthy of consideration. The love of his art was so infinitely greater that the other did not interest him.

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In the golden age of art, an artist was willing to suffer privation, poverty, and discomfort, if he could only have freedom and an opportunity to work out the ideal which haunted him,—to put upon canvas the picture which lived in his soul, and which he hoped to make immortal. He could not bear to smirch it with any material consideration. Many artists would suffer actual hunger before they could be induced to sell the children of their brains, so sacred were they. There is something indescribably admirable and lovable in the old writers, musicians, and artists who loved their art, and who worked for art's sake, as Michael Angelo did when he declined to put many years of hard work into his immortal frescoes in the Sistine Chapel unless he could do so without money consideration, fearing that the thought of money might possibly taint his brush. There must be no other motive in his mind but excellence in his art. He would not take the risk of contamination, lest the consciousness of the pay he was to get for his work might eat like a canker into his ambition and blight his conception. The thought of putting his very soul into his picture for mere pay was too repulsive to him to be considered. "Art for art's sake" was his motto.

Then the artist was known and honored for his art. No Crœsus stood so high or was so sacred in the estimation of the people. But to-day a man's genius, his art,—what he stands for,—is measured largely by how much it will bring in dollars and cents. How much can he get for the picture? How much can he make out of his art? What does he get for his books? These are the questions of prime importance, to-day. Commercialism stands out so strongly in all the undertakings of life that the merely artistic suffers, the ideal is lowered, and the soul's wings are weighted with gold. The commercial spirit would drag everything down to a dead monetary level. It is a subtle menace to all that is high and holy,—pure and sacred.

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There was a time when an actor thought infinitely more of reaching the highest ideal of his art than of the dollars he could pull out of it,—when he thought more of his reputation than of wealth; but, barring a few exceptions, theatrical art is fearfully commercialized to-day. Some of our great singers are stepping down from grand opera to comic opera, apparently because they are better paid in the latter. Actors and actresses are abandoning high-class plays for flashy, superficial productions, because there is money in them. "How much does an actor make?" is the great question with many people, to-day, not, "How great an artist is he?" Some of the most prominent theatrical managers know comparatively little of the great underlying laws of the highest drama, but they do know how to get money out of a play, and any kind of play that will do that is a good one to them.

Fortunately for the world, there are still some souls too noble to stoop to dollar-chasing. Does anyone doubt that, if President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard, had chosen a commercial career, he would have been a rich and powerful magnate? He has great executive ability and a commanding personality, and might easily have become a millionaire of money, but, happily, he regards the glory of doing a great thing in service to others, in raising the standard of education, as greater than that of any money-making career.

Some of the presidents of our smaller colleges, perhaps, could be worth more money, to-day, than the colleges over which they preside, had they chosen commercial careers. But there is a satisfaction which comes to a great educator, who spends his life starting others aright, raising their ideals, and inspiring them with great aims, that a mere money-millionaire can never experience.

There are many teachers in this country who are conscious that they have splendid business ability, but who are giving the best energies of their best years, for pitiful salaries, to the training and making of men and women, who know very well that, in commercial lines, they would stand just as good a chance of getting rich as other men about them.

There are artists and musicians everywhere who are sacrificing money and the luxuries which money brings, for the sake of ideals. They prefer the largest self-expression, and the widest freedom for the pursuit of the ideal, to a little more money, or a little finer homes.

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There are hundreds of poor clergymen, struggling nobly and unselfishly to elevate small communities or city slums to higher standards of living and thinking, who actually lack the ordinary necessities and comforts of life; yet they would not exchange their humble places for fashionable pulpits with large salaries, because they can do more good where they are.

Is a clergyman to be looked upon as a comparative failure simply because he has tried to live the Christ-life, to bear the burdens of others, to lighten others' tasks, to ameliorate the condition of the poor, to encourage the despondent, to cheer the sick, to comfort the dying, and to lift the broken-hearted? Shall he be looked upon as weak-minded because he has given his life for a pitiful salary when he might have become rich?

Is a teacher to be looked upon as poor or unsuccessful because she has preferred to spend her life in building character, developing opportunities and unfolding possibilities for others, and enriching civilization by starting other lives in the right direction rather than in piling up dollars for herself?

Are American youths to be wholly commercialized? Was man made in his Creator's image to be turned into a mere money-making machine? Is that the great end of creation,—the great goal of the universe? Are our brains—our talents,—everything,—to be commercialized? Is that the meaning of life, the ultimatum of the Creator,—a dollar-making machine? If so, why are we mocked with these infinite longings for immortality? Whence come these heart-yearnings for the beautiful, this passion for truth, this hunger for wisdom, or this longing for knowledge which money can not satisfy? The soul, the highest thing in man, will starve in the midst of all the money and all the material possessions of the world.

Who can ever estimate what our present civilization owes to the quality of the self-sacrificing clergymen and teachers, artists, musicians, and others who believe there is something greater in the world than money-making, something finer in man than can ever be brought out by a dollar-chasing career? Men and women in all walks of life who would regard it as desecration to commercialize their talents are the salt which flavors civilization. It takes a strong man, of grand character, to refuse to turn his God-given ability into mere money-making instead of life-making.

Of how much more value to the world are the men who have made some of the simplest inventions which have added to real comfort, and have ameliorated the hard conditions of life, even though they have died poor,—yea, some of them in poorhouses,—than those who have done nothing except to accumulate money! The really worthy are those who have contributed to the comfort, the happiness, and the well-being of their fellows,—to the enlargement of life, and to the augmentation of the wisdom of the world,—not those who have merely piled up selfish dollars.

The Ambition of Japan

WHAT HER ULTIMATE WORLD-POLICY WILL BE IF, AS SHE HOPES, SHE FINALLY DEFEATS RUSSIA

Nelson A. Miles

[LIEUTENANT GENERAL, U. S. A., RETIRED]

WILL history repeat itself? Such a question can be better answered twenty-five or fifty years hence. Certainly one of the great problems in human progress or in human history is now being solved in the Orient. The theater of war has been amid the snows of midwinter in Manchuria and Siberia, with the whole world as an intensely interested audience. A nation that for centuries has been a most industrious people, cultivating its country in the most artistic manner and educating its citizens and sending its works of art to every country, has, until quite recently, been regarded as a semicivilized and pagan race. Now that hundreds of thousands of Russians have been sent to billowy graves or stretched upon the frozen fields of Manchuria, it is probable that this nation will be regarded as civilized. If the conquests by the Eastern races of eight hundred and a thousand years ago, whose results were not known to distant lands for months or years, were reënacted, they would startle the civilized world. Now, however, electric power flashes the daily war news by cable, telegraph, and telephone to every quarter of the globe, detailing the movements even of battalions and batteries.

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During the twelfth century Genghis Khan, having become chief at the age of thirteen, gathered a small force, which increased in volume to colossal strength and subjugated the greater part of Asia, while his son, Oktai, achieved almost equal success. In their western expeditions their victorious and devastating hosts invaded Silesia and Hungary, overran parts of Poland, and reached even as far as what is now Western Germany. Pyramids of human skulls marked the zone of these conquests. Two hundred years later Tamerlane raised a similar force, reduced all of ancient Persia under his control, and conquered a portion of China and the whole of India, destroying great cities with their inhabitants. His conquests extended even to Southeastern Europe. Such conquests have demonstrated what has been accomplished in war by the Asiatics, though armed with the rudest of antique weapons and without the modern appliances for rapid communication and supply. It is not difficult to conjecture what the vast hordes of the Orient might now accomplish when armed with long-range rifles, rapid-fire and destructive machine guns, and field artillery, assisted by powerful mortars and siege guns throwing eleven-inch projectiles loaded with high explosive powder and vast quantities of death-dealing shrapnel.

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We have heard the reports of not only one, but also of two and three, or even of five and six armies having been organized and mobilized for the field and moved as divisions and corps were formerly maneuvered. Under grand tactics such an army would occupy much more space than the entire field of Gettysburg or of Waterloo, and its armament would make it more destructive than the entire armies engaged therein. In the recent combat before Mukden the line of battle is reported to have been one hundred miles long. To maintain such a line of battle, as well as the flanking movements of the different armies, must have necessitated the exposure of the troops to intense suffering in the snows of a Siberian winter, and the loss of life from this cause must have been appalling.

Japan naturally had reason to be proud of her success in her war with China, a nation of eight

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL MILES

times her population; from the highest official to the most obscure subject the whole nation was elated with the achievements and prowess of its arms on land and sea. The indemnity received from China was deposited in the Bank of England, and was expended, from time to time, and added to, until several hundred millions had been spent in the shipyards and gun factories of England to equip Japan's army and navy with all the modern munitions of war, and to erect shipyards and gun factories in Japan itself. It is well known that they anticipated and prepared for this war with Russia for a number of years. From the opening of hostilities they have conducted both on land and on sea skillful, scientific, and successful offensive campaigns. When, more than a year ago, war began, Russia apparently had the advantage. As the strength of navies is usually estimated, her fleets were double those of Japan, ton for ton; and, such being the case, her available sea power should have been used to destroy the naval force of the Island Kingdom.

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While passing over the Trans-Siberian Railroad, two years ago, in company with an experienced railroad president, we made a careful estimate of the capacity of the road and concluded that it was capable of moving five thousand men a day. Nothing like that number has been transported over it for any length of time. Russia's armies have been outmarched, outfought, and outnumbered. That portion of the navy in Asiatic waters has been defeated in detail. Japan, without waiting for the return of spring, has pushed its offensive operations around intrenched positions occupied by the Russians and will undoubtedly cut the line of communication between Harbin and Vladivostok. She will probably continue the same flanking tactics, intrenching and fortifying captured positions, as it is useless to sacrifice tens of thousands of lives in assaulting intrenched positions when grand tactics, followed by fortifying and defending strategic positions, will accomplish the same results.

If the unfortunate Russian Baltic Fleet, which Togo so badly defeated, had destroyed the Japanese navy, or if a sufficient number of Russian troops could be transported over the Trans-Siberian Railroad to defeat or dislodge an army of six hundred thousand men, flushed with victory and commanded by experienced and able generals of the first order, and inspired with devotion to their religion and their ancient dynasty, then the fate of war would be reversed and the result would be different from that which can now be anticipated. It appears that Japan, having the physical force of nine million men capable of bearing arms, can reinforce her armies to the extent of two or three millions and not exhaust her resources to a greater extent than were ours during the Civil War. At that time we numbered approximately thirty millions of people, and even during that great war, and fighting for such a cause, there were dissensions and apathy on the part of a portion of our population. Such is not the case in Japan, as, from the highest to the lowest, all are ready to give their fortunes and their lives to their mikado for the success of the present war.

After the Revolution of 1868, and the overthrow of the feudal system in Japan, the nation displayed its most marked trait of acquiring and its wonderful capacity for absorbing the political, economic, and military systems of the Occident; but it was thought that the result was merely superficial, and but little attention was paid to Japan by the family of western nations until she completely crushed China in a short and decisive war. Owing, however, to the interference of France, Germany, and Russia, and to the non-intervention of England, Japan lost control of all her conquered territory except the Island of Formosa. Nevertheless, through a new system of treaties negotiated after the war, she did away with the treaty ports and the existence of extra-territoriality, and was received as a diplomatic and commercial equal by the great powers of the world.

Until a few years ago Japan was almost entirely an agricultural nation. Only about thirteen per cent. of its entire area is now under cultivation, and only about ten per cent. more can ever be rendered arable. With the advent of modern methods of government came modern methods of manufacture and industry, and the industrial development of the nation has been as marvelous as in other directions. The foreign commerce has increased in value from $25,000,000 in 1873 to $303,318,000 in 1903, while in the same year eighty-four per cent. of the total export trade consisted of either wholly or partly manufactured articles. From the earliest period of her awakening, Japan has sent thousands of her young men to foreign countries to learn the arts and sciences employed in modern life, and has established institutions of learning at home, where her sons are trained in all the activities of modern commerce and manufacture. After a number had been educated in western methods the idea of Japan for the Japanese was brought into being, and before the war with China laws and trade restrictions had transferred the bulk of Japanese foreign commerce from the hands of the treaty-port merchants to the Japanese themselves. The banking system was extended throughout the islands, and by means of correspondents and commercial agents abroad she gradually assumed control of her fiscal operations, commercial as well as governmental. With that foresight which has characterized the entire movement, the Japanese government early recognized the commercial advantages of a mercantile marine to build up its foreign trade, by carrying Japanese goods in Japanese bottoms, and with government subsidies laid the foundation for the present merchant fleet, which, in a few years, will control the transportation of the Pacific, and which has proved so valuable in this present war in furnishing large numbers of transports and auxiliary cruisers. The effect of her competition in the transportation situation of the Pacific has already been felt alike by the English, the Germans, and ourselves.

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With her people increasing at the rate of six hundred thousand a year, the agricultural possibilities can not satisfy the old population, support the new, or produce the necessary raw material for her growing industries. Japan was forced, from economical reasons alone, to extend her sphere of influence into Korea. She then endeavored to obtain a trade footing in Manchuria, and at the same time recognized the possibilities of the future should she be able to control the

trade and direct the policy of China, and has been assiduously at work for this purpose in the Celestial Kingdom, where it is, perhaps, doubtful whether she will succeed or not, as the Chinese authorities are becoming as suspicious of her as they are of her European rivals.

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Encouraged by her success with China and driven by the exigencies of her increasing population and manufactures and by her lack of facilities for providing food for her people and raw material for her industries, and jealous of European competition in the Orient, the Japanese counterpart of our Monroe Doctrine—Asia for the Asiatics, with Japan as the dominating feature,—has been cherished by the subjects of the mikado for a number of years. If Japan conquers the Colossus of the North, the hitherto dreaded giant of unknown power, will she not justly feel that she can cope on equal terms with the other great world powers, and feel that, in a war with any of them, except, possibly, England, she has at least an even chance of victory? The ultimate fighting strength, counting one in five of her population of over forty-five million people, will give her an army of nine millions, and, with the twenty-two millions in Manchuria and Korea to draw from for auxiliary forces, coolie labor aiding in transportation, building fortifications, and making intrenchments, she now appears as formidable in the Orient, where, through distance alone, she will be difficult to reach by an attacking force. Owing to the fact that nations can not leave their coasts entirely unprotected, no great power, except, possibly, England, could send to Japanese waters a fleet in any way comparable with that of the mikado. The difficulties to be overcome in transporting even an army corps to the East, the long preparation necessary, and the dangers attendant on such a move, unless the attacking force controls the sea, would almost preclude the possibility of invasion. Should Japan feel the necessity for colonial expansion, at some future time, as she has felt it in the past, might she not think that she has strength enough to wrest the Philippines from us? These islands, owing to their great distance from our Pacific coast and their nearness to Japan, will always be a constant source of weakness to us, and, possibly, a constant temptation to her.

That the doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics, with Japan as the dominating feature, and the exclusion of occidental influence and trade in the Orient, is increasing with the success of the Japanese will be evident from the following extract from a recent article by Professor Tomizu, who holds the chair of international law in the University of Tokio:—

"The Far Eastern question must be settled by an empire which has risen in a corner of the East, Japan,—the Europeans and the Americans take a subordinate position. The peace of the oriental Far East requires that by a union of the orientals of the Far East, under the transforming influence of Japan, a great empire be formed on the Far Eastern shores of the Asiatic continent, so that militarily, economically, and politically the caprices and the acts of violence of Europeans and Americans shall cease to be possible, and that the people of the Far East shall themselves maintain order in every respect."

In another article he says:—

"It must be in order that Manchuria shall become a Japanese possession in point of fact. Japan must not shrink, if circumstances require it, from sending her army into China. The army is now in occupation of that portion of Manchuria which is richest. It would be absurd, after having expended so much there in lives and in treasure, to return it to China without an indemnity. But, with or without an indemnity, it is simply right to restore it to China in name only."

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Since the armies of the world have been equipped with the latest and most destructive implements of war, the Manchurian campaign is the only great one in which two very large, powerful armies have been engaged; the campaign has been most colossal and at the same time most expensive in the loss of life and treasure. The fighting qualities displayed both by the Japanese and by the Russians in this war have been magnificent. Are not the fortitude, heroism, and sacrifice they have displayed worthy of a better cause than that of war? Modern civilization is deeply concerned, and the people of all countries are directly or indirectly interested. It is, perhaps, fitting that the tragedy now being enacted in Manchuria should be so appalling in suffering and loss of human life as to call for a termination of the process of settling disputes between nations by cruel war. Nearly all such controversies, in the past, have been determined by the greatest sacrifice of the young men of the countries involved. Humanity, wisdom and justice demand the transfer of a cause from the arbitrament of war to arbitration by a parliament of reason and a congress of nations.

In the Morning

Burges Johnson

Reggalerly, every day,
When my poppa's gotten up,
I can see him far away
Mixin' sumpin' in a cup;
I can hear him slappy-slap
With a knife against a strap.

He is such a funny sight
In the mirror on the shelf,
With his chin all blobby white,
Makin' faces at himself!
But I must n't laugh, or he
Comes and rubs it off on me!

Poppa says, when I 'm growed up,
With some troubles an' a wife,
I can have a mixer-cup
An' a shiny, crooked knife;
But he says I must begin
Gettin' prickers on my chin.

HUMOR AND ANECDOTE

Different Views of It

Nellie Munson Holman

"WHAT is the secret of success?" asked the magazine.

"Do write," said the pen.

"Be progressive," said the euchre pack.

"Be exact and on time," said the clock.

"Be careful not to break your word," said the typewriter.

"Don't be afraid to strike when you find your match," said the lamp.

"Push and pull," said the door.

"Stand firm and unyielding," said the flagstaff.

"Don't change with every wind that blows," said the weather-vane.

"Never become dull and rusty," said the hoe.

"Climb steadily up," said the hill.

"Keep bright and don't mind the clouds," said the sun.

"Cultivate a calm exterior, but be ready for emergencies," said the innocent flower, "even I always carry a pistil."

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First Prize for Absent-Mindedness

FRANCIS WILSON, the comedian, believes the most absent-minded man lives in New Rochelle. Last summer Mr. Wilson's front door bell got out of order and refused to ring, and, meeting a friend, an electrician, he asked him to call and make the necessary repairs. Meeting the man several days afterwards, he reminded him that the matter had not been attended to and inquired when he could find it convenient to look after it. The electrician indignantly replied:—

"Why, I called at your house the very day you asked me. I rang your front door bell, time and time again, and no one paid the slightest attention to me."

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Henry Clews and the Suffragist

HENRY CLEWS is not only a banker, but a philosopher; also, is he the possessor of some old-fashioned beliefs which are the forbears of old-fashioned virtues and economies. He was recently visited by a lady who is prominent socially because of her affiliation with a number of Women's Clubs of the advanced type. She wanted to enlist the banker's aid and sympathy in behalf of another club by means of which working girls might share in the blessings of the suffrage propaganda.

During the ensuing conversation the lady made much use of the terms, "new woman," "emancipation," "equality of the sexes," and other stock and catch phrases of the woman who clubs.

"Well," said Mr. Clews, after a pause, "I have no objection to helping you, but I tell you frankly that I would not do so if I thought that the principles which you advocate had a chance of becoming permanent beliefs among your sex."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the visitor, bridling somewhat.

"Well," said the banker, with a droll smile, "I have always noticed that the 'new woman' vanishes with the advent of the new baby."

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He Was too Agreeable

THE late Senator George F. Hoar loved, above all things else, honesty and naturalness. Affectation, or an attempt on the part of anyone to appear to be that which he was not, was sufficient to condemn him for all time, as far as the senator was concerned.

