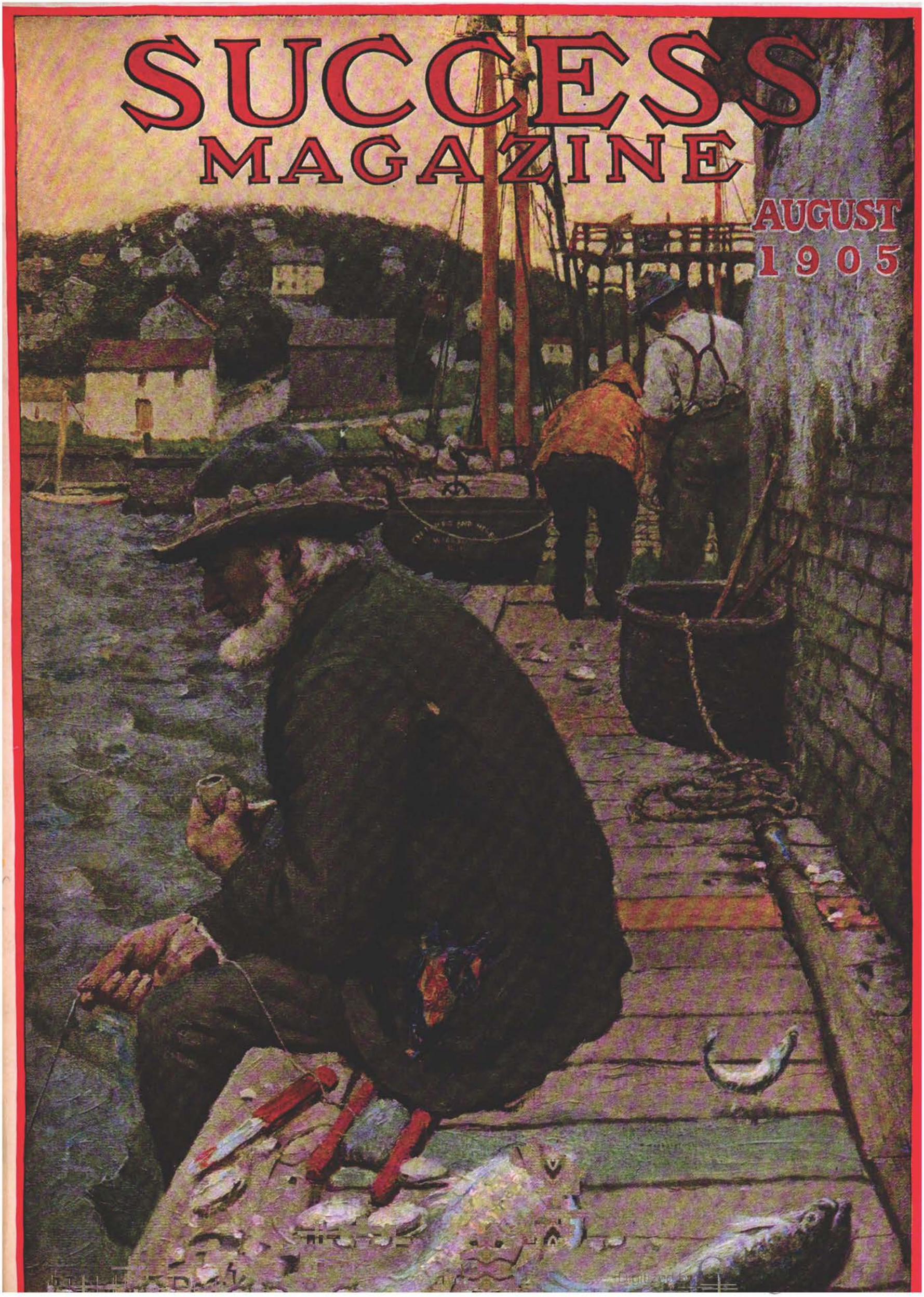
SUCCESS MAGAZINE

AUGUST
1905



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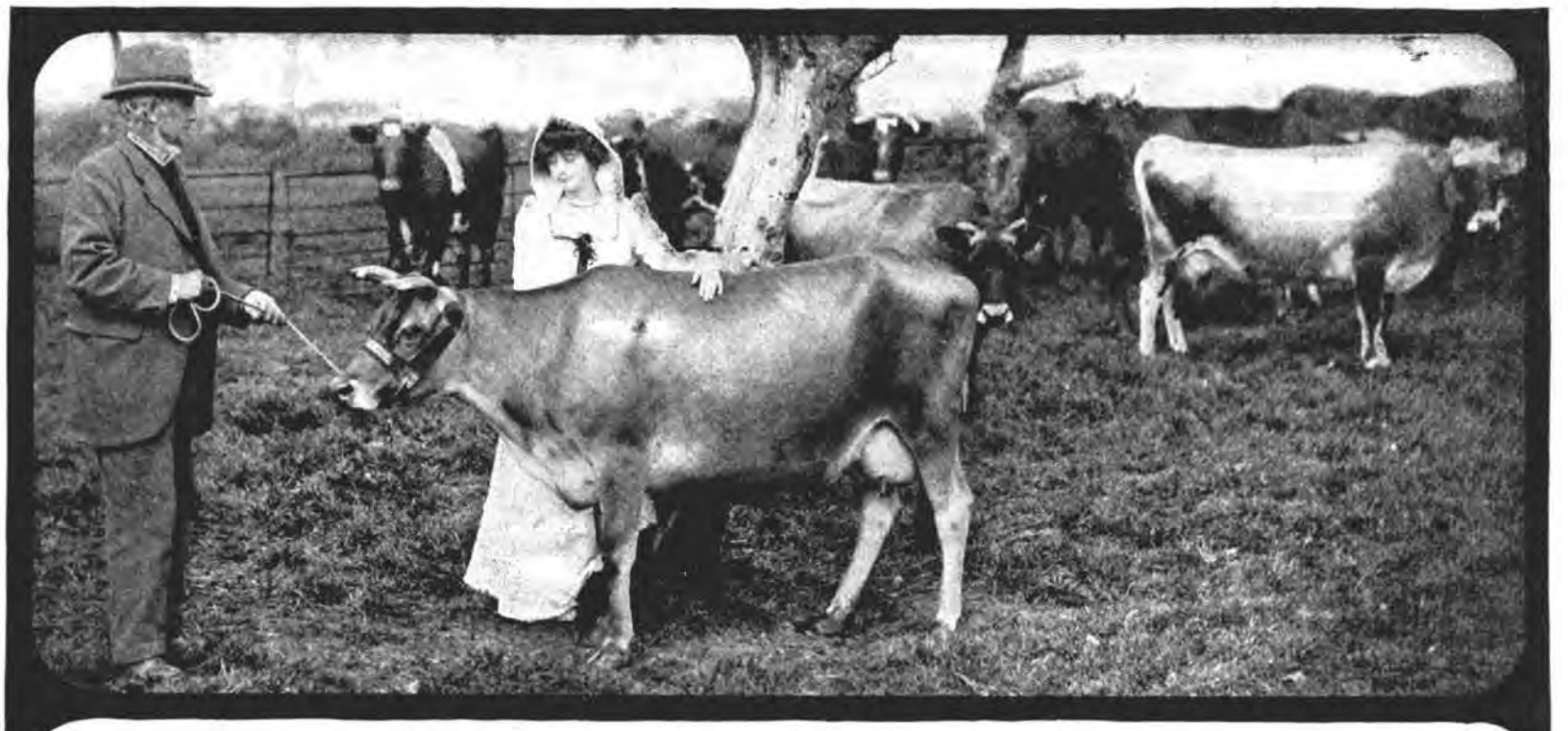

Contents of the August Issue

Cover Design by Henry J. Peck

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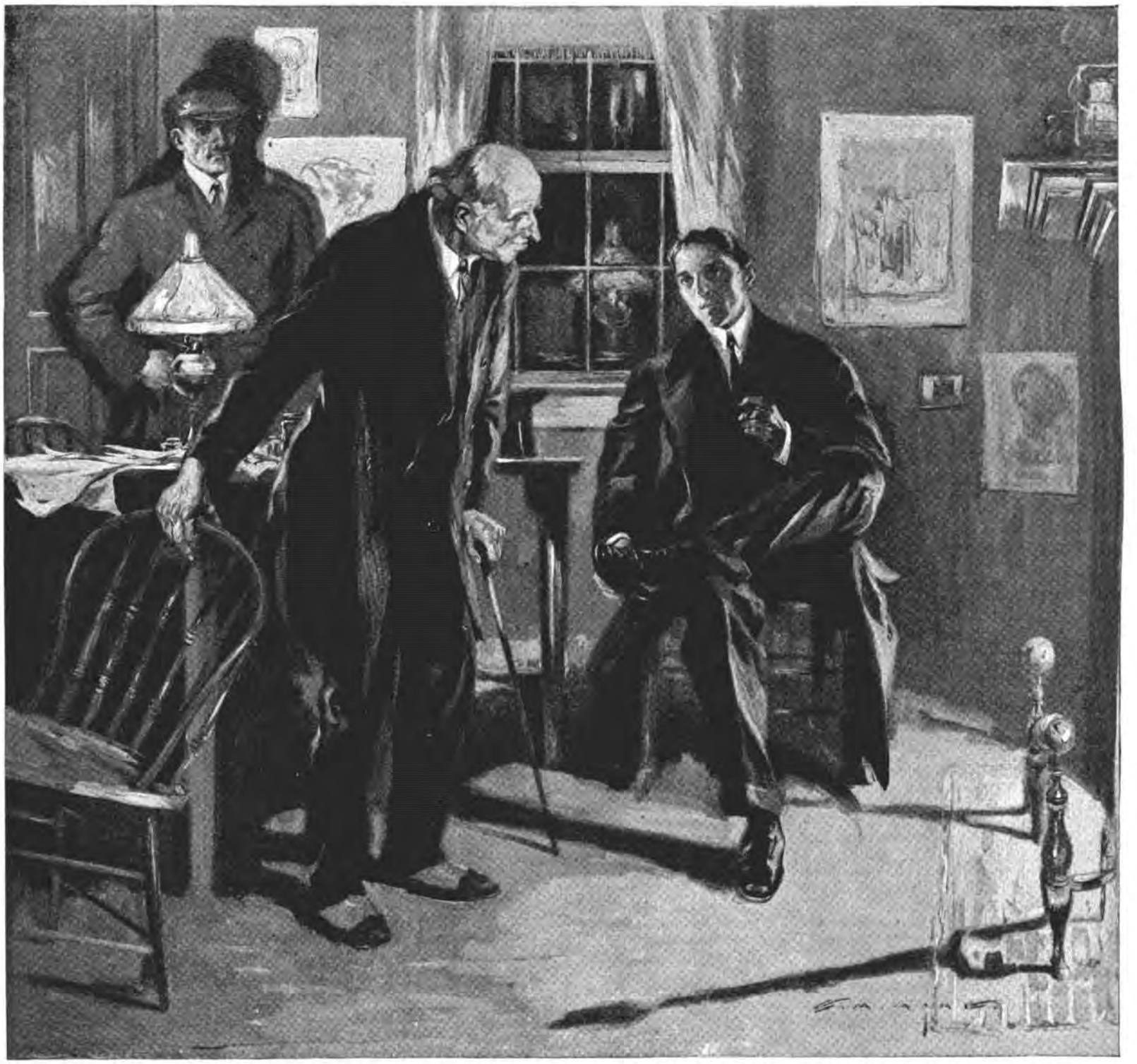


"IT WAS SURPRISING HOW, IN A MOMENT, THAT BENT AND SHUFFLING INDIVIDUAL HAD THAWED"

Inspector Val's Adventures*

THE MAN THAT FLEW

Alfred Henry Lewis

CHAPTER ONE

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE]

INSPECTOR VAL was giving Mr. Sorg his views on East Side crime, considered in connection with those nationalities dominant of that feverish region, the Italian and the Russian Jew. In the midst of a convincing period Mr. Bowles interrupted the discussion.

"Inspector," said he, "there's a man outside—quite excited, he is,—who says he must see you at once. He declined to state his business. The name he gave is Berks."

"Berks," repeated the inspector; "never heard it. However, show him in. I shall be glad if there's foundation for his excitement, as I feel like stretching my mental legs."

Mr. Berks was a globular person of middle age and farmerish look. He wore a catskin cap that had not been new for years. For all his air of agriculture, he did not give one the independent impression that belongs to a man who plows and plants his own acres. Rather he resembled one who tilled the estate of some rich overlord to whom his attitude was the attitude of service. His moonlight face showed anxiety and fright. Mr. Val pushed a chair toward him, and the visitor sat down on the edge.

"Take your time, Mr. Berks," said the inspector, for he saw that the man was shaken either by his police surroundings or by the story he had come to tell. "Take your time. What is the business that brought you to me?"

Inspector Val had the gift—manner and eye and tone,—of inspiring nervous people with confidence. A look of partial comfort stole into the broad visage of Mr. Berks; he heaved a sigh, as if his burdens were already lighter.

"Tell me your story," continued Mr. Val, "for I can see that you have one to tell."

"Ay," said Mr. Berks, with a touch of Devonshire in his accent; "ay, I've a story, for sure. Let me tell it in my own way. Me and my missus keeps Judge Bannister's country house through the

***This is the second of a series of six detective stories, each complete in itself, which Mr. Lewis has written specially for "Success Magazine." The next story will appear in the September issue.—The Editor**

winter,—sort o' caretakers, in a way. You may know where it is, sir,—Fordham Heights, on the Bronx side of the Harlem. Well, there's been nobody in the house since November but me and my missus, and a coachman kind of fellow of the name of James Settle. He looked after a pair of horses and five cows that were being wintered at the place. There wasn't much to do,—get up the firewood, feed the horses and cows, and milk the latter,—in short, do chores like. It was last night, about ten o'clock, and Jim—that's what me and my missus always called Settle,—started for the barn to shake down a lock of hay for the horses. It's a goodish stretch from the house to the barn, and when Jim was about one hundred yards from the house, say within twenty yards of the barn, I heard him give a screech. It was awful, that screech, not so loud, mind, but just the sort that sends a shiver along your skin. For all it scared me faint, I ran to the back door,—me and my missus was sitting in the kitchen,—but I was too late. Jim was gone."

"Gone! Where had he gone?"

"That I don't know, sir!" Mr. Berks lowered his voice as if both puzzled and terrified. "It was like glamour or witchery. Jim just went away through the air."

The inspector shot a sharp, swift glance at Mr. Berks. Was his caller crazy?—or was he under the spell of strong drink? Clearly, neither. Mr. Val set himself to asking questions.

"What makes you say that Settle went away through the air?"

"Because it was from up high his voice sounded."

"His voice?"

"Yes, sir; he called down to me,—called to me twice."

"What sort of cry? Terror?"

"Why, yes, terror, sir. But he spoke words, too. He says, 'Oh, it's got me!' Then, a little later and further away: 'It's got me!' That was the last I heard."

"What did you do next?"

"Well, me and my missus closed the door and sat down without speaking a word. We sat there quite a spell, for we was main frightened. Then I begun to get a little courage. I lit a lantern, and said I'd go and see what had happened to Jim."

"And you started for the barn?"

"Why, yes! I held the lantern low, and kept following Jim's tracks to see where they ended, and if any queer marks of whatever took him would show in the snow. You remember it snowed an inch or so about eight o'clock last night. That made it easy to follow Jim's tracks, as they were the first that had been made since the storm."

"You didn't walk in the tracks?"

"Oh, no; I walked to one side, as did my missus, who came with me. Jim's tracks are there yet for anybody to see."

"Good!"

"As I said, about one hundred yards from the house the tracks ended. There was a lot of footprints in the snow where they ended, but they had all been made by Jim. It was as though he struggled a bit against being borne away."

"Last night," said Mr. Val, as if confirming a point of weather, "after the snow had ceased to fall, it was dark and still,—a quiet night."

"Ay, a dark, still night, sir."

"And your story, as I understand, is that at ten o'clock, while Settle was on his way to the barn, some thing or creature swooped down on him."

"What else? There were his tracks, as plain as life, walking out into the snow. Of a sudden they end without turning back. Then, after that first screech, he called to me twice from out of the air,—a goodish piece up he was the last time, too. I could scarcely hear him."

"And his words were, 'It's got me?'"

"Precisely! 'Oh! it's got me!' he cries. Then, again: 'It's got me!' I'll not have forgotten, for it makes me shudder to my heart."

"But, with the night so still, didn't you hear any other sound?"

"There was a dull beating of wings, maybe!" said Mr. Berks, again sinking his voice and glancing furtively about. "At least, it sounded like wings,—a great muffled, heavy flutter of something."

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"Now I don't exactly know, neither!" returned Mr. Berks, a trifle shamed, but dogged. "Isn't Jim being taken away like the work of a witch or warlock?—something demoniac, to put it the fairest way a plain home body can tell the story?"

"What do you say, Sorg?" asked the inspector, wheeling on his assistant, who had listened to Mr. Berks with greedy ears; "are you for demonology?"

"The condor," said Mr. Sorg, solemnly, as if reciting from a book, "the condor is the largest bird of prey in the world. Haven't they a condor in the Bronx Zoo?"

"Dismiss the condor, Sorg," said the inspector, beginning to laugh; "the biggest condor on the tallest peak of the Andes would find its work cut out to manage thirty pounds,—travelers' tales to the contrary, notwithstanding. There never was a bird large enough and strong enough to carry off a man since the great roc helped Sindbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds." Then, to Mr. Berks, he added: "I think I'll go out to the Bannister place with you."

"I wish you would! I'd take it very kindly, sir. Surely something ought to be done about Jim."

"Assuredly! We must puzzle out this riddle. Nothing will have obliterated those tracks?"

"Oh, no! My missus wouldn't stay when I left. She went to a neighbor's. There's been no one at the place to destroy the tracks."

"I'll go alone, Sorg," observed Mr. Val, looking at his watch.

"Have you adopted any theory?" asked Mr. Sorg.

"I never adopt a theory. I wait for the facts to propose one."

The Bannister residence was a great stone building. The barn was distant about thirty rods from the house. The grounds were in the shape of a long rectangle and measured forty acres. There were shrubbery and bushes and a few small trees about the house, and in a far corner of the grounds, to the west, was a clump of native forest trees,—full-grown beeches and oaks. The snow-hidden expanse between the house and the barn lay open and free from trees or shrubs, being, in summer, so said Mr. Berks, given over to flower beds and grass.

The house, with the barn a little to the north and west of it, stood on a point of land high above the Harlem River, of which one could get a faraway shimmering glimpse through the bare winter-stripped trees. From the house, westward, the land fell away to an old road running north and south. This road marked the western boundary of the Bannister domain. Between the road and the river, separated from the road by a thickly wooded strip, was a railway track.

Mr. Berks had not erred in any particular concerning the trail in the snow. There, as obvious as a page of print, the white snow showed where Settle had walked toward the barn. Then of a sudden the end came in a confused flurry of tracks,—not many, nor running away, but all collected within a diameter of four feet, and telling of that moment of horror and stampede which Settle must have tasted before he was carried off. His fate, too, whatever it was, had come upon him like a clap of thunder; he neither saw nor heard it in its descent, for the tracks up to the very point of disappearance showed measured and steady as if the mind of him who made them were at tranquil ease. Directly westward from where the tracks ended, and distant two hundred feet, was a thick-boughed dogwood tree. The dogwood stood alone, the only notable feature of what in July days would be a lawn.

The inspector, after a glance at Settle's tracks, considered the dogwood briefly, as if he fancied

it might have some connection with the enigma he was trying to solve. But in the end his eyes came back to the footprints of the lost man; he bent over them long and thoughtfully. The situation possessed a sinister savor,—this even procession of tracks, ending as mysteriously as if he who made them had been snuffed away without warning. Mr. Val examined track after track to make certain that Settle, in some crazy or criminal freak, had not managed a return by walking backward, setting each foot in the prints it had made by coming. No such miracle of pedestrianism had been performed, and the imprints told of but one pressure of the foot, no more.

The inspector called Mr. Berks's attention to the fact that the trail ran unalarmed and steady up to that small circumscribed flurry of terror that told the end.

"It is as open as a book," said he, "that Settle had never a breath of warning. How comes it, then, that you, twenty rods or more away, could hear a dull beating of wings?"

"Jim was very deaf, sir! You had to shout to make him hear. My missus, her voice not being over strong, couldn't talk with him at all."

Mrs. Berks, observing the coming of her husband and Inspector Val, had returned from the neighbors; the officer got a glimpse of her through the kitchen window.

"Remain here!" he said to Mr. Berks.

Mrs. Berks did not offer those rotund, pleasant proportions that distinguished her good man. She was thin, with a shy black eye, and looked a year or two further along than did Mr. Berks. She bobbed an old-fashioned courtesy to the inspector, who addressed her directly.

"Mr. Berks and I were talking of Settle. Had you known him long?"

"I should say the better part of a year." Mrs. Berks spoke in a birdlike treble.

"Was he companionable? Did he talk much?"

"No, sir; he was a silent man, though that may have been his hearing. It was hard to make him hear, sir; a body couldn't have much talk with him." That question of deafness seemed answered, and Mr. Val turned again to Mr. Berks, who had remained near the barn.

As the inspector stepped through the kitchen doorway he observed that Mr. Berks was in talk with a stranger. Both speakers seemed greatly excited. He met them midway between the house and the barn.

"This is Mr. Stearns, sir," said Mr. Berks, hurriedly,—"a neighbor down the hill. He's found Settle, sir!"

"He's dead by the railway track," broke in Mr. Stearns, who was not one to let another tell his news for him. "My cow was out along the track and I was afeard for her, so says I to my wife, 'Betsy, I'll go drive up Bossy.' I hadn't gone fifty yards when I sees a bundle of rags ahead lying by the rails. At first I thinks it's baggage from a train; but when I gets to it, there it is Jim Settle, sure enough. Only I'd never knowed the face, which was past all recognizing. It must have been the train struck him, Berks," concluded Mr. Stearns.

"Lead us to the place," said the inspector.

Settle's body lay by the railway track, but so much under the lee of a sharp embankment as to be out of sight from a train. While the body was crushed and bruised, and every bone broken, there was but one rent in the clothing. The coat had been ripped, the tear extending from the collar, backward and downward, over the right shoulder to a place near the small of the back. Not alone the coat, but the waistcoat and the thick woolen shirts of the dead man were correspondingly torn, and a deep ragged gash gaped in the back and shoulder muscles where the flesh was laid open to the bone. Mr. Val made a most minute investigation. When he straightened up he had his eye admiringly on Mr. Stearns.

"This is a most important discovery!" Mr. Stearns swelled with pride, being a true ruralist, and was elated to thus find himself a center of interest and encomium. "Since it was you who found the body, it is your privilege to notify the coroner. The nearest telephone station will call him."

Mr. Stearns was off like an arrow; but he did not purpose to lose one syllable of that celebration which should belong to a first and weighty witness at the inquest.

"You said nothing to that individual," observed the inspector to Mr. Berks, when they were again alone, "as to the manner of Settle's disappearance?" He ended with the rising in-

"'Believe me,' returned Inspector Val, as he pressed the bird-claw hand, 'I shall see you before I see London'"

flection of a question, watching Mr. Berks keenly.

"Not a word."

"My suggestion is that you keep silent until you have further word from me. It may not come for a week. You'd better remain by the body until the coroner arrives."

He scribbled a line on one of his cards. The card read: "Inspector Val, Central Office, Mulberry Street." Underneath was written: "To Coroner: Please postpone finding until you've talked with me. V."

"Give the coroner that," said he to Mr. Berks, as the latter took the card. "Don't answer any questions, or say aught of the happenings of last night. I like to keep these matters dark. To turn on a half light might defeat our search."

Mr. Berks closed his lips firmly as one who has decided to remain mute in the face of every query.

It was a week later. Mr. Sorg had met his chief more than once during those seven days, but was too well trained to be guilty of the grievous error of putting questions. By suggestion of Inspector Val, the coroner had had one hearing and taken the testimony of the rustical Mr. Stearns. It was a tremendous moment for that bumpkin, albeit all he could say was that, while in quest of the errant "Bossy," he had come across Settle's body. He volunteered a belief that death was caused by the night express. Also, he identified the remains as Settle's by the clothes, and in support of his express-train theory remembered how Settle was dull of ear.

"He was as deaf as an adder, your honor," said Mr. Stearns, with a bow to the coroner.

That functionary, following the evidence of Mr. Stearns, adjourned the inquiry for a fortnight, at the same time ordering Settle's body buried, which was attended to by Mr. Berks.

It was one week to the hour after Mr. Berks's visit to Mulberry Street when Inspector Val sent for the sergeant.

"Mr. Sorg," said he, in his official tone, "this afternoon, at two, sharp, you will please be at the Twenty-fifth Street door of the Hoffman House. I shall come out of the hotel by that door with a gentleman. To avoid mistakes, as I pass you I'll identify him by calling him 'Mr. Notes.' We will separate at the door, and you are then to shadow him to his home, wherever it is. It may be that he lives out of town, so be ready to take a train. Having followed him to his home, by way of making sure, wait a half hour to see if he comes out. At the end of the half hour rap at the door and ask whether a Mr. Seton resides there. The reply, in all chance, will be in the affirmative. Thereupon, elaborate a bit and say: 'Mr. Erasamus Seton, of Number Two, Wall?' The answer to this must inevitably be 'No;' for, unless the city directory is a work of fiction, Mr. Erasamus Seton, of Number Two, Wall Street, lives at the Plaza Hotel. Having gotten your 'No,' explain that you were misdirected and return to me."

Three o'clock found Mr. Sorg at the Twenty-fifth Street door of the Hoffman House. There were several loitering about, and more or less coming and going of cabs, so there was small risk of the broad-shouldered, commonplace Mr. Sorg, in cap and peajacket, being identified as a member of the city's secret police. Making provision for every possibility that might attend his man's departure, he ordered a *coupé* to stand ready for himself across the street.

Fifteen minutes—half an hour,—three quarters went by; still he saw no Inspector Val. The mercury was above freezing and the streets were a-slush with snow; this made the air damp and raw. Mr. Sorg planted himself inside the double doors, from which position he could watch both hotel and street and also avoid the chill outer air.

At four o'clock, across the hall from Mr. Sorg, the door of the elevator slammed open and Inspector Val got out. He was followed by a lean little rat-faced man whose sallow cheek and lank iron-gray locks, hanging down to his shoulders, were in keeping with the stoop that almost bent his thin frame double. One claw-like hand carried the cane wherewith he supported his shuffling steps, while the other—long and meager, like the talons of a bird,—clutched at a thick shawl, which garment was wrapped closely about the throat. The shawl, being voluminous, hung down about the starved flanks, and the coat tails and trousers visible below its fringe were black and rusty. As the pair passed Mr. Sorg, the inspector said:—

"Then, Mr. Notes, you are unable to say just when I can have the pleasure of seeing your great device."

"No, sir," replied the little rat-faced one, "it is impossible to name a day at this time. However, you will probably hear from me. Meanwhile," and he bowed and smirked in an amazing fashion, "I am under a world of obligation for this conference; and, if you should return to London, professor, before we meet again, write me in the care of the St. Denis, as you did to-day, and tell me what advancement you are making."

"Believe me," returned Inspector Val, as he pressed the bird-claw hand, "I shall surely see you before I see London."

"But if you don't?"

"Then I shall write."

Mr. Sorg's *coupé* precautions were well taken, for the little rat-faced man signaled a hansom. Mr. Val helped him in, which did not please him. He hesitated, and then, since he must, gave the direction.

"Drive to the Twenty-third Street Ferry, North River."

Away rattled the little rat-faced man, and after him, not one hundred feet behind, rattled Mr. Sorg. The inspector saw them fairly off, and then, lighting a cigar, turned down Broadway.

At eight o'clock in the evening he sauntered into his rooms in Mulberry Street.

"Any word from Sorg?" he asked.

"Yes," said the officer on the night desk, "Mr. Sorg has 'phoned that he will be in at ten o'clock."

[*Concluded on pages 553 to 559*]

Modernizing the Metropolis

HOW THE HUGE SUM OF THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS WILL BE SPENT DURING THE NEXT FIFTEEN YEARS TO IMPROVE NEW YORK CITY

Karl Decker

WHAT will New York City be like in 1920, when the present plans calling for the expenditure of half a billion dollars, or two and a half times the cost of building the Panama Canal, show their results in completed works? What will be the effect upon the city of this great wave of energy in municipal and commercial improvements and the natural impetus that will be given to the investment of many additional millions in the development of the city's growth? The great city that is growing from the plans of to-day looms faintly out of the mists of the future. It will be a massive thing, structurally. Two great railroad stations, to be erected on sites covering several city blocks, will establish the scale for future greatness of scope in building, while other developments must naturally be along equally Titanic lines. Basing prophetic vision upon present knowledge it is possible to frame a conception of what America's metropolis will be fifteen years from this time. New York has now a population of 3,987,252. London has 4,536,541. In ten years—less time than the scope of this article,—New York will run ahead of London and will take its place as the largest city in the world, for it is now gaining at the rate of 550,000 a year. The plans of 1905 have already made the city of 1920, in many respects. Other plans will be made later, but we can know in great part, at least, the New York that is to come at the end of the first fifth of the century. Plans accepted and plans that are certain of acceptance provide for an expenditure of quite five hundred million dollars within the next few years, and the results of these projects will leave permanent marks upon the city. These great expenditures will provide civic monuments and railroad improvements intended, not for a decade, or a decade and a half, but for a century.

The enormous sum of sixty million dollars will be spent by the Pennsylvania Railroad alone in building a depot in New York that will be twice the size of the largest railroad station now in existence. The new Grand Central and the terminal improvements in connection with its erection will cost twenty-five millions; the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad has planned to spend twenty millions; the Long Island Railroad improvements will cost forty millions; those of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, twelve millions, while the Erie has made provision for improvements to cost eight millions.

The total cost of New York's subway system completed and contemplated can not well come under two hundred millions, and it may be much more than that before fifteen years have passed. In the erection of bridges already contracted for, New York will spend nearly fifty million dollars, while fifty millions more will be spent in boring tunnels under the North and East Rivers. Libraries now being built or provided for will cost twelve millions, while the improvements suggested by the Municipal Art Society will call for an expenditure of at least a hundred million dollars within the next few years.

SEVEN GREAT TWIN TUNNELS WILL RUN UNDER THE RIVERS

Millions of cubic yards of earth and rock will be removed from Manhattan Island alone in the completion of the work outlined. Whole sections of the city will be altered in outward appearance, in the manner indicated in the razing of a long line of houses along Delancey Street in building an approach to the new Williamsburg Bridge. In the most badly congested sections of the city the knife of the city's surgeon will cut away great blocks of dingy, crowded tenements, leaving open spaces, parks, and new, wide thoroughfares.

Many millions will be spent in private enterprises that must tend to alter the appearance of the city strangely by 1920. The skyscrapers of to-day will remain, but above them will tower the forty-story buildings of the future now declared practical and awaiting only the pressure of increased real estate values to send them pushing upward in the financial heart of New York.

The city of 1920 will have a new sky line, as marvelous as that of to-day in comparison with that of twenty-five years ago.

By far the greatest changes will be brought about by the completion of the vast machinery for dealing with the multitudes of New York and in solving the unusual transportation problems. In the great heart-throbs of the metropolis millions of human beings will be drawn from the outlying regions, each morning, to be sent pulsing back again, in the evening, through the great arteries that will have been tunneled through the earth in all directions, even beneath the rivers. Through the two great railroad stations, already planned, nearly half a million passengers will pass daily within a few years. By 1920, other great railroad systems will have tunneled the Hudson and will have their terminal stations in the heart of New York.

The lower part of Manhattan Island, as to-day, will be the great business heart of the city, but the body, of which this heart is a part, will stretch out in a wide, irregular territory reaching beyond Yonkers, toward the north, passing beyond the limits of Paterson in New Jersey, and covering the entire north shore of Long Island. Within this area of a thousand square miles of uninterrupted city will be domiciled a population of nine millions. Of this number six millions will live within the limits of the Greater New York of to-day. By that time all the barriers which have made Manhattan an island inconvenient of access will have been broken down. There will no longer be bridge and railway-station crushes, for on every hand will be outlets to the wide lands of Long Island, Westchester, New Jersey, and Staten Island.

The plans of to-day will have provided, by that year, seven great twin tunnels, or fourteen tubes, carrying this multitude under the waters of the rivers and the bay. Five great bridges, within a few years, will connect Manhattan with Long Island, and the greatest bridge structure in the world will span the Hudson. That this number of tunnels and bridges will be doubled by 1920 is quite certain from the determination of the people to make no stop or halt until the great plans for placing the city in touch with all the territory around have been carried to completion. The East River will undoubtedly be arched by a dozen bridges, by that year, and tunneled every few blocks.

STEAM LOCOMOTIVES WILL NOT COME WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS

To the north will stretch half a score of subways, by that day, and the street area of New York for transportation purposes in this manner will be more than doubled. Subways near the surface will carry the local traffic along the lines of the avenues, while deep tunnels below will be filled with express trains speeding away, with few halts in the city limits, to that part of the city lying beyond the Harlem. Across the city will run connecting subways, and in many of these there will be moving sidewalks carrying a constant stream of passengers. A subway along the river front will connect all the bridges leading to Brooklyn.

Not the least important feature of the Great New York of 1920 will be the absence of all steam traffic. Not a steam locomotive will be seen within twenty-five miles of the city, to the north or east, while all the trains crossing under the Hudson in the tunnels of the Pennsylvania Railroad and passing beneath the city will be drawn by electric motors.

This electrification of all steam lines centering in the city will have led, long before 1920, to the elimination of all distinctions between steam and electricity, and the cars of the elevated roads and the subways will switch to the lines of the steam railroads beyond the Harlem River and the East River in a way to give uninterrupted communication between New York and all suburban points. The same will be true of the subway and tunnel lines passing beneath the city to New Jersey and to Staten Island.