It so happened that it was in Mr. Hoar's power to designate the incumbent of a minor position in a Boston bank. Among the several candidates for the place was a young man, of good appearance and excellent education, who came bearing a whole sheaf of gilt-edged credentials. He was the son of a well-known Massachusetts clergyman, with whom Mr. Hoar was well acquainted.

The senator engaged him in conversation, and the applicant replied in soft and silky phrases. In a few moments, the senator expressed an emphatic opinion in which the visitor acquiesced oilily. A little later, when the senator gave vent to a diametrically different opinion on the same subject the young man instantly agreed with his host. The same thing happened a little later. Finally, Mr. Hoar said, "It's warmer to-day than it was yesterday."

"Quite so," said the visitor, with a smile.

"On second thought, though, I think it's a trifle cooler."

"You are quite right, senator, it is."

Mr. Hoar arose from his seat and eyed his visitor.

"Young man," said he, "you are so confoundedly agreeable that you are positively disagreeable."

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A Republican Tune

THE experiences of George B. Cortelyou, chairman of the Republican National Committee, during the recent campaign, were many and varied. With keen relish he tells of one that came under his notice.

A country club, about to give a parade, was debating as to the number of transparencies to be had in line. It was about settled that twelve would be the proper number, when an old fellow with his trousers tucked in his boots arose, and said:—

"I guess two will be about right. 'Tain't at all likely more 'n two will know how to play on 'em."

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Evans Is His Model

"FIGHTING BOB EVANS," in talking to some officers at Fisher's Island, incidentally touched upon the changes of fortune brought about by war.

"I had a Japanese servant," he said, "for several years. The man was quiet, prompt, and obedient, and I could depend upon him in an emergency. He was continually studying books on drill and tactics, and, in his quiet way, taking in everything. I never thought much about it except that it was a spirit I liked, as I should have done likewise had I been in a similar position. I supposed he read these books because they were handy, for you know a Jap is never idle. When I went out East recently, I was introduced to a number of officers, and among them a colonel,—the same Japanese who had been my servant. I recognized him at once and asked him how he had managed in so short a time to rise so rapidly.

"With grave politeness he told me that through my kindness he had been able to study and observe, and that he had patterned his life after mine, and hoped some day to rise as high in his country as I had in mine."

"A JAP IS NEVER IDLE"

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How Joe Jefferson Packed the Jury

EACH spring, for a number of years, it was the custom of the late Joseph Jefferson to leave Palm Beach, where he had his winter home, for a theatrical tour of six weeks. He was once asked by the writer if, after nearly seventy years on the stage, he did not find this professional work burdensome, and he answered quickly that his spring tour was the easiest way that he knew of to make about thirty thousand dollars. Mr. Jefferson was always fond of telling stories, and often told the following about himself:—

He had been invited to be present at the meeting of a certain secret order, noted for its hospitality. But he was hardly seated before the chair roared out:—

"Let our worshipful officers arrest one Joseph Jefferson, and bring him before us."

"But what am I arrested for, Mr. President?" asked

the prisoner, after he had been promptly hustled "up front."

"For discharging firearms in the Catskills, and compassing the death of your good dog, Schneider."

"But it was only a little holiday lark, and Schneider died while I was asleep!" protested Mr. Jefferson. "Was I to blame, gentlemen of the jury?" he asked, appealing to the others.

"No," came the answer in a chorus.

"The jury acquits me, your honor," remarked the prisoner.

"I am suspicious of the jury," replied the president; "you are such an old hand at packing houses that I believe you have packed this jury."

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Uneconomical Economy

IN St. Louis there is a Yankee who settled in the Mound City after the Civil War, and has there built up a fortune of millions. The economies and conservatism by which he has accumulated his little pile have increased with his years. Acquisition has become a habit.

He has one son over whose expenditures he keeps careful watch. Recently, this offspring took an uptown car. The father who saw him board the car, and knew his destination, judged he had spent his fare foolishly.

That evening, after dinner, the elder called the younger man into the library, saying he had something to tell him. "But first," he interrupted, rising from his chair, "I will turn down the light; we can talk just as well in the dark, and it will save the gas." He then proceeded to give reasons why the expenditure of the uptown car fare was unnecessary. As he went on explaining the value of economy, out of the darkness where his son sat he heard a fumbling and shuffling. Much to his distaste, the noise continued. At length, heated to impatience, he cried, "Sam, what *are* you doing?"

"Father," came from out the blackness, "I can hear just as well without 'em, and, while we're sitting here in the dark, I'm taking off my trousers to save 'em."

For the rest of that evening economies were not discussed.

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There Is Only One Critic

PETER F. DAILEY, the comedian, and some of his associates often meet for social intercourse after performances. On one occasion Hall Caine, the novelist, was their guest. Mr. Caine had been previously informed that he would encounter a party eminently Bohemian in spirit, and was not prepared for the learned discussions wherein he found himself a deeply interested, if somewhat puzzled listener; now and then he detected certain irrelevancies, he thought, but the perpetrator seemed so solemn that it passed for ordinary comment.

In deference to Mr. Caine, the talk drifted on to the broad subject of authors in connection with critics, actors, and kindred subjects; which led Mr. Dailey to deliver the following remarkable disquisition:—

"It seems to me, by the way, that only one man has any right to criticise a theatrical performance. Make it two, by a long stretch. The professional critic is not one of them; neither is the man who pays at the door, because he rarely knows what he is talking about. The actor and the author alone are qualified,—but even the author should be omitted. Consider what the author has written,—for instance, the threadbare conversation about the chicken crossing the road. 'A chicken,' wrote the author, 'crosses the road in order to get on the other side.' What sort of dialogue is that? How can a chicken reach the other side of the road when the other side of the road is the side it has just left? Obviously the author was stupid. A chicken crosses the road in order to remain on the same side. No, the author is out of it,—only an actor has any right to criticise a show."

Mr. Caine, in the midst of profound silence, suddenly laughed explosively. They stared and he laughed the more; they gazed at him inquiringly, expressionless as marble. One by one, as if dumfounded, they left the table.

Mr. Dailey was the last to go. Pausing, he looked back at Mr. Caine, who remained helpless at the table, laughing so intensely as scarcely to utter a sound.

"And that," exclaimed the comedian, loudly, and with scorn, "is an author!"

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The Foundation of Mark Twain's Fortune

MARK TWAIN says that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first and the experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean Howells on one occasion the subject of literature vicissitudes was broached by the humorist.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift," he observed. "But I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely.

"Indecision about spending money," he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I could n't decide what to buy with my last nickel I kept it, and so became rich."

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She Was Bewitched

THOMAS W. LAWSON was once visited in his Boston office by a young woman who came laden with all sorts of college diplomas and gilt-edged references. It so happened that Mr. Lawson needed a temporary secretary and engaged her on the spot. When, later in the day, the young woman handed Mr. Lawson a number of letters that he had dictated, they were chiefly remarkable for their hideous orthography. He called the girl's attention to her blunders, whereupon she replied with a giggle:—

"Really, now, I think I must have been bewitched."

"Quite so," said Mr. Lawson; "some fairy has evidently cast a bad spell over you."

This story affords a moral to the average stenographer and typewriter, for if there is anything which exasperates a business or a professional man it is the inability of his amanuensis to spell correctly.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Take the Whole Man to the Task

ONLY fresh, spontaneous work really counts. If you have to drive yourself to your task, if you have to drag yourself to your work every morning because of exhausted vitality, if you feel fagged or worn-out, if there is no elasticity in your step or movements, your work will partake of your weakness.

Make it a rule to go to your work every morning fresh and vigorous. You can not afford to take hold of the task upon which your life's success rests with the tips of your fingers. You can not afford to bring only a fraction of yourself to your work. You want to go to it a whole man, fresh, strong, and vigorous, so that it will be spontaneous, not forced; buoyant, not heavy. You want to go to your work with creative energy, and originality,—possessed of a strong, powerful individuality. If you go to it with jaded faculties and a sense of lassitude, after a night's dissipation or loss of sleep, it will inevitably suffer. Everything you do will bear the impress of weakness, and there is no success or satisfaction in weakness.

This is just where a great many people fail,—in not bringing all of themselves to their task. The man who goes to his task with debilitated energy and low vitality, with all of his standards down and his ideals lagging, with a wavering mind, and uncertain step, will never produce anything worth while.

What would you think of trying to win the prizes in a number of athletic contests by entering half fed, tired out, exhausted from overwork, and without preparation? You would say, "There is no chance for me to win under such conditions." How can you expect to win in your great life-contest, when you are in competition with giants, if your nerve-cells are exhausted, poisoned with nicotine and soaked in alcohol, or impaired by any kind of dissipation?

The grand prize in life depends upon putting yourself every day to the test in superb condition, with every faculty intact, and with all the reserve force and power you can possibly store up. Yet you go to your business, a large part of the time, perhaps, exhausted, with no force in your blood, no surplus power in your brain, no reserve of energy to save the day in life's great battle.

When the will summons the faculties to an encounter and marshals its forces for the supreme test, and there is no reserve power to give up, the battle will be lost. There must be fire and energy in the blood, in the muscle, and in the brain, to accomplish anything of value.

Everything depends upon the care you take to keep yourself in superb condition for achievement in life's contest. A poorer horse with a better trainer will beat a better horse half-fed and half-cared for. One talent kept in prime condition will beat ten talents demoralized by vicious or careless living. If there is no iron in your blood, no reserve in your constitution, you will go down in the first battle.

A great general does not take his army to the supreme conflict, the decisive battle, in a demoralized condition. His soldiers must be superbly drilled for the great struggle.

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"Look Pleasant"

WHAT would be the effect upon civilization if everybody would keep constantly in mind that suggestion of the photographer, "Look pleasant?" The most difficult part of the photographer's work is the effort to get the subject before the camera to rid himself of the cold, stiff, set expression of his face and to replace it by a genial, kindly look or a smile. He is not willing to reproduce the sitter until he succeeds, because he knows that the change of expression will transform the photograph.

How the habit of looking pleasant would revolutionize our natures, and civilization itself! If we could only get rid of the hard, eager, worried look habitual to many of us, not for the few seconds we stand before the camera, but for all our lives, how bright the world would grow!

What a blissful experience it would be to pass through streets and cars and stores,—wherever we meet human beings,—and find everybody looking contented and happy, every face bearing an expression of friendliness and good will!

We sometimes meet such people. They look as though they long to know you. They give you the impression that they feel a close kinship to you, that they are brothers and sisters in reality, and are only barred from speaking to you by cold conventionality.

What a happiness it would be to find those well-wishing, cheerful, kindly faces wherever we go! How it would lighten the burdens of life, and improve this earth as a dwelling place!

Few of us recognize how much sunshine we could radiate by merely looking pleasant. We do not realize what a boon it would be to the downcast and the discouraged to see this expression of love and well-wishing in strange faces, to be spoken to in a friendly, encouraging, inspiring tone of voice.

Thousands of poor, unfortunate wretches go through the streets of our great cities day after day, longing for a kind word or even for a sympathetic look. But no one speaks to them, looks at them, or seems to care whether they live or die. No one seeks to know of the burdens that are crushing them, or tries to lift them. Conventionalism, or the fear of intruding, keeps many kind-hearted people dumb who would willingly do what they could to lighten the loads of those unfortunates.

The time will come when empty forms and conventions will be no barrier to the manifestation of human brotherhood, when no one will feel himself a stranger, even though he does not know a single person in a great city by name. He will not only see the expression of kinship in every face, but he will also be made to feel by word and act that he is indeed a brother. Why, after all, should the bond of blood be held so sacred as compared with the larger kinship of universal brotherhood? Isn't it narrow and selfish to regard those who do not happen to be born of our own household, who are not of the favored few inclosed within the fence which surrounds our homestead, as pagans, outside of the pale of our love or any obligation of kinship? Are we not a long way from civilization, from the dawn of the millenium, when we look upon the people who happen to be under our own little government as entitled to our protection, and yet under the guise of honorable (?) warfare shoot down without compunction men born under another flag, and who have never injured us?

The time will come when every man will see the divinity and kinship in every other man, no matter what his color, race, creed, or condition, and will regard him with the same feeling that he has for his brother by blood. Then, and not till then, will wars cease; then, and not till then, will civilization find the meaning after which it has been struggling through all the ages. In the meantime, every one has it in his power to hasten the coming of this great day merely by heeding the admonition,—"Look pleasant."

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He Did not Know why He Was Shunned

I KNOW a man—a type of thousands of others,—who can not understand why people avoid him. If he is at a social gathering everybody seems repelled from his side of the room. When others are enjoying themselves, chatting and laughing, he is silent, in a corner by himself. If, by any accident, he gets into the center of attraction, there seems to be a centrifugal force acting upon him, which quickly draws him out again to his solitary corner. He is rarely invited anywhere. He appears to be a social icicle,—no warmth about him, no magnetism.

This man's lack of popularity is a painful mystery to him. He has great ability, is a hard worker, and, when his day's work is done, likes to relax and mingle with his kind; but he gets none of the pleasure for which he longs. He is mortified to find himself persistently shunned while others, with not a tithe of his ability, are welcomed wherever they go. He has no idea that selfishness is the principal bar to his popularity. He is always thinking of self. He can not get himself or his business out of his mind long enough to take an interest in other people or their affairs. No matter how often you talk with him, he always wants to pull the conversation around to himself or his business.

Another hindrance to his social success is that he does not know the secret of attraction. He does not know that every person is a magnet, which attracts in exact intensity and power to the habitual thought and motive. The man who is always thinking of himself becomes a self-magnet, attracting himself, nobody else. Some men become money magnets. Their thoughts have been held on money so long that they attract money,—nothing else. Some men become vicious because they have made themselves vice magnets.

On the other hand, there are men and women so beautiful in mind and in character that everybody who comes in contact with them feels a sense of ownership or close kinship with them. Everyone about them loves and admires them. These large-hearted creatures are loved because they love. They are magnets which attract all sorts of people because they are large enough to take them in. They are interested in them all; they have charity for them all.

We instinctively measure the predominating qualities of a person, and estimate everything about him, under favorable conditions. We perceive his dominating qualities and know at once whether he is a Chinese wall of ex-

clusiveness, or don't-touch-me-ness, or a generous, open, magnanimous nature, without bars, or secrets, or evasiveness, one who attracts and loves everybody else.

As long as a man remains cold, self-centered, and self-contemplative, he will have no magnetism for others. He will be shunned and disliked. No one will voluntarily seek him. It is just a question of the kind of magnet he makes of himself. The moment he shows regard for others, magnanimity, he will take on magnetic qualities, and attract, where before he repelled. He will draw others to him just in proportion to his interest in them. As soon as he puts himself in another's place, takes a genuine interest in his welfare, and does not try to shift the conversation to himself and his own affairs, just so soon, and no sooner, will others take an interest in him. There is only one way to win love, and that is, to love. Love will break the bonds of selfishness and self-consciousness. Stop thinking of self, and take an interest in others; develop an admiration and love for them, a real desire to help them, and you will be loved.

Many persons are avoided because they are always shut up within themselves, absorbed in their own affairs. They have lived with themselves so long that they have lost connection and sympathy with the outside world. They have lived a subjective life so long that an objective one seems impossible. They did not realize that living alone and not interesting themselves in others for years would shut off their powers of attraction and dry up their sympathies, until they would cease to generate any warmth or power, and would become human icicles, so cold that their mere presence would chill the whole atmosphere about them.

Man is so constituted that he does not live normally alone. A large part of his life comes from others. He is a related being, and, when cut off from his fellows, loses half his power. As a rule, a man is great only as he comes so in contact with other lives that there is a vital connection between himself and other men, and their lives and thoughts surge through him, and his through them. The moment he cuts himself off from other men to live and to work alone, he begins to shrivel or to atrophy.

The moment a cluster of green grapes is severed from the parent stem it begins to shrivel. The moment the sap which feeds it is cut off, it grows stale and insipid. It becomes worthless. The virtue of the cluster comes from its sap connection, its nourishment connection with the soil through the main vine. It can do nothing alone. When its source of power is cut off, it ceases to grow. It dies.

A man is but a cluster on the great human grapevine. He begins to dry up the moment he is cut off from his fellows. There is something in the solidarity of the human race which can not be accounted for in the sum total of all the individuals. Separation from the mass involves a mighty loss of power in the individual, just as there is a loss of cohesion and adhesion involved in the separation of the molecules and atoms of the diamond. The value of the gem is in the close contact, the compactness, and the concentration of the particles which compose it. The moment they are separated its value is gone. So a strong, effective man gets a large part of his strength from the vital connection with his fellows.

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Where They Lost Their Luck

In dawdling.
In indecision.
At the race track.
In poor judgment.
In worrying and fretting.
In magnifying difficulties.
In a bad business location.
In trusting unworthy people.
In trying to get rich quickly.
In letting their ambition cool.
In oversanguine expectations.
"At the end of a fishing rod."
In not daring to take chances.
At cheap, demoralizing shows.
In not mastering their moods.
In getting into the wrong place.
In making a business of pleasure.
In not quite knowing their business.
In waiting for something to turn up.
It went down in drink and up in smoke.
In trying to take short cuts to success.
In working only when they felt like it.
In not working to a plan or programme.
In neglecting their personal appearance.
In looking on the dark side of everything.
In overconfidence born of a first easy victory.
In choosing a silly, extravagant girl for a wife.
In not being ready for the opportunity when it came.
In sampling every kind of investment scheme that came along.
In dreaming of great things instead of doing the little ones at hand.
In being so disagreeable and selfish that they could not make friends.
It was burned up by a hot temper, which drove their employers and customers away.
In waiting for somebody to help them or give them a boost, or for some rich uncle to die.
In refusing to take the positions they could get because they did not know whether they would like the work or not.

WITH THE HOUSEKEEPER

MRS. CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

[For various reasons it has seemed best to the editors of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to discontinue the title of "The Successful Home" for the department devoted especially to home interests. All the topics that have been treated under that caption will, however, be retained, and additional subjects of importance in the home will be taken up. As heretofore, correspondence on points of interest to housekeepers and homemakers is invited and suggestions are requested. Each woman who reads SUCCESS MAGAZINE should feel a personal share in the effort to make it of value in all provinces of the home. The department under the heading "With the Housekeeper" will include such subjects of general interest in the line of this name as do not find a place under other domestic sections. Kindly address all communications to me. CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.]

Extravagance Which Is Economy

ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, there is occasionally for the housewife an extravagance which is an economy. For the woman trying to make the most of a slender income, the knowing how and where to indulge in such extravagances is a boon.

First of all, one must study the nutritious and appetizing properties of expensive foods, in comparison with the possibilities of cheaper viands. This does not mean that the most costly foods are the most nourishing,—far from it,—a fillet of beef, at sixty cents a pound, is delicate eating, but it does not possess half so much nutrition as round steak, at eighteen cents a pound, which has to be laboriously chewed.

What may first be taken into consideration is the question of waste. There is the codfish, for instance, purchased for a Friday dinner; it probably costs ten cents a pound and weighs four or five pounds. When it leaves the table there is carried away a pound or two of waste material, in the shape of skin, bones, and the thin parts of a fish, which nobody eats. Two pounds of fine, firm halibut, costing eighteen or twenty cents a pound, might, at first, strike one as an extravagant purchase. It is enough, however, to provide a plentiful meal for the ordinary family, and it may be prepared in an infinite variety of ways, transformed into a real company dish by the addition of any savory sauce and, most important of all, there is absolutely no waste about it.

There are similar economies which can be practised in regard to purchasing various meats. A leg of mutton, for which the careful housewife pays a dollar, is not an extravagance, if she knows how to cook it. She boils it slowly in a well-flavored liquor, obtaining a bountiful pot of stock. The meat makes its first appearance, smoking hot, accompanied by caper sauce and plenty of vegetables. Time and again it becomes the base for an excellent meal, sliced cold, perhaps, as a savory stew, minced on toast, in a shepherd's pie, or as croquettes, while the barley broth made from the stock forms one good meal in itself. Figure against the cost of the leg of mutton, four or five meals such as a frugal housewife considers economical; ham and eggs, for instance; pork chops, Hamburg steak, veal cutlets, or a steak. You will find that some of these dishes are more costly, some of them are less wholesome, and they entail everyday marketing. I do not mean that the good cook ought to set before her family mutton for every dinner in the week; it is economy to intersperse it with other viands. I only wish to show that a good leg of mutton, or a juicy roast of beef, which goes equally far, is by no means such an extravagance as the price at first seems to indicate.

I once heard a famous cooking teacher say, "The best of everything is the cheapest." This statement has occasionally to be modified by the condition of one's purse, still it is very near being true. If I were obliged to decide between two grades of eggs, one at twenty-five cents a dozen, and another at forty-eight cents, I would instantly choose half a dozen of the more expensive grade, rather than a dozen of the cheaper ones. During the egg famine periods, the careful home caterer finds a score of dishes to take the place of eggs in her breakfast menus, while she makes half a dozen eggs a week do wonders in cooking. She cuts from the daily bill of fare such luxuries as lemon and custard pies, as well as all cakes which make a lavish demand upon eggs. Clean egg shells are carefully hoarded for clearing soup or coffee, and delicate snow or gold cakes, which call for only half of two eggs, are so good that nobody craves angel food or pound cake. Left-over yolks then do duty in custards; they enrich a tapioca or bread pudding; the whites serve for dipping foods which have to be egged and crumbed. Then it is so much easier on the nerves to cook with eggs which are above suspicion than to crack each one with fear and trembling. The same principle enters into all sorts of marketing.

Better set on each breakfast plate half a large, juicy, well-flavored orange, than a whole one that is small, half ripe, and sour or mossy. Study with mistrust cheap apples, potatoes, or fruits and vegetables of every kind. Once in a while you may find a bargain, but oftener there is so much waste that a small quantity which is first class is of greater economy.

I never forget one lesson that taught me how well the grocer or butcher knows *his* business. I purchased a case of canned peas so far below the price of such a commodity that the temptation was irresistible. The first can we opened was uneatable; the second smelt queer; after the third, we fumigated the house. Then I discovered something I had never seen before in reputable canned goods, two soldered places, showing that once upon a time fermentation had begun to make the can bulge queerly, and it had been punctured to allow the gases to escape, then closed again. Job lots of such goods are dumped by unprincipled houses all over the country and bought by unwary housekeepers. The spoiled peas came from a bargain sale, where nothing was returnable, and we had the labor of burying them.

I still purchase canned goods every season in large quantities, but bargain sales of food have no further temptation for me, and I examine every can closely for double soldering, or for dents and bulges, which generally mean fermented contents. By testing one brand after another, I have learned to buy of firms so trustworthy that there is not a spoiled can in an entire case. For such goods the price, of course, is not bargain-counter figures, but they are cheaper in the end. There is an economy of several dollars, if, each season when the new canned goods arrive, the housewife can lay in a goodly supply. The difference between purchasing a case (two dozen,) of canned tomatoes and buying the same number, one can at the time, amounts to thirty or forty cents. When there is a large family to provide for, if one is the happy possessor of a spacious, cool, dry storeroom, the economy of spending fifty dollars at once on supplies, means a saving of six or seven dollars. Among the goods which keep perfectly and on which considerable money may be saved by purchasing in quantity are tea, (by the canister,) coffee, unground, (by the sack,) crackers, (in the tin,) sugar and flour, (by the barrel,) gelatine, packages of raisins and currants, macaroni, extracts, pickles, olives, and relishes, (by the dozen,) soap, (by the box,) olive oil, (by the gallon,) and canned goods of every description by the case. In purchasing in quantities, however, one must consider the keeping property of foods, ordering such things as dried fruits, meals, and cereals, that are likely to grow stale or wormy in packages, in moderation. It is step by step, with a constant study of the markets, and a growing knowledge of wholesome cookery and dietetics, that the housewife can arrive at an understanding of where extravagance is economy,—it is a knowledge well worth achievement.

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The Faithfulness of Servants

Mary Stewart Cutting

AFFECTION for their employers, a gratitude for kindness shown them, is not, as some mistresses would have us believe, rare, or practically unknown among servants.

I have known servants who not only have not left a house in time of illness, but have even helped take care of fever-stricken children when no relative would come near the parents. I have known a woman who had been a servant, and afterwards married, who went back into a house poisoned with diphtheria, to care for the family, got the diphtheria *herself*, and after her recovery went back *again* to help because the mistress was ill. I have known a cook who practically took the position of housekeeper while the sickness of a dear child claimed the mistress's attention for weeks,—working each day with numberless sporadic calls on her time, and with no thought of rest or relief.

It will be noticed, that, while servants come and go from many houses, the daily charwoman as a rule changes not. She was hired, expensively, for the day, last winter, and can be hired again this winter, or next summer; she washes or sweeps, or perchance helps to get the meals in between the comings and goings of the cook. You do not know what you would do without her in those moments of stress. How does it happen that she is a fixture when so much else is fleeting. It is because *she* has her liberty; when she leaves at six o'clock she is a free woman. Her work is done. She can laugh or sit or stand or walk as she will.

I have always endeavored with my own servants to make as little claim on their evenings as possible, and I believe it to be one of the reasons why I have been served faithfully and well. Where there is only one maid kept in a household the table service ought to be regulated to admit at any rate of some evenings of lighter work. In households where a number are kept, there should be a system that will allow them to be on and off duty equally,—especially during the later hours of the day.

The Girl Who Works

KATE MASTERSON

VAST armies of girls were graduated from the schools and colleges of the country this year, all eager to embark in the professions and trades that now invite them, which, a few years ago, women had no chance to enter.

Alluring literature of late has pictured the semi-Bohemian life of the girl art student, the girl reporter, and the girl studying for the stage. There is no doubt that the girl who works has become an important figure in the scheme of the world. To one educated girl of average position who now looks forward to matrimony as a career, there are a dozen with defined ambitions to succeed in the professions.

These girls are all brave, bright, and self-reliant. Many of them are intent on helping those of their families who may not be so strong or so capable as they themselves. They make the plunge into the world outside effectively, boldly, often brilliantly. Many succeed moderately, a few substantially; but many fail.

When a woman fails who starts out with as strong a purpose to succeed as these girls have, it is rarely due to the same drawbacks that deter a man. His companionships, his amusements, his freedom from home ties will often combine to injure his chances of success during this first important character-forming period.

But girls tend naturally toward good surroundings and companions. They have their ideals always at this stage. They are very likely to be prudent and economical, and to accept conditions with the resignation that is part of woman's nature. They are over-industrious, over-conscientious, and over-kind in this first setting out in life.

The girl who fails, and returns to the parental nest, weary winged and fainting after her first flight, frequently lives to be glad that the joys of a "career" were denied her. The girls who succeed often look back from the turmoil, the weariness, and the responsibility which comes with their achievement to the sunlit plains of the old home life.

But which are the girls who succeed? What feminine trait, among all the good ones that girls possess, is it that helps them to win in life's battle? Invariably, failure comes to a woman in her undertaking, whether it be a poem or a pie, through lack of concentration. Concentration may be more clearly defined as the power to keep on,—to hang on, if need be,—to stick.

Men will almost always have this gift of tenacity in their ambitions, although they may lack all the virtues. They may be discouraged and apparently encompassed with difficulties, but they will refuse to let go. They call it grit, pluck, sand,—there are many words that express it; but it is born with man, while woman must cultivate it.

With schoolboys these traits are encouraged and admired, while a little girl is taught to be pliant and yielding. Gentleness is her desire; courage, the boys'. Boys play football and learn to hang on. Girls weave daisy chains and learn to give in to each other. It all handicaps the girls when they join the world outside.

The New York boy who fell into a sewer and was carried many blocks by the tide to the open river, from which he was rescued, was an admirable illustration of the law of success.

"I just kept on swimmin'," he said, from his hospital cot. "Did n't you pray?" asked a nurse. "How could I pray when my mouth was full of mud?" he demanded. "No! I just kept on swimmin'!"

A girl would have prayed and have forgotten to swim. She would have clutched at something; but the boy kept on swimming!

It is this lack of concentration,—of keeping on that causes women to fail. It is the hardest trait to cultivate, simple as it sounds. Just to keep on! To be born with a talent of sturdy determination is to be armed admirably for life's battles, and, if women must fight or else must choose to fight, they must keep on.

To keep on must not be misunderstood for the mere work of a plodder. True, the plodder will, in the end, accomplish more than the visionary, but plodders go over the same task with their eyes upon the ground. To keep on is to progress.

There are times when to keep on is one of the most irksome and thankless tasks in the category. These times come to women hard and fast. They see butterfly successes perched high in niches where they are effectively, if not permanently, enshrined. They have the weakness of sex to contend with, the yearning for clothes that oppresses even the bravest of them; their own natural longings for domesticity that overwhelm them like a wave in the midst of their strivings.

These are the dangerous pauses in life's work for women. With many of the roses of life trodden under their feet, in the cruel march they have begun, they fall fainting from lack of recognition, of achievement, of result. There always comes a temptation to vacillate; to seek change, to endeavor to make some brilliant *coup*, as others seem to do and sometimes do.

But the gift of keeping on is better than ability to consummate sky-rocket successes; it is better than genius itself. It is what all women lack naturally. It is not strength, for women will dispense more energy in aimless purpose than would encompass wonders if rightly directed. It is not earnestness, for women will drench their unaccepted novel or play or their rejected picture with the bitterest tears. They are in deadly earnest, but, with their power for idealization, they are always looking for success to come to them smiling with outstretched hands.

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Misfortune is sometimes the father of prosperity.

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[EDITOR OF "THE HABERDASHER"]

WHEN our country was in the log-cabin stage of its growth, correct dress was not held in high regard, and obviously so. The stout-hearted pioneers were too busy hewing paths and blazing trails to cultivate life's finer side. Theirs was the rough work of field and camp, of hammer and saw. But times, men, and manners have changed and a new conception of dress has sprung up. Young men, especially, recognize the direct relation of correct dress to business and social preferment. The well-dressed man carries his introduction with him,—he is master of himself and of the situation. He commands the respect of others because he shows that he respects himself.

It is true that there are some men of wealth and position who slur their clothes and even some who feign to scorn the niceties of dress. The habits of a careless youth have left their imprint on such men, and it is quite certain that their disdain of dress played no part in their success and detracts measurably from their enjoyment of it. For, after all, the ripest fruit of success is the esteem of one's fellows, and who can esteem the sloven? In talking to a man one's attention naturally roves to his clothes, his hair, his teeth, and his finger nails. Dandruff on the shoulder, stains on the waistcoat, an unshaven face, untidy hair, creases in the coat, a soiled collar, a mussed cravat, proclaim in trumpet tones that a man lacks the truest refinement,—respect of self.

The drollest creature of all to us is he who fancies that neglect of personal appearance denotes a high brand of culture. This eccentric lets his hair grow into a mane, keeps his finger nails murderously long and pointed, wears faded jackets, shoes down at the heel, cravats that flutter in the wind, and hats whose ancestry is past determining. He imagines that he is breathing a rarified atmosphere and showing himself superior to "things of the earth, earthly," whereas, in truth, he is just a fantastic rattle pate at whom people laugh good-naturedly.

Few men have either the means or the inclination to follow every turn and twist of fashion,—that would be almost an occupation in itself. Moreover, fashion is plastic; it means one thing to one man and another thing to another man. True fashion is founded upon good taste, upon becomingness to the individual. As long as a man's clothes are well cut and of good quality, they chime with fashion, and it matters not a cent whether the lapel of his pocket be two or three inches wide and cut high or cut low. Extremes are always dangerous, and anyway they do not express fashion, but are simply a radical development of it. As an example, take a man's hat. No special shape is "the" shape, because no single shape is suited to every cast of features. The same applies just as aptly to everything else that a man wears. Becomingness to the individual and good taste constitute fashion in its best sense. That correct dress and care of the body are intimately associated with good breeding is undeniable. I do not say that good clothes make a gentleman, but I do say that they contribute appreciably to it. He who shows the bracing effects of a morning bath, scrupulous attention to his person, and acquaintance with a modish tailor unconsciously feels the added obligations that they impose to be well-spoken and well-mannered. He is at ease in any company, he gains in poise, he is surer of himself, he can meet his fellow-man without flinching.

My illustrations this month deal with correct dress for the mountains, the field, and the shore. The golf 'kerchief has supplanted the bandage-like "stock" for all sports. It may be as brilliant as the wearer's fancy prompts, for a bold splash of color harmonizes capitally with field and foliage. Golf 'kerchiefs are knotted loosely around the neck, and, sometimes, the neck is left free and the 'kerchief is tied about the waist as a belt. For tennis the combination shirt and drawers shown here are admirable. The half sleeves leave the arms bare for brisk work, while the fact that shirt and drawers are made in one piece prevents the shirt from mounting at the waist, as it has a disconcerting trick of doing.

THE NEW GOLF 'KERCHIEF

White buck shoes are much approved for country wear, being soft, flexible, and cool-looking. They accompany white serge and flannel suits. "Stocks" are well adapted for riding and I illustrate a white cheviot "stock" with a dark gray flannel shirt. Panama hats are in good form for "the open," but in bad form for town. Each of the various sports has a special mode of dress of its own, except motoring, which is too young to have evolved a distinctive costume yet. The average "autoist" muffles himself up too much when on short trips, and assumes the dress which is only appropriate for long and dusty trips on a heavy touring-car.

No notion is wider of the mark than that dressing well is expensive. On the contrary, save for the first cost of having one's clothes cut by a good tailor, the expense is relatively small. Three business suits a year are amply sufficient, then comes a frock or cutaway suit for formal occasions, and an evening suit, usually and somewhat vulgarly called "full dress," for ceremonious wear after sundown. To be sure, the wardrobe of many is more extensive than this, but I am considering here the needs of the average man, who has not the "dining out" habit. The so-called "Tuxedo" coat, more properly termed "evening jacket," may well be dispensed with, because this garment is only an interloper and has never been accepted as in good standing except for club and lounge wear.

Many little dress puzzles arise every day and it may be helpful to my readers if I settle some of the more common ones here.

When is it correct to put on formal evenings clothes? After six o'clock, though, if a man dresses for a function fixed for six o'clock that he must reach before that time, it is quite allowable to be seen around five or after in evening clothes.

How long may evening dress be worn? Until dawn.

Is it good form to wear evening clothes on Sunday night? Yes; just as correct as on other nights.

Is it proper to wear the "Opera" hat with the "Tuxedo" or evening jacket? No; a high hat must always accompany a tailed coat, and thus may only be worn rightfully with the "swallowtail," frock, or cutaway coats.

Is it correct to wear patent leather shoes with business or morning clothes? No; they belong only with formal dress.

Is it ever permissible to appear in evening clothes without an overcoat on the street? No.

What should be the color of the muffler worn with evening dress? It should be simple white or black; white is a degree more correct.

When one wears evening dress, where should the handkerchief be carried? It should be kept in the left breast pocket of the coat, not tucked up the sleeve or, dreadful to relate, pushed between waistcoat and shirt bosom.

Is a silk handkerchief proper with evening clothes? No; a plain white linen handkerchief with the owner's monogram embroidered in white is in the best form.

Does a gentleman wear his white *glacé* evening glove on the street going to a function. No; he wears *suède* gloves in the street and exchanges them for his *glacé* gloves, carried in his pocket, when he reaches

A RIDING SHIRT AND STOCK

the coat room of the host's or hostess' house.

Is it allowable to wear fancy hose with evening dress? No; only plain black silk hose or black embroidered with black are sanctioned.

Is it correct to wear a watch chain or fob with evening clothes? No; no jewelry of any kind should be in evidence and a fob is especially to be avoided as it is obtrusive and mars the extreme simplicity which is the distinguishing mark of a gentleman's dress after candle-light.

THE ONE-PIECE TENNIS SUIT

Correct dress is not governed by set rules, but always accords with sense and the proprieties. For example, if a man knows that everybody else is going to wear certain clothes on a certain occasion, it would be clearly boorish of him to make himself conspicuous by appearing in different dress, even if custom upheld him. It is well, if one is invited to a social affair about which there is some uncertainty, to learn in advance what the others will wear, as this will spare a man much future embarrassment.

Special affairs like weddings demand absolute uniformity of dress on the part of groom, best man, and ushers.

THE WHITE BUCK SHOE

Indeed, they should arrange in advance what shade of cravats and gloves they intend to wear, so as to prevent a clashing of colors.

Johnny Let Go

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, on one of his hunting tours in the Adirondacks, spent a very long day in restless pursuit of big game. By the time success had finally justified the chase, he made the discovery that he was a very hungry man. At his urgent request, the guide conducted the party to the nearest inn the wilderness afforded. The journey was not a brief one, and, by the time the modest hostelry was reached, Mr. Roosevelt was still more hungry.

When informed that the only fare obtainable at the establishment was corned beef and cabbage, involuntarily he made use of the expression which has long been famous,—

"Delighted!"

Amusement was created in the presidential party when the chief executive, whose identity had been kept a secret, was given a seat at the family board. It was increased when huge portions of corned beef and cabbage were passed from the head of the table where sat the host. The first plate to make its appearance was heaped very high. It reached a small boy and got no further. The President sighed to express his envy and disappointment.

"Johnny!" exclaimed the host, sharply, "thet be'n't fer you; thet be fer the stranger."

Much to the amusement of all, the President seized the rim of the plate on one side while Johnny held the other.

There was a moment of doubt.

Then the President, softly, and with a twinkle in his eye, but with inexorable decision, leaned over and spoke into the red, resentful face of the hungry boy.

"Johnny," he said, "let go!"

Johnny let go.

On Philadelphia,—As Usual

H. H. ROGERS has added a good-humored contribution to the witticisms, deserved or otherwise, prevalent about the Quaker City.

On an iron *grille* around an elevator shaft at the ground floor, a dial with figures corresponding to the floors is traversed by an indicator which informs waiting passengers of the car's progress up or down.

"Look there!" remarked Mr. Rogers, pointing, as the hand began to move; "is it any wonder they jeer at the pace in Philadelphia?"

"Why, the car is coming unusually fast," observed his companion, A. J. Cassatt.

"What did I say?" continued the magnate, pointing at the indicator insistently. "It started at twelve and did n't get here until six by the clock!"

MRS. HERRICK'S TABLE TALK

The Sunday-night Supper for Intimate Guests

THE Puritan Sabbath still holds its own in some parts of the land. But the old way of looking at Sunday, that made it a period of penance rather than one of rest and gladness has almost disappeared. The thoughtful housekeeper will refrain from making unnecessary toil for the manservant and maidservant within her gates on that day, but she will so plan her work that she may have a place for a friend on Sunday at her dinner or supper table, and feel that she is indulging in one of those "works of necessity and mercy," which are countenanced even by the Westminster catechism.

The noon dinner has its advantages as a time for the intimate guest, but they are not equal to those of the Sunday-night supper. There is almost always something that may be done on Sunday afternoon. Calls may be paid, in tolerable weather it is the time preëminently for long walks or for lazy outdoor rest. But Sunday evening is different. Then the hours may be inclined to hang a trifle heavily and one welcomes a fashion of spending them pleasantly.