This picture of New York fifteen years from now is no mere conjecture,—no idle imagining. It is an accurate portrayal of conditions resulting from the great plans already drawn and certain of execution. Along what other lines the city will develop and what other great plans will be evolved in the near future can not be foreshadowed; but, from the work in hand, much of what the city of 1920 is to be can be realized now. Within the past two years the city has awakened from a state of what, in these days, appears to have been sloth and apathy. With twelve thousand men burrowing beneath Manhattan in the construction of the greatest subway the world has ever known, the great money-masters of the city, the heads of the great railroads, and the city fathers were aroused to the necessity for the inauguration of colossal projects. The officers of the railroads with a common terminal in the Grand Central Station were forced to an acknowledgment of the inadequacy of their facilities, through one of the greatest catastrophes of recent years. The Pennsylvania Railroad, at almost the same time, evolved a plan for entering New York that was even more gigantic in character than the proposed improvements at the Grand Central.

Its engineers conceived the plan of a through line to Montauk Point, at the outer end of Long Island, where the passengers and freight of all the Atlantic liners might be handled, thus shortening an ocean voyage by many hours, and to achieve this it was necessary to pass through the city of New York. They have prepared to accomplish what has heretofore been regarded as impossible.

The control of the Long Island Railroad by the Pennsylvania called for plans promising great improvements along that line, and thus movements were begun which will result in a revolution in the character of foreign and suburban transportation such as the most daring prophet would have failed to predict. From the completion of the Williamsburg Bridge and the opening of the subway last year must be dated the actual beginning of the new era in New York. The subway awoke the city to a realization that the problem of rapid transit in the metropolis had been solved. It also marked the end of elevated railroad construction therein. By December last, plans had been submitted to the rapid-transit commission, by Chief Engineer William Barclay Parsons, providing for the expenditure of fifty million dollars in the construction of new subway lines.

In the meantime the task of tunneling the East and North Rivers had been commenced, and now there are seven such twin tunnels either under way and nearing completion or about to be begun.

The great shafts of the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnels have been sunk and the work of pushing the bores through the mud and silt of the bottom of the Hudson River has been started. These twin tunnels, side by side, will stretch from Weehawken, New Jersey, to Thirty-first Street in New York. One tunnel of the New York and New Jersey Company has been completed from Hoboken to West Tenth Street, and the other, which is being built beside it, is almost across. On land this tunnel will connect with a subway to be constructed up Sixth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street, where it will connect with one to be built from Forty-second Street down Broadway to Union Square. Another subway will run from this tunnel under Ninth Street to Fourth Avenue.

Plans for the twin Hudson and Manhattan tunnels have been approved, and the work of construction will soon begin. From Exchange Place, in Jersey City, the two tubes will run under the river to a terminal at a point in Church Street between Fulton and Cortlandt Streets, where a great station will be built with underground passages to the subway in Broadway.

The plans for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Hudson tunnels will not be made public until all arrangements have been concluded for the erection of a terminal station in New York.

Twenty Million Dollars Will Be Spent on a Single-span Bridge

From the great hole in Battery Park, in which will be located the terminal station of the land end of the present subway, workmen have pushed the steel-lined bores of two twin tunnels six hundred feet toward Brooklyn. Under the East River will also extend the connecting tunnels of the Pennsylvania Railroad, while across Buttermilk Channel to Governor's Island, and thence to the Battery, is to be extended the tunnel which is to give a subway connection with Fort Hamilton and the adjacent section of Brooklyn.

These constructions are all assured. Others certain of completion within a reasonable time are those connecting City Hall, in New York, with Borough Hall, in Brooklyn, and the upper part of Manhattan with the shore of Long Island, under Blackwell's Island.

Through these subterranean and subriparian tubes the millions of residents of Long Island and New Jersey will be hurried to and fro twice each day, in 1920, as well as across five great bridges that will be open then to the public.

The Brooklyn Bridge, by that time, will have been rebuilt. The Williamsburg Bridge was opened by Mayor Seth Low during his administration. The Manhattan Bridge between these two will be ready for use in 1908, according to the report of Bridge Commissioner Best, and the Blackwell's Island Bridge will be ready almost as soon. Plans have also been prepared by the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad for a bridge from a point a short distance north of the Harlem River across Randall's Island to the north shore of Long Island.

Within a few years the Hudson River will be arched by the greatest single-span bridge in the world. A site has already been selected by the commissioners of the New York and New Jersey Bridge and the sinking fund commissioners, between Forty-ninth and Fifty-first Streets, New York, and the work of construction will be begun as soon as the plans for the approaches can be decided upon. These plans contemplate a great double-decked structure along West Street to the Battery, carrying elevated railroads and providing a wide promenade for pedestrians, and leaving the street below to wheeled traffic. The estimated cost of this bridge is twenty million dollars, and the maximum length of its span will be two thousand, seven hundred and ten feet. The Union Bridge Company has made a contract to complete its construction within six years from the time work shall be begun. Within the next five years the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in this city and its connecting tunnels will be completed, and the new Grand Central Station will be ready for use a year sooner.

Four city blocks have been razed by the contractors in charge of the work on the Pennsylvania Station, and the great traveling steam shovels are at work, each tearing away a thousand cubic yards of earth daily, while a hundred drills bore into the exposed rock and heavy charges of dynamite rack it into fragments.

A great excavation sixty feet deep, in parts, must be dug, and in all two million cubic yards of earth and rock will be carted away before the work of building the new station can be begun.

The cost of this work will be sixty million dollars, to which must be added the ten million dollars spent in acquiring real estate. Over in New Jersey the work of boring the tunnel that is to carry the tracks of the Pennsylvania into New York has been begun, and a shaft seventy-five feet deep and thirty-five feet in diameter has been sunk. From this point two separate tunnels, a mile in length, will be bored to the water front, and thence, under the river bottom, six thousand feet to the shaft on the western shore of Manhattan Island, where the under-land tunnels will strike through to the station. On Long Island the shaft work has also been begun, and before long the work of tunneling the East River to meet the bores from the west will begin. The station itself will occupy a site five hundred feet by one thousand feet, and will be eight hundred feet in length by four hundred feet in width. Placed fifty feet back from the building line on all sides, it will give the effect of being located in the center of a great plaza.

The trains from the East River and Hudson River tunnels will run on twenty-one parallel tracks forty-five feet below the street level, with approaches to each of the platforms between the tracks from the floor above. The second floor will communicate directly with the two subway lines which are to be built on Seventh and Eighth Avenues, while the third floor will communicate directly with the street.

The grand concourse of this station, it is claimed by the officials of the road, will be the most magnificent hall of its kind and purpose in the world and will be in place and keeping with the future greatness of the city.

It will be three hundred feet in length, eighty-five feet wide, and one hundred and fifty feet in clear height. At night it will be lighted by three great electric globes, each ten feet in diameter.

The plans for this structure have not been completed and will not be until the company is fully informed as to the plans of the rapid transit commission regarding the construction of the new subways. It has been stated that there will be in this station, as in the Grand Central, a complete separation of the express and the suburban traffic. When completed, it will provide passenger facilities for two hundred thousand daily.

The changes being made at the Grand Central Station will make that one of the greatest railroad stations in existence or projected. Thousands of workmen, ten locomotives, and two hundred flat cars are being constantly employed in the construction of the great approach. Fifty-three tracks will run abreast in the greatest railroad yard in the world. At present six hundred and forty trains enter and leave the Grand Central daily, carrying forty thousand passengers. When the improvements are completed, two hundred thousand a day can be handled easily. The trackage area of the road within the city has been more than doubled by this addition of ground. An entire street and all the houses on it, from Forty-fifth Street to Fifty-ninth Street, have been wiped out of existence, and two hundred buildings, including several churches and hospitals and many apartment buildings and private houses, have been destroyed by the sweep of these improvements. In this work one million, five hundred thousand cubic yards of earth will be removed, and thirty thousand tons of structural steel will be used.

Vanderbilt Avenue Will Be Nearly Seven Hundred Feet Wide

The new station to be erected will cover the irregular space of ground between Lexington and Vanderbilt Avenues, and between Forty-second and Forty-fifth Streets. On Forty-second Street it will extend three hundred feet, and then, running northward at an angle, will extend two hundred and seventy-five feet further along Forty-fourth Street. The length on Vanderbilt Avenue will be six hundred and eighty feet.

In the preparation of the designs of this building, the work of many architects, the officials have taken wise advantage of their knowledge of New York traffic conditions. They have separated completely the express and the suburban traffic. For the commuter with his monthly ticket there is a separate entrance, a separate waiting room and concourse, and, during the rush hours, a service that will be practically that of a street railroad. The trains will swing around a loop, and, without breaking bulk, will continue the trip, making one long succession of trains passing the station.

Connections will be made with the subway, and, as the entire road will be adapted to the use of single motor cars or electric trains, traffic from the

underground railways can be carried directly out into the suburbs over these lines. The elevated railroads will also connect in like fashion with the suburban steam lines, two tracks of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford carrying the cars of the East Side elevated lines, while the Putnam Branch of the Central will give an outlet into the northern suburbs along the Hudson for the trains of the West Side elevated system.

The grand concourse of the new Grand Central, from which the express trains will be approached, will be one of the most striking halls of the sort in the world. It will have a length of four hundred and seventy feet and a width of one hundred and sixty feet, with a height from the floor to the domed roof of one hundred and fifty feet. Beyond the gates of the concourse will lie the thirty-four stub tracks and platforms of the express trains. All these improvements will be completed, it is expected, within four years.

Two separate plans for the extension of the subway system of New York, representing a cost of two hundred and thirty million dollars, are now under consideration by the rapid-transit commission. The Interborough Company has provided plans for additions to that system to cost sixty-five million dollars. John B. McDonald, representing the Metropolitan Railway, has submitted plans for three four-track subway lines paralleling the present subway, and a crosstown connecting line at Thirty-fourth Street. The north and south lines are planned to give east and west side transit from the Battery to the Harlem, and beyond by extensions.

The plans of the Interborough provide for an East Side extension from the Grand Central Station to One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street in the Bronx; an extension down Seventh Avenue of two express tracks to connect with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and two local tracks down Broadway to connect with the two express tracks at Twenty-third Street, continuing southward to Barclay Street, where connection is to be made with the present subway. These plans also include a tunneled line to Brooklyn, giving a continuous passage from that borough to the Bronx for one fare. The plans both of the Interborough and of the Metropolitan contemplate free transfers to all allied connections.

A MILLION-DOLLAR EXCAVATION IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK

Nearly twenty acres of buildings on the blocks between Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets and Seventh and Ninth Avenues have been razed to make an excavation for the terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad, which will run into the metropolis through tunnels under the Hudson River

THE CITY WILL LEAD THE WORLD IN TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES

With all these plans carried to completion, New York, in 1920, will be more perfectly equipped with transportation facilities than will be any other city in the world. By that time horses will have disappeared from the streets, and instead there will be long lines of automobiles and swiftly moving motor trucks. Every foot of ground upon Manhattan will have been built upon by that time, and the city will have swung well out into Westchester County and upon the northern end of Long Island. The business center will have moved several miles northward.

New York never progresses regularly to the northward. It springs ahead a dozen blocks or more, and then, not waiting until the space covered has been thoroughly developed, leaps forward again. Now the downtown skyscraper section ends at the New York Life Building, just above City Hall Park. Another region of tall buildings has developed at Madison Square, where the "Flatiron" rears its head together with the Metropolitan, the St. James, and other many-storied buildings. Longacre Square, at Forty-second Street, now has the second Flatiron and the Times Building, and others have been planned for the same section. The northward progress has not been stopped, however, and plans have been prepared for the highest structure in the city, to be erected on Columbus Circle at Fifty-ninth Street.

Along the entire length of Broadway, from the Battery to Central Park, will eventually be built structures commensurate with the price of the land they will occupy.

Greeley Square, as the natural consequence of the cross currents of traffic from the new Pennsylvania Station and the Grand Central, will eventually become the busiest spot on Manhattan, and there will be reared many stately companions of the two massive department stores now located there.

The theatrical section has already moved north of Fifty-ninth Street, and within fifteen years there will be an unbroken line of theaters from Fourteenth Street to Harlem, where there are already a dozen houses of amusement. The New York Public Library Building, in Bryant Square, costing six million dollars, will be completed shortly, and within a few years the fifty library buildings to contain the collections provided by Andrew Carnegie's gift of five million, two hundred thousand dollars will be ready for use.

THE MANHATTAN APPROACH TO THE WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE

This photograph was taken from the New York entrance to the new Williamsburg Bridge, and shows the long canyon made to the Bowery by tearing down dozens of tenement houses in order to build a *boulevard* to the bridge. Nearly fifteen thousand tenement dwellers were obliged to move when this work began. The elevated road may be seen in the upper right-hand corner

BUSINESS PROPERTY WORTH SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS A SQUARE FOOT

New parks, public baths, and recreation centers will be provided by 1920. Fifth Avenue below Fifty-ninth Street will be the greatest business street of the sort in the world, while above that point it will contain hundreds of stately palaces erected by the city's constantly increasing army of millionaires. Between Fifty-ninth Street and Sixtieth Street a wide thoroughfare will have been cut through from Central Park to the entrance to the Blackwell's Island Bridge. Madison Avenue, further downtown, will have been cut through to connect with Broadway. Lexington Avenue will have been extended through Irving Place and continued in a wide plaza to Fourth Avenue. Seventh Avenue, a mere vermiform appendix of the city, will have been given a use and purpose by being extended through to connect with Varick Street, and so with the downtown section of the city. New York, in 1920, will have a majority of members in the state legislature and will be free from the domination of inimical interests in the state. It will have home rule of the most assured sort, for it will not only rule itself but the state as well. In the meantime the constant efforts of the Municipal Art Society to make New York the "The City Beautiful" will have had an effect upon the metropolis, and in fifteen years it will have become the most wondrous city of the world. The ground on which stands a little cigar store at Number 1 Wall Street, a little over one hundred feet square, was recently sold for the sum of seven hundred thousand dollars, bringing nearly six hundred dollars a square foot, —over four dollars a square inch. In evidence of the value of land in the heart of the business section of New York City, a strip down the side of this plot the width of a toothpick would cost two hundred dollars. An acre, at market rates, would be worth twenty-six million dollars, and a forty-acre farm more than a billion dollars,—more than our national debt. Nearly two hundred years ago, this piece of property was sold for five hundred and fifteen dollars. The land came to its late owner's family in 1827, for eighteen thousand two hundred and seventy-five dollars,—that was seventy-eight years ago. If, during the next seventy-eight years, it increases in value as rapidly, this tiny plot, in 1983, would be worth twenty-six million, six hundred thousand dollars,—one hundred and fifty-two dollars a square inch.

Submitted on the Facts

Frederick Trevor Hill

[AUTHOR OF "THE WEB," "THE ACCOMPLICE," ETC.]

THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE OF MRS. DRYSDALE,—A MYSTERY HITHERTO UNSOLVED

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN]

HAD I been a younger man when Mrs. Drysdale came under my observation, the "Medical Record" would long ago have contained my report of her case and my diagnosis would doubtless have been authoritative and convincing. But, either because I am growing old or because the matter is somewhat personal, I have never been able to reduce my experience with that woman to the terms of scientific testimony. I have made the attempt more than once; but, even when I have succeeded in embalming the facts in the dull, formal "history" which alone carries conviction to a pathologist, they still verge on the incredible to a degree which challenges conservative belief. Yet, if the history of this case was less embarrassing in itself, the diagnosis would find me wanting. I could easily frame one which would satisfy my brother practitioners,—for most doctors, like other men, will blindly accept a familiar formula rather than think for themselves,—but to force unprecedented facts into a ready-made theory is, in my opinion, beneath the dignity of any investigator worthy of the name. I am convinced, however, that no one is justified in suppressing extraordinary experiences merely because the special branch of knowledge which should supply an explanation fails to do so. On the contrary, I believe that all such happenings should be given the widest possible publicity, in the hope that they may find in the world at large some interpretation beneficial to humanity.

With the assent of those concerned I have therefore decided to submit my account of Mrs. Drysdale's case with no pretense of authority, save such as an eyewitness and trained observer may reasonably command.

If there had been any other physician available I would not have responded to the night summons which first called me to the Drysdale cottage,—urgent though the message was. For some years I had been exclusively engaged with my "Treatise on the Nervous System," and was not in active practice, but I could not well refuse to act in an emergency,—at least, until the family physician should arrive. This I endeavored to explain to the person at the Drysdale end of the telephone, but she was excited to the point of incoherence, and neither my explanations nor my questions elicited any intelligent response. I therefore started for the house without the slightest idea of what I should find confronting me.

I was aware that the Drysdales were my neighbors, but beyond this I knew nothing whatever concerning them; for, being a bachelor and absorbed in my studies, I had had little or no social intercourse with the inhabitants of the lonely countryside to which I had retired for uninterrupted work. Young Albert Drysdale and I had exchanged bows upon our occasional meetings on the main road, but I do not remember ever having seen his mother before I was summoned to her house. Perhaps I may have heard that she was a widow, and that the young man was her only child, but I did not recall those facts as I hurriedly covered the half mile of country road which lay between my house and the white cottage I knew she occupied.

A frightened and disheveled servant answered my ring of the bell, and, after peering at me through an inch of opened door, admitted me with hysterical evidences of relief.

"Praise God, you've come, doctor!" she panted, clutching my arm. "Praise God and his saints! Twenty times, to-night, I've telephoned you, and never got an answer till fifteen minutes since. Another hour and I'd have been mad myself!"

"Who's the other lunatic?" I snapped, drawing my arm away, for I am always impatient of hysterical volubility, and the intimation that I had been dragged out of bed to grapple with a maniac roused my indignation.

"Has somebody gone crazy here?" I demanded, sharply, for the woman had not answered my question and gave indications of swooning.

"It's Mrs. Drysdale, doctor," she whispered. "She's upstairs. Mr. Albert's away on a shooting trip in Canada. The cook left yesterday, and there's nobody else in the house. It's something terrible."

"Is she violent?" I asked.

"No, sir. That's the terrible thing. She don't move,—only looks,—and—and looks!"

"Looks at what?" I demanded, roughly.

"Looks clean through you, doctor!"

The woman's voice sank again to a horrified whisper and she crept shudderingly toward me, glancing nervously over her shoulder at the stairs as she spoke. She seemed overcome by terror.

"ONE OF THEM DREW A KNIFE, . . . BUT HIS COMPANION SEIZED HIS ARM."

"Well, looks can't hurt you," I asserted, unsympathetically, shaking off the trembling hand she had laid upon my arm.

"Can't they, doctor?" she questioned, eagerly: "Mrs. Drysdale's chilled me to the bone. I felt my heart go like this,"—she closed her hand with a convulsive movement of the fingers. "How about the 'Evil Eye,' sir?" she inquired.

"Evil fiddlesticks!" I muttered, gruffly. "Where is Mrs. Drysdale's room?"

"At the head of the stairs, doctor."

The woman pointed behind her without taking her eyes from me, and shuddered as she answered.

"Then go and rout out some breakfast," I ordered. "It'll be daylight shortly, and there's nothing like food for curing fright. Is there a bell in Mrs. Drysdale's room?"

"Yes, sir,—alongside the door."

"Then listen," I commanded, sternly. "If I ring once, run to the nearest farm and bring some of the men folks here to help me. If I ring twice, fetch me some breakfast. Otherwise, leave me alone. Do you understand?"

She nodded assent and started toward the rear door.

"Wait a moment," I continued. "Before you do anything else, telephone for Mrs. Drysdale's family physician and—"

"She has n't any, as I know of, doctor," she interrupted. "I've heard her say she was never sick a day in her life."

"Then notify the nearest physician. I don't care who he is."

I started up the dark stairway, as I spoke, and the woman watched me until I reached the top and knocked on the door, when she turned and fled with a gasp of terror.

No response came to my knock, and, after listening for a moment at the keyhole, I shifted my revolver from my hip to my side pocket, and, turning the handle of the door, entered Mrs. Drysdale's room. A small lamp stood on a table in the center of the apartment, but in the dim light I could not at once distinguish the surrounding objects. Suddenly, however, I discerned a woman standing perfectly motionless behind the table, her head thrust forward, her shoulders slightly bent, one hand resting on her hip, and the other clinched tightly at her side. Then, as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw a face which was not only singularly beautiful, but also startling in its forceful expression.

One glance at the rigid figure and staring eyes was sufficient to assure me that I was in the presence of a harmless cataleptic; but, familiar as I was with such cases, I could understand the wild terror of the woman-servant; for, unearthly as this phenomenon always is, there was something about Mrs. Drysdale which made it particularly uncanny, and I shivered in spite of my intense professional interest in the spectacle.

For fully half a minute I remained standing in the

doorway, wondering what could have induced the woman's catalepsy. The servant had said that her mistress had never been ill, therefore it was improbable that her condition was the indication or accompaniment of physical disorder. Moreover, there was nothing in the room which would be likely to affect any one especially sensitive to hypnotic influences. Mrs. Drysdale, it is true, stood facing the lamp, and, if its flame had been particularly bright and steady, there would have been strong reason for suspecting its agency, but the light was shaded and its soft glow could have no influence on the subject one way or another. Plainly, then, the catalepsy was self-induced,—the direct result of an auto-suggestion,—the secret of which is possessed by many people, notably the fakirs of India and other countries in the East. One thing alone militated against this conclusion. The normal expression of a cataleptic is tranquillity itself, indicating complete rest of the physical functions, despite the usual muscular rigidity. But Mrs. Drysdale's face expressed a desperate mental anxiety, and the attitude of her body indicated intense nervous strain.

In order to observe this peculiar phase to better advantage I closed the door, moved across the room, and was about to lay my medicine case on a chair when the sound of a voice startled me into dropping it on the floor.

"Please don't step on his body, doctor."

Involuntarily I glanced at the floor, and, at the same instant, realized that this was the first time I had ever heard a hypnotic speak except in answer to a suggestion. Had I uttered a word of any kind it would have been simply to adduce some explanation, for even a meaningless noise has been known to awake response from a subject endeavoring to interpret. But I had not even thought of anything remotely connected with bodies or the floor, and the pattern of the carpet was too vague to suggest anything of the sort. Of course I was aware that cataleptics are keenly conscious of their immediate surroundings, and the medical case might have suggested the title, "doctor." The inexplicable fact was that she should have spoken at all. Thinking that possibly I had dropped the bag *before* she spoke, and that her meaningless remark might have been an effort to reply to the sound of something falling on the floor, I picked up the case, laid it on a chair, and followed up the action with a question.

"Now, where is the body, Mrs. Drysdale?" I asked.

"Here at my feet," was the startling answer.

Instinctively my eyes once more sought the floor, and I experienced an uncomfortably shivery sensation as I studied the gray-green carpet. Then I smiled at my susceptibility and began wondering how long the woman had been in the condition in which I found her. If the spell were allowed to continue indefinitely, the result might be injurious, but my professional curiosity was too fully aroused to admit of interference, and I instantly made trial of a direct suggestion.

"You are stooping, Mrs. Drysdale," I announced aloud. "Draw yourself up to your full height."

"No," she answered, quietly, "I dare not."

To say that I was amazed at the answer but mildly expresses my feeling. She had not only refused to follow my positive suggestion,—but she had also resisted it with an equally positive, if inscrutable, reason,—a result absolutely foreign to my not inconsiderable experience. She was certainly an abnormal subject, and I instinctively prayed that the local physician would postpone his visit until I had had sufficient opportunity to observe and record all the peculiar manifestations of her case. While carefully noting all the foregoing details in my memorandum book I determined to attempt to control my patient by the usual hypnotic processes, and resolved, if these should fail, to test some unproved theories suggested in my new treatise.

I therefore moved the lamp into a favorable position, and, pushing back the table, seated myself on the edge so that my eyes would be on an exact level with my subject's. Then I concentrated my gaze on her staring and apparently unseeing eyes and bent all the power of my mind to influence her to my will.

I do not claim to be a hypnotist, as the word is generally understood, but all persons possess the faculty to a greater or less degree, and almost all modern physicians practice it, consciously or unconsciously. I had frequently tested myself in this regard, but I had never exerted my full powers on any one and was not a little anxious to see what I could do with this particular subject.

To my intense surprise, however, I no sooner met Mrs. Drysdale's gaze than I experienced a complete loss of command which was almost instantly followed by a sinking feeling impossible to describe. For a few seconds I fought against this weakness, but its influence was overpowering, and I yielded the struggle with a grateful relief such as usually accompanies the cessation of intense physical pain. This, in turn, was followed by a feeling of serene content and blissful composure. But these sensations were scarcely recorded before my eyes encountered a scene which instantly put an end to all further self-consciousness and made me strain every nerve in the effort of comprehension.

I found myself gazing into a bare and dilapidated room, which, even in its ruin and decay, suggested the living room of some deserted backwoods cabin. The wide entrance door had rotted from its hinges and had fallen inside, and in the dim moonlight I could distinguish grasses growing close to the threshold, and, beyond them, dark fir trees moving with the wind. The glass of the window panes was broken and had been patched with newspapers, bits of which were still sticking to the casings,—the flooring was stained and rotting, and the ceiling warped and sagging. No sign of furniture was anywhere apparent, but stored in the corner I saw several barrels, bags, and boxes, before which stood a rude sort of fence or gate, and close beside this, on the rough-boarded and decaying floor, lay the body of a man, face downward. At first I thought he was dead, but almost at the moment my eyes fell upon him he turned upon his side and I saw that he was sleeping. The next movement he made revealed his face, and it was without shock or even surprise that I recognized young Albert Drysdale. He wore a blue flannel shirt, brown canvas trousers, army gaiters, and a coat of yellowish leather, showing an edge of red flannel lining. Under his head lay a cloth cap, and against the wall in a corner rested his rifle and hunting knife. But my eyes had no sooner noted these details than they again sought the door as if drawn there by some compelling force, and then, for the first time, I was made aware of the presence of two other men besides the sleeper on the floor. These men were roughly dressed, and their faces bespoke half-breed Indians of the lowest and most vicious type. They advanced stealthily upon young Drysdale, crawling toward him on their hands and knees, and, when beside him, they proceeded to rifle his pockets with dexterous cunning and rapidity. When this was done one of them drew a hunting knife and aimed it at the sleeper's heart, but his companion seized his arm, and, threatening him with fierce gestures, dragged him from the room and out into the screen of trees. For some minutes I watched the heavy breathing of the sleeper with undiminished apprehension, and then, suddenly, a shadow fell across the path of moonlight on the floor, and to my horror I detected the murderous half-breed again stealing through the doorway toward his victim. But, on entering, the fellow rose to his full height and crossed the room, his moccasined feet making no sound. He stopped at what I had taken to be a gate guarding the assortment of bags and barrels in the corner, and examined it closely, touching it with his hand. Then, as he worked at it, I recognized the contrivance as a deadfall, or trap for bears, so arranged that an immense beam would be dislodged by the slightest touch of the slender posts which supported it, and the victim crushed beneath its weight.

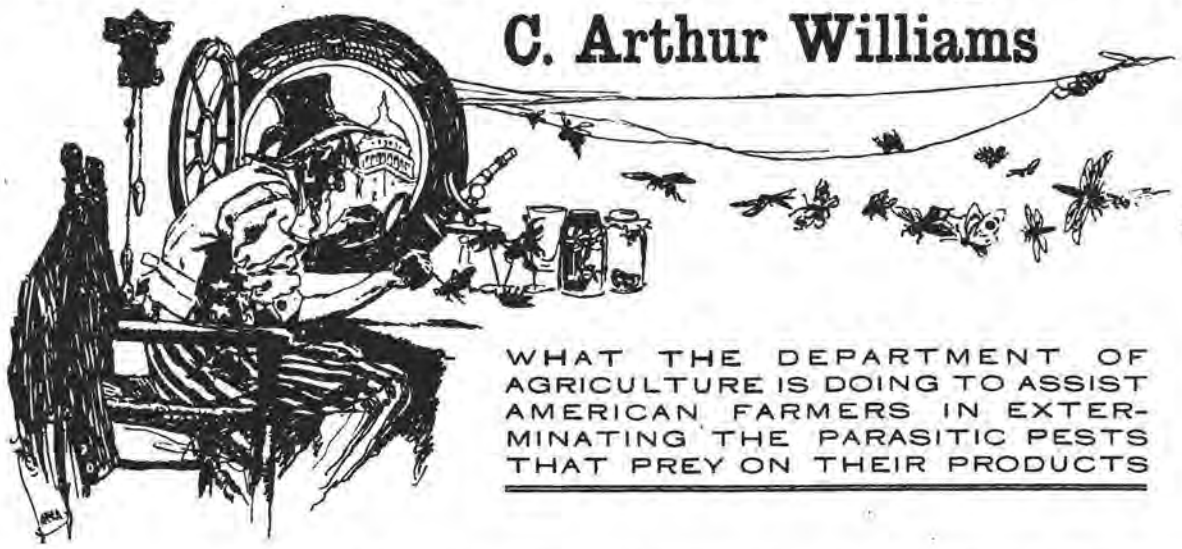
When his investigations were ended, the half-breed knelt beside young Drysdale and listened to his breathing. Then he drew him gently along the floor until he had placed him, still sleeping, within the murderous trap, in such a position that his slightest movement would release the fatal beam. I saw the expression of hatred and revengeful triumph on the murderer's face, but how he left the cabin I can not say, for the instant I comprehended his design my whole thought concentrated upon one object,—to keep young Drysdale in exactly the position he then occupied. If he should roll an inch to the right or to the left, the trap would be sprung and his death would be inevitable. He must remain absolutely rigid. I instinctively willed this, but I also felt some strong support behind my effort which inspired me with indomitable confidence that nothing could withstand my power. Then, as I held the sleeper in the rigidity of death, it was borne in upon me that I must wake him without releasing his muscles,—and I did it. He opened his eyes, and stared up at the beam overhanging him, noted the construction of the trap, but made no movement of any kind. Then, once more, I was conscious of a compelling influence upon me, and I willed that the man should worm himself along the floor upon a certain line designated in my mind. It was a feat requiring great muscular effort, and the deviation of an inch would mean death, but it was possible, and, if accomplished, it would enable Drysdale to escape from the trap without springing it. Never before or since have I experienced anything like the mental tension and physical strain of those interminable moments as he moved, hairbreadth by hairbreadth, until there was only a yard between him and safety. Then, suddenly, something in my

[*Concluded on page 563*]

"PLEASE DON'T STEP ON HIS BODY, DOCTOR!"

Uncle Sam's Long War against Crop Pests

C. Arthur Williams



WHAT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE IS DOING TO ASSIST AMERICAN FARMERS IN EXTERMINATING THE PARASITIC PESTS THAT PREY ON THEIR PRODUCTS

WHEN the average farmer of a few years ago was asked to express an opinion concerning the application of scientific knowledge to the raising of crops, he ordinarily waxed scornful at the expense of agricultural scientists, whom he held to be of no more account than the proverbial cipher with the rim removed. Especially was he intolerant of the entomologists, to whom he usually referred as "bugologists," and whom he regarded as beings to be classed with the milder form of lunatics,—harmless, perhaps, but certainly of no practical use. He and his brethren, he would have told you, had you asked his reasons for such a hostile attitude toward the experts, were tired of being bothered by persons anxious to tell them how to attend to their own affairs. "All we ask," he would probably have said, in effect, "is to be let alone. Workers in other lines are not overloaded with gratuitous advice, as we are, and we don't like it, for we feel that we are as capable of minding our own business as anybody else. Let us go our own way, and we will be content to have our would-be mentors go theirs."

This was the position generally assumed, even by the more advanced among the tillers of the soil, and, in view of the vast amount of suggestion and counsel furnished by the press and the public generally,—the ideas advanced having been, in many cases, worse than worthless,—it is not surprising that a feeling almost akin to resentment grew up among farmers, and that they viewed with suspicion all attempts to induce them to deviate from the practices and the methods that had been theirs for years, and their fathers' before them.

A material change, for which the United States department of agriculture is largely responsible, has been brought about in the last few years. With each succeeding season there has been an increasing number of evidences that the department is not only desirous of helping farmers, but also that it is competent to do so. Gradually the men who raise the big crops have learned to have more respect for the agricultural scientists at Washington, especially for those who have told them how to control the insect pests that menace their products and cause large losses annually, and how to grow things of which they have heretofore known little or nothing. These scientists, as farmers are beginning to realize, are not mere dreamers, fortified only with superficial and theoretical information gained from books, but level-headed, result-achieving persons whose knowledge is practical and who know how to devote it to good purposes. A few

THE MOST INTELLIGENT FARMERS ARE NO LONGER SKEPTICAL

convincing applications of the department's scientific resources to disastrous outbreaks of pests, and other operations along similar lines, have had their logical effect, and now the agricultural interests of the country recognize as a powerful ally that part of the official establishment at the national capital which is presided over by James Wilson, of Iowa. The agricultural offices maintained by many of the state governments have won their fights, too, and now some of them number among their warmest admirers and supporters the very farmers who, at first, were so skeptical concerning their value and utility.

Especially close to the men who raise the cereals, fruits, vegetables, and other crops that to a large extent furnish food and clothing for our eighty million people at home, and at the same time find markets in other quarters of the globe that yield approximately eight hundred and seventy-five million dollars annually, are the scientists of the department's bureau of entomology,—one of the main functions of which is to teach farmers how to protect themselves against destructive insects, and which, while teaching them, metaphorically takes off its coat, rolls up its sleeves, and works beside them,—and its bureau of plant industry, which tells them and shows them how to grow familiar products to the best advantage and how to replace them with new ones whenever it seems necessary or advisable. This is only a rough, inadequate suggestion of the scope of these two branches of the department, of course; it would require volumes to describe their work completely, as anyone can ascertain from an investigation of the two bureaus themselves, or from an examination of the large amount of printed matter concerning their operations which is officially published and distributed each year.