When I speak of intimate guests at the Sunday-night supper I refer to those for whom no elaborate preparations need be made. If the right sort of effort is made to convert the often cold and unattractive Sunday-night supper into a pleasing and appetizing meal, no greater labor is involved by the presence of a visitor than the placing of another plate at the table, and the washing of a few more dishes afterwards. I know of some households in which the guests are allowed to come out into the kitchen and take merry part in the preparation of the meal. The recollection is with me of a certain spotless kitchen, its walls covered with enameled blue-and-white oilcloth, the painted floor softened here and there by a rug, where I have seen one young man laboriously toasting bread while another devoted the best powers of his mind to making drip coffee. The mushrooms that were to go on the toast were cooked afterwards in the chafing dish, by the daughter of the house, while the son compounded the salad on the supper table.

Such a feast as this is an especial treat to the young men and women who are away from home and dwell in boarding houses. Mission work it might be called, to invite them for the Sunday-night meal that is so forlorn to the exile from home comforts. Perhaps the boon is as great to the overworked housekeeper, who is tired to death of her own table and longs for a taste of food that has been planned and purchased by someone else. *She* knows how to appreciate the good things that are set before her!

It is a mistake to think that a servant must be kept at home for such a festivity as this. Perhaps it is a help to have her when the labor of washing up succeeds the meal,—but even this may be turned into a frolic. The work of making ready for the feast may nearly all have been done earlier in the day or on Saturday morning.

It is little trouble to plan out a few attractive *menus* for Sunday-night suppers. Cold meat is often taken for granted and there are combinations in which it may be attractive. But if the meat is cold there should be something to offset it. For instance, there may be cold meat and a salad, or cold meat and aspic jelly. These do well for warm weather, but in winter the stomach pleads for something more savory. Then is the time to have fried green peppers or fried tomatoes,—when fresh tomatoes can not be bought, the whole canned tomatoes are excellent to have fried or devilled. Lyonnaise potatoes are good with cold meat, and there are other savory ways of preparing vegetables.

But perhaps cold meat is more attractive when it is not cold,—if the bull may be pardoned. That is, it may be made hot in some way that will tempt the palate far more than if it appeared in its cold state. Such cookery may be done in the kitchen or on the table in a chafing dish. Or the cold meat may be dispensed with altogether and its place taken by a dish of eggs or one of shellfish or cheese. The dwellers near the coast may make good use of oysters, clams, scallops, and lobsters; those who live further inland will find their mainstay in eggs and cheese. The salad is not to be overlooked. If one can not obtain the green salad, except at a high price, vegetables may be used in salad and will be found delicious. There are many good boiled dressings, and some of the best vegetable salads are better with a boiled dressing than even with a mayonnaise.

On the question of sweets perhaps it is not necessary to dwell at length. Generally they are better understood than are savories. The housekeeper turns to her store of canned or preserved fruit for her Sunday-night dessert, and this she supplements by cake made on Saturday. Or she prepares jelly or blancmange or pastry on Saturday. The sweet requires less thought than anything else.

There are some households, mostly of New England origin, where brown bread and baked beans are a welcome dish for Sunday-night supper. If the dweller in other parts of the country can not quite understand this taste, she may yet respect it and congratulate its possessors upon the ease with which they can gratify it. Even to these a word may be dropped to the effect that the time-honored dishes may be enjoyed more if they are not a regular weekly occurrence. Vary them once in a while. They will be all the more relished if they are interspersed by occasional surprises.

FRUIT SYLLABUB

PEPPERS, STUFFED WITH RICE

SUNDAY-NIGHT RECIPES

Fried Tomatoes

IF the tomatoes are fresh, cut them into thick slices, without peeling. If canned whole, slice them, and, if the ordinary canned tomatoes are used, select the firmest portions and drain off the liquor. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan or into the blazer of a chafing dish; lay in the tomatoes; if fresh, let them cook until tender; if canned, until hot through. Season with salt and pepper.

Creamed Tomatoes

These may be fried, as in the foregoing recipe. When hot through, draw them to one side of the pan and stir into the tomato juice and melted butter two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir quickly, that it may blend before it browns, add a scant half pint of milk, and continue to stir until you have a smooth sauce. Then move the tomatoes back into the sauce; season, and serve.

Beef, with Tomato Sauce

Heat together a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of good tomato catsup and a cupful of stock, soup, or gravy. When it is smoking hot, lay in the slices of beef, turn them over in the sauce until heated through, add pepper and salt, and serve. Any cold meat may be used in this way, and veal or mutton is even better than beef when warmed over in this sauce.

Devilled Beef or Mutton

Rather underdone meat should be used. Work a saltspoonful of dry mustard and a dash of cayenne into a tablespoonful of butter and cream this, using a fork, with a teaspoonful each of vinegar and Worcestershire sauce and a half teaspoonful of salt. Have your meat cut into rather thin slices; make gashes in this with a knife and rub in the "devilled" mixture. Heat a little butter in a frying pan,—very little,—and grill the meat in this. If desired, it may be cooked in the blazer of a chafing dish.

Savory Smoked Beef

Heat a cupful of milk over the fire or in a chafing dish and put with it a tablespoonful of butter and cook until melted. Lay in a cupful or more of dried beef, cut into rather small pieces or thin slices; cook five minutes, turn in two beaten eggs, and stir until the sauce is thick. Add a little pepper and serve on toast or on hot crackers.

Savory Mince of Cold Meat

This can be prepared in a chafing dish. Melt a tablespoonful of butter or good dripping, and add to it half a teaspoonful of onion juice. Put into this chopped cold meat of any sort, and moisten it to the consistency you desire with the gravy saved from the roast. Chicken is especially good cooked in this way. Season with celery salt and pepper, and, with anything except chicken, put in a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce at the last. If beef is used, as much chopped potato as meat may be added, if desired.

Fried Cheese Sandwiches

Grate a cupful of soft, fresh cheese. Make it into a paste with cream, and season with a quarter teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of paprica or black pepper. Spread this on thin slices of bread, from which the crust has been cut, and put the spread sides together like sandwiches. Lay in a little hot butter in a frying pan or blazer and brown lightly.

An Unusual Potato Salad

Every one knows the stock potato salad. The following is a different thing:—

Rub two cups of mashed potato through a colander. Chop fine three-quarters of a cupful of white cabbage. Mince two tablespoonfuls of gherkin pickles, pound the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, and mix all together. Prepare the dressing, by heating to boiling half a cupful of vinegar, stirring into it a beaten egg, a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of white sugar, a saltspoonful of celery salt, and black pepper and salt to taste. Wet a teaspoonful of flour with a little cold vinegar and add to these. Cook all together, stirring constantly until the dressing thickens, and then pour it upon the salad. Toss and mix with a silver fork and let the salad be ice cold before serving. If chopped celery can be used instead of the cabbage, the salad is better.

It is years since I first ate this salad down in the Old Dominion, but I think it now, as I thought it then, the best potato salad I ever tasted.

Cabbage and Cheese

This is another dish that may be made ready in advance and that is delicious with cold meat. Boil the cabbage in two waters, drain, and, when cold, chop it. Put a layer of it, well seasoned with salt and pepper, in a buttered bake dish. Pour on this a white sauce, made by cooking together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour until they bubble, mixing with these a cupful of milk and stirring all until thick and well blended. Season with salt and pepper. On the white sauce, when it has been poured over the cabbage, sprinkle a heaping tablespoonful of grated cheese. Put in more cabbage, and repeat the sauce and cheese until the dish is filled, making cheese with a few fine crumbs the last layer. Bake, covered, about half an hour, then uncover and brown.

Several Excellent Suggestions

[Mrs. J. F. H., Noblesville, Indiana]

Our family consists of two adults and two children. Our table board averages $3.50 a week, (adults $1.00 each, children 75 cents each,) which pays for everything we eat and drink. Here are some of the rules I follow:—

1. Serve good, substantial food, well cooked; it is better for the health and pocketbook than too many dainties.
2. Have a hog butchered and get meat and lard much cheaper.
3. Do not serve meat every meal; vary the diet by using substitutes.
4. Get the winter's supply of potatoes in the fall when potatoes are cheap.
5. Can fruit, make jellies, preserves, pickles and mince-meat for winter use.
6. Do not cook too many things at one meal, but vary the *menu* at different meals.
7. Never buy fruits or vegetables out of season. The home products are much better and cheaper.
8. When eggs are expensive, cook food where few eggs are needed: Graham gems, corn bread, and gingerbread are just as good without eggs.
9. Never waste anything. Most delicious dishes can be made from "left overs," especially the meats and bread. From beef scraps make hash, meat balls, croquettes, soup stock, etc.; use pork to season beans, bread scraps for toast, dressing, and puddings.

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED
MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

How to Conduct a Lawn Party

A CLEVER hostess will introduce novelty and variety into her entertainments by adapting them to the seasons. Of all delightful ways of showing hospitality, none is more charming and withal so inexpensive as an outdoor *fête*, and yet how comparatively rare they are!

In England, despite the climate, garden parties are the fashionable form of entertainment during the spring and summer; in Germany every bit of a garden is used as a dining room; in Italy they are supremely fond of *al fresco* pleasures, and in France originated the *fête champêtre*. Only in America do we turn from the lavish beauty that nature offers, and repeat the winter festivities, with but a change of *locale*.

A lawn party is only an afternoon tea out of doors, and may be as simple and informal or as elaborate as the hostess may desire. A few shade trees, a well-kept lawn, and a hostess with the spirit of hospitality are all that are necessary to secure success. This is one of the pleasantest ways of welcoming a new neighbor or of presenting one's visiting guests to the friends living near.

Rugs should be spread upon the grass in shady places, chairs and small tables grouped in a manner to suggest sociability, and two or three hammocks, with bright cushions, swung under the trees, to give a dash of color to the scene as well as a hint of informality. Each little table should have a snowy cover and its vase or bowl of flowers. The "dear common flowers"—daisies, buttercups, and clovers,—are the most appropriate.

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The invitations may be given by note, asking the pleasure of the guest's company, adding if one please,—"at an informal garden-party,"—or by one's visiting card, whereon the words "Lawn party," with the date and hours, are engraved or written in the lower left-hand corner.

If friends from a distance are bidden, a card, giving full information about trains, and the assurance that carriages will be in waiting, should be inclosed in each invitation. The guests are driven to the house, where a servant or someone else directs them to rooms where they may remove their wraps and possibly the dust of the roadway.

The hostess receives her friends on the lawn, dressed in some thin, pretty gown, and wearing a hat or carrying a parasol, as she may prefer. The women guests dress with elegance or in tennis costume, the men in regulation afternoon dress or in flannels, according to their views of pleasure. All tastes and all ages may be represented without interfering with each other's enjoyment, which can be said, perhaps, of no other form of hospitality.

Croquet and tennis have unfailing attractions for young people who feel energetic, or who play so well that small effort of muscle is required and only skill is taxed. Archery has had a revival and, if some pretty trifle in the way of a prize is competed for, it adds interest. An amateur fortune-teller, in gypsy dress, never fails to find a welcome. It is only necessary to have a little inventive wit and to "prophesy smooth things" to be acceptable.

Where there are many guests they entertain one another. Nature is so companionable that one feels no need of amusement. The "eyes are filled with seeing, and the ears with hearing" the sweet summer sights and sounds; the air is laden with perfume, every breeze is a caress, and one is filled with content and a sense of well-being.

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A little music heard through the open windows of the drawing room, will be a pleasant accompaniment to the conversation, if nothing more. A small orchestra under a marquee or on the piazza would of course add much to the gaiety.

Those who "go in for" tennis will appreciate lemonade or fruit punch, which should be accessible during the afternoon at small tables in some retired spot.

As a lawn party is given between the hours of four and six, or five and seven, light refreshments only are served. Maids in black dresses with white caps or aprons, or young girl friends of the hostess,—as the case may be,—bring to the little tables or pass to those seated upon the rugs or the grass, salad and sandwiches, then ices or *frappée*, cakes, and fruit,—from a large table near at hand. If the entertainment be somewhat formal and fashionable, friends make up parties to sit together at the tables, and are served in courses. Tea, hot or iced, is then added to the above *menu*.

The coachmen of one's guests should not be forgotten,—for whom sandwiches, lemonade, and cake will be a sufficient provision.

The possibility of rain must be considered,—and all plans made to facilitate a change of setting from lawn to drawing and dining rooms.

As the shadows lengthen and the air grows fresher, even those who have been held in the thrall of lazy content grow more energetic, and some game or contest to tax the wit or memory may draw the guests pleasantly together. If there is the necessary music for its accompaniment, a Virginia reel, in which all join,—young and old,—makes a merry climax to a pleasant afternoon.

A lawn party by moonlight is a more complicated affair, but its novelty makes it an attractive function, especially to young folks.

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If the invitations include a request to come in costume, the hostess will have no additional trouble and the interest of the guests will be greatly enhanced. The taxing of home talent and the spur to ingenuity will add to the pleasure. Girls love to "dress up," and the result will be charmingly picturesque.

The trees and the piazza should be hung with Japanese lanterns, and a band of music is almost a necessity.

Dancing on the lawn will be greatly enjoyed by the young people, though square dances alone will be found practicable.

A gypsy fortune-teller would also find a welcome, and strolls by moonlight, with distant strains of music sounding in the ears, will have a romantic charm as long as youth endures. Good taste would suggest that the guests be numerous enough to make long *tête-à-tête* walks subject to frequent interruptions, that the proprieties even in seeming shall be preserved from any hint of unconventionality.

The supper should be good and bountiful. Served in the house, cold dishes would find most favor,—salads, galantine, iced bouillon and cold salmon mayonnaise, berries, ices and cakes—with refreshing beverages thoroughly chilled—will satisfy the most epicurean.

"Anything for a novelty," has passed into a proverb.

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Little Hints on Good Breeding

AT a reception, it is unnecessary to take formal leave of the hostess,—unless when passing her she perceives your intention, when you should stop for a word of farewell. At a dance or dinner to omit this courtesy would be exceedingly rude, and a few brief but cordial words of appreciation of her hospitality would be in order.

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A widow's card should be engraved with her husband's name prefaced by "Mrs.," just as before his death. The name is hers by courtesy still and for all social purposes she is so addressed by letter.

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Good or bad breeding is made more evident at table than anywhere else. When drinking from a cup, the spoon should lie in the saucer, which is also its place after stirring the contents of the cup in a quiet manner.

• • • •

A man thanks his partner after dancing but a woman does not. By all the rules of chivalry, she is the one who is supposed to confer the favor.

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When a man calls upon a woman, if he knows the social usage of his day and generation, he will leave his hat, stick, and overcoat in the hall before entering the drawing room, unless he intends to make but a brief call. If he carries hat and stick into the room, he makes evident his intention, and a woman is under no necessity of relieving him of them, as so many girls seem to think.

• • • •

When making introductions pronounce the names very distinctly. A man named "Holt," for instance, objects to being called "Dolt." A name is often a spur to conversation. Those newly presented may have heard of each other or have common friends, but, if the names are slurred over, they remain ignorant of these advantages.

• • • •

When receiving a call from a young man, a girl should not rock violently, laugh loudly, or betray nervousness. Let her try to talk of what interests him or lead him to do so. When he rises to go, she should rise also with but a moment's hesitation of reluctance. She does not accompany him to the door, but takes leave of him in the drawing room, expressing the hope of soon seeing him again.

• • • •

Invitations to a church wedding require no acknowledgment, unless accompanied by a card for the reception. One's presence, then, constitutes an acceptance, but a card must be sent to the bride's parents—who are the hosts,—

if one is unable to attend. An invitation to a wedding breakfast requires a prompt note of acceptance or regret, as for a formal dinner.

* * * *

It is very inelegant for a woman to cross her knees when sitting or to swing her arms violently when walking. A slight motion of the arm is unobjectionable, but anything more should be avoided.

* * * *

Men rise when a woman enters the room where they are, and remain standing until she is seated. Young girls show the same deference to older women and to their mothers when visitors or strangers are present. This is a courtesy now much insisted upon.

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Brides are entitled to calls before they are expected to pay any visits. Much indulgence is accorded them in the matter of returning such attentions, as their new dignity has many exactions.

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The parents of a girl should make it a point to meet all their daughter's masculine friends. One or other of them may happen in as by accident during their calls, and, after a brief chat, make some excuse to withdraw.

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It is discourtesy to look over a person's shoulder at a book or paper, unless asked to do so.

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It is perfectly correct for a girl to make a visit of a few days at the home of a young man friend, if his mother or sister writes in cordial terms to request her to do so.

* * * *

When calling upon a young girl a man should send in or leave a card for her mother as well,—who may use her own discretion about seeing him. Should there be two or three daughters, with all of whom he is acquainted, but if he desires to see but one in particular, he may direct that his card be given to her, though he may send one for each young woman.

* * * *

When an engagement is unacknowledged, the lovers are not seen so much in public together as to make the announcement of their relations superfluous.

A Pointer on Personal Beauty

THERE is a saying that, "Every time a sheep bleats, it loses a mouthful of hay." Every time a woman worries she loses a little of her attractiveness and takes on marks of age.

If your servant scorches the soup or overcooks the meat, never mind. You can not afford to worry about it, and if you scold her, you may make up your mind to lose some of your beauty, to let go some of your magnetism.

If the members of the family are habitually late to meals, try to remedy it, but do n't worry about it. If you do you will grow older in the process.

If your husband or children do things which do not please you, do n't nag at them. This will only aggravate the evil you complain of, and it will cost you some of their love and respect. Every time you nag you will lose a little of your power to charm and attract them to you.

If the cleaners spoil your favorite dress, do n't get angry about it. An outbreak of hot temper will take away much more of your attractiveness than your dress could supply.

If you lose your pocketbook, do n't worry about it. Worrying will not bring it back, but it will take out of your face and disposition that which money can never replace.

If you meet with bitter disappointment, do n't fret, do n't cry over it. If you do, you pay a penalty which you can ill afford. No woman can fret and nag and worry, and keep away the marks of age,—or retain her beauty and power to please.

Will a College Education Pay the Girl Who Becomes a Wife?

LORD CHESTERFIELD advised his son to marry a woman who "is wise as well as rich, for," says he, "thou wilt find there is nothing more fulsome than a she fool." In proportion to woman's intelligence and education, man will look upon her as a companion and equal and not as a mere doll or plaything. For the sake of her home as well as for her own uplift and enjoyment, a woman should get every bit of education she possibly can. Ignorance is as great a handicap in the home as it is in the business world. The home presided over by a broad-minded, educated woman, will be well-ordered, systematic, happy and prosperous, as far in advance of the one ruled by a narrow, ignorant mistress, as the business establishment of an up-to-date, intelligent, progressive man will be ahead of that of his dull, ignorant, unprogressive competitor.

Men want educated wives. The world wants educated mothers. The intelligence of its mothers measures the strength and importance of a nation.

The great regret of the average man for his past, lies not so much in his sins as in his foibles; not so much in positive repentance as in unsatisfied ambitions, and this is of use to the "other man" only, and he won't take advantage of it.

In the center of Africa lives a tribe whose governing assembly has adopted the strict rule that no member engaged in a debate is allowed to speak longer then he can stand on one foot.

ON THE WAY UP

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

WILLIS G. JOHNSON

The Notable Results of a Young Man's Struggle for an Education

J. H. WELCH

NOT many men are so well known or so useful to the farmers of the United States as Professor Willis G. Johnson, who has been acquiring knowledge about agriculture since he was old enough to do chores, and who is engaged in disseminating this knowledge by writings and speeches of such force and common sense that he has gained the reputation of being one of the country's most practical and effective farming experts. He recently declined the position of first assistant secretary of agriculture, because of the financial and other sacrifices that would be entailed in giving up his work, in New York, of managing and editing the world's largest combination of farming periodicals.

WILLIS G. JOHNSON

Professor Johnson has been a teacher of agriculture in Leland Stanford, Jr., University, California, the University of Illinois, and the Maryland Agricultural College. He has been state entomologist of Maryland, and is a member of many scientific and agricultural associations. He organized the committee in New York which finally secured the appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for an agricultural building at Cornell. Professor Johnson gleans his farming lore at first hand from the fields, having studied personally the conditions in nearly every agricultural section of the Union. The story of his rise is best told by himself.

"On my father's farm, near Columbus, Ohio, where I was born, in 1866, I did everything that the son of a hard-working farmer is called upon to do, and this, of course, was a great deal. But I was keen for an education, and, in 1884, I entered the preparatory school of the Ohio State University. Every morning, in sunshine and in storm, I walked five miles to school, and every afternoon I walked back. Besides this, I paid for my room and board by taking care of a furnace, a horse, and a cow. For two years I kept this up, nearly completing, at the same time, the equivalent of three years of school work. But the strain of this, together with exposure in a blizzard, compelled me to give up. I went to New York City, where I found employment that gave me plenty of outdoor exercise. I had my mind fixed on Cornell University, and after three years in New York I saved sufficient money to carry me through my course. I met with a painful accident in a Young Men's Christian Association gymnasium in New York, where I was the director. This kept me in bed for months, and so depleted my savings that when I was physically ready to start for college, I had just seventy dollars.

"On the day after I reached Cornell I organized a boarding club, the membership of which was completed in a week. Within a few months I secured a 'job' as laboratory assistant in the geological department. This work was so satisfactory to me that I sent for a younger brother to come to Cornell to take charge of the boarding club. In addition to my work in the laboratory I spent about three hours a day as extra clerk in a bookstore. At the beginning of my first summer vacation, the late Henry M. Stanley's 'In Darkest Africa' was announced, for which, as a student agent, I secured special territory in three counties, and organized sub-agencies. I began the summer course in invertebrate zoölogy, and at the same time directed my subscription book business. By giving a note and a two-thousand-dollar life insurance policy as collateral, I persuaded a local bank to advance me sufficient money to make a cash arrangement with the book company. I made personal canvasses among the college professors and citizens of Ithaca, but at first the work was slow. The college professor, as a rule, is the most difficult man to induce to subscribe for a book, no matter how good it may be, or how badly he may want it. After several visits to each of the professors without selling a single book, I decided that I was on the wrong tack, and determined to try a new one. An evening reading was planned, and through a local club I secured the services of the wife of one of the professors to review the work. When the question was opened for discussion by students I got the floor, and continued the good work of interesting the assemblage in the adventures of the explorer. The account in the newspaper the next morning of 'The Trip Through Darkest Africa,' written by myself, did full justice to that important event. From that day orders began to roll in too fast for delivery. In the fall I got the new students interested in the book. I became, too, a dealer in typewriters and school books, and closed the year's work with considerable cash in the bank. In the meantime I had been married.

"I was at work in the laboratory one day, during my last year in college, when David Starr Jordan, who was then organizing the faculty for Leland Stanford, Jr., University, happened to pass through the room. I was introduced to him. We had a little chat, and a short time afterwards he asked me to join his staff of instructors. Since then I have been working away, becoming more and more impressed with the possibilities for young men in agricultural science."

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MRS. MARY R. CRANSTON

The Achievement of a Timid Young Woman Who Was Obliged to Work

MARTHA GOODE ANDERSON

MRS. MARY RANKIN CRANSTON has become the pioneer in a practically new profession, that of "social engineering." The term is in a sense a misnomer, for at first thought one's mind turns instantly to the "social secretary," who engineers would-be social aspirants through the intricacies of social success into "society." In the fullest sense the term is broad and more than comprehensive. Some twenty years ago when people were spoken of as studying "sociology" they were looked upon as being decidedly "queer," whereas nowadays "sociology" is quite as much a profession as any other. As the world progressed along social and industrial lines constantly changing conditions demanded constantly adapted methods and there came a demand for a center where instant knowledge of these conditions could be had. It was found needful to know what had been done in every part of the world that mistakes in future development could be guarded against. Thus out of this great need grew "the institute of social service," which acts as a social clearing house, gathering and disseminating knowledge of the world's movements and experiments in sociology. Broadly speaking, two main branches which include every other branch divide the work into two important fields: social and industrial progress.

MRS. CRANSTON

France was the first country to recognize this need, and established in Paris the *Musée Social*. The United States soon followed with the American Institute of Social Service in New York City.

As the library of such an institution would naturally become a most important factor, it was necessary that this should be placed in the hands of the one most perfectly suited for such work, which demanded a trained librarian with a knowledge of social conditions and a love for the study of this subject. Just at this time, Mrs. Cranston came to New York City, and to her this branch was entrusted. The British Institute is now organizing in London, with some of the most powerful and influential philanthropists in that country as its backers, a similar institution. Mrs. Cranston has been "borrowed" by England to take charge of the library and help put the enterprise on its feet.

Mrs. Cranston's success has more than one object lesson for women. In the first place she came to New York with a clear and definite idea of what she intended to do and there was nothing haphazard about her plans or her efforts. She had a definite sum of money to be devoted to a definite purpose of library training work. She had never thought of work until the necessity for earning a livelihood brought her face to face with an imperative

need. She made a "canvass," so to speak, of her talents. Where she found herself weak she went to work to strengthen. For instance, she found that she was very timid about meeting business people on a business basis, so she forced herself to answer advertisements for one in her line and to meet the possible employer and to have a distinct business talk with him. She found at first that matters went all his way, and when he said, "Your salary shall be thus and so," she acquiesced in silence. But as she grew more self-reliant she made her own terms.

"And this is the only reason women get such small salaries in comparison with those of men; simply because they take them," she said. "When women realize that they are just as capable and competent as men to do the thing they set about to do, then they will stand on their rightful economic footing."

Mrs. Cranston emphasizes the futility of "crying over spilled milk." "I have never looked back," she declares, "except to profit by the mistakes that lay in the past,—that they could be bent into success for the future. It has been my observation that the reason so few women achieve success in its fullest measure is because they rarely lose their burden of sorrow or trouble for one moment, but cherish it as if it were some precious treasure to be daily and hourly brought forth and viewed for the sake of making it dearer and nearer."

LEE DE FOREST

He Is the American Leader in the Field of Wireless Telegraphy

THE development of wireless telegraphy has lifted into world-wide prominence the name of Dr. Lee De Forest, who, at the age of thirty-two, has taken rank as America's leading worker in the remarkable art of transmitting telegraphic messages without wires. The system invented by him, which is distinct in numerous ways from that of Marconi, is in operation at wireless stations at New York, New Haven, Cape Hatteras, Charleston, and several other points on the Atlantic coast. The United States navy has given his company contracts for the establishment of stations at Pensacola, Key West, Panama, Porto Rico, and Cuba. Several lines of coastwise steamers have recently been equipped with his apparatus. The system has been established by the United States signal corps between Cape Nome and St. Michaels, in Alaska, where the ice and topography of the country render wires impossible.

LEE DE FOREST

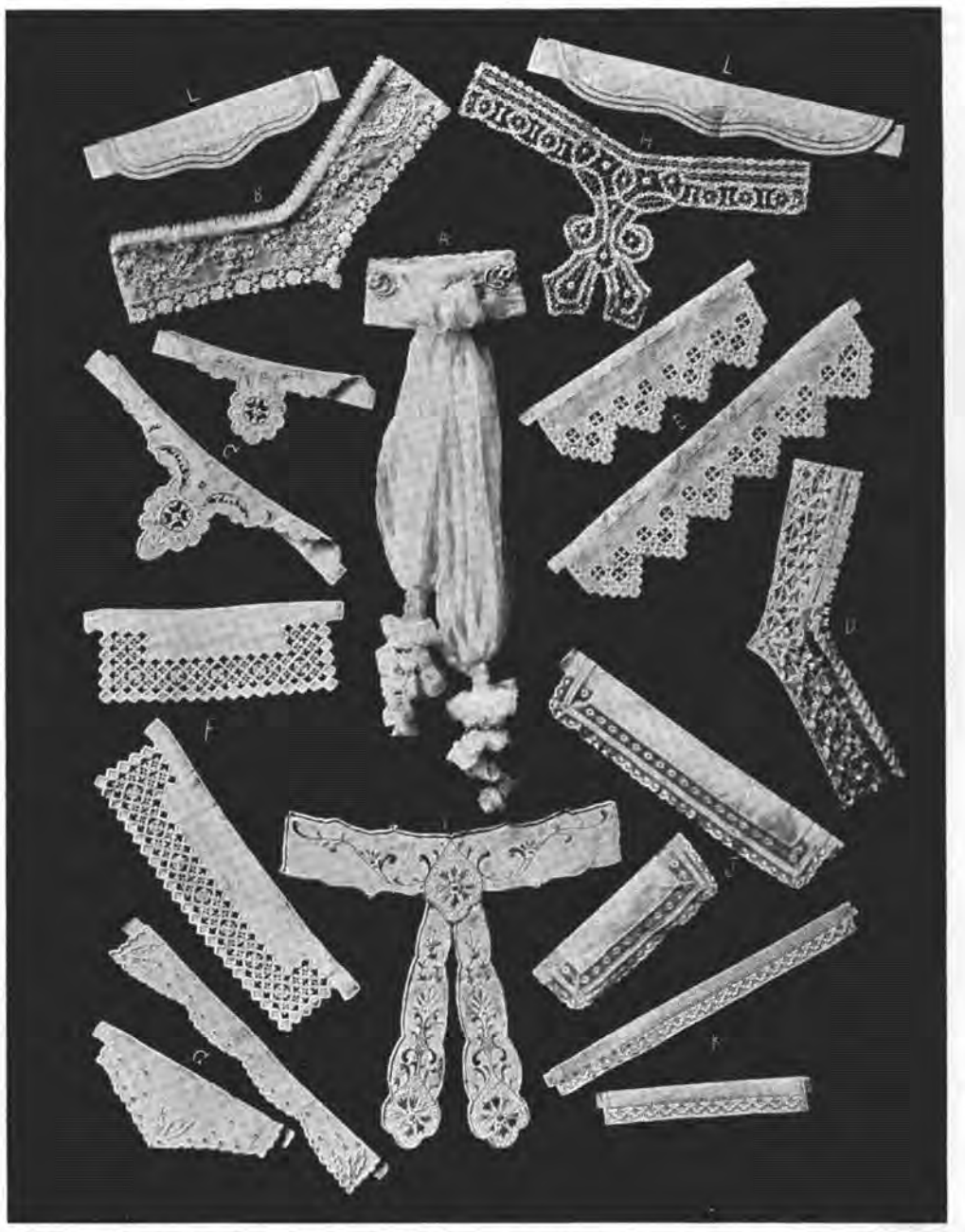
The transmission of messages from the St. Louis exposition grounds to Chicago and Cleveland was so successful that Dr. De Forest received from the jury of awards the grand prize for general excellence in wireless telegraphy. His most conspicuous triumph has been in sending messages to the world at large from the scenes of the sea fights between the battleships of Japan and Russia. Captain Lionel James, the war correspondent of the London "Times," happened to meet Dr. De Forest on a transatlantic liner, and was so enthused by the latter's accounts of the possibilities of wireless telegraphy that, immediately upon landing in New York, he cabled to the "Times" a strong recommendation that the system be tried in reporting naval engagements. The result was that the dispatch boat "Haimun" was equipped with the apparatus and a station was put up at Wei-hai-wei, in China. The "Haimun" took its place on the outskirts of the Japanese fleet, and sent by wireless to the land station vivid descriptions of the torpedo-boat attacks on Port Arthur, and of other thrilling feats while they were in actual progress. The stories of these engagements were transferred to the cables and were read in the capitals of Europe and America on the following morning. The conditions on the China coast were such that, had it not been for wireless telegraphy, the world would not have received until weeks later any news of these important engagements.

Less than ten years ago Dr. De Forest was a freshman at Yale, beginning his studies in the scientific school in 1896. He was born at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1873, where his father was a pastor. While still in knickerbockers he began to devote much of his time to electrical experiments. His chief boyhood interest was to arrange batteries, and with these to run toy motors and telegraphic instruments. He equipped his room with electric lights and bells. To qualify for the degree of doctor of philosophy in his third year in the scientific school at Yale, he wrote a thesis on Hertzian waves. These being the medium of wireless communication, his attention was in this way turned to practical telegraphy without wires, with which Marconi had begun experimenting. De Forest developed his system along independent lines.

He is a tireless worker. "Enthusiasm and hard work are the secrets of whatever I have achieved," he has said. "No one recognizes the inherent limitations of wireless telegraphy more than one who has wrestled with the tremendous difficulties of its development. The path of experiment has been devious and filled with stubborn obstacles. But I trust I am conservative when I say that there is a great future that attends this young art."

What to Wear and How to Wear It

THE LATEST DRESS ACCESSORIES



A.—A stock and tie of pink chiffon and pearls. B.—A white chiffon stock, decorated with gold beads, lace, silk briar-stitching and satin folds. C.—A linen stock and cuffs, embroidered and decorated with open designs in lace stitch. D.—A chiffon stock, trimmed with a lattice of white braid and silk threads; green satin fold at the top and pearls on the lattice. E.—A collar and cuff set of Hardanger cloth and embroidery. F.—A collar and cuff set in Hardanger embroidery in square style. G.—A linen set, embroidered in a butterfly and open work. H.—A stock, made of Honiton lace braid over a paper pattern. I.—A linen stock and tabs, worked in several shades of blue silk. J.—A collar and cuff set in fine lawn with lace edging. K.—*Filet* lace, handmade collar and cuff set. L.—A collar and cuff set of fine lawn with narrow folds herringboned on the borders.

Smart Chemisettes and Sleeves for Summer

MARY LE MONT

NOTHING could be more pleasing than the revival of the quaint and becoming chemisette among the regnant styles of this season. It is cool, attractive, picturesque, and one of the cleanliest modes of the day. It is usually matched by sleeves or sleevelets, unless long gloves are worn or the arms left bare.

The smartest chemisette is handmade, of course, as fine needlework is at a premium and sewing machines quite out of date for purposes of dainty sewing. The styles are square, round, and V-shaped, with variations upon these cuts. The square and the "V" are most fashionable.

Before telling how to make these useful accessories I want to give a word of advice. Every one knows that a yoke piece of any shape, inserted under an open neck, unless it is fitted and tacked in place, is likely to wrinkle just where it should not. To simplify dressing, and to obviate wrinkles, it is a good plan to have an armhole of tape to hold down the smaller chemisettes, with, perhaps, a belt of the same, with tape straps in the back and front to insure absolute fit to the chemisette.

A SQUARE CHEMISETTE, AND HOW IT IS WORN

A still better plan is to have a high corset-cover, made of some thin, inexpensive material, and over this to sew the chemisette, of whatever shape, upon its lower edges. It will fit like a waist lining, except for any fullness that may be added in front. Next cut away all the corset-cover material from beneath the chemisette and hem down the raw edges. The corset-cover may be loose, provided

it sets well in the back and front, where the top part shows. To the thin sleeves may be added, at or above the elbow, the sleeves that accompany the chemisette.

This way of mounting the chemisettes is economical as well as excellent in the way of adjustment. In the laundry, the chemisette, each sleevelet, and the corset-cover would count for separate pieces and cost considerable to keep

CHEMISETTE, TRIMMED WITH SMYRNA LACE

clean, while, combined in this manner, one garment is made of all.

Open English embroidery is smart for chemisettes and so is Italian cut-work, which is much the same thing, only the design in the Italian work is of the material, worked on the edges, and open between, while that in the English embroidery is in the open spaces.

Those who can not embroider can make dainty chemisettes by sewing rows of embroidery and lace together, or bands of lawn, or tucked material, combined with lace, shaped upon a yoke pattern that fits well around the neck and upper part of the shoulders. These rows of trimming are made in upright or horizontal effects, and sometimes in a circular style around the shoulders.

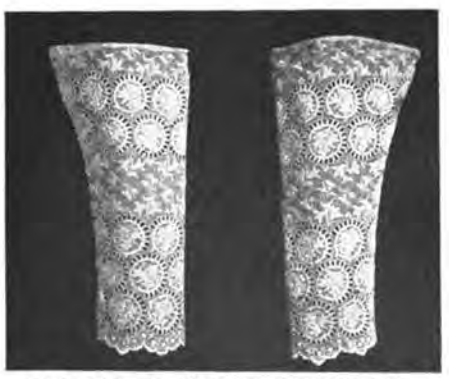
The amateur would do well to cut a paper pattern from a yoke that fits her, and to baste her materials together over the paper, when the chemisette can be taken off and

SLEEVES TO MATCH CHEMISETTE TRIMMED WITH LACE

the work completed. Where trimming is interspersed with plain materials cut the entire article out and apply the trimming and then cut away the material from under the lace or embroidery. Do the sleevelets in the same manner, finishing them with a band above the elbow, by which they may be basted into the dress sleeve.

These chemisettes and sleeves keep the dress new and fresh for an entire season and add wonderfully to its attractiveness.

The V-shaped chemisette, to be worn with a gown made in surplice fashion, should have the trimming extend to the waist line. A slender woman looks best in one made of horizontal rows of little ruffles, with or without insertion between them; while a stout woman looks best with the trimming arranged up and down, or quite flat. A long "V" is especially becoming to a very stout woman.



SLEEVES TO MATCH CHEMISETTE TRIMMED WITH EMBROIDERY

The New Summer Fashions

MARTHA DEAN HALLAM

I CAN scarcely say more of the fashions, this month, than that the styles of the spring season have been both elaborated and confirmed. The materials for summer have been reduced to a more fairylike lightness than the

6321.—Ladies' Suspender Waist. Sizes: 32 to 40 inches, bust measure.

6322.—Ladies' Bell Skirt, with inverted plait in front and two box-plaits in back. Sizes: 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

white stuffs with which the counters of our fashionable dealers abound. Indeed, never has there been so much taste and artistic beauty lavished on goods as now. The assortment of embroidered Swiss, mull, lawn, and organdie is very attractive this year. If one has frocks of these materials made at home it is well worth while to buy for several gowns, for they rival their far more expensive sisters in delicacy of color and charm of design. The reduction in price is so great that one may indulge in any number at but little expense. A letter from Paris informs us that the eyelet embroidery is used on the other side of the water, in every imaginable fantasy of fashion. We are promised many surprises this coming season by its introduction on velvet and cloth costumes as well as in furry beaver hats.

6223.—Ladies' Bolero or Jacket. Sizes: 32 to 40 inches, bust measure.

To turn from fabric to model, we are assured of the vogue of the circular or bell skirt. Women who have found the smooth-fitting skirts so becoming will gladly welcome the style, with its

6318.—Ladies' and Misses' Hat and Parasol Cover. The pattern also includes the embroidery design. One size.

4678.—Boys' Russian Suit. Sizes: for boys from 2 to 6 years of age.
4679.—Boys' Sailor Suit. Sizes: for boys from 3 to 10 years of age.
4680.—Girls' Frock. Sizes: for girls from 2 to 8 years of age.

fitted upper portion, and fullness falling in graceful ripples to the lower edge. The skirt is in one piece, without darts or seams, and it is in the cut alone that rests all the novelty and merit of the mode. This once assured by a reliable pattern, nothing remains to perplex the home sewer. The simplest and most successful exposition of it is in the style shown with inverted plait in the front, and two box-plaits in the back.

6319.—Ladies' Negligee. Sizes: 32 to 40 inches, bust measure.

With dress questions pretty well settled, women's thoughts turn to novel and becoming accessories, and every one will be interested in the accompanying sketches. Deserving of praise for usefulness, as well as for beauty, are the dainty collars, the lace jacket, and the embroidered hat and parasol, each and every one of which, a woman of taste, though not necessarily skilled in the use of her needle, can make for herself. Most of these dainty things are far from inexpensive to purchase, and are composed of infinitesimal scraps of linen, lace, and embroidery, all of which can usually be found in one's scrap bag. By the addition of a little hand embroidery, excellent results are achieved for very little outlay.