In round numbers, the annual value of the agricultural products of the United States is five billion dollars. Usually the damage to crops from insect pests averages from six to ten per cent. of this total, or from three hundred million to five hundred million dollars per year. Of course the producers of some crops must bear much more than their proportionate share of the loss. The proceeds from the wheat crop, the average annual farm value of which may be roughly put at four hundred million dollars, have in more than one year been cut down as much as fifty per cent., as a result of the ravages of the chinch bug and the Hessian fly. King Cotton alone was damaged to the extent of nearly fifty million dollars by the so-called Mexican boll weevil, in the single state of Texas, in 1903, according to a carefully compiled report issued by the census bureau. The apple crop has been reduced as much as twenty-five per cent., in many seasons, through the operations of the codling moth and other insects. So one might go through the entire list. The burden is distressingly heavy, but it is safe to assert that farmers themselves—who, obviously, ought to know as much of this phase of the matter as anybody,—will agree that their losses, in practically every instance, would be far greater were the scientific knowledge of the department of agriculture's staff not put to account. A careful survey of the facts leads to the conclusion that the total damage, each year, would be from two to four times as large, were it not for the department's unremitting warfare against the pests, and that a maximum annual destruction of two billion dollars, or nearly one half the whole yearly value of the country's crops, at present, would be possible.

THE BOLL WEEVIL, WHICH HAS COST THE COUNTRY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

THE CODLING MOTH, THE ENEMY OF THE APPLE

PERNICIOUS PESTS ARE CHECKED BY PREDACEOUS PARASITES

The operations of the department along the lines indicated are replete with interest even to the layman who makes no attempt to do more than obtain his knowledge of them from their purely superficial aspects. He may not know a *nephopteryx* from a *chilocorus similis*, but he can not fail to grasp the significance of the results achieved; and, after all, results are the only things that count. Naturally, it is the results which interest him most, but if he investigates the subject he will find that the methods employed in obtaining these results are by no means devoid of elements of entertainment and instruction.

The broad principle on which the bureau of entomology bases its work reflects the idea of dear old Jonathan Swift, who, over two and a half centuries ago, reined in his Pegasus long enough to take a look at the little things of life, and wrote:—

> . . . . A flea
> Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
> And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
> And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

In other words, the bureau, wherever possible, operates from the now well-known fact that in its original habitat a pernicious insect is almost invariably kept in check through natural means, usually as a result of the attacks of some other insect, predaceous or parasitic. Thus, when the San José scale menaced the deciduous fruit industry of the whole western hemisphere, the entomologists of the government establishment in Washington set out to find the native home of the pest, feeling sure that, when they succeeded, they would also find something which could be used to exterminate the *perniciosus*, as this most destructive scale insect was technically known. From the orchards of California, where it first appeared, in the early seventies, the insect gradually spread eastward until not only the United States, but also many foreign powers, became alarmed. Canada and most of the European nations prohibited the importation of American fruits, and even far-distant countries like Java, New Zealand, and Cape Colony established quarantines against us. The government entomologists became convinced that the scale came originally from somewhere in eastern Asia, since investigations made in nearly every other quarter of the globe had failed to disclose the spot where it had its genesis. Accordingly, C. L. Marlatt, assistant entomologist, went to the Orient. He spent some six months in Japan, and, while he found the scale there, he satisfied himself that it was not indigenous. Then he went to China. A long house-boat trip in the country back of Shanghai, a journey on horseback through the apple orchards around Chefu, and, finally, a tour which took the scientist northward to Peking and Tien-tsin, resulted in

C. L. MARLATT

the discovery that the dreaded scale was native to the hill region adjacent to the mountains which separate China from Mongolia and Manchuria. This section is isolated, and it is not easy to understand how the pest was enabled to get out and across the Pacific, but it seems probable that it reached California in trees sent there to James Lick by a missionary, Dr. Nevius by name, who, many years ago, started the apple orchards which are now so extensive in the territory back of and to the north of Chefu.

Wherever he found the San José scale Mr. Marlatt also found a small bug of the ladybird species, which fed voraciously on the pest wherever it occurred in anything like large numbers. This was the insect the entomologist had traveled so many thousands of miles to secure. He got together a large collection of specimens and shipped them to Washington, but only two survived the long journey. From these two, however, has sprung a family which may now number millions, five thousand or more having been brought into existence during the first year in this country. The distribution of the ladybird is not general yet, but it has shown marked evidences of efficiency, and there is no reason to doubt that eventually it will materially aid in keeping the San José scale in check. Thus, apparently, has begun the end of the pest which has cost the fruit growers of the United States hundreds of thousands of dollars, which is still regarded as of the greatest international importance, and which has been the subject of more legislation, abroad as well as at home, than any other insect which attacks agricultural crops.

S. A. KNAPP

Few people know that the Hessian fly is one of the oldest of all the crop pests in this country, and that its name was given it as a result of the fact that it was brought to the United States in the straw included in the *impedimenta* of the Hessian troops sent over against the American revolutionists by George III., in 1776. It was first noticed on Long Island, about one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and since has spread coextensively with the progress of civilization and wheat growing west, north, and south. Sometimes it completely destroys the growing wheat in certain sections, and the average loss it causes is about forty million bushels annually, or about six or seven per cent. of the total crop. The entomological bureau has studied it long and closely, and the recommendations made to wheat growers have undoubtedly kept the damage far below what it would otherwise have been; and yet, in spite of the best efforts of the scientists and the farmers who act on their advice, the fly got beyond control during the season of four years ago and destroyed fully eighty per cent. of the crop in the infested region, the resultant loss being in the neighborhood of thirty-five or forty million dollars. This extraordinary and unfortunate development was due to weather conditions favorable to the pest and to an unusual scarcity of its parasitic enemy. This parasite, which forms inside the body of the fly, has been secured in large numbers by the entomologists and liberated in several wheat-growing states, and much good has resulted.

The chinch bug is more destructive to farm crops, at present, than any other insect known. The possible danger from it in the future is, perhaps, not so great as from the Mexican boll weevil, although it is already in existence all over the wheat belt, while the pest that came to us from our neighbors across the Rio Grande is as yet confined to Texas and the adjacent edge of Louisiana, though steadily advancing on the other cotton-growing states. Unlike the boll weevil, which operates only on cotton, the chinch bug attacks all cereals and forage plants, its preference being for wheat. It has caused losses as high as one hundred million dollars throughout its range in a single year, while damage to the extent of ten million to twenty million dollars has more than once occurred in one state during a season. The department of agriculture can only keep farmers advised as to the history of the pest, and give them advice as to improved systems of farm work, for the chinch bug has no important insect enemy, and its development is largely regulated by something over which the scientists have no control,—*i. e.*, the weather. It proves that "When it rains, we all get wet," as the Mexicans translate our "Misfortunes never come singly" proverb, by appearing most numerously and doing the most damage in drought years. The close study given it by the government entomologists has resulted in the dissemination among farmers of much information as to its life-habits, etc.; and, since forewarned is forearmed, wheat growers are frequently enabled to act in such a way as to save hundreds of thousands of dollars which would be lost but for the counsel of the experts at Washington.

THE BOLL WEEVIL COULD DESTROY HALF OF A SEASON'S CROP

The work that has been done in connection with the efforts to stamp out the boll weevil is unique in the annals of the department of agriculture. The weevil entered Texas from Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande near its mouth, in 1894. It has spread slowly but steadily ever since, despite the operations of the department and the state governments of Texas and Louisiana, and now it is not doubted that eventually—within the next eighteen or twenty years, judging from its past rate of progress,—it will be found over the entire cotton belt of the United States. The census bureau has estimated that it destroyed 739,360 bales of cotton in Texas during the season of 1903, and experts place the amount of damage it will be able to inflict annually, when it shall have covered all the cotton-producing states, at two hundred and fifty million dollars, or nearly half the approximate value of a whole season's crop under present conditions.

The weevil has cost the federal government more than any other crop pest. Prior to the beginning of the present decade the expenses of the fight being waged against it by the department of agriculture were paid out of the general fund at the disposal of the bureau of entomology. The fifty-seventh congress, however, made two special appropriations to cover the cost of conducting an extensive series of operations, one of thirty thousand dollars and the other of twenty thousand dollars, while its successor, the fifty-eighth congress, at its first regular session, placed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and at the last session one hundred and ninety thousand dollars, at the disposal of Secretary Wilson, with directions to use it in attempts to extirpate the pest and in the discovery of means whereby cotton may be grown in spite of its ravages. The department is now working under these appropriations, and, while it has not succeeded in exterminating the weevil, which is now regarded as a permanent menace, it has unquestionably saved the planters of the South hundreds of thousands of dollars by teaching them how to keep the insect in check to the greatest possible extent, how to raise profitable crops even in the worst infected regions, and how to successfully produce other crops.

FEAR OF THE WEEVIL WAS ORIGINALLY HAILED AS A HUGE JOKE

The necessity for this latter knowledge may be better appreciated when it is stated that in practically the whole of the South the planters have depended on cotton for so many years that, until recently, they have known little or nothing about other products. The constant raising of cotton has had a tendency toward impoverishing their land, and, since the presence of the weevil has in a measure compelled them to look to other means of sustenance, it is obvious that the pernicious insect has not been an unmixed evil, after all. Diversification of crops will unquestionably bring about great benefits, and the weevil has forced farmers to diversify. The department of agriculture has encouraged the diversification propaganda for years past.

When the weevil first appeared in Texas it was looked on more as a subject for jest than anything else, except, of course, by those on whom directly fell the losses it brought about. Every newspaper paragrapher in the country hailed it joyfully as a new topic whereon to build his structures of airy *persiflage*, and some years passed before the country at large was brought to a realization of the seriousness of the conditions which resulted from the presence of the pest in the Texas cotton fields. Even Texas itself was apathetic and apparently without due appreciation of the danger, until 1898, when its legislature created the position of state entomologist. Theretofore the entomologists of the federal government had been in charge of the work against the bug, but, when the local authorities thus took cognizance of the invader which threatened their principal industry, [Texas raises approximately one third of the total cotton crop of the United States, the annual value of its product being more than one hundred and sixty-five million dollars.] the Washington experts withdrew from the field and acted merely in an advisory capacity. It soon became apparent that states other than Texas were threatened, however, and the general government again took charge. Now practically every southern commonwealth—all of those closest to Texas,—has its own staff of entomologists working to prevent the entry of the weevil, and numerous laws aimed at the pest have been enacted by the various legislatures. Two years ago Texas offered a fifty-thousand-dollar prize for a practicable and effective method of stamping out the pest. The money is still in the treasury at Austin. Hundreds of plans and schemes have been submitted, many of them coming from foreign countries, but none has been shown to be adequate and none has been accepted by the commission in charge of the fund. Following a special session of the Louisiana legislature, held for the sole purpose of taking steps to prevent the entry of the weevil, a twenty-mile-wide quarantine strip was established in that portion of the state which borders on Texas. By prohibiting the growing of cotton in this territory, and the importation of Texas seed, the Louisiana authorities hoped to exclude the dreaded beetle. They have not succeeded. The weevil was found in several Louisiana parishes, in 1904, and, moreover, it is steadily progressing northward and eastward.

W. J. SPILLMAN

O. F. COOK

For ten years the bureau of entomology has been constantly on the lookout for a parasitic or predatory insect to be used against the weevil. Even its chief, Dr. L. O. Howard, who is recognized as one of the world's foremost scientists in his line, went to Mexico to search for the natural enemy of the *Anthonomus grandis*, as the cotton pest is technically known. Success did not attend his efforts. In the spring of 1904, however, Dr. O. F. Cook, an agent of the bureau of plant industry, who was in Guatemala conducting some experiments in tropical botany, discovered and introduced into this country a foe to the weevil in the shape of a large, reddish-brown ant, designated in scientific nomenclature as *Ectatomma tuberculatum*, and locally as the *kelep* or "helper." The Guatemalan Indians make no effort to raise cotton without this insect. The boll weevil exists in their fields in considerable numbers, and under conditions which have led to the belief that it originated in that section rather than in Mexico, but the *kelep* keeps it in check and makes it possible for the natives to grow as much cotton as could possibly be expected in view of the primitive and unintelligent methods employed by them.

The ants which Dr. Cook established in Texas killed the weevil there, just as they did in their native home, but none survived the past winter. Since they must hibernate in the fields, and propagate in great numbers if they are to be of practical utility over anything like an extended area of the cotton belt, this latter fact is obviously discouraging. The expert in charge, however, thinks that the circumstances under which they were "planted" in Texas militated against their successful hibernation, and is

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

A COTTON BOLL SHOWING HOLES MADE BY WEEVILS IN FEEDING

AN OPEN BOLL SHOWING THE DAMAGE WHICH THE WEEVILS HAVE DONE

TWO FORMS OF COTTON BOLLS SHOWING THE DISTORTED AND STUNTED GROWTH CAUSED BY THE RAVAGES OF THE WEEVILS

A WIDE-OPEN COTTON BOLL THAT WEEVILS HAVE NOT TOUCHED

hopeful, if not confident, of better luck next winter. The department is determined to give them every opportunity to demonstrate their usefulness. Several of its agents have been in Guatemala during the present year, conducting experiments with the ants and sending colonies of them back to this country, to be liberated in the weevil-infested fields. Dr. Cook, in the progress of his work with them, has paid considerable attention to an evolutionary process on the part of the cotton plant which he calls proliferation, and which has the effect of killing the young weevils before they develop in the boll. Starting from this, he thinks it is possible that a strain of cotton which can successfully resist the attacks of the weevil may be developed.

War Is Waged Against the Boll Weevil and the Codling Moth

In the meantime, as has been the case for some time past, the department is working against the weevil along at least three distinct lines. W. D. Hunter, an expert from the bureau of entomology, stationed at Dallas, Texas, has several small farms in operation in the state, on which the habits of the pest are minutely noted and experiments looking to the discovery of some means whereby it can be exterminated or held in check are carried on. From time to time the bureau publishes and distributes among farmers bulletins giving the results of these experiments, and containing recommendations as to the proper methods, cultural and otherwise, of proceeding against the troublesome bug. Professor B. T. Galloway, chief of the bureau of plant industry and widely recognized as an authority on everything pertaining to plant life, is at the head of a large force which is engaged in teaching the southern planters how to grow cotton despite the ravages of the weevil. The man in charge of this work in Texas and Louisiana is Dr. S. A. Knapp, whose headquarters are at Houston. From that point he directs operations on a number of farms throughout the state. On these are demonstrated new and improved cultural methods, such as the planting of early-maturing and weevil-resisting cotton, the burning of dead stalks in the fall, so as to destroy the weevils which would otherwise hibernate, etc., and in a general way the facts developed by the entomologists, as well as the knowledge of the demonstrators themselves, are put before the farmers in a practical manner. Still another *attaché* of Professor Galloway's bureau—Professor W. J. Spillman, the agrostologist,—is in charge of a chain of diversification farms scattered throughout the Southern States. On these the planters are taught how to diversify, and thus, by planting crops other than cotton, get the better of the weevil, which feeds exclusively on the cotton plant. A further important line of work, but one about which little has been said, is the breeding of cottons having characteristics which will enable them to produce a crop despite the weevil. Texas has many local types of fine cottons, and these are being further improved in the matter of earliness, length of staple, resistance to storms, adaptability to various soils, increased yield, etc. This work is sure to have a lasting effect for good on the cotton industry of the South.

W. D. HUNTER

L. O. HOWARD

Dr. Howard, Professor Galloway, and other officials make frequent trips to the weevil-ridden section and thus keep in close personal touch with the situation. One not acquainted with the thorough methods of the department of agriculture would be surprised as well as impressed by the vast amount of work being done against this one small insect,—small in size only, that is, since conservative estimates indicate that it has cost considerably more than one hundred million dollars since it came to us from Mexico, ten years ago. There can be no doubt that the damage it has done would have been far greater had it not been for the campaign carried on by the government experts. Other crops which are preyed on by insects are not confined to any particular locality, generally speaking. A very large proportion of the world's supply of cotton is produced in the Southern States, and, should that supply be cut off, results of the most distressing character would be in evidence, since the white staple is a necessity, rather than a luxury, like fruits and some other crops. Alarmed by the prospects, practically every foreign nation of note has prohibited the importation of American cotton seed, and, moreover, is attempting to grow the plant on its own account, so as to have an independent supply. So far these efforts have not been notably successful, but Africa and Australia may yet develop cotton fields equal to our own, and all as a result of the invasion of the boll weevil.

An insect which has done an enormous amount of damage to one of the crops dear to every American palate is the codling moth, the enemy of the apple. It has caused more monetary loss than all the other insects which prey upon that fruit combined. From one fourth to one half the crop is injured by it every year, the average annual destruction being officially estimated at eleven million, four hundred thousand dollars. It is not difficult of control, as compared with other pests, however, and farmers who carry out the recommendations of the bureau of entomology save practically all their output from its ravages. It is supposed to have originated in southeastern Europe, the home of the apple, and now it is to be found in practically all the countries wherein the fruit is grown. It also injures pears, but to a lesser extent. Birds are by far its most useful natural enemies. Woodpeckers, nuthatchers, wrens, bluebirds, crows, blackbirds, kingbirds, swallows, sparrows, chickadees, and jays are all valuable allies in the war against it, but it would doubtless have a comparatively free field for operations were it not for the work of the entomologists.

B. T. GALLOWAY

One of the bureau of entomology's most successful efforts to import a natural enemy of a pest was in connection with an insect known as the fluted scale, which formerly did much damage to *citrus* fruits and at one time threatened the *citrus* industry of the entire Pacific Coast. There was reason to believe that Australia was its original home, and Albert Koebele, an assistant in the entomological department, was sent to that country to investigate. He discovered the natural enemy of the scale in the shape of a small ladybird, which, on being brought to this country, multiplied prodigiously, and in a very short time practically exterminated the scale and thus saved the fruit growers of California losses which, prior to its advent, had amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. Not being selfish, the bureau of entomology sent specimens of the ladybird to South Africa, Egypt, Portugal, and Italy, in all of which countries its introduction was followed by satisfactory results. Such exchanges are frequent.

An incident which is a part of the history of the fluted scale may be mentioned as showing the necessity for extreme care in the handling of such pests. Shortly after the marvelously beneficial work of the Australian ladybird in California began to attract general attention, a Florida fruit grower conceived the idea of securing some specimens of the imported bug for his state, to be used against the common and comparatively harmless scale prevalent there. He accordingly asked a county horticultural commissioner in California to ship him some specimens, together with a collection of the fluted scales to furnish food for the ladybirds *en route*. The whole consignment was liberated on the Florida man's premises, and shortly thereafter he awoke to the realization that his orchards were infested with the dreaded California pest, and that, moreover, the few ladybirds made no headway against the native scales on which he wished them to operate, the latter being provided with armor which successfully resisted attack from the Australian importation. The Floridian appreciated the enormity of his offense, it being patent that the fluted scales would spread all over the state unless radical action was taken, and at the earnest suggestion of Dr. Howard he burned most of his trees. The scales were not entirely exterminated, however, and ultimately it became necessary to bring in and establish a large colony of their natural enemies, the ladybirds from Australia.

Ever since the well-remembered plague of grasshoppers, or Rocky Mountain locusts, which swept over Kansas and other western states, in 1876, killing practically every green thing left unprotected, the department of agriculture has been on the lookout for another similar visitation. The bureau of entomology has sent out agents to watch for possible flights of the locusts, nearly every year, but nothing like the invasion of twenty-nine years ago has occurred since then.

The Bureau Utilizes All the Discoveries of Other Nations

The bureau keeps in remarkably close touch with other nations, and much information and many useful specimens are exchanged. In addition to its men who are engaged in field work in this country, the bureau is almost constantly sending agents abroad to engage in special investigations. Insects are forwarded from all parts of the globe, for examination and classification, and a great deal of attention is devoted to this class of work by the bureau's office force. The records of the establishment are so complete, and the knowledge of its various experts so thorough, that classifications are made without difficulty or delay. Several thousand specimens of insects, minute and otherwise, arranged so that they may be got at and compared at a moment's notice, are kept at headquarters.

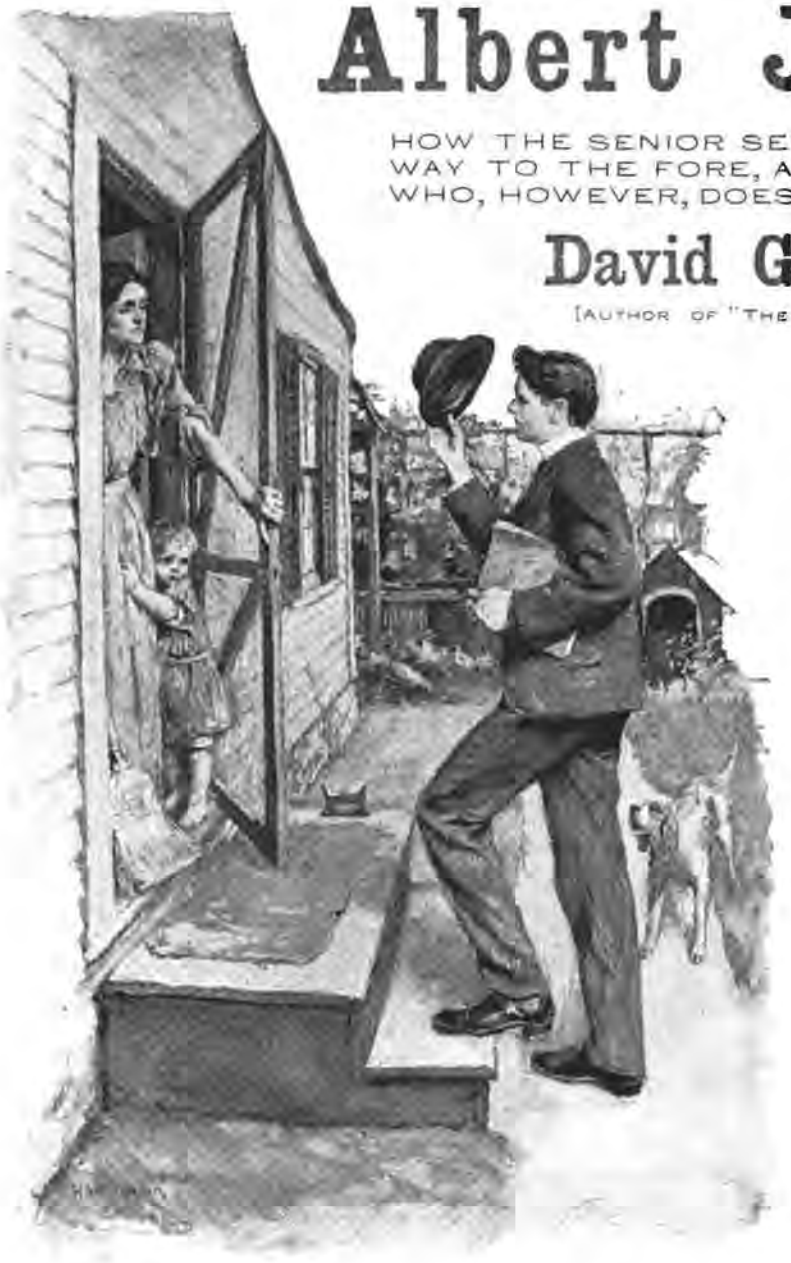
The regular appropriations for the bureau aggregate about seventy-five thousand dollars per year, and sometimes special appropriations are made, as in the case of the boll weevil. Such an appropriation was asked during the last session of congress on account of the gypsy and brown-tail moths which have done much damage to forest trees and other vegetation in the New England States, and in the fight against which Massachusetts alone has already spent over one million dollars.

Albert J. Beveridge

HOW THE SENIOR SENATOR FROM INDIANA PAVED HIS WAY TO THE FORE, AS TOLD BY A LIFELONG FRIEND,—WHO, HOWEVER, DOES NOT INDORSE HIM POLITICALLY

David Graham Phillips

[AUTHOR OF "THE PLUM TREE," "THE COST," ETC.]



"HE MADE ENOUGH MONEY TO CARRY HIM THROUGH COLLEGE"

WHEN the newspapers told how the United States senate had summarily "squelched" and forever finished a very new and very young senator from Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge by name, we who had known "Bev." at school, at Greencastle, Indiana, laughed and said to ourselves, or to each other, "How like old times it is!" The senate and the senate press gallery, no doubt, thought that the "premature" explosion which had provoked them was the going off of a bomb which would be thereafter fragmentary and futile. They know now that it was simply the initial explosion of a triple-expansion engine—one that simply can not be idle,—one that works as steadily and as effectively as incessantly,—one they can not but admire. What it took the senate a year or so to discover we who, when boys, attended college with him, learned then,—both those of us who liked him and those who did n't. A man who is bound to "arrive" is born with the stamp of it on him; and he does n't have to live long before all his acquaintances, except the stupid and the envy-blind, find it.

Most human beings are content to jog along the highway at a strolling pace, taking life as easily and as comfortably as possible, and looking for play rather than for work. Some are born strollers; some begin to stroll after a brief youthful spurt; others wait until middle life before they begin to take it easy and "stand pat" on their laurels. Naturally, whenever there joins this leisurely company, at whatever stage, one deadly in earnest and spurred on by the never-absent sense of the exceeding brevity of life, the rest of the company is moved to various notions of irritation and amusement. Some are more amused than irritated; some are more irritated than amused. All are more or less "put out." That's the way it has been with Beveridge from the beginning. "What's he in such a stew about?" they have asked. But, when they have found out that he simply ca n't help it and that the blood beats as warmly in his heart as in his brain, they take a more cheerful view of him.

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He was a farm hand, in his extreme youth,—he belongs to the proud race of men who begin to work before they have had time to learn to talk. The other farm hands did n't approve of him. They predicted all sorts of unpleasant things for him. Above all else, he was a fool to work so hard. Then he went to the logging camps in search of better wages,—for he wanted more schooling than could be had free. The others at the logging camps thought he would soon give out. No man ought to work so hard as he did; no man could work as hard as he did and continue to live. But he survived, and, before he left, was easily leader both in the mental and in the manual side of logging. Probably there are old men—those who work "quietly" somehow seem to become old men at a surprisingly young age,—who could tell of his amazing feats of strength and endurance in his and their logging days. They could also tell of his strength and endurance, and heroism, too,—especially that solid heroism which consists in patiently bearing others' burdens from day to day.

When he came down to Greencastle, to the "University," some of these stories vaguely followed him. I cannot recall them in sufficient detail. But I do remember most vividly the first time I saw him,—himself the epitome of all he had been through. It was n't very long ago, for he still looks much as he did then. He, a sophomore, was walking through the wide main corridor of the principal building at Indiana Asbury—now De Pauw,—University; a strong, straight figure, short rather than tall, dressed in a baggy old suit that yet somehow deceived you into thinking it was all right; a pallid, keen, alert face, with a powerful jaw and gray-blue eyes that suggested a runner in sight of the goal; longish, fair hair, a perfect mop of it. I remember the voice, too,—some one stopped him in his quick, almost sharp walk, and introduced us. The voice was curiously clear and penetrating,—almost painfully penetrating, then. It was a voice that had had to make itself heard above clamors of torrents and bawling men; it was a voice of command. "You may not like him, at first," said the boy who had introduced us, when he had gone on, "but you will as you know him better." It so happened that I did like him, however, for there always was a fascination for me in strength,—and this new acquaintance of mine, with his unkempt hair and his burning eyes and his voice like a trumpet, was obviously strong mentally and physically. There were many unusual men in the young company assembled at that typical western college, men strong through the molding of just such splendid forces as had made Beveridge, and not a few of these men have since been "heard from;" a great many more will "arrive" within the next decade; scores who will never be known beyond their own neighborhoods are yet just as truly great as those who happen to have been touched by the wand of Fame.

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It took both kinds of strength to get him through those four years at college. Only a strong mind could have marked out, and, through every obstacle, carried out such a programme of education as was his; only a strong body could have sustained the tremendous strain he put upon it. There were months—the hard winter months, too,—when his schedule gave him time for only four hours of sleep. Many a morning I have seen him, long, long before sunrise, start across the snow into the woods to practice his voice,—which meant several hours of exhausting exercise; and he would get back in time to study Shakespeare or the great orations of the great orators for an hour before breakfast. He also kept up his regular class work and ran the politics of our fraternity and of one of the literary societies,—and made a living,—a good living,—in addition. How did he do it all? I'm sure I do n't know. I doubt if he knows, himself. Certainly, I should be incredulous if I had not seen with my own eyes. A minute is a very brief time. I've seen many a one go in so quick an operation as lighting a pipe or shuffling a pack of cards. The greatest marvel in the world, the miracle of superior men's lives, is the cumulative power of the unwasted minute.

"Bev." would leave several of us in the sitting room, talking about nothing or about something in a way that made it come to nothing; he would be back with us before we had noticed that he had gone. Yet, in the hour that had slipped away for us, he would have got ready a recitation or so for the next day. He always seemed to have plenty of time; he was always ready to drop whatever he was doing and go off with us for a lark. But,—and this is the important point,—when the lark was over, "Bev." was instantly back at work, while the rest of us wasted hours on hours in discussing what a good time we had had.

I remember two summers in which he had a barrel of fun. In the first one he worked as a book agent. I wish I could put in a three-months' vacation as amusingly as he put in those three months,—no monotony, "something doing" all the time, endless interesting adventures, and laughter without limit. He made enough money to carry him through college the next year, to carry him through comfortably,—and "Bev." had no small or stingy ideas of what constitutes comfort. His second vacation full of fun was spent in directing the operations of several hundred young men whom he led forth as book agents. I do n't think any other body of book canvassers ever made so much money as his corps made in so short a space of time. He had spent three months in training his agents in the work. It was a wonderful training, worth, I know, a four-years' course in any college to the fortunate young men who got it.

"Error's Chains" was the name of the book. For three months Greencastle, town and college, was in a fever over "Error's Chains." You heard it all day long; you took it in with your meals; you dreamed it at night. To get away from it you had to get away from Greencastle. It was that cyclone of energy that "Bev." released upon the state of Iowa as soon as college closed. Do you wonder that every center table in Iowa can creditably pass an examination on the rise and fall of religions? Beveridge's gallant band returned to Greencastle, in September, with plenty of

money for the succeeding year. Never before had the students who were working their way through been so well supplied. I suspect that not a few have never since in a whole year made so much as Beveridge taught them to make in that one brief summer. He had put his own spirit into them,—his optimism, his dauntlessness, and his resourcefulness.

We were all trying to be orators. Every isolated bit of country round Greencastle, every fraternity hall, and every house where noise was tolerated rang with the agonized efforts of young Demostheneses and Periclèses. There were original orations, cribbed orations, and declamations; gesticulations patterned after every familiar mode of oratory; voices trained to bring out the chest tones and the high notes, and clothes bought with an eye to platform wear. The man who won the oratorical prizes was looked up to as one who gets into the "Porcellian Club" is at Harvard, as one who makes the crew or the team is at Yale, or as the captain of the football eleven is at Princeton. In his junior year Beveridge was the best in the college at oratory,—he had the medals and the money prizes as proof of it. In his junior year he won the competition among the representative orators of all the large colleges in the state; in his senior year he won the interstate contest,—a competition among representatives of the principal colleges in the West and the Northwest. When he came back with that prize old President Martin and the faculty escorted him in state from the station. I can see the procession, now, winding through the streets of the town, with everybody watching it and cheering. There was an extraordinary amount of generosity in the intense rivalry at the old college. It was typically western, and that means typically American,—a free-for-all, with the best man winning and the losers proud to be beaten by so good a man, and proud of their own lack of mean-spiritedness. How the band did play! And how the sun shone, and how the crowds cheered! And how hard "Bev." was struggling to seem to be calm and proud without vanity, when it would n't have been in boy-nature—for he was only a boy,—not to feel "set up!"

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There is a theory that the boy who shines at college does not shine thereafter, and much can be brought forward in support of it. But how the boy shines is the vital point. Anyone with whom his work is a means to the gratification of personal vanity soon stops growing and rests content with some petty laurel wreath won in some insignificant contest. But he to whom work is simply a means to self-development does not thus lose his point of view, or, rather, fail to adjust his point of view to the horizon of life that widens with every day that passes. And I think, in those western colleges, so truly educational in every respect and unaffected by the mediævalism and superciliousness that make of so many of our eastern "institutions of learning" abodes of what might almost be called ignorance, there was a minimum of danger of the successful boy having his young head turned. The spirit was progressive; everyone was impatient of yesterday and to-day except as a means to to-morrow; and the ideal of what constituted manhood was fine and high and all-dominating.

I remember being with Beveridge the evening of that "great day." We all sat about the room while he told us of the day's doings from the inside point of view, and of the events that had led up to it. Then, when the others had gone away, he sat down at his table,—and worked until far into the morning at his plans for making a success of what he had undertaken for the summer. The next day, the "great day" was for him as if it had not been. It had passed into the fiber of his make-up, and had become an indistinguishable part of his resources for further and bigger triumphs.

It will be borne in mind, I hope, that all I have thus far said of "Bev.," and shall say in the rest of this article, is chiefly said by way of illustration of the typically American career; and, when one says "typically American," he means the rational and natural and healthful, and the mode of life that keeps mind and body and heart young,—young because always growing, always developing. In this day, when so much attention is being given to the careers of a few money-crazy and power-crazy inhabitants of America, and when so many people call the careers made by those lunatics or cold-blooded rascals "typically American," we who believe in democracy ought to be careful of and insistent upon the difference between the two kinds of careers. To my mind, Beveridge stands as a particularly good type of the real American,—shrewd without cynicism, wise without superciliousness, honest without phariseeism, progressive yet conservative, impulsive yet deliberate, impetuous yet cool, and ambitious yet generous and kind-hearted. There are thousands—hundreds of thousands such,—in our country; and it is our duty as citizens not to let them be trampled down by the lunatics and the rascals.

It may be well for me to say that Beveridge does not command my sympathy in very many details of his political beliefs. This is n't the place to explain what I mean; nor would the readers of this article be interested in my criticism of politics in action. It is enough to say that, at bottom, all Americans—all honest Americans,—are heartily agreed in matters political. We want to do all we can to insure that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish;" we differ only as to how to bring about that result. And, if the campaign goes against one party of us, that party falls cheerfully into line because it knows that, should the policies ordained by the majority prove hostile to the democratic republic, the advocates of those policies will be swift to abandon them and the course which they have in honest error induced the nation to take. "Is he honest? Is he intelligent? Is he open-minded?"—these are the crucial questions about a public man in America.