6320.—Ladies' Fancy Collars. In three sizes:—Small, medium, and large.

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 494 and 495 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.]

Bonna Sisnon's Wedding

[*Concluded from page 460*]

if you will go with me. It is a splendid place to see it."

"With you? Yes."

Clifford caught the girl's look. His own eyes fell, not before her eyes, but before his own thought. For a moment he wavered. Was he conceited to think so? Could it be? Then, with a gesture of formality, he offered her his arm, and led her up the steps.

In the vestibule they came upon the bride, her flower girl, the four bridesmaids, and Mr. and Mrs. Sisnon. Involuntarily Clifford stopped, and instantly realized that the staring, startled eyes of the party were upon him and the girl on his arm. With an effort at coolness, he said to an usher:—

"Please go to the vestry and tell Mr. Rennot that I am not coming."

There was a painful silence for a moment, Clifford wondering if the stupid usher had lost all his senses, when he heard dimly a girl's voice beside him say: "We are going to watch you from the gallery."

Clifford caught the look of unbelief that flashed in Patience Chester's soft, dark eyes, and felt himself growing sick at heart. There was no mistaking Minnie's tone; in it was the merciless laughter of excitement, and the delight of conquest. It seemed as if he stood for an hour in that rigid pose till he heard the swelling notes of the wedding march and saw the dead and dull usher come to life. In reality it was but a moment. Minnie's words were hardly spoken before the usher said: "Too late. There are Danter and Rennot."

Clifford's eyes went down the long aisle, past the ribbon-barred pews, to where the bishop and the rector stood in their vestments. Dimly he saw two black-coated men crossing at the front of the chancel; dimly he saw the bridal party move. With precision and with grace, as if Clifford Getchell and Minnie Tolt had never been of their party, the actors in this heart drama passed out of the vestibule.

"We must hurry," whispered Minnie, and Clifford felt himself being led up the gallery stairs.

At the first pew at the gallery door he halted, saw the girl slip in by him, and then sat down beside her. He knew she was looking at him; but he was staring down there at the first maid at the bride's left. He heard Minnie whisper something; he put out his hand, closed it over her gloved palm, and pressed it.

To Minnie that hand pressure was the culminating touch of hours upon hours of excitement. Having passed through a programme of unnatural emotion to this moment, she was in no mood to read the truth. Here was Clifford Getchell, the favorite young man of Zilla's inner set, deserting, at a moment's suggestion to sit by her, a wedding ceremony in which he was to be groomsman. Moreover, his strong hand was gripping hers, and pressing it heavily upon his knee. She could feel his hand tremble; in his pale cheek the vibrating muscles were drawing tense lines. She, too, looked down at the bishop, wondering if it were all real, and conscious of an overpowering feeling of elation.

Clifford Getchell was wondering why bridesmaids are not required to say something in the marriage ceremony. Now, if that first girl on the bride's left,—the slight one, with the dark olive tint in her cheeks,—he would know Patience Chester's hands under gloves even more formally tight-fitting than those.

> —John, wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the—

Did Minnie's thoughts gradually become calm under the deep, musical tones of the bishop? Was this picture of the very familiar, yet keenly effective marriage ceremony reclaiming her from the unreal? She drew her hand from Clifford's unconscious grip, leaned back in the pew, and realized a sudden doubt of her present position. She heard John Danter's "I will," and her mind tried to picture Clifford's voice under the same stress. For a moment she felt the lack of the one thing that could ever bring that about,—comradeship.

> —Bonna, wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him—

Clifford was still looking at Patience, but he heard Bonna's "I will," and his mind, smarting under the unexpected cruelty of the moment, tried to force its own credence that, after the ceremony, Patience would, when he could get her to himself for the one great moment, say those same sweet words to him.

Clifford saw the bishop take the bride's hand from her father's. Who would do that office for Patience at her wedding? And would *he* be there at the altar or in the gallery watching?

John's low "I, John, take thee, Bonna," held the two in the gallery for a moment free from their own rushing, perturbed dreams. Then came Bonna's clear "I, Bonna, take thee, John, to be my wedded husband —"

Clifford saw Franklyn hold his open palm for John Danter to take therefrom a ring. The hot blood surged to his temples. That was his office. He should have been there to deliver the ring and to give his arm to that first bridesmaid to the left for the recession to the carriages.

In still deeper tones, with a rustle of garments as the company bowed their heads, the bishop's voice dominated their voice in prayer. Something in the awe of the moment caused Minnie Tolt to rouse herself. The momentary doubt of herself was banished; she must not admit that she was wrong: all was fair in this game. Any girl

with spirit would—would,—well, it was a pretty gown, and Clifford was only a money-making, money-respecting young man, after all. And he *had* appreciated! He was there beside her; and she had, but a moment since, drawn her hand from his.

> Forasmuch as John and Bonna have consented together in holy wedlock and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth, each to the other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring, and by joining hands, I pronounce that they are man and wife. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Minnie tried to still her nerves by breathing deeply. Just a moment, now, and Clifford must turn to her and speak! He had asked her to accompany him to the gallery. "*I will go—if you will go with me.*" Minnie took firm hold of those words and shut her soul against doubt.

> —that ye may so live together, in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen.

Clifford Getchell saw the bishop's lips move in a smiling phrase of personal congratulation. Then John Danter gave his arm to his wife and faced the company. Then Rennot gave his arm to a girl whose head was drooped, and whose eyes, as she walked in her place in that bridal recession, were denied to all. Yet the eyes of those other three maids searched the uttermost corners of the edifice, until they found the two in the gallery. That one dart of curious, girlish eyes told the man that his action had been tried and condemned in the moments of the ceremony.

Getchell sat still, noting that now and then a friend spoke his name, but keeping his eyes down at the deserted altar that he might escape any greetings. Minnie was smiling and nodding here and there. He could feel it, and in the effort to hold himself he got his bearings again. Was he conceited? Had this girl put this dress on to attract him? Was she merely unthinking?—or bold?

He turned to her and, as calmly as he could, surveyed her very complete costume. It was exquisite for just this,—to attend a noon wedding and sit in a pew. To have gone down the aisle as a member of that daintily, simply-clad company of bridesmaids would have been shocking. He wondered if a girl who could look so externally attractive could have made such a mistake, and promptly decided that she could not.

"You are certainly charming in it," said he.

Minnie lost the coldness of the tone in her relief at the meaning of the words. "I am so glad that you like it!" she exclaimed, with real pleasure in her eyes.

"If I had not met you," he continued, "this would have been—well,—inappropriate to accompany those simple dresses that Bonna provided."

"I'm so glad that we did meet!" said the still excited girl; "I did not want to hurt their feelings. But I knew that you would understand. Even if you had n't seen me till I came down the aisle,—I was to be the last because I'm the tallest,—you would have understood. If Bonna wants people with—money,—like you and me,—she should not force us to—to,—"

"To wear simple gowns such as Patience wore to-day?"

The man looked squarely, coldly in the girl's eyes. He understood. He had more than once seen the effect of desert dollars on desert daughters. There was nothing new or alarming in this. Minnie, who had been a sweet girl at the university, had become drunk with the rush of new conditions; her finer senses had been dulled by the cold clink of gold. What was needed was a kind word,—a well-phrased hint. And then—oh, disturbing doubt!—would Patience credit it when he should tell her?

Minnie, seeing his cold eyes, was startled into a spirit of self-defense. "You saw us both in the vestibule; you chose me," she said, quickly.

"I did, deliberately," replied Getchell, for now he must protect Minnie as he had sought to protect Patience. "And, now that we're alone, let's understand the thing perfectly. They wanted *us* as a part of this wedding. Instead of joining them we have drawn the dollar line, and shut ourselves out. Minnie, was it worth while?"

The girl felt that she was losing control of herself, but there was resentment. She tried to put into words a protest that *he* was working hard for advancement, and that wealth was his ambition, as it had been her own. But before she could master her words she heard him go on.

"Think how much sweeter our real, human associates are! I am busy on the new canal; I will gain an independent fortune out of it in five years. But the greatest of all is my dream that Patience shall share it,—the same Patience whom we both knew long before Zilla learned how to raise wheat. Think of your own future. You are a woman, now. You are ready for love and your own happiness in your own home. But, would you care for a man if you saw that he was attracted by your money?"

Away went false colors and unnatural emotions. The girl sat doubly crushed because she knew these things to be true. She turned from him, herself at last. Tears sprang to her eyes and she became cruelly aware of her position. Then a strong hand took hers, and a kindly Clifford Getchell spoke straight to her heart.

"Minnie, my dear, I do not believe that you have meant all this. You did not think how the dress would look. I do not believe that you knew I was to be here to-day to ask Patience to be my wife. Had you known it you would have thought less of dress and more of friendship. Don't let your money blind you, dear child. Remember it is better for a girl to be sought than for her to seek. Be yourself and love will find you. Make your money your servant, Minnie, but keep yourself a true, sweet girl. In

the next three years there will come many young men to Zilla, capable, manly, congenial gentlemen from the East. The best of these will be proud to win you; as proud as I will be,—if I win Patience."

"Oh, but you *will!* You *must!* I'll tell her, so she will know."

"Thank you, Minnie! I believe you would do so. But, for your own sake, I shall not permit it. Come, let me take you home. Change into the simple gown and we will join the others at the wedding breakfast."

"But how about you?" said Minnie, in spite of a trembling chin and a smarting throat. She no longer blinded herself to the truth. He had done this for Patience; then he had pretended to do it for her. She must do something in return. "I think I had better go home,—and remain there. You've been very kind, Clifford. Mother is waiting with a carriage. Take me to her and you—you go straight to Patience and tell her all."

Clifford drew her arm through his, led her down the stairs, across the vestibule, and out to the carriage. Then he handed her in beside the puzzled mother.

"Good-by," said Minnie, without looking at him,—"and thank you, Clifford."

The man bowed and sprang away to hurry through the streets of Zilla to the Sisnon home, a leaping hope in his heart. Minnie, weeping against her mother's shoulder, found relief in finding herself.

"For mercy's sake," exclaimed Mrs. Tolt, "if he's really in love with that Chester girl I wouldn't cry for him."

"Oh, I'm not! I'm crying out of pure mortification. You made me act just as if I was proposing to him, and didn't see it. Oh, I never want to see a man again!"

Clifford Getchell crossed the threshold of the house of happiness to find Rennot watching for him.

"You shook us up a bit," said the capable substitute, quizzingly, "but we were organized too strong for you."

Getchell replied so calmly that Rennot was surprised. "As a striking groomsman I appear to be a failure," said he, "but I heartily congratulate you on the success of the ceremony. Only those possessed of the secret could have missed us."

Then he went among the guests, only to find that the bride and the groom had gone to dress for their train. At the foot of the stairs he saw the bridesmaids waiting in gay anticipation of the throwing of the bride's bouquet. As he approached them he caught three pairs of eyes upon him and literally felt the silence that his presence imposed. But he wanted to see the fourth pair. Patience had caught sight of him when he was at some distance now she was the last to look up. Too much hurt to attempt any veiling gayety, too sincere a girl to hide her disappointment, she stood in her place and bravely let him see the truth.

Then, before they could catch their breaths. Clifford said a few words of apology, and, drawing her hand through his arm, led the wondering girl away.

At the door of the library he said to the staring Rennot: "Back in a moment," and then calmly shut him out. Alone with the half-puzzled, half-resentful girl, his words came rapidly.

"My dear, I know I did an unpardonable thing so far as Bonna and John are concerned. But Minnie's whim must not come between you and me. The Tolt bank balance got to her head and she did n't realize that the dress would hurt you, dear. I realized it,—and I took that way to keep her out of the scene. Bonna gave you this dress because she loves you: I deserted my post because I thought I was doing it for you. You know I love you, sweetheart. You know I have planned that this wedding should give me the opportunity to tell you. If I 've been rude in dragging you in here, it has been because I feared that the performance at the church had risked the loss of your love. I want you, Patience, dear,—you, and only you."

The dainty girl's color sprang high in the quick reaction from her doubts to this realization of the truth. She had, in her heart, made ready for this, since Clifford's letters had made her understand. The scene at the church had hurt—oh, so deeply! But now,—

There came a knock at the door, and instantly it opened to admit the bride, gowned, and frigidly dignified.

Ignoring the man, Mrs. John Danter spoke to the bridesmaid: "I am ready to throw the bouquet, Patience."

"Oh, thank you! Cliff., let us watch the throwing."

"Watch it?" exclaimed the bride.

"Engaged girls are disqualified," interrupted Clifford, a light breaking on him.

"But I do n't—"

"Now, Bonna, dear!"—and Clifford seized the bride, kissed her, and turned her around. "Begin your married life by a good office, do! Be a merciful chaperon and close the door softly."

But Bonna turned again, and this time she spoke directly to the man. "Clifford," she said, "so far as I am concerned, I have no resentment. But Patience is still my friend. For her sake I can not—"

Now it was Patience who seized the bride. Now it was Patience who kissed her. Now it was a girl's rosy lips whispering close to the bride's cheek: "But, dear, he did it all for me,—for the pretty dress! If he had n't,—how would you have felt about the disrespect to the gift of the One Particular One?"

Franklyn Rennot's voice at the door roused them: "Mrs. John Danter is wanted. Time to go!"

Three pairs of wide, girlish eyes met the bride at the stairs. Three voices demanded: "Isn't she coming?"

"No," said the bride, her own dancing eyes in contrast to her very genuine exasperation, "she has actually forgiven him." Then she threw her bouquet with such force that it cleared the heads of all three.

How Fortunes Are Made in Advertising

[*Concluded from page 467*]

power of printer's ink had not been utilized.

The first effort of the company in the advertising field was to make perfectly plain the simplicity of the new camera. This decision was not an inspiration, but the result of a clear view of conditions. The merit of the machine rested in the fact that anybody could use it, and that all that was necessary was to press a button. In speaking of this period of its career, the company says :—

"Unquestionably the advertising success of this company came in its early days with the phrase, 'You press the button; we do the rest,' which was a feature of the early Kodak advertising and was so widely taken up by the public and applied to so many different things that it was of tremendous importance in the popularizing of the Kodak goods. It was no easy task for the amateur in those days to do the developing and printing, hence our offer to 'do the rest' offered a strong inducement to him to utilize our cameras."

It is an undoubted fact that the most important part of the policy of the Eastman Company has been its interminable pursuit of publicity. The merit of its products would have stood for but little if that merit had not been impressed upon the public through the medium of one of the most cleverly conducted campaigns of advertising the world has seen. The finger of the company never leaves the pulse of the buying public. Just as soon as the steps of loading and unloading the camera and developing and printing became simplified, the phrase, "You press the button; we do the rest," was partially abandoned, and a new method of attracting the amateur was inaugurated.

This took the form of photographic contests and the associating of the Kodak with beautiful girls. A series of pictures typifying the "Kodak Girl" was published in all the leading magazines. Then an attractive little booklet entitled "The Witch of Kodakery," containing a photograph of an extremely fascinating girl and poetic contributions from well-known writers like Edwin L. Sabin, James Barrett Kirk, and William E. S. Fales, was distributed broadcast throughout the reading world. This immediately became so popular that letters came from all over the country asking for the identity of the girl, and one St. Louis paper published a long article claiming that the original Kodak Girl had been born in that city.

The controversy thus started represents the *ultima thule* of advertising,—publicity without price. With Sunny Jim, Spotless Town, The-smile-that-won't-come-off, Uneeda Biscuit, and a host of others, the Kodak Girl became talked about, and "being talked about" is the very best form of advertising.

The Influence of the Mind on Digestion

THAT a mental image may have a real and immediate effect on the secretory glands is known to everyone who has felt his mouth "water" at the thought of food when hungry. In several recent investigations of this subject it has been shown that the sight of food may provoke even a more abundant flow of saliva than when it is actually taken into the mouth, and that the secretion is adapted to the kind of food perceived. Thus, the sight of salt provoked in a dog a flow of clear liquid saliva, while with meat the secretion was thick and viscous. Sometimes distant association suffices to excite the secretion, as when a dog, accustomed to be fed with sugar, waters at the mouth at a mere gesture suggestive of taking something from the pocket. These results are interesting to the physiologist because they show how important an element in digestion is the pleasure provoked by food. The same article may be indigestible when distasteful and most nutritious when agreeable.

The Man Who's Afraid

Roy Farrell Greene

I'VE paid close heed to the ways of men,
I've observed what the world calls luck,
I have silently marveled, now and then,
At the potent power of pluck;
And this as a bit of truth I hail,
A sentence that's worth one's heed:
The man who is always afraid he'll fail
Does n't stand much show to succeed!

In the Grip of the Railroads

[Concluded from page 470]

ELIAS MICHAEL
of the Merchant's Association

Terminal, he replied that there is no congestion, and that his company is easily able to handle the traffic. He is a shrewd man and convincing talker, but I could not forget that when he represented the Louisville and Nashville at St. Louis he was known to assail the terminal monopoly with many of the very arguments which he now meets with skill and apparent conviction.

I asked Mr. Kavanaugh, president of the Wiggins Ferry Company, and he replied that there undoubtedly was some congestion. But, he added, the tremendous cost of building new bridges is prohibitive; then, too, the demands of the municipal assembly are beyond all reason: how can the ferry company afford to build tracks when it is compelled to lay granite blocks between its rails and the space of a foot on each side? After some reflection he observed that he really did n't know why the railroads do n't do something to help the city out.

Here, then, we have a monopoly which controls the terminal traffic of a city. Like a degraded Robin Hood, it stands on the highways and levies a tax on poor and rich alike,—on all, in fact, who wish the simple privilege of entering. Why do these Wall Street gentlemen, who *are* the monopoly, choose to throttle St. Louis? Why would it not be to their interest to give the city and the region every chance to grow? Why not build two new bridges, establish a through bill of lading, and abolish the absurd and unjust charge of five to eight dollars for hauling a car through the last mile of its journey?

Mr. McChesney says it is because the Terminal is a benevolent organization. It is not paying expenses, let alone declaring dividends. Maintaining the bridges and the ferries and the yards is costly business. It could not live were it not that the fourteen railroads guarantee the bonds. But that is not the reason. Why should the Terminal pay expenses? Railroads elsewhere do not always expect bridges and terminal yards to be self-supporting. The extra cost at such points, so far as through freight is concerned, is balanced by the lighter cost of building elsewhere. No, the Wall Street gentlemen refuse relief to St. Louis because they consider it more advantageous, on the whole, to make the merchants pay the cost of maintaining the present property. The Terminal belongs to the raliroads, but St. Louis pays for it,—*and St. Louis pays its freight rates besides.*

Now we come to the real question. Once upon a time a great king ordered his subjects in a far-off land to pay a tax on the tea they drank. But these were fearless subjects, and, because their king would not permit them to have a voice in the management of the tax money, they threw his tea into the harbor. Many years later some grand dukes built a terminal, and they said to the people of the city: "You shall pay for the terminal, and we will have the profits from its use. We will catch you going and coming; we will play both ends against the middle, for what can you do about it?" That is the question. Sheltered behind two facts,—the fact that the Terminal is a separate corporation (which they merely own,) and the fact that the east bank of the Mississippi is here the basing point, and no change could be made, they like to say, without unraveling the entire rate fabric of the country,—the railroads are milking the city. What can St. Louis do?

II.

In 1903, with the Louisiana Purchase Exposition coming on, St. Louis was in despair. The

ADOLPHUS BUSCH,
of the Manufacturers' Railway

two or three organizations of citizens which voice what passes there for public spirit worked themselves up to a point where they were ready to grant anything in or out of reason if the overlords, or their resident lieutenants, would but increase the traffic facilities. Even those childlike and bland journals, the "Republic" and the "Globe-Democrat," grew mildly interested. The city seemed at last to have found its voice. The Terminal would have to do a little something for the city. As for what followed, I venture to quote the Terminal's president, as he explained the matter to me.

"They came to us," said Mr. McChesney, "and said that we must do something. We said that we would do everything we could, for of course the city's interest is our interest. As the city grows, we grow. So they went ahead and got up a bill,—the Business Men's League, *their own organization*, drew it up,—and we agreed to it. They said that we must do this and do that. We agreed to everything. A part of the traffic that now passes through the tunnel was to be brought around by way of the levee on an elevated structure which we were to build.

"Then they came around and said that we ought to beautify our surroundings here. 'You have a magnificent station surrounded by hovels,' they said. So we agreed to make a park of the block in front of the station. That meant a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for park work, which cities usually undertake for themselves. Next they asked us to build a viaduct which would extend Clark Avenue across our yards—two hundred and fifty thousand more. 'Very well, gentlemen,' I told them, 'I will put it up to my board.' And we agreed to that. We were to spend millions here in helping them get ready for the Fair; we met all their demands; and then—then, sir,—they said we were robbing the city. A committee came to me from the Business Men's League,—Elias Michael was chairman,—and I took them out over our tracks and showed them just what we proposed to do, and they came back enthusiastic for the bill and recommended that it be put through as it stood.

"And then, sir,—and I will put it up to you; I will ask you if it was fair treatment,—members of that same Business Men's League, after we had met all their demands, after *their own* committee had indorsed the bill, came out against the bill and actually killed it in the house of delegates. Now, sir, I ask you,—was that fair treatment?"

Another Terminal man explained the same episode somewhat differently. He said that the house of delegates held up the bill for graft, after the merchants and the Terminal had agreed on its provisions. But the Terminal was firm in righteousness, and even when the house had dropped its price to fourteen thousand dollars this remarkable corporation let the bill go to defeat rather than contaminate its fingers with base bribes.

Now just what was it that the Terminal demanded in the city's hour of need? It was the right to build a four-track elevated road along the St. Louis levee,—a structure which would have narrowed the sidewalk at one point to two feet, and which would have left hardly room, on the river side, for a wagon to turn around between the tracks and the water. In other words, the Terminal proposed to grab the water front at St. Louis as the Wiggins Ferry had grabbed the water front at East St. Louis, and not only to hold the levee but also so to obstruct it as to remove the menace of river traffic practically for all time to come. And for this mighty privilege the Terminal would pay the sum of four hundred thousand dollars!

And what about this Business Men's League?—"their own organization," as Mr. McChesney puts it. I quote him in this manner, because he

made a deliberate effort to convince me that the league represents the merchant's side of the fight. I have in my hand a copy of the little pamphlet which the league issues, telling of its make-up, its objects, and so on. I see that the fifth vice president is W. K. Kavanaugh. On the executive committee I find D. R. Francis, George J. Tansey, and Festus J. Wade. W. S. McChesney, Jr., is a member of the committee on commerce and manufacturing and of the committee on passenger transportation, as is also Mr. Tansey. Mr. Kavanaugh appears as chairman of one committee, and member of others. Mr. Wade is chairman of a committee. John Scullin is another committeeman.

Now, Mr. McChesney, Mr. Kavanaugh and Mr. Tansey are respectively the heads of the three main divisions of the Terminal monopoly. Mr. Wade is president of the Mercantile Trust Company, and Mr. Scullin and Mr. Francis are members of what the newspapers call "The Big Cinch."

This "Big Cinch" is a loose and ever-shifting alliance of the banks and trust companies, the more prominent brokers, and similar interests, with the political bosses. It is made up of eminently respectable citizens who make every effort compatible with worldly success to keep within the law. It—in fact, it is so loosely made up that, perhaps, I should say *they*,—are interested mainly in "sure-thing" speculating. Traction and real estate deals, turns and twists in the stock market,—anything and everything except honest production on the one hand and out-and-out dishonesty on the other come within its province. W. H. Thompson, president of the National Bank of Commerce, Festus J. Wade, of the Mercantile Trust Company, and Breckenridge Jones, of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company, represent the banking element in the group. D. R. Francis makes a magnificent figurehead and general press agent. John Scullin is an agile financier and by no means the weakest member, and James Campbell, a broker, makes a specialty of the franchise end of the transactions, after the other five have done the promoting. He is closely allied with Ed. Butler, the notorious, who still figures in St. Louis politics despite the efforts of Mr. Folk to annihilate him.

These men frequently fight among themselves, but their attitude toward the city and its welfare are about the same. Francis controls the "Republic," and keeps it well muzzled. The owner of the "Globe-Democrat," though not outwardly a member of the group, could not better serve its interests than he consistently does. So far as money-making is concerned, the group is bipartisan. Money has no politics. Their snail's-track is discovered at every turn in the recent history of the city. The ugly atmosphere which hovers about nearly all the transactions of the late exposition is enough to show to the least observant onlooker that the group was all over the place. Francis was one of the speculators who sold out the Merchants' Bridge to the Terminal under a miserable quibble of law. It was he, too, who turned up possessor of the Colorado Railroad—"two streaks of rust and a mortgage,"—at the psychological moment when Forest Park was chosen as the site for the exposition.

These are the men, then, whom we find grouped with Mr. McChesney himself and the Terminal's other managers on the list of the officers and committeemen of the Business Men's League,—"their own organization." This should show what a Pooh Bah affair the league is. There are other organizations in St. Louis which seem to feel something like public spirit; but, before considering them, let us look at the citizens themselves and see how they stand in this fight. They have not been over-successful up to the present in making themselves felt or in safeguarding the welfare of their city. Their traffic is controlled from New York, and their newspapers, excepting the "Post-Dispatch," a Pulitzer property, do not help them at all. The "leading citizens," who hold the purse strings of the city's trade, seem to be, on the whole, more in sympathy than otherwise with the monopoly. That one great achievement, the Merchants' Bridge, was deftly steered into the monopoly by these leading citizens.

I made it a point, during my stay in St. Louis, to talk with as many of the merchants and shippers as possible. Some of these men have always stood openly with the Anti-terminal Party. All of them might be expected to join with the city in its fight. Yet one after another the biggest of these merchants took a position which can be

called nothing but a "straddle." They said that the Terminal was more sinned against than sinning, that it suffered for the mistakes of a few of its governing railroads, and that, after all, a single company could handle the terminal business better than a number of competing companies. Some of these men make public speeches against the Terminal. But railroad and transfer rebates, and fear of the bankers,—fear, above all else, of the Terminal itself,—have cowed them. The Terminal controls the movement of their merchandise. They are afraid to speak out. They contradict themselves repeatedly in an hour's talk. They are deep in their trading and money-making, and so long as they can squirm along by themselves their city may squirm along by itself. So, with the big men "fixed," the real fight is left to the smaller men, to a politician or so, and to a fearless public officer or so.

Two years ago E. C. Crow, then attorney general of Missouri, took up vigorously the old matter of the bridge consolidation. He carried the case to the Federal war department, and Secretary Root, acting with equal vigor, gave the "Merchants' Bridge Company" thirty days in which to show cause why the bridge should not, under the provisions of the act, be confiscated "in the name and for the use of the United States." Delays followed. Mr. Root was succeeded by Mr. Taft. The case has been pressed, but without result. Secretary Root's original communication was dated August 4, 1903. At the time of writing nearly two years have elapsed and nothing has been done, and the St. Louis Terminal Railway Association, serene in its faith in the quibble of twelve years ago, continues to operate both bridges.

III.

What can St. Louis do about it?

Of the several movements which are now under way, that which has for its goal municipal control of the Terminal seems the weakest. The more important citizens have, for the most part, the monopoly point of view. They are money-makers,—hard-headed, and proud of it. Others may plunder the city with impunity, if only "business" is not disturbed. They are inclined to regard any concern over the welfare of humanity at large as a symptom of approaching paresis. Confiscation of the Terminal would be, to them, "socialism," and of the two extremes they prefer monopoly.

Ot real public spirit among the merchants I could find hardly a trace, and the men with whom I raised the question all admitted that I was not likely to find any. "We are all deep in our businesses," they said. "I'm afraid we don't take time to think about anything else." So the municipal-ownership notion is left to the "cranks" and to a few scattered groups of thinking men. These latter are keeping quiet, but with eager eyes they are awaiting the outcome of Judge Dunne's Chicago experiment.

Of more immediate importance is the movement for a "free" bridge. A statute has been enacted by the legislature which authorizes the city to own and operate a bridge between the two states. Another bill—before the Illinois legislature, at the time of writing,—will enable St. Louis to condemn and acquire the land necessary for approaches on the Illinois side; and a city ordinance, passed last March and promptly signed by the mayor, creates a "bridge and terminals commission," which is to investigate the terminal situation to the end that it may introduce "such ordinances as may be necessary to enable the city of St. Louis to do its part toward the correction of existing hindrances to the commerce of the city . . . . such as *constructing, acquiring, operating, or controlling* bridges, trackage, transfer boats, *or other transportation facilities.*"

The municipal-ownership idea, as may be seen, has crept into this ordinance; but its real significance lies in another direction.

Adolphus Busch, the brewer, secured, not long ago, a franchise permitting him to extend his private terminal trackage. Working in sympathy with Mr. Busch, and full of enthusiasm over its "free bridge" plans, is the Manufacturers' Association. This organization is not, like the Business Men's League, influenced by the terminal monopoly and the "Big Cinch." It proposes that the city shall build and operate a bridge under such a strict enactment that no other interests whatever can ever get hold of it. When asked if he thought that the railroads would agree to use the bridge after it was built, Charles E. Ware, the secretary, replied that it would not matter greatly if they

should refuse. He thought that the wagon and trolley business, and certain schemes which, if worked out, would enable the truck farmers of lower Illinois to send their own cars into the city, would be enough to pay for the bridge.

"But," I asked him, "supposing that this traffic should not be enough?"

"Well, then," he replied, "what is to hinder Mr. Busch laying his own tracks over the bridge and across Illinois to some connecting point,—as Carnegie threatened to do at Pittsburg?"

"Is Mr. Busch as big a man financially as Mr. Carnegie was?"

"Perhaps not, but he is big enough to build a railroad."

"That railroad, of course, is your club, Mr. Ware; but, when it comes to the point, will Busch do it?"

"Yes," was the emphatic reply, "he will."

It is interesting to examine the attitude of the Business Men's League on this question. For a long time the league would not declare itself, even in the matter of "the bridge arbitrary," though its members, above all others, had an intimate knowledge of the evils attending the toll. But just before the new terminal commission was to be appointed by the mayor, under the "free bridge" ordinance, the league came out for the measure. Immediately Mayor Wells *selected his commission entirely from the membership of the league*, and ignored all the other bodies of citizens.

As the situation stands, then, the citizens of St. Louis, betrayed by their leaders and by their newspapers, misled by one of the societies organized in their defense, are reduced to treating the symptoms instead of the disease. They propose to fight as Pittsburg fought. They forget that, with a vastly stronger weapon than St. Louis is ever likely to find, Pittsburg, after the brief semblance of victory, is already facing defeat. They forget that, despite any momentary squabble within the monopoly group, not one of those fourteen railroads will ever be for long on the city's side in the fight. They speak of the Terminal as a St. Louis company. It is not. It is really a Wall Street company. It is a national, not a local issue, and, in the end, St. Louis will have to face that fact. In the end most of the cities of our country will have to face that fact.

At that time it may be necessary for St. Louis to decide whether she will take the Terminal away from Wall Street or will continue to humble herself under the yoke. To-day she is struggling more or less blindly. She would rather bear the yoke than turn "socialist." So she is fighting a half-hearted battle. "We have thought," said one man to me, "of appealing to Mr. Gould." The straddlers think that if Mr. Gould were once enlightened as to the situation he might be made to believe that it would pay him to "do something." This point of view illuminates the situation. It is St. Louis that is paying for the maintenance of the bridges and the terminal tracks. The terminal association was organized for the purpose of handling the business of St. Louis. The Terminal is choking the city,—*and the last resort of St. Louis is in an appeal to the self-interest of Mr. Gould!*

St. Louis has had the bad luck to fall into an eddy. The combined railroads are not particularly interested in St. Louis just now. So long as the city's traffic does not actually fall off, so long as those millions come into Wall Street at regular intervals, and so long as the more powerful citizens and the newspapers are muzzled, things will go on. St. Louis is not looking the facts in the face. She has not stopped to consider what this railroad combination is, and how insignificant the mere terminal company is beside it. She is dodging the real issue. Her leading citizens are playing the coward, as "leading citizens" of that stripe always do. She has not yet realized that she must seize every weapon that lies at hand and fight with a whole heart, if she would really hope to win her freedom.

Helping Its Real Friends

ONE of our Michigan contemporaries, under the above heading, prints the following paragraph. It looks as if the long and continued hammering against the trusts is bearing fruit:—

"The Michigan Central announces that it will hereafter furnish its patrons with refrigerator cars and ice at reasonable rates. That is another method of saying that it thinks it is better business to build up the industries of the regions traversed by its lines, rather than to aid the private car trust. The Michigan Central has set a good example for other railroads."

Charles H. Treat,—Uncle Sam's New Treasurer

A. G. BAKER

CHARLES H. TREAT, who has been appointed treasurer of the United States and who will take his new position July first, at the beginning of the federal fiscal year, has made an unusual record as a financier and man of affairs, while filling the position of internal collector of revenue for the Second New York District. He was appointed collector of this district by President McKinley, in 1898, and during the Spanish-American War many of the most important and vexed questions in regard to the war tax came to his office for adjustment. Mr. Treat met these questions with such fine judgment and discrimination that he not only had the hearty approval of the federal government, but also won the respect and the lasting regard of the many influential commercial houses whose business brought them in contact with the office of the internal revenue collector.

CHARLES H. TREAT

Mr. Treat is a native of Maine, the son of a keen, shrewd Maine Yankee, the late Henry Treat of Frankfort, who, when his son was but eight years old, opened a bookkeeping record with him. From that time forward he taught his son that he must be able to account for all the money which passed through his hands, thus early laying the foundation for the systematic business habits which have always characterized the new treasurer. The lad attended the common schools of the village, but at fourteen entered a department store, where he remained for four years, and where he soon made himself indispensable to his employers. He had always had a determined ambition to go through college, an ambition which was bitterly opposed by his father, but one that was warmly encouraged by a devoted stepmother. At the end of the four years young Treat was enabled, despite his father's opposition, to gratify his ambition, and entered Dartmouth College. The following winter he secured a position as teacher, and during the remainder of his college course taught during his vacations. It was characteristic of Mr. Treat, senior, that, when he saw his son's determination was really strong enough to carry him through college, he should, in his son's sophomore year, have written him, strongly commending his course and inclosing to him an unlimited letter of credit.

The father and son again clashed when young Treat left college. The latter wished to prepare for the profession of the law, while his father wanted him to enter upon a business career. Mr. Treat, senior, had a large, flourishing export and import trade with Cuba, in which he wished to associate his son with him. At his earnest solicitation young Treat gave up his professional aspiration and commenced an active business career which continued for many years.

Even in his college days, Mr. Treat was noted as a public speaker, and, in later life, when he identified himself with civic and political parties, this ability to speak gave him great influence with them. During the political campaign of 1876 he accompanied James G. Blaine on a speaking tour of the country, where he displayed such signal and original power in discussing the currency question that he became a recognized authority on this subject. He subsequently moved to Delaware, where he had large manufacturing interests, and where, for a number of years, he was a controlling influence in the Republican party of the state. His varied experiences peculiarly qualified him for the position of collector of internal revenue, an office which he filled with great distinction.

The position of United States treasurer is one of the most important in the government, and Mr. Treat's appointment has been most heartily indorsed by the leading financiers of all political parties, and is generally regarded as one of the happiest that President Roosevelt has made.

Why the Bears Fought

C. M. RUSSELL, the western painter, tells an amusing story of a bear fight which he thinks is funnier than any humorous sketch he has ever seen portrayed on a *vaudeville* stage. He had been out with a guide all day, and toward evening they saw, far down the road, two bears sauntering along, quite oblivious of the presence of human beings, as the wind was in the wrong direction. Russell and his guide quickly jumped behind a small thicket, and when the bears were within shooting distance the painter let fly and struck one of them fair in the side. The shot stunned the animal for a moment, and he was under the impression that his mate had struck him a terrific blow when he was not looking. As there appeared to be no reason for this chastisement, he proceeded to retaliate by attacking the other bear. About this time the guide took a shot at the assaulted animal, with the result that the brute was infuriated and imagined he had been struck with undue force by his comrade. Upon this the two bears set to and had a terrific fight.

Inspector Val's Adventures

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

[*Concluded from page 465*]

your purpose to suddenly take them from him by force."

"Precisely! To give Satan his due, however, I don't think De Sille was misled by me. It is likely that he thought a full exhibition of his proofs a valuable idea and resolved to adopt it. At the same time, he warily decided to avoid risk by appointing a meeting for his own house instead of ours. I was chagrined at his shifting the theater for the conference to his own library, but was compelled to accept the amendment. The hour arranged was eleven o'clock, night before last. Miss Upton, when I told her, shrank from the meeting, but despair gave her courage to go through with it. As you have stated, we called at De Sille's house, and it was he who opened the door to us. Once in his library, the pistol concealed in his pocket giving him confidence, he opened the safe which held those papers from which Miss Upton had so much to fear. He took out one package and sat down in his armchair."

"And thereupon, without a word, you fell upon him."

"Quite so! It was then, without parley, I sprang toward him. I had no fear; I am very strong in my hands and arms, and felt that once I got my ten fingers on him I might, if I would, wring his neck round like a chicken's. He had, however, some slight space for defense. Because of my crippled condition I came on rather slowly, and before I had half covered the distance between us I was facing a pistol. He did not fire; he reckoned on the sight of the weapon holding me in check. In that he fell into error. I had made up my mind to have those papers, cost what it would, and at the moment he pointed his revolver, I flourished up my crutch and struck him across the wrist."

At this point Miss Upton appeared almost overcome, and Mr. Sorg, at a motion from Inspector Val, brought her a glass of water. Mr. Dodge resumed:—

"A cripple who goes all his life on a crutch grows in time to regard it not only as a support, but also as a weapon, and becomes expert in parrying or striking with it. As I tell you, I instantly struck De Sille across the wrist, and the pistol fell to the floor. He attempted to repossess himself of it, and I struck him a second and a third time,—the second time cutting his cheek. At the third blow,—the one on the temple,—he fell back in his chair, as I thought, stunned. It was after the first blow, which disarmed him, and just as I delivered the second, that Miss Upton—although I can't see how you deduced the fact,—threw herself between us. The movement was altogether impulsive, and was meant to save me from his pistol. As he staggered back from the blow on his cheek, he clutched Miss Upton by the wrist. At the third blow, which left him senseless, he released her, and she, almost as completely stunned by what had passed as was De Sille himself, managed to feel her way to a sofa, upon which she fell. I looked for the tumult and knocking about in the library to alarm the house, and was determined that, happen what might, those letters should be destroyed. A fire blazed in the grate, and, without pausing to investigate the condition of either Miss Upton or De Sille, I seized the package that had fallen from his hands and threw it into the flames. Going to the safe, I got the rest of the letters and two small account books marked 'Giles Upton,' and in a trice had them blazing with the others. I lacked time to make a thorough examination of the safe, so, to insure a clean sweep, I burned everything it contained."

"That I can guarantee."