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This is the day of the money machine in politics. How has Beveridge triumphed without money and without giving hostages to money?

The first office he ever held was that of a United States senator. Until he was elected to the senate he was a practicing lawyer in Indianapolis, and as successful at the law as what has been said of his methods of work has prepared you to expect. While he practiced law, he worked for and with his party,—but *not* for and with its rotten money machine in Indiana. To have taken office would have meant just what it always means, nowadays,—a sale, body and soul, to the filthy agents of the filthy traffickers in privilege and so-called legislation who imagine they rule this country because they run its public administration. It makes one think of a swindling, thieving farm overseer imagining that he owns the master of the farm because he mismanages it. It makes one think of a pickpocket imagining he owns a citizen because he has filched that citizen's purse in the hurry and bustle of a crowd.

Bad governments have been the rule. History gives no example of a thoroughly good government. But happily the amount of harm which a bad government can do in even the most despotic nation is small; in our own country, bad government seems to produce about the same effect upon the American people that a swarm of mosquitoes produces on a man plowing a field. The bites are annoying and unsightly, but the man plows on. Our public administrators could be of enormous aid to our national progress; luckily, they are not a serious drag, though a drag they undoubtedly are. Now, in just one way can a man be politically useful in this country. As the tool of the plutocracy he is merely insignificant,—a repulsive breeder of an irritating but not deadly poison,—and politically he is useless. But only as a servant of the people—that is, as an honest advocate of and promoter of democratic ideas and ideals,—can he be really a factor.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE CAMPAIGNING IN INDIANA

Like all the others of the new group of public men,—as yet small,—but about swiftly to increase,—Beveridge founded his power in public life securely upon the people. As a speaker upon public questions, in all those years of practicing law, he went up and down the state, and throughout the West and the Northwest, giving energetic and vivid expression to the ideas for the sake of which the party's machine is tolerated by the rank and file of Republican voters. He built up an immense following. The people saw him, heard him, and believed in his character. In his own state, he turned away from the old established party machine, as rotten as money and lust for office could make it; he built up among the young men of country and town a machine of his own. I call it a machine because that word comes nearest to expressing the idea. But it was, and is, in no sense a machine of graft and grab. All its leaders are personal friends of Beveridge, and he is their personal friend; all its consultations are of the most honest, the most democratic character. A leader appeals to enthusiasm and ideals; a boss appeals to fear and appetite. The young Republican machine in Indiana is made up of leaders, of whom Beveridge is simply first among equals.

Perhaps I may have there conveyed an impression of something Utopian and Arcadian. I wish I could honestly say that a political machine, practically efficient on election day, could be Utopian or Arcadian anywhere in the United States at present. But I can not. Thus much, however, may be honestly and truthfully said,—these machines of the young Republicans and the young Democrats now appearing in practical politics represent the minimum of compromise of principle with expediency. They make that compromise—an indefensible compromise, in my opinion,—grudgingly; and the time will come, and come soon, when they will slough

off their connection with the rotten old Republican and Democratic machines that have the upper hand now. The Beveridge, La Follette, Folk, and Douglas sort in the same car with the Aldrich, Fairbanks, Spooner, Murphy, and Gorman sort is a spectacle at once ludicrous and painful. A change must come. The young fellows, bent, as practical men should be, upon the work immediately in hand, do not realize the impossibility of the situation. They fancy themselves as devoted to "the grand old party," and honestly ignore the fact that it has become chiefly a mask for burglarious operations and nauseating exploitations of helplessness and ignorance. But the moment of awakening is at hand, and the public will see, more clearly than it now does, the difference between the degenerate young men who have cynically sold themselves to the plutocracy and the young men who still cling to partisan illusions and hopes, in the belief that "the party washing should be done in the party cellar."

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When Beveridge went to the senate, it was not a Republican "party" victory, though he is as stanch a Republican as Aldrich of Rhode Island professes to be. He won in spite of the state and the national Republican machines,—won against a conspiracy of their concocting. And, though he has been "a good party man" in his six years of service in the senate, the "party" would have garroted him, when he came up for reëlection, if it had dared. He won as "Bob" La Follette won in Wisconsin, though the conditions of secrecy surrounding the campaign against him made his victory less sensational, although it was not one whit less emphatic.

All this aggressive machine-building without money and against the power of money meant enormous hard work. You may read much of superior men and of how easily they do things,—win battles, write literature, or achieve eminence in statesmanship,—and not a few of these superior men have taken the greatest pains to leave careful records of their idleness and indifference. Don't believe the stories; don't believe the records. The stories lie; the superior men—sacrifice truth to vanity. Hard work is the prime condition of achievement. Superiority consists in the possession of the combination of qualities—energy, tenacity, and intelligent plan,—that make hard work bear a rich harvest.

Like every other young man in action, Beveridge makes mistakes,—big mistakes. But, unlike many young men, he takes the punishment for a mistake not as an unjust rebuke but as a kindly lesson. He used to win at college by failing; he wins now by failing,—and who that wins does not? Being a public man, his failures must be known of all men. But they count no more against him for that,—though, each time he makes a blunder, the whole herd of shallow folks yells, "At last he's done for!" The same howl rises when an energetic young fellow who has made a mistake in choosing the site for his start as a shopkeeper in a small town "goes to the wall." But the young fellow bobs up again, with an important entry in his list of "things not to do;" and so does "Bev." You can't beat hard work; it's no use to try. Knock down the hard worker, and up he jumps to give battle more intelligently. Knock him down again; up he jumps, more resolute than before, and is at you who are worn out with the struggle, or have, perhaps, exhausted your wind in crowing prematurely over victory.

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A comparison may suggest in what quarters Beveridge and men like him are unpopular, and why. Workmen are industriously, and with every nerve on tension, putting up a fine building. A lounger comes in among them. He is in everybody's way. A hodman bumps him, a bricklayer accidentally hits him with the sharp edge of his trowel, a beam butts him in the shoulder, or a stone drops on his head. He rushes into the street and shouts excitedly, "A crew of ruffians! No manners! No consideration for anybody!" The spectators laugh, except a few of the same kidney as the lounger; they try to drown their despitefully-used friend's calamities in a flood of refined and cultured sympathy. It is much that way with civilization-building. If you don't care to take part in it, or if you prefer to stand aloof and criticise, don't go in among the workers. They haven't time to stop and have tea and talk it over. The day is short, the task is heavy,—and the only code of manners that "goes" is the high code of manly consideration and helpfulness for fellow workers. Idlers have their code,—let them live among themselves and enjoy it. Workers have their code,—and no worker finds it rough or cruel.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

A man is interesting only as an illustration of an idea,—one man as a dandy, another as a wit, a third as "a great success with the ladies," a fourth as an embodiment of some one of the strong energies that form the very structure and fiber of the race. Of the last kind are the typical Americans. To us Americans they are the most profoundly interesting because they seem to be projections of our own inner selves,—embodiments of what we should like to be,—of our strongest aspiration. Since our country gained its independence, their story has been repeated hundreds of times. And, as long as we remain American, the story, always the same, yet always new, of how they won or are winning their spurs of leadership will remain the most fascinating of romances. Beveridge, as a boy on an Ohio farm,—Beveridge, as a youth getting his education as a logger and college student and book agent and lawyer's clerk,—Beveridge, as a young man developing as the tree develops from the sapling,—Beveridge, paving his way to the United States senate,—is his not the story of every American who has counted as one, or is counting as one, or shall count as one?—is his not the inspiring story of democracy?

Morgan's Invention

THE STORY OF A TURBINE ENGINE, A FOOTBALL GAME, AND A LOVE AFFAIR

Hartley Davis

FROM his bench in the model room, young Morgan saw Miss Allison, daughter of the general manager, swing across the quadrangle lawn and disappear in the office. He gripped his file and viciously rasped the delicate cam secured in the vise.

"Chuckle-headed idiot!" he muttered, bitterly, investing each syllable with cumulative venom.

Miss Allison was a fine, whole-souled, unspoiled girl of athletic type. She was interested in the works and she had theories. For one thing she believed in physical culture for the employed; she was sure that one of the chief needs of the men who bent over lathe and bench, or handled castings and molds for nine hours a day, was brisk exercise in a gymnasium, and she was instrumental in having one fitted up in the plant. When it was suggested that the employees should organize a football team, she gave the idea enthusiastic support. When Morgan heard about the eleven, he sighed deeply, as one resigned to the inevitable through consciousness of his own weakness, and forthwith presented himself as a candidate. He explained that he had played the game when he was in school. He seemed to know a deal about it and naturally drifted into the position of coach.

He knew Miss Allison through Van Norman Curtis, his benchmate. Curtis was a distant relative of the Allisons and the general manager's *protégé*. Miss Allison frequently came into the model room to see him and to talk to Morgan about the eleven, being careful to make the distinction that, while her interest in the former was personal, her concern in the latter was purely athletic.

"Chuckle-headed idiot!" he repeated, with increased vindictiveness, as he gazed at the ruined cam. He didn't blame Miss Allison in the least; his anger was directed wholly against himself. He raised his eyes to see if any one had noticed his petulance, and discovered that the gaze of McBurney, the foreman, and of Rollins, the head draughtsman, was fixed upon him. Thereupon he blushed violently and looked as guilty as he felt.

It was singularly unfortunate; for, if he had known what they were talking about, his expression would have been entirely different. At that particular moment McBurney was saying:—

"Of course, he is the newest man in the room and I don't know anything about him except that he is a good worker. I hired him because he made me like him so much I couldn't turn him down. He seems to be educated above his job; he knows too much for an ordinary machinist, and yet he does not seem to have had much experience. Just a natural bent, I suppose, such as he has for football, from all accounts. He acts all straight enough, but he *is* kind of mysterious,—keeps to himself and doesn't mix much with the others."

"Pretty suspicious, I should say," observed the head draughtsman. "I don't believe in hiring men to work in this room unless you know all about them. There has been a leak somewhere and we must trace it. It is the first time anything of the kind has happened and the old man is furious about it."

"Maybe some of your draughtsmen have been talking."

"I know all my men," returned the head draughtsman, with vigor, "and I'm very sure that it isn't in my department. I've made a careful examination."

"Well, I don't believe it is up to any of my men," insisted McBurney.

It was a serious matter. Only those familiar with inventors know how lively is the fear, and how well grounded, that others may steal their ideas. Usually inventors lack the practical education to perfect their ideas, and so they seek highly trained specialists to carry out the notions, often very nebulous, and to crystallize them into machines that will work. Often ideas of enormous value are intrusted to these picked men, and, therefore, every precaution is taken to safeguard the secrets of the model room.

McBurney questioned Curtis, the only person with whom Morgan seemed to have intimate relations. All that Curtis knew about his friend was that he lived in a big attic room in which he had fixed up a sort of workshop where he passed hours pottering over an invention.

"He is about the best fellow and the closest-mouthed I know," Curtis supplemented, "and he is crazy about football. He knows the game forward and backward and sideways. It is the only thing that will draw him away from his invention."

Curtis was accustomed to inquiries about Morgan, whose aloofness was more or less resented by the other workmen, although they respected him. When he first went to work in the model room he was early put to the test which, in some form or other, is demanded of a newcomer in every community. In this instance, as in most others, the young man was called upon to prove his willingness to fight. He showed no disposition to avoid trouble or to hurry it. When it became evident that "Billy" Burke, the cleverest boxer in the big manufactory, was determined to make him understand his place, Morgan talked

to him, one evening, as they were leaving the shop, and fifty men stopped to listen.

"See here, Burke," began the young man, "you are evidently trying to draw me into a fight. If you have any personal grudge against me, although I can't remember having done anything to you, we'll have it out. But, if you want to fight me on general principles, I want to tell you that you are about twenty pounds under my weight."

"Gee!" said Burke, impressed with the fairness of the statement, "how much do you weigh?"

"About a hundred and eighty. If it was a boxing match for points, you would win; if it is going to be a fight, you won't."

"He's a bluff trying to scare you out," interposed "Mug" Peters, a hulking big brute of a man and something of a bully because of his strength. "He's afraid to fight!"

For answer young Morgan strode toward Peters. With the quickness of a cat he sprang upon him, grasped him about the chest, and brought his elbows down on the big man's ribs with a force that made them crack. Before Peters could recover he was whirled around, something struck his jaw, and the other men saw "Mug" carried to the fountain and thrown into it.

"Billy" Burke ran up and held out his hand. "Gee, but that was great!" he said. "Why did n't you do that to me?"

"Well, I kind of liked you," confessed Morgan.

The whole plant was willing to make a hero of the new man, but that did n't appeal to him at all and his reserve dissipated the suddenly acquired popularity.

He was courteous enough, but he refused to be on friendly terms with anyone but Van Norman Curtis. But everybody liked Curtis, who was one of those cheerful, irresponsible, lovable souls whose buoyant gayety, charming manners and reckless generosity were as the stamp of the mint on silver, doubling the intrinsic value. Morgan always made Curtis welcome at his room, but he never encouraged visits. He said frankly that he wanted to devote all his spare time to his machine. Curtis early discovered that he did n't care to talk about the machine in detail, but he was perfectly willing to discuss football.

"How is it that you are willing to give up your time to that game?" he asked him, one day.

"It is one of the weak places in my make-up, I suppose," answered Morgan; "football is to me what smoking and drinking are to some men,—I can't resist the temptation."

"How is the invention coming on?"

"It is going to go. There is only one little problem and I can see the solution of that in the distance."

Morgan worked on the eleven with prodigious energy. He had the finest possible material, to begin with, and the men were brimming over with enthusiasm. The way the Chilled Steel Team, as it came to be known, overcame the rivals it was organized to meet sent its fame abroad. It sought stronger opponents and defeated them. Two or three college teams, desiring practice games, were overwhelmed by the victorious workmen. High honor came when the Athletic Club of the big city challenged the Chilled Steels to play the great Thanksgiving Day game. This was the foremost event of the football year, in that part of the country. It had been the custom for the Athletic Club Team, made up of former gridiron stars, mostly from the big eastern universities, to meet the champion Interstate Collegiate League. This year the college champions refused to play the Athletic Club eleven, on the ground of professionalism, claiming that several of the latter's players had been paid coaches.

When news of the challenge spread through the plant, the men were wild with enthusiasm. The Chilled Steels had become an institution. Even the corporation awoke and proved that it had sporting blood, even if it did lack a soul, for the members of the eleven were told that they need work only half time,—with full pay, of course. Possibly the fact that efforts were making to unionize the works had something to do with this concession. It certainly had the effect of putting the labor organizers out of business.

A week before the game Van Norman Curtis came to Morgan's room with his face all screwed up. "I've been making an inspired idiot of myself, and if I don t tell some one I'll burst," he said.

"What is it?" asked Morgan, with the sympathy born of youth and inexperience.

"I've blabbed about that new engine we are working on in the model room,—the compound-turbine invention. They worked it out of me before I realized it,—automobile ride, good dinner, and all that,—and I told all I knew out of pure sociability."

"That's pretty bad, Van," said Morgan, gravely. "I think you had better make a clean breast of it."

"If I do I'll lose my job and Uncle Allison will throw me over. It would break my mother's heart, and, besides, there is a girl."

Morgan thought he knew who the girl was and he turned his face away. What he said was: "Those fellows were after me, too, and they are pretty smooth customers. The people in the office know what they are here for and I should think they would watch the sneaks. After all, it is the principle of the thing, for if they found out everything we know about the engine it would n't do them much good."

He forgot about this conversation because his interest in the team drove everything else from his mind. It came back to him with force when McBurney called him into the little cubby-hole of an office, talking frankly, as man to man.

"I believe in you, Morgan, but the others do n't,—at least, some of them," said the foreman. "The head draughtsman is bound to have you discharged. He says he has found out that you made tracings of the turbine-engine drawings, and that you have been seen with people who have been hanging about here trying to find out what we are doing. He is after your scalp, and, if I were you, I would quit. Anyway, you are terribly mysterious!"

"I made the tracing because I wanted to study the thing out at home," returned Morgan, with warmth, "but I have never talked to a soul about what goes on in here except with the men employed in the model room. There s nothing mysterious about me. Do n't I do my work? What do you want me to do,—give lectures about my past life, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, to the whole shop? I am not going to leave as long as I am under suspicion. If they want to discharge me, they can."

"THAT WAS GREAT!' HE SAID. 'WHY DID N'T YOU DO THAT TO ME?'"

"I am afraid they will do that, all right," returned the foreman.

Morgan was about as miserably unhappy as a healthy young man can be, but the idea of betraying Curtis never entered his head. He was at his bench, the next morning, although the members of the team were not expected to work the day before the big game, and waited for a summons. It came, but not the one he expected. He was told that Miss Allison wanted to see him in the office. He glanced at his overalls and at his hands with iron dust ground into them, and decided to go as he was, as a mechanic.

"Mr. Morgan, I have heard some foolish rumors connected with you, and I want to tell you I don't believe there is a grain of truth in them," Miss Allison began, with that directness which was her nature.

"Thank you!" said the young mechanic, simply.

"I know you feel horribly and must want to leave. I wish you to stay, because I want all this suspicion cleared away, and because I want our team to win the football match. You can not know how much I have set my heart upon it."

"I expect them to send me away, to-day, and it would not be right for me to play on the team then."

"They will not, they shall not. It will come out all right, I know. Promise me you will play,—for my sake."

"Miss Allison, I would do anything in the world for you," said he, so earnestly that the blood rushed to her face.

Nearly the whole town went to the big city to attend the football game, for the interest in it was greater than in the Thanksgiving feast. The team had a special car. There was a grim determination in Morgan's manner,—a grim elation. He looked forward to the struggle with a fierce joy; he would meet tangible opponents whom he could fight fairly and openly, according to the rules of the game.

The Chilled Steel Team played with desperate courage, yet in the hearts of the men was that waver of apprehension which the untried and unproved must ever feel in opposing the victors of many struggles. They knew that none in the city thought they could win, and they played all the harder for that. At least, they would not be disgraced. Time and time again the Athletics found the other line like a stone wall, and it was only in the last three minutes of the first half that they managed to make a touchdown by a trick play.

Van Norman Curtis pushed his way into the dressing room to hear Morgan tell a rubber to look after the little quarterback, who had been sadly manhandled. "Don't bother about me; I haven't a scratch or a bruise; the other boys need you more."

"Oh, Morg., it was great!" burst out Curtis. "They are simply wild over the work of our boys. You're a wonder! But that is n't what I came down to tell you. I heard they suspected you about that leak, and I went to Uncle Allison, on the train, and made a clean breast of it. It is all right; he acted like a brick. And I've got Millicent with me,—she's *the* girl, you know,—"

"What's that?"

"Millicent Arthur, the girl I'm engaged to, and she wants to meet you right after the game."

"Good old Van!" said Morgan.

The other players saw a fine brave light dancing in Morgan's eyes, his strong face glowing with enthusiasm, as he rounded them up for final instructions for the game.

"Boys, here is where we win. We held them in the first half; they scored on a trick that might happen in any game. Now we'll take the offensive. We'll sweep them off the field. We are going to win, boys! we are going to win! Play as you never dreamed you could play. By Hink! it's good to be alive!"

Between the halves "Bunch" Wheeler, on crutches, hobbled to the Allison box and plaintively asked if they could make room for him where people would n't walk over his injured leg.

"They tried to keep me at home," he explained, glancing at his knee, "and they did make me miss the first half by hiding my sticks. Is n't it abominable luck? It is the first time I was ever put out of a game."

Wheeler had eight distinguished football years, in "prep." and college, behind him. He was one of the stars of the Athletic Club Team.

"Husky looking lot, those fellows of yours!" he observed, as the elevens trotted out on the field. "Somebody has been teaching those horny-handed sons of toil how to play the game. For the love of Mike see that end get down the field, and look at that tackle. Who is he?"

"That is Morgan, a machinist in the model room," exclaimed Miss Allison.

When the Chilled Steels got the ball on downs there was a mass play that made the experts wild. "There's only one man I ever saw who could do that stunt," muttered Wheeler, excitedly. "The glasses, please! Huh! I thought so. Morgan! Morgan, nothing; that's "Ham." Berwyn, the greatest player on the gridiron,—on the All America for three years. Morgan!"

"You surely must be mistaken," said Miss Allison.

"I played against him too often," returned Wheeler.

The Chilled Steels won that game by the hardest kind of playing,—won it cleanly and honestly, their strength outlasting that of their opponents, as Morgan had calculated, and to him was given the glory of the victory, although it was "Billy" Burke who made the winning touchdown and kicked the goal. While the madness of hero-worship possessed the crowd, the Athletic Team cheered "Berwyn," while the workmen shouted for "Morgan."

"Then he really is Berwyn, after all," said Mr. Allison to Wheeler, who was bemoaning his inability to get down on the field. "I don't quite like the looks of it."

"You need n't worry," declared Wheeler. "If 'Ham.' Berwyn is going under another name there is some good reason for the invention. He could n't do anything dishonest or mean, if he tried. He left college under a cloud, but it came out afterwards that he was shielding someone else, and the president apologized in chapel, although Berwyn was n't there to hear it."

Young Morgan made explanation to Mr. Allison, on the train homeward. "It may seem a little queer, but there is n't any mystery about it," he said. "My real name is Morgan,—Hamilton Morgan,—but I took my uncle's name of Berwyn because he and my father wished it. My father gave up nearly his whole life to an invention which interested both of us more than anything else, except

football. He liked the game almost as much as I do, and a lot of the plays I have been given credit for were of his devising. I worked with him so much that I got to be a pretty good machinist. We had our own workshop as long as the money lasted. My father worried himself to death after all his money was gone, and, when my uncle offered to adopt me and look after my future if I would take his name, I decided to accept. My uncle has a lot of money. I was nearly eighteen when my father died.

"I was glad to go to college, because I was crazy about football. I had hard work passing the entrance examinations, and it was even more difficult to keep up with my classes in the academic course. My uncle and I quarreled because he wanted to make an ornamental lawyer of me and I wanted to go in for the scientific course. I didn't seem to be able to grasp anything but football and machinery. He cut off my allowance, but I had a little money saved up, and I was on the team, you know, so I kept on for a year. Then I got into a serious scrape,—"

"THAT IS MORGAN!" EXCLAIMED MISS ALLISON"

"I heard how you came out of that," interjected Mr. Allison.

"Well, I left to go to work. I wanted to perfect my father's invention,—it's a turbine engine, sir,—and I thought the best thing to do would be to get into a big plant like ours where I could earn a living and obtain the experience I needed at the same time. I thought it was best to take my own name, because, if I had explained that I was 'Ham.' Berwyn, people would have made a lot of fuss over the college football player working as a mechanic, and I didn't want any notoriety of that kind. That is all there is to it, sir, except that I am pretty sure that I have perfected my engine."

Just before their destination was reached young Morgan managed to see Miss Allison alone,—that is, as much as two people can be alone in the vestibule of a railroad car. He was astonished to find that he had nothing to say, possibly because of a militant haughtiness in her manner. He really had deceived her, and then too much hero-worship is bad for a young man when—. But his humility, the pleading in his eyes, made her forget her feminine resentment.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said, impulsively.

"Does it make such a difference?" asked Morgan.

"No-o-o, but it makes it easier."

Then Miss Allison fled precipitately. A realization of the meaning of her words was supplemented with evidence that a wildly happy young man was about to hug her, regardless of surroundings.

The Reveries of a Whitewasher

Wallace Irwin

Oh, a whitewasher stood at the capitol steps,
And worked with his main and his might
To cover the spots and the national blots
With a coat of indelible white.

'Twas a tough little job,
As he threw on each gob
Of blanketing, comforting, innocent goo;
But he labored with spunk,
As he thunk and he thunk
The following thoughts which I'm giving to you:—

"Since the railroads are invariably honest,
And the Beef Trust's being managed at a loss;
Since the gas gangs, in communion, are a philanthropic union,
Making happy all the cities that they cross,—

"Let us turn our thoughts to higher, nobler topics,
Let us speak of ancient history or Poe,
Let us send to deep perdition every sneaking, base suspicion
Of our honest, simple neighbors here below.

"Do you think a noble statesman in the senate
Would accept a higher mileage than he ought?
That a decent legislator would take tips just like a waiter?
Oh, my friends, forget that very wicked thought!

"And hasn't Mr. Garfield shown the Beef Trust
Quite averse to worldly grovelings for pelf?
Doesn't Rockefeller, grieving, think of heaven more than thieving,
As he's very fond of telling us himself?

"Let us speak of public monuments and sculpture,
And the influence of art upon the day,—
Let's admire that statue pleasing Governor Pettypicker's raising
To the fumigated memory of Quay.

"It is hard to think of Mr. Hogdon Charmour
As poisoning the mutton that we eat,
Or as charging Klondike prices for the beef he daily slices,—
Why, he's such a perfect gentleman to meet!

"And it's horrid mean of Folk to mention grafters,
Or for La Follette to swamp the railway deal;
And, as for Hoch, of Kansas, his effrontery unmans us
When he calls the Standard's enterprise 'a steal!'

"There is far too much of this investigation,
Which merely breeds dissension and unrest;
Don't you think the men of station who are farming out the nation
Are considerately acting for the best?

"It is wrong to steal a horse or break a window,
It is wrong to kill a widow with an ax;
And I'm sure such crimes disgusting can't be blamed upon the trust-ing
Gentlemen whom you malign by your attacks.

"Far better those inclined to kick and cavil
Should stay at home and think about their souls,
Than be always poking after some obscure but honest grafter,
Stirring up a nasty mess around the polls!

"Then, come, let's think of finer, sweeter topics,
Child culture, home life, caring for the teeth,
While the nation is reclining in a coat of kalsomining
Meant to symbolize the purity beneath."

Senator Morgan as a Long Talker . . *Arthur W. Dunn*

ONE of the most wonderful men in the United States senate is John T. Morgan, of Alabama. He is eighty-one years old, and two years from this time he will complete thirty years' continuous service in the senate. During the recent short session he spoke for more than four hours for two successive days on the Santo Domingo Treaty, and placed before the senate an array of facts whose collection was a stupendous undertaking. The physical effort of speaking for four hours on one day is much more than many senators care to attempt, but, had it been necessary, Senator Morgan could have continued much longer and would have talked learnedly and presented a connected and intelligent argument. In former years the Alabama senator spoke at great length when discussing subjects in which he is greatly interested.

His information is what makes him a marvel among senators. On every foreign subject he knows all there is to know and has this knowledge at command without reference to books or documents. No other man knows so much as he does about the isthmian canal. He is as familiar with every foot of the Panama canal route and the Nicaragua route as if he had spent years at both places and made canal construction his only study. Speeches that he has made on money, tariff, the admission of states, colonial governments, and nearly every other topic have shown the deep knowledge he has upon all of these subjects that have been before congress. One day he surprised the senate by a speech on the Indians. His intimate knowledge of the tribes of the past, especially those which had occupied the Southern States and had been pushed westward, together with the great chiefs of those days, indicated a study of the entire subject. Without even notes for reference he related historical facts which have been so long buried that they seemed like fiction. The speech was like a romance, and might have seemed one had it not been that the names he mentioned brought to mind the chief events of that period when the great region west of the southern Alleghanies was won for the white man.

There are stenographers in Washington who reported the debates in the senate when Morgan first entered that body, and they recall the fact that he was at first a somewhat diffident speaker. He showed, for several years, a trace of nervousness in his manner, something that has been entirely lacking for the past twenty years. In these later years he talks right along, never stopping or halting for a word, and never leaving a sentence uncompleted or his meaning misunderstood. He never pauses to secure effect nor hesitates for an expression. Hour after hour he will talk connectedly and with no apparent effort. Another remarkable thing about his speeches is that he never revises or corrects them. They are taken in shorthand and sent to the printer, and, in diction, construction, and the choice of words to express his ideas, they are complete and perfect. The speeches read as if they had been carefully written and revised, but only in late years has he read his remarks, and not very frequently has he adopted this method.

Some fifteen years ago, after one of his extended efforts, when he spoke for two or three days to aid in the defeat of the elections bill, some one asked him how long he could really talk.

"It depends upon the subject," he replied. "If it were a matter that I thoroughly understand, I could talk for two or three days, if it were upon a matter I know nothing about, I could talk for two or three weeks."

A Message from the Beyond

THE STORY OF A LETTER THAT WAS LOST
AND A LOVE AFFAIR THAT FOLLOWED

Grace Nelson

[Author of "The Lost Lovers"]

A LIGHT, bland breeze blew shoreward, bringing with it a sea-sweet moisture that spangled his beard with diamond flecks and wreathed her forehead in tendril-like ringlets. Before them the long crescent of the esplanade, nearly deserted, followed the beach line until it lost itself in the shadow of the farther cliffs. A couple of miles away a cluster of hazy lights marked where the North Atlantic Fleet lay at anchor. Nearer, the lighthouse glared redly and fitfully at dusky waters and sepia-and-white land. To the left, following the contour of the esplanade, were the two miles or so of stores, villas, hotels, and residences that constitute Sprayville. The man and the woman walked on in silence. It was ebb tide and the distant surf sighed softly and ceaselessly. From the infantry barracks on the heights came intermittent strains of music, for the officers there were doing honor to their fellow officers of the fleet. Once a signal gun boomed hollow from the obscurity of the roads, and eastward the cliff echoes responded sullenly.

"Shall we sit down a bit, Ethna?" said the man.

The woman disengaged her arm from his and led the way to a seat in the shadows. There she rested her head on her companion's shoulder, and, clasping one of his hands in both of hers, began to weep with the noiseless abandon of utter unhappiness.

The man, for a time, did not try to stop her. His disengaged hand passed over her cheeks and forehead with a touch of infinite tenderness. Presently her tears stopped, and she removed her head but retained her hold on his fingers.

"I'm afraid I'm not cut out for a sailor's wife, Archie," she said, a little sadly, but attempting to smile.

"Indeed you are," he replied, cheerily; "at least, this sailor thinks so."

The woman—she really wasn't much more than a girl,—shook her head. "No, —if I—was—behaving as—I ought to,—I'd—be—be trying to make this—last evening together"—here she gasped desperately,—"pleasant, instead of making you wretched—by—by sniveling like—a—baby."

"You blessed darling!" said the man, his eyes moist and luminous, "and don't you think I know what that sniveling means? Doesn't it mean that, afloat or ashore, you'll always be my Ethna,—my dear little woman,—my true little wife,—"

"Always, Archie, always, as long as God spares us to one another."

"Yes," said the man, solemnly, "and—after that."

"Yes,—after that."

A hush fell on them and the woman crept closer and again put her head on his shoulder.

"Ethna!"

"Yes."

"A sailor isn't often what people would call a religious man, but—what's that the Bible says?—'They that go down to the sea in ships see the mighty works of the Lord,'—something like that, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't hold with all that our fleet chaplains serve out to us on Sunday, but I've been down to the sea in ships." He lifted his cap reverently. "I believe that there is a Creator of the ocean and the wonders. I believe that there is a hereafter. And I believe, when it's all over down here, dear, we shall meet—somehow or somewhere,—and know each other and love each other and splice the breaks in the cables of our lives that will be made by the strain of Death."

The wife was quiet,—listening, her breath warm on his cheek. Again there was silence. Then he said:—

"Ethna, I am going to ask you something."

"Go on, dear."

"If anything should—should happen to me, say,—"

The woman raised herself and looked at him miserably. He drew her head back to its resting place.

"Nonsense, dear! I'm only putting a hypothetical question of the wildest sort. Why, don't you know that it's infinitely safer to be a navy man than almost anything else in the world? Statistics show it."

"Not when one is cruising on that horrible coast," she cried, hysterically.

"Don't you believe all the bad stories you've heard about the Philippines," said the man, with an attempt at a laugh; "it isn't exactly a sanitarium, perhaps, but heaps of white folks live there, get fat there, gather fortunes there, and come home safely. I'm going to do likewise."

"What were you going to ask me?"

He took a tighter grip of her hand. "I was about to say that—that, if anything should happen,—no, listen, dear,—and I shouldn't be on watch any more, you know, would you—well,—tell me, dear,—would you ever marry again?"

The woman rose to her feet, and looked at him with amazement and incredulity.

"And do you—have you so little faith in me, or—knowledge of what my love for you is to me, to think that I would ever—ever,—marry again, if—you should—" She broke down and he took her in his arms.

"Ah, no, Ethna!" he said; "but it is often very good to be told that which one already knows. It isn't all sentimental selfishness that leads me to talk like this. Supposing you should—" she tried to stop him, but he persisted,—"marry again and I should hear or feel somehow that you were unhappy, why,—"

"Ah, Archie, please don't! I ask heaven to bear me witness that, should—you—die,—I will never bear any other man's name, but wait patiently, hopefully, for that blessed time when you and I shall re-wed,—in heaven." She kissed his forehead with a kiss of consecration. Then he said:—

"There's just one other thing. I don't want that little chap of ours to follow the sea, when he grows up. He'll only worry his mother and make some other woman miserable, if he should do so. Let him measure tape, or drive a dust cart, or cure bacon,—anything to keep him on dry land."

"Yes."

"Of course he's got salt water in his veins, and I've no doubt but that he'll have hard work in getting it out of them. But tell him, to-night, when he hears the sea calling."

The wife shuddered slightly. "Archie," she whispered, "you almost talk as if you—felt—that something was really going to happen."

"No," he answered, "scarcely that; but don't let him go to sea."

After other talk that was tinged with a something that awed them, although they were fain to think that it was born of a realization of the fact that they were to be parted for years, they rose and walked home. In the roads the lights on the great war ships gleamed white and warden-like.

The next morning Lieutenant Archibald Walkins went aboard the United States steamship "Ranger," a cruiser of the second class, which was sailing for the Philippine Station. From all indications it looked as if he would be three years away from home. Married two years before, Lieutenant Walkins had, in the interval, been fortunate enough to be assigned to shore duty, and had settled in a pretty home in a naval station on the Massachusetts coast, with his wife. They had ample time to enjoy the social pleasures of the depot, and, with the advent of a little one, life seemed absolutely unalloyed until, like a thunderclap, came orders for him to report for duty. The season in the islands had been unusually unhealthy, and many officers and men there had died of fever. Hence followed the sudden commissioning of the "Ranger."

The lieutenant came of a naval family, as did his wife, whose father, Captain Charles Arnett, gave up his life while serving under Farragut. Mrs. Arnett did not long survive her husband, and Ethna, thus orphaned, was adopted by an aunt, also the widow of a

"BECAUSE, FOR ARCHIE'S SAKE, I MUST, FOR THE TIME BEING."

sea-fighter, so that the lieutenant and his girl wife knew of the exigencies of the naval service when they married. Yet, now that the time had come for the inevitable parting, it was none the less bitter. As sailors will, Lieutenant Walkins swore that this cruise should be his last, as the "Ranger" steamed slowly out to sea.

Ethna and her child made their home with her father-in-law, at Sprayville. Mr. Walkins, senior, was an exception to the traditions of the males of the family, inasmuch as he had shown no craving for the sea, being content to look after the interest of the liberal share of good dry land which, in the form of farms and building lots, rendered him a sufficient income. Yet he had given his three sons to the navy, Archibald being the youngest of the trio. He was glad and so was his wife, an amiable old soul, that Ethna was to be with them, for the house, fronting the ocean, was very large and of late had seemed very empty. In the evenings the old couple would sit in one of the big bay windows and watch the dancing surf lines and the ghostly passing of sails beyond. Sometimes —often,—Mrs. Walkins would whisper, "John, dear, if but one of the boys had stayed with us!" And the husband would answer, "Yes, if only one!" Then the mother would wipe away a quiet tear or two, and again gaze wistfully on the sea for whose dominion we pay tribute of desolate homes and aching hearts and longing for those who come not again.

"We're going to touch at Gibraltar, Ethna," the lieutenant had said, as he was getting on board the train, "and I'll write you a good long letter from there."

So, this being the day when the European mails were due, the young wife sat in the bay window, watching down the street along which, she knew, the postman would presently appear to make his deliveries. Soon he hove in sight, and the sharp tat-tat of the knockers on the doors ran through the quiet of the afternoon, for Sprayville was of a conservative sort and preferred its ancient knockers to any newfangled contrivance of bells, electric or otherwise.

Nearer and nearer yet came the tat-tat-tat, and, at length, the Walkins's knocker sounded thunderously through the hall of the house as several letters were dropped into the slit of the letter box in the front door. Ethna did not wait for the servant, but ran swiftly down stairs, and with hands trembling with anticipation threw open the door of the box. There were six letters, all told, including one in her husband's handwriting, postmarked "Gibraltar," but—none for her. No, she had not overlooked anything in the box. When she hailed the postman, who was next door, he, a grizzled, slow-witted old man, examined his bundle of missives with exasperating slowness. He had n't overlooked anything, he declared. He was n't used to making mistakes. He had been "postman, man and boy, these here thirty years, come next grass," and had never blundered.

Ethna shut the door and hastened to her father-in-law. Archibald's letter was brief, and merely told of an uneventful passage to Gibraltar, from which port they would proceed, in a day or two, to their destination. There was no allusion to Ethna in his note. "Evidently, dear," said Mr. Walkins, "he's written you, but there's been a delay somewhere. Probably it will reach you by the next delivery. Suppose we put on our things and walk down to the post office. If it's there Barrett will let me have it."

Ethna was in the act of leaving the room to dress for the street, when again the knocker boomed through the hall.

"Maybe that's Archie's letter, now," said Mr. Walkins.

"Hardly; it was n't the postman's knock," replied Ethna, wondering at the sudden and deadly nausea that crept over her. There came a tap at the door and a servant entered. "A telegram for you, sir," she said. Mr. Walkins tore open the envelope and glanced at the dispatch.

Then, with a look of agony, terror, and tenderness at Ethna, he sank back in his chair, senseless. The young wife picked up the slip of paper which had fluttered from his fingers, and read:—

"John Walkins, Sprayville, Mass. The secretary of the navy regrets to inform you that Lieutenant Archibald Walkins, of United States steamer 'Ranger,' was, at 7.00 A. M., to-day, instantly killed by the bursting of a gun during the firing of a salute while ship was leaving Gibraltar. Remains are at Gibraltar pending your instruction for their disposal."

* * * * * * *

Fifteen years have slid into the limbo of years that were, since the morning when a defective breech block wrought havoc on the "Ranger" and in the home at Sprayville. Mr. and Mrs. Walkins are both resting in the cemetery of the little town, from which one can get a view of the bay and the roads where are lying the white, silent watchdogs of the Atlantic Fleet. Baby Walkins is a baby no longer, but a sturdy boy, studying at a college not far away, where his father and his uncles studied before him, as did their fathers and uncles in turn. The college course is of a semi-preparatory sort for the navy. Its traditions are identified with the traditions of the sea. On the huge wooden chimney-piece in the main classroom are burnt or carved the initials of scores of its students that were, but who later donned the blue and the gold and sailed and fought and suffered and died for the old flag. So, with these things before him, and the salty blood of his forefathers in his veins, it was not to be wondered at that Archie Walkins longed, with a longing that only a born sailor can ever experience, for the time when he could feel the long, free glide of the ocean swell beneath him, and the rousing sting of the ocean breezes on his cheeks. He confided to his mother, and she, wisely, did not strengthen his desires by direct opposition, but tried to make him see how much

"FOR A LITTLE TIME ALL WENT WELL"

they who follow the sea miss of the life that is only possible on land.

For the rest, the wild agony of the first year of her bereavement had gradually merged into a gray calm, which, while not happiness, was far removed from despair. That portion of the sorrow which refused to be blunted by the merciful wheel of time was that which had to do with her husband's failure to write her from Gibraltar. Inquiries in all directions had failed to establish the fact that he had done so. So she was finally forced to accept the inexplicable conclusion that, for some reason or other, he had deferred writing until too late, and yet deep down in the core of her heart's core she felt that there existed a solution of the mystery, if she could but get in touch with it.

Meantime events had not been shaping for her happiness. Her father-in-law had died comparatively poor. The shock of his son's death had incapacitated him, so far as business was concerned. Land values had fallen, too. When his will was read it was found that he left but little outside of the Sprayville residence and some farm lands and equities in one or two houses. The big house he gave to his sons. The income from the equities—a very small sum, indeed,—was made over to Ethna. The farms were to be held in trust for his grandchildren.

The sons, their wives, and their children took possession of the house forthwith, and a family council was called at which Ethna was present. Captain Richard Walkins, after some preliminary talk, said, "Now, what about our little woman here?" pointing to Ethna, of whom he was bluffly fond. He was answered thus by Mrs. Richard Walkins, his wife, a lady who wore a cupola of gilt hair and an unchanging complexion:—

"I've been thinking so much of dear Ethna's future, Richard, and how terribly unkind it would be if we should ask her to leave a—this—house, so filled with dear associations to her. Now, Maudie"—she was the wife of the other brother,—"and I would feel very grateful to the dear if she would remain here and in a sort of a way supervise things,—look after the house and all that. Dear Ethna does n't like society, I know, but Maudie and I, have to keep up our end, you know, for your sake, Richard, and for all our sakes, and all that."

"Umph," said Lieutenant William Walkins,—"very self-sacrificing, I'm sure. What does Ethna say to the idea?"

Ethna, who had dreaded leaving the house that so long had been a home to her, was only too glad to indorse the project. It was so ordered, then, that, in return for her acting as "lady housekeeper," she was to be assigned a suite of rooms for the use of herself and her son, for which no charge was to be made.

For a little time all went well. Then both the captain and the lieutenant went to sea and the wives forthwith began to enjoy themselves. Ethna was kept busy supervising the preparation of more or less elaborate luncheons, dinners, and late suppers. Carpet dances were not infrequent, and *musicales* and teas came at repeated intervals. The work was exacting and told on her. The wives were apt to be crossly critical, the morning following. Ethna's duty did not permit of her taking part in the festivities, and, although she did n't care for them, nevertheless she resented being relegated to the place of a menial. Once, when Archie, Jr., was home for his holidays, one of his cousins was grumbling about his breakfast.

"Why does n't your mother see that my egg is properly cooked?" said he, turning to Archie.

"Why should she?" asked Archie.

"'Cause she's got to," remarked the other; "she's only a sort of servant."

Archie descended from his seat and proceeded to thrash his cousin, who was big and clumsy. He smote him hip and thigh, and then thrust the egg, shell and all, into his mouth. Then he proceeded to demolish the front teeth of his antagonist, muttering grimly, meanwhile: "Now you'll be obliged to eat soft eggs." Then he returned to his breakfast.

The friction increased as the weeks went by until Ethna's position became almost unendurable. Her sisters-in-law got into a habit of finding fault with her for everything she did and did n't do,—and that particular habit grows like wild mustard on a prairie and is just as difficult to eradicate. Finally the poor little soul ceased to associate with the other women except at meal times, and not always then. When her work for the day was over (which was usually late at night,) she would lock herself in her room, take out her husband's picture, wonder why he had been taken from her, and realize to the full the truth of the inspired adage that it is not good for man or woman to be alone. Then she would think of her boy, smile once more, put the loneliness from her, and take up the burden of living again.

During her widowhood Ethna had received several offers of marriage. But her dead husband had her heart in his keeping, and, besides, she held inviolate her vow to him. Lately, and when the day and the sisters-in-law had been unusually trying, and Archie had written a letter filled with his desire to be a sailor, a momentary thought would come to her that it would be well for both her and her boy if she had a strong arm to lean on and a loyal heart to comfort and advise her. But she would put the idea from her instantly, and a flush of self-indignation and self-contempt would crimson her cheek.

"Archie is waiting for me,—and how could I," she would say.

Of great comfort to her at such seasons of depression was Colonel Gordon Gillespie, who for a couple of years had been her next-door neighbor. The colonel was a widower, rather over fifty years of age, tall, distinguished, of grave speech, and with eyes of the kindest. A Spanish bullet in the left arm had resulted in his retirement from active service for all time and he had settled at Sprayville.

The gardens between the two houses were only separated by a low hedge and were each filled to overflowing with roses. When two people love flowers, as did the colonel and the widow, a friendship is inevitable when only a green hedge intervenes; so, after a time, the colonel called on Ethna, and Ethna's sisters-in-law, knowing that the colonel was a man of some wealth, and in possession of desirable social connections, made much of him. So it came about that he dined once, ate supper once, and played whist once at the Walkins home. By that time, being a person of excellent powers of observation, to say nothing of a certain gift of intuition, he saw precisely how the land lay as far as Ethna was concerned. So the house next door saw him no more, but he was much in his garden, and nearly always when the young widow was there. Likewise, he became chummy with Archie, and taught him to ride and fence and box. When the occasion arose he gave much good counsel of the sympathetic sort to Archie's mother. He advised her about her money affairs and her tiny investments; he persuaded her to spend time on the beach, in the fields at the back of Sprayville, or on his little yacht, that otherwise would have been spent in the solitude of her room. So gradually the colonel began to take a place in Ethna's life of which she was scarcely conscious; or, if she was conscious at all, it was because she felt comforted at the thought of his friendship and encouraged by her sense of his strengthful loyalty. That was all. He, kind and grave as ever, did not seek to alter the *status* of their acquaintance; but sometimes, sitting alone among his roses, his face grew very wistful and his eyes kinder yet as he caught a glimpse of her trim little figure flitting across one of the rooms next door.

One day the sisters-in-law had been unkinder than ever, and the dinner had gone off badly, and a racking headache was on her, and the sense of loneliness and need of comfort was stronger than ever before. So, in the dusk, she crept into the rose bower at the end of the garden. The colonel, from the vantage of his library window, saw her, and went into his garden. She was sobbing unrestrainedly and did not hear him coming. But the colonel, when he got within earshot of the bower, heard her, vaulted the low hedge in an astonishingly agile fashion, and stood before her.

"Well," he said, his voice vibrating with sympathy, "tell me what is troubling you, Mrs. Walkins."

"Nothing," said Ethna, as a woman naturally would, under the circumstances.

"No," said the colonel, "I don't think that's quite correct, is it? Will you allow me to sit down? Thanks!"

Ethna's sobs had stopped, but the colonel did not speak.

"You must n't take any notice of—of,—this," she said, at length; "I've a frightful headache, and—"

"You're upset generally," interrupted the colonel. "Mrs. Walkins, will you pardon me if I say that—I—know. I mean I know that the—circumstances—that the circumstances that enter into your daily life do not give you the happiness that—is—rightly yours."

"I thought—I guessed,—before now that you knew—that my surroundings were not quite congenial," replied Ethna.

"Then why remain among them?"

"Because, for Archie's sake, I must, for the time being."

"Not necessarily." Then the colonel said, very simply,

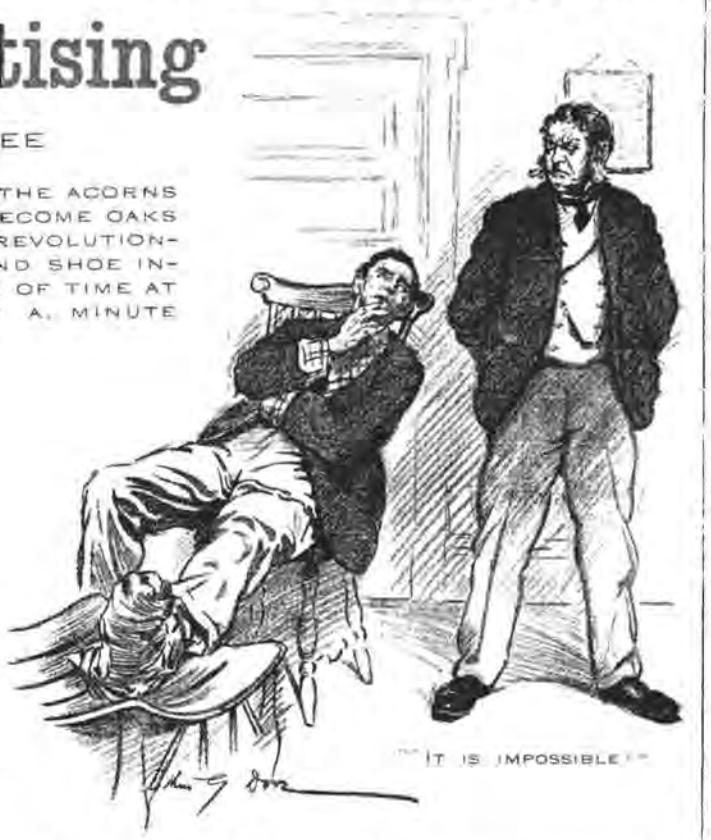
[*Concluded on page 564*]

How Fortunes Are Made in Advertising

PART THREE

MORE TRUE TALES OF THE ACORNS OF IDEAS THAT HAVE BECOME OAKS OF PROSPERITY.—THE REVOLUTIONIZING OF THE BOOT AND SHOE INDUSTRY.—TEN MINUTES OF TIME AT EIGHTY-THREE CENTS A MINUTE

Henry Harrison Lewis



[ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE]

THERE is a shoe on sale in the United States—some ninety-two stores handling it exclusively, I believe,—that holds within its polished and shapely leather confines an interesting little romance beside which a large percentage of modern fiction would seem trivial. Perhaps you wear shoes of this kind; it's a certainty that many hundreds of thousands of your brother Americans do, but very few know that the opportunity to buy that particular model at the price of three dollars and fifty cents came from a commonplace, everyday sort of railroad accident out in Michigan.

In a previous article of this series I called attention to the fact that modern advertising is one of our most potent factors in the furtherance of civilization. Advertising has still another virtue. It has served to lessen the cost of living. It has improved quality and at the same time decreased the actual cost to the consumer. Scores of business houses, and of manufacturers, have been enabled, by increasing their output through advertising, to cut down the cost of manufacture. Advertising educates the great body of consumers to use certain articles, and in such quantities that shrewd manufacturers have had machinery invented for the economical making of the articles in bulk. The money thus saved has not all gone into the pockets of the makers; because, the smaller the sales price, the greater the demand, and, the greater the demand, even at a small profit, the larger the income for the manufacturer. It is merely a question of logic.

Take the idea of the shoe at three dollars and fifty cents, which was fathered by a railroad accident,—that shoe could not be made and sold at a profit for that price if the output was not enormous. The fact that ninety-two stores, keeping busy many hours each day, are necessary to meet the demand, permits of the sale of the shoe at three dollars and fifty cents a pair. If the output was a few dozens a day instead of thousands of dozens, the same shoe would cost the consumer a great deal more. This argument applies to all sorts and conditions of products.

The railroad accident I have mentioned above happened some twelve years ago. Two trains disputing the right of way on a single track came into collision, and, in the mix-up that followed, a youth of nineteen, a young traveler for a Boston dress-goods house, suffered a serious injury. After a patching-up period in a hospital he was taken home to his father, a shoe manufacturer in a small way whose little factory was located near Boston.

The youth pottered about on crutches through a convalescence lasting several months, and during this interval began to ponder over his chances of returning to work for his former employer. At odd times the father talked to him about the shoe business, and incidentally bewailed the seeming impossibility of improving the output. The young man was of an inquiring turn of mind, and practical beyond his years, and he gave his father's information much thought.

"How many profits come from each pair of shoes made by you, father?" he asked, one day.

The elder Bliss looked at his son in surprise.

"Why, the usual profits," he replied; "why do you ask?"

"You sell to a jobber, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And the jobber sells to the retailer?"

Mr. Bliss nodded.

"And the retailer to the consumer?"

There was another nod.

"Well, that means three profits, including your own," continued the son. "Now, why is it necessary for you to sell your shoes to a jobber?"

THE PRODUCT MUST "MAKE GOOD," OR A SECOND SALE IS NOT EASY

"Because he distributes them to the retailers."

"But could n't you do that yourself, and thus save one profit?"

The elder Bliss shook his head this time, and with emphasis.

"It's out of the question," he said. "I have been working that way for years, and other shoemakers before me. No, my son, you can't change the existing order of things."

Young Elmer Bliss was n't sure of that, but he did not pursue the conversation. Some time later, feeling strong enough to work, he decided to go on the road for his father, and accordingly set out with a bag of samples. As he visited the various dealers he made inquiries in a quiet way, and finally surprised his father by announcing that he had decided to open a retail store in Boston.

"A friend of mine will go in with me," he said, "and we'll handle your shoes exclusively."

The new store was opened on Summer Street, not a shoe-trade quarter, and not in the best part of the city. The storeroom was ridiculously small, but the window space was large enough for a very attractive display of the new brand of "Regal Shoes" at the novel price of three dollars and fifty cents,—no more, no less. Elmer Bliss and his partner worked early and late elaborating the former's idea that a manufacturer could sell his output as a retailer. Little trips were made to New York, and the shoes modeled by the Fifth Avenue makers and sold to discriminating customers at eighteen dollars were carefully studied. It was not long before the little Summer Street store began to offer extremely snappy models—those selected and worn by the best dressers of New York,—at the regular price of three dollars and fifty cents, and the fame of the store spread until it became known throughout all Boston.

Then a branch store was opened in Washington, another in Providence, and a third in New York City. By this time the elder Bliss's factory was working day and night, and it speedily became necessary to enlarge the plant. Some time before this, Elmer Bliss had commenced to advertise. He began with the local papers, then took up booklets, and then launched extensively into the magazine field. From that moment the business grew with leaps and bounds until finally the little firm of Summer Street found itself a corporation with ninety-two retail stores scattered throughout the United States and England. The middleman's profits had been eliminated, and the money saved devoted to the production of a first-class shoe at a second-class price.

I have said that this really remarkable story of success began with a railroad accident. The accident undoubtedly served to change the current of a man's life, but people have been injured on railroads before. The fortune made by the Bliss corporation came from the fact that Elmer J. Bliss had it in him to make just such a revolution in the shoe business, and, what is of equal importance, he recognized advertising at its true value. His idea would not have been worth much without the use of printers' ink, intelligently applied.

▲ ▲

A Talk that Cost Eighty-three Cents a Minute

This is true of every widely-sold product manufactured in the United States to-day. How easily proved is this statement! There is a story told of a manufacturer who did not advertise and who was satisfied with the small output of his factory. He was compelled to be satisfied because, no matter how good he made his products, their sales increased only gradually. He was approached one day by the clever representative of a clever advertising agent. This representative had shown his shrewdness by secretly studying the manufacturer's business. He was armed with thorough knowledge of his subject and equipped with a carefully-thought-out plan of campaign.

He did not send in his professional card. Other agents had met their Waterloo at the outer door because of that time-worn introduction. This agent sent a telegram from one of the hotels, saying:—

> I have a business proposition to make to you which will net you eighty-three cents a minute from the beginning. I will call at your office to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock.

He found the manufacturer awaiting him with apparent curiosity. In the meantime the manufacturer had figured the eighty-three cents a minute into $8,366.40 a week, an income worth having. He was anxious to see the man who had made this remarkable offer. His caller was calm and businesslike in his manner as he took the seat proffered him, and his attitude was thoroughly professional as he leaned forward and placed eight one-dollar bills and three dimes upon the manufacturer's desk.

"Mr. Brown," he said, quietly, "I want just ten minutes of your time. It is worth eighty-three cents a minute to me. No,— please don't interrupt; my proposition is worthy of your attention. In the ten minutes I will ask you ten questions which you can answer without an effort. First, did you ever hear of Royal Baking Powder?"

"Of course I have," snorted the manufacturer, irately. "What do you—"

"Please don't get angry," pleaded the agent; "I have a reason for asking you these seemingly trivial questions. Second, did you ever hear of the Douglas Shoe?"

The manufacturer nodded.

"Good. Now, third, did you ever hear of 'Sunny Jim?'"

The manufacturer fumed, but he nodded again.

"Fourth, is Ivory Soap used in your house?"

"I suppose it is," shouted the other. "We use soap, and I've seen Ivory in the house. But what I want to know on my part is, were you ever in an insane asylum? I've never been in one, but I soon will be a fit subject if you don't tell me what you are driving at. I can't waste any more—"

The agent smiled imperturbably, and glanced at his watch.

"I've still seven minutes, according to our agreement," he said, placidly. "The other questions concern Studebaker Carriages, Postum Cereal, Quaker Oats, Horlick's Malted Milk, the Gold Dust Twins Washing Powder, and Remington Typewriters, but I won't bother referring to each in turn. Now, Mr. Brown, I know you will forgive me if I say that you have recognized all these products because you have seen them mentioned in a thousand different ways in a thousand different advertisements. There is not one of them that does not stand for a fortune made through advertising. Your products are just as good,—they have just as much merit,—but not nearly so many persons know of them. Why?"

"HE WHEELED THE STUFF TO TOWN"

After the manner of his kind the agent proceeded to tell the manufacturer why. It was an object lesson, and the telling was so interesting that the ten minutes became twenty, and the twenty an hour. The manufacturer, today, is a confirmed advertiser, and his paints and varnishes are becoming known in every state and territory in the Union. Did he return the eight dollars and thirty cents? The agent did not tell, but the story goes that the advertiser wanted to return the money with compound interest.

"AFTER THE MANNER OF HIS KIND HE PROCEEDED TO TELL HIM WHY"

How the "Fifty-Seven Varieties" Originated

I do not suppose there are many subjects more interesting to write about than the stories of successes in business. If it is fascinating to read how Brown, or Jones, or Smith began with ten dollars and an object in life, and achieved a fortune of six or seven figures in twice as many years, it is equally fascinating to hear the stories at first-hand. If one is fortunate enough to hear one of these tales from the principal himself, there is an added pleasure in the modest way in which the story is told. Men who carve their fortunes from a reluctant world by sheer ability are not given to boasting.

Those who have met H. J. Heinz, for instance, and have dragged piecemeal from his lips the story of his success in business, wonder how so quiet and modest a man could have built such a large fortune out of nothing save an idea and perseverance. It is not at all extraordinary when you know the man, but the narrative is worth while as an example for others to follow.

In one of the exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition was a large painting of an old brick house,—just a common, unpainted, and rather ordinary dwelling. That house stood, at one time, not very far from a little brickyard just outside of Pittsburg, and in the house lived a boy who worked at the brick-making business. The boy's father owned the yard, and the boy's mother boarded the father's men in the brick house. One day it occurred to the mother that a part of the grounds surrounding the house could be devoted with some profit to the raising of garden truck. The boy and his mother spaded up the earth, and the first touch of the spade upon the loam was the first step in the growth of H. J. Heinz's "Fifty-seven Varieties."

In due course of time it occurred to the boy that he would like to go into the garden-truck business. He did not like the work in the brickyard, and he had seen some of his neighbors selling vegetables in the Pittsburg market. The distance to the city was several miles, but that did not daunt him. To his mother's statement that they had no horse or wagon he replied, sturdily:—

"We have a wheelbarrow. I'll get up at four in the morning and wheel the stuff to town."

This he did, rain or shine, until enough money had been earned from the little garden to buy a cheap rig. Shortly after that the boy noticed that grated horse-radish, put up in bottles, was being sold in the market. He told his mother about it, and suggested the idea of competition. A few bottles were purchased, a neat label was selected, and presently the earnest-faced boy who had peddled his garden truck from a wheelbarrow was embarked in a new branch of the business. It was only natural that the modest trade should grow. There never has been a business failure in this world when the man running it worked hard enough and with the necessary aptitude. H. J. Heinz had the aptitude, and he had the grit. The first proof of it was when he volunteered to rise at four in the morning and trundle a barrow filled with garden truck several miles to a market. The second proof was his willingness to enter into direct competition with neighbors who already had monopolized the grated-radish business.

It would be interesting to know where some of those neighbors are now. It did not take many months for young Heinz to leave them behind, nor did it take long for the little firm of mother and son to discover that it was fast outgrowing the old brick house. The grated horse-radish was so well prepared, the bottles and labels were so attractive, and the little printed matter gotten out was so convincing that Heinz's product rapidly grew in popularity.

It was about this time that the boy, who had been studying and planning, had a serious talk with his mother. The meed of success that had followed his efforts, although a great deal more than he had anticipated, was not entirely satisfactory.

"Mother," he said, convincingly, "we are doing well, I know, but not as well as we can. The sale at the market is all that can be expected, but there are people in Pittsburg who do not come to the market. Could n't we let them know that we have the best grated horse-radish in the city?"

"How, my son?"

The boy pondered a moment. He did not realize it, but in that hour he was face to face with a problem which, if solved in the right way, meant for him a future fortune. He was groping about in the semi-light that forms the first principles of commercial publicity,—judicious advertising.

As a sort of anti-climax to this story of business success, I want to tell you about the famous "Fifty-seven Varieties." Like almost everything else connected with the business, the idea originated with H. J. Heinz. Fully convinced from the beginning, as I have explained, that continuous advertising was absolutely essential to the success of his concern, he was always on the lookout for novel ideas. While walking through his immense plant, one day, not many years ago, he noticed the great number of products, canned, bottled, and in jars, and said to the foreman:—

"Seems to me we are manufacturing almost everything worth while. By the way, how many different products have we on the list now?"

The foreman figured it up, and replied:—

"Fifty-seven, sir."

"Fifty-seven, eh?" mused Mr. Heinz,—"fifty-seven different varieties!" he added, with a smile,—"fifty-seven varieties; they make a good show."

The conceit appealed to him, and, on his return to the office, he took paper and pencil, and wrote the first advertisement containing what is now the trade-mark of the company.

HUMOR AND ANECDOTE

A PUZZLED NATURE STUDENT
CAROLYN WELLS

To write of the wonders of nature,
Is now the acceptable dodge;
To trace the Nennook's nomenclature,
And learn where the lorises lodge;

To set forth the habits of rabbits,
To sum up the porcupine's spines;
To mention the uses of mooses,
And tell how the ocelot dines;

To teach us to know the gorilla,
And how to tell llamas from lambs;
To coach us about the chinchilla,
And state the best way to tame clams;

But still with two questions I wrangle,
And help will not come at my call;
Why an angleworm has n't an angle,—
And a mongoose is no goose at all.

Lèse Majesté

Three Berliners, respectable men of business, were promenading their Broadway, "Unter den Linden," and talking rather excitedly, when one of them, raising his voice, said, "That fool, the kaiser!" Instantly he was touched on the shoulder by the omnipresent policeman, who told him that he was under arrest.

"Arrested! What for?" asked the citizen.

"For *lèse majesté*. Did you not, just now, say, "That fool, the kaiser?"

The gentleman under arrest and his friends argued with the conscientious defender of his kaiser's name, and turned the matter off as a joke, saying, "But there are other kaisers; there is the kaiser of Austria, the kaiser of Russia, and the kaiser Menelik, of Abyssinia." But it was of no avail. With a wise and deprecating shake of his head, the policeman answered: "Yes, yes! There *are* other kaisers, but you could have meant no other, for no other kaiser is such a fool as our kaiser!"

He Could n't Be Seen

James W. Webb, one of the few men in Brooklyn who are the owners of G. A. R. medals of honor, was a Union scout and soldier of fortune in general. He is of impressive presence, standing six feet, three inches in his stockings. Mr. Webb is pretty well identified with "working politics" in Brooklyn, and recently had occasion to call on one of the big men of the borough,—a big man in his own estimation, and by the accident of a political overturn. Now, Mr. Webb has his estimate of the true worth of the person in question, and it is not of an altogether flattering nature. Consequently, when the big man made an engagement at his office with the old soldier, and then refused to see him, on the ground that he was busy, Webb's characteristic frankness found vent.

"Tell Mr. ——," said he to the office boy, "that I have wasted an hour on him already, and must insist on his keeping his engagement with me."

The office boy disappeared into the interior sanctum and presently reappeared.

"Mr. —— says he can't be seen," he said.

"Well," thundered Webb, "I knew he was pretty small, but I did n't know he was as small as that!"

The Court Took Senator Piles at His Word

United States Senator Samuel H. Piles, of Seattle, Washington, who was elected to his high office after a spirited contest with ex-senators Addison G. Foster, of Tacoma, John L. Wilson, of Seattle, and Charles Sweeny, of Spokane, is a pioneer of the state, though in the vast, new Northwest a dozen years' residence suffices to produce a pioneer. The lives of the early settlers teemed with interest, and a brief chapter from Senator Piles's experiences will show that he proved no exception to the rule.

Senator Piles is a lawyer. One of the first fees he earned—though to this day his friends claim he did not earn it,—came to him through defending one John Fleming in an assault and battery case brought by George Richardson, a colored man, who had received a severe thrashing at the defendant's hands. Gus Sorenson, as justice of the peace, dispensed raw justice in those early days, and held court in a small log cabin on his ranch.

Soon after taking the case, Attorney Piles awoke to the realization that his client was in for a heavy fine unless justice could be side-tracked by desperate tactics. Judge Sorenson, though honestly desiring properly to fulfill the duties of his judicial office, was not a lawyer, and, owing to his recent accession to the bench, was woefully ignorant of the technical workings of the law. Being familiar with the court's lack of experience, Attorney Piles argued, in mystifying legal phraseology, that the complaint was defective and the proceedings irregular.

"Well, what am I to do about it?" asked Justice Sorenson.

"Throw it out of court," replied Piles.

Judge Sorenson gathered up the papers relative to the case, walked solemnly to an open window near him, and dumped them out upon the ground, literally throwing the case out of court. There are still several witnesses to this strange legal procedure, but history does not record the final outcome of the case.

When the Danger Was Over

Senator Chauncey M. Depew, tells with keen enjoyment of a suit brought by an acquaintance of his, a New York physician, to collect a bill for services rendered. The attorney for the defendant maintained that the account was excessive and, cross-examining a witness for the plaintiff, he asked him, with great impressiveness:—

"Don't you think that Doctor Blank called upon the defendant needlessly after all danger was past?"

The witness was a firm friend of the physician and he blustered up. "No, sir," he replied, emphatically, "there was danger as long as Dr. Blank called."

It Worked both Ways

When some of the newspapers were printing funny stories about William Loeb, private secretary to President Roosevelt, during the last campaign, alleging that he was the "champion blame-taker in America," because he was always so willing to assume responsibility for anything that went wrong at the White House, Mr. Loeb laughed with the very men who wrote the yarns.

But, one day his patience was taxed. The President's train had been delayed seven hours between Philadelphia and New York while he was going to Oyster Bay. Next morning one of the New York dailies had these flaming headlines: "President's Train Water-bound—Loeb Not to Blame."

"See here, boys," said the secretary, next morning, at Oyster Bay, "that's going too far."

"Very well," said the reporter who had written the story, "I 'll correct it to-morrow and say you *were* to blame."

A Costly Call

President Louis E. Holden, of the University of Wooster, Ohio, one of the youngest college presidents in the country, is responsible for the first gift Andrew Carnegie ever made to a denominational college. While lavish in his gifts of free libraries and pipe organs, Mr. Carnegie's reluctance to give financial aid to colleges, particularly those under denominational auspices, is well known. The ironmaster has often declared that institutions for higher education are not so necessary to the masses as are free libraries.

One winter night, a few years ago, shortly after Professor Holden assumed the presidency of Wooster, the main building of the university was destroyed by fire. The insurance was small and there were no funds available with

which to rebuild. The morning after the fire, while the ruins were still smoking, President Holden, grip in hand, was observed making his way to the railway station. A friend hailed him and asked:—

"Leaving town already, professor?"

"Yes," was the cheery reply, "I'm going to bring back the money in this grip for a new building."

Professor Holden took the train for New York, and the next day he called on Mr. Carnegie. Without useless preliminaries, the smooth-faced, boyish-looking fellow, said:—

"Mr. Carnegie, you are a busy man, and so am I, so I won't take up more than five minutes of your time. The main building of Wooster University burned down, night before last, and I want you to give us one hundred thousand dollars for a new one."

"Young man," returned the philanthropist, "I don't believe in giving money to colleges."

"But you believe in helping young men, don't you?" asked Professor Holden. "I'm a young man, Mr. Carnegie, and I'm in an awful hole. I've gone into the business of manufacturing college graduates from the raw material, and now the best part of my plant is burned down. You know how you'd feel if one of your big steel mills were destroyed right in the busy season."

"Young man," said Mr. Carnegie, "raise one hundred thousand dollars in thirty days and I'll give another."

"Make it sixty days, and I'll go you," replied Professor Holden.

"Done," said Mr. Carnegie.

Professor Holden picked up his hat and started for the door. As he reached it, Mr. Carnegie called after him:—

"Now remember, it's sixty days only."

"All right, sir," and Professor Holden was already halfway down the stairs. His call had consumed just four minutes.

The sum was raised within the stipulated time, and, when handing over his check, Mr. Carnegie said, laughing:—

"Young man, if you ever come to see me again, don't stay so long. Your call cost me just twenty-five thousand dollars a minute."

"HIS SPIRITS ROSE WITH A BOUND"

Glad He Was No Longer President

"FROM what I know of his tastes and tendencies, I am not at all surprised that Grover Cleveland should prefer to keep out of politics," recently remarked a friend of the ex-President. "I remember that when he stepped out of office at the end of the second term as chief executive he felt vastly relieved. His spirits rose with a bound. A few days after the inauguration of President McKinley, Mr. Cleveland was in New York, and I happened to walk down Broadway with him. He was beaming, and was taking note of the interesting things about him, with all the jest of a big, hearty boy just out of school. The shop windows were engaging not a little of his attention. Upon a glance into one of them, that of a photographer, he stopped short. In the window was an oil painting of himself.

"'Well, well,' he exclaimed, with a laugh; 'here is the most interesting thing we've seen yet! It's old Grover. Let's see what he looks like.' Mr. Cleveland and his portrait stared at each other for a moment, and then the ex-President remarked with a chuckle:—

"'So this is the man we have all heard so much about; I must say that this picture makes him out a good deal better looking than some of the portraits I have seen of him in the newspapers. He looks healthy, but a little worried. I would be willing to wager that he's glad he's no longer President.'"

Who Riley Really Is

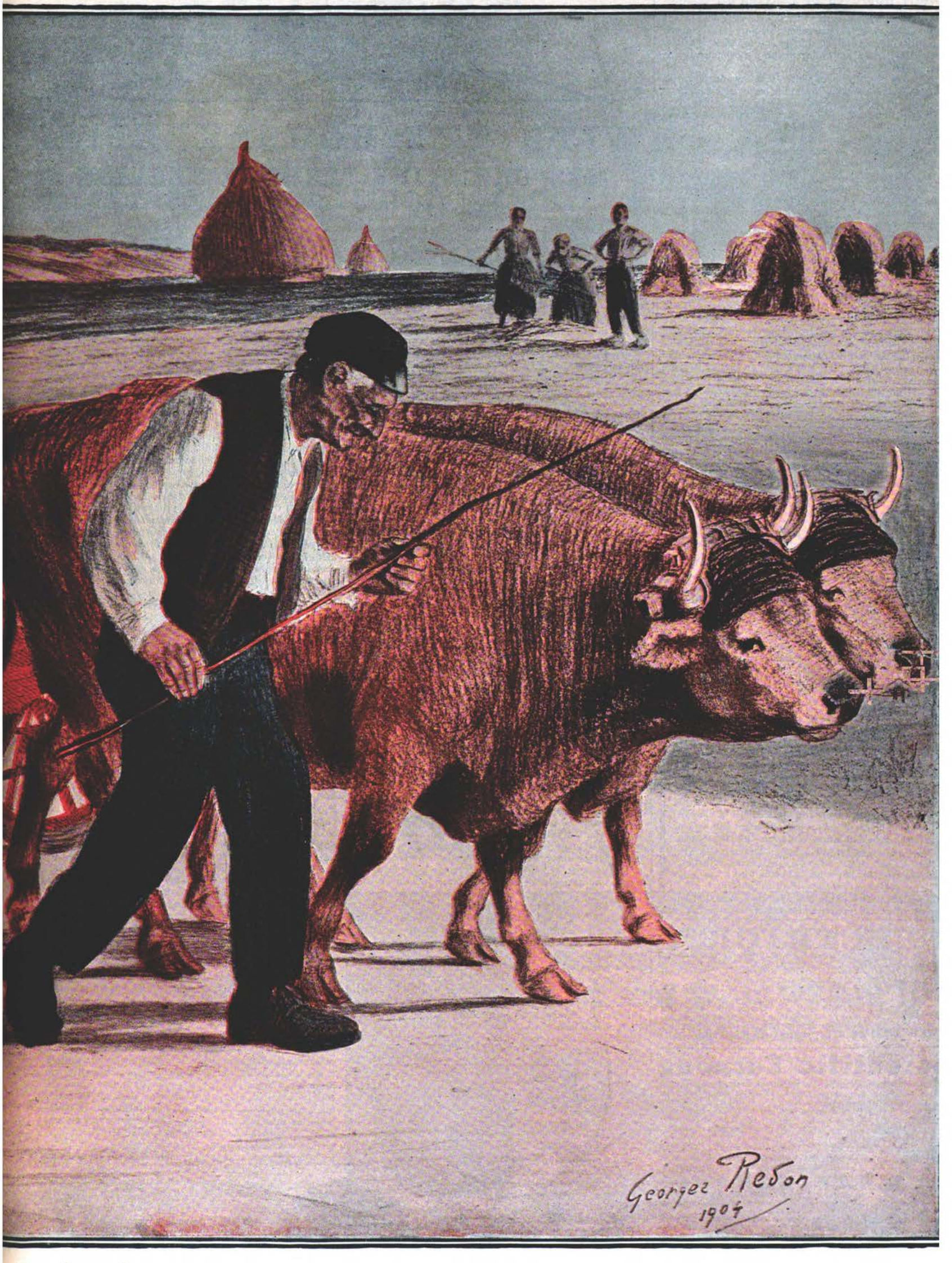
THE following story of "Bob" Burdette, the humorist, is told by his friend, Strickland W. Gillilan, also a humorist, who hails from Baltimore:—

One day, as a California club woman was driving an eastern friend along Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena, California, she pointed to the beautiful Spanish home of the Burdettes, on the hilltop.

"That," she said, "is the home of Rev. Robert J. Burdette. You've heard of him, and read his prose and poetry."

"I've heard of his prose, of course," replied the eastern lady; "but I don't recall his poetry."

"No, of course not," replied her California hostess, "for it's the funniest thing,—he signs all his prose writings 'Robert J. Burdette,' and all his poetry 'James Whitcomb Riley.'"



Indeed

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.]

Home Nursing

MARY MOSS

TO AVOID any impression of wishing to depreciate the trained nurse, let me begin by roundly stating that the only valid reason for not immediately summoning her aid, in case of illness, is a possible flaw in one's own bank account.

There is no doubt that the world contains exceptional beings with whom intuition takes the place of experience and knowledge. I have even heard of a wife so loving and gifted as to cut her husband's hair more satisfactorily than a barber. Still, as a general rule, in "tonsorial art," in teaching, doctoring, dentistry, shoe-polishing, and in care of the sick, the amateur rarely excels the professional. Nevertheless, the emergency may arise when the inexperienced person will have to face a siege of nursing, guided by her wits and such directions as are given by a doctor accustomed to rely upon expert assistance. The only qualities absolutely essential to this work are a few mere trifles:—cleanliness, order, common-sense, gentleness, and tact. That is all!

The mutual attitude of nurse, patient, and doctor has immensely to do with harmony, confidence, and happy convalescence. A very great physician once told me of his invariable routine; at every visit he makes a point of seeing both nurse and patient alone, if only for the briefest interval. If the patient is nourishing secret griefs against the nurse or the world, if a sick fancy is preyed upon by tormented imaginings, that minute of privacy gives a chance for relief, for individual appeal, impossible in the presence of a third person, even of a devoted relative. On the other hand, if a doctor suddenly makes an exception and sees the nurse alone, the least fanciful patient at once leaps to an ineffaceable certainly of new and deadly symptoms.

If possible meet your doctor in the hall and bring him without delay to the sick room. Then quietly stand by and answer all questions asked of you, letting your patient speak for herself. Do not mistake this for a social occasion and feel obliged to brighten the visit with appropriate anecdote. While the doctor may appear to waste time in chaff and nonsense, that probably is with a view to observing the patient, since facial expression is almost as important an aid to diagnosis as pulse or temperature.

By leaving writing materials in another room, out of earshot, (how many thousand patients have been annoyed to exasperation by half-heard whisperings!) you furnish a natural opportunity for the doctor to see you on his way out. Then give a brief account of every development since his last visit, and receive instructions. Do not trust to memory, but keep clear notes of every detail, and give no dose, not even soda mint, without reading the label. If a formal chart be not desired (although any one intelligent enough to be responsible for a sick kitten can learn in fifteen minutes to keep one,) you will save yourself and the patient infinite harassment by planning two systematic daily schedules, one of medicine and nourishment, the other for record of pulse, temperature, treatment, and symptoms. It sounds so simple when your doctor orders light nourishment every three hours, followed at a certain interval by a digestive dose, with seven drops of *this* three times daily, two of *that* between meals, and so on. You start out gaily confident, soon to find the unfortunate victim's bath, doses, food and bed-making have malignantly complicated themselves with the hour for visitors, the doctor's call, and the afternoon nap. In your struggle to restore schedule time, you hurry a meal, skip a dose; distrust is created, sense of effort. The clinical thermometer shows an evening temperature, your patient grows fussy and unmanageable. Also, an intelligently kept record enables another person to relieve you for a few hours, without detriment to your charge.

Remember another thing, no doctor can possibly guess the point where your knowledge stops. Consequently he may emphasize details you have already mastered, and credit you with ability to discriminate between breaking in upon a refreshing sleep and letting your patient sink into exhaustion for lack of nourishment and stimulant. These are the questions you must think out and ask for yourself.

A good professional nurse has experience to guide her and long training; taking only intelligence and zeal you must use more imagination, more self-restraint. She has passed through a smarting period of enlightenment when, in her green days, she put away an unwashed thermometer, sat herself upon the patient's bed and bumped into it, or innocently swung to and fro in that rocking chair always maliciously included in sick-room equipment. Yet if you do these things they will be exactly as undesirable as if your heart were filled with hireling's indifference, instead of brimming over with sweetest tenderness.

Tenderness, in fact, is more called for in convalescence than during acute illness. That the sick-room wheels run with apparent ease will be infinitely more grateful to a person in actual pain or discomfort than assurances of undying affection. Instead of smoothing the patient's brow, quietly guard against wrinkles in the under sheet. Instead of "feeling" if the poor soul be feverish or chilly, see that the hot-water bottle is hot and properly rolled in a soft towel, or that the ice-bag has not sprung a leak. Put your whole mind to disposing the furniture so that you neither take extra steps in walking around tables and chairs, nor stumble twenty times a day over the same footstool. Set all bottles, measures, and medicine-droppers in tidy groups, upon large, flat plates, to avoid sticky marks on window sills and table covers. See that no light dazzles your patient's eyes,—if necessary, change the head of the bed to the foot. Keep fresh drinking water always at hand, and be sure that no used implements are left about, waiting "till some one goes downstairs," also that no half-consumed food is left in sight, destroying appetite for the next meal. In your inevitable struggles with cut-flowers no one can help you. Like Poor Peggy, in "Miss Killmansegg," before the patient is out again many a nurse fairly "hates the scent of roses." You can at least see that no faded ones pollute the atmosphere. In the matter of visitors be very sure that the doctor directs how many may be seen with advantage, and how many at a time, as this may insure an immense saving of discussion.

I seem to be giving a lecture on deportment! Practical details, though simpler to carry out, are less easily described. Moving, bandaging, rubbing, treatment requiring sleight of hand, can not be taught on paper. To change bed linen, without fatigue, move your patient far to one side, as near the edge as possible, roll the under sheet over her so that she is covered and half the mattress bared. By spreading the clean sheets lengthwise, you can make up the unoccupied part of the bed, then slip your patient back, gently pull away the soiled linen, and finish tucking in the space she vacates. With a little forethought, this can be done comfortably and quickly. The only real difficulty is to lift slowly, but absolutely firmly, from the first, with gradually applied force, and without jerking or wavering.

If your patient can sit up, so much the better. Arrange a high chair (if possible one on rollers or a rocking chair,) close to the bed, with cushions and covers ready, so that there will be no exhausting delay, while you "just run to fetch a shawl." Then let your patient sit on the edge of the bed, with feet resting on the ground. Have the chair very close and so intelligently placed that, with your aid, in one motion, the patient can swing into her new position. Then while your bedmaking goes on, turn her the other way, so that unfresh air from used sheets and pillows is not whisked into her eyes and mouth. Naturally, the more clean linen you use, the pleasanter, but where the supply is limited, cheap and practical pads can be easily made and burned. Spread out five thicknesses of newspaper to their full size. Baste these together and cover smoothly with five-cent cheesecloth, which has been thoroughly baked in an oven. This will sterilize it sufficiently for ordinary use. In a short time the least efficient needlewoman can baste together a large number of these at small cost, and in case of a messy illness, they will be found comfortable and easily disposed of.

Fire is a nurse's great assistant. If you have to deal with a cough and purulent expectoration, buy little paper sputum cups, which cost thirty cents a dozen at the apothecaries', or, if these are considered too expensive, soft white Japanese napkins will answer the same purpose, and burn

as readily. If it be a case requiring bandages, get, according to the surgeon's direction, unbleached muslin or the cheapest and least woolly flannel. Six yards is the common length, torn in three-inch widths. This may vary but do not fail to buy whatever length you are going to use. Piecing and makeshift in this particular may economize a very few cents, at the cost of your time and the patient's comfort. Keep your bandages in tight, neat rolls; never let soiled or creased ones accumulate. Very dirty ones should be immediately burned, but those used in ordinary surgery can be washed, ironed, and re-rolled.

Contagious diseases are more trying. As a matter of fact, apart from all question of danger, no amount of precaution is so troublesome as one extra case in your household. Indeed, you might as well begin by humoring without bitterness, the preposterous, unneighborly superstition that your poor little cherub son or daughter will pass on a rash quite as generously as the washerwoman's dirty child. The doctor will require you to hang at the door sheets soaked in a solution of bi-chloride, and to drop all bed-linen in a pail of the same before carrying it down to be washed. The Board of Health will also painfully increase your area of knowledge, but I constantly see people going in and out from a contagious case without one simple precaution used in every hospital isolating ward. Hang a cheap linen duster on a peg by the door, slip this over your dress the minute you enter the room, and take it off before going out into the house. Wash clothes should, of course, be worn in nursing anything "catching," but even so the duster is an added safeguard.

Having considered your patient and family, think a little of yourself. Do not be carried away by a spirit of sacrifice, and unnecessarily wear yourself out by refusing rest, proper food, and attainable recreation. Your patient's welfare depends largely upon your being as well cared for as circumstances permit, and squandering your reserve of health and nervous power leaves little of the poise and cheerfulness so helpful to sick body or mind.

A long bout of illness should make you at once more wisely critical and wisely appreciative of the professional trained nurse. Do not treat her, when she first comes, as an angel with neither bodily nor other failings. Do not make her the confidant of all your troubles on a twenty-four hours' acquaintance and expect her in return to live without sleep. This strange young woman, the doctor, and even you, yourself, are mortal. A frank owning to this inconvenient fact and a competent adjustment to it are essential to the real end in view,—the ease, happiness and recovery of your patient.

SAMPLE OF CHART FOR ONE DAY

A. M.

On Waking. Nourishment: A half cup of hot milk.
8.30. Nourishment: A soft-boiled egg with toast.
8.45. Digestive medicine as directed on bottle.
8.45. Regular medicine as directed.
10.30. Nourishment: Broth and toasted crackers.
11.00. Stimulant: A tablespoonful of whiskey on cracked ice.

P. M

1.30. Nourishment: Stewed oysters; orange juice
2:00. Digestive medicine.
2.15. Regular medicine
4.30. Nourishment: Cocoa, junket, or beaten-up eggs
5.00. Stimulant.
7.30. Nourishment: Milk toast; broth.
8 00. Digestive medicine
8.30. Regular dose.
10.00. Nourishment: Hot milk.

	Morning	Noon.	Evening.
Temperature:	96.00	98 00	102 5-10
Pulse:	70.00	72.00	96 00

Symptoms and Remarks: At ten thirty A. M., complained of flatulence and refused nourishment. After gentle rubbing of abdomen took a very little milk-whey instead of broth. At five, complained of feeling feverish and refused whiskey; took aromatic ammonia on ice instead.

Fresh Air in Sleeping Rooms

THE lack of fresh air in a sleeping room is responsible for many of the morning bad feelings. The close, unpleasant taste in the mouth, the uncomfortable feeling about the head, the languor of the whole body are often the result of poorly ventilated sleeping rooms. Free ventilation is not always possible in apartments. When one has a large house, with airy chambers, it is easy to ventilate properly; but in small bedrooms it is not always possible to admit fresh air at night without someone taking cold.

Yet one must have fresh air in the sleeping room. One woman who has three children occupying one of the rooms of her tiny apartment always airs the rooms after the children are in bed and the last thing before she retires. She covers the children up snugly, opens the windows, and, while they are raised, shakes out the clothes that have been worn during the day and hangs them where they will air thoroughly in readiness for the morning. The air in the room is changed and freshened before she closes the windows.

This is a good plan, but, of course, it is only a poor substitute for the pure air that ought to be coming into the room all night. There is a simple arrangement by which this can be procured. A board about five inches high should be made to fit into the window. Its length must be just the width of the window, and it should be hinged in the middle that it may be the more easily taken out and in. It must be fitted into the window casing just below the bottom of the sash. The window is then closed as far as possible with the board in. This leaves a space between the upper and lower sash by which the fresh air is admitted in an indirect way.

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Entertaining in Summer Time

THOSE who have hospitable instincts, and yet can not command the resources of the purse of Fortunatus, may yet achieve a very respectable degree of success in the entertainment of their friends if they observe a few tried and proved rules.

In the first place, do not attempt to do more than you can do well.

If your establishment does not warrant the giving of house-parties you may open wide the doors of your home to two or three friends and give them a few days full of simple pleasures. Good hostesses, like poets, are born not made,—for the instinct of hospitality is essential,—but the most successful persons in anything are those who, with small beginnings, have, little by little, grown expert in doing great things with ease. In our country there still remains enough of the spirit of democracy to make friendships possible between persons of very different incomes. Do not try to model the conduct of your household after the pattern of that to which your guests are accustomed, but draw them into the atmosphere that belongs to your own home. Every place where people live and love each other, every true home has a dignity and an individuality that give to it a charm all its own, and offer as well the spice of variety and novelty that no mere copy of familiar ways could give.

* *

Next, do not ignore the attractions that lie in simplicity,—artistic simplicity, if possible, of which the French are the great masters and exponents—but even simplicity in itself is to be commended in the country, where artificiality and even grandeur are out of place. "All is fine that is fit," says the old English proverb. We get more real, spontaneous, healthy fun and enjoyment where wealth is not too apparent to rouse envy or emulation, and assuredly a suspicion of that infirmity of vulgar minds—the love of "showing off,"—kills all pleasure.

Personal qualities,—graciousness, cordiality, merry light-heartedness, consideration for others, lift simple modes of hospitality out of the commonplace. "I should be glad to see my friends, if I had only ham-rinds for dinner!" exclaimed one woman who contrived with the slenderest of purses to give her friends really "good times."

If the hostess sets the example of wearing simple gowns in which the attraction lies chiefly in their freshness, the women guests will usually enjoy emancipation from the necessity of being on dress parade.

Men have conquered for themselves a certain independence in this regard, but every woman feels a challenge at the appearance of a gown of undeniably Parisian extraction.

The arrangement of the house itself may be made to contribute much to the ease, content, and sense of well-being of one's guests. Nothing should be too fine for comfort, and the rooms should be made homelike by daily use. Nothing but living in them will take the stiffness out. If possible, have fresh flowers in the bedrooms, and, however plain, let them be exquisitely neat, freshly aired, and made to look cool and reposeful while supplied with all the little coinforts.

Another secret of success in summer hospitality lies in the contrast to all that the winter has offered. It is very little more trouble to set the breakfast or luncheon table out on the piazza or under the trees, and yet it seems like the discovery of a new sense when we find how delicious everything tastes in the open air.

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A few fresh flowers—whatever Nature offers at the moment in her continuous "flower shows,"—should have their place on the table, and then fruit, wafer-thin bread and butter, fresh eggs and coffee would satisfy the most epicurean appetite for breakfast, while for luncheon the *menu* may be supplemented merely by cold meats and a well-made salad, and varied by icing the coffee or tea. Cresses, radishes or young onions served amid bits of ice make attractive additions and berries or fruits in dishes lined with their own leaves are most fittingly presented.

In summer, a late dinner should be served by candlelight and the table set only with fruit, flowers, and—if desired,—small dishes of olives, salted nuts, etc. The soup, hot joints and vegetables should be served from a side table.

The porcelain candles, made to contain real ones, which as they burn are pushed up by a spring, are most satisfactory, economizing every inch of candle, and the wick is so inclosed that the candle shades never catch fire.

Do not let the entertainment of your guests burden you. Remember that their surroundings and your companionship have the attraction of novelty for the first day or so. Never "fuss" over them or reveal anxiety for their pleasure,—which defeats its own object. Country smells, sights and sounds,—the green earth, bright foliage, bird notes, the expanse of cloud-flecked blue,—all conspire with you to give them a sense of pleasurable content, if you keep them much out of doors.

Therefore, have your piazza fitted up as attractively as possible, with hammocks, rugs, and comfortable chairs of wicker or rattan, where your friends may also spend the evenings.

If there is one among you who can sing or play, the most modest talent will find appreciation, especially if the voice or piano may be heard from the drawing-room while enjoying the fresh air. The most timid performer gains courage to do himself credit when the audience is unseen.

Better still, the accompaniment of a banjo, a guitar, a mandolin, or a zither, even to a voice of no pretension, is sure to please.

You have but to string Japanese lanterns from post to post to give it a gala appearance when you ask your friendliest neighbors to meet your guests. Piazza parties are pleasantly informal.

The half-light is favorable to conversation, and there are many games and contests that may be played, which, drawing upon wit, memory, or attention, require no aid from sight. A trifling prize adds to the fun.

A good story-teller is always welcome, and there is much unsuspected ability of this sort lying dormant, until aroused by the example of others. A hostess may ask each in turn to relate the most thrilling adventure or most embarrassing situation of his or her life. The result usually proves entertaining. Nearly everyone enjoys reminiscences, and few are averse to being the heroes of their own tales, reserving the privilege to suppress what they please.

Country hostesses should be proficient in brewing cool, "soft" drinks, which, when sipped in congenial companionship out under the stars or in the witching moonlight, have an appealing attraction.

If it be desired to choose the occasion of the presence of visitors to extend hospitality to outside friends and neighbors, an out-of-door card party will be enjoyed, if lawn and shade trees lend themselves to its pleasant accommodation. On the arrival of the guests a basket of loose flowers may be presented. Each lady takes a posy, and those choosing the same kind of flower play at the same table, those whose blossoms match both in kind and color being partners.

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The game may be played progressively if the hostess chooses and "Hearts" or some card frolic selected. The prizes are not seen until awarded by the hostess. They should not be so handsome as to be coveted for themselves, but only to make the little victory a bit conspicuous.

Tea, hot and iced, lettuce, sandwiches, ices and cakes, should be served at the little tables after the prizes are awarded.

We considered the subject of lawn-parties last month, but a pretty variation of such an entertainment is a little play out of doors, using the shrubbery for the "wings." These have been very successfully given at Bar Harbor, and also at places that boasted of tiny lawns. *Tableaux*, illustrating familiar book titles, are easily achieved. The audience is provided with booklets, with pencils attached, wherein they write their guesses of what title is represented. The one whose book chronicles the greatest number of correct guesses is given a prize. Space only is wanting in which to suggest the multitude of simple, pleasant things to be done during the long, lazy summer days. Mother Nature invites us all to frolic or to rest in her capacious lap, and the winter will find us refreshed and reinvigorated,—ready to take up our work with a song, not a sigh.

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Little Hints on Good Breeding

ONE'S ailments are never matters of public interest, and one's troubles annoy those whom they do not sadden.

* * * *

Guests should not allow their hosts to incur needless expense on their behalf. When visiting city friends they should pay their own cab hires, car fares, express charges, and telephone tolls, if messages are sent at long distances, but, if the host will not permit, it is in better taste to yield the point than to prolong a discussion.

* * * *

A young girl should accept no attentions from men until they have called at her home, at her invitation or that of

one of her family, and have thus established a footing of acquaintanceship.

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Calls upon strangers who have come to reside in a place should be made by the neighbors as soon as possible after the persons are known to be ready to receive them. There should be neither haste nor delay. Hurry may be intrusive and delay lacking in courtesy. Of course first calls should be returned promptly. The conventional interval is a fortnight.

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It is very bad form not to return a first call, unless the caller be a really objectionable person to know. But the first call returned, none other need follow and the acquaintance may be allowed to drop. For the person, however, who makes the first call, not to make a second after the former one has been courteously returned would be indefensible unless for some very cogent reason. Why begin an acquaintance only to drop it?

• • • •

The French have been the instructors of the civilized world in the arts of politeness. In their opinion discourtesy is heresy. They appear to attach much importance to your opinions, give their entire attention to your most trivial utterances, have the grace even to allow you to be mistaken, without calling you to account, and leave you with the impression that you have made a pleasing one upon them. A sick man is never told that he looks bad, though he be at death's door, and a woman is always treated as if she were young and beautiful.

• • • •

It is no longer customary at the tables of those socially well-placed to serve the hostess first. It is an old fashion, a survival of the times when for the hosts to taste wine or food first, was the assurance to the guests that it was not poisoned.

• • • •

At church weddings every woman, including the bride, should wear a hat,—unless she wears a veil. This is according to custom and precedent.

• • • •

In well-regulated households no caller is ever told at the door that the servant "will see whether the mistress is at home or not." Instructions to that effect should be given in advance so that a caller's time may not be wasted in such investigation.

• • • •

In going up stairs a woman is given precedence by a man, but in descending a staircase he goes first, to avoid the risk of stepping upon her gown, or in case of a misstep to afford her support.

• • • •

Some young women, when receiving a man's call, contrive to make him feel in a homelike atmosphere. They are natural, friendly, informal, but without undue freedom of manner. They make him realize his welcome without stirring his vanity, show sympathy in his interests, but without adulation. The cheap conquests made by flattering men's vanity are responsible for much married infelicity.

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In nothing does a girl show herself underbred so much as when lacking in respect and deference to her mother, except when such affront is offered to her father. If such an one had the gift of seeing herself as others see her, she would feel nothing but disgust.

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The behavior of father and mother toward each other sets an example that will probably serve as the standard of conduct in the households of which the children in their turn will be the heads.

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A woman should not go into the hall to meet a man, but greet him in the drawing-room, unless he is a very intimate family friend. When entertaining another caller, it would be the height of discourtesy to excuse herself to leave him to meet the newcomer. She should remain quietly seated until the later arrival enters the room, and then rise to welcome him.

• • • •

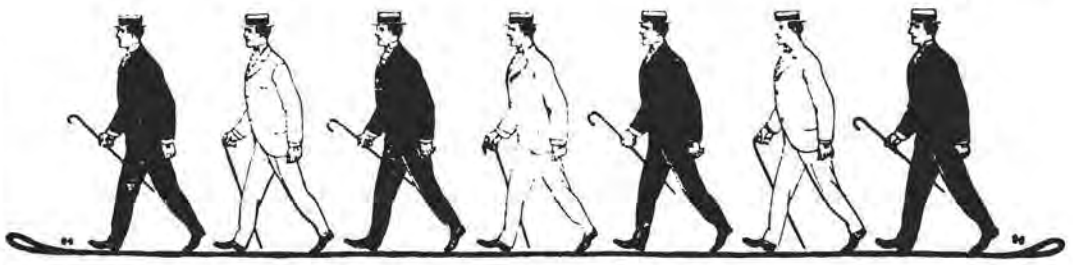
In order that children may learn politeness, they must be treated with courtesy,—thanked when they do little services, and spoken to in a controlled voice when reprimanded. Above all else, parents and elders must treat one another with well-bred politeness before them, for children are very imitative little creatures.

THE NOBLER AMBITION

LEE FAIRCHILD

ONE need not stand upon the mountain top
Where big winds blow and there is little room
In order to succeed, if he but stop
Down in the valley and help make that bloom.

One need not lead an army in the field
And this mad world with Jove's dread thunders jar
To win a fadeless crown, if he but wield
The wand of Peace and so prevent a war.



THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[EDITOR OF "THE HABERDASHER"]

EVENING clothes express the truest elegance in dress; their very plainness invests them with a dignity all their own. It is a notable fact that while fashion's pot is always boiling, evening clothes are exempt. The hallowed "clawhammer" of our fathers' day is the prim "swallowtail" of to-day, and "the snowy expanse of shirt bosom," dear to the penny-a-liner, gleams just as snowy after sundown as it ever did. Simplicity and uniformity are the cardinal features of evening dress, which gives no rein to personal taste or individual notions, but restricts the wearer to severe black and white.

THE "TUXEDO" COLLAR AND TIE

Periodical attempts are made,—generally by very young men,—to introduce velvet collars, turn-back cuffs, embroidered shirt fronts and like oddities in evening clothes, but these attempts end always in failure. The standard has been set by custom and tradition, and to it we cling unswervingly. Indeed, so fixed are the rules governing evening dress, that he who deviates from them in the slightest degree is looked at askance, and forfeits all claim to good breeding. Not to know what constitutes correct evening dress is almost as great a social enormity as eating with one's knife or congratulating a bride instead of a bridegroom.

Evening clothes are divided into those for formal and informal occasions. Formal evening dress is worn after sunset at every function at which women are to be met, such as the opera, the play, musicales, dinners, dances, calls, and club and association banquets. The evening suit is made of black unfinished worsted, and the coat should be cut so as to outline the figure,—that is, it should fit snugly at the waist and sides. The lapels are peaked and silk-faced to the edge. Inasmuch as the length of the evening coat varies slightly from year to year, it is well to have one's coat reach to the bend of the knee.

Trousers should be cut rather wide to allow freedom of movement in dancing. They have braided outer seams, one broad stripe being preferred to two narrow stripes. The waistcoat is now always white; black waistcoats are too suggestive of the club servant. Washable duck or *piqué*, cut single or double breasted, is most indorsed, though various fancy silk fabrics are also used. I recommend simple duck or *piqué*, because it is easily laundered, whereas silk materials must be "dry-cleaned," a delicate and uncertain process. The waistcoat buttons should be pearl or gold. Jeweled buttons are a fad of the younger set, but since they tend to detract from the underlying principle of evening dress,—simplicity,—they have not won general approval. Needless to add, the waistcoat should fit perfectly, as upon it depends, in a measure, the hang of the coat and the smoothness of the shirt.

With the evening suit is worn a plain white shirt guiltless of tucks or embroidery. It should be laundered with the lusterless or "domestic" finish, for nothing is so repugnant to a gentleman as shiny linen. The shirt has cuffs attached—separable cuffs are in abominable taste at all times,—and from one to three stud holes. The solitaire stud hole is the newest, but the number of stud holes is to be determined by a man's stature. The short-waisted man needs two or three stud holes to make him appear long-waisted, while his long-waisted brother gains in trimness by reducing the number. The correct collar to wear with formal evening dress is the "poke" or the "lap-front." This should fit snugly, and the fact that all collars are made in quarter as well as half sizes, renders an ill-fitting collar needless.

The evening cravat is white and cut quite broad, so as to give a full, capacious effect. Soft cotton stuffs, plain or corded in weave, are used, rather than the frail lawn fabrics which are hard to knot tidily. There should be no trouble whatever in having one's evening tie look trim, as all the better shops sell ties of a particular size to fit a particular collar. An innovation in evening ties which is decidedly practical is a tie with tabs attached to the front. These fasten over the collar-button like a collar and prevent the tie from shifting or mounting, as it has a discomposing habit of doing. All the various clips and metal devices purporting to prevent the evening tie from slipping are useless and, moreover, are prone to become embarrassingly conspicuous during wear. Aside from this, a man dislikes to put on anything stiff and mechanical, but prides himself on his deftness in adjusting his cravat. Ready-made ties are not worn by any man with a sense of the fitness of things, and they have a "wax-figure" aspect which is absolutely fatal to grace and becomingness in dress. If one can not master the intricacies of cravat tieing, it is best to call in the aid of another pair of hands.

The evening handkerchief should be of simple white linen; silk is not in good taste, though silk handkerchiefs are carried by some men, because they can be folded into a smaller compass and do not make the pocket bulge so much. Fobs are not worn and watch chains are never visible. If one wishes to use a watch chain, it may be slipped in and out through the suspenders under the waistcoat, the watch resting in the change pocket of the trousers. Some men who find suspenders an encumbrance at all times wear patent-leather belts with evening clothes, and these, to be sure, are more comfortable if one's waist is slender enough to enable a snug adjustment of the trousers over the hips. Violent exercise like dancing, however, is apt to loosen the grip of the belt and make the trousers trail at the heel most awkwardly.

Evening shoes are of patent leather, with button tops, or patent leather Oxfords, laced. Pumps are only worn when one is going to a dance, and they should be as thin as possible and have a wide, flat silk bow over the instep. To prevent the pumps from getting soiled on the street or in entering and leaving the carriage, it is advisable to wear the button shoes to the host's or hostess's house and to carry the pumps in one's overcoat pocket. The shoes may then be changed in the dressing-room and again when one is preparing to depart. The socks are of black silk, with silk side "clocks" inconspicuously embroidered on them. Black silk socks with white "clocking" are the freshest fad of young men and undeniably they look well.

Evening gloves for house wear are of lusterless white *glacé*, either with plain white backs or with black silk backs. The last mentioned are newer and a shade more fashionable. *Glacé* gloves are not worn on the street. Instead, white buckskin gloves are used and these are exchanged for the former in the dressing-room. All dress gloves fasten with pearl buttons, never with metal clasps, which are the badge of the cheap article. With formal evening clothes the studs and cuff buttons must be pearl, not gold, to conform to the simple color scheme of black and white. Link cuff buttons are the only correct kind; what are humorously termed "barrel cuffs" are in atrociously bad form.

THE CORRECT "TUXEDO" DINNER JACKET

The proper hat to wear with evening clothes is the high silk, with a cloth, instead of a silk band. The so-called "opera" or crush hat has been so misused for occasions to which it is unsuited, that there is now a distinct reaction in favor of the silk hat for all ceremonious occasions, save the opera or the play. At every well-conducted social function there is a dressing-room in charge of a competent attendant, so that there is no longer any danger of having one's silk hat scratched or crushed by careless hands. At the theater, however, the "opera" hat is almost indispensable, because one

is pressed for room and the silk hat would be unwieldy and in the way.

Informal evening dress calls for the "Tuxedo" or jacket suit. This may be black or deep gray; the younger set countenances gray. The jacket has a notched or "step" collar instead of the old-fashioned "shawl" collar, and the trousers have no braid on them. The waistcoat is pearl gray, cut with broad, low-lying lapels. The tie is a black bow, plain or figured, adjusted into a full knot. A plaited white shirt accompanies the "Tuxedo" jacket, and the collar is a "fold" or a "wing."

Many men confuse the occasions on which the evening suit and the "Tuxedo" suit may be worn, forgetting that the "Tuxedo" is purely an informal jacket. It can never take the place of the "swallowtail," but is limited to little assemblies where men meet informally, such as club gatherings, club dinners, stag and home dinners. This rule is inviolable,—the "Tuxedo" must never be worn when women are around. Deference to the gentle sex prescribes that a man dress ceremoniously when he is to meet women, and as the "Tuxedo" is in effect only a lounging jacket, it is clearly out of place except among men and when one wishes to loll at one's ease.

THE CORRECT SHIRT, COLLAR, AND TIE

THE HAT FOR A "TUXEDO" JACKET

While one sees a white waistcoat worn now and then with the "Tuxedo," a pearl-gray waistcoat is more appropriate, because the white waistcoat belongs more distinctively to formal evening dress.

WORK

Warwick James Price

The work which presents no difficulties to be overcome soon grows uninteresting.

There are some workers so anxious to catch time by the forelock that they almost tear the forelock off.

If it is true that good work implies that the workman knows himself, it is equally true that the best work shows that he has forgotten himself.

There is only one right way to work,—and it is neither in doing things before they are started, nor in doing them all over again after they are finished.

Go to some successful workman and ask him which of his days were happiest and it's long odds that he'll say to you, "Those in which I began my career."

It is only when at work that man fulfills his proper place in God's creature scheme. They are indeed rare exceptions who "also serve, who only stand and wait."

The world is altogether too restricted in its use of the word "art." Work of any kind, done superlatively well, is art,—dusting pictures as well as painting them.

A good worker is pretty much like a horse, after all. When it's up-hill, going don't worry him; when it's down-hill, going don't hurry him, and be sure and take good care of him once he's in the barn.

Remember that talking is one of the fine arts,—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult,—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single harsh note.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MRS. HERRICK'S TABLE TALK

MAKE your food simple in the summer. Try to establish for your table a different standard than that of heavy plenty. The merest tyro in dietetics knows that meat and fats are not essential to the system during the heated term. Most people understand, too, that we need less food when the mercury is in the nineties than when it is hovering about the freezing mark.

Don't overwork your digestion when it is so hot that you spare the rest of your physical mechanism as much hard labor as possible; and when you fill your stomach give it something it can take care of easily. The very indications of the season are so many finger posts telling what food is convenient for us at this time of year. Now is the day and the hour of fruits and vegetables. Never are they so plentiful, so cheap, or so good as in midsummer,—and this is an exception to the general rule which makes things cheap and nasty or delicious and costly.

So, eat vegetables. I do not advise you to turn vegetarian, for we are, as a rule, carnivorous enough to crave a bit of meat for a relish, if no more. For the benefit of those who think work can not be accomplished except upon a meat diet, no matter what the season, I will repeat the statement of an expert in dietetics, who informed me, a good deal to my discomfiture, that one can work longer without getting hungry on a meal of vegetables than on one of flesh. The latter is rapidly digested, but a meal of vegetables is said to stay by the eater for six hours. I dare say its abiding power varies with the rapidity or slowness of the individual eater's digestive processes, but the mere fact that it will linger by any one for that space of time is encouraging to those who offer vegetables to their families in hot weather. There is relief in the thought that one can supply craving nature and cut down the butcher's bills with the same action.

Cook your vegetables carefully, as a matter of course. Don't serve them watery and overdone. Give a little attention to them and don't think that any one can cook vegetables. Any one can't. There is as much difference between vegetables well cooked and poorly cooked as between steak or pastry under similar conditions. It is worth while to add that well-served vegetables demand so much butter in their dressing that no one need be afraid of not receiving a sufficient proportion of fat in a vegetable diet.

Study simplicity in the make-up of your meals. Summer is not the season for long sessions at table and for heavy course meals once you are there. Have fruit a-plenty at breakfast,—berries, peaches, pears, plums, and, above all, melons, which are the best of breakfast fruits. Have a cereal and omit meat altogether. Dwell lightly upon it at the later meals. Use salads freely, and more fruit, as well as the vegetables. I know of one family where a regular dinner is abjured in summer, and in its place is offered a substantial lunch at noon, and a hearty supper at night. The plan may be worth trying.

STUFFED CUCUMBER SALAD

HOT-WEATHER RECIPES

Iced and Jellied Chicken Bouillon

Cover a large jointed fowl with cold water. Set at the side of the range where it will come slowly to a boil, and simmer steadily for four hours. At the end of that time, take from the fire, season with celery salt, onion juice, and white pepper and set away to get very cold. Skim off all fat, and strain out the bones and meat, and return to the fire with a quarter-box of gelatine that has soaked for an hour in a gill of cold water. As soon as the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved, take the soup from the fire, strain through a flannel jelly bag, and set aside to get cool. When cold, put in the ice chest. Serve this jellied *bouillon* in chilled cups, laying a sprig of parsley on each cup. *Bouillon* prepared and served in this way is nourishing and palatable without being heating.

JELLIED CHICKEN BROTH IN CUP WITH WHIPPED CREAM

Iced Clam and Chicken Bouillon

This is a pleasant variation of the above recipe. After carefully washing the shells of a dozen hard-shelled clams, lay them in a stewpan, add a half gill of scalding water, cover closely, and set at the side of the range until the shells are wide open and the clam juice flows freely. Strain this off, boil up once, set aside until cold, and strain through cheese cloth. Set in the ice until very cold. Have ready iced chicken *bouillon* made according to the foregoing recipe, omitting the gelatine. Stir the clam juice into this, season to taste, and serve in chilled cups with a heaping tablespoonful of whipped cream on the surface of each cup.

Creamed and Whipped Codfish

Flake into tiny bits enough cold boiled cod to make two cupfuls of the fish. For this amount allow two cups of rich milk and one cup of cream. Heat the milk and stir the fish gradually into it. Bring to the scalding point, and whip in a heaping tablespoonful of butter rubbed into one of flour. Beat steadily until the fish becomes very thick, then put in the cream, to which has been added a pinch of baking soda. Stir until the boiling point is again reached, take from the fire and whip hard for a minute before pouring on rounds of heated toast from which the crust has been pared. Lay a slice of hard-boiled egg on top of each mound of the creamed fish. This is a delicious dish.

Lobster or Chicken Soufflé

Into two cups of finely minced boiled salmon or lobster, stir the whipped yolks of four eggs, a cup of cream, and a teaspoonful of melted butter. Add a dash of cayenne, salt to taste, and flavor with a little lemon-juice. Beat hard for five minutes. Have ready stiffened the whites of the eggs, fold these in lightly and quickly, pour all into a buttered pudding-dish and bake for half an hour in a steady oven. Serve at once.

Broiled Sardines

Select large, firm sardines for this dish. Drain off the oil. Place the sardines on an oyster-broiler and cook over a clear fire just long enough to heat them through. Lay each sardine on a long and narrow strip of toast that has been spread with anchovy paste.

Cheesed Rice and Eggs

Into a pint of rice, boiled so that every grain stands separate, beat five eggs. Cook, stirring, for three minutes. Whip to a light mass, season to taste, turn into a hot dish and pour a white sauce made thick with grated cheese over the mixture.

Green Corn Omelet

Grate the kernels from six ears of boiled corn. Heat in a saucepan with a gill of

milk and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Take from the fire and set aside to cool. When cold, beat into the corn mixture the whipped yolks of five eggs, salt and pepper to taste, and turn into a heated and greased omelet pan, folding in the stiffened whites just before doing this. Cook until set, then double over and serve.

Fried Tomatoes

Wipe, but do not peel, large tomatoes. Cut into thick slices with a very sharp knife, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dip in egg and then in cracker-dust, and set in the ice chest for an hour before frying in hissing butter.

Stuffed and Baked Tomatoes

Cut a slice off the stem end of large firm tomatoes. Scoop out the inside, leaving a thick wall of the tomato. Mix the pulp with half a green pepper, chopped fine, a tablespoonful of rice, and salt and pepper to taste. Return this mixture to the tomatoes, and place a thick bit of cheese in the open end of the tomato. Bake until tender. The cheese melting and running down into the tomato-mixture imparts a delicious flavor.

Anchovy and Tomato Toast

Toast slices of crustless bread, spread thickly with anchovy paste or with minced anchovies. Place on a hot dish and pour a well-seasoned tomato sauce over all.

Baked Eggplant

Boil an eggplant for fifteen minutes, drain, and when cold, cut into halves, lengthwise, and scoop out the insides. Chop the pulp and mix with it the same quantity of cold minced chicken, veal, or ham, a handful of bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, celery seed and lemon-juice to taste, and a generous spoonful of melted butter. Mix thoroughly, return to the halved vegetable, and cover the top with browned crumbs. Put into a baking-pan, pour in seasoned stock deep enough to come one-fourth up the side of the eggplant, and bake for nearly an hour, basting frequently. Transfer to a hot dish, add onion-juice, salt and pepper to the sauce in the pan, thicken with a brown *roux*, and pour about the eggplant.

Baked Cucumbers

Wipe off large cucumbers, and split them from end to end. Take out the pulp from the centers, not stopping to reject the seeds. Put the pulp into a chopping bowl and add half a tomato, one-half a green pepper and seasoning to taste. Chop all very fine, add a tablespoonful of buttered crumbs, and a little melted butter. Return this mixture to the cucumbers, place a bit of butter on the rounded top of each, and bake for an hour. Serve, if you wish, with melted butter sauce.

Egg and Anchovy Salad

Remove the skin from six anchovies. Peel and cut into halves six hard-boiled eggs. Rub the anchovies to a paste with a little butter, and add the yolks of the eggs. Season to taste, adding butter or salad oil until you have a smooth, soft mass. Roll this mixture into balls the size of egg-yolks and replace these in the halved whites. Stand these on end, heaping the anchovy mixture on them. Place in a bed of crisp lettuce and serve with a mayonnaise dressing.

Mixed Salad

Mix together a quarter cup of boiled and peeled potatoes, cut into dice a quarter cup of turnips, prepared in the same way, the same quantity of boiled beets and celery, cut into small bits of uniform size, and a half-cup of cold boiled peas and a half-cup of string beans, cut into quarter-inch lengths. Stir well together, add six stoned and chopped olives, three small pickles, minced, and stir in a good French dressing. Line a salad bowl with lettuce and heap this mixture in the center.

Tomato and Cress Salad

Wipe large tomatoes and scoop out the insides. To three parts of this pulp add one part of chopped green peppers, from which all seeds and white membrane have been removed, and two parts of water cress that has been quickly broken, not chopped, into tiny bits. Return this mixture to the tomato shells, stand each tomato on a leaf of lettuce, and pour a great spoonful of mayonnaise over each. In the top of each tomato stick a sprig of water cress.

Orange and Banana Salad

Those who are fond of the sweet fruit salad now so popular will like the following combination. Peel and slice four oranges and three bananas. Place in a chilled bowl in alternate layers, and pour over them a dressing made of a wineglassful of sherry, two tablespoonfuls of maraschino, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and, if it is wished, a little lemon-juice. Decorate the dish with maraschino cherries. Serve at once.

Peach Whip

Soak a half-box of gelatine in a gill of cold water, then cover with a cup of boiling water. Rub a pint of stewed peaches through a sieve, and add the liquor or syrup in which they were cooked. Stir this into the dissolved gelatine, and flavor to taste with lemon juice. Set in the ice chest until thoroughly cold. As it begins to stiffen beat in the whipped whites of three eggs. When you have a thick mass, turn into a mold with cold water, and set in the ice until wanted. Serve with whipped cream. This dessert may also be made of apricots or any other stewed fruit.

What to Wear and How to Wear It

MARTHA DEAN HALLAM

4688.—Child's Rompers. In sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age.

4689.—Girls' Play Apron. In sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age.

4690.—Child's Dress, with opening on shoulder and sleeve cap. Sizes: from 2 to 9 years.

A Series of Summer Styles

SIMPLICITY seems to be the keynote of this season's styles. The most exquisitely dainty effects shown us prove, on close inspection, to be simply constructed. In many instances a small cluster of tucks or a bit of plaited fullness is introduced by a few deft touches, and the result is a creation of quiet grace and elegance. Many of the fancy waists are shirred to give a slight blouse fullness that is confined at the waist in a crush girdle.

In the matter of skirts, the five and seven-gored and circular models seem to predominate. The gored models are many of them shirred about the top, while the others are plaited in tight-fitting and full flare effects. The box-plaited models are a tie for first place in popularity. These are stitched to knee depth, fitting smoothly over the hips and flaring pronouncedly below. These skirts may be made with success by the home dressmaker, while the circular skirt is more difficult of construction. The present vogue for skirts which escape the ground is one extremely practical, and has gained so great a hold with the fashionable world that trailing gowns are seldom seen except for special occasions. The skirts for summer are very light and cool, being made of Panama cloth, voile, or silk, as well as of the popular linen piqué and pongee. Summer clothes are to be summer clothes. There is no need of anyone wearing hot, uncomfortable garments. Materials are of the thinnest, sleeves are short, collars low and cool, waists comfortably loose, and skirts escaping the ground. What more could be desired?

Lingerie materials are rampant everywhere,—filmy hats, waists, skirts, shoes, coats, and parasols, and many of them adorned with the eyelet embroidery. If the charm of summer clothes lies in the possibility of having them fresh for each wearing, surely this season's apparel should be unusually delightful. *Lingerie* petticoats will be worn with all manner of gowns and are to be seen through the sheerest of frocks.

There are wraps for every kind of weather and for every degree of temperature. Jaunty little Etons and trim boleros appear in every kind of fabric, while the redingote costume is extremely smart in linen, veiling, or silk. The cape also is here and in very fetching designs. The vogue for billowy lace and gauze skirts, to be worn with silk coats, leads the way for the most attractive of house garments. At its loveliest, this appears in the *trousseau* of the summer bride, where the length of her purse strings alone will limit its sumptuousness. For the modest wardrobe there are inexpensive *Messalines*, *crêpes*, and other thin silks, as well as fine wools and thin cottons in an endless variety of weaves. Lace and embroidered flouncings can be purchased at a very moderate price at this time of the year, and make charming skirts for such uses.

The summer negligee and tea gown are visions of delight fashioned of the filmiest laces and *lingerie* materials. The prettiest matinées are extremely short,—reaching only to the waist-line or to a little below it. This lends a jaunty youthfulness to the wearer. Many of these have foundations of this kilted silk over which the finest net or lace is hung. For lounging and dressing jackets, sheer lawn, dimity, or batiste is used, with ruffles scalloped about the edges and more or less embroidered. These launder excellently, and are very satisfactorily made at home. The French and German Valenciennes laces are much used for trimming these and prove very adorning. In the longer negligee, the Chinese mandarin coat is a becoming model that finds a place in the smartest wardrobe. It is embroidered and banded in the colors of the Orient, the dull tones being especially attractive. Many of these are very beautiful, and will be worn as part of the daintiest tea gowns.

Shirt-waist suits are evolving new uses. They now appear in styles for morning, afternoon, shopping, and visiting. Silk, *sicilienne*, pongee and linen are the popular materials, while the dressy gowns are fashioned of lawn and the light fluffier fabrics. The designs for morning wear are trim and plain while those for afternoon are shirred, tucked, and plaited. Many pretty waists are made after the surplice fashion with the accompanying chemisette. This is a cool mode for summer, and is also a very becoming one. In Paris, silk seems to have won the world of fashion, so much so that every kind of frock for general wear is evolved therefrom. This material will be popular until November.

It is a little queer to make one's sheer muslin and embroidered gowns with long coats, yet this is one of the dictates of Dame Fashion. The skirts are of trailing length, and by the way we may yet go back to even length in front and on the sides and a decided dip in the back. These new muslin jupes have ruffles of *lingerie*. The coats are of thin silk, generally light *peau de soie*, and cut on the Princess redingote order, reaching to the knees and fitting well over the hips, with rounded fronts. Some of the coats have turnover collars and cuffs, but most of them have flat plaiting of fine lace, which ends at the waist or top of the girdle.

Foot Gear for Midsummer

MARY LE MONT

FEW of us can recall any season when foot gear has held so important a position in the world of dress as now. Fads for foot gear are as numerous as fancy can devise, and these fads tend to beauty rather than to striking effects.

Hosiery must match both shoes and dress, and it is sometimes used, as the trimming of a gown is, to contrast with the gown. In this case the hosiery matches the hat and trimmings of the gown and the shoes match the gown itself.

All the shades which range around brown are fashionable; as tans, champagne tints, linen colors, onion browns, and

SMART FOOT GEAR FOR MIDSUMMER

6342.—Ladies' Tea Gown. In sizes from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

reddish and golden browns. These come in infinite varieties and in all manner of exquisite lace effects in both lisle thread and silk. Many of the plain surfaces are dotted over with hand embroidered dots, or have small designs of forget-me-nots or rosebuds sprinkled up the front. This work may be done by hand and the blossoms formed in relation to the gown with which they will be worn. White hosiery is also very popular, and this is because white gowns and shoes will be worn so much.

4686.—Child's Princess Dress. In sizes for children from 1 to 6 years.
4687.—Girls' Round Yoke Dress. In sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years.

Lace effects will be very prominent in fine hosiery, but the newest, and one of the most fashionable of all, is a two-thread chameleon stocking, either in plain tints or embroidered with one of the deeper tones of color that appear in the weave.

These hose are really all one color, but they take on a variety of hues as the light falls upon them, and all the colors are of the softest. No sharp, strong coloring is to be seen.

It is a good plan to wear gowns of colors that are not

6338.—Ladies' Cuff and Coat Set. In three sizes:—small, medium, and large.

6339.—Ladies' Corset Cover. In sizes from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

difficult to match, since the matching of shoes and hosiery becomes a most difficult problem when peculiar tints are used.

One must either have boot tops to match a gown, or else wear spats of the color of the gown. The latter is scarcely less expensive than the former style, since spats to match gowns are by no means the easiest things in the world to procure. The least troublesome method is to have them made of the material of the gown, and this can seldom be accomplished.

Heels are not as excessively high as they were, but they still remain high upon dressy shoes and of all heights upon other sorts. French heels seem to be a bit more popular than the Cuban ones, and are almost exclusively the proper heels for dress occasions. Shoes have become more feminine and frivolous than ever. They have dainty soles and tops that are as artistic as money and skill can make them. Extension soles are as uncommon, upon any sort of woman's shoe,—except those for sporting purposes,—as they were common some seasons back.

A pretty fad is to have the tops of the shoes of a different shade of the color of the gown, but one which blends softly with it and is less conspicuous in hue. Another thing that is considered, both in shoe tops and hosiery, is the appearance of the ankles. Colors are chosen that will make the ankles appear slender and small, and patterns of embroidery or of lace are selected with a view to the same end. Stripes in lace patterns and in woven or embroidered figures tend to give a slender appearance to the ankle and dots make it look round. Plain colors and dots are

6340.—Ladies' Sack Coat. In sizes from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6341.—Ladies' Nine-gore Flare Skirt. In sizes from 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

best upon a thin ankle and striped effects upon a too plump one.

Colonial shoes have come into vogue again and the sort that have a big tongue and large buckle are as popular among fashionable people as they were a year ago. A newer make of low shoes was introduced this summer, but it met with such an enthusiastic reception at the hands—or feet,—of anybody and everybody, that it was discarded for Colonial ties. Color in shoes for street wear is an unusual fad, and the soft cloth tops now produced are likely to be followed by creations in leather which will cause the fad to die a natural death in the winter.

Almost every tint of all the fashionable colors is now to be found in *suède* slippers and low shoes, and, besides, these satin and linen slippers and shoes are very much in vogue. Linen comes in beautiful weaves of a sort of strong canvas character, and shoes made of this are very attractive, cool, and practical. For some reason linen shoes usually make a foot look smaller than those of leather do, although color has something to do with this appearance. This will influence the popularity of linen shoes, although their practicability and inexpensiveness will also make them favorites.

The foot of the modern woman is really quite as ornamental as anything could be, with its softly colored hose and small blossoms upon the instep, and its embroidered toe and little French heel, which is, sometimes, of another and brighter color than that of the slipper.

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 548 to 550 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]

Bread-and-Butter Duties

THE "bread-and-butter letter" is the note of acknowledgment written by one to his hostess after a visit. The "bread-and-butter call" is the call which one pays after having been entertained at dinner or luncheon or at any other regular meal. Plenty of persons know the thing who do not recognize the name for it. A good many persons apparently do not appreciate the necessity of either the letter or the call.

Perhaps it is a little harsh to say that this is one of the ways in which a well-bred person can be distinguished from an underbred man or woman. Such a distinction throws too many persons who are otherwise all they should be into the outer darkness of the ill-bred. There are depressingly few who do not belong to one class or the other.

Nearly every one, however, unless he be an impossible sort of creature, acknowledges that the bread-and-butter letter is indispensable. Most transgressions in this line are found in the delays that are shown in writing. The first thing a guest should do after his return from a visit is to write his note of appreciation to the friends by whom he has just been entertained. Often the guest seems to think that any time within a month or so will answer for it. That is the way in which it occasionally comes about that the note is never written, and that the quondam visitor puts himself down as hopelessly underbred.

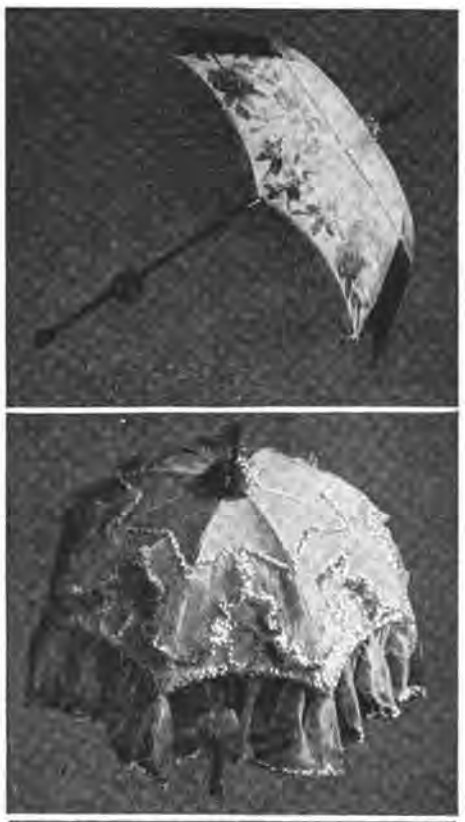
Sinners of this sort are few compared with those who neglect their luncheon or dinner calls. Busy women are often remiss in this respect, but they are angels of light when contrasted with men. Perhaps if there were more "dinable" men it might be different; but there are so few men who are available for dinners,—available in the way of being agreeable,—that the hostess will put up with many shortcomings before she will cut off these from her list of dinner guests. The men, alas! recognize this, and, being human, take advantage of it.

It is abominably rude when anyone, man or woman, is so lacking in a sense of society obligation, as to accept an invitation and then, from laziness or indifference, neglect to pay a call afterwards. Allowances may be made for the very much overworked man or woman who seldom has a spare hour to give to such things,—or to anything else, but the ordinary luncher or diner-out should feel it a breach of decency to accept an invitation and then to omit the call that should follow.

New Fashions in Parasols

THE fad for embroidery which is such a marked feature of this summer's fashions is as pronounced in regard to parasols as to any other detail of the smart girl's *toilette*. While the frilled and fluffy lace-covered parasols are still popular, the embroidered ones take the lead. They are made in all shades to match the gowns, and the materials are almost as varied. Linen, silk, pongee, and chiffon are the favorites. The dainty embroidered white linen parasols are a delight to the eye and add the finishing touch to the many charming white *toilettes* that distinguish the midsummer months. Some of the newest styles, both in handles and embroidery designs, are here pictured. A single spray of leaves or flowers in the heavy raised silk embroidery on each, or on every other section of a parasol, makes a very striking effect. The continuous border of leaves or flowers is also beautiful and artistic.

The handle has become a real object of art, richly carved and not infrequently incrusted with precious stones. White linen hand-embroidered parasols are enormously expensive when bought at the shops, but when made at home the cost is very little. The parasol design is bold, and the thread very coarse, so the work is quickly done. If one wishes to economize in time, there are crochet rings and buttons with which to fill up. One very effective parasol lately displayed, was of white linen with a border of crochet rings of three sizes arranged over blue linen centers to match the gown.



Inspector Val's Adventures

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

[*Concluded from page 517*]

"It's as I thought," mused Mr. Val, divesting himself of his street coat, "my weasel-visaged friend's home isn't far away."

At ten o'clock Mr. Sorg appeared, and from the splashes of mud on his person it was clear that he had been doing a mile or so of country road afoot.

"Well?" and Inspector Val composed himself comfortably on the lounge.

"You heard your party say 'Twenty-third Street Ferry?'" began Mr. Sorg, pulling up a chair. "That was a blind. At Eighth Avenue he ordered his hansom about, and went to Delmonico's. There he dismissed it, and, after a wait of five minutes, took a Delmonico cab and drove to the Majestic. Paying off the cab, he shuffled his way to the elevated station, Ninth Avenue and Seventy-second Street, and caught an uptown train. He left the train at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and took the surface cars for the Fort Lee Ferry. There he crossed the river. A colored lad driving an old rockaway buggy, the horse ready to fall dead with age, was waiting."

"Ah!" observed the inspector, "I begin to see how you collected those splashes of mud."

"Precisely! You begin to see that I was in for a rough time on the muddy Jersey roads. But to resume: it was growing dark, and for a moment I was bothered. It began to look as if I should have to follow the ramshackle rockaway on foot. Keeping it in sight would have been no more trouble than keeping a hearse in sight, but, as you surmise, those Jersey roads are not inviting. However, some partial luck was with me. An express wagon had just dumped a consignment of packages at the ferry-house, and I gave the boy who drove it a dollar to follow the rockaway. I said nothing about the rockaway, but spoke of a country brother whom I was about to surprise with a visit. The boy knew nothing of the rockaway, for I put the question. He was a dull boy, and, since I asked him fifty questions, he wasn't particularly impressed by the one about the rockaway. Your party drove to a cottage about three miles from Fort Lee. He went into the cottage, while the darky drove round to the barn. From the way your party let himself in with his own key, I make no question of his living there."

"Did he act as though he feared he might be followed?"

"Not after he took the elevated. Up to that time he had been sticking his head out of the hansom and squinting back at every cross street."

"What next?"

"After your party got home, I let my boy drive on another half mile; I was looking for a house in which to install my brother. The country round about Fort Lee is somewhat primeval and houses are few and far between. At last I saw a light glimmer across a little hollow.

"'Who lives there?' I asked.

"As usual, the boy doesn't know. Wonderfully dull boy!

"'Well, then,' says I, 'it's my brother. You can leave me here, as I don't want even the rattle of a wagon wheel to notify him in advance of the joyful surprise that's in store.'

"With that I got quit of my express boy, and when he was well on his way back to Fort Lee I returned to the cottage. The cottage had been dark, but now I found it all lit up. There being no dogs, I scouted the situation, front and rear, to make observations. It's a one-story cottage, and, counting the kitchen, I don't figure more than four rooms. The colored boy was in the kitchen cooking supper; I could make him out through a window. In the same way, I got a glimpse of your party busy in a front room over sheets of paper, stopping occasionally to do a bit of mathematics on a slate."

"Ah, I see!" laughed the inspector; "he was measuring up algebraically certain rules I gave him."

"After I'd sized up the place, I gave the door a rap with my stick, there being neither bell nor knocker. The colored boy opened it. As he did so a whiff of broiled ham floated forth, and I had all I could do to keep from asking him to invite me in to supper. However, I restrained myself, and, as you directed, inquired if Mr. Seton lived there.

"'Yes, sir,' says the boy.

"'Mr. Erasamus Seton, of Number Two, Wall?'

I asks, slightly emphasizing the name, 'Erasamus.'

"'No, sir; not Mr. 'Ras'mus, but Mr. Dan'l Seton,' he says.

"'Then I got the wrong steer,' says I, and headed for you."

Inspector Val looked at his watch; it was eleven o'clock. He began pulling on his overcoat for the street.

"Meet me here," said he, "at four, sharp, tomorrow afternoon. A lively team should land us at our Fort Lee friend's by six. You and I will pay him a visit."

CHAPTER II

Inspector Val had two weaknesses,—books and horses. The latter fad was in evidence, next day, when, at the hour set for the meeting between himself and Mr. Sorg, a stanhope, with a pair of slashing bays, came dancing into Mulberry Street and halted at the Central Office door. A moment later Inspector Val and Sergeant Sorg were bowling along for the Fort Lee Ferry.

Crossing, stanhope and all, to the Fort Lee side of the river, under the pilotage of Mr. Sorg, they struck northward on a country road. The day had been clear, but with enough of frost to obviate the vexatious question of mud. Altogether, the drive, so far from being a hardship, was pleasant enough. In confirmation of this Mr. Sorg was moved to observe:—

"This is a decided improvement over my expedition of yesterday."

Mr. Val mumbled an assent; plainly his mind was running on whatever business had brought him to the wrong side of the Hudson.

It was characteristic of those close yet queer relations which subsisted between Inspector Val and Sergeant Sorg that the former had n't spoken a word that could be tortured into furnishing even the shadow of an inference as to what was the purpose of their trip; nor, on his taciturn part, had Mr. Sorg put a single interrogatory. He had learned many lessons during his rough-and-tumble life; most of all he had learned the lesson of Inspector Val. That nervously peculiar gentleman had an angry horror of your congenital cross-examiner; questions and question-mongers were his pet aversion. Therefore, Mr. Sorg was wont to humor this weakness of his chief; and the latter, while loving Mr. Sorg for his ironbound virtues of courage and a lion-like strength, loved him most for a docile wordlessness that spoke never to interrogate and only when it had something to tell.

The cottage that Mr. Val came seeking was not on the main road, but down a lane to the left. Mr. Sorg said that it was distant no more than a quarter of a mile from the road. On receiving this news, Mr. Val halted the stanhope at the mouth of the lane, with word that it follow in twenty minutes and wait in front of the cottage, the far-twinkling lights of which Mr. Sorg pointed out. He and Mr. Sorg would do the short remainder of their journey on foot.

The cottage was that small one-story structure which Mr. Sorg had described. The new moon sent down just enough light from a sky without a cloud to show it to be old, half-ruinous, and unpainted. Before going to the cottage, Mr. Val scrutinized the region round about.

"Is that the third building you spoke of?" he asked Mr. Sorg, pointing where the ridgepole showed dimly above a knoll.

"Yes; it stands in the hollow beyond that swell."

As they approached the cottage they saw through the window the little rat-faced man busy over a draughting table. The room in which he worked was brilliantly lighted, and they could see him plainly.

"That's the way he was last night," said Mr. Sorg.

Mr. Sorg's rap brought the colored lad to the door. The moment the door was opened Mr. Val stepped inside. Being inside he addressed the surprised darky.

"Say to Mr. Seton that Professor Reed desires to speak with him."

The room in which the rat-faced little man was busy with compasses, try-square, and draughting pen opened off the hall where Inspector Val and Sergeant Sorg stood waiting.

"Professor Reed!" they heard him exclaim, in his harsh, crackling tones. There was a note of surprise and annoyance, almost of alarm. After a pause, as if the little rat-faced man was mentally considering "Professor Reed," he came into the hall.

"There are two of you!" he cried, startled by

the sight of Mr. Sorg, who had not been announced.

"Permit me, Mr. Seton," said Mr. Val, blandly, "to present Sergeant Sorg of the New York detective police."

The little rat-faced man stared at Mr. Sorg, saying never a word, but with less of fear than of wonder in his manner.

"This is remarkable!" he rasped, at last. Then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he shifted his beady eyes to Inspector Val. "How come you to know my name?"

"You may guess," replied Mr. Val, "when I advise you never to attempt an alias by merely spelling your own name backward. Besides being vulgar as the most commonplace trick of criminals of inferior stamp, it fails of the concealment aimed at, nine times out of ten." The little rat-faced man stood open-mouthed before the inspector. The latter went on: "Come, Mr. Seton; do yourself credit and invite Mr. Sorg and myself into your study."

The little rat-faced man held his ground, darting glances of suspicion at the inspector.

"You spoke of my alias of 'Notes,'" said he. "Now, on my part, I don't think that you are Professor Reed."

"Quite right, too," responded the inspector, affably. "Like Mr. Sorg, I'm of the detective police, and you may call me Inspector Val. May I now renew my hint about your study?"

"Then you aren't an aëronaut?"

The little rat-faced man said this as if the thought gave him decided relief.

"Let me assure you, Mr. Seton, that I shall never soar higher from the earth than I can be carried on the wings of stones and mortar."

"And you've not come to spy upon my ideas?—steal my inventions?"

"Such a larceny is as much beyond our purpose as it would be impossible to our moral natures."

The little rat-faced man glanced brightly and quickly with his gimlet eyes from Inspector Val to Sergeant Sorg and back again. His survey seemed to reassure him, and he led the way without more parley into the room where he had been at work. It was a large room, and a wood fire snapped and crackled in the fireplace. There were a rough pine table such as architects use and three or four heavy chairs. In a corner stood the model of an electrical engine, the whole culminating in a great four-winged fan of the sort employed for cooling rooms, only larger. On the walls hung a dozen drawings of balloons and airships, from the globular variety to long, cigar-shaped contrivances. Mr. Sorg took in these features with a single keen sweep of his eyes, and then established himself near the door, it being instinctive with him, whatever the occasion, to cut off everybody's retreat.

Mr. Val, with an easy grace, drew a chair toward the open fire.

"May I light a cigar?" he asked, sweetly.

It was surprising how, in a moment, the bent and shuffling individual had thawed. He beamed as he answered:—

"Most certainly, sir. I beg you will make yourself at home. And let me defend my hospitality by having in a bottle of wine."

He beat the floor smartly with his cane. In response to this unusual signal, the darky boy appeared, bearing a bottle of claret. The little rat-faced man poured three glasses. The suspicious Mr. Sorg held his untouched until he had seen the host drink his own personal glassful to the final drop. Then he drank his. Mr. Val, more confident or more polite, kept the host company in his drinking.

"And now," Mr. Seton said, addressing the host, "tell me why you masqueraded as the great Professor Reed, and trolled me into meeting you?"

"You misstate the case, Mr. Seton; you trolled yourself. However, let me tell you what brings us to your house."

"I shall be pleased to hear, sir." The host was pompously complacent.

"I will premise by saying that Mr. Sorg and myself possess no official power in your state. That is of small consequence, however, since our purpose is not to make an arrest, but an investigation. Yesterday, when we talked, you covered up one truth; you've gone much further in perfecting your airship than you admitted."

"I was afraid you would take advantage of my discoveries!" protested the little rat-faced man, apologetically. "Now, when I understand that you are not professionals, and know nothing and

probably care nothing about aëronautics, it is a different matter."

"It is unimportant. The point is this: Tuesday night, a week ago, you had out your airship and made an excursion as far eastward, at least, as Fordham Heights."

"You are right. The experiments of that evening, for first experiments, were extremely successful; although I can not imagine how you managed to observe them, for the night was very dark."

"Let me ask a question."

The host glanced up expectantly. He was refilling Mr. Val's glass, his talon of a hand as steady as a church.

"Did you know that you killed a man that night on Fordham Heights?"

"Killed a man?" The dry terror of the thought reduced the rasping cackle to a husky croak. The rat-like eyes filled up with horror. "Then it was a man my grappling iron caught!"

The little man sank down as if stricken; Inspector Val lifted him, and placed him in his chair.

After a moment had passed, the aëronaut was able partially to command himself; brushing back the lank, iron-gray locks, he looked vacantly at Mr. Val. Then his eyes dropped and he began to shiver.

"To think that I've been the cause of a fellow creature's death!" he whispered.

Mr. Val attempted the part of a comforter.

"It was a sad accident,—but, when all is said, an accident."

"This will end it! I shall do no more! It is a warning; I shall stop!"

Mr. Val let him wander on without interruption. Presently, when his strength had somewhat returned, the inspector re-commenced, gently.

"Why not tell what happened?"

"I will do my best," returned the little rat-faced man, making an effort. "Of course, in a general way, you understand about balloons. The two big questions with the aëronautic world are how to control a balloon so as to travel at will to any given place, in the teeth of winds, if need be; and next, having arrived at your destination, how to manage a safe descent. I think I have solved those questions. Certainly I can control my machine, taking it whither I will when the wind does not exceed eight miles an hour,—a fair breeze, that. My theory was perfect, my machine complete, and on that fatal night, it being both dark and still, I resolved upon a thorough test. I was in the air two hours, and my device for controlling the airship worked admirably. I could drive it where I would."

"And this," interrupted Mr. Val, pointing to the model of the electric machine, "and this is the engine you control it with?"

"It is the machine itself," said the aëronaut, his sallow cheek reddening with revivified interest. He crossed over. "See," said he, indicating the big four-flanged fan, "the engine will drive this contrivance twenty thousand revolutions a minute. You know something of air-pressures and the force of winds. I could give you the formula, but it is enough, since you are not scientific, to say that this device, driven at top power, will exert a force of four hundred pounds. Also, you will observe that the fan or propeller arrangement works on a ball-and-socket joint. I can turn it up or down or horizontally; in brief, it can be used to lift or lower the airship as well as drive it on its way."

"I think I understand," said Mr. Val, assuming a sympathetic interest. "Now, to return to your experimental trip."

The cheek of the little man whitened anew, while his eyes resumed their troubled look of sorrow.

"I would give all I possess if I'd never made it!" he said, simply. "However, let me come at once to the worst. I had been east as far as Long Island Sound, and was on my return. As I floated over the intervening tongue of land between the sound and Harlem River, the shafting that drives the propeller began to get hot; a collar was too tight. I was not more than one hundred feet above the ground, and, as I did n't know the extent of the trouble, I deemed it best to descend. Having halted the airship, I could loosen the collar with a twist of the wrench. I have a half-inch drag rope with a grappling hook at the end. The rope passes through the bottom of the car and can be lowered or hauled in at will. When fully out it is eighty feet long. I had all but stopped the driving gear, and was

floating westward by the mere momentum of the airship. I saw a big house, and beyond it, at quite a distance, was a clumpy tree with a free space all about. I aimed to pass over the tree and entangle my grappling hook in its branches. This would bring my airship to a halt; I could then lower it with safety."

"Some such notion crossed my mind," interjected Inspector Val, "the moment I set eyes on that dogwood."

"I could see the tree quite plainly," resumed the inventor, "because of the snow. I had let down my dragrope, full length, and was expecting with each moment to hear and feel it comb through the boughs of the tree, when of a sudden there came a great tug, tilting the airship, and I heard a wild scream. I had noticed nothing below but the tree, and the tug at the dragrope, and the awful cry, startled me horribly. In my agitation I did two things, both wrong. I started the propeller full-head, at the same time emptying out my sand-ballast. The balloon, while keeping up its slow drift westward, rose rapidly; for, aside from throwing overboard the ballast, the propeller's shaft had been raised to a perpendicular, and in that position, going full-head, it exerted, as I've told you, a lifting force of four hundred pounds."

"You knew, of course," broke in Mr. Val, "that some live creature was being carried aloft on your grappling hook?"

"By no means! My thought was that the creature had freed itself. To be candid, while my ideas were by no means clear, I took it, from the cry as well as the surroundings, to be a sheep. After that first scream, what with the whir and flutter of the fan, I could hear nothing. I didn't touch the dragrope until I was fairly over the Harlem; it was free then. And you say,"—there was a catch in his throat like a sob,—"you say it was a man."

"You carried him two hundred yards before the grappling hook released him through the tearing of his coat. His body, crushed by the immense fall, was found near the railway track."

The aëronaut squeezed his claw-like hands between his knees, while his face worked with regret and grief.

"I shall make amends to his family," he said. "As much as one may with money, I shall make amends if it takes the last of my fortune."

"He was wholly without family. But tell me, why didn't you return after you got control of yourself and your airship?"

"I was prodigiously shaken, so much that I wholly forgot the tight collar and the hot shaft. I thought only of getting home. I made the journey without mishap; it is no more than three miles from here to Fordham Heights."

"But you must surely have thought of that poor creature torn by your grappling hook."

"Thought of it, yes; but I made no doubt it was a sheep. I could do no good by returning, and I feared to expose my invention. It was to hide what I've been doing, until my designs were perfect, that I came to this out-of-the-way place. I was afraid, if I went back, that it would result in a newspaper story before I was ready for it. You may be sure that, had I realized the truth, I should have gone back either to repair the wrong or to bear the blame."

"Let me see your airship," said Inspector Val, getting to his feet.

"You may see it and welcome; the more, since you are likely to be the last besides myself that will look upon it."

He was utterly depressed, and his shoulders had gained an added droop. He lit a lantern and led us the way to the slim, tall structure in the hollow. Once more, he unlocked and threw open the wide end doors.

The balloon proper, a long, cigar-shaped creation of oiled silk, wholly filled the upper part of the narrow building. The little rat-faced man explained that he had inflated it just before they arrived, having planned another experimental trip for that very night.

"It is so clear a night," said he, "that I intended to defer starting until about two in the morning. I thought I would only circle about the countryside, and dodge New York; I wanted to avoid notice for a month or two yet."

Inspector Val examined the car. It was wicker work, and the material used in the weaving had been first sheathed in rubber.

"The car contrivance is aluminum," explained the inventor; "the idea was to combine lightness with strength. Car, engine, dragrope and ballast, with myself aboard, weigh under four hun-

dred pounds; while, where fully charged, the lifting power of the balloon itself is almost five hundred. This is aside from what help can instantly be given it by raising the fan-shaft to a perpendicular." He gazed steadily and sadly at his darling device for sailing the air. "It has been friends and family to me! More; it was my religion, my god! I have sacrificed to it thousands of money, and years of thought! And now we have the end!"

He covered his face with his thin hands. It was thus that Inspector Val and Sergeant Sorg left him, when they came away.

The bays were waiting, full of impatience, and in a moment they went whirling away on the back trip for Fort Lee.

"That was a silken piece of work!" observed Mr. Sorg.

"Simplicity itself." For all the complacent modesty of the utterance, Mr. Sorg could tell that the inspector was deeply pleased with himself. "All it required was a little thought. To begin with, I was obliged to decline Berks's theory of a friend; neither could I see my way clear to adopt your ingenious suggestion of a condor. Assuming that Settle had been carried off, in manner and form as Mr. Berks related, there was but one solution. It was done by a balloon; there was nothing else within the rim of the sane and possible. Mr. Berks's 'fluttering of mighty wings' aided the thought. Also, I considered the character of the night,—quiet and dark; I even took in the dogwood tree. Some airship, drifting low or about to descend—and the open space was an argument for the latter,—had caught Settle with its grappling hook. Thus I argued while looking at the tracks in the snow. When I saw his body, and found the long deep gash in his back and shoulder, I regarded it as sure."

"And naturally," interjected Mr. Sorg, in an ecstasy of admiration, "the next move was to turn out the air-sailor."

"That was indubitably the next step. There had been no late talk of any local airship, and I came to the conclusion that some ambitious aëronaut must have built himself a machine and was experimenting in secret. Being secret, he had waited until after dark before beginning his voyage that night. Settle was swooped on at ten o'clock; the airship could not have been up four hours. With so little breeze stirring, and afloat so short a time, that airship, when it killed Settle, must have been within twelve miles from the place of starting, and the chances were that the distance was even less. There, then, was my problem,—to discover an aëronaut who was, so to call it, in hiding within a radius of a dozen miles from Fordham Heights. A look at the map will show how that description embraces quite a bit of country."

"One may say so!" said Mr. Sorg.

"There were scores of methods, any one of which should have found my man, but most of them would require time, and it was a short cut I was after. You know what inventors are,—intense, eager, swallowed up by their darling projects. Figuring on my hidden aëronaut being such another individual as this Mr. Seton, I caused a local item to be printed in the 'World.' The great aëronaut of Europe is the English scientist, Professor Reed, and for the purpose of my notice I stole that sky-traveler's name. The item ran after this sort:—

> Professor Reed, the celebrated aëronaut, is quartered at the Hoffman. He comes from Berlin, where he has been in conference with the German emperor, a potentate who is profoundly taken up with air navigation. While France is interesting herself with submarines, the kaiser means to perfect the airship, and it is understood that Professor Reed has agreed to design an airship for the Germans that shall be as much under control in the air as is a ship in the water.

"The idea was," continued Inspector Val, "that my fellow aëronaut would see this, and I reckoned on a call from him. Birds of a feather, Sorg! Besides, he would come, not on Professor Reed's account, but his own, and on the chance of picking up a hint that should help along his device. Nor was I wrong. I got first a letter at the Hoffman, proposing an interview. This was signed 'Mr. Notes,' and asked me to address my correspondent at the St. Denis."

"'Notes,'" broke in Mr. Sorg, contemptuously; "that was deep!"

"Deep, indeed! However, I sent a letter to 'Mr. Notes' at the St. Denis, and made the appointment of yesterday. Our friend came sharp to the minute, and we had a most interesting

half hour, with what result you've already seen."

"But why did he change his name? and why did he skulk and look back to see if he were followed? Doesn't it look as if he knew he'd killed Settle?"

"That was my first thought; I now believe his explanation. He couldn't have acted that to-night; he's too innocent, too guileless! No, we were the first to let him hear of the blood he'd shed. As for his *alias* and his skulking,—inventors are egotists to the point of insanity! This Seton, I warrant you, thinks himself and his airship the two most important creatures in the world, and was only afraid—as he himself said,—that his fellow scientist might not be above privily following him with a larcenous purpose of poaching. Speaking of Settle,—tell the coroner, to-morrow, what you now know, and let him base his finding on it."

"There will be no arrest?"

"There has been no crime. Certainly the facts would hardly justify a requisition on the governor, at Trenton, to say nothing of dragging into court that poor old man whose troubles are like to kill him as it is. It means the end of his beloved airship. You remember what he said: 'It is the end!'"

"And it is the end!" cried Sorg, suddenly, pulling at the elbow of Inspector Val. "Look there!"

They had wheeled into the main road, and were bowling along a good mile or more from the old cottage. Mr. Val cast his eyes to the right and to the rear, in the direction indicated by Mr. Sorg. The heavens were painted a bright gold; now and then a serpent tongue of flame licked upward toward the stars.

"Back!" cried the inspector.

The disgusted bays came round at a trot, and were again headed for the cottage. Before half the distance had been covered, the bright orange light began to fail and fade, and, when they reached the cottage, the airship and the tinder-like structure that had sheltered it were glowing coals and embers. Mr. Seton they found in the room where they first saw him, gazing into the log fire with sadly brooding eyes. The poor, stricken old man—leaden eye and cheek of chalk,—looked up as Inspector Val came in with Sergeant Sorg; he evinced no surprise at their turning back.

"It was I," he said, simply, as if answering a question; "it was I who did it. I put torch to it myself."

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

SECOND SERIES

OWING to the fact that Mr. Cleveland Moffett intends to devote the next few months to securing *data* for a second series of the above subject,—we are obliged to postpone publication of the next article until early autumn. Mr. Moffett's first paper in the new series will be entitled, "The Concentration of Riches." He has found this a subject of more than usual magnitude. A great deal has been written about it, but very little that is trustworthy. In order to make this article thorough and complete in every detail, to trace the channels through which the wealth of this country is running into the coffers of a few, is a task of unusual dimensions. The facts must come from all parts of the nation, and they must be sifted and worked over before they can be used. There is a great movement abroad, Mr. Moffett says, to suppress the truth regarding this matter, but he feels that he has rooted it from its hiding place.

In the new series Mr. Moffett will take up two other important subjects, the growth of child labor in this country and also the startling difference between the wealth squandered on the marriages of the rich and the funerals of the poor. He will also journey to Europe in the interest of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and will furnish several powerful articles on the wealth that is wasted by ostentatious Americans in Paris, London, and Monte Carlo. This habit has grown to be one of the most stupendous methods of squandering money. Every summer, scores of Americans, in their endeavor to emulate their richer brethren, spend thousands of dollars in these three places, in order to become the possessors of questionable antiques or to be presented to royalty, and as a result are either "taken in" or left penniless. Mr. Moffett's journey, in the interest of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, will also include a great part of the United States, and especially those cities where rapacious greed has taken the place of common sense. Mr. Moffett wishes to thank our many readers who have sent him information for his articles. He is anxious to secure more of this information and we hope that it will be forthcoming.

Talks With Young Men and Young Women

Orison Swett Marden

Why He Can not See Them

THE wretched hoarder of money goes through life blind to all its beauties. Tottering on the edge of the grave, he can see nothing but the dollar-mark. He has sacrificed to the only god he knows—GOLD,—all that other men treasure as their greatest wealth,—love, friendship, the joys of home and wife and children, peace of mind, happiness, everything that ennobles life and makes it worth living. What has he gained in return? A shriveled soul and a distended purse. His greed for gold has dried up all the noblest springs of his life, and stifled his aspirations for all that is good and beautiful and desirable in the eyes of sane men. Love, friendship, generosity, charity, are meaningless words to him. In the midst of a world radiant with beauty, teeming with interests, he lives shut within the narrow, gloomy cell of his own selfishness, with but one interest,—to pile up more dollars.

It is pitiful to see an old man begging for bread, but it is tragic to see an old man starving for spiritual food in the midst of his heaped-up gold.

There is a so-called success which bears the same relation to a community as do certain noxious or poisonous plants to a garden. They draw from the soil all its richest nutriment and rob other plants and flowers of their nourishment and beauty.

Of what use to a community is a man who never gives back anything if he can help it? If he has no idea of the principle of the Golden Rule; if he does not think there is any need of its application on his part; if his sole ambition is to get and to hoard, or selfishly to enjoy, what is he but an encumbrance on the earth? If it is possible to call this kind of a life a success, because the man, by fair means or foul, happens to become a millionaire, it is certainly one that is a curse to the world, and the fewer successes of this sort we have, the better.

When will the world learn that a man is not successful though he have millions, if, in amassing them, he has trampled on the flower of sentiment in his daily life, impoverished his manhood, crushed his higher aspirations, and stifled the longings of his better self?

It does not matter how much money or property a man acquires; if he has paid too high a price for it, if he has lowered his ideals and starved his spiritual nature in the getting, he is a failure.

No matter what his wealth, his position, or his fame, the man whose principle is to get all that he can and to give as little as possible in return, whose sympathies and interests are bounded by self, whose whole thoughts are for self alone, is a colossal failure.

Not More Help, but More System

MEN who lack system and try to do an extensive business are always crying for more help. They think if they only had people enough around them, they could do great things. What these men want is more effective system, and not more help. They waste an enormous amount of mental and physical energy by making false moves in almost everything they do, by habits of indecision, by working without planning or system,—working at a disadvantage.

I have in mind a man who is a great "hustler." No matter what time of day you see him,—whether in his office or out,—he is always in a dead rush. He can give you but a second of his time, and if you show an inclination to talk longer, he will take out his watch and remind you that his time is very precious. He does a fair business, but at an enormous expense. He has no idea of the economy of labor, but tries to make up for his total lack of system, his helter-skelter way of doing things, by more help. He has twice as many employees about him as other men who do double the amount of business, and do it more effectively. He has a systemless mind. He lacks the faculty of getting things out of the way. The result is, he is always clogged with rubbish. His desk and office look like a junk shop. He is always so busy that he never has time to put things away, and, if he had, he would not know where to put them, and if he put them away he could not find them. I have been in his office many times, and he was nearly always hunting for something among the rubbish on his desk, where there were bushels of letters and papers piled up, left just where he happened to use them. This man has no system in his work for himself or his employees, and yet he is always hurrying, pushing, driving everybody; always telling them that everything is behind, and urging them to get through with more work. Everything is in confusion. Nobody seems to know what to do next. All are working in the dark. If they ask him what to do, he simply tells them to push their work along; they are behind time. He does not know how to give definite and effective orders. He makes no programme, starts out in the morning without a plan, and everybody goes as he pleases, except that the proprietor is always trying to hurry everybody.

I know a competitor of his nearby who never seems to be in a hurry. He is always calm, cool, never thrown off his center. No matter how hard business presses him, he has time to treat you decently, and never reminds you that he is in a rush. Everything is quiet about his office and place of business. Nobody seems to be hurrying,

and yet the work moves right along. There is no confusion anywhere, no working at cross purposes, no unnecessary duplication of work. He cleans up his desk every night. No important letter goes unanswered, all orders are filled promptly; and, although he does a hundred times as much business as the other man, you would not think to see him that he was accomplishing much. Everything goes like clockwork, simply because the man uses his head. He multiplies himself in those about him, projects his system all through his establishment, so that every office boy and every cash boy feels that he is a part of the mighty system. Everybody works to a programme, and thus all the hustle and bustle which keep the other man in confusion are eliminated.

Just the difference in the way the two men use their heads makes the difference in the way they conduct their business. Misdirected, systemless work will make any business management ineffective, while careful planning, simple, effective system, will aid even moderate ability to accomplish vast results.

How few business men make a study of the economy of time and energy of employees! They handle their goods over and over again. People are working at cross purposes everywhere, duplicating work, confusing orders. A little planning, a little more shrewd head-work, would save many a house from dry rot and paralysis.

These fussy, fidgety, nervous, jerky little men never stop long enough to think deeply into their business, to plan comprehensively. They hurry to their offices, open their mail with a rush, look around the establishment a little, without ever acquiring that penetrating eye and sharp observation which characterizes the great merchant who uses his head. They do not penetrate beneath the rind of things, and get down to the core of principle.

In most of the smaller concerns, which have never been able to rise above mediocrity, you will find high-priced employees opening mail, sorting letters, sending out circulars, doing work which could just as well be done by low-salaried help. You will find people working at a disadvantage all around the establishment, doing the wrong thing, the uneconomical, unbusinesslike thing, just for the lack of a little thought projected into a system. Everywhere people are using their hands and their feet instead of their heads, trying to substitute muscle for brain.

All this hurry and flurry, rush and drive amount to nothing. It is the calm, cool, calculating head that gets things done. A level-headed, keen business man would go through such an establishment in his own line, and in a single day make comments, suggest changes, and give ideas which would revolutionize the whole business, and lift this mediocre concern into excellence. Yet the proprietors of these small houses go through life complaining of their hard luck and the fates which keep them down. They lay their non-success to a bad location or change of business, or too many competitors, when competent men all about them know that it is the lack of the proper use of their heads.

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Do not Be Second-Class in Anything

IT is said that Daniel Webster made the best chowder in his state on the principle that he would not be second-class in anything. This is a good resolution with which to start out in your career. Resolve never to be second-class in anything. No matter what you do, try to be a king in it. Have nothing to do with the inferior. Do your best in everything; deal with the best; choose the best; live up to your best.

One of the earmarks of a boy with a future is that he is particular about everything. He is not satisfied to do anything pretty well, or to leave things half-finished. Nothing but completion to perfection will satisfy the demand in him for the best. It is those who have this insatiable demand in their natures, and who will accept nothing short of this, that hold the banners of progress, that set the standards, the ideals, for others.

One of the most successful men I know stamped his individuality upon everybody who knew him by this constant desire for the highest and the best in everything. No one could induce him to half-do a thing, or to accept an inferior article when a better was within his reach. Whether it was the quality and the style of his clothing, or of anything he bought, he would allow nothing about him which was not the best obtainable. Even when poor and trying to get a start for himself, when others patronized cheap restaurants and obtained rooms in cheap localities, he would have none of these things.

He believed that his success depended largely upon following high ideals, upon keeping himself up to quality, upon his making a good impression, and he would not have anything to do with cheap or shoddy things. He shrank from inferiority, and avoided it as he would poison, believing that it would taint his ideals, smirch his ambition, and lower his standards. No cheap education was for him; no cheap books; no cheap shoddy clothing, or cheap manners. He had to have the best or nothing.

His acquaintances thought that it was foolish and ruinous for him, when trying to get a start for himself, to spend his entire income in keeping up appearances or trying to keep in touch with the best people. He always considered that it was worth much to be thrown with people of culture and refinement, and people of means, because he expected they would be his customers later in life. This young man believed that social success was imperative to his professional success, and he regarded his acquaintance among the better classes as of inestimable valve. His subsequent career certainly seemed to vindicate his methods. Although he had a hard struggle at first, he has attained great distinction, and has been a marvel to his schoolmates

and those who knew him in early life as a poor boy, and who laughed at the lofty standard which he set for himself.

But the main value of this man's career is in its suggestion that we should allow nothing to enter the life that will deteriorate our ideals or lower our standard of quality. It teaches that keeping with the best, doing our best, insisting upon the best everywhere and always, will have a marked influence in elevating the life to the standard adopted.

If there is that in your nature which demands the best and will take nothing less, and you do not demoralize this standard by the habit of deterioration in everything you do, you will achieve distinction in some line if you have the persistence and determination to follow your ideal.

But if you are satisfied with the cheap and shoddy, the botched and slovenly, if your are not particular about quality in your work, or in your environment, or in your personal habits, then you must expect to take second place, to fall back into the rear of the procession.

People who have accomplished work worth while have had a very high sense of the way to do things. They have not been content with mediocrity. They have not confined themselves to the beaten tracks; they have never been satisfied to do things just as others do them, but always a little better. They always pushed things that came to their hands a little higher up, a little farther on. It is this little higher up, this little farther on, that counts in the quality of life's work. It is the constant effort to be first-class in everything one attempts that conquers the heights of excellence.

▲ ▲

A Desire to Accommodate Pays

THERE is nothing people appreciate more than being served by those who really enjoy accommodating them. What a comfort, at a strange hotel especially, to be served by those who seem anxious to please us, who seem to take real pleasure in making us feel at home, and comfortable! There is no one quality which will help youth along more rapidly than the cultivation of this desire to please, to accommodate. It appeals to everybody; it creates a good impression.

What a pleasure and a comfort, when traveling, to be served by pleasant, good-natured people who try to please us! A surly, impudent Pullman porter often destroys the pleasure of a whole journey on a train. An impudent clerk in a hotel office can make everybody in the house uncomfortable, and such service is dear, even if it could be had for nothing.

It is noticeable that a boy who always tries to help wherever he can, and to make everybody comfortable, who is accommodating in everything, is very popular, and other things being equal, most likely to be promoted.

▲ ▲

If You Would Be Popular—

Be helpful.
Be sociable.
Be unselfish.
Be generous.
Be a good listener.
Never worry or whine.
Study the art of pleasing.
Be frank, open, and truthful.
Always be ready to lend a hand.
Be kind and polite to everybody.
Be self-confident but not conceited.
Never monopolize the conversation.
Take a genuine interest in other people.
Always look on the bright side of things.
Take pains to remember names and faces.
Never criticise or say unkind things of others.
Look for the good in others not for their faults.
Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefits.
Cultivate health and thus radiate strength and courage.
Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own.
Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others.
Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license.
Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone.
Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances.
Be respectful to women, and chivalrous in your attitude toward them.
Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure.
Believe in the brotherhood of man, and recognize no class distinctions.
Do not be self-opinionated, but listen with deference to the opinions of others.
Never utter witticisms at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings.
Be ambitious and energetic, but never benefit yourself at the expense of another.
Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and superiors.
Do not bore people by telling them long, tedious stories or by continually dilating on your own affairs.

▲ ▲

The first thing to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.

▲ ▲

There is nothing small in a world where a mud crack swells into an Amazon, and the stealing of a penny may end on a scaffold.

Submitted on the Facts

[*Concluded from page 522*]

head seemed to burst, and, at the same instant, Drysdale's sleeve brushed one of the supporting posts, and the beam drove straight for his head, suddenly swerved, as if it had met some slight but deflecting obstruction, and crashed through the rotting floor with an upward flight of splinters.

With the thud of the deadfall the scene instantly disappeared and I found myself leaning against the edge of the center table, gazing down at Mrs. Drysdale, who was lying at my feet.

I have had many conversations with her since that night, but, though her story corroborates my experience in almost every particular, I have received but little real enlightenment from what she has told me. She recalls being dominated by a strong premonition of her son's impending danger, which excluded all other thought and gradually took shape in the scene we both witnessed. She likewise remembers calling some one to her aid at the moment of extreme peril, and she further asserts that her summons was answered by a strong sustaining force which lent confidence and power to her mental effort. But she has no memory of having influenced me in any way, nor has she any recollection of ever having seen me previous to the moment she recovered consciousness.

What I have learned from young Drysdale also affords valuable corroboration of the essential facts, but it does not explain them. He reports a quarrel with one of his half-breed guides, in the course of which a blow was struck, and relates how the men abandoned him in the wilds of Canada, how his subsequent wanderings led him at night to a deserted cabin, used by some woodsmen for storing provisions, and how, by accident, he slept under a deadfall set in the ground floor of the cabin to protect the stores from bears. He regards his escape as miraculous, but can find but little to support his mother's and my version of the affair, except the loss of his money, which he attributes to carelessness.

Thus all the important questions remain open for scientific investigation and answer.

Assuming that the boy's mother hypnotized me, was the mental picture transferred from her brain to mine? And, if so, did she exert her power upon me to exert mine on her son?—or did I do this independently? Again,—was Albert's safety insured only by our coöperation, or would her power alone have sufficed?

She can answer none of these queries, and, of course, her firm conviction that she could not have saved the boy unaided is entitled to no weight whatsoever from a scientific point of view.

There remains to report only the opinion of the local surgeon, who subsequently attended her, that the bruise which he found on her shoulder could not possibly have been caused by her fall when she collapsed on the carpeted floor of her room,—a conclusion in which I concur.

Winner of the Reich Prize Contest

AFTER a long and careful discussion of the various papers entered in competition for the one-hundred-dollar prize for the best answer to Dr. Emil Reich's article entitled, "The Influence of American Women," we take pleasure in announcing that the prize has been awarded to MRS. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, of 179 West 76th., Street, New York City. So many excellent papers were received from all parts of the world that it was impossible to decide the contest earlier. The judges found many replies approximating the same high percentage of merit. In this respect the editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE wishes to congratulate the American women, as well as the women from other countries, for the careful, consistent, and learned manner in which they wrote their replies, which showed a high standard of intelligence. We are very glad that this interesting discussion has been brought to a close. Mrs. Gilman's article will appear in full in our September issue. Special mention is made of the replies sent in by Mrs. F. McG. Martin, Santa Rosa, California; Miss Margaret Adlum, Lewiston, Nez Perce County, Idaho: Lucia M. Wells, Toledo, Ohio, and Mrs. H. Wilcox, E. Stroudsburg, Pa.

It is n't spectacular achievements that tell; the work of the world is done by toilsome plodding. Geniuses, in the ordinarily accepted sense of the term, are so rare that it is safe to eliminate them as factors in human progress; the men that do things are those that have a genius for work

A Message from the Beyond

[*Concluded from page 532*]

"Mrs. Walkins, will you,—will you be my wife? I will—"

Ethna rose and looked at him, her white lips quivering with something akin to fear. "Oh, Colonel Gillespie," she quavered, "I never, never dreamt of this; if I had,—I—believe me, I like and honor you above all men,—" She made a passionate gesture with her hands as if putting from her something that she desired, yet feared, and then, begging him not to follow her, walked with weak steps toward the house.

As she entered the hall there rang out the sharp "rat-tat" that announced the final delivery of mail for the night. The sound broke through the mental numbness that was stealing over her, and with steadier steps she made for the letter box. It was empty. Opening the hall door she hailed the postman, who was descending the stoop, and asked him if he had forgotten to leave a letter.

"Why, sure, mum," replied the man, "I just dropped it in the letter box. It wuz for Missus Richard."

"There's no letter here," said Ethna; "come back and see for yourself."

"Well, if that do n't beat anything," muttered the man, after he had made a careful scrutiny; "I 'm sartin that nobody come and took it out."

"I did not take my eyes off the door after you knocked."

"Well, I 'm jiggered," said the astonished postman, setting down his bag and lighting a small bull's-eye lantern, the ray from which he threw inside of the box.

"There 's a crack between the back of the box and the door," he declared, after a scrutiny, "but I 'm a turnip if I see what that 's got to do with the vanishing letter."

He swung the door wide open and put the light on the hall floor. This floor was made of polished black oak, the planks being laid crossways. The Walkins's house was erected when builders built as best they knew how, and so the hardwood of the flooring had shrunk but an infinitesimal degree, leaving practically no spaces between the planks. Yet, immediately under the letter box, two planks had parted company to a tiny degree, and in the opening but a fraction below the floor surface could be seen a line of white which the postman triumphantly declared to be the missing letter. It was obviously impossible to get at the missive without removing a plank, so John, the man-of-all-work about the house was summoned, and in a thrice appeared a space in the flooring. John picked up the letter, peered into the hollow below the floor, and said: "Why, bless me, mum, if there is n't another!" produced, from the dust and mildew, a faded envelope addressed to Mrs. Archibald Walkins, and postmarked "Gibraltar." It was the letter for which Ethna had been waiting fifteen years.

The evening following, Colonel Gillespie was tending one of his favorite roses when, hearing his name spoken softly, he turned and saw Ethna.

"Colonel," said she, "have you time for a short stroll? I want to talk with you."

They walked eastward up the esplanade until the town was passed, and then Ethna dropped into a seat, motioning the colonel to sit beside her.

"Last night, Colonel Gillespie," she began, "you did me the honor to ask me to be your wife. Shall I tell you why I refused you?"

"No," said the colonel, gently, "that you did so is sufficient. It must have been for some excellent reason. I—I was, perhaps audacious,—I, well, I am not young or prepossessing. I—"

Ethna silenced him with a gesture.

"Dear friend," she said, with great tenderness, "and do you think I would permit of your harboring such a thought as that about yourself? For that reason, if for no other, I must explain."

So she told him all of her talk with her husband the night before they parted, of his wishes, and of her vow to him. Then she told of the discovery of the long-delayed letter, adding: "The contents of this letter are as sacred to me as my child, and the memory of my dead. If I read a portion of it, to you, it is only to prove to you just what I —think—of you and—your friendship."

The colonel bowed his head reverently, and Ethna, after an effort, read this passage from the letter, but it was as a message from the beyond:—

"Since we sailed I have been thinking much, dear, of the vow of perpetual widowhood which I wrung from you. No, I won't say that,—which you so willingly gave me. After all, Ethna, it seems a very selfish thing on my part, and for more reasons than I can here give. So, my wife, I absolve you from the vow, fully, freely, and earnestly, if God sees fit to withdraw my protection from you, and sends you in my place somebody to give that which I through death can not render. Who am I that I should run counter to such a will, and leave you to fight this world alone? After all there is no marrying or giving of marriage in heaven."

"Well?" asked the colonel, as Ethna paused.

She looked at him with brave, unshrinking eyes.

"Archibald was the first love of my life. He will be my last. I hope, no, I know that he will be my love in the future. But,"—her voice broke suddenly,—"if you care to have for your wife one who regards you above all others, one who will be faithful, who will try to make you happy,—I—who can give no more,—I—will—"

She stopped abruptly. The colonel took a plain gold ring from his watch chain, and, taking Ethna's hand in his, slipped the ring on her fourth finger.

"It was my wife's," he said. Then he raised the woman's hand to his lips and kissed it in knightly fashion.

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