"When all was blazing merrily, I paused to look about me. The amazing thing was the fact of no interruption; the noise of the scuffle had reached the ears of no one. As I turned from the fireplace, after seeing the last letter consumed, Miss Upton began to recover her energies. My only thought now was to get her out of the house without interference or discovery. You are not to forget that, while De Sille was already dead, I had not the least glint of it. I looked for him to revive at any moment. With such the expectation, I hurried the departure of Miss Upton all I could. I got her from the library to the street door, and, with every precaution against noise, let ourselves into Washington Square. As you have said, it is but a step around the corner to our own door, and within five minutes after we quitted the De Sille library we were home."

"And then?" pressed Inspector Val, as Mr. Dodge seemed to pause.

"I felt," went on Mr. Dodge, being thus urged, "altogether relieved and even elated. I was overtaken by no feeling of compunction. The letters were the property, not of De Sille, but of Miss Upton and her mother, and should have been in their hands, not his. I had but taken their own. As for the blows, they were a right response to the pistol he had been so swift to present. Thus ran my thoughts in self-exoneration. As for what explanation De Sille might give concerning his wounds, I had no fear. He would hardly tell the truth, which would run against his credit; in all probability he would invent a tale about a struggle and a burglar. So sure was I of this that I bought the morning papers to read his story in them. I was a bit surprised at finding never a line. I was more surprised when, about noon, I heard a newsboy crying an extra, 'all about the murder in Washington Square!' and it was then I gained my earliest knowledge of De Sille's death. There you have my whole story, and now I can only wait for your further action in the affair."

As Mr. Dodge finished, he folded his hands on the armrest of the ebony crutch, and looked at Inspector Val as

if inviting judgment. The latter did not keep him in suspense.

"My only action," said he, "will be to offer my congratulations for a brave and gallant deed. There,—no thanks! You are free to return to your own house. Should the department at any time have further questions to ask you,—and I do n't believe it will,—I 'll notify you of the fact. Meanwhile,"—and he crossed to Miss Upton, "it is hardly necessary to say that what has been told will be kept a secret."

"Ah, thank you!" cried Miss Upton, speaking to Mr. Val for the first time, "you have lifted a load from my heart. Believe me, my concern was for my dear mother as much as for myself or Mr. Dodge," and her grateful eyes shone like jewels through her veil.

"Before you go," said the inspector, as she and Mr. Dodge made preparations to depart, "let me give you a trinket that you lost."

Miss Upton glanced at the gold bead that he placed in her gloved palm. Then, addressing Mr. Dodge, she said:—

"It 's from my old Florentine bracelet!"

"It was lying in the corner of the library," explained Inspector Val. "Mr. De Sille accidentally tore it off when he grasped you by the wrist."

"You are right," said Mr. Dodge. "I knew he broke the bracelet, for I myself picked it off the floor. Miss Upton did not observe that a bead was missing." Then, following a pause, he added: "I begin to understand! It was through the bead you found us. And yet I do n't see how?"

"The bead, and the crutch," returned Inspector Val, smiling: "you ground the end of the latter into the carpet when you sprang upon De Sille. However, I shall say nothing more. I make it an unbreakable rule never to talk shop."

Inspector Val bowed Miss Upton and Mr. Dodge into the corridor. Mr. Sorg sat moistening his lips expectantly, swollen with professional curiosity.

"Let us first restore the innocent to liberty," said Inspector Val, as if replying to the question in Mr. Sorg's eyes. "Then I 'll tell all there is to tell, the same being less than you think. Send for young Steendam."

Mr. Val, upon the arrival of that gentleman, told him he was free.

"Your innocence I never doubted," said he; "but, until the finding of the coroner, I could do no less in the premises than detain you. I never thought you a murderer; indeed, it may relieve you to know that no murder was committed. The examination discloses that your uncle died of a malady of the heart which had threatened him for years."

"But the bruises and the cut on his cheek?" cried Steendam.

"That I 'll answer on some later day," responded Mr. Val; "for the present you must be content with your freedom."

"And now, inspector," said Mr. Sorg, rubbing his coarse palm in a kind of happy anticipation, "tell me how you did it. When we found young Steendam covered with blood, after hearing the housekeeper's story, I would have staked my position that he was the guilty man. The housekeeper herself thought so."

"I know," replied Mr. Val; "her tears were for young Steendam rather than for his uncle. Like you, she saw only the blood on him and went no deeper. This should be a warning to you, Sorg, to beware of the coincidental. It is the prime fault with certain of you philosophers, in every field, from chemistry to crime, that you are prone to mistake cause and effect. The bloodstained handkerchief alone was fairly a complete proof that young Steendam's story was true. There was no chance of his handkerchief becoming soaked with the blood of the dead De Sille, while it would be the first creature thing to suffer in the event of a nosebleed. Besides, where was the bludgeon he used? Being too drunk to hide the other evidences of his guilt, he would have been too drunk to hide the weapon, and yet from top to bottom of the premises there was n't the sign of an instrument that could have inflicted those wounds on Mr. De Sille. Yes, I 'm wrong! There were four signs,—those scars in the plush carpet! Now, I could think of but one thing that would make those marks, and that was the foot of a crutch. The plush in one of them was not only pressed flat, as indicating a heavy weight, but it had been ground and twisted as well. That was done as Dodge up with the crutch and knocked the pistol from De Sille's hand. This could be positively determined by the lay of the flattened plush itself. It was patent even to the unassisted eye. Then the blood spots in one of the scars helped along the conclusions. As I have told you, both from the wounds, which were too wide to have been the work of a cane, and the scars on the carpet, I could infer nothing save a crutch as the weapon employed. Given the crutch, the lame man followed, of course."

"Grant all that," said Mr. Sorg, who was following his chief with deepest interest, "you do n't mean that you 've made a count of all the cripples in New York and fastened upon Mr. Dodge?"

"It was not by the crutch, but by the bead, that I backtracked these people. I know something of jewelry and jewelers. The bead was hammer-work, Florentine, and very old. Also the new brazing about one of the links showed it to have been recently mended. Whoever mended it would remember it; the bead possessed too many peculiarities to escape identification by any one who had ever held it in his fingers. Now, observe how readily and simply the problem works out. The whole number of journeymen goldsmiths in this city is not great; and one of them must recently have had that mended bead in his hands. Among several with whom I am acquainted is a shrewd old Hollander, who lives in Greenwich Street. I took the bead to him, and sent him forth on the hunt. Within three hours he brought me the goldsmith, a Swiss, who had mended it. The Swiss said the bead belonged to a bracelet that had been put into his hands by a great Fifth Avenue firm for which he worked. It was through the books of this firm that I got Miss Upton's name and address. The manager demurred; but I told him I had found the bead and wanted to restore it to the owner. Then he opened up. Once I located Miss Upton, of course I located Mr. Dodge. The situation supported my theory of a man with a crutch, accompanied by a woman; and the housekeeper, hearing the door slam, had been able to fix the hour of their visit. I wrote Mr. Dodge to call on me. He was bound to come; he could n't get away; with your knowledge of police business it is superfluous to tell you that I have held this house under guard ever since his name and identity became known to me. Had he started to make his escape, he would have been promptly placed under arrest."

"It 's all," said Mr. Sorg, with a sigh, "simple enough when you tell it. And yet that very simplicity teaches me—who was so utterly wrong in my conclusions,—that I 'm altogether a dolt and unfit for central-office work." This last was spoken lugubriously.

"And there I contradict you, Sorg," replied Inspector Val, with a laugh. "You 've the three grand requisites that should belong to one who is to act as my partner. You 've the thews of a buffalo, the courage of a bulldog, and the docility of a Scotch collie in following directions. I shall never want a better man at my elbow."

General Kuroki at Close Range

YONE NOGUCHI

MARQUIS ITO used to say, "Thank heaven, we have General Kuroki in our army." Japan and the whole world observed him crossing the Yalu River triumphantly. His promise that he would sweep the Russians—every soul of the Slavonic race,—away from Manchuria, before the autumn, appears to be rapidly approaching fulfillment. General Kuroki is not a man to make any public promise carelessly. He is a thinker, to begin with, and he is most noted as a man of silence. He believes that silence is golden, and it is said that he is an ardent scholar of the philosophy of the Zen sect of Buddhism,—the school for understanding and observing the mystery and truth of the universe in silence. There is no one who loathes noise more than he does, but he will smile serenely if you ask him why he does not dislike the cannon's roar, and will apologetically say that it is simply his misfortune that he became a soldier.

His family is the quietest in Tokyo. Many people, I am told, mistake his house for an abode of priests or nuns,—a house for meditation. His youngest son was a great dog-lover, but the poor little fellow was afraid to bring his dog into the house, as he knew that his father loathed noise. He kept him in a barn, a few blocks away, for three long years. It is simply a delight to see the Kuroki family. He will tell the stories of his adventures under the lantern light at night, in his quiet voice, to the boys' sheer delight. He does not speak loudly, but his small voice is the law—now,—for some two hundred thousand soldiers in Manchuria.

He was born in the province of Satsuma, fifty-seven years ago. Admiral Togo is from the same province, which some one has dubbed "a Japanese Ireland," since the people of that province live mostly on sweet potatoes. He has been a soldier from the earliest day he can remember, as he says. He heard his first shot at the fight of the great restoration, (1867,) and he showed his fighting ability at Fushimi, (the most famous battle of modern Japanese history,) Yodo, Aizu, and Wakamatsu. Immediately he was promoted to the rank of a division officer. in 1872 he became a major, and in 1875 a colonel. He fought in the civil war of 1877—the Saigo War, as we call it, since the great Saigo, brother of the late Marquis Saigo, was the leader of the rebellion,—for one hundred and eighty days without any rest. The emperor honored him by offering a cup of *saké* and dishes of fishes by special message at that time. Since those days his great determination and courage—they have been beyond imagination,—have become well known. Once his army faced the enemy with only the Higawa River between. One night the young insurgents attacked Kuroki's garrison with their cold, sparkling swords. The soldiers took flight and rushed into his presence. "General, the enemy is before us!" they exclaimed.

Kuroki stood firm and shouted: "That 's nothing, sirs. Kill them, kill them, sirs! Go back! Kill them, sirs! I command you, sirs!" They were obliged to go back and fight, and they successfully drove the enemy away.

Kuroki has been a great commander since his younger days. He is a man who will not stop a moment until he has things done. He is known as the man of determination in Japan, while Togo is the man of daring. He has a heart as large as the sky. Once, some years ago, he sat with a fellow officer of some low rank at a certain party. As the evening advanced and some military discussion went on, the petty officer got enraged without any particular reason, doubtless from drinking too much, and threw a bowl of soup over General Kuroki. All the others in the party were aghast, and held their breath, wondering what Kuroki would do. He only laughed aloud, and retired quietly. Next morning the soldier was seized with a fit of fear, and expected to be punished by dismissal. He presented a note of resignation, thinking it would be proper to do so to save his dignity. The general, seeing the note, tapped his shoulder with the best humor, and gently told him not to drink so much of the liquor again at one time.

"My dear fellow, you may drink *saké*, but must not be made drunken by *saké*. Go to your duty, and be happy."

Talks On Advertising

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NOW, Mr. Advertiser, let's be frank!

Let us look at this subject of Advertising squarely, and dissect it.

Let us discard all prejudice or predilection, and accept only *Evidence*, in our final investigation.

Let us cut out sentiment, precedent and "Popular Opinion" and treat the subject as though we had never heard of it before and "came from Missouri."

If, for instance, we had a load of Hay to sell how would we attempt to sell it?

Would we show our customers the Daisies that grew in it, ask them to note the style of the loading, the fine pair of horses that draw it, and the Vandyke beard of the Driver?

Would we tell him *this* is the same kind of Hay as was raked by "Maud Muller on a Summer's day" in Whittier's poem?

Guess not!—eh?

We'd tell him of the *nutritious* qualities that particular load of Hay possessed, for the feeding of horses, and then we'd name the price, delivered, show *why* the hay was worth it, and let it go at that.

* * *

Now, if our customer lived at a distance, and we must sell him the Hay *by letter*, how would we proceed?

Quote "Maud Muller" to him—then refer to the Daisies, the Horses and Beard?

No sir—not for a moment!

We would confine ourselves carefully to the *feeding qualities* of our Hay, and to the advantages of buying while the price was right.

Now suppose we had five hundred loads of this Hay to sell, instead of one load, and did not know just *where* to write to in order to sell it.

That's when we'd *Advertise!*

But does the fact of our going into *Print* mean that we *must* go into Literature, Art, or Clever Conceits in space-filling too, in order to sell our *Hay* through Advertising?

Are we not still trying to sell just *Horse-feed?* How can we expect the picture of "Maud Muller on a Summer's Day" to help us close a deal with an unpoetical party who has Horses to Feed, and must do it economically?

The Horse owner *knows* good Hay when he sees it, and he will know it from *description* almost as well as from *sight*.

When he needs good Hay then the most *interesting* thing we can tell *him* is a description of the Hay *we* have to sell, and *why* it is good, and *why* it is worth the price.

No amount of Maud Muller picture, or "Association of Ideas" will sell him Hay so *surely* and quickly as plain Hay-talk and Horse-sense.

* * *

But you will be told, Mr. Advertiser, that "in order for an Advertisement to *sell* goods it must first be *seen* and *read!*"

You will also be told that "in the mass of reading matter surrounding your Advertisement your Space must be made more '*attractive*' than the rest, in order to be seen and read by the *largest possible number*."

Now, at first sight this line of talk *looks* logical enough, but *how* does it dissect?

Suppose you have a pretty Maud Muller advertisement about your Hay, with a fancy border of Daisies all around it, and a delicate vignette of "the Judge looking back as he climbed the hill!"

You would certainly *attract the attention* of many more Readers with *that* ad than with a bald caption of "Hay delivered, at $8.00 a ton."

But the man who *wants Hay* is the only party you can get back the cost of your advertising from, and you can interest *him* more intensely with the Hay caption than with all the "Maud Muller" kind of ads in the magazines.

And, you can afford to *lose* the "attention" of 200,000 Readers who have *no use for Hay*, if you can clinch sales for your five hundred loads with the *few* people who *do* need it.

Observe that it is not necessary to "attract the attention" of *every* Reader in a 230,000 circulation, in order to sell 500 loads of Hay.

But it *is* vitally necessary that you *convince*, at most, five hundred probable Purchasers that *you* have the kind of Hay *they* need, at the price *they* can afford to pay for it.

If an advertisement, in a circulation of 230,000, costs $60 and we have a profit of $1.00 per load on Hay, we need only *sell* one load each to *sixty* people in order to pay expenses.

But, if we "attracted the attention" of 80,000 people by our advertisement, and *sold* only *thirty* loads of Hay to them, we would then be out $30, and must credit the balance of our Advertising investment to "General Publicity"—to "Keeping-the-name-before-the-People"—etc., in the vague hope that *some other day* these people *may perhaps* buy Hay from us, if we then have it to sell.

* * *

That mistaken idea of "Attracting the Attention of the greatest number, for a given price" is what costs fortunes to Advertisers annually.

The striving to "Attract Attention" instead of striving to positively *Sell Goods* is the basis of all Advertising misunderstanding.

So long as "Attracting Attention" remains the *aim* of Advertisers, so long will the *process* of attracting it remain in the hands of Advertising Men who affect the Literary and Artistic attitude, instead of the plain *logical convincing* attitude of the Salesman-on-Paper.

And, great are the Advertising Writers' temptations to use "Attractive" copy at the expense of *Convincing* copy.

Because, great is the temptation to be considered "smart," "bright," "catchy," "Literary," "artistic," "dignified," "High-grade," etc.

There is popular applause for the Writer of *catchy* "General Publicity," which "attracts attention" but *does not sell goods*,

But, there is no applause for the Writer of prosaic Salesmanship-on-Paper, which is *forceful* enough, and *convincing* enough, to *sell goods*, but so simple to understand as to *seem* easy.

This is *one* reason-why "Catchy" Advertising is so current, and true "Salesmanship-on Paper" so rare.

Another reason is the far greater *cost* to produce studied Salesmanship-on-Paper than to produce four times as much Catchy "General Publicity."

A still further reason is that the Makers of General Publicity know they can never be *held to account for definite results* from *that* kind of Copy, because nothing definite is promised through it.

—To "Keep-the-name-before-the-people."

—To "Make a General Impression on the Trade, and on the Public."

—To "Influence Sales."

—To "Protect the Market."

These are the vague nothings *promised* you by the Makers of "General Publicity," Mr. Advertiser.

These are the *fractional parts* of Advertising you get in return for an outlay which could *have* brought you back 150 per cent instead of 30 per cent of the Space value.

Remember, Mr. Advertiser, that Lord & Thomas "Salesmanship-on-Paper" will do *all* "General Publicity" *can* do toward "Keeping-the-name-before-the-People," "Creating a General Impression on the Trade," etc.

And, in *addition* to this, it actually, positively, and conclusively, *Sells Goods* through Retailers, or by Mail, in sufficient volume to pay 50 to 300 per cent on the investment in Space it occupies.

* * *

Nearly every Advertising Agency, to whom you might show this article would *promise* all that it outlines, and fulfill that promise with the kind of "copy" they are *now* supplying other advertisers.

But don't forget that in order to "deliver the goods" it is first necessary to *have* them—and, the visible supply of Advertising Men who can write *real* Salesmanship-on-Paper is mighty limited.

No Advertising Agency in America pays a *third* what Lord & Thomas pay (viz: $72,000 per year) for the production of "Copy" nor gives a third the attention to its proper production.

Because, no other Agency *appreciates*, as we do, that a difference of 80% in *results* may depend upon the "Copy" used in any given space.

We serve 527 clients, about three-fourths of whom are General Advertisers and one-fourth Mail Order Advertisers.

Our experience with Mail Order accounts, and other result-traced General Advertising, has shown that *Space* in Mediums is worth just what *reasoning* and *conviction* is put into it.

And because ours is the largest advertising business in America, we can *afford* to retain the ablest Copy-Staff in America, as well as secure the best rates from Newspapers, Magazines, and Bill-Posters.

We have just issued a very practical "Book of Advertising Tests." Do you want a copy?

Then write today for it.

It is free to General Advertisers, or to Mail Order Advertisers, but $5.00 per copy to all others.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America.

CHICAGO NEW YORK

"How Money Grows"

is the title of a book
which tells:

How to invest small sums.

How to tell a good investment.

How you can convert $100 into $358.83.

How to choose between real estate and stocks.

How savings banks make their money.

How to choose your partners.

How to guard against uncertain "prospects."

How to protect yourself in case you should not care to hold an investment indefinitely, etc.

This book is not an advertisement of any particular investment. It is a general "talk" about investments, based upon my experiences and observations. My book will interest everyone who can save $10 or more per month from their income. Write me a postal saying, simply, "Send How Money Grows." You will receive the book, free, by return mail.

W. M. OSTRANDER

391 North American Building

PHILADELPHIA

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

Following the Hounds

Riding or driving, Wind, Dust and the Sun's Heat are a continual source of irritation to delicate skin: but you can always find immediate relief in

MENNEN'S
Borated Talcum
Toilet Powder

Nothing is so cooling and soothing to a parched skin, nothing so quickly relieves PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, SUNBURN and all other skin troubles of Summer.

MENNEN'S Borated Talcum TOILET POWDER is unequalled. After bathing and after shaving it is delightful, and is indispensable for old and young.

NOT ON OUR PACKAGE, BUT ON OUR POWDER, WE HAVE BUILT OUR NATIONAL REPUTATION. See that you get the original. Avoid ordinary powders, highly scented with cheap perfume, and put up in ornamental packages. The price of great success is a host of imitators. Don't be misled by the unscrupulous dealer who says "just as good."

MENNEN'S is sold everywhere or by mail, 25c.

Gerhard Mennen Company

30 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

Try MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM