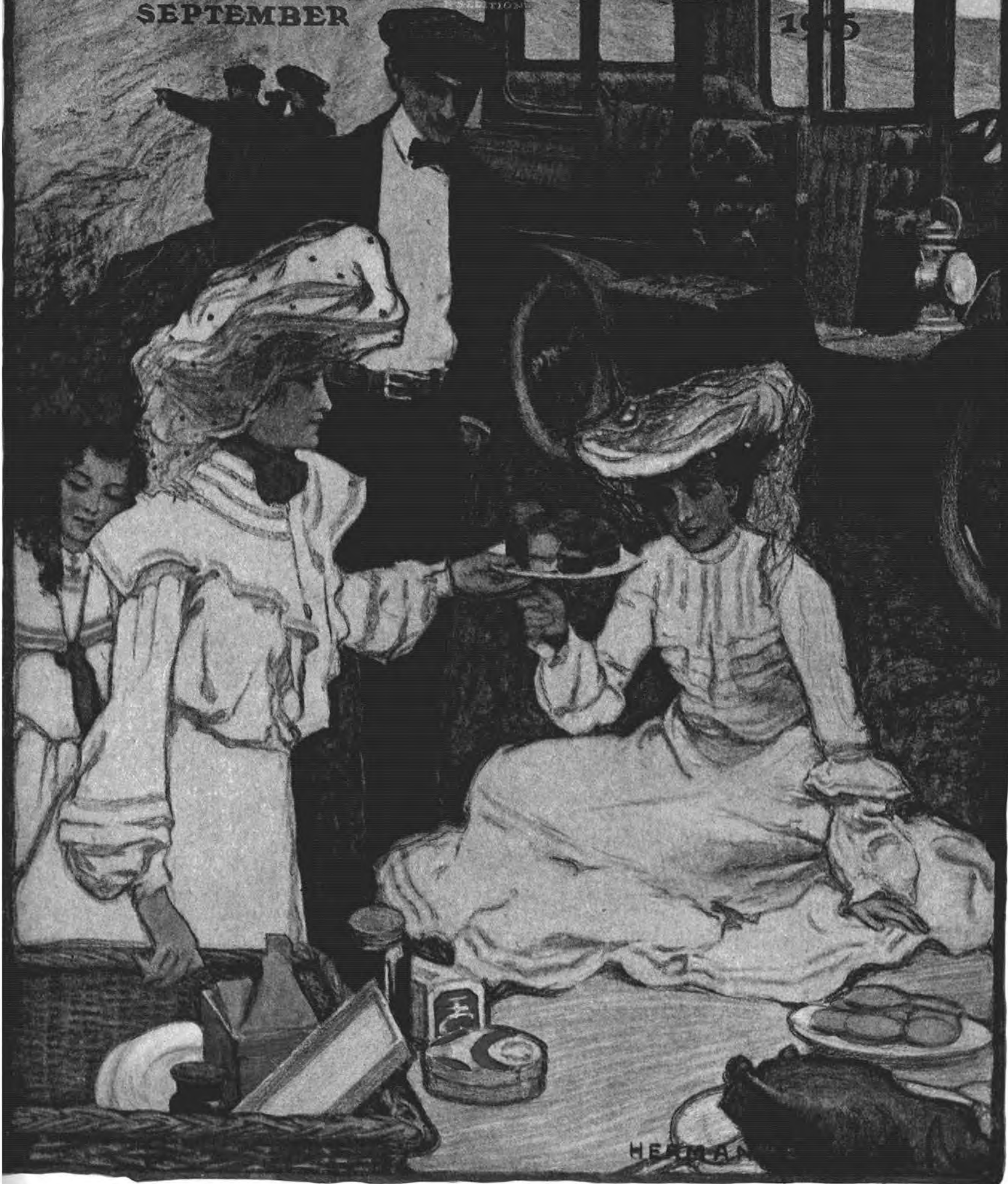


SUCCESS MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

1905



POVERTY



Have you ever given a thought to the old man or woman who stands so pitifully at the street corner beseeching your aid?

Have you ever thought of the poor-houses and the wrecked hopes and ambitions they contain?

Have you ever thought that these dependents upon charity were once young, presumably full of hope, and probably with little thought of what the morrow was to bring forth?

Do you know that in nine cases out of ten these people might have saved sufficiently from the incomes of their more prosperous days to have insured their comfort in their old age?

It's a startling fact that almost every aged dependent is dependent because of failure to lay aside something in the days of plenty.

Have you ever thought of these things?

Are you saving money?

How are you saving it?

If your savings are just being hoarded in your home, without drawing interest, the money is idle—and worse still, in danger of being stolen.

If your savings are in a *bank* the major portion of their earning power goes into the pockets of others. Three or four per cent. is all *you* get.

Saving from your income is an excellent plan, but you should invest your savings.

I have a plan whereby you can save and invest at the same time.

You can invest each month, the money you can spare and deposit it in a security that is absolutely safe, and which will pay you eight per cent. or more, instead of the three per cent. the bank offers.

A simple request from you will bring my plan in detail, and with it I'll send

MY FREE BOOK

—which tells:—

How to invest small sums.

How to tell a good investment.

How you can convert \$100.00 into \$358.83.

How to choose between real estate and stocks.

How the savings banks make their money.

How to choose your partners.

How to guard against uncertain "prospects."

How to protect yourself in case you should not care to hold an investment indefinitely, etc.

This book is not an advertisement of any particular investment. It is a general "talk" about investments, based upon my experiences and observations. My book will interest every one who can save \$10 or more per month from their income. Write me a postal saying, simply "Send How Money Grows." You will receive the book, free, by return mail.

W. M. OSTRANDER

INCORPORATED

391 North American Building - PHILADELPHIA





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A Forecast of a few of the Important Features to appear in the Fall and Winter Issues of SUCCESS MAGAZINE

THE old adage, "While good is good, something better beats it," has always been a kind of slogan in our editorial department, but we have never come so near our ideal in magazine-building as will be done this Fall. It is, therefore, with much happiness and no little pride that we announce some of the special features we have in store for the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

Beginning with the October number we will dress the magazine with a new and beautiful style of type. The art arrangement, from cover to cover, will be entirely new and of an exceptionally high order. The list of writers, which will be found below, together with the subjects to be covered by them, will keep our readers in contact with the greatest minds of America and Europe and in close touch with the mighty sweep of the great world; in short, the best to be had in strong fiction, deep thought, philosophy, wit, pathos, art, poetry, inspirational, material, and home influence will be found in the Fall and Winter numbers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

STRONG FEATURES

Special Articles

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Mr. Bryan is about to make an extended tour of the world, covering a period of two years. During this time he will study many important matters of vital interest to the United States. We have engaged his services to furnish us with a number of articles on questions which deal with the more important phases of international interest—questions that are agitating the public mind to-day. China has declared a boycott of American commerce because of the Exclusion Act. Mr. Bryan will visit China and explain this situation in full. Public Ownership is one of the biggest problems we have to solve. Mr. Bryan will personally investigate the municipal properties of the leading European cities and write about them. These two articles will be the first to appear.

A Yankee Drummer Abroad

By H. D. VARNUM

These are the real stories of a "live" traveling man who spent a number of years selling American goods in foreign countries. It is as charming in its humor as it is informing and interesting.

The Real John D. Rockefeller

By WALTER WELLMAN

Much has been written about this important man,—the leading factor in the world of finance and commerce,—a great, silent creature who says little and sees no one. In Mr. Wellman's article will be portrayed the true Rockefeller, the man as he really is, and Mr. Rockefeller will, through Mr. Wellman, reply to the many critics who have written about him.

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Mr. Moffett's second series on this leading subject begins with the November number. During the summer he has made a vigorous search for information and promises some new, startling developments that will bear out his earlier papers. The first article in his new series will be entitled "The Concentration of Riches" and will be one of the most intensely interesting of the series.

The Immigration Problem

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Mr. Phillips, who has done much of his best journalistic work for SUCCESS MAGAZINE, is at present in Europe studying one of the most momentous questions of the day,—the immigration problem. His articles will show us how steps can be taken to prevent the terrible influx of unworthy people. Immigration to the United States has reached such overwhelming proportions that it is almost impossible for the government to deal with the situation. It is one of the great crises which the nation must face, and it is a subject on which all should be thoroughly informed.

The High Speed Trains of America

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Clipping the wings of time is the great problem in the railroad industry. From New York to Chicago in eighteen hours is an established fact. How these greyhound trains are run, the care taken, the rigid discipline of the men, the marvelous locomotives, etc., form one of the most fascinating romances of the industrial world. Mr. Merwin, who has written several railroad stories and articles for SUCCESS MAGAZINE, has investigated this subject thoroughly. His article will appear in an early number.

The Bankrupt Institutions of Royalty

By VANCE THOMPSON

Are the old monarchies of Europe going down before the hand of Progress? Mr. Thompson, whose fascinating stories of diplomatic life, published in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, are said to equal the best writings of Richard Harding Davis and Egerton Castle, is at his best in this paper. He has gone into the matter deeply and quotes from some great living authorities to establish his claim.

OUR NEW FICTION

WE have arranged with some of the leading short-story writers of the United States and Europe for their best work. Adventure, love, romance and industry will be the themes of our new stories. Among the writers are

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

JEROME K. JEROME

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

HAROLD McGRATH

FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

ALVAH MILTON KERR

KATHRYN JARBOE

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

MABEL MARTIN

HOWARD FIELDING

CHAUNCEY THOMAS

T. JENKINS HAINS

CHARLES BATTTEL LOOMIS

HOLMAN DAY

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

OUR ART DEPARTMENT

Many new names have been added to our list of illustrators. In the coming year we will use the best work of

E. M. ASHE

GUERNSEY MOORE

J. C. LEYENDECKER

FLETCHER C. RANSOM

CHARLES SARKA

WILL CRAWFORD

FREDERIC R. GRUGER

J. J. GOULD

H. G. WILLIAMSON

ARTHUR G. DOVE

WILLIAM OBERHARDT

HERMANN HEYER

ALBERT LEVERING

JOHN BOYD

OUR HOME DEPARTMENTS

have proven to be most helpful to the home and have been exceedingly popular. We have planned to give them more space and to bring into the home every month invaluable articles and suggestions, written by specialists. Among the regular departments are the following:—

The Well-dressed Man . . . by Alfred Stephen Bryan

With The Housekeeper, . . . by Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick

If You Are Well-Bred . . . by Mrs. Burton Kingsland

What to Wear and How to Wear It, . . . by Martha Dean Hallam

Dress Accessories . . . by Mary Le Mont

The Home Garden . . . by Mary Rogers Miller

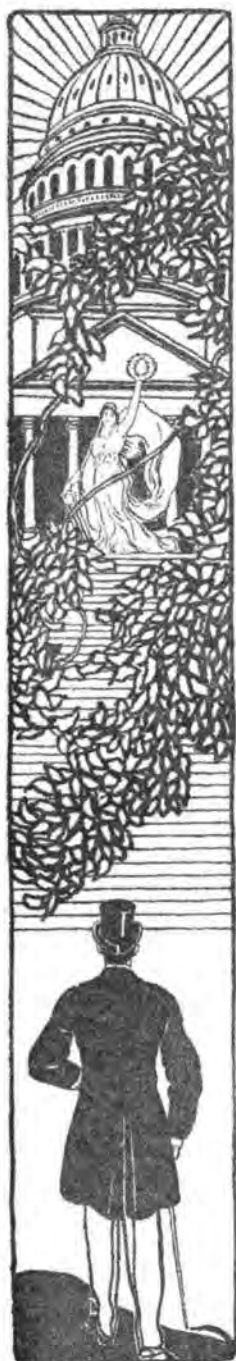
Mrs. Herrick's Table Talk.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1905

NUMBER 136



ELIHU ROOT



Elihu Root.—The Man of the Hour

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE.—HOW HE BECAME ONE OF THE LEADING CORPORATION LAWYERS OF THE COUNTRY.—WHAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT THINKS OF HIM AS A PUBLIC SERVANT

Walter Wellman

THE greatest client in the world has retained the greatest lawyer in the United States to look after his international business. The client is Uncle Sam, and the lawyer is Elihu Root. There was general surprise when it became known that Mr. Root had accepted the post of secretary of state, made vacant by the death of John Hay. No one was more surprised than President Roosevelt himself, nor was any one more delighted. Mr. Roosevelt felt that he had done a great thing for the country, and a great thing for himself, in securing the services of Mr. Root. He was surprised, because he had believed, as all Mr. Root's other friends had believed, that, when the former secretary of war retired from public life, a year and a half ago, to take up the practice of law in New York City, nothing was likely to occur to change the programme,—at least, not for several years. But the President thought it wise to make the effort. He was skeptical of success, but one of his rules of life is that, if a given thing is worth doing,

and if it ought to be done, there is no use giving it up till you have had a good try at it. So he tried Root. He invited the lawyer to accompany him to Cleveland to the funeral of Mr. Hay. On the train he broached the subject. I am not guessing when I say that the conversation which ensued was something like this:—

"Elihu," said the President, "I want you to take John Hay's place."

"Mr. President," replied Root, "I am at your service."

It was over as quickly and easily as that. Not a word was said about politics, or the presidency, or conditions, or money matters, or anything else. President Roosevelt knew that he wanted Root as his secretary of state, and he said so. Mr. Root knew what he wanted, and it did not take him a moment to give his answer.

In conversation with a friend who called on him at Sagamore Hill, a few days later, President Roosevelt said he thought it a magnificent thing that

men of the very highest grade in our country, like Mr. Root, are willing to give up incomes of several hundred thousand dollars a year and go to work for the government for salaries just sufficient to pay their house rent at Washington. The President accepted this as one of the surest evidences we can have of the fact that the money-craze has not taken full and final possession of the more notable minds in our country. It means much, he thought, and is a sign of promise in the sky, that men of commanding ability are willing to give their energies to their country for next to nothing, putting behind them the rich rewards the corporations and great financial interests of the metropolis are eager to pay them. It seems to me that this is a sound conclusion. Everyone in America is not money-mad. There are some sensible people.

Great was the surprise, also, in Wall Street, when Mr. Root's decision was announced. In certain quarters the surprise was mixed with consternation. "What?" exclaimed Thomas F. Ryan, at this moment the most daring and most successful operator in the financial district; "what, Root going to leave me? What can the man be thinking of? Why, I would give him a quarter of a million a year myself rather than lose his services. And he will get only eight thousand down there at Washington! He must be crazy!"

Other financial leaders made similar comments. They did not like to lose Root. He was the apple of their eye. He was the wisest and safest counselor they could find. His tremendous ability and his facility for solving the most difficult problems had made him invaluable. In a year and a half he had become easily the leader of the New York bar, and that means the foremost lawyer in America, if not in the world. He had literally all the business he could attend to, and it was all high-class business. He could ask almost any fee he liked, and the check would be forthcoming without a murmur. At that he had to turn clients away. Nothing succeeds like success, and Mr. Root was the most successful corporation lawyer of his day. His income is said by good judges to have run as high as two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to three hundred thousand dollars during the last twelve months, and it was growing rapidly. Two or three years hence it might have been a half million. No one knows. Very few lawyers in America have ever earned as much money as Mr. Root was earning the day he threw it all over and accepted President Roosevelt's offer in behalf of Uncle Sam. Joseph H. Choate is said to have earned three hundred thousand dollars in a single year.

ELIHU ROOT DOES NOT ASPIRE TO LIVE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

During the wave of reorganization and combination which swept the country not long ago, James B. Dill, the foremost corporation lawyer of that era, is believed to have earned at the rate of six or seven hundred thousand dollars a year. William Nelson Cromwell, who will probably be considered the foremost corporation legal adviser now that Mr. Root is out of the field, is making at least a quarter of a million every twelvemonth. If to his other practice there be added his contingent fee from the sale of the Panama Canal property, his income during the last five years doubtless rises higher even than Mr. Dill's golden stream in the boom days. But for this contingent fee, which I have reason to believe was four million dollars, Mr. Cromwell and his firm had worked as counsel for the New Panama Canal Company, of Paris, for at least a dozen years,—worked hard and intelligently, at that.

Why did Mr. Root abandon this great prize of leadership at the bar of the metropolis and consent to take a desk at Washington, where his salary is eight thousand dollars a year, with a somewhat antiquated department carriage and pair thrown in by a niggardly government? The prevailing belief is that he has his eye on the presidency, that he is ambitious, and that he believed the psychological moment had come for him to abandon money-getting and return to the path of public usefulness which may lead to the highest fame that can come to an American citizen. It is a plausible theory. But the truth is—as I happen to know,—that Mr. Root has never aspired to the presidency. Moreover, he has never believed that he was destined by the fates to sit in the White House. He may be mistaken, and there may be lingering doubts in his mind as to the infallibility of his fatalism. But it was not for the presidency that he exchanged Wall Street for Washington. He is wise enough to know that pursuit of the presidency is a will-o'-the-wisp, that it is a fatuous chase, and that, nine times out of ten, the prize comes not to him who has sought it, but to some darling of the gods or momentary pet of public opinion taken up in a swirl of popular imagination. There was another reason, a better one.

THE POSSESSION OF TOO MUCH MONEY IS VULGAR, TO HIM

Elihu Root is not a money-lover by nature. Like most other men of the finest quality, he looks upon the possession of too much money as vulgar. A man of genuine refinement of taste would as soon think of making a glutton of himself at table as of cramming his purse with vast sums far beyond all his present or future needs or those of his family. This is not Mr. Root's thought,—it is mine, and it would not be fair, even by implication, to make him responsible for it. Possibly the time has come in the United States when it would be a fine thing to cultivate this philosophy of life, spread it, build upon it, and imbue the rising generation with it, till presently we shall have a national standard of taste which will put the over-rich into the same category with the bloated and vulgar and hideous over-fed. Unconsciously, and with a high standard of his own, like but not



THE PREPARATION

Elihu Root was born at Clinton, Oneida County, New York, February 15, 1845. He is the son of Oren Root, who, for many years, was a professor of mathematics in Hamilton College, from which the present secretary of state was graduated in 1864. Elihu Root began his career in a humble way as instructor in the academy at Rome, New York, and studied law under John N. Pomeroy, at Rochester, completing the course at the law school of the University of New York. Immediately after being graduated, in 1867, he entered the law office of Man and Parsons, New York City. Here he began his career

identical, Mr. Root has contributed to this idea. He has done a really great and noble thing, beside which the accumulation of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller fortune is something cheap.

The real reason why he gave up the service of plutocracy and transferred his allegiance to the people is a very simple one. He was weary of money-chasing for others and for himself. He did not care for his clients. Down in his heart, probably, he had little respect and certainly no affection for them. They were common as dirt, and the purposes they had in view were common and sometimes dirty. When he contrasted his work in the neighborhood of Wall Street with the work he

had done at Washington he was discontented. Presently I shall tell you something of what he had done at Washington during the five years he was secretary of war. Just here it is enough to say that he had the whole United States for his client. He was doing big things. He was performing tasks difficult enough to stir the fighting blood and rouse the conquering spirit, but tasks not petty and mean, not sordid and selfish, not vulgar scheming after some other man's money, not a wolf's game, but the game of a man and citizen,—work to be proud of throughout one's days and to leave as a legacy to his children. And it was so different in New York!

OLD-FASHIONED IDEAS OF BUSINESS HONOR HAVE SADLY EBBED

There his clients were rich money-chasers, mostly millionaires as crazy for more millions as if a million were a morsel of food and they were starving in the desert. Of course, Mr. Root did nothing immoral or illegal as counsel for these men. He violated no laws. He advised no robberies. But the successful corporation lawyer in the New York of our day and generation must know how to get his clients safely over rough places and around sharp corners. The old-fashioned standard of business honor has been sadly lowered, of late, in Gotham, and the lawyer who becomes the hired man of the dollar-hunter is often asked to do things which approach near the frontiers of the unclean. Over it all hangs the spirit of sordidness and vulgarity. To a man like Root, high-minded, æsthetic, and somewhat old-fashioned in essence, it was a life full of irritation, of jars to his sensibilities, and of shocks to his ideals. It seemed worse, too, by contrast with his recent past. It is one thing to be the trusted hired man of a nation. It is quite another to be the retained servant and man-of-all-work of money-grubbing Wall Street.

When Mr. Hay died Mr. Root expected that his friend, the President, would ask him to be the new secretary of state. So he took stock of his situation. He had money enough for himself and his family. He had reached the point where he could afford the luxury of working for whom he liked. His New York clients paid him well, but in other respects were not satisfactory. Uncle Sam would pay him very little; but what did that matter? His work was dignified, inspiring, and uplifting. His work was not to be inventoried in the bank balances, but to be inscribed upon the pages of his country's history. He made up his mind. He would go to work for Uncle Sam. When President Roosevelt said to him, on the train, "Elihu, I want you to take John Hay's place," he was ready with his answer.

When Mr. Root left the cabinet, a year and a half ago, President Roosevelt, wishing to pay unusual tribute to a public servant so highly valued, gave for publication this judgment:—

"Elihu Root is the ablest man I have known in our government service. I will go further. He is the ablest man that has appeared in the public life of any country, in any position, in my time."

This is high praise, indeed. Mr. Roosevelt never does things by halves, whether it is to praise or to condemn. To the President it must surely seem a triumph to get this great man once more by his side. It needs neither a trip to Oyster Bay nor any other exercise of the imagination to see a broad smile of joy upon the presidential features over winning back from Mammon's service this man capable of doing so much for his country.

Is Mr. Root to be the next president? It is possible,—even probable. Despite his own belief that the presidency is not for him, the country may be wiser than he is. Nothing is more likely than that he may be the Republican nominee. It all depends upon whether the Republican Party concludes to be radical or conservative.

THE CORPORATIONS CAN KILL MR. ROOT POLITICALLY

Many think the political future of the United States will disclose two well differentiated parties, no matter what names they bear,—a conservative party and a radical party. Last year the Republicans were the conservatives, with a radical candidate, and the Democrats were the radicals, with a conservative figurehead. Of course the radical candidate won. What will happen the first time the two parties name leaders in harmony with their tendencies, no one knows. As shrewd a guess as one could make, perhaps, would be that, as the presidential campaign rolls along, it will be found that there is something like alternation or rotation between the two general ideas,—radicalism triumphing now, conservatism then. If the forces of conservatism obtain control within the Republican Party, it will name a man unlike Theodore Roosevelt and more like Elihu Root. Many think that Root is the coming man. He is likely to have the support of the business element, the "solid people," the men of substance who are weary of experimentation. If the corporations plump too enthusiastically for him, on the theory that he made them a good lawyer and may make them a good president, they will kill all his prospects. On the other hand, the progressive elements of the Republican Party, which, after all, must form a large part of the



constituency of any political organization in a country like ours, may obtain the mastery. If they can be induced to take Roosevelt at his word when he says he will not accept another nomination,—which they may not be willing to do, under any circumstances,—then they will demand another Roosevelt, if another Roosevelt can be found,—a La Follette, for example.

Since Mr. Root accepted the secretaryship of state it has been a favorite theory with many observers that he would not have returned to public life without some sort of understanding with President Roosevelt as to 1908. Men who guess at things, and, of course, often guess wildly, were sure that Root was to be "the administration candidate" three years hence. They were as sure of this as they were, a few days earlier, that Taft was to enjoy the same favor. The fact is—and I know whereof I speak,—that there was neither an understanding between President Roosevelt and Mr. Root as to the latter's political future, beyond the state department, nor even the thought of such a thing. Moreover, it is almost an insult to President Roosevelt to say that he would set out to dictate to his party whom his successor should be. The President said bluntly to one of his visitors, not long ago, that he had hoped people knew him well enough to know that he was incapable of such a thing. He added, with his usual frankness, that he should keep his hands off, absolutely, as to the next presidency. The field is open. It is the party's business, and the party's alone, not his.

"THE THINGS ONE TRIES TO GET ARE SHADOWS," MR. ROOT SAYS

Mr. Root himself has had something to say on this score, and he has said it with his usual happiness of expression. At the time the newspapers were speculating as to whether or not he would take Hay's place, one of his close personal friends, Mr. Woodward, of Cincinnati, sent him the following telegram:—

"If you are willing to take up official burdens, would it not be best to wait three years for the substance rather than take the shadow now?"

To this Mr. Root replied:—

"My feeling is that the things one has an opportunity to do are substance, and the things one tries to get are shadow."

"ELIHU ROOT."

Among the men who know him there exists not a shadow of doubt as to his fitness for the presidency. President Roosevelt's praise of him may seem superlative to others, but, to those who have been near enough to Mr. Root to be able to see his work, his method, and his character, every word the President uttered concerning him seemed well deserved. He is a truly great man. If the writer may express his personal judgment for what it may be worth, after nearly twenty years of close observation of public men at the national capital, Elihu Root is the ablest man known at Washington in that period. But his greatness lies in his intellectual, not in his moral force. The moral force may be there, but it has never found opportunity for expression. He lacks warmth of imagination. His ideals are fine and high, but they are practical ideals. He has been a leader of reform movements, but they have been business reforms, not social. He has appealed to the intelligence of men, never to their sympathies. He has been a doer rather than a preacher, wherein he differs somewhat from his chief, who is both with a vengeance. What Mr. Root will do, if opportunity presents itself to take the lead in the higher paths of political activity, no one knows, and those who have known him as a working machine, as a getter of results, as an administrator, as a planner of practical things, as an executive in our own government, and as the creator of states beyond the seas, are eager to see what yet greater things he may do in the future. Hence, both in admiration and curiosity, they welcome him to the ministry of foreign affairs. Opportunity knocks again at his gate; his friends await the outcome with hope and confidence.

No one doubts that Mr. Root will achieve great success in the state department. He is the sort of man who achieves success wherever you put him. It may be said that his temperament is not that of a diplomatist; he has not been trained in that art. Well, men of the highest type of intellectuality are superior to temperament. They can master anything. Root is of that type. Besides, there is a vast deal of nonsense in the popular idea of diplomacy. There is supposed to be something mysterious about it,—something almost occult,—something one must learn as he learns to be a chemist or an electrician. Not so: diplomacy is simply a matter of negotiation between men who are always very human and often somewhat mediocre, no matter what high-sounding titles they bear.

DIPLOMACY IS MERELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS ABILITY

Diplomacy is a matter of business, though a polite business, hedged about by etiquette and forms and adorned with a few frills. Get behind the lingerie and the lingo, and go to the heart of the thing, and you will find it very much like the practice of law. The man with the best case ought to win; and, when he doesn't and the man with the poorer case does win, it is because he is the better man and knows better how to present his case and how to handle it. There is another popular notion that the American diplomatic establishment is weak because our representatives abroad contend with men trained all their lives in the diplomatic school. We have no permanent diplomatic establishment. Our ambassadors and ministers abroad are picked from law offices, editorial rooms, and even counting rooms. Usually they have had no previous acquaintance with diplomatic work. Yet, nine times out of ten, they are more than a match for



THE WELL-ROUNDED ACHIEVEMENT

When Mr. Root was appointed secretary of war in 1898 by William McKinley, he quickly established himself as a diplomatist and a rigid disciplinarian, as was shown by the manner in which he checked the general demoralization that was spreading in the army, due to a quarrel between two of the highest ranking officers. He practically reorganized the army and placed it on a better basis. His plan for reorganization had among the features the establishment of the war college and the modification of the seniority rule, giving selection a part in promotion. He has frequently acted as secretary of state

the men they have to deal with abroad. Breadth and strength of character, knowledge of human nature and experience gained in the rough and tumble of life count for quite as much as the other fellows' dilettante culture. It is the judgment of the best observers, throughout the world, that our successful American lawyers and editors easily hold their own against their competitors.

There is a vast difference between the status of the Elihu Root who entered the government service six years ago and the Elihu Root who returns to it now. Then he was not known to five thousand people outside the city of New York. Now his fame extends all over the world.

Then men thought McKinley, matchless in his judgment of men, [Indeed, those who knew him well knew that that was his chief ability.] had erred for once. Who was this Elihu Root? What had he done? A New York lawyer! Yes, but what does he know about the army? What has Blackstone to do with Mars? Now no one asks such questions. The whole world knows him. Now the query which naturally rises to the lips of men is, "Does this mean that he is to be the next president of the United States?"

McKinley was right. Lucky as he usually was in his selection of men, this was the happiest choice he ever made. When Root went into the war department, that great machine was under a popular ban. It was just after the Spanish-American War. The people believed that something was wrong. So did Mr. Root. He went to work to find out what it was and to clean it out. He found the weak spots. The system was antiquated and clumsy. Barnacles had grown all over it. Each head of a bureau was a petty tyrant within his own domain, and there was little coöperation between the various bureaus. Root decided to shake things up. The petty tyrants knew it. They ran to him with their tales. They tried to get "next," and to make themselves "solid," with this iconoclastic New York lawyer. Immediately they discovered that they had not only a new man, but also a new sort of man, to reckon with. They could n't get next. He was unamenable to any of the sort of influences which had worked like a charm in the past. What he wanted was the facts, and he got them. He was studying his job. He was concentrating his mind upon the problem of how to so reorganize the war department and the army itself that both might be made what they should be,—high types of American capacity for organization and efficiency.

HIS INTELLECT USUALLY OPERATES LIKE A COMPRESSED-AIR DRILL

When Elihu Root concentrates his mind, something has to come. That is his "long suit." Concentration of mind, with him, means the application of a potential, almost irresistible force. His intellectual faculties resemble a compressed-air drill working slowly, but surely, through adamant rock. The harder the rock, and the greater the pressure, the sharper the drill!

In a short time Mr. Root knew what was the matter with the war department. In another short time he had applied the remedy. He brought men together. Bitter rivals met at his desk, and, after a frank, full talk over the situation, found out how good a fellow t'other chap was, and how easy it would be to coöperate with him. Above all else they felt that they at length had a master who understood the situation better than they did,—who understood their own work,—and who would tolerate no nonsense. All who laid aside bickering and intolerance and showed a willingness to aid in the task of reorganization and coördination were kept and encouraged. All who refused to join were got rid of. Flagging interest revived. The barnacles disappeared. Animosity was buried or minimized. The pace of work quickened. In spirit the war department was born again.

One of the peculiarities of Mr. Root's mind is its impersonality. Being a mathematician and son of a mathematician, men to him are quantities. They stand before his mental vision not so much as human entities as the symbols of work, of results, of progress, or of things. Looking thus upon men, he did not discriminate according to rank. A superior officer was, after all, but a symbol standing for a greater quantity than an inferior officer. His was the greater responsibility, and therefore his performance must be greater. He was only a multiplier, and he had to follow the formula. Among those found in the way of reconstruction was General Nelson A. Miles, the head of the army. At first Root liked Miles and tried to make him a friend and useful and conspicuous as a cog in the machine. But Miles balked. He had been accustomed to having things his own way. He would rule or he would n't play. Root was patient. He bore a good deal. Suddenly it dawned upon him that this was a multiplier which simply would not perform its function. There was nothing to do but to take all power out of Miles's hands. This Root did calmly, quickly, and resolutely, as he does all things of that sort, and without fuss, reproaches, lamentations, or bickerings. In a twinkling General Miles found himself a beautifully uniformed officer with a splendid room and a fine title, but with not an atom of power except over his private secretary and his aid.

HIS WORK IN THE WAR OFFICE WAS NOT AN IMITATION

Not content with reorganizing the war department, Secretary Root started to reorganize the army itself. He built up the general-staff scheme patiently, cautiously, and by dint of skillful investigation of all the military systems in the world. It was not an imitation,—not a copy,—but an adaptation of all the foreign establishments. When it was ready he set about getting authority from congress to put it into operation. In congress, and in the army itself, he encountered the inertia of a century of



Raising Chickens,—our Largest Industry

Franklin Forbes

IF SERVICE instead of sentiment were the essential in the selection of our national emblem, the fruitful, necessary hen, instead of the picturesque eagle, would be in evidence on the escutcheon of the United States; for, apart from her domestic and edible excellences, the mother of the American chicken is at once the most productive as she is the most reliable of all of our industrial money-makers. This statement is based on government statistics, which are about the only sort of figures that do not fib. True it is that these same statistics are officially designated "egg and poultry earnings," and, as a consequence, include data about the barnyard neighbors of the hen. But the parts that the duck, the goose and the turkey play in the total "earnings" are small indeed as compared with that of the "biddy."

Turkey ranches there are, also web-footed poultry farms, pheasant and other game-bird preserves, and "squabbleries," both of the amateur and the professional sort. The last census of poultry of the United States showed that the total number of chickens was 233,598,085; turkeys, 6,599,367; geese, 5,676,863, and ducks, 4,807,358. Eighty-eight and one eighth per cent. of the farms of this country had poultry as an asset. At least 250,000,000 chickens, to say nothing of other kinds of poultry, are consumed each year.

Chicken-raising enterprises on a large or small scale are to be found by the hundred in every part of the country and in constantly increasing numbers. Scientific methods and appliances have made the industry as certain in the way of results as it is profitable financially. Yet the contributions of professional chicken-breeders to the nation's wealth and food supply are probably equaled, if not exceeded, by those of the ordinary farmer, with whom the hen and the egg are incidentals rather than intentional products. There are also countless chicken-coops and "runs," the property of commuting and other citizens, the yields of which do not figure in the statistics in question, for obvious reasons. All of this is pertinent to the fact that, as intimated, the hen is not only the prime factor in the "earnings," but that, in addition, even these last fail to do full justice to her total merits when she is considered statistically. A consideration of the foregoing and the acceptance of the figures about to be given will, I think, establish the fact that, commercial traditions to the contrary, "The Hen is Queen!"—this to the dethronement of cotton or any other staple that may have hitherto borne the regal title.

NEARLY FORTY-FIVE MILLION CRATES OF EGGS ARE SOLD YEARLY

According to the government authorities, "egg and poultry earnings" for one recent year amounted to two hundred and eighty million dollars. Such an amount is sufficiently amazing as it stands, but you do not get its full significance until you study the relative financial values of other "industries." We find, for instance, that the total value of the gold, silver, wool, and sheep produced in America during the year in question was \$272,434,315. The sugar production of the country, the same year, was but twenty million dollars. That part of the wheat crop used at home, which many consider the most valuable of all our agricultural products, was worth \$229,000,000. The great American hog, as consumed at home and abroad, brought \$186,529,035. The value of the oat crop was \$78,984,900. Potatoes grown in the United States were valued at nearly as large a sum as were the oats. The product of tobacco plantations was estimated to be worth \$35,579,225. Cotton, the dethroned king of staples, could show only \$259,161,640, as against the magnificent earnings of its



THERE IS NO GREATER MONEY-MAKER IN THE WORLD, TO-DAY, THAN THE PATIENT AMERICAN HEN



feathered rival. The crops of flax, timothy, clover, millet, and cane seeds, broom corn, castor beans, hay, straw, and so forth, could not, all told, come within a measurable distance of many millions of the poultry earnings.

The hens' eggs produced in this country annually would fill 43,127,000 crates, each of the latter holding three hundred and sixty eggs; also, a train of refrigerator cars to carry these eggs would be nearly nine hundred miles long. Furthermore, it would take 107,818 such cars to make up this train.

When you consider these things and the unobtrusive nature of the poultry industry, you will be prepared to admit that, in the matter of modesty, as well as returns, it differs greatly from its industrial rivals. Cotton, wheat, sugar, and other staples readily lend themselves to red-ink headings and

yellow extras. The gamblers in these commodities seem to rejoice in the glare of calcium. "Corners" and those things which follow hard on them make for personal notoriety and newspaperish "good reading." But who ever heard of the chicken or the chicken-man getting into print save by reason of a phenomenal egg or the dear old yarn of the crowing hen? Never! Bird and man are so busy with eggs and dollars that they cultivate a silence which, with them, seems to be literally of a golden sort. Chickens, too, are apparently the only things of marketable and constant value that have defied the power of the trusts. No octopus yet created has had such a sufficiency of tentacles as to enable it to get a grip on all our hen nurseries.

INCUBATORS AND BROODERS REVOLUTIONIZED THE ENTIRE INDUSTRY

Profitable poultry, or chicken, farming, as it now obtains, is possible because of, first, the invention of the incubator and the brooder, and again by reason of the successful efforts of breeders to evolve strains of birds that answer special requirements either as layers or for table purposes alone, or again they may combine in one type of fowl the qualities of the other two classes. American breeders, too, have accomplished much in the way of purely fancy breeds. Indeed, and within the past few years, in some instances, they have outdistanced their English competitors who were supposed to be without peers in the lines indicated. Even in the case of fowls bred for utility, beauty of form, together with pleasing colors and arrangement of plumage are very desirable, and the two classes of breeders involved have a good deal in common in this connection, inasmuch as both must apply the principles of the "persistence of the type" to the business. How completely these principles are understood and put to practical purpose any high-class poultry farm will attest, and the annual poultry show at Madison Square Garden, New York City, permits the public to observe.

Of course you know what an incubator looks like, and understand the principles involved in its construction. But this simple-looking box of glass and wood, with its lamp and one or two apparently trifling incidentals, took years of patient experiment before it could be coaxed into performing faithfully the functions of the mother hen. There were many problems to be overcome, including those of moisture, heat, ventilation, and so forth. How much time and money, to say nothing of broods of eggs, were sacrificed in order that millions of later chickens might be saved is not recorded in the history of poultry. As it is, the up-to-date incubator is a practically perfect appliance. It will hatch any kind of eggs with certainty and dispatch depending on the species of the parent birds. Twenty-one days elapse between the placing of an ordinary hen's eggs in an



incubator and the chipping of the shell by the chick. A turkey's egg takes thirty days to hatch; a swan's, usually, forty; a duck's, twenty-eight; a goose's, thirty; a canary's, eighteen; and a humming bird's, twelve. For the breeders of game birds the incubator is the greatest of boons, while in California and Arizona the apparatus has brought young ostriches to the light of day.

"SPRING CHICKENS" ARE NOW PRODUCED ALL THE YEAR ROUND

But it is in the case of the ordinary chicken that it has proved itself most useful. Thanks to it, poultry breeders can produce "spring chicken" all the year round, and are independent of the whims and fancies that even the most matronly of broody hens will manifest at times. Incubator eggs are safe, also, from the attacks of predatory animals and sudden changes of temperature, both of which are responsible for a big percentage of chicken mortality. Small wonder, then, that ninety or more per cent. of professional poultry men swear by the incubator! The time may come, experts say, when the hen will lose her instinct of motherhood, so far as hatching is concerned, thanks to the coming general use of the incubator.

The brooder has been described as a chicken orphan asylum. It is an arrangement that takes the place of the warm and sheltering wings and body of a hen. As in the case of the incubator, its current usefulness has not been wrought out without the expenditure of much study and experiment.

The evolution of the distinctively typical American chicken is of comparatively recent date. The late P. T. Barnum and Horace Greeley were charter members of the New York Poultry Association and had much to do with the success of that organization as well as with the development of the thoroughbred fowls of this country. Not many years ago, a poultry show was a very small affair indeed, usually held in some out-of-the-way hall or other building that was chosen on account of its cheapness. The exhibitions were rarely of a successful nature, in a financial sense, and there was usually a shortage which the chicken enthusiasts were compelled to make good out of their own pockets. But nowadays it is decidedly otherwise. The annual poultry exhibition, as it occurs in Madison Square Garden, is not only a society event but a paying proposition also. In Boston a show of a similar nature is held every year in the great Mechanics Hall, and, in Chicago, in the gigantic Coliseum.

Whereas, in the initial stages of these exhibitions, the fowls shown were a paltry hundred or so, those now held under the auspices of the Poultry Association will attract multitudes of interested persons and result in displays of several hundred cages or enclosures, containing thousands of interesting exhibits.

The spectacular as well as the special features of such exhibitions are given in the newspapers at length, and the awarding of prizes is a matter of import not only to professional fanciers, but also to the poultry-loving public in general. It must be remembered, in this connection, that single birds have been recently sold in this country for as much as five hundred dollars; while in England one thousand dollars has been asked and obtained for an absolutely perfect specimen of a given breed. Thus chicken-breeding for show purposes alone, while calling for skill, patience, and industry, is a paying proposition, so to speak; for the breeder's principal never grows less, but is, on the contrary, ever increasing. The eggs and broods of prize-winners are the things that bring in the money, rather than the prize-winners themselves; for the last has a fixed value, while the first is an ever-growing financial quantity. Especially is this so if a fancier has of himself evolved a strain of chickens of repute. The consequent reward for the incidental labor in both cash and reputation is, in such cases, large indeed. This is true of both useful and ornamental breeds.

Now it will be evident that, if chicken-raising warrants an investment of dollars and brains, there must exist not only a ready but also a constant market for the birds.

There are eighty-seven standard and a large number of promiscuous varieties of chickens raised in this country. The standard varieties may be divided thus: the general-purpose breed of the American class; the meat or table breeds of the Asiatic class; the egg breed of the Mediterranean class, and the ornamental breeds, which include the Polish, Exhibition Games, miscellaneous, and Bantam classes. It need

hardly be added that all of the birds, in their several classes, are bred by American fanciers.

Of the foregoing fowls the Wyandottes, the Plymouth Rocks, and the Leghorns are the most popular, for the main reason that they are the most profitable. The first two kinds belong to the general-purpose breeds, while the Leghorn is essentially an egg-producer. Of the Wyandottes, which are strictly American-produced birds, there are the Silver, the Golden, the White, the Buff, and the Black. Then there are Barred, Buff, Pea-comb, and White Plymouth Rocks, all of which are American fowls. The Barred Plymouth Rock is, perhaps, the great American all-round chicken, the kind that the farmer, the fancier and the amateur stand by. According to most authorities, "it is the most popular of all varieties of poultry as a general-purpose fowl. Its medium size, hardy growth, and good laying qualities make it a practical fowl for the farm." Like a lot of other good Americans, the Barred has a strain of foreign blood in it, its ancestors being the American Dominique and the Black Java, and, it may be, just a touch of the Brahma, another Asiatic fowl. The Barred hens are, furthermore, steady sitters and excellent mothers. Also, they are consistent layers all the year round, mature early, and are meat birds of high grade. A very admirable fowl, indeed, is the Barred Plymouth Rock, and what stands good for it, in this relation, stands good also for the rest of its kin.

ONE FARM FURNISHES THREE HUNDRED "BROILERS" EVERY DAY

The Wyandotte is a bird of recent date, its family tree being of only about twenty-five years' growth. Several strains have been combined to produce it in its present perfected form, these including the Dark Brahma, the Silver-spangled Hamburg, the Breda, and, possibly, the Cochin. While not as heavy as the Plymouth Rocks, the Wyandottes are excellent for table purposes, hardy of constitution, and prolific layers. Of the several varieties of this bird, there is little to choose among them. A selection usually depends on the breeder's individual fancy, in the way of plumage.

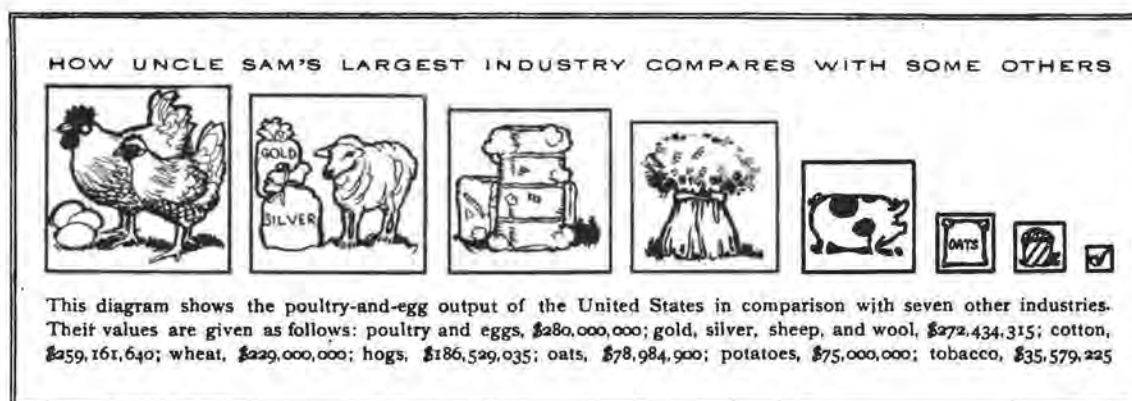
Of the Leghorns, there are eight or nine varieties, the best-known being the White and the Brown. These fowls are essentially egg-producers, and in this respect are the standards by which the prolificness of other breeds is judged. The Leghorn is of ancient Italian lineage, as fowls go, and is said to have been introduced into this country in 1834.

The question of profit in poultry has been fully decided in favor of the layers. Because of this, the Leghorn occupies the same place of honor among poultry as an egg-producer that the Jersey holds among cattle as a milker. Leghorns are also light feeders, mature early, and feather quickly, and the

pullets will often begin to lay when but four months old. The hens average one hundred and fifty to two hundred eggs a year. It is an axiom among Leghorn owners that two of these birds can be raised at the same feeding cost as one of any other breed. The only matter in which they fall short of ideality is their size for table purposes.

Of the other kinds of fowls, space will not permit of treatment in detail, and, besides, this article has more particularly to do with the working rather than the ornamental and aristocratic classes of chickens. There are the Polish, the Hamburgs, the Redcaps, Silver and Golden Campines, Houdans, Crèvecoeurs, La Flèche and Dorkings, the Game and Game Bantams,—warriors of their species,—and the multiplicity of others of the Bantams, the Black Spanish, the oldest and most useful of fowls, together with the Russians, Silkies, Sultans, Frizzles, and Rumpless.

Scientific feeding and exact hygiene have gone hand in hand with the two revolutionary apparatuses named, to the end of making chicken raising that which it now is. The possibilities of the industry, under the new conditions, can only be understood through the medium of a reference to a modern poultry farm. For instance, there is a man in a little town in the southern part of Ohio who has a contract with a certain firm to furnish daily, all the year round, three hundred "broilers" weighing about one and one half pounds each. He receives three dollars a dozen for the broilers, and for a long time has lived up to the contract with unfailing regularity. A system of pens, ninety in number, receives the chickens from the day of their being hatched, and they progress one pen per day until the last is reached,



A PROSPEROUS MOTHER AND SOME OF HER LITTLE ONES

when they are converted into "broilers." Thirty incubators of the best type and a big flock of Barred Plymouth Rocks make the contract possible. Another of his contracts is for a daily hundred dozens of eggs. The farm has a main building, four hundred and eighty feet long, and a number of minor structures, while the pens are in a row, five hundred and sixty feet in length. He usually has thirty thousand chickens on hand and many thousands of eggs. His net profits are about thirty thousand dollars annually. His success and his plant, based on scientific principles, are equaled in scores of other cases in different localities.

A GOOD HEN SHOULD LAY ABOUT TWO HUNDRED EGGS A YEAR

The fact that, as already stated, the supreme test of the usefulness of a hen is her egg-making capacity has naturally resulted in efforts on the part of scientific chicken-farmers to evolve a bird that shall be an ideally economic medium for the conversion of food into shell, yolk, and glair. Such a hen should produce two hundred eggs per annum, and that there are whole flocks of these gifted creatures to be found in many parts of this country is proof that, while "the individual bird lingers," in a laying sense, yet the American chicken is showing signs of becoming "more and more" in the same respect. If the chickens, as a total, could be persuaded to adopt permanently the annual two-hundred-egg habit, the sum added to the nation's wealth would be many millions.

Here are some facts and figures relative to the hen's egg which may not be without interest to the student of poultry possibilities. Its average length is two and twenty-seven hundredths inches, its average diameter at the broad end one and seventy-two hundredths inches, and it weighs about one eighth of a pound. The pullets are smaller than those of old hens. The shell constitutes about eleven per cent., the yolk thirty-two per cent., and the white fifty-seven per cent. of the total egg. Chemically speaking, an egg consists of two nutrients,—protein and fat,—together with some water and a small quantity of mineral matter. Popular belief to the contrary, there is no difference in the nutritive qualities of eggs with dark shells and those with light. Their flavor is affected by the food of the fowl, for good or for evil. Exhaustive experiments by well-equipped investigators prove that the egg deserves its reputation as an easily assimilated and highly nutritious food, if eaten raw or lightly cooked. Such experiments also show that eggs at twelve cents per dozen are a cheap source of nutrients; at sixteen cents, somewhat expensive; and, at twenty-five cents and over, highly extravagant. The basis of comparison was the market prices of standard flesh foods considered in relation to their nutritive elements. But there is a physiological constituent of eggs which is of great value, yet it defies the search of the scientist or the inquisition of the statistician, and that is their palatability. Unless a food, however rich in proteins, is relished, it loses much of its value, while, *per contra*, a less chemically desirable food that is enjoyed becomes valuable by reason of that fact.

The scope of the egg business, its unique character and its importance to the public have brought about repeated and exhaustive attempts to solve the problem of preserving eggs for longer or shorter periods. The results of the experiments may be said to betwo methods of keeping eggs fresh, or nominally so; for, after all is said and done, your egg, be it never so well preserved, lacks that exquisite delicacy of flavor which it possesses when, being taken warm from the nest, it is properly cooked and appropriately served. However, eggs are now kept palatable either by

low temperatures, otherwise cold storage, or by coating, covering, or immersing them in some material or solution which may or may not be a germicide. Sometimes the two systems are combined. Eggs can also be kept edible by removing them from their shells and storing them in cans in bulk at a temperature a degree or so below freezing. This system, however, has many disadvantages.

Not long since, German government experts took up the question of egg preservation with all the patient thoroughness that characterizes scientific investigation in the Fatherland. Twenty different ways of keeping eggs fresh were tried, including cold storage, the use of brine, lime water, salicylic acid, permanganate of potash, glycerin, rock salt, bran, paraffin, boric acid, sterilizing by hot water, varnishing the shell with water glass, vaseline, collodion, or shellac, packing in peat dust or wood ashes, and so forth.

On the whole, cold storage and immersion of the eggs in a solution of water glass, which is potassium silicate or sodium silicate, were found to be the cheapest and most effectual ways of keeping eggs eatable. A gallon of water glass will preserve fifty dozens of eggs. The chemical, which is of an innocuous nature, forms a thin glaze or coating over the shell which is absolutely air-tight.

IN 1890, THE EXPORTS OF EGGS AMOUNTED TO NEARLY \$750,000

A fact of significance, as showing the growth of the egg industry and indicating the possibilities of its future, is that, in 1890, the total number of eggs exported was three hundred and eighty-one thousand dozens, worth fifty-nine thousand dollars, while, ten years later, the exports were valued at nearly three quarters of a million dollars. In 1890, the imported eggs were worth two million dollars, while at present imports have practically ceased, and the exports have correspondingly increased as intimated. Much of the extraordinary development of the industry is due to the work of the

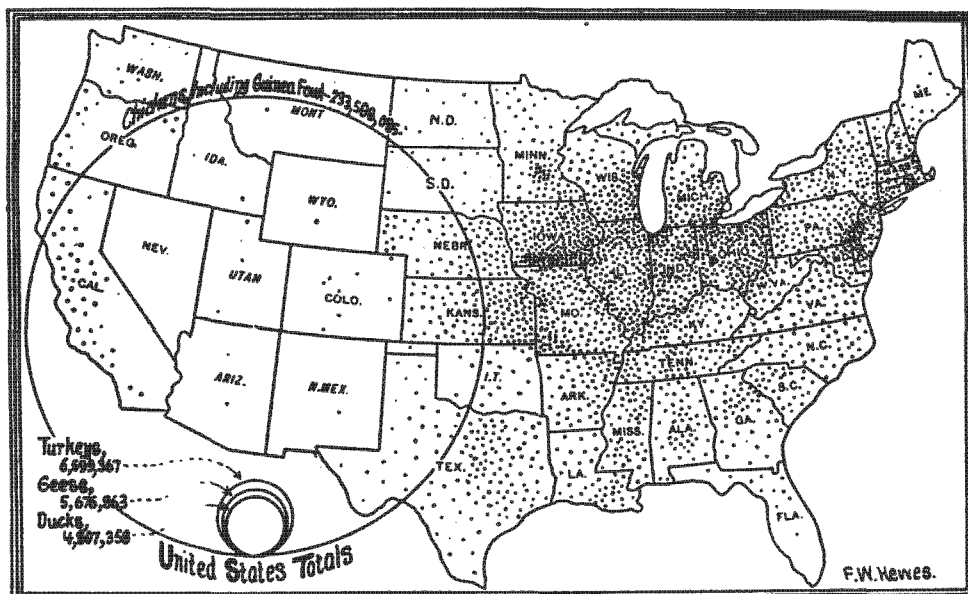
experimental stations of the United States department of agriculture. These stations, found in every state of the Union, make practical tests of the comparative values of different breeds of fowls, the best methods of feeding and caring for them, the possibility of increasing egg-production by proper feeding, the selection of laying stock, and other problems. Aside from hens, the poultry industry has extended in large dimensions to other fowls. Raising ducks for general consumption is now a profitable industry in many states, and in later years the raising of squabs has attracted the attention of a great many who are looking for profits in a business that gives but little trouble.

Beveridge Is Glad He Laughed

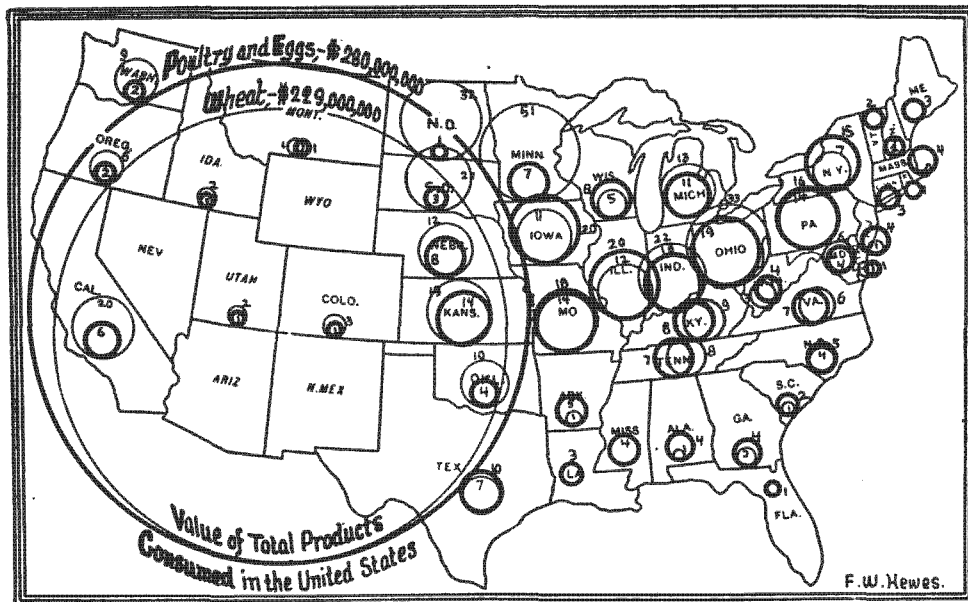
J. H. WELCH

"THE direction of my career was completely changed," said United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge to the writer, "by a careless laugh. When I was a youth in Illinois, I heard that the congressman from our district intended to hold an examination to determine what young man he should appoint to West Point. I pitched in and studied hard for that examination, and found it easy when I came to take it. Most of the other fellows seemed to be still struggling with it when I had finished, and I was so confident that I had made few mistakes that I was in a pretty cheerful frame of mind. This is why I laughed when one of the strugglers asked a rather foolish question of the professor in charge. The latter evidently felt that the dignity of the occasion had been trifled with, for he scored one per cent. against me. When the papers came to be corrected this loss caused me to fall one fifth of one per cent. below the boy who stood highest on the list. He is a captain in the army, now, where I suppose I should be had it not been for that laugh. I believe in the power of cheerfulness. Looking back, I am rather glad that I laughed."

DISTRIBUTION OF HENS AND GUINEA FOWL IN THE UNITED STATES
EACH DOT REPRESENTS 100,000 CHICKENS, INCLUDING GUINEA FOWL



THE POULTRY-AND-EGG PRODUCT COMPARED WITH THE WHEAT PRODUCT



The poultry-and-egg products are shown by the heavy circles, and the wheat products by the light circles. All state circles are drawn to one scale. The figures pointed within the circles indicate millions of dollars. No circle is given for less than half a million dollars. The census of 1900, from which both of the foregoing charts were drawn, reports a total poultry-and-egg product of \$280,000,000, as stated on the larger of the two great circles above. The wheat product is given as \$229,000,000. An export value of \$141,000,000 leaves the home consumption, \$229,000,000, as stated on the smaller of the two great circles above. Therefore, the national poultry-and-egg bill is almost one fourth greater than the wheat bill. The egg bill is about five per cent. greater than the poultry bill. Both of the charts were drawn especially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE



"MR. SORG CAME IN WITH A HEAVY, BUSINESSLIKE DIRECTNESS"

Inspector Val's Adventures*

THE AFFAIR AT THE SAINTE MARIE

Alfred Henry Lewis

CHAPTER I.

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE]

IT was break of day on a clear April morning.

The streets were quiet and deserted; for it was precisely that hour when night-prowlers, runagate folks, and other loose livers who fear the light are going into hiding, while your decent working citizen has not yet turned out. A policeman was slowly sauntering along the Bowery near its junction with Grand Street. On arriving at the corner of the two thoroughfares the policeman glanced at his watch; a look of satisfaction over-stole his heavy face as he considered that his post would be relieved in twenty minutes.

As the policeman replaced the watch, the clatter of heavy feet caught his ear. He wheeled; a man, evidently in mighty agitation, was running toward him along Grand Street. As the man drew near, he gesticulated and waved his arms in a clumsy beckoning manner.

"What's the trouble?" demanded the officer.

The running man came up, but was too much excited and out of breath to instantly reply. He was a thick, phlegmatic creature with a moonlike face. Commonly full and ruddy, his cheeks now



*"The Affair at the Sainte Marie" is the third of a series of six detective stories, each complete in itself, which Mr. Lewis has written specially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The next tale will appear in the October issue.—The Editor

showed the color of tallow. For a moment he stood gasping and gurgling, trying to regain command of himself. The officer again demanded:—

"What's the trouble?"

"Murder!" cried the moon-faced man, at last, in a voice between a choke and a sob. "Madam Laurie, at the Sainte Marie!"

The Sainte Marie was a small restaurant in Grand Street not an arrow shot from the Bowery. How it got its name no one might tell, for neither exterior nor interior bore sign or token that suggested it. For all that the place was known as the Sainte Marie, and the oldest memory for a round mile about ran not to the contrary.

The Sainte Marie had been kept by Madam Laurie for thirty years. She did not launch the business; both name and trade were flourishing before her time. The restaurant was originally the property of one Jacob Darm, to whom Madam Laurie paid one thousand dollars in gold as its price. The week before this transaction she had bought the building and the ground whereon it stood. This purchase had made Herr Darm her

tenant. Instantly they differed over the rent of the restaurant; thereupon, loving peace, she decided to buy out his business, also, and conduct it herself. All this, however, has no important connection with the story of the crime that later took its place in police annals as "The affair at the Sainte Marie."

The building, when Madam Laurie purchased it, had stood for more than a century. It was one of your old-fashioned brick structures, with its eaves to the street. The gray shingled roof was broken by two dormer windows, which afforded light to an attic chamber.

In its youth the house was the dwelling of some well-to-do old Knickerbocker; but that day must have been far astern, since everybody that belonged to the town's fashion had for more than eighty years abandoned both the Bowery and Grand Street.

Aside from that attic chamber, the house possessed two floors and a basement. There was no entrance to the basement from Grand Street; from the rear one might enter it by a wide downward flight of steps. The basement was closed against the casual intruder, should such a one find his way to the small, boxed-in rear yard, by a door, thick enough, truly, but age-eaten and shaky. A strong, resolute shoulder should have sent it in.

From this basement a narrow stairway led to the floor above. The basement itself was dark and musty, its only ventilation as well as light—what little there was of either,—coming from two small ground windows set in the foundations of the house. It was used by Madam Laurie as a storing place, and bins of bottles were arranged around the two sides and the front.

The floor above, being the first floor and entered directly from Grand Street, was Madam Laurie's shop proper. There were three rooms on this floor, the front room being a general room and furnished with a half dozen tables and their complement of chairs. To the rear of this and opening into it were two small rooms, with windows overlooking the rear yard, where guests—who, for purposes of confidence and privacy, wished to be alone,—might sit.

From the small rear room on the left side of the building, a narrow stairway, corresponding—in width and length,—to the stairway that led up from the basement, carried one to the floor above. On this second floor Madam Laurie lived,—the floor being divided into a sitting room, a bedroom, and a kitchen, the two latter of the size commonly described as "not big enough to swing a cat in." No one, so far as history tells, was ever known to swing a cat under any circumstances; yet the phrase is supposed to have an architectural value as indicating dimensions somewhat cramped.

The furniture throughout, in the public as well as the private parts of the Sainte Marie, was plain and simple, and cheap ornaments in *bisque* and plaster stood about on the mantels. In the large public front room there was an ancient sideboard that may have come down the rungs of the years from that old Knickerbocker who was the Sainte Marie's first occupant, half a century before it was known by that name. In all the windows, front as well as rear, were flower boxes; but these showed now in April only a brown bristle of last year's stalks and stumps.

Madam Laurie herself should have a word or two of personal description. She was a spinster, sixty-odd years old; that is to say, she had consented to forty for over twenty years, always with an arch simper that showed her still a prey to certain girlish vanities that—extant in every feminine breast at birth,—are not to be canceled by anything save wedding bells themselves.

Being sixty-odd, Madam Laurie looked her years. She was in figure short and stout; her shoulders stooped, while her seamed face was a network of wrinkles. Even in girlhood she must have been notably ugly; her features were coarse, and her large nose was of the sort termed hooked. In spite of the coarse heaviness of her face, the expression of Madam Laurie was quick and vivacious, and her eyes gleamed and glanced as bright as any bird's. In source she was French, having been born in Paris; and in money matters she was gifted of a French closeness of grip that trenched upon the parsimonious. She was supposed to be rich, too; but, being prudent, and, withal, the soul of business, it had never been imagined that her gold was anywhere save in a bank. Madam Laurie was not one to invite thieves by keeping her hoards in the house.

The policeman, at the cry, "Murder!" aroused himself, and started for the Sainte Marie at a dull trot, guided by the moon-faced man who, in his unusual excitement, tugged at the officer's blue sleeve by way of improving the pace. On arriving in front of the Sainte Marie, the single front door, raised above the sidewalk by the height of a trio of steps, was found to be on the swing. The policeman pointed to the open door.

"I did that," panted the moon-faced man. "I had just unlocked the door, to open the place for the day, when I saw the body on the floor. Then I ran for you."

"What's your name?" asked the officer, laying his hand on the door to throw it wide.

"Peter Salt. They call me 'Saltpeter.' I assisted Madam Laurie about her shop."

The large public room which the officer entered was not overfed with light, the two front windows being narrow. Moreover, they were heavily curtained, and this aided in bringing about a partial darkness even when the sun shone outside. As the officer entered he seized Peter Salt by the arm; not for support, but from a professional instinct of detention. The suspicions of the bluecoat, he not being an analyst, were readily made to stand up; wherefore, he would be sure of Peter Salt until affairs should clear themselves a trifle.

Peter Salt seemed not to notice the official grasp on his arm; and, while he hung back as they entered the Sainte Marie, even the officer attributed this to nothing but a simple-minded reluctance to look upon repulsive sights. Leading Peter by the arm, the officer stepped inside.

In the shadow, to the rear and just at the entrance of the small serving-room from which the stairway led down from the floor above, lay a dark heap,—tumbled and careless.

"That's Madam Laurie," whispered Peter Salt, with face aghast and pointing with shaking finger. "That's her body,—she's dead, you know!"

Before the officer could reply or approach nearer the tumbled heap, a light cat-like step was heard. The officer started, for death before his eyes had made him nervous. The origin of that cat-like tread was at once unmasked; Inspector Val stood in the doorway. At sight of the famous detective the officer's face, which had been somewhat doubt-clouded, brightened visibly.

"Ah, inspector!" cried the policeman, "I was never more glad. There are mystery and murder here. Singly and alone I might have found the water over-deep."

Inspector Val had been ransacking the dives in Pell Street for a missing bank cashier, whose funds were known to be short and whose slavery to opium was suspected. He picked up his man, whose senses were saturated with the drug; and, since the latter was beyond conversation,—locked as tightly in the influence of opium as ever fly was locked in amber,—had sent him to Bellevue in charge of Mr. Sorg, with orders to keep him guarded until sufficiently recovered from his poppy sleep to answer questions. The drug-soaked cashier being disposed of, Inspector Val was walking to his rooms in Lafayette Place, making all he could of the fresh April air, with the thought of cleansing his lungs of those suffocating opium odors with which his hours in the dens had clogged them. The open door of the Sainte Marie had caught his eye as he swung off the Bowery into Grand Street.

Without a word he crossed in front of the officer and Peter Salt, and bent over the tumbled heap. It was Madam Laurie, sure enough,—dead as had been declared by the moon-faced Peter. That latter heavy person, when now the weight of his discovery had been lifted from him to the shoulders of others, began to lament, and stood blubbering in the grasp of the officer.

Inspector Val approached the body of Madam Laurie. There was a strong smell of coal oil in the air. A bit of broken glass crunched beneath his boot. That explained the kerosene smell; she had held a night lamp in her hand, and it had been broken upon the floor.

The body was lying on its face. Death had come like a bolt from above; for there was no disorder, the body lying not stiffly, but easily, and in an attitude of sleep rather than of death. Blood, in no great quantity, had oozed from the mouth. Inspector Val lifted the right arm. It was rigid: Madam Laurie had been dead for hours.

After a protracted study of the body, and a

mental registration of every detail, the inspector turned to the officer, still silently waiting in the middle of the room. He had released the arm of Peter Salt, who, seated at one of the tables, was sobbing thickly, his head on his arms.

Inspector Val made a sign, and the officer straightened up the recumbent Peter. Being questioned, the fellow controlled his grief, and, as well as he might for some German stubbornness of accent, told his story.

Madam Laurie was his maternal aunt; he, himself, however, coming not from Paris but Alsace, his father's native province. He was forty years old, and had been in New York four years, having been sent for by Madam Laurie to assist at her restaurant. Yes, he was married, and had a wife and two children; he lived in Rivington Street. Why had he not lived at the Sainte Marie? There wasn't room; besides, Madam Laurie didn't like Cora, his wife. His duties were to come each morning to the Sainte Marie and remain until midnight. A long watch? Yes; but sometimes, in the slack hours of the afternoon, he took a nap on the lounge in Madam Laurie's sitting room, upstairs. He took his meals with her. The greater part of serving her patrons fell upon him, since in the morning she must do up her house, having no servant. But in the morning there were few customers; it was in the afternoon, and particularly in the evening, that the tables were full and trade sharp. The evenings found work both for himself and Madam Laurie. Who were her customers? Staid old French people, commonly,—men who came with their wives, and who lived in the region just south of Washington Square, where the French colony was considerable.

"What hour, last night, did you last see Madam Laurie?" queried Inspector Val.

Peter Salt had last seen her at half past eleven, when, business being light, with few customers, she went upstairs to her rooms on the second floor. He, himself, closed up the Sainte Marie and left for home at a quarter of twelve.

"Was Madam Laurie of considerable fortune?—was your aunt rich?"

Peter couldn't say; he could only guess. He thought his aunt was worth fully eighty thousand, perhaps one hundred thousand dollars. There was no telling; she was a close-mouthed woman and never mentioned her money.

"But," added Peter, his moon-like countenance taking on a sudden glow as if the thought had at that moment for the first time come to him, "I shall soon know. Soon I shall count her money for myself. She makes a will before I came from the old country, and gave it all to me. Yes, Herr Officers, I am—what you say?—her heir."

At this news the policeman seized Peter Salt again by the arm; Inspector Val did not seem so much impressed. Peter Salt, himself, having gotten upon the subject of Madam Laurie's thousands, and remembering how they must now by her death become his thousands, beamed like the sun. His tears ceased to flow, he even smiled, and, wrapped in thoughts of his own abrupt translation from poverty to riches, appeared to forget the dumb, dead crumpled heap in the shadows by the door. Dull, of course, but still surprisingly human, was moon-faced Peter Salt.

"You may go," said Inspector Val to the policeman. "It's about your hour off post. I'll take charge here."

The officer glanced with gimlet eye at Peter. Then he beckoned to the inspector. Drawing that gentleman toward the front door, where, while out of earshot of Peter, he still had that worthy covered and any attempt at flight on his part checkmated, he whispered:—

"How about that party?"—pointing to Peter.

"You don't think he murdered his aunt?"

"Folks do murder their aunts,—sometimes. Besides, he makes a fortune by her death. Also, see how chirpy he is; I'm blessed if he won't take to whistling, in a minute or two, he feels so confoundedly good over it!"

"True!" responded the inspector, "he does seem a bit buoyant for one who has lost a near and, we may assume, valued relative. None the less, there's hardly sufficient evidence to put him behind the bars." Then, noting uncertainty and disappointment, he added: "I'll tell you a better thing. Let him go free, as if you had not the least suspicion; then shadow him. He may lead you to the proof you require."

The policeman was quite satisfied, and showed it in his face.

"It is ever wise," ruminated Inspector Val, "to give a zealous thickskull something that will occupy his faculties and time. Otherwise he may get between the legs of your own intelligent investigations and trip them up. Yes; I'll have this energetic dullard follow Peter Salt. It'll do no harm, and at the same time it will take him out from under my feet."

He winked impressively at the policeman, as if to intimate confidence and fullest understanding between them.

"You'll have to get my captain to give me the detail," whispered the officer.

"Fear not!" responded Inspector Val. "You'll be in plain clothes to-morrow, with nothing to do but follow our friend over there,"—indicating Peter Salt, who, with his unconscious back toward them and wrapped in golden dreams, heard nothing and guessed as little of their talk. "Well," concluded the inspector, "I'll give him his dismissal."

He walked over to the dream-wrapped Peter.

"You may go back to your wife and babies," said he. "Give me your key to the front door."

Peter passed him the key. Then he stood up like one awakened from a trance. He glanced dubiously at the tumbled heap on the floor.

"The authorities will take charge of that," replied Inspector Val, interpreting the look. Then, to the policeman, he added: "Notify the Central Office."

"Where do you live?" demanded the policeman of Peter, as together they went out into Grand Street.

The man gave him his house number, and the officer made a pencil note.

"Let me hear from you," said Inspector Val to the policeman, "in case you make any finds."

"Certainly, sir," responded the policeman, vastly promoted to be thus set working side by side, and on the same crime, with his celebrated superior.

Peter went one way, the policeman another, and when both had departed Inspector Val turned back into the Sainte Marie, locking the front door behind him.

"I'll defer investigation in that quarter," thought he, as his glance rested for a moment on the tumbled, inanimate heap, "till the surgeons report. Meanwhile, I'll go over the premises."

The body of Madam Laurie was lying squarely in the doorway between the front room and one of the rear rooms. The inspector stepped cautiously across it.

There was no disorder in either of the small rear rooms; the windows were closed and fastened, and the flower-boxes on the ledges had not been disturbed. The door to the narrow stairway that led to Madam Laurie's rooms above was unlocked. Inspector Val climbed the stairs. A thorough survey of the sitting room, as well as the diminutive bedroom and kitchen, indicated no burglarious invasion in that quarter. The windows of this floor, front and rear, were also closed and locked, and no marks were present that pointed to an attempt to open them. The single bed in the sleeping room had not been occupied. Plainly Madam Laurie had not retired when called downstairs to her death.

In the sitting room the small drum stove still held a few live coals. A rocking chair stood in front of the stove, with a work table to the left of the chair. On the carpet was thrown a French

newspaper. It would seem as if she had been sitting in the rocking chair before the stove, with a lamp at her elbow on the table, reading the newspaper, when her attention was enlisted by some downstairs alarm. The table held no lamp, but its absence was accounted for by the spilled kerosene and scattered fragments of glass below. She had had the lamp in her hand, and it was dashed to pieces when she fell. A single sweeping glance, that took in one after the other,—the sitting room, the bedroom, and the little kitchen,—convinced him that no one had visited them since the death of Madam Laurie.

He retraced his steps to the first floor and went down into the basement. It was there his investigations began to bear fruit. The rotten rear door had been forced from the outside. It had been guarded by a staple and padlock, and the

work had been done jimmy-fashion. There was no alley to the back, and the Sainte Marie was not a corner house. The door-forcers had climbed the fence separating Madam Laurie's from the premises next door, to which latter they had made their way from Grand Street through a narrow passage between the houses. In Madam Laurie's yard and at the point where they had scaled the fence lay a two-inch chisel. It was a "framing" chisel of the sort used by carpenters for work on heavy timbers. Inspector Val scanned the chisel for marks. On the soft iron shank was stamped "Paul Barr." The maker's name was stamped in the steel lower down; "Paul Barr," in the soft iron of the shank, was evidently an owner's mark. Inspector Val fitted the chisel to the indentation in the door casing. The experiment made it sure that this was the

tool employed in forcing the padlock and staple.

He returned to the basement. Two claret bottles, and three that had held Bordeaux—from all of which the necks had been knocked by rapping them smartly on the side of a bin,—were lying on the brick floor. An old tin cup had been used to drink the wine, and a quantity had been spilled on the bricks. Beyond the five broken bottles the contents of the basement had not been interfered with.

He went up the creaking stairway to the main floor. There were the sideboard and tables and chairs in the front room, and the tables and chairs in the two rear rooms. A careful going over argued nothing amiss. Not a drawer had been opened, not a glass broken or disturbed.

He unlocked the front door and stepped out into Grand Street. A ragged boy was idling across the way,—an early riser, this boy. His lively habit of turning out betimes earned the urchin a half dollar. Inspector Val gave him this sum, and sent him scudding into the Bowery.

"Tell the first policeman you meet," instructed the inspector, "to come at once to the Sainte Marie."

The boy disappeared like a shot: he felt his mission; and, besides, his heels were winged with silver.

Two minutes later a fat policeman came lumbering up. At this, Inspector Val closed and locked the door behind him, and, giving the key to the fat officer, said:—

"Remain in front until the coroner arrives; open the door for him and leave the key in his charge. Say to him that he shall hear from me by ten o'clock."

The policeman saluted, and Inspector Val moved off in quest of breakfast.

"I'll return and talk with the coroner," he considered, "and after that, before we go further, I think I shall sleep."

At ten o'clock he was again at the Sainte Marie. He found the coroner, who was making ready to depart. A department surgeon was with him, a case of instruments in hand.

"Pistol wound," said the coroner, tersely. "Shot entered the mouth without touching the lips; probably fired as she was in the act of crying out. The bullet struck the spinal column just at the base of the brain. Death was instantaneous. Here's the bullet."

The inspector took it,—a blunt, chunky piece of lead, shorter and bigger than ordinary pistol bullets.

CHAPTER II.

INSPECTOR VAL slept until three o'clock in the afternoon. An hour later he appeared at his desk in Mulberry Street, seemingly as bright and



staple was forced from the worm-eaten door frame. The staple and padlock lay on the floor, while the door itself stood open.

Ascending the steps to the back yard, Inspector Val found numerous footprints in the soft April ground which the sun, drawing out the winter's frost, had turned to mud. There was a stone walk two feet wide all about the four sides of the yard, inclosing an earthy space used in summer to grow flowers. This earth-space had been cut by heavy boots. A close survey disclosed three different and differing sets of footprints. They were all large and broad, and indicated, so far as they indicated anything, that they were made by boots with soles much worn, and heels run down. Evidently, the wearers could lay no claim to elegance; it would not do to search for them in circles well-dressed and genteel.

He examined the basement door. From a deep indentation in the casing, and a fresh scar on the outside face of the door itself, it was evident that

rested as if his slumbers had numbered those round eight hours appointed of nature, instead of a scanty four. Sergeant Sorg came in; that worthy thief-taker reported the poppy-steeped cashier as having recovered his senses and confessed his embezzlements.

"Did you lock him up?" asked Mr. Val, who, combining business with business, was tearing open his official mail while he talked.

"No," returned Mr. Sorg, disgustedly.

The inspector glanced over the top of a letter at Mr. Sorg and arched a brow, inquiringly.

"It was this way," Mr. Sorg explained. "The president of the bank showed up, and decided to make the shortage good. Meanwhile, he did n't want the cashier pinched, d'y'e see, for fear it would be a stain on the bank. At least, that's what he said; although, to speak as I think, I would n't be surprised if he lay down for fear the trial might turn up a disagreeable fact or two about himself."

"That may be," said Inspector Val, with a dismissive wave, returning to his letter reading, "but of course you can't force him to prosecute; and, if he won't prosecute, that's an end to the affair."

Mr. Sorg arose to go. Mr. Val again looked up from the letter.

"By the way, Mr. Sorg, meet me in my rooms in Lafayette Place to-morrow at two o'clock."

Mr. Sorg signified his acquiescence to what sounded like a request, but was in reality an order, and went his way.

His footfalls still echoed in the corridor when that morning policeman whom Inspector Val encountered at the Sainte Marie was announced. He wore plain clothes, and, unlike the inspector, was so overrun with the importance of his task of shadowing Peter Salt that he had n't slept a wink. Having seen Peter fairly home to supper, he had come "hot foot" to Mulberry Street to ask for Mr. Val. He related how there was an inquest, and how Peter had testified. Also the surgeon had told his story of the autopsy. The jury had returned, under the coroner's guidance, a verdict to the effect that Madam Laurie met her death as the result of wounds inflicted by a pistol in the hands of a person unknown.

Peter, by permission of the authorities, had then taken charge of the body, and was deep in certain preliminary arrangements for a funeral of mighty splendor and magnificence. A French funeral director had been installed in the Sainte Marie, and the leading spirits among Madam Laurie's old customers were gathering to give the occasion the sadly solemn glory of their presence.

As for Peter, already he had become impressively respectable where but yesterday he was despised. The lawyer who drew Madam Laurie's will had let leak the secret of her nephew's good fortune; as the upcome he was being made the recipient of decorous congratulations. One or two friends, presuming upon his new position as a capitalist, had even craved his sagacious counsel in divers intricate tangles of business.

The policeman concluded by saying that, having seen Peter home to Rivington Street, and understanding from what he had heard that his charge, following a light refection, would return to the Sainte Marie and, with all its responsibilities and honors, take up his position as chief mourner, he, the policeman, had stolen time from his watch to hurry over to the Central Office and inform Inspector Val of the important progress of affairs.

The great detective, with indomitable gravity, heard the policeman to the end, and when the latter ran down nodded his head as one who should say, "Marvelous!" The policeman, flattered to the echo by the grave attention bestowed, and particularly by that inscrutable nod, arose with great spirit and said he would go back to the Sainte Marie and resume his solitary vigil.

"But you must sleep!" remonstrated Inspector Val, whose conscience began to smite him in the face of such fidelity.

"Sleep!" returned the policeman, who was new to the force, with a badge not eight weeks out of the silversmith's. "Sleep! Pardon me, inspector,"—a dignified salute, here,— "I shall never sleep while duty stares me in the eye."

Having tossed off this sentiment, the policeman let himself into the hall and walked away exceeding stiff and consequential, as should be one who knows his own faithful worth. Mr. Val watched his retreating back and shook his head.

"Recent!" he murmured; "very recent! By the time his second uniform is old,—or I'm the more mistaken,—he'll have vastly subsided from his present pose and be all in favor of that rubric of his tribe."

The next afternoon Mr. Sorg was promptly in Lafayette Place at the hour set by Inspector Val. As he walked along that faded thoroughfare he reflected on the grand old houses which fenced the street. In the social days of such men as Washington Irving, Doctor Hosack, and Philip Hone, Lafayette Place was the beating heart of New York's uppertendom, and those

solid respectable structures sheltered what was beautiful and brilliant among the city's aristocracy. But those were days long ago; the tides of fashion had ebbed from Lafayette Place and left the old houses stranded. Still, they stood up very firm and straight and formal, as if declining fate; and, despite their frayed coats and out-of-elbow appearance, spoke earnestly of former glories and dumbly protested their present respectability. The old houses were, in a mute way, pathetic as far as pathos lurks in brick and mortar, and even the unimaginative Mr. Sorg, who, being of a week-a-day spirit, scorned things sentimental as he would have scorned the parings of Satan's hoof, felt that vague, sympathetic sadness which comes over one who walks in the midst of a splendor no longer splendid, but in decay, meeting at every turn the ruined nobleness of yesterday.

Mr. Sorg was in this softened and, for him, unusual mood when he plumped upon a spectacle that brought him back to the prosaic present and his own character of a detective. There was nothing impressive, nothing startling in the spectacle, nothing more, indeed, than a villainous-looking tramp seated upon the fire plug just in front of that house wherein Inspector Val had his rooms. This particular specimen owned naught beyond the common marks of his useless guild. There were the dirty stubble of beard sprouting through the tan, the soiled linen, the buttonless wristbands, the greasy coat and trousers, the latter upheld by an equally greasy strap, the worn-out shoes, and, as a crown to all, the disreputable hat, at once the affectation and official badge of the whole crossroads fraternity.

None the less, the moment Mr. Sorg got his eye on the tramp his dander began to rise. It could n't have been the tramp's rags and apparent state of general uncleanness, for there were thousands of his grimy sort about the streets, the sight of whom in no wise stirred him. Perhaps it was an atmosphere of cocky confidence that envelopped this individual tramp as he sat on his fire plug and gracefully puffed at a cigar butt,—holding it the while, tramp fashion, between a thumb and finger, his knuckles down, and his elbow close to his side. Whatever the cause, Mr. Sorg instantly hated the tramp from the roots of his soul.

"He's no common 'panhandler,' either," was the harsh thought; "he's a yeggman. If ever I saw prison in a face it's written there. I'll wager he's been in twenty jails."

[Concluded on pages 617 to 622]

The Last Voyage of the Xylophone

Wallace Irwin

THE great musician, Captain Hone,
Who sailed the good ship, "Xylophone,"
Said: "Blow me eyes! this bark shall be
Controlled by rules of harmonice."

Accordingly, his well-trained crew
On horns and fiddles squeaked and blew,
And e'en his cook could render some
Good music on the kettledrum.

When dreadful storms were on the wave,
Good Captain Hone his orders gave
In terms of music so select
A concert master might respect.

"Here, lower that mains 'I down to G!
E flat, ye lubbers,—mind yer key!
Look lively now and reef,—yo ho!
Crescendo, there! Fortissimo!"

But, when the sea was calm, the crew
Would practice all the tunes they knew
Till schools of fishes flocked around,
And swam in cadence with the sound.

And once an elderly mermaid,
Who rose to Schubert's "Serenade,"
Fluttered her hanky at the crew,
And coyly murmured, "Peek-a-boo!"

Once, when the "Xylophone" she lay
With land three thousand leagues away,
The captain said, with bluff good cheer,
"Please call for me the engineer."

"Good engineer," said Captain Hone,
"Yer engine 's badly out of tone;
Why do n't yer make yer whistles play
A concert tune, or something gay?"

The engineer up answered he:
"It 's very easy, sir, for me
To make me engine whistles whoop
Just like a circus cally-ooop."

He touched his cap and went below,
And, when he 'd worked a week or so,
At last, one day, the whistles soared
In trill, arpeggio, and chord.

"Toot! toot!" the whistles wailed with glee,
Now "Larboard Watch," now "Nancy Lee;"
"Too-whoop, tum-tum," across the foam,
"Our House Is Haunted," "Home, Sweet Home."

And all that day and late that night
The crew sat spellbound with delight;
"O Mister Engineer," they 'd roar,
"You're doing bully!—play some more!"

But, in the middle of a tune,
There rose a terrible typhoon.
The engineer, with pallid fright,
The throttle seized, the ship to right.

But, to his great chagrin and woe,
The cogs and wheels refused to go;
For all the whistles got the steam,
And merry tunes began to scream.

The breakers struck her, rank on rank,
But on she played until she sank,
Still tooting, from beneath the foam,
The closing bars of "Home, Sweet Home."



"SHE DREW AWAY QUICKLY AS THE INDIAN ROLLED AT HER FEET"

Wawona's Debt

THE STORY OF AN INDIAN SQUAW'S REMEMBRANCE OF A WHITE WOMAN'S SYMPATHY

Mabel Martin

[ILLUSTRATION BY WILL CRAWFORD]

WAWONA, the Cherokee squaw, crept into the reservation under cover of the dusk, and made her noiseless way to the row of charred remains of what, a few hours before, had constituted the homes of the officers.

Only one house still stood,—that of the commandant, where the women and the children of the post had gathered for protection. Around this house had been all the fighting, the soldiers posting themselves about it in a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to hold it against the overwhelming numbers of their foes.

It was all over; the din of roaring guns and of savage war cries had subsided; the house was strangely silent with the hush of death upon it. The Indians were collecting the horses in the corral. Wawona knew that the time had arrived to find the white squaw whose life she had come so far to save. Though the dead bodies of soldiers were strewn in circles about the house, the Indian woman did not abandon her precarious search. The white squaw had been kind to her, and given her medicine and blankets for her little papoose, when it sickened; and, though her baby had died, her heavy heart flowed over with gratitude to the white woman who had grieved with her.

She crept round to the rear entrance of the house, and, stumbling over the bodies which blocked the doorway, groped her way over the inanimate barricade to the foot of the stairs. There she stealthily ascended.

She did not cry out at what confronted her. The stoicism of her race was deeply rooted, but the woman in her shrank from the spectacle of blood and mutilation.

This was the work of Wawona's own tribe, long held to be friendly with the white men; but the red man's grievances and the white man's fire-water had bred murder. In the absence of half the garrison on the trail of an outlaw and his band the Indians had found their opportunity. They had fallen upon the weakened fort and massacred its inhabitants.

But with the quarrels between the white men and her tribe Wawona had nothing to do. She was there to save the woman who had tried to save her child.

She whom Wawona wished to help was, however, beyond all human assistance. She lay in a heap, face downward, a pistol clutched in her outstretched hand. Wawona bent over her, shaking her gently for some sign of life. One came,—the faint cry of a child from beneath the dead mother. The squaw turned the body over quickly, and picked up the squirming bundle of clothes. The white papoose, untouched by the shot that had killed its mother, opened its eyes and began to whimper. Wawona pulled it closer to her with an instinctive attempt at soothing. The child's tiny mouth quivered with fright and hunger; two tearful little eyes gazed pitifully up at the squaw, who stood solemnly regarding her discovery. The baby buried its little head against her. A thrill ran over the Indian woman; she caught the child hungrily to her, hugging its soft face against hers and feverishly drinking in the joy of its nearness. Frightened by the sudden demonstration, the baby uttered a startled wail. She quickly pulled a corner of her blanket over its mouth, but that did not stifle the sound; the child began

to cry loudly and bitterly. Quick as thought the squaw pressed the child closely to her to the fountain from which her own baby, not a week since, had drawn its life. Stilled and contented, the little white papoose nestled comfortably up against her.

Wawona cast hurriedly about her for the safest means of exit. Her glance was arrested by the upturned face of the child's mother. In it the squaw seemed to read an appeal,—a silent but unmistakable entreaty. The white squaw, she remembered, had greatly loved her brave, who was at another fort, and it was to him that she would have the little one go. Many days since, before Wawona's papoose had caught the fever, the white squaw, moved by some curious caprice of fate, had made the Indian repeat the name of the fort where her husband was stationed; she had opened, too, a locket which she wore around her neck, and had shown her husband's picture.

The Indian woman owed the dead white woman a debt which must be repaid,—she would take the child to its father. Kneeling by the body, she attempted to unfasten the locket, but, unable to detach it, she broke the chain on which it hung. Then she caught up the revolver and examined it. In the journey she was about to make it might be useful; she was familiar with its mechanism. There were three car-

tridges left in the barrel, as its owner had had little time to make use of its contents.

Suddenly the squaw stood erect, her ears strained to catch the noise that had aroused her. Soft footsteps in the room adjoining were distinctly audible.

Hastily concealing both weapon and child in the folds of her blanket, she slipped back into the shadows of a corner; not, however, before a warrior, entering the doorway, had detected the slight movement. He advanced cautiously to the spot where she was crouching. Their eyes challenged each other. An immediate recognition flashed between them,—only too well she knew the invader, White Feather, a bad Indian and old enemy of hers.

The squaw sprang up. He motioned to her compellingly. She did not move, but threw a furtive glance about her for an avenue of escape. There was none, save through the doorway by which the Indian had come, and in whose perspective he loomed threateningly.

Angered by the squaw's hesitation, he lunged forward and caught hold of her. What he felt augmented his suspicion. Snatching back the blanket, he exposed the baby's head. A grunt of cruel satisfaction broke from him. He grabbed hold of the child which lay in the curve of her left arm. She thrust him back angrily, whereupon he raised a menacing knife. The squaw whipped out her revolver, and fired squarely in his face before he could intercept her. She drew away quickly as the Indian, shot through the brain, rolled in a convulsive heap at her feet.

Gliding stealthily through the shadows, she escaped unchallenged from the reservation. The child was hugged closely under the blanket, lest an outcry from it should betray them. It slept serenely, however, lulled by the motion of her body.

She turned to the wide plain, searching its barren expanse for a hiding place. She would never have dared to cross it with a moon that, rising over the mountain, would soon reveal every object. A single clump of mesquite offered itself in the distance. She crawled across to it, projecting herself forward so slowly that even a

watching Indian eye might have mistaken her for a natural landmark.

Flinging herself flat to the ground in the midst of the mesquite she tucked the child under the curve of her body, while her keen eyes scanned the plain. She must remain quiet till the last of the marauders should have passed over the mountain. Hers was a conspicuous retreat. They had heard her shot, probably, and would be on the lookout for survivors.

On peering through the bushes she could dimly discern a wild, black line breaking out of the reservation on its triumphant journey homeward. The Indians carried no prisoners, for not a soul out of the post's inhabitants had been left alive,—save only the baby. How eagerly they would pounce on this last victim, she well understood.

The pulsations of the little body fluttered against her own, and fanned the instinct of protection in her to a passion. She made no sign, though, but watched the oncoming procession with stolid speculative gaze. The course of the warriors, she saw, was to run very close by her. Their wild cries rang on the still night air as they galloped nearer. The Indian woman burrowed deeper in the sand, and lay, apparently, lifeless as a log while file after file of warriors dashed past her.

The protracted strain—the multiplied suspense,—would have proved too much for civilized nerves; but the Indian did not stir till the last horseman had passed well out of range; then she pulled herself into a sitting posture and waited patiently until the band had disappeared through a pass in the mountains. The danger passed, she crawled out of the bushes and struck out over the plain in a direction opposite to that the warriors had taken.

It was fully two months after the Fort Soto massacre that an Indian woman, bearing a bundle in her arms, appeared on the parade ground at Fort Baker. Ragged and footsore, she glanced uncertainly about her in the dusk.

The post was well-nigh emptied by a field reconnaissance, and no one accosted her. Finally, espying a sentinel, she trudged up to him, opened a gold locket, and waved to the row of houses that confronted them.

"Lieutenant Wallace!" the soldier ejaculated, staring down at the miniature, then raising questioning eyes to the brown face above it.

But the squaw only motioned again toward the houses, pulling insistently on his sleeve for him to lead her. The soldier hesitated.

"Fort Soto," Wawona articulated, touching



the locket significantly and pointing backward.

It flashed upon the soldier that she bore a message for the bereaved officer that had to do with the tragedy. He pointed to a house some paces beyond. Wawona turned in that direction.

Lieutenant Wallace was sitting in the twilight in one of the rooms of his quarters. For almost the first time since his loss, he found himself alone, unguarded by solicitous brother officers, and the soldier whose watch over him he so well understood, though the kindly old colonel referred to him merely as "Wallace's striker," had at length relaxed his vigilance.

He knew what they were afraid of,—though why they should try to prevent it he could not comprehend. All of life had gone from him with the death of his wife and child. It seemed idle to attempt to patch together the fragments of a blasted existence. Over and again his grief-stricken memory rehearsed the details of the tragedy,—of how, traveling to his new station, he had left his wife and baby behind with friends till he should be settled and able to go for them,—for the post was inconveniently situated, ninety miles from the railroad. But the journey he finally made was not to greet his wife and child, but to join in the pursuit of their murderers.

The frenzy of revenge had for a time distracted his mind from his trouble; but, now that everything was over, and the savages had given up a dozen lives for each one they had taken, he had settled down into the lethargy of despair.

From this terror of brooding there was but one escape. He rose heavily, and walked across the

room to a large chest. From its depths he pulled out the revolver that he had secreted there. Drawing it from its holster, he returned to the table and laid the weapon down. Then he opened a locket and pressed over to the window to get the day's last light upon it. Sweetly, almost brightly, the face of his wife smiled up at him. He dropped the locket with a sob, and wept.

Some one touched him lightly on the arm. He sat up quickly to find himself confronted by a ragged Indian woman, who thrust a still shabbier bundle upon his knees. Wallace caught hold of it mechanically, but, as a tiny head appeared out of the confusion of rags, he uttered a cry and flung back the wrappings. His own baby daughter gazed up at him, and, after a moment of wavering, broke into a wide, toothless little smile.

Wallace turned to the squaw. She held out to him a locket, the counterpart of his own, and began to explain, in her limited vocabulary, elaborated by gestures, how she had come by it.

Wallace called loudly to the striker, who understood the Indian dialect. After some moments' delay he appeared and managed to interpret Wawona's tale. The lieutenant listened silently and with deep feeling to the pitiful story of days and nights spent on the desert, of escapes from suspicious whites, who tried to take the child from her, and of the battle against hunger and thirst.

The squaw's keen eyes traveled between the two faces, following the translation; at its close she turned slowly toward the door.

"Tell her to stop,—where is she going?"

Wallace cried, roused out of his thoughts.

"She's going to her mother's tribe," the soldier translated; "she—"

"But she must wait,—I want to give her something." Wallace ran over to the box, and took out a glittering handful, which he offered the squaw.

Wawona thrust it back, and shook her head.

"What can I do for her, then?" he eagerly demanded. "Tell her anything—"

The squaw had started again for the door, but her glance fell on the child and she paused. Several moments she stood, gazing silently at the little face, Wallace watching her questioningly. Half divining her thoughts, he held the child out to her. The baby ducked its head toward her, and uttered a pleased little cry. The Indian woman, convulsively, took the child in her arms.

"She says," the soldier interpreted Wawona's inarticulate murmurs, "that she can't leave the little darling,—she's going to take care of it."



ADMIRAL TOGO AND HIS FAMILY

This photograph represents a reunion of the family of Admiral Togo, the hero of the recent Japanese naval engagements with Russia. It was taken shortly after he returned from the scene of his great victory over Rojestvensky. The admiral sits in the center, with his wife, Tetsu-ko, on his left, and his daughter, Yachiyo, on his right. At the left of Mrs. Togo sits her mother. At the admiral's back stand his two sons.

How to Make an Audience Laugh

A SYMPOSIUM BY DAVID WARFIELD, SAM BERNARD, WILLIAM T. HODGE, DIGBY BELL, JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS, FRANK DANIELS, AND "MARCELLINE"

Gertrude Vivian

WHEREIN lies the art that enables one man to make a number of people laugh? Is it a gift or is it the result of long and continuous study alone? Do people laugh more readily at words or at actions, and why is it that some people laugh at what bores others?

On the American stage there are several hundred comedians.

Among most of these the provocation of laughter is a business and to some few it is an art. Interviews with half a dozen of the most successful laughmakers disclose the fact that scarcely any two agree, either in methods or in their beliefs in principles.

There are so many different kinds of comedians that one would naturally think that there were dozens of ways of making people laugh and that it is a comparatively easy matter to master the so-called "art," but the failure of many sterling actors to succeed in comedy proves that this is not the case. Many a true artist, having failed dismally to score in comedy of the romantic sort, has seen a "low comedy" clown carry his auditors "off their feet," and has expressed the conviction that the average audience has not sufficient understanding to recognize and appreciate true comedy when it is presented.

Judging by our actors' views, no one can say just what it is that makes people laugh. No one, apparently, can explain why one comedian will play a certain part with great success, while another actor, seemingly as clever, will fail dismally in the same rôle; and no one can tell why a clever joke or action will be received with applause one night and on the succeeding night fall flat.

Six comedians have been asked to express their views. Three of them are doing what is termed "legitimate" comedy work, and three are "musical comedy" comedians. Each has strong individuality, and the methods of each are distinctly different from those of the rest. David Warfield portrays "characters;" Digby Bell is best in "old man" parts, and William T. Hodge has just come to the front through an inimitable presentation of a purely American type in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Sam Bernard, Jefferson De Angelis and Frank Daniels are as distinct, one from the other, as "musical comedy" comedians can be. In order that the point of view may be as broad as possible, "Marcelline," the Hippodrome clown, has given his views.

"There Is No Recipe for Producing Laughter," Says David Warfield

DAVID WARFIELD reached the height of his fame, last season, in "The Music Master." In this play he impersonated an old German music teacher. The part was full of pathos, yet there were innumerable funny speeches. Everyone who saw the play praised Mr. Warfield highly, and certainly his comedy was irresistible. In his remarks on the art of making an audience laugh he shows plainly that he has made a deep study of the subject. He says:—

"I am glad there is no recipe for making an audience laugh. We should thank heaven that it is so. There are enough people trying it now; but think of the hordes that would descend on the unsuspecting public if some one were able to tell 'how' in a few comprehensible lines. Either



Photograph by Otto Sarony



DAVID WARFIELD

one is born with the power to make others laugh or he is not; there is no learning how unless you have the gift.

"Some one has said that to make audiences really laugh you must feel the laugh yourself,—must be moved by the humor of the lines or of the situation. To my mind that is not so. Try saying the same line and making the same gesture at exactly the same place every night for six months and see just how much you are moved by the humor. It is easier, far easier, to be moved by a pathetic situation each night than it is to feel like laughing.

"An American audience naturally likes the American type of humor,—where little is said and a great deal is left to the imagination. So, to my mind, it is best that the lines you speak shall be really humorous, in that they suggest some exceedingly funny situation or thought. But—and here is the secret,—before you speak them you must really understand them and know what line of thought causes them to be spoken. If you can do this you can communicate their humor."

"Hide the Fact that You Are an Actor," Says William T. Hodge

WILLIAM T. HODGE, who portrayed Si Stebbins in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,"

made such a decided hit with his comedy work that his part was as much of a favorite with the audiences as was that of Mrs. Wiggs herself. Like Mr. Warfield Mr. Hodge must be classed as a legitimate comedian. Yet the results of their acting are altogether different, and the two men could not exchange parts without courting disaster.

Mr. Hodge lays some stress on the value of "make-up," and this is certainly essential to character parts of the Down East type, which are

the especial province of this particular actor. He says:—

"To make my hearers laugh I endeavor to keep them entirely ignorant of the fact that I am acting. I strive not to have my appearance seem as funny to them as I am in voice and in action. The 'make-up' is very important, but it must be subordinate to both voice and action, for I find that audiences laugh but once at a comic 'make-up,' and they usually criticize it when the sense of its novelty has passed.

Photograph by Otto Sarony



JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS

"First, I try to produce a funny thought,—something so closely identified with the part I am playing that it will provoke a laugh every time it recurs in the mind of the auditor. If an audience laughs at anything that does not cause it to think, it immediately forgets what caused the laughter, whereas the best results, to my mind, are

obtained when the auditor frequently remembers what has made him laugh.

"If an audience laughs at a witty line, the speech becomes popular and the speaker is forgotten, the author of the line getting all the praise. I have studied the art of being remembered in connection with the lines I have to speak, and I try to deliver them with a natural gesture or a facial expression funny enough to cause the auditor to think of me and to remember the manner in which the speech was delivered rather than to remember the speech by itself."

"It Is What You Say, not What You Do," Says Digby Bell

DIGBY BELL, at one time, was considered the best exponent in this country of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The greater part of his career has been spent in the realm of comic opera, but he has always had a strong leaning toward more serious work, and his success last season in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" showed that he had not misjudged his ability in that line of acting. "Mr. Pipp" was a dear old gentleman,

and many of the laughs with which his actions were greeted were really caused by the pathetic figure that Mr. Bell succeeded in cutting in certain situations.

"First of all," says he, "one must have good lines and good situations. To a man like myself, not blessed with a comic personality, there is decidedly an art in making one's audience laugh and it is an art that takes much studying. My method is to take a part and study it deeply. I reflect upon the lines until I think I understand just

Photograph by Otto Sarony



DIGBY BELL

why the character says certain things at certain times. Then I try to understand, from my research, of just how much of a sense of humor the character I am to delineate is possessed. Having done this, I endeavor, for the time being, to see everything through that man's eyes,—I am that man; I have gotten under the skin of his personality.

"But the lines and the situations must be there, in the first place, for they are the basis on which the whole structure is built. The action counts for much, but it must be the outcome of the lines that go with it. No comedian can succeed unless he has bright lines to speak, and it is not always necessary for him to accompany them with funny gestures. The greatest hits in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were won through the absolute seriousness of the characters who were speaking funny, witty lines, without, apparently, being aware that there was anything amusing in what

they were saying."

Here are three legitimate comedians, all successful. One says it is best to convey the thought in the fewest words, leaving much to the imagination. The second sets the action accompanying the words in the most important place, and the third, minimizing the importance of the action, says the *crux* of the art is in the words and the situations. It would seem that there is some diversity of opinion on the art of making people laugh. It is remarkable, in the creation of laughter, that the various methods used all tend to strike the same sort of chord in the general run of people.

"It Is Easier to Be a Tragedian than a Comedian," Says Frank Daniels

THE reign of musical comedy is at its height and in this field there are many successful men. Many a play of this character has succeeded though the witty lines were few, and certainly no one would expect any musical comedy star to "get under the skin" of his part and try to convince an audience that he really is the Bey of Ballyhoo.

From Hoyt's "A Rag Baby," through "Little Puck" and a long line of musical comedies, nearly all of which were successful, Frank Daniels has come, perhaps, to the highest place in the musical comedy field. He has been so long before the public as a comedian that theatergoers are ready to laugh almost as soon as they step inside the door of a theater at which he is playing. Certainly he should know much of the art in question.

"In the first place," says Mr. Daniels, "let me remark that it is much more difficult to make an audience laugh than it is to make it cry. Therefore I am of the honest opinion that it is easier to be a good tragedian than it is to be a good comedian. If you stop to think of it, you will agree that almost anyone can pull a wry face and lend an air of conviction to it; but to be blithe and gay and debonair, with even a semblance of verisimilitude, is a problem that requires much careful working out.

"I harbor the idea that those upon the stage who have achieved distinction by reason of their ability to provoke laughter are born with the comic spirit, and this leads to the suggestion that perhaps, after all, there is not a hundred per cent. of art in amusing those on the other side of the footlights. At the same time I must say that, from the very first, it has been necessary for me to judge carefully each night's audience, irrespective of those that have gone before. You can't judge two audiences by the same standard, because what will make one individual laugh will sometimes fail of its purpose with a person of a different temperament. In view of this I sometimes find it advisable simply to hurl my witticisms across the footlights, while at other times, when the audience is in a gentler and more receptive mood, I put on the soft pedal with highly successful results."

"Personal Magnetism Is a Laugh-producer's First Quality," Says Jefferson De Angelis

THE success of "Fantana" is undoubtedly due in a large measure to the ability of Jefferson De Angelis. His career in musical comedy has been a varied one, and for a great many years his efforts have been crowned with success. What degree of this success is due to the vehicles in which the actor has appeared can not, of course, be stated, but it is undoubtedly a fact that on many occasions Mr. De Angelis has succeeded in winning popular favor in a play that did not meet the approval of the critics.

"So many conditions are necessary to gain from an audience a spontaneous recognition of a



SAM BERNARD



"MARCELLINE"



FRANK DANIELS



WILLIAM T. HODGE

humorous line or situation," says Mr. De Angelis, "that I should hardly venture to call the provocation of laughter an art. First, it is essential that the actor himself be in good humor; the audience must be responsive; and, above all else, the comedian must have good lines and the author of the play must have provided clever situations.

"Most important of all, to my mind, the man or woman whose mission it is to amuse others must possess that subtle quality which we call personal magnetism. I don't think many people appreciate how important that is in a comedian.

"Personally, I prefer to cause laughter legitimately; that is, to talk without the aid of grotesque actions or any trick incongruous to the play itself or to the scene. But, failing in that, I take the next best method. It is not always easy to please an audience, and that, certainly, is the first duty of a comedian. Sometimes I ask myself the question: 'Is it because the lines I speak are really funny, or is it because I have the reputation of being a funny man?' I have never been able to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to that.

"My first care, after the curtain is up, is to please my auditors in some way or other, no matter what. When they are pleased, I am pleased, and we are all in a happy frame of mind. Generally, after that, it is plain sailing, for nothing comes more naturally than laughter to happy people."

"Send Forth the Right Hand of Good Fellowship," Says Sam Bernard

SAM BERNARD, of "The Rollicking Girl," has tried it in many ways,—has risen on the ladder, step by step,—and his belief is that it all depends on the man.

"To make one's auditors laugh genuinely and heartily," he says, "is meat and drink to me, and, for that matter, to any other comedian. They must laugh with you,—sometimes at you, but more frequently with you. To be a comedian you must be able to send out over the footlights, figuratively speaking, the right hand of good fellowship. It must seem to you that those who hear you are entering into some deliciously droll part of your life; for, to be able to laugh well yourself, the character you are delineating must be a real one to you.

"Sometimes it is next to impossible to drag one good laugh from the people before you. When they deny us instant laughter, they deny us food,—the food that gives us strength to go on and be funny. It is in this that the comedian differs from the actor who plays only 'straight' parts: to the latter, applause may come at the end of an act and mean everything, but to a comedian it must come spontaneously,—instantly. The audience must smile as he speaks, and when he finishes all must laugh together.

"Personality counts for much. 'Hoggenheimer,' in 'The Girl from Kay's,' was, I believe, the best part I ever had. I saw it played in England and the actor caught his audience immediately, but I told my manager that that creation would never do for me. I must play it according to my own conception; I could not imitate. Well, I was left alone, and I think I scored the success of my life in that part.

"A man must have creative ability very strongly

developed or he will become an imitator, and that is not good for any man, nor is it likely to make him a lasting favorite with his audiences. The only recipe I can give for making people laugh is—'to make them laugh!'"

Of the three exponents of musical comedy, two lay stress on the importance of the lines being good, and all agree that it is a fundamental necessity that the audience should enter into the spirit of the thing. As this point is not raised by the three comedians

whose latest efforts have been in what is called the "legitimate," the question arises whether or not musical comedy causes the same kind of laughter that is provoked by romantic comedy.

By the consensus of opinion the lines are of great importance, and, strangely enough, the three actors last dealt with do not mention action specifically. Yet laughter may be provoked with great success without the use of a spoken word.

"I Frequently Get Black and Blue in My Efforts," Says "Marcelline"

"MARCELLINE, the Droll," at the Hippodrome, is said to be the funniest clown in the world. For five and one-half years he amused the throngs at the London Hippodrome. He is short, and, off the stage, looks like anything except a clown or a comedian. He is a Spaniard, and exceedingly clever as an acrobat. "There is no acquired art," he says; "it is a gift, and, even then, it is an uncertain quantity. One can not tell; all depends on the audience; it will laugh in one place to-night, and in another place to-morrow. I am exceedingly sensitive. My audience must be appreciative at once or I know I shall fail for that night. When I find it hard to get the response I expect I cut my act, as I do not believe it well, either for my reputation or for the business of my manager, that I should bore an audience.

"But I work very hard to get an audience into good humor, though I do not find that the fact that I do not speak makes any difference. Often, even when the audience is appreciative, my work is still hard, for being a clown is strenuous business. Those runs and falls that I make are not easy, and my body often bears black and blue marks for weeks after a performance.

"The world over, audiences are the same,—changeable. The majority of audiences will laugh at pantomime even more readily than at spoken words, because the significance of an action is at once apparent, while the point of a spoken line has to be thought over, even though only for a fraction of a second. The clown is the greatest of comedians, because he amuses with the work of one brain only, while in plays the audience sees and hears the outcome of two, or, perhaps, of three brains."

Despite Marcelline's statement, the bulk of the testimony shows that the lines play the most important part in making an audience laugh. To make audiences laugh, it seems, does take a great deal of study, but the ability is a gift rather than an acquired talent. Finally, the temperament of the audience is a very important consideration seldom taken into account by the audience itself.

A Faithful Servant

BEWARE of virtue unaccompanied by discretion and good judgment. Even loyalty and fidelity, without these, often do more harm than good, as instanced in Aesop's fable of the bear which, anxious to destroy a fly that annoyed his sleeping master, killed it with a large stone and incidentally crushed his master's skull.

A somewhat less tragical story similarly illustrating the point in question is told in a recent issue of "Le Patriote Normand," which may be summarized as follows: Prince Talleyrand, sick and unable to find rest, at length fell asleep, when he was suddenly aroused by the discharge of a firearm. Seeing his valet in his bedroom, he asked what he was doing there.

"Prince," the man replied, stolidly, "there was a mouse in the room, and, fearing it might disturb you, I shot it dead with a pistol."

The Scholar's Debt to Posterity

Austin Barclay Fletcher

[The Editor feels it a privilege to publish, in this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, a portion of a notable address delivered at the semi-centennial of the opening of Tufts College, by one of its most successful and eminent graduates, Austin Barclay Fletcher, LL. D., of New York. As may be seen from the extracts reproduced, the address is worthy of a wider publicity than could attend its delivery.]

THE chief purpose of education is better citizenship. The scholar is reared for the state, and is insignificant in himself, excepting in so far as he uses his education for the public good. His intelligence makes the discharge of his debt more imperative and his neglect to discharge it renders his failure more conspicuous. He is in honor bound to work earnestly and persistently along some line of public usefulness. Opportunity is omnipresent and knows no habitat. A large amount of present energy is lost for the reason that it is not well directed. We struggle with results instead of devoting ourselves to the removal of causes. We may assume that the best government is the result of the highest citizenship, and should devote ourselves to the causes that tend to build it up and oppose those that weight it down. There are few reforms that do not require wise and honest legislation. This is dependent upon the men sent to our legislatures. I doubt if there is anything demanding the best citizen's attention more than his attendance at caucus, yet he is rarely there. The result is that frequently men of incompetence, or worse, are chosen, because it is an easy way to support them. They are often without ability or education or moral stamina. The result is that they can not serve their constituents; they drift with the tide. They have no opinions and few well-defined principles. They are unable properly to introduce or to defend any measure. If they attempt to draw bills for enactment, the latter fail to meet adequately the purpose intended. They have no future, but must move on for some other political worker or neighborhood dependent.

It would be the beginning of better things, and a far-reaching public benefit, if the salaries of legislators were largely increased, their number reduced, and their term of office continued during efficiency. All bills should be drafted by a committee of legal experts. Many of the laws passed, when critically examined, are found to be defective, conflicting, or unconstitutional; and the succeeding legislature labors to repeal the laws made by its predecessors, and to make new ones equally defective. A layman should no more be expected to draft a bill than to amputate an arm. You would not think of employing him to interpret the law for you, yet you unthinkingly allow him to attempt to construct it, and by so doing you involve yourselves in litigation and furnish work for the lawyers, increase the number of judges, swell the list of jurors, and generally add to private and public annoyance and expense. As men of education, you are peculiarly fitted to bring about the changes that are necessary to make public service more honorable, more remunerative, and more attractive; and you should be more willing to enter it and, by serving the state, discharge your debt to posterity. Since the college was established, many civic problems have arisen which were unknown to our fathers. Very many of them originate or appear in their worst form in the large cities.

* * * * *

The corner stone of the republic is the home. Without proper home influ-



AUSTIN BARCLAY FLETCHER



There is nothing more inspiring to those who are struggling to get on in the world, than the life stories of the men who have triumphed over difficulties, and have risen to eminence in any line of endeavor by dint of indomitable will and inflexible purpose.

The career of Austin Barclay Fletcher, LL. D., of New York, certainly explodes the excuses of those who complain that they have no chance in life. Mr. Fletcher might have been pardoned for feeling, in the words of Webster as applied to Massachusetts, that his "past, at least, was secure," for the Fletcher family had furnished governors for a dozen states, judges for the higher courts, and representatives for both houses of congress, while his mother's family, Durkee, was of the best Connecticut blood. Yet Mr. Fletcher was not banking on the past. Although he inherited rare qualities, his remarkable success has been due principally to his own efforts, stimulated by a high and worthy ambition, reinforced by an energy, tenacity of purpose and resourcefulness that are phenomenal.

Mr. Fletcher was born at Mendon, Massachusetts, March 13, 1852. Twenty years later he entered Tufts College, where his ability gained quick recognition. He took every prize in oratory for which he was allowed to compete during his entire college course. The dean of the school of oratory of Boston University, Professor Lewis B. Monroe, as chairman of the committee of judges, often awarded these prizes, and was so impressed with young Fletcher's promise that he persuaded him to enter the Boston School of Oratory on his graduation from Tufts College, in 1876. Within a year he was instructor in oratory there, and next year succeeded Professor Monroe as teacher of elocution at the Theological School of Boston University, besides lecturing at the law school. He took degrees from the School of Oratory, the School of Law and the School of All Sciences. He was soon admitted to the Massachusetts bar, but continued teaching and lecturing both at Boston and Brown Universities until 1891, and gained the highest reputation as a teacher of oratory.

He compiled a book, "Advanced Readings and Recitations," which is still a standard text-book. On leaving his professorship, Mr. Fletcher plunged into business in New York, and as treasurer of the largest corporation then dealing in wool and leather, showed such executive ability that he was soon made president. His legal ambition, however, had never been abandoned, and in 1883, he began practicing in New York City.

He succeeded former Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, as a trustee of Boston University, in 1896. He is one of the trustees to whom the governing board of the university looks for wise counsel and direction. Mr. Fletcher's ability has attracted wide attention, and many honors have been conferred upon him. The deanship of one of the largest law schools in this country has been tendered to him, also the presidency of one of the leading universities.

In 1889, Tufts College conferred upon him the degree of LL. D., the highest honor within the gift of the college, and one which it had not conferred upon any other graduate during the previous twenty years.

His untiring industry, his faculty for concentration, his remarkable ability for analysis of intricate situations, and his sound judgment gave him at once standing at the New York bar, especially in the field of commercial law, corporations, and wills. Mr. Fletcher's commanding business ability has brought him a very lucrative practice, and he has been entrusted with the affairs of great corporations and the management of vast estates. Because of his grasp of great financial problems and his ability to see the way out of difficult situations, he has been the leading counsel in developing the plans in many large reorganizations.

He is, as a result, a director and legal adviser in a large number of corporations. Mr. Fletcher has gained such a reputation for level-headedness and shrewd, sound judgment, that millionaires often consult him as to their investments and the distribution of their property after death. He has been especially successful in drawing wills for those possessing large estates. Millions of dollars are placed in his hands for safe-keeping and investment. He has for a long time taken an active interest in education and philanthropic work.

Mr. Fletcher has been the president of the Fletcher Family Union, with some ten thousand members, for the last twenty years. He is first vice president of the New England Society of New York, and a member of the Union League, New York Athletic, the Metropolitan, and the Lawyers' Clubs of New York.

ences education is of little value, and the conditions surrounding many homes prevent any progress. One of the vital problems of the city, from which many others emanate, is the housing of the poor,—the herding together in tenements. A single block in New York City, three hundred and seventy-five feet by one hundred and seventy-five feet, furnishes all the home that three thousand people have. Frequently more than one entire family live in a single room. New York statistics show that bad homes and bad company sent ninety-two per cent. of all the prisoners to the reformatory, and the managers state that seventy-seven per cent. of these young persons have no moral sense. From this same district came a large part of all the criminals sent from the city. The death rate is four times as great as the city's average. Fifty-one funerals went out of a single tenement in a year. Illiteracy was forty-seven per cent., or seven times greater than the city's average. There is truth in the expression,—“No home, no morality, no manhood, no patriotism.”

I have used the statistics of the tenements of New York City, but the same condition, in modified form, exists everywhere, and must be intelligently met, or our government will be swept away. No city in the world contains men and women more earnest, more liberal, or more self-sacrificing than those of New York. They are giving their time and spending vast sums in attempting reformation of the weak and the criminal, but the cause is not removed. The relief must begin by the legislature's enacting laws and the city's passing ordinances for the demolishing of tenements and forbidding the construction of houses except within carefully defined sanitary and healthful limitations; and under strict rules for occupancy and repair. The tenements to which I have referred are occupied almost exclusively by immigrants, now composing nearly one half of the population of New York City, and speaking more than fifty different languages, with no knowledge of English or desire to learn it; and, unless the law admitting them is quickly and radically changed and fully enforced, they will shake our institutions to their very foundations. Twelve thousand immigrants arrived in New York City in a single day last month, and one million are expected during this year. Two thirds of this number will probably belong to the class known as “undesirable.” More than three hundred thousand will be Russian and Polish Jews, and a larger number will come from the worst sections of Sicily and other parts of Italy, many of them having committed crimes and served sentences and been warned out of their countries to prevent further imprisonment, or assisted to leave, that their governments might escape additional burdens. In a single community in Hungary, out of two hundred and eighty prisoners released from jail during the past three years, one hundred and eighty were sent to the United States. Pauper juvenile institutions are continuously sending large numbers of children to imaginary parents in this country. The men, and women, even, when morally sound, land in a state of bewildered and helpless ignorance; and, unless friends from other parts of the country draw them away, one third of them will settle down in the tenement districts of New York City, and as many more in the Eastern States. New York is not relatively more unfortunate than Massachusetts or Illinois. In the latter state the

foreign population of six per cent. furnished the state prison at Joliet with fifty-four per cent. of its inmates.

The laws regulating immigration are weak and impracticable, and their execution is a farce. Even when the arrivals at Ellis Island are six thousand a day, (and often they exceed this number,) the time which can be devoted to the physical examination of an immigrant can not exceed twenty-eight seconds, and the regulation questions which are supposed to determine the mental, moral, and political fitness for citizenship must be asked and answered, usually through an interpreter, and recorded at the rate of two seconds to each. Under such laws and with practically no attempt seriously to enforce them, what wonder is it that a large number of criminals, semi-criminals, anarchists, socialists, the ignorant, weak, and diseased should come to our shores? In New York City over ninety-five per cent. of the slum population are foreigners, and we are threatened with destruction by an alien wave of crime. Instead of attempting to reform and assimilate this element, we should make its presence impossible by stringent laws strictly enforced, admitting only those who have passed the most searching physical, mental, and hereditary examination by our agents in the localities from which they come. Nor should they be allowed to vote or take part in public affairs until, five years after their arrival, they can show that they have carefully complied with our laws, can read intelligently, and have a satisfactory knowledge of the principles of our government and the responsibilities of citizenship. We must not forget, when granting the right of suffrage to these immigrants, that the stability of our government and our institutions depends upon the intellectual and moral standard of our most numerous voters.

In dealing with criminals, we are again misdirecting our efforts. It is more humane and less expensive to save the child than to watch and punish the criminal. We are attempting to reform instead of trying to prevent. Penologists have long claimed that our prisons and jails are schools of crime. The New York Prison Association, after full experience, declares that most of the men serving short sentences go out of prison worse than they came in. The reports of the state of Massachusetts show that a man who has been sent to jail is very certain to return, and the records also show that thirty-three per cent. of them are returned from six to fifteen times. During the past twenty years, the number of murders and homicides in the United States has relatively increased four times faster than the population, or from twenty-four to one hundred and twelve for each million of people. A former recorder of New York City, who had sentenced many thousands of criminals, declared that money and effort spent in their attempted reformation were wasted, and added, "When I have sentenced a man and know his term of service, I usually know when I shall sentence him again." "Do something for the children: you can not save the criminal," was his injunction. If we should double the amount now spent for education, it would soon prove an economical investment in mere money alone to the taxpayers by largely removing the criminal classes and reducing the number of prisons, policemen, saloons, and almshouses.

A DAY'S GUN PRACTICE COSTS MORE THAN EMERSON'S EDUCATION

The amount now spent for education in the United States is about two hundred million dollars a year. From present indications the annual appropriation for the navy alone will soon very largely exceed this sum, with prospects of indefinite expansion. Until recently the combined military and naval expenses of the country were less than one fourth of those of education. We are, therefore, progressing four times as fast in the arts of war as in those of peace.

The latest type of battleship will cost eight million dollars to build, as much as the entire appropriation for the army and the navy during the eight years of Washington's presidency, since which time the military and naval expenses have increased fifteen times as fast as the population,—and when this ship is finished it will be merely an experiment! England has had the largest experience in naval construction, and has recently declared a great number of her warships to be useless. Eight million dollars is more than three times the cost of all the buildings and equipments of Tufts College, Boston University, Williams College, and Amherst College. The yearly maintenance, operation, interest on investment, deterioration, and gun practice of this battleship will exceed one and one-half million dollars,—a sum sufficient to pay every living and educational expense of three thousand young men or women in our best colleges, or to meet the school expenses of fifty thousand children. It costs more for the mere material to fire one shot from the gun at Sandy Hook than it did to educate Daniel Webster. A day's gun practice of a single ship, firing at imaginary enemies, costs more than it did to educate Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, and Phillips in Harvard College. Any increase in appropriations and naval activity immediately produces a corresponding increase in activity by the other great naval powers of the world, and this, in turn, excites us to further expenditure, so none gains anything in relative strength. The burden is merely increased. The taxpayers of the different naval powers of the world are kept in a state of continual ex-

citement and fear by the activity of the others, each believing there is an intention to secure some unfair advantage, and claiming that no other reason can be offered in explanation of this extraordinary and unprecedented growth. There have been necessary and honorable wars, and the future may have others in store. There are nobler sentiments than those of peace,—duty, patriotism, justice, and honor,—but above them all we may write love to man. To deny one penny of necessary appropriation or to cease one moment's needed activity in any genuinely patriotic cause is so wholly un-American that I need not even refer to it. But it is far better to direct our labors toward the things that will build us up rather than toward those that tend to pull us down. It is far nobler and more in accordance with the spirit of American development and progress to direct our energies into the channels through which we may uplift our entire country and aid the whole world. Many of the arguments for a greater navy are untenable and specious. There is little reason for the existence of the navy, but many reasons why it should be diminished and pass away as soon as possible.

"IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR" IS AN EMPTY CRY

Navies do not determine questions of national honor. Principles of justice are eternal, but battles will ever be won by the stronger power. It is claimed that a navy guarantees peace. The only ground to base such an assertion upon is that its presence induces fear. This can only exist, if at all, with weaker powers. Strong nations are always ready to accept it as a challenge. In private life we all insist that the carrying of dangerous weapons shall be forbidden, because of the well-known danger of using them hastily and without proper cause. The existence of a navy is a menace to peace. It signifies intentions actively aggressive toward those against whom it could be used. Had not the "Maine" steamed into the harbor of Havana during a time of great stress and tension between the United States and Spain, the Spanish-American War might have been averted, the sacrifice of many lives prevented, an inestimable loss of character, and a physical degeneracy which will require generations to regain, avoided, and nine hundred and fifty millions in money saved. Had Admiral Dewey's fleet not been near the Philippines, we should never have acquired their possession. They are costing us more than it would to support all the colleges in New England; and, by reason of our extreme distance and its attending disadvantages, we shall finally lose them. This will add another expenditure of money far greater than the value of the buildings, equipment, and endowment of all the colleges, schools, churches, and hospitals in this country, together with great loss of lives, degradation of character, humiliation of national pride, with the attendant embittered feeling and desire for revenge.

Without the shedding of a drop of blood, and without any of the attending evils of war, nine hundred and fifty million dollars might have purchased all that we have gained,—and irrigated our western deserts, making them fertile with grains and fruits where now they are barren and waste; established homes, forever making provision for the support of sixty thousand old men and women, poor in many instances because they were improperly educated, or physically weak; founded two thousand trade schools, where the youth of the country might quickly and thoroughly learn trades, which would bring them and their families sure and honorable support; and endowed two thousand hospitals, where the mercies of man to man might be tenderly bestowed, suffering assuaged, and death frequently averted.

Another empty cry is, "In time of peace prepare for war." The time of peace is the only time to prepare for continued peace. When nations are at war, the one suffering defeat refuses all offers to arbitrate or to discuss the matter in any of its phases, because it insists that its national honor demands that it shall first turn its defeats into victories. Compare this spirit with that manifested by Chile and Argentina, who, being on the verge of war by reason of a territorial boundary dispute, were, by the calmer efforts of their educated men, induced to submit their differences to arbitration, with the result that both were satisfied with the decision and immediately began disarmament, selling their navies, and applying the millions received for them to good roads and other internal improvements. They are turning their arsenals into trade schools, and educating men to develop their wonderful natural resources, from which will flow untold blessings to all future generations instead of the appalling miseries and horrors that result from every war.

To commemorate this agreement of perpetual peace, they erected a bronze statue of Christ upon the Andes boundary line between the two countries. Where is the Longfellow who will enrich the world and win enduring fame by translating this act into immortal song? We who are three thousand miles from a possible enemy, who are at peace with all the world, who will have no war we do not desire, whose material strength is everywhere known to exceed that of any other nation in the world, whose courage has never been doubted, and whose motives are beyond criticism, should lead—insistently and forever lead,—in the effort to establish treaties of arbitration with the great powers of the world.

Seeking Information . . . EDMUND VANCE COOKE

When I was born I was n't nothin' but
A little baby. Was my eyes shut
Like kitty-babies? Papa, will you buy
A skitching-rope en chatelaine-pony fer my
Birthday? En a paint brush, too?
Wolves can't talk rilly, just like people do.
Can they? But mebbey once they could.
Er how'd the wolf say "Eat choo up!" at Ridin' Hood?
Is this to-morrow, papa? Well, why ain't to-day
To-morrow? Yesterday what made you say



To-morrow'd come to-day? No, papa, I do n't see!
Why? Papa! Papa, can't you hark at me?
Aw, papa, ef to-morrow was to-day,
Does that make yesterday to-morrow? Say!
En papa, will you buy me a numbrella
Wif writin' on? Say, how could Cinderella
Dance wifout breakin' 'em? Was her sisters mad
That used to scoff at her, er was they glad?
Why did n't she lose the other slipper off?
Say, papa, will you learn me how to scoff?

A Fresno Freshman

HOW EZRA TODD AND BLOGGS, THE TRAINER, MANAGED TO TURN SEEMING DEFEAT INTO VICTORY

Strickland W. Gillilan

If that Hogarth person who had at least a namesake's interest in a certain something known as "the line of beauty" could have lived to see Ezra Todd,—better known through his college career as "the Fresno freshman,"—he would have wept and broken his maul-stick. Ezra was indescribably uncouth. Within an hour of his enrollment on the lists of a certain Los Angeles college he had acquired a reputation whose loss would have been conducive to the young man's peace of mind, for he was as sensitive as he was awkward, and he had another characteristic which it is the purpose of this story eventually to disclose.

When he first reported his presence in the Latin class, there was a very unsuccessful—not to say half-hearted,—attempt on the part of the other students to suppress a spontaneous titter. Thereupon the Fresno freshman burned like a torch and stepped on one of his feet with the other. An hour later a caricature—or portrait, for they were one and the same, in Ezra's case,—adorned the bulletin board, and all about it stood a crowd that laughed heartily and heartlessly.

That night, with tears of mortification running down his face, the possessor of this matchless stock of ungainliness wrote the following letter to his mother:—

"DEAR MOM: I'd like to tell you everything's pleasant here, but I guess it's better for me to tell the truth,—I'll feel better if I do. The cruel, hard life we've lived all these years, skimping on everything and crowding the entire income from cherry trees, vineyards, and cows into my head, to the utter neglect of everything outside of it, has fitted me for college in a way. My studies are easy. But, mother, it's downright crucifixion to be so glaringly unkempt and ungainly. I know just how I look. I'm different from other people. The things that seem to come natural to them, in the way of neatness and dressiness, look to me as if I could not, in a whole lifetime, cultivate; and the clothes they seem to be used to seem out of reach of the best I have ever even hoped to own,—at least, until I'm too old or too set in my ways to learn how to put them on and feel at home in them. Why did the fate that so persistently kept me from all these things refuse me the kindness of making me callous to the blows one's self-consciousness must suffer by reason of such shortcomings? But I'm going to stay, because you've worked like the mischief ever since we were left alone in the world, to give me the sort of education you hungered for in your girlhood. I'm going to see if brains will count against clothes. I'm sorry I'm not there to take all the heavy work off of your hands. My muscles fairly ache to be doing something difficult. Don't let Pedro shirk on you. If he does, I'll break every bone in his body when I come home. If I could only have left my strength at home for you—I seem not to need it here. Maybe I'll get used to this sort of life, and maybe I won't.

"Lovingly,

"Ez."

'Tis not a very brave letter, you say? It's rather unmanly? Yes, but the use he made of the letter was not unmanly. After reading it over carefully, he coolly tore it into tiny shreds and threw them into his wastebasket. Then he wrote his mother a cheery note telling her how splendidly he was coming on. Then the Fresno freshman slept.

From the rival college of Pomona, thirty miles away, came a challenge to the Los Angeles insti-



"THERE WAS A VERY UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT ON THE PART OF THE OTHER STUDENTS TO SUPPRESS A TITTER"

tution. The latter was asked to pit its brawn and agility against that of the former. Consternation reigned, for was not the wonderful Judson, of Kansas, a student in Pomona, that year? Judson's fame as an "all-around man" was not confined to the Golden State. He was a marvel with the shot, throwing the weights, and even in the jumps and over hurdles.

The evening following the receipt of the challenge saw a quiet gathering of the male students in Lamson's Hall. The quietness was that of gloom. The prospect of meeting the terrible Judson, and, of course, going down to inevitable defeat in one, two, three order, was not an alluring one to young men of a proper degree of college spirit. Various ways and means were broached and as quickly discarded. At length Jack Savage, an energetic youth from Oakland, arose and said:—

"Fellows, there's nothing to it but that we must lie down. We'll have to fake up some sort of excuse, but refuse we must. We have some fairly good men, as we are all willing to admit, but no freaks like that Pooh-Bah, Judson. We—"

At this juncture Hall, who was helping himself through college by fulfilling occasional assignments on one of the city dailies, entered the room, and, after pausing long enough to hear the burden of Savage's song, said:—

"Excuse me for butting in, Jack, but, before you say any more of those discouraging things, permit me to shed a possible ray of light over this gloomy bunch. To-day—thanks, Jack, for sitting down at last!—the city editor sent me to interview Bloggs, the greatest trainer of college

athletes in the world. I got my story from him, and, fellows, he's hot stuff. I believe I'm good enough with him—or will be, after the 'Herald' comes out in the morning,—to get him to come out and look us over. He's going to stay on the coast several weeks, and to-day he was wondering what congenial employment he could find to make the time pass. If you fellows say so, we'll postpone our answer to Pomona until I've seen this chap again, and maybe he can put us next to some good, strong stall to give 'em."

"As nearly as I can interpret the classic language of this great journalist," said Savage, drolly, "he has symptoms of an idea. We'll now vote on whether to let him carry it out. All in favor,"—

A burst of relieved "ayes" precluded the necessity of completing the sentence, and without a motion to adjourn the meeting ended and everybody began talking at once, while nobody listened to anything the others were saying. Yet all agreed that Hall's idea seemed good, and one of the senior wiseacres went so far as to say that Hall's ideas were "never quite as bad as they might be." Next day, just before noon, the reporter-student proudly and with some show of embarrassment introduced his new-found celebrity to the wide-eyed and worshipful students. He was a smallish man, with a face that

seemed hewn from granite. His light blue eyes looked out of a leather-tinted countenance ornamented with a stubby, whitish mustache. Every motion was quiet, but forceful. He was an insignificant-looking man, and, apparently, he had no nerves. But to the boys he was a god with a halo-circled head.

At length the oracle spoke. In sharp, quick sentences, bristling with physical energy, he said:—

"No speech to make, boys! Is this all your crowd? If you'll gi'me a chance to look over ye one at a time, I can tell ye in an hour more 'n a month's theorizing would find out. This all o' ye?"

"All," replied Savage.

"Except the Fresno freshman," put in a wag, and the great Bloggs looked mystified by the quickly checked titter that followed.

"Who's 'Fresno Freshman'?" asked the mighty man, tersely. Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "If he has two legs and two arms at his disposal, chase him in and give me room to examine every man jack of you, and the tale will soon be told."

Hall led the way to the gymnasium. *En route* he called to Ezra, who was sitting moodily on the steps of the main building. "Fresno" demurred, at first, but the brown-faced, blue-eyed man jerked his thumb at him, and he fell in.

One after another the students were roughly handled by the great easterner, and, as he examined them successively, he made more or less unflattering comments on their condition. Some

[Concluded on pages 623 to 626]

WHO HELD HIM DOWN?

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

A MIDDLE-AGED man was recently discharged by a large firm in New York because he asked for an increase in salary of two hundred dollars a year. He writes me that he had been with the house for twenty-two years, had worked very hard and faithfully, and had tried in every way to advance the interests of the concern, and yet at the end of all these years he was getting only a thousand dollars a year. This man complains that the firm had kept him down, and that he had been very unjustly treated. He is now working for the municipal government of New York at a salary of twelve dollars a week.

On the face of it, the action of the firm in discharging an employee after twenty-two years of faithful service seems harsh even to cruelty. But the charge that he was "kept down" is a very different matter. In the first place, it would be extremely foolish for the firm to part with him if he had made his services invaluable. They could not afford it.

We find that during these twenty-two years scores and scores of employees were advanced all around him. While he was rising to a thousand dollars a year, others had risen to five thousand, ten thousand, or more; and some of those who began far below him had, in the meantime, become superintendents, managers or partners.

Will any sane person say that these promotions were all due to favoritism rather than to merit? Do employers knowingly work against their own interest? Are they not usually very sharp to see where any advantage to themselves lies?

The chances are that this man was kept down by himself, that the cause of his failure to rise was to be found in himself, not in the firm. It may be soothing to his self-love to think that he was kept back while others were pushed on ahead of him, but that is not the truth.

Most people feel that they are held back by some outward circumstances, that there is some influence that is keeping them from accomplishing all that they might do if they were free. I often receive letters from young men and young women who complain bitterly that they are kept back by jealous competitors above them.

A young drug clerk tells us that he is hopelessly tied down to a salary of ten dollars a week, with no prospect of advancement. Young married men say that they are not earning more than they did before marriage, and that their increased expenses make any considerable degree of success absolutely impossible. Others write of being tied down to uncongenial employment in small towns where there is no chance to rise, where there are no great opportunities. They say that even by hard work they can not hope to earn more than just a fair living. Some have invalid relatives to support, and others have old debts to pay. They all seem to have some excuse for not rising in the world.

In some cases the writers can not define or specify what keeps them back; but they feel that there is something, and they call it fate or hard luck. Perhaps these are the most bitter complainers of all. Others tell what wonderful things they would do if they could only cut the cords which hold them back, and get free from the shackles which bind them to uncongenial work or compel them to support others, or keep them on farms when they would go to the city where the great chances are. They feel that if they could only get rid of their impediment, the thing that holds them down, they would soar into the ether of a larger opportunity and a completer life, as does the eagle when freed from a cage.

Do not hypnotize yourself with the idea that you are being kept down. Do not talk such nonsense. Nobody of any sense would believe it. People will only laugh at you. Only one thing is keeping you down, and that is yourself. There is probably some trouble somewhere with you. Of course, there are employers who are unjust to their help; there are instances in which employees are kept back when they should be advanced, but, as a rule, this is only temporary, and they usually find their level somewhere.

Progressive employers are always looking for the exceptional man or woman, the one who can step out from the crowd and do things in an original way, who can economize in processes, who can facilitate business. They are always looking for the earmarks of leadership, of superior ability. They are looking for the progressive employee with new ideas who can help them to be more of a success. They know very well that they can get any number of automatons,—multitudes who will do a thing just well enough to keep their places,—but they are looking for originality, individuality, for up-to-date methods. They want employees who can put things through with vigor and determination, without lagging, whining, apologizing; or asking questions. Nothing can bar the advancement of employees of this kind. Nobody can keep them down.

If by chance someone above you is actually trying to prevent your promotion for selfish reasons, it ought to be very flattering to you to know that he is trying to keep you back, and should make you all the more determined to get ahead. It is a pretty good indication that there is some reason for his fear, and that you have material in you for a better place. This should encourage you to redouble your efforts to do your work so well, to stamp such superiority upon everything you touch, to acquit yourself so much better than the man who is trying to keep you down,—to be so much pleasanter, so much more of a man, that it will be only a question of time when you will get the position you are striving for, or perhaps a better one.

Lincoln made it a rule to make every occasion a great occasion, because he could not tell who might be taking his measure for something better, something larger. Nothing in the beginning of one's career can be small. There are no trifles to the youth who is rising, for the least slip may let him down. The boy little realizes that the manner in which he does an errand, the way in which he enters an office and hands a letter to

a man who may be looking for a boy, may determine his whole future. Someone may be watching him on the street while he is doing his errand. An overheard remark, his manner of walking,—dawdling and idling along the way, stopping to look into windows, or walking as if pushed by a purpose to do his errand as quickly and as completely as possible,—these little things may be the means of getting or losing a good position, so that a boy can not afford to do even an errand in a slipshod way.

Do everything to a complete finish. No success struggler can ever be a failure who makes this his motto. But if he looks upon anything as small or insignificant, if he thinks, "Oh, well, this is a little thing. It is not of much account. I can not afford to put all my energy into it, it is too trifling," he will encourage a habit which will mar the great things which he will try in vain later to do.

The quickest way to get away from the counter is to work hard, to be polite and obliging at the counter. The trouble with people who complain that they can not get above the positions they are in is that they can not see that the step to the thing above them is in the thing they are doing, in their manner of doing it, that the opportunity for advancement is in the promptness, the thoroughness, the efficiency they show in the positions they now occupy.

Of two clerks working side by side in a store, one knows that the best part of his salary is not found in his pay envelope, but in the opportunity to learn the business, to extract from it the secrets of success which his employer may have paid a fortune for, besides putting his life into it. He is all eyes, all ears, all the time thinking of better methods, improved ways of doing things, and he finally becomes a proprietor himself. The other sees nothing in his work but drudgery and a perpetual clerkship.

If you have a hundred acres of land and only four people to support, as one correspondent states that he has, if you have enough brain, ambition, determination, and grit, you can not only support the people depending upon you, but you can also give yourself a good education,—for you can buy all the books you need,—and if you are a good manager, if you have system, you can have all the leisure you require for study.

If you are made of the stuff that wins, nobody can keep you back, for if you do not find your chance where you are, you will find it somewhere else. But remember that your achievement can not rise higher than your resolution. So long as you think you are tied down so that you can not move, you will never get up or get on.

The man who acknowledges that he is a "perpetual clerk" will never become manager or proprietor of anything until he changes his conviction. His own lack of confidence and push, not circumstances, is the chain which binds him.

It is as natural that we should obtain the thing we long for with all our hearts, and persistently work to obtain, as that a stone should come to the earth when hurled into the air. The ambition, the desire, the longing, the hunger, the struggle toward the aim, these are the forces of gravitation which bring us the desired result.

If the young drug clerk mentioned should make up his mind resolutely to-day to go to the top of his profession, if he should study chemistry with a will at every spare moment, if he should assume a progressive air all along the line, adopt up-to-date methods, show his employer that he is studying hard and is determined to be a professional chemist or proprietor of a drug business, how long would he be likely to remain in his ten-dollar position? It is possible for him to pay himself several times his small salary in absorbing the secrets of the business, in thoroughly learning the trade. The proprietor can not keep him from absorbing this knowledge, and gaining the increased skill and power which alertness, experience, and effort give.

One of the secrets of Elihu Root's advancement is his love of thoroughness. Perhaps there is no other one quality which stands out more prominently in his career. He goes to the bottom of everything. He does things to a complete finish. He does not leave loose ends and half-finished jobs about him.

There is no mistaking the fact that a reputation for thoroughness gives power. It indicates a good brain and inspires confidence. It indicates honesty, for all slipshod work is dishonesty, and is fatal to advancement.

Think of the tens of thousands of people who have been crippled for life or have met premature death because of somebody's carelessness, because somebody did not put honesty and manhood into his work! What fortunes are lost every year because of the wicked blunders, the carelessness and indifference of employees!

If everybody would put his conscience into his service, civilization would be revolutionized in a single year.

Do you realize, my complaining friend, what it means to achieve anything of note in this world, to pay the price for success? How hard have you tried to succeed? Have you ever set your face toward prosperity and success with clenched fist, set teeth, and a firm determination never to turn back, no matter what opposed you, not to be deflected to the right or left of your purpose? If not, you must not complain at your small measure of success.

It is the aggressive man, the determined pusher, the man with nerve and grit, who seizes the prize for which you are waiting. Fortune never comes to you. You must meet her half way. She will never move until you do. You must be the aggressor. You can not succeed without persistent determination, continuous effort.

You can never accomplish anything by taking hold of an opportunity with the tips of your fingers. You must take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and fling your life power into your aim.



How Fortunes Are Made in Advertising

LITTLE STORIES OF MINUTE IDEAS THAT GREW INTO GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

Henry Harrison Lewis

PART IV.

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SOME day a clever artist, wise beyond his generation, will draw a new allegorical conception of Success. It will not be a scantily clad figure of a woman with golden hair floating in space and distributing favors from a clumsy-looking cornucopia, but a gray-bearded man with spectacles and a bulging forehead scattering an infinitude of microbes shaped something like dollar marks. This will typify the inoculation of fortune by the germ theory, and will be scientific, if not pretty.

There is, apparently, no other way of explaining the marvelous results achieved by some men under the most ordinary circumstances. In the year 1871, for instance, a great many immigrants reached this country from Europe. Among those who worked their way across the ocean on sailing vessels was a German lad of fourteen, who was promptly swallowed in the human vortex that even then represented the metropolis of the country. The manner in which he shed the habits of his former home and began to climb the gently sloping ladder of prosperity, offered him by America, need not be described in detail.

Six years after his arrival, during which time he had served an apprenticeship to a druggist, and studied the profession himself, he counted his little hoard of savings, and found that he had just enough to buy the good will and scanty stock of an obscure drug store in Newark. It did not matter to the young man that no one had been able to make the store pay. He cheerfully took the risk, and, through the practice of small economies and a clever method of attracting customers, made his venture moderately successful.

At that time there were several drug stores in Newark, and a great many scattered throughout the country, but it seems that the scientific old gentleman with his microbes found only one bit of fallow ground in that particular field. The ground was so fallow that in a comparatively short time the people in and about Newark began to observe the commercial activities of a certain young man in the community. It was the druggist who had disproved all theories by making a poor business pay.

In compounding his drugs it seemed that the chemist in question did not limit his work to the mere dispensing, but every now and then did a little experimenting. He tried the effect of one preparation and another, and finally hit upon the idea of a powder that seemed to offer much better results for certain uses than the unsatisfactory chalk preparations then employed. He did not tell many people about it until he had secured the approval of expert physicians and nurses. Then he began to sell it in his store under the name of Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder.

It was at this psychological moment that the microbe began to exert itself. Other chemists had invented preparations of various kinds, from the beginning of the profession, and chemists are inventing preparations all over the country, to-day.

It was not so much the invention of the borated talcum powder by Gerhard Mennen that started him on the broad way to success as the fact that he realized one particular and absolute truth. He figured it out this way:—

"Success has three component parts. One is the article, which must have undoubted merit; the second is opportunity, and the third can be described as *x*. Now, I have the article, and I think I have the opportunity, but it is necessary to define *x*."

He glanced from behind his counter at a woman who had paused in front of the window. She looked at the articles exposed for sale, walked on a few steps, then hesitated, and finally returned to the window. After a moment she entered the store and bought a box of talcum powder. Gerhard Mennen got more out of that particular sale than the price of the box. He found his *x*.

Exposing the boxes of powder in the window was advertising in its primitive form; exposing more boxes in more windows was increasing the advertising; and, finally, exposing the name with the portrait of the maker in a multitude of magazines and other mediums meant a degree of advertising that brought a fortune to the little German boy who had worked his way to America not many years before. There

is not the slightest doubt in the world that Gerhard Mennen's success was due to the persistent advertising of a meritorious article. Advertising alone did not do it, nor was success due entirely to the merit of the article. Both were necessary.

It is said on good authority that Gerhard Mennen's widow was offered a million dollars for the business, not long ago, by a Boston syndicate. Fifteen years ago, when the first output was placed on sale, its valuation could not have exceeded one hundredth of that amount. It would not be worth much more to-day if Mennen's shrewdness and farsightedness had not caused him to convert every spare dollar of profit into printers' ink.

Mennen was what might be called an ideal advertiser. He had ideas of his own and they were valuable, but he knew his limitations in that line and did not hesitate to enlist the services of others, trained experts in the advertising profession who were able to utilize to the utmost extent the possibilities of his products. When the talcum powder was first exploited in ink a photograph of Edna Wallace Hopper was used in the advertisements, but it was soon pointed out to the manufacturer that a better trade-mark could be made of his own portrait. He followed the suggestion purely as a business proposition, and to-day his features are almost as well and widely known

as are those of the President of the United States.

Mennen's principal virtue as an advertiser was his absolute fearlessness. He did not hesitate to increase his appropriation each year, and, if it came to a question of a new shingle on his factory roof or a new advertisement in a proved medium, the advertisement always won. The roof could wait, but the public's education in the matter of talcum powder could not. His success is all the more remarkable because it can not be said that his line of advertising struck the popular fancy and was given free publicity like "Spotless Town," "Sunny Jim," or the "Gold Dust Twins."

The last, for instance, has been used broadcast over the country in political campaigns. There is something quaint and peculiarly attractive in the two little darkies, and the story of their creation is another story of success from clever advertising.

It is an odd circumstance that the article called "Gold Dust," a washing powder, was on the market some time before the twins got hold of it. The earlier pictorial advertisements of this product showed a woman struggling under a load of washing apparatus. The twins appeared on the scene as volunteer assistants to the woman. Then came the inspiration to let them do all the work themselves, and forthwith the woman vanished, making way for an advertising trade-mark that has reached a valuation of more than a million dollars.

Quaker Oats furnishes a similar instance of an advertising hit made long after the first sale of a product. The producers of Quaker Oats have been extensive advertisers for years, but it was not until October, 1902, that they hit the popular fancy with their six-word line, "The Smile That Won't Come Off." Here is an all-illuminating phrase which demonstrates the value of a "catch-line." The big Quaker, with his somber yet kindly face, had done his work. He had helped to make a place for the "grandfather of breakfast foods," but it was finally realized that he had served his purpose, and that something additional was needed. In casting about for a new device, particular stress was placed upon the necessity of humor. Advertisements of foods must be light of touch and pleasing in fancy. The idea of utilizing a series of faces, each wearing a smile



"THE ART OF SUCCESSFUL ADVERTISING IS STILL IN ITS INFANCY"



"THE TWINS APPEARED AS VOLUNTEER ASSISTANTS"

inspired by the toothsome-ness of Quaker Oats, was suggested and immediately adopted. Its success was assured from the beginning, and the firm manufacturing the food has reaped a harvest of dollars from its continuous advertising.

In telling these little stories of how fortunes are made by advertising, I have endeavored to prove one important fact, which is that an article must be equal in value to the price at which it is sold, if success is attained. In securing the material for this series, I did not find one single instance of prosperity made on a basis of bluff. On the other hand, in the great majority of cases, the product advertised was of more intrinsic value than would have been possible without advertising. It seems as if the different manufacturers felt that it was necessary to "make good" when they proclaimed the merit of their products to the world.

This fact inspires a word on the evils and unfairness of substitution, a subject intimately connected with advertising. Substitution, in this case, means the offering of an article "just as good" by a merchant for one asked for by the customer.

Not only are there manufacturers who do not advertise, but there are also those who do not hesitate to utilize the advertising of their competitors as much as possible. Every successful article, made successful by merit and advertising, has been imitated. If "imitation is the sincerest flattery," as we are told, the fact remains that the firm imitated in business does not appreciate the flattery, and, moreover, the public at large is not at all benefited. Proof confronts you on every hand.

Take the soda cracker, for instance. Dealers can be found, to this day, who do not hesitate to offer you a soda cracker from a barrel when you ask for "Uneeda Biscuit."

"It costs less, and is just as good," they tell you. Then they add that specious and well-worn argument, "The makers of this soda biscuit do not advertise; they put that money into the goods."

There is no greater fallacy.

The National Biscuit Company, manufacturing the Uneeda Biscuit and many other similar products, has spent millions of dollars in advertising during its few years of existence. How it began to manufacture and to advertise offers an object lesson to those who believe such an argument as that mentioned above.

One summer day, six years ago, an advertising agent made a little journey from Philadelphia to Chicago, with the intention of inducing an organization known as the National Biscuit Company to adopt a systematic plan of advertising, which the company had failed to do until that time. The agent found the man at the head of the company willing to listen.

"The proper foundation upon which to build a great business is to make a good article and advertise it so widely that the consumer will demand it of the dealer," said the agent.

"That is true," agreed the manufacturer, "but there must be something else with it. We must have, if we are going to manufacture a soda biscuit, for instance, the best soda biscuit that has ever been made, and even that is not enough; it must be put up in a new kind of package,—one that will keep it as good as we send it out."

This determination meant a great deal of trouble, and a great deal of expense, but the men forming the company went to work and persevered until they had perfected the biscuit and also discovered a new method of packing that offered the results for which they were looking. The question of a satisfactory name for the new product was not so easily settled. Some word, or happy combination of words, was needed. The advertising agent suggested a number, and the manufacturer sug-

gested several, and finally, by the process of elimination, the word "Uneeda," which happened to be among those mentioned by the agent, was selected.

And now, equipped with the proper article, a satisfactory method of packing, and a catchy title, an advertising campaign was inaugurated. The result of that campaign is well known to you. The word "Uneeda" stares at you from the pages of the leading magazines, from the billboards of all the principal cities, and from the columns of the daily press. Go where you will, or at any time, you can not escape the suggestion that you need a biscuit. In the case of the Uneeda Biscuit, substitution only serves to emphasize the fact that the advertised article is far better than that which is sometimes offered in its place. But substitution, nevertheless, is an unfair and entirely unsatisfactory proposition for the consumer.



A VALUELESS PRODUCT CAN NOT BE FORCED ON THE CONSUMER, NO MATTER HOW HARD ONE TRIES

A study of the art of advertising—for it is an art,—leads one to the belief that it is productive of a great deal of good. I have shown that it has increased the intrinsic value of innumerable products necessary for our welfare, and

that it has cheapened the cost to the consumer. It also has materially assisted in the broadening and upbuilding of the modern newspaper, and it is almost entirely responsible for the twentieth-century magazine of low price and wide circulation.

It is a well-known fact that the average magazine could not be published if its income was limited to the money received from sales. Probably not one in twenty receives enough from subscriptions and news-stand sales to pay for much more than the white paper it uses. The average ten-cent publication sells to the trade at less than six cents a copy; the majority of the popular ten-cent monthlies cost more than ten cents a copy to manufacture and circulate. The difference, added to the profit made by the publisher, comes from the advertiser. The argument is plain: if manufacturers and merchants did not advertise, the enlightening influence of the modern magazine, and a multitude of products necessary to the well-being and the comfort of the modern consumer, would not be possible, and the upbuilding of fortunes in trade would be the rare exception instead of almost the rule.

If space were given me in these columns to compile a list of the important concerns owing their wealth and prosperity to advertising, it would require many pages of the publication. Thus far I have mentioned the following: the New Idea Pattern Company, the Star Safety Razor, the Prudential Insurance Company, Sapolio, Mellin's Food, the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, the Eastman Kodak Company, Mennen's Talcum Powder, the National Biscuit Company, the Gold Dust Twins, Quaker Oats, Sunny Jim, the Regal Shoe, and the Heinz Pickle Company, simply as a few shining examples of the great value of advertising.

The combined capitalization of the companies concerned can be reckoned at not less than a quarter of a billion dollars. It is safe to say that not one of them would have succeeded beyond the value of a local trade if it had not been for persistent and clever advertising. Yet these fourteen concerns represent only a small percentage of the fortunes won by the free use of printers' ink.

There have been

failures in advertising. Success does not perch upon the banners of every man who attempts to win prosperity through the aid of the public prints. A valueless product can not be forced upon the consumer, nor is it possible to achieve satisfactory results through a haphazard and badly directed campaign of advertising. I quote the words of Earnest E. Calkins and Ralph Holden, well-known advertising men:—

"Advertising is a force whereby a keen-eyed man, controlling a desirable output from a great factory, secures for it the widest possible market by utilizing every form of publicity and every method of making an impression upon the public; who watches its sales on the one hand and its publicity on the other; who, like an intelligent broker, keeps a constant and thoughtful hand on the pulse of the market, knows exactly what his advertising is accomplishing and what it is failing to accomplish, knows where to strengthen it and where to weaken it, and who, considering the entire country as a whole, adapts his advertising to each locality, pushes his products where such products may be sold, and leaves uncultivated the places where no possible market may be made. He knows something of salesmanship, of the law of supply and demand, a great deal of human nature, and the best method of appealing to it.

"Such a man, realizing that there are in this country so many mouths to be fed, so many hands and faces to be washed, so many bodies to be clothed, so many feet to be shod, makes a breakfast food, a soap, a brand of clothing, or a shoe, and then launches out boldly, feeling that his particular article is the best, and remembering that just as long as people continue to be born and grow up there will be more mouths, more hands, more feet, more bodies, and more faces; and, until the sum of human wants be changed, there will be the same steady demands and needs. He then proceeds to find means for making his article in every home and in every mind a synonym for something that will supply these wants, which indicates that he realizes, to its fullest extent, what a mighty engine is advertising."

It can be well understood that such men do not grow on every human bush. Every man can not be an intelligent and successful advertiser any more than he can be a skilled watchmaker or an astute and diplomatic statesman. The inevitable rule which accompanies every important development has created a profession of advertising, the members of which are men trained in their task of promoting commercial publicity. The advertisements one sees in the current magazines, or in the newspapers, generally come from one of three sources,—the advertiser himself, his advertising manager, or from a regular advertising agency. It is seldom, however, that the members of a large manufacturing firm have the time to prepare their publicity matter. Certain very large houses, like the department stores, insurance concerns, and big corporations employ a man entitled an advertising manager, who prepares and issues the advertising of his particular house with the aid of a regular staff of assistants.

The position is one of considerable importance and responsibility, as the advertising manager not only controls the expenditure of appropriations ranging from \$50,000 to \$750,000 annually, but really makes it possible for his employer to continue in business. An incompetent or negligent

manager can work incalculable harm to a house depending largely upon advertising for its sales.

The regular advertising agencies, of which there are estimated to be about five hundred in the United States recognized by the managers of publications, undoubtedly handle the greater part of the business, to-day. This seems to be the logical method, and it is becoming accepted as such by all the large adver-



"SCATTERING AN INFINITUDE OF MICROBES SHAPED SOMETHING 'LIKE DOLLAR MARKS'"

tisers. The advertising agency of to-day is a systematized concern with an expert leader, or chief, and a staff of specialized experts who make a scientific study of the business of commercial publicity. As the merchant or manufacturer deals in foods, wearing apparel, or soap, the advertising agency deals in magazine space, newspaper space, billboards, and booklets. The head of the agency knows as much about the proper expenditure of an advertising appropriation as the merchant knows about the selling possibilities of his product. Furthermore, where the merchant or manufacturer knows his own business and very little about the ethics of advertising, the advertising agent not only understands publicity, but also has a fair working knowledge of an advertiser's business. This latter attribute is a part of his general equipment in following an intelligent campaign.

Even with all the money that has been expended for printers' ink as connected with advertising, and all the money being spent to-day, there is no doubt that advertising as an art, and as a money-producer, is yet in its infancy. The rapidly increasing population of the country and the growing demand of the people for improved products form a constantly broadening field. It is almost possible to count on the fingers of your hands the products that are persistently advertised, yet our daily needs form a lengthy schedule.

Not every man can take a nursery article like talcum powder and make a fortune within twenty-five years, as Mennen did, or begin with a few dollars' worth of horse radish and build up a stupendous business, like H. J. Heinz with his "fifty-seven varieties." But the chances seem as good as they did when Mennen made his first experiments in the little Newark drug store, or H. J. Heinz in his first quarter-acre garden. In fact, the chances are better. In those days there were no trained advertising experts,—that is, trained by the experience of thirty years. The advertising profession was in its infancy, and the man who dreamed of a continuous advertisement in twelve numbers of a magazine, or space in all the principal newspapers of the country, was a dreamer indeed. Enoch Morgan's Sons spent thirty thousand dollars in their first year's advertising of Sapolio, while to-day they are advertising a new soap at the rate of half a million a year, confident that a tenfold harvest will follow a tenfold sowing.

Advice as to how to advertise hardly comes within the province of this series of articles. Any responsible advertising agent will take great pleasure in giving an expert opinion on any branch of the subject. It may be of interest, however, to see how a large manufacturing corporation conducts its advertising department. In writing to me on the subject, the Winton Motor Carriage Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, said:—

"Our method of conducting an advertising campaign is much as follows: after our manufacturing policy has been determined for an ensuing season, we decide upon the advertising policy, a chief feature of which is, of course, the amount of money to be expended. This money is divided among the various branches of advertising which we patronize; as, for instance, magazines, which are mediums of general circulation, trade papers, which reach the dealers with whom we desire agency connections, and daily newspapers and advertising literature, such as pamphlets, catalogues, follow-up letters, etc.

"We inform the advertising agent how much money we shall spend in the magazines, and together we map out a campaign, deciding upon the specific publications which we are to use, the amount of space, the number of insertions, and the style of copy. The agent then sends his writer to our factory, and the latter goes thoroughly over our product, and, as a layman, discovers those things which most interest other laymen, and on those features he prepares his copy.

"The amount of money appropriated each season for advertising depends entirely upon that season's prospects,—for instance, an entirely new model, with a vast array of new features, requires considerably more advertising than a model with which the public is already acquainted. Then, too, trade conditions are influential in determining the amount of money that can be judiciously expended.

"This company is firmly convinced that much of its success is due to its persistent publicity, and there is no present intention to decrease the volume of its advertising beyond that point which trade conditions indicate as advisable."

The future of advertising can not be estimated. Although comparatively a modern requisite, its direct connection with commerce and trade is so firmly established that it shows large possibilities of development. It is, to-day, one of the great industries of the United States.



"IT'S JUST AS GOOD"

FALL SUITS

MADE TO ORDER \$6 to \$25

Style Book and Samples Sent Free

The New Fall styles are entirely different from last season's models.

Our Style Book illustrates what will be most fashionable in New York this season, including both long and short coat effects—over 150 designs from which to select.

Our samples show the newest fabrics. Your choice of over 400 materials which we carry in stock, every one thoroughly shrunken, fast colors and guaranteed to give good service.

We keep no ready-made goods. Every garment is made to order, so that it will fit and become the one woman for whom it is intended.

We have fitted over 375,000 women by mail. That is why we know we can fit you.

We take the risk, as we will refund your money if we fail to fit you—you to be the judge.

There is no guesswork or experimenting about our perfect-fitting system. Our simple measurement directions make it easy for you to order from us by mail. What we have done for thousands of others, we certainly can do for you.



Our Style Book explains how we can fit you by mail, and illustrates:

Visiting Costumes, . . .	\$6.00 to \$20
Tailor-Made Suits, . . .	\$7.50 to \$25
Separate Skirts, . . .	\$3.50 to \$12
Rain Coats, . . .	\$9.75 to \$20
Jackets and Coats, . . .	\$5.75 to \$25

We prepay Express Charges to any part of the U. S.

WE SEND FREE to any part of the United States our new Fall and Winter Style Book showing the latest New York fashions, a large assortment of samples of the newest materials, and simple directions for taking measurements correctly. Write for them to-day.

Kindly state whether you wish samples for a suit, skirt, cloak or rain coat, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.

119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York
Mail Orders Only No Agents or Branches Established 17 Years

THE SKINK - GELETT BURGESS

The skinks, which are likewise small lizards, are much addicted to making long journeys by water. They are found on all the islands of the Pacific,—even on coral atolls which possess no other form of animal life whatever. The puzzle is to imagine how they came there, but it seems altogether likely that they took passage in the outrigger canoes of the Polynesians, who, in former days, navigated all the wide reaches of those seas.

THE skink is a curious beast

Who lives in the isles of the sea;

The Southern Pacific, to be more specific,—

That's where he's most likely to be.

He is shaped like a lizard,—at least,

The books all describe him as such,—

But, as I've no corner on insular fauna,

My word is n't worth very much.

Just think,—

If you were a skink,

And if I were you, what a deal I could do!

The skink is an envious wretch,

(I venture this news as my own,)

And oft he bewails both his feet and his scales,

On his tropical island alone.

"Now if I," said a skink, "were a vetch,

Or a perodactyl or a pike!

Why can't I transmute myself to some brute

Which is different? That's what I'd like!"

Just think,—

If you were a skink,

And if I were you, what a deal I could do!

Now this skink, (I will leave him unnamed,)

Once uttered this jealous request;

And somehow his prayer was answered, out

there,

On his atoll, away in the West.

But alas for the skink who complained!

His end was a tragical jest,

For he turned black-and-white, in a single hot

night,

And I leave you to fancy the rest.

Just think,—

If you were a skink,

And if "I" were "U," what a horror!—

Whew!

RUBIFOAM

A BOTTLE OF
LIQUIFIED
ROSES



Children are pleased with the rosy dentifrice, RUBIFOAM, because of its flower-like qualities of beauty and fragrance.

Price 25 cents everywhere.

Sample Free. Address

E. W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

4% THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

The possessor of small savings is confronted by a difficult problem—

First—He wants to make his savings secure—

Second—To invest them that he will receive a reasonable return—

Third—To place them in such a way that he will be able to draw upon them should occasion require—

The Peoples Savings Bank offers the most natural and plausible solution of the problem—

Savings deposited with it are absolutely safe—and earn 4 per cent. interest compounded twice a year—

This is a higher interest than is realized from Government bonds and other safe investments, and there is additional advantage in the fact that money is always available on proper notice—

YOU CAN BANK BY MAIL.

Accounts may be started with any amount from \$1 up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET S.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, \$1,000,000

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK

FOURTH AVENUE AND WOOD STREET
PITTSBURGH, PA.

4% THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

MY GREAT OFFER!

Made to Order Trousers For \$5.00



I will make to your measure a pair of nobby Fall and Winter trousers, equal in style, quality, workmanship and fit to any pair of \$8.00 trousers made by any merchant tailor.

No matter how difficult you are to fit, I can fit you perfectly. I have hundreds of testimonials from delighted wearers.

You take no risk in ordering from me. You need not pay for the trousers until you have tried them on and examined thoroughly every detail—if they are satisfactory pay the expressman—if they are not satisfactory return them at my expense.

I want you to send to-day for my free booklet and samples of the handsomest trousers designs you ever laid your eyes upon—you will quickly see from the high-grade materials that this is the greatest trousers offer ever made. My rigid guarantee sewed in every pair.

LEON WRIGHT, Tailor, 14 St. Paul St., Rochester, N.Y.

Great Suit Offer

Cut this notice out and mail to us and if we have no agent in your town we will send you FREE, by return mail, post-paid, a big assortment of cloth samples, fashion figures, cloth tape measure, order blanks, etc., and we will name you prices on men's fine clothing that will be so much lower than you ever heard of that it will surprise you; terms, conditions and privileges that will astonish you; a free trial offer on a suit for your own use that will make you wonder.

WE WANT A GOOD AGENT IN YOUR TOWN.

He can make \$1,000.00 to \$1,500.00 per year. If you write us before we get an agent there you will get a wonderful offer. As soon as we get an agent in your town he will get a profit on every dollar we sell in his territory. We then turn all our business over to him. That's why our agents make so much money. If you want a suit for yourself, answer quick before we get an agent there, and you will then get all our great inducements, or if you would like to be our agent tell us all about yourself. Address:

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



10,000 U. S. ARMY McCLELLAN SADDLES

SOLD to us at Government Arsenal on change of regulation from black to russet leather covering. Strongest, best and kindest riding saddle ever made. Fine, serviceable over-used only a short time. Complete with Halter or Web Girth, Hooded Stirrups, Coat straps, Post U. S. Government \$24.47. Our Bargain Price \$4.90—discount to dealers. U. S. Army saddle complete, serviceable, \$1.176-page large illustrated catalogue. Regular Military Cyclepella rugged 100 stamps.

Francis Bannerman, 579 Broadway New York

Largest stock in the world Military Goods from Government Auctions. Tax areas required for storage.



U. S. METAL POLISH

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair, 1893. Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

The Attack on Finerty's Tea

WHY A CELESTIAL CUSTOMER BECAME PARTIAL TO A BEVERAGE OF IRISH FAME

Michael White

IT must not be misunderstood that, because Mr. Finerty's store was of narrow proportions,—in the center of a block with elevated trains thundering overhead,—it was, therefore, an ordinary grocery. Far from it, as Finerty himself would have hotly contested; for did not his signboard proclaim him to be a provision dealer, and were not his regular and casual customers informed in flamboyant letters that his establishment was a tea palace? Wherein lay the subtle distinction between a grocer and a provision dealer, as interpreted by Mr. Finerty, it would be difficult for a mere outsider of the trade to determine, the visible evidences of the stock of goods in both cases being the same; but it appeared that, as the proprietor of a certain brand of tea, he was entitled to distinction. It was "The tea which was drank in Ireland," put up attractively in one-pound and half-pound green cartons, bearing Mr. Finerty's sign manual of genuineness, that had extended his reputation beyond the push-button flats overlooked by the elevated railroad to the apartment and boarding houses of the neighborhood. In fact, as Mr. Finerty was able to inform a hesitating customer that his Irish brand of tea was approved by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, housekeeper to their "riverines" of the parish, adverse argument was presumed to be silenced on that account. Otherwise, as he knew how to buy and sell to advantage,—representatives of wholesale houses, in their pleasant humor, calling him "Cint below cost,"—if the volume of his business was not so extensive as that of some of his competitors, its basic principle being week-end settlements or no credit, he was on a fair way to futurity.

But there was one circumstance which had caused him misgivings as to the soundness of his judgment. When he entered into the tenancy of his store, finding that it was larger than was necessary for the beginning of things, he had partitioned it down the center with the object of subletting half and thereby reducing his rent. This was unquestionably a prudent business operation, particularly as he originally had in view a notion or dry-goods subtenant; but, when Hop, Wong, and Company, renovators of soiled linen, appeared and offered him a price which swept away two thirds of his monthly tribute to the landlord's agent, in spite of an intuitive dislike and suspicion of the heathen, he was over tempted. So Hop, Wong, and Company became his subtenant neighbors, Mr. Finerty, to provide for eventualities, adding the proviso to their mutual agreement that, should the said Hop, Wong, and Company prove objectionable to him personally, or injurious to his business, he could dispossess them without notice.

But, after a month's trial, he was bound to confess that upon neither of those counts could be found a grievance. So far as his observation went, Hop, Wong, and Company appeared to be an exceedingly industrious and peaceable business family,—some nine individuals, rather more than less,—that washed, ironed, and lived; it was a puzzle to Mr. Finerty how they lived in a space no larger than eight feet by thirty. However, as he was further gratified by the respectful manner of Mr. Hop or Mr. Wong,—he never knew which, if, indeed, the polite Celestial with whom he had dealings were either,—and in time they came to purchase of him not only soap, but, also, an occasional half-pound carton of tea,—the same which was drank in Ireland,—his attitude toward Chinamen in general was considerably mollified.

"Heap belly good tea!" remarked Mr. Hop, or whatever his name was, as he carefully laid a dime, a nickel, and three pennies on the counter.

"An' sure that's where ye show y'r sinse," responded Mr. Finerty, tossing the price of a half carton into the till. "I would n't be sayin' that, if ye drank enough of it, ye'd pass for an Irishman in y'r own country, but ye would."

The Celestial smiled blandly, whether he appreciated the jest or not; and, as he retreated, Mr. Finerty reflected how unwise it was to let prejudice stand in the way of profit,—for was not a Chinaman's dollar good money? He decided that Hop, Wong, and Company should remain his subtenants until such time as the expansion of his business should warrant his occupying the whole store.

So things went along, and, with the success of a new line of goods,—Finerty's Scourpan,—that era of prosperity seemed to be approaching, when there came the first whisper of dissatisfaction with "The tea which was drank in Ireland." Where or when it exactly originated Mr. Finerty was uncertain, but nevertheless customers in an increasing number complained that it was not up to its former quality. This, to Mr. Finerty, was aggravatingly ridiculous, because the cartons were filled by himself from chests purchased of the same wholesale house and of a corresponding blend to that sold before; but the perplexing

element in the situation was that a customer would admit that one carton was good and vow that the next was undrinkable rubbish. At first Mr. Finerty, suspecting the malicious insinuations of competitors,—particularly one Tinklepaugh in the next block,—attempted to argue his customers out of what he regarded as their susceptibility to delusion; but, when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, their "riverines" housekeeper, in high disdain, emptied a carton on his counter, the matter had become serious enough.

"And what's this ye're givin' us?" asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. "The tay they drink in Ireland, is it? Bad luck to ye, Finerty, I'm thinkin' it's the tay they're drinkin' in Purgatory!"

Finerty scooped up a handful of the rejected tea, turned it over with his finger, sniffed it, and was too well qualified as a judge of his own goods not to be able to emphatically assert that such refuse had never come out of his store.

"And where, thin, may I ask," inquired Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, with a shade of sarcastic politeness,— "where, thin, did that tay come from? Will ye tell me that, Mr. Finerty?"

Finerty rested his hands on the counter and looked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy squarely in the face. He recollected that he had caught a glimpse of her speaking to Tinklepaugh at the street corner, the night before, and fancied that he had a clue to the mystery.

"Where did that tay come from?" he retorted, with significant emphasis. "It's likely, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, if ye'd ask y'r Dutch friend, Tinklepaugh, in the next block, he could tell ye. And it's not without eyes that I am to have seen ye talkin' wid him, let me tell ye that, ma'm."

As this was said in a manner to imply that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had not only conspired with Tinklepaugh to injure Finerty's reputation by adulterating his tea, but that the widow was also making overtures of a personal kind to one whom she held in contempt, her spirit rose to the retort furious.

Violently she charged Finerty with adulterating his own tea and pitied the woman compelled to drink it in the person of his wife.

As Finerty was not one to forego the satisfaction of the last word under what he imagined to be the circumstances, with a laugh of derision he in turn pitied the woman so lost to the fitness of things as to contemplate changing the honored name of O'Shaughnessy for Tinklepaugh.

"Tinklepaugh!" he scoffed. "Tinklepaugh! Och, ivald! The saints be wid us, but did ye ever hear the like of it? And a foine name it is to return wid to County Limerick!"

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's hand convulsively fastened on a can of beans, but she restrained the incentive to project it through space in the direction of Finerty's head.

"It's the last order ye've had from the prais't house," was the ultimatum she delivered, as she flounced out of the tea palace.

This served to convince Finerty that in some mysterious way his cartons of tea were being tampered with by Tinklepaugh, aided, to her shame, by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. But how was it accomplished?—that was the question which puzzled him; because, unless his delivery boys had been lured into the plot, it was impossible for the tea to so deteriorate between the time when it left his store and the moment when it reached a customer's dumbwaiter shaft. So Finerty laid a trap for his innocent delivery boys, call-



"FINERTY RESTED HIS HANDS ON THE COUNTER AND LOOKED MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY SQUARELY IN THE FACE"

ing his customer's attention to an almost indiscernible mark which would not be there if another carton were substituted. To his confusion the identical cartons came back with the comment sarcastic that, while chopped hay might be appreciated in the stable, it was not what had been ordered. Even Thomas, the cat, the only member of the tea palace staff hitherto not under suspicion, was now regarded askance. However, as Finerty was at length ready to prove, by cartons filled overnight with tea of the best and found to be bewitched into trash in the morning, that whatever "devilment" was afoot took place in his store under cover of darkness, he decided to lie in wait for Tinklepaugh or whoever else came to engage in such nefarious work.

He kept his store open late to catch any stray customers, so it was not until after midnight that he closed up and sat down to his vigil. An interruption shortly occurred by a sharp rapping on the door and he sprang to his feet. Surely Tinklepaugh would not force an entrance in such a fashion. In that presumption he was right, for it proved to be his friend the patrolman, McBride, who mistook Finerty himself for a burglar. "I would like for ye to be within call, McBride," requested Finerty, "for it's maybe I'll need ye to escort the devil to the station house."

McBride thought Finerty had been anticipating St. Patrick's Day and delicately hinted as much. However, in the face of explanations, he promised to be at hand, and resumed his beat with many a sly shake of his head.

So Finerty sat down again in ambush behind the counter, within easy spring of his cartons, with his vision focused to the half light. There is a short period after midnight and before daybreak when the restless city, as it were, marks time. New York never can be said to sleep, but between the ebb and the flow of its tide of human strife it prepares to receive the turmoil of many breakers and cross currents. So quarter hours slipped away in comparative silence, broken by the periodical crash of the elevated trains and the jolting rattle of some night-hawk cab. Finerty was beginning to think that he was again on a false trail, when a slight noise among the cartons drew his gaze quickly upward. He swept his hand across his eyes to make sure that he was awake, for on the top shelf, which had been previously filled, there was a gap of half a dozen cartons.

"Sure, I'll be danged," thought Finerty, "if this is n't the devil's work! I'd like to know how he goes about it."

With senses strained he watched, when, presto! six more cartons disappeared swiftly and noiselessly into space.

With infinite caution he raised himself on a sugar barrel until his nose tipped the edge of the shelf, but nearer inspection proved nothing except that one dozen cartons had vanished. He was deeply perplexed until his original suspicion of the heathen returned with greater intensity. Thereupon, prompted to witness the cause of the phenomenon at its source, he climbed down from the barrel, and on tiptoe made his way to the back of the store. Then, softly, he raised a window opening into the yard and crawled out. A few steps along the wall brought him to the window which the Chinamen evidently thought quite unnecessary to admit light or air, for it was partly boarded up; but through a crack he beheld a scene

which made his fists clench with indignation. On the floor three of the heathen were emptying the cartons of the tea which was drank in Ireland and skillfully refilling them with the vile scourgings which had so jeopardized his trade. For a moment his wrath urged him to batter his way through the window to speedy vengeance, but prudence suggested a better plan. He retraced his steps through the store to the sugar barrel and again mounted to catch one of the miscreants in the act. Presently a board of the partition at the back of the shelf was withdrawn and a Celestial hand stole upon it to replace a carton. Finerty grabbed it, and yelled, with mingled rage and triumph:—

"Ah, ye dirty haythen rascal, I've got ye!"

The heathen, though taken by surprise, evidently trusted in his ability to disprove the Irishman's statement, for he began a desperate struggle to free himself.

"Surrinder! Surrinder!" cried Finerty, bracing himself with one foot against the partition, and holding on with both hands to the wrist of his captive. "Surrinder, or it will be the worse wid ye."

But there was no intention of surrender as yet. Instead, through the aperture, there came a formidable-looking blade, which was directed in a sweeping pass at Finerty's knuckles. Just in time Finerty released one hand from his captive's wrist, seized a bottle of tomato catsup, twenty-five-cent size, and broke it over a bald Celestial pate which appeared through the aperture.

"Ye'd commit murder, would ye, ye devils," shouted Finerty. "It's up to y'r tricks now that I am."

It would seem that, if not murder, at least homicide, so far, rested with Finerty, judging by the yell which responded to the blow he had delivered with the bottle of catsup. But, as there came, also, the sound of scurrying padded feet with significant mutterings, Finerty was warned not to relax the advantage he had gained by attack. Still holding to his captive's wrist with one hand, his other luckily chanced upon some blocks of his famous scourpan. These he fired through the aperture with all his might, at the same time shouting for assistance. Between volleys he anathematized McBride for a tendency to linger near places of refreshment on post, and wondered what ammunition he would be forced to use when his available supply of scourpan should be exhausted. He was decidedly averse to expending twenty-five-cent bottles of green-label catsup, or June peas at thirteen cents per can, in searching the intrenchments of the enemy. Thus the costliness of modern warfare was borne in upon his mind. Provisionally, before that crisis was reached, McBride's night-stick was hammering on the laundry door, and a few moments later there was an unconditional surrender. Then followed the usual procession to the station house, and the ranging of the members of the firm of Hop, Wong, and Company before the sergeant's desk.

"What's the charge?" demanded the sergeant, and promptly up spoke Finerty.

"Sure, it's a hangin' offense it is, for have n't the haythen been murderin' the tay which they drink in Ireland?"

Such was Finerty's indignation that the sergeant was compelled to exhaust much argumentative power in convincing him that, outrageous as the prisoners' conduct had been, murder in the first degree could not be entered against them on the blotter.



"SURRENDER! SURRENDER!" CRIED FINERTY, "OR IT WILL BE THE WORSE WID YE!"

Former Senator W. M. Stewart Can not Remain Idle

FORMER United States Senator William M. Stewart is an example of the men who have faced defeat but continue life's struggles with never-failing hope and cheerfulness. He has recently departed for Tonapah, Nevada, and will resume in this new mining town the practice of law which was interrupted by a marvelous political career.

He was in Yale College when the gold discoveries on the Pacific Coast attracted him to California. He worked with pick and shovel, for a while; then he began the practice of law, and was district attorney of California for a time. He went to Nevada, in 1860, and engaged in mining litigation. It was some time in the early sixties that Mark Twain wrote about "Big Bill Stewart, the boss of the Nevada bar." Stewart accumulated a large fortune and became a power in the territory. When Nevada was forced into the Union, to make up the necessary three-fourths of the states to pass the constitutional amendments resulting from the Civil War, Stewart became one of the first senators, and took his seat on February 1, 1865, more than forty years ago. He is one of the few men living who were present at the time Andrew Johnson took the oath of office. His personal reminiscences of that time make an interesting story, for he has a vivid recollection of the night of the assassination of Lincoln and of the hours of excitement and passion that followed. He called on President Lincoln a short time before he left the White House for Ford's Theater.

For ten years he remained in the senate and then was defeated. Returning to Nevada, he resumed his law practice and built up another fortune. For twelve years

he waited, until another opportunity offered, and in 1887 he was elected to the senate again. All these years he remained a Republican, but in 1892 he became a Silver Republican, and the following year he was reelected to the senate by the Silver Party. In 1896, he was a Populist and participated in the convention of that year which indorsed William J. Bryan for the presidency. In 1899 he was elected to the senate as a Populist; but, with the re-alignment of parties after 1900, he returned to the Republican fold, and has since been an ardent supporter of the "G. O. P."

He has been a most picturesque figure in the senate. For the past eighteen years his hair and beard have been snow-white. This, in connection with his advocacy of silver, gave him for many years the name of the "Silver King." He was at his best in the celebrated contest for the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act, in 1893. He spoke long and often upon the "Crime of '73," the term which he applied to the act which demonetized silver.

Forty years after he first entered the senate, although in his seventy-second year, he was still among the most vigorous men of that body, as he closed his long public career. The night sessions and hard work which they entail he shared with men a score of years his junior, without seeming fatigue. Now he again returns to Nevada, to the newest and most wonderful mining camp of the country, where he will resume the practice of law where he first carved out his fortune and began the career which placed his name among those which have been famous in the country's history.

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HUMOR AND ANECDOTE

When the President "Went Broke"

WHEN President Roosevelt made his western trip, while running for vice president, he arose early one morning, according to his habit, and went into the dining car for a cup of coffee. The train had stopped at a little cross-road station. While Colonel Roosevelt was waiting for his coffee one of the newspaper reporters from New York entered the dining car for breakfast.

"Sit down here, John," said Colonel Roosevelt, "and have a cup of coffee with me."

"Never mind, governor," replied the reporter, as he took out his notebook and began a dispatch to his paper. "I've got just twenty minutes to write this yarn while they are switching about the yards, and, besides, I'm going to take something more than coffee."

"That's all right," replied Colonel Roosevelt, "take whatever you like."

After the colonel had finished his cup of coffee he asked for the waiter's check including what the reporter had ordered, but found that he had left his purse in his private car, and had only twenty-five cents with him. The private car had been switched away off in the yards, and Colonel Roosevelt, beaming with good humor over the joke on himself, said, "Remember, John, that the coffee is on me," and gave the waiter a dime.

Sousa Sold a March for a Dictionary

IT was not always smooth sailing for John Phillip Sousa, the composer. About thirty-three years ago, he was composing music, but he was having more or less difficulty in disposing of his compositions. Once, the rent of his room being due and the money lacking, he started out with a manuscript under his arm, determined to sell it for anything that it would bring.

A publisher whom he visited, dealt in books as well as in music. He was a gruff individual, and he allowed Mr. Sousa to play his composition, reading a newspaper, meanwhile.

"Well," said the young composer, "what do you think of it? Will you buy it? I'll let you have it cheap. Let me see, twenty-five dollars?"

"Don't want it," growled the publisher. "Have more than I can sell now."

"Well, then, give me fifteen dollars."

"Not a cent."

"Well, we won't quarrel over a trifle. Give me five dollars, and it's yours."

"Oh, go away," said the publisher.

The young musician gathered up his manuscript and sighed. He was about to leave the room when he noticed a stack of dictionaries in the corner of the room. An idea struck him.

"Let you have the march for one of those dictionaries," he said.

"Done," said the publisher. "Take the book and clear out."

So John Phillip Sousa sold a march for a dictionary. He presented the book to his landlady and got another week's time.

Mr. Goodwin Took It Literally

NAT GOODWIN, at any time, will go out of his way to play a practical joke, and he has been very successful in this field. Once he went into a hardware store and insisted upon buying "Alice in Wonderland," with the result that the hardware dealer nearly went into apoplexy in trying to explain to him that he was not in a bookshop. At another time a stranger approached Mr. Goodwin, with the intention of finding out the whereabouts of the "zoo," but his question gave the actor an opportunity which he could not resist.

"I should like to go to the 'zoo,'" said the stranger. Goodwin looked at him calmly, and then slowly took out his watch. "Very well," he said, "I have no objections to your going, but mind that you come back in five minutes." With that he turned on his heel and left the man.

There was one time when the comedian was not successful. He looked into a barber-shop window with a friend, one day, and they read this startling announcement: "Five artists in attendance."

Goodwin walked in, drew the attention of the manager to the sign, and said that he wanted a crayon portrait done by hand while he waited. He was assured that it was a barber shop and not an artist's studio. But he insisted that an artist means one who draws pictures of some kind.



"NOT AN ARTIST'S STUDIO"

The manager said it was better to pay fifteen cents for a shave than five dollars for a crayon portrait. Goodwin pulled out five dollars and said the manager would have to allow one of his artists to make a portrait of him or he would have his shop closed for doing business under false pretenses. The man directed one of his barbers to make a charcoal sketch, and the former artist, now a tonsorial artist, complied, and Mr. Goodwin delivered the five dollars and went away a wiser and a better man, but rather sad.

Mrs. Gilbert's Optimism MARGARET HALL

IN the days of the old Augustin Daly Stock Company there once occurred a "tilt" between the late Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Mr. Daly, a sharp word, a retort, a coolness extending over to the next morning. As Mr. Daly was engaged with his early mail, there was a quick rap at the door of his office, a hasty entrance, a pair of arms around his neck, a breaking voice pleading "Let us make it up, dear governor. I can not stand it any longer." Among those of his own kin, who followed immediately the casket of Mr. Daly, on the day of his funeral, was numbered this devoted, loyal, deeply bereaved friend.

Mrs. Gilbert's indomitable will and spirit were demonstrated in pronounced degree during the sittings for the portrait by Irving R. Files shown at the Academy of Design and the St. Louis Exposition. Mr. Files, always the most kindly and thoughtful of men, was distressed because Mrs. Gilbert wore the heavy gown selected for the picture, and begged that he might send for it, suggesting that Mrs. Gilbert put it on in the dressing room of his studio. But no, she would hear of no such concessions to years. Then the stairs of the studio building were high, and Mr. Files had a chair placed midway, that the lengthy climb might be divided. But this attention she also refused, insisting upon going all the way up at once, without allowing herself the privilege of a rest.

After luncheon, on the occasion of Mrs. Gilbert's eightieth birthday, she graciously gave her autograph to a young girl present, with a record also of the auspicious anniversary. As she penned it all, with a merry twinkle of her bright eyes, she declared:—"But you know, my dear child, I don't believe a word of this; there must be some mistake about it. I am always telling myself that I simply can not be such an age."

President Roosevelt's "Literary" Correspondents I. NEWTON GREENE

ALMOST everybody knows that President Roosevelt's personal mail runs the gamut of every conceivable branch of mendicancy; unsolicited advice, friendly and otherwise, regarding government work; socialistic threats if a certain course is not pursued by the chief executive, and a hundred and one other requests and demands so broad in scope and so strange in form that even an alert imagination can not picture them all. But of course the President does not read or even hear of the major portion of this correspondence, for the watchful eye of William Loeb, Jr., secretary to the President, opens and scans each unknown letter addressed to Mr. Roosevelt, consigning to a waste basket those which, in his judgment, do not call for replies, turning over to the secret service bureau communications of threatening import, and answering with brief courtesy such correspondence as has a friendly bearing upon the administration.

There is, however, a department of President Roosevelt's unsolicited correspondence which, doubtless, few have considered aside from the correspondents themselves. Magazine and newspaper contributors—that class known as space-writers, realize that almost any authentic anecdote concerning the private or public life of a President is readily salable; consequently this army of men and women eagerly searches the highways and byways for such material. Frequently these personal sketch-gleaners catch a story, sometimes only a word or two, of a new presidential anecdote as they listen to a speech, ride in a train or on a ferry boat, or while walking on the avenue. What they hear in a fragmentary way is often indicative of a good tale, but they lack salient points to round out the sketch. Many times, for divers reasons, it is impossible to bring about a meeting between the story-teller and themselves, so the writer resorts to the last alternative and indites a letter to the President, or to his secretary, asking whether or not the anecdote is authentic, and, if so, that it be read by or laid before the

President so that he may supply the unknown supplicant with such missing properties as are requisite for its completion.

A president of the United States—even Mr. Roosevelt, who is known as a well-wisher to every literary and newspaper toiler,—is too busy with affairs of greater concern to grant the requests—and they are legion,—of the men and women who daily ask him to hark back to some ludicrous boyhood situation of almost forgotten memory for material to form a short story. If such favors are asked directly of President Roosevelt, he seldom sees them, and never replies to them, though his secretary usually does; if the petitioner addresses his inquiry to the private secretary, Mr. Loeb responds promptly, kindly, and succinctly, but with a finality of denial that can not be mistaken, and one which the questioner recognizes as irrevocable. The following letter from Mr. Loeb is a fair example of the friendly little replies he sends seekers after narrative knowledge, and also an illustration of President Roosevelt's policy concerning this particular branch of his mail:—

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, December 21, 1904.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your note of the twelfth instant, with inclosure, has been received, and in reply I would state that it is the President's rule not to give any expression of opinion concerning literary productions brought to his attention. Numerous requests of this nature are being constantly received by him from all parts of the country, and I am sure you will understand the necessity for following this course.

Very truly yours,
WM. LOEB, JR.,
Secretary to the President.

Mr. ———

Mr. Zangwill Is One Sort of an American

WHEN Israel Zangwill was last in this country, he perpetrated a small joke. A great many people, who were present when he did it, did not know that it was a joke, and they are still laboring under a delusion,—but let us not anticipate.

It happened in this wise. At a reception, given by a well-known club in New York, Rear-Admiral Coghlan, in an address, spoke at length on the many fine qualities of Mr.



Zangwill. He ended by saying that the only thing he had against Mr. Zangwill, was that he did not belong to the United States.

When Mr. Zangwill spoke, he said that his friend Mr. Coghlan need not worry over that, because, in a way, he did belong to the United States. "Through my wife, by marriage," said he.

There was, of course, a great buzzing at this statement, for every one thought that Mrs. Zangwill was an English girl. Mrs. H. C. De Mille, who was present, was puzzled, but determined to find out what it all meant. So, on next meeting Mrs. Zangwill, she said to her:—

"I did not know that you were an American, Mrs. Zangwill?"

"But I am *not* an American," said the lady.

"Why, your husband certainly said so, or words to that effect," and Mrs. De Mille then repeated the story. Mrs. Zangwill laughed merrily.

"Why, don't you see? It was a joke. The United States, through his wife, by marriage. United state,—the married state!"

Might Stay on Earth

SPEAKER JOSEPH CANNON, in response to a toast at a recent dinner, began his remarks so as to create the initial laugh which is so much desired by orators as a preparation for weightier matter to follow.

"Astronomers tell us," he began, "according to the gentleman who has just sat down, that an express train moving a hundred miles a second would consume several million years in reaching a certain star."

He paused and looked toward the guest to whom he had referred.

"That was the statement," said the Speaker's neighbor, nodding.

"I was just thinking," pursued Mr. Cannon, "what a predicament a man would be in if he should miss the last train and have to walk."

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It requires less than half the usual rubbing—which wears and tears clothes to pieces and makes needless hard labor and backache.

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TEXAS



THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Policemen Parents

A GREAT many parents use the police method of government with their children. Force is the only method of governing they know. They have never learned to lead. They only know how to drive.

In many a home the father is looked upon more as a stern policeman, a severe judge, or a hard taskmaster, than as a fond parent. The children feel a sense of relief when he leaves home in the morning, and have a dread of his return. Instead of waiting for his home-coming as a playfellow who will enter into their sports, romp and play with them, sympathize with them in their little troubles and ambitions, take an interest in their toys and everything that interests them, they shrink from him. They fear him. His presence throws a gloomy shadow upon them. When they see him coming, they hush their laughter and stop their romping play and merry games.

Children who are continually repressed in this unnatural way are usually timid and full of fear. They lose the sweet, open confidence and trustfulness which constitute the greatest charm of childhood. They become hard, cold, secretive, and suspicious. The joy and gladness and spontaneity which are as natural to the young as beauty and perfume are to the flowers, are crushed out of them by harsh, repressive measures. They become like fruit grown in the shade,—pungent, bitter, unlovely in every way.

Love is the great educator, the great unfold of youth. As the sun is the only thing that will bring out the sweet juices and develop the luscious flavor, the exquisite beauty and tint of fruits and flowers, so love is the only thing that will develop the sweetness and beauty of the child. It is the only power that will call out the true, the natural, the responsive, the spontaneous, the beautiful side of its nature. It is only the hard, coarse, and unlovely qualities that are developed by force and repression.

The father who uses policeman methods in training his children loses his hold upon their love and confidence, the most valuable treasures of a parent. With the passing of love and confidence, he loses his influence over the boy and girl. They associate him with all that is harsh, disagreeable and gloomy in their lives, and come to believe that anything he wishes them to do must necessarily be unpleasant and to their disadvantage.

Fathers and mothers who do not endeavor by every means in their power to win the love and confidence of their children not only injure themselves and their families, but they also inflict a grievous injury on the state. An imperious French King, Louis XIV., once arrogantly said, "I am the state." In republican America, the family is the state. This is what President Roosevelt says on the point:—

"Fundamentally the questions of love and confidence between parents and children underlie the whole social system,—not only underlie but are. Our civil life, in the long run, will rise or sink as the average family is a success or failure. All questions of social life will solve themselves if the children are brought up to be the highest they are capable of being, if our social and family relations are as they should be; if not, no material prosperity, no progress in literature, art, success in business, or victory in war will make up for it to the nation."

When you are trying to rule your children by policeman methods, instead of by love, you are false alike to your duties as a parent and as a citizen.

When a Man Thinks He Has the Field

WHEN a man says to himself, "Now I can breathe easy. I can let up a little, I have the field, I am head and shoulders ahead of my competitors and I can afford to take things easy," he is in danger.

It is a dangerous point in any man's career when he feels sure of his position or his fame. Overconfidence is the first sign of a decline, the first symptom of deterioration. We do our best work when we are struggling for our position, when we are trying with all our might to gain our ambition, to attain that which the heart longs for.

It is astonishing how quickly things reverse themselves. A man at the head of a great enterprise sees that he is making a great deal of money, that he has no dangerous competitors, and goes to Europe for a few months or a year. When he returns, he is amazed to find how his competitors have crept up toward him, or even past him, and he sometimes finds men that he never dreamed would come anywhere near him, way beyond him, because they did not feel that their positions were assured, and so struggled to attain, not as if they had already reached the goal.

They kept up with the times. They pushed their business with all the vigor of a man with a definite purpose to excel.

Business and professional methods to-day are like the scientific and medical books, which are often out of date in a few years, in many respects even in one year, so rapid are progress and discovery. The new is everywhere crowding out the old, and the man who would keep up with the times must keep his eyes open, must be alert for new ideas and for every up-to-date device that will facilitate business.

The same is true of the teacher, the preacher, and the specialist in every line. If they do not keep up with the times, if they do not keep in the very van of progress, always on the lookout for the new and the progressive, they quickly become back numbers. The new, the up-to-date, everywhere is crowding out the old fog.

It may be that you do not think it is worth while to keep up this rapid pace. You may be satisfied with less, be willing to take a second place in your specialty; but if you think you can keep the lead without perpetually pushing, without keeping an eagle eye on progress, you will pay a fatal price for your mistake.

Everywhere we see institutions deteriorating because the great characters who have built them up have left them in less progressive hands. There never was a time when eternal vigilance in business or profession was so imperative to leadership as to-day. The man who thinks that he can take it easy, that he can let up in his efforts, is very quickly left behind.

This is true in every line of endeavor. Among the newspapers and periodicals are many striking illustrations of paralysis, deterioration, decline, because the editors or proprietors thought that their positions were assured. Of some of these publications, little more than the name remains to-day to remind us of their former greatness. They are but shadows compared with their former power and influence, just because of the dropped standard, the deterioration of the fountain head.

This is why some of our great business houses, which had attained enviable reputations, have drifted so rapidly to the rear. The men who built them up tried to take things easy, to run on the reputation of the house, and, behold! modern methods had almost crowded them out of business before they realized their deterioration. Some of them have found out too late to retrieve their rapid decline. Dry rot had set in so extensively that they were unable to save their business from ruin even by heroic treatment. Others had lost their customers before they realized that they were standing still in comparison with the rapid progress of some of their competitors. The story of how young men without capital, and with very small houses, have passed by those which have been great names, for half a century or more, would read like romance.

It is a dangerous thing to try to run on a reputation. No matter how big a house is, if it stands still, it will very quickly be overtaken, for there are too many bright minds, too many young men pushing for supremacy in the same line to allow of any cessation of effort.

Dangerous Reading Habits

I KNOW boys and girls who, a week after reading a book, could recall scarcely an item of its contents. They read with listless minds, like sponges, which let the clear water through and retain all the dirt. A great many people scarcely exercise their minds at all in reading. They let the words filter through the brain, leaving almost nothing behind. They might be called "impression" readers. The impression, the exhilaration, the excitement, is all they want. They do not try to remember or to do any vigorous thinking while they are reading. They read just for the pleasure it gives them. It is a mental dissipation.

Such lazy readers not only get no permanent benefit from their reading, but they also demoralize their minds by constant passivity, so that they become almost totally unfit for any strong mental action. Instead of strengthening their minds, they weaken them.

The superficial reading of even good things will injure the mind's efficiency for doing good work. The habit of skimming over newspapers, glancing through books, catching a heading here and a sentence there, destroys the focusing power of the mind. No good reading can be accomplished without concentrated thought. The mind, in a receptive and responsible mood, must be focused with power, and every conflicting influence must be cut off. It must be ready to grasp a principle, to hold a new thought, to reflect, to analyze, to compare.

Mr. Dooley says: "Reading is not thinking. It is the next thing this side of going to bed for resting the mind."

Many a man, has so doped himself with books that he would stumble over a carpet tack."

Of course, when the mind is tired it is sometimes a good thing to read purely for recreation; but, to do so habitually is as fatal as to make pleasure your life purpose, and to work at your vocation a little now and then.

Some people never think of the good they can get from a book. They are looking merely for mind excitement, mind dissipation. They want to let their imagination run riot for awhile. They enjoy the stimulus. But such reading does not leave anything behind. The mind is left vacant, unsatisfied, with an unnatural craving for excitement and stimulus. The grasping, holding power of the mind is not benefited, is not improved or enlarged by such reading. It will ruin the best mind if carried to excess. Young people often lose all desire for good reading after acquiring a passion for exciting stories. Nothing else satisfies them, for the morbid mind demands more and more stimulant. Everything else seems tame to them. They must have the excitement of adventure, hairbreadth escapes, thrilling scenes.

The mind is a very delicate, complicated piece of mechanism, and, although made to do a certain kind of work marvelously well, yet, when put to an entirely different use, its efficiency is ruined, just as the delicate machinery intended for producing fine watch parts would be completely spoiled for this purpose if used to make clock parts. When the mind becomes deflected, to a certain extent, from its normal condition by the vicious reading habit, it diverges more and more, and rarely goes back to the normal.

By desultory habits of reading and lack of system, you confuse the mind with a large mass of unclassified material. You pick up a book and read a few pages, and then pick up another one, and then go from that to a paper or magazine. This puts the mind in a chaotic state, because you let everything run into the mental reservoir without any order or definite plans. Systemless reading is profitless. You can not gain knowledge of a friend or prize his friendship by a hasty first impression, so in reading a book, you can not gain everlasting good by skimming over its contents, or by reading a few pages one night and then putting it on a shelf to gather dust until you get time to read it again. Everything comes out of the mind as it went in, and if it does not enter in an orderly manner, it will come out in chaos.

Good Cheer as a Medicine

A FRIEND says that he remembers how, as a boy, when the old family physician used to come to the home so full of life and joy and gladness, with sunshine beaming from every pore, members of the family would feel absolutely ashamed to be sick, ashamed to think that God's work, which was made perfect, should need patching up.

"The whole atmosphere of the house," he said, "seemed to change the minute the doctor entered. His hearty laugh, ringing through the rooms, as he rubbed his hands before the fire on a cold winter day, and his mere presence did us more good than pills or potions. Somehow, the very thought of his coming after we had sent for him seemed to drive away our troubles."

One of the most successful physicians in Boston gives very little medicine. He has a wonderful power of making the patient feel better after he has called. His jolly face and cheerful disposition seem to take the sting out of pain. He replaces despair with hope, discouragement with confidence and a cheerful reassurance, so that the sick one feels a decided uplift and has a stronger determination to get well. The doctor's cheery presence has increased the power of his body to resist disease.

There is a great restorative force in cheerfulness. It is a sovereign remedy. The physician who can inspire expectancy of something better to come, who can give you confidence in your power to overcome disease, and can make you feel that it is a shame for a man made to do a great work in the world to be ailing, has very little use for drugs.

Sick people do not realize how much their faith and confidence in the physician have to do with their cure. If he is cheerful, happy, hopeful they feel buoyed up, sustained by his very presence. They feel the thrill of his splendid vitality, and gather strength from his courage. They catch the contagion of his cheerfulness and reflect his moods and condition.

Invalids who have dragged along in misery for years have been suddenly, as if by magic, lifted out of their bondage by the cheer and encouragement which have come from some unexpected good fortune. This shows us how dependent the body is upon the mind, how it sympathizes with it and takes on its colorings, which are represented in the different functions.

Cheerfulness is one of the great miracle workers of the world. It reinforces the whole man, doubles and trebles his power, and gives new meaning to his life. No man is a failure until he has lost his cheerfulness, his optimistic outlook. The man who carries a smiling face and keeps cheerful in the midst of discouragements, when things go wrong, when the way is dark and doubtful, is sure to win.

How many people there are who have lost everything they had,—even their homes and those dear to them,—but who have kept their cheerfulness, have never let go of their optimism. Is not this success? Who can say that their lives are failures, no matter whether they have managed to lay up money or not. There are the heads that must wear crowns sometime, somewhere.

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MANY an ordinary function seems quite novel and attractive when its setting is changed. A reception out of doors becomes a lawn party. A card party seems quite an Arcadian affair when the little tables are set out under the trees or on a lawn, when the western sun casts long, cool shadows.

Upon the arrival of the guests, a basket of loose blossoms may be presented, from which each selects a flower. Those to whose lot falls the same kind of flower play together as partners; those drawing both the same color and kind find a duplicate blossom on the special table to which their choice of the blossom has assigned them.

A time limit is set and the prizes are awarded at its close. Flowers, simple little fans, *bonbonnières*, and some dainty volume on sylvan subjects are appropriate. It is in exceedingly bad taste to have the prizes so desirable for themselves, as to tempt to cupidity and excite the desire to succeed for the sake of their possession. Therefore, the prizes, given merely to make the little victory more conspicuous, should not be seen until the moment of their bestowal, and it is customary to have them wrapped very daintily and tied with ribbons.

There is usually a first and a second prize, and, if one can provide something ridiculous enough to really make fun, a "booby" prize is awarded to the one having the lowest score, but if not, a "consolation" prize is better, for which all who have not won the other prizes draw in turn from a pack of cards. The one getting the first ace wins the prize. The disposition of the prizes usually breaks up the groups about the tables and new ones are formed to enjoy the refreshments, friends seeking each other.

The refreshments—cucumbers, water cress or olive sandwiches, with a salad, followed by ices or *frappée* with small cakes, —are served on the little tables. Iced drinks—lemonade, fruit punch, or Apollinaris,—are usually served during the playing of the games. The women in their pretty gowns grouped about the tables will look like flower beds against the background of foliage.

All this sounds attractive and may be charming, if the politeness that has been called "Christianity in trifles" is observed. A game of cards sometimes brings about revelations of character far from gratifying. Some careless players exasperate the earnest ones, who are interested in the game, by making mistakes, forgetting to play in turn, asking periodically what the trump is, or dealing the cards in a slovenly way that offends those accustomed to deft handling. Some players are lazy, leaving to others all the little services; some selfish, claiming all their rights with never a generous refusal to profit by an inadvertence. A loss of temper is the worst fault of all, and in good society no one fit to be there should show anything but unruffled amiability. A criticism should be made very courteously.

A correspondent writes me the following:—

"You speak of those who lose their tempers at games, but you say nothing of those who accept invitations knowing they will spoil the game for whoever is unfortunate enough to play with them.

"If I should be invited by music-loving friends to play the violin in a parlor orchestra, I should decline the invitation, as I scarcely know one note from another, and, if I did not have sense enough to decline, should expect the sour looks of all those whose evening I had spoiled, but at every card-party we meet some cheerful idiot who 'plays for amusement' and who irritates my nerves no less than my squeaking violin would irritate those of a musician. Should he not be made to understand that, while he may be a good fellow in his place, his place is not in a serious game of whist or bridge?"

"ONE WHO GETS MAD."

I think the cause well pleaded. It is difficult to leave the subject too without sermonizing a bit, in view of the growing evil among women of playing for money or for a prize,—which debases the game as well as the players,—the honor of winning being no longer sufficient. As women are the recognized custodians of the social morals of a people, some are incurring grave responsibilities.

"If you wish to give really practical help, tell me how to amuse my guests on Sunday when they come for a weekend visit," said a young hostess to me, in mock despair. "I have inherited a conscience from Puritan ancestors, and yet all my instincts of hospitality plead for giving my friends a good time."

"Twenty years experience should have taught me something," I replied, "and, as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and my friends rarely refuse my invitations, I can not have bored them too much."

As the Fourth Commandment makes us responsible for the strangers within our gates, I settle it with my con-

science to keep my guests pleasantly and innocently occupied in ways that I reserve for Sunday. That is the day I choose for taking our meals "al fresco." People are satisfied with simple repasts out of doors,—which makes less work for the servants.

I invite my guests to accompany me to church and offer agreeable transport thither,—but I also scatter about the living rooms the most readable and interesting books that I know of, that directly or indirectly make appeal to our immortal part.

Some of the latter are fascinating works on the marvels of nature. Golf, tennis, croquet, tramping, anything that they choose is at their disposal; healthful, out-of-door sports does not seem to me contrary to the spirit of the day that was made for man.

In the evening I sometimes exhibit the wonders to be seen through my microscopes, which never fail to interest. Two instruments are placed on a round table with a revolving top, so that each in turn may look at the subject. Besides this, I show a collection of leaves which I have gathered at haphazard during a half hour of the afternoon, and turn their exhibition into a little contest. Each leaf—those of ordinary trees, fruits, berries, and vegetables preferably,—is pinned to a sheet of pad paper and numbered. The players are provided with pencils and paper, and, as the leaves are passed to them in turn, they try to write the name of each. The one who, at the close of the game, when the names of the leaves are read aloud, can claim the most correct ones, on his or her paper, receives a prize of a little book of some kind.

In the evening we assemble on the piazza and sing old familiar hymns in chorus in the privacy of the darkness; or, a lamp is placed behind a window leading to the verandah and all may enjoy the fresh air while I read aloud. I choose something short, pithy, and entertaining. [Once I read Hawthorne's "Celestial Railway," which received much appreciation.] After the reading we play games: "Person and Thing," "Twenty Questions," and many others,—usually taking Bible subjects, which have been no bar to the fun, and have often led to very interesting conversations. I work a little harder for my guests on Sunday than at other times, perhaps, but I aim to give them a happy day,—and at its close sleep the sleep of conscious self-approval!

Little Hints on Good Breeding

CHARM of manner may be an acquirement as well as an endowment. Manner is much more subtle than manners. Manners may take on a fine polish, but manner is the unconscious expression of the inner self, of the personality which, when revealing a lovely soul, is the most commanding and persuasive force that one can exert.

Offer your courtesies in a quiet way,—do not overwhelm people with them. If you are a woman, offer your seat in a car to an elderly lady or a woman with a child, but, before doing so, give the men an opportunity of showing that consideration. A moment's waiting will not lessen the politeness of your act, and will appear less like parading it.

A loud laugh, an over-vivacious manner betrays a lack of breeding. Copy the stillness of form, the quiet poise, which is the great charm of English women, while a vivacity somewhat under restraint adds that which is winning and piquante in the manner of our own countrywomen.

In sitting, place one foot slightly in advance of the other, as a Frenchwoman always does. There will then be no effort needed to rise properly,—it is done without strain on any one set of muscles, and is natural, easy, and graceful.

There are certain courtesies that men are prone to overlook. Many forget until the last moment,—and indeed sometimes altogether,—to answer invitations. There is nothing more trying to a hostess than to be kept in uncertainty as to how many of the people whom she has asked are coming, as she must know in time to fill vacancies, especially at dinners and card parties, where an even number is a conventional necessity at least.

When one has spent a day or more in visiting at a friend's house, ordinary courtesy demands that, on one's return home, a note shall be written promptly to the hostess thanking her for her pleasant hospitality.

A gentleman does not make a girl conspicuous by over-

attention nor shun her when he is thrown into her society, simply because she does not attract him.

A man, acknowledging a lady's recognition in a restaurant or hotel dining room, should rise partly from his chair.

A gentleman never leaves a lady alone during an *entr'acte* at the theater.

Politeness is the best defense against other people's bad manners.

An engaged girl should accept from her lover only such gifts as might be returned to him uninjured, should the engagement be broken. It is bad form to offer or accept wearing apparel.

Many persons prefer not to announce their engagement until there is a prospect of the marriage taking place within a year.

The form of announcement of an engagement, among persons who make a fashion by following it, is by note. The young woman writes to her girl friends and the man to his intimates; the mothers of the "happy pair" also write to those whom they desire shall receive early information. The recipients of the pleasant news then pass it on.

In choosing subjects of conversation, someone has aptly said that the three "d's" should be avoided,—*"dress, domestics, and diseases!"*

It is sometimes kinder and in better taste to accept a compliment than to parry it.

It is one of the unwritten laws of courtesy that a guest should hold his or her talents or powers of entertaining at the service of the hostess, and be ready with cheerful alacrity, but with no shade of ostentation, to comply with the slightest intimation on her part of her desire for assistance. No self-respecting hostess wishes any man to be her guest who is not such voluntarily and gladly. To be a guest on any other terms is an affront, not a courtesy.

Gardening as Exercise

Mary Rogers Miller

I'M sorry for the woman whose standards, social or physical, do not permit her to handle a hoe. It seems to me as graceful an instrument as a golf club. An hour's exercise along a tidy garden row will produce the finest kind of a glow, and, withal, you get so much more done with a hoe! It is but a poor-spirited person who will "putter with flowers" but dare not work in the vegetable garden for fear that some one may think she has to do it. If the neighbors be scandalized because I turn the baby loose in the shade on the grass and push the wheel hoe instead of the perambulator it is their lookout. Perhaps, now, they are dying to dig and have not quite dared for fear of my scathing criticism! Let them know the worst. I purpose to dig, to rake, to sow, to weed, to hoe, and to harvest, for the sake of what I get out of it in mental growth, flowers, exercise, æsthetic uplift, and vegetables. I shall take my turn, too, with the bicycle, the tennis racket, and the golf clubs; but next to the go-cart the wheel hoe is my favorite vehicle!

PRIZE CONTEST

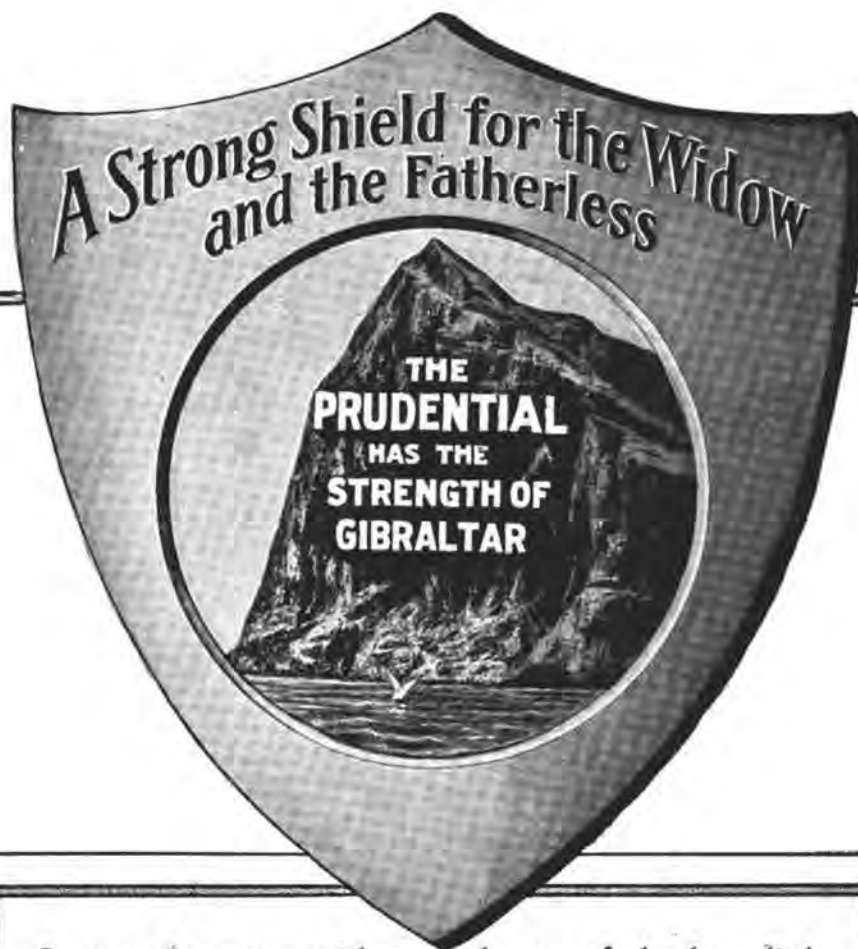
SCORES of answers have been returned to the question of our prize contest, "At what age should a girl marry?" The majority of writers have decided that the best age is between twenty-two and twenty-five, with a marked bias in preference of the latter age. Only a few have advocated early marriages. I wish that we had space to quote more of the words of wisdom called forth by our contest. But there is room only for the prize paper, which is given below. It does not solve the question. No one woman,—no one hundred women could do that. But at least it sums up the situation, and in a direct and interesting fashion:—

AT WHAT AGE SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?

Mrs. Emma E. Volentine

WHEN a girl has obtained the education within her reach; when she has a working knowledge of finances and practical affairs, and has had enough experience in domestic science to insure her housekeeping at the start against a failure. When she is ready to enter the world with dignity, as a woman, and so knows something of mental, moral, and physical culture. When, not untrained, ignorant, nor hitherto irresponsible, she can undertake a life of the most serious duties and the gravest responsibilities, without making mortals weep or angels pity; and then, when she has the privilege of accepting as a partner for life one with whom she believes, by every test of reason and affection, she will find true companionship,—then, and not till then, be she twenty or thirty, or whatever the number of her years, has she reached the age at which she should marry.

Felix Adlersays: "The root of all evil in this world is the endeavor of one to thrive at the expense of another."



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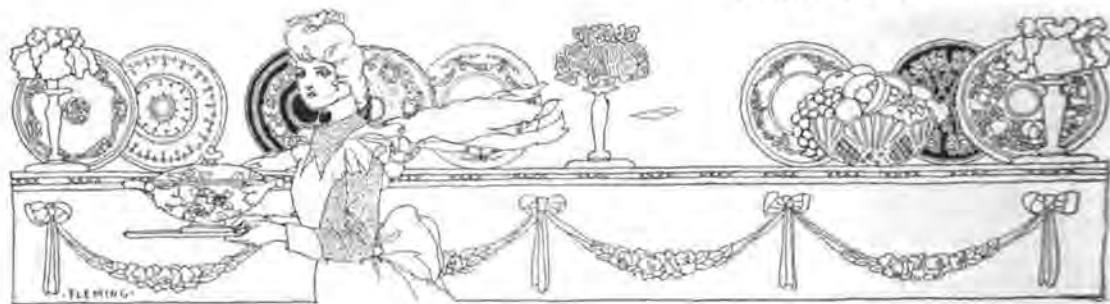
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WITH THE HOUSEKEEPER

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 to 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.]

Two Open Letters As to Food Values

Helen Campbell

I.—Her Letter

"I PROMISED you sure to write whenever there was anything I needed to talk over, but you boarded here long enough in this old farmhouse on the hill to know there isn't much time for anything but the day's work as it comes. You remember the neighbors each side,—the kind of little colony at our end of the township, all of us married about the same time, and the seven children we must about the same ages, and one or another of them sick all the time, bilious attacks and sore throats and, one of them, adenoids. I got far enough talking over things with you to see that so much sickness didn't have to be, and was n't a 'dispensation of Providence' one bit, as the old folks said, but, just because we didn't know enough to keep free of it. But when it comes to eating, how are you going to head off hungry children from the cake-jar with its doughnuts or cookies, or the stray pieces of pie they get before you know it, same as we all did when we were little? The men folks don't think they've had a meal without pie, but mine have got a new start reading steady about the Russian War, and the splendid way the Japanese came through everything right on top. It seemed to take right hold of Hiram, for he went to Cuba you know and most died with dysentery as hundreds and hundreds of them did die. And he was mad, too, reading about New England degeneracy in some of the places. 'I guess we know enough to do as well as the Japs if we give our mind to it,' he said. 'Now, Kitty, you're always wishing there was a club or something where folks talked over real things. Get up your own club, you women here close by, and see if you can't catch up with the Japs.' 'There's one thing certain; they don't call out for pie three times a day,' I said. He got a little red and then he laughed. 'Get anything else that tastes as good,' he said, 'and you won't have any more trouble that way.' Well, the long and short of it is that we have all talked it over considerable, and we are willing to try, but we don't know much of anything really, except that we most likely do have too much pork. What we want now is to have you tell us about the things we have and to make the most of them, what things really ought to go together and all that. We have found out it pays to buy bananas and peanuts from the man that comes once a week from the town over the river."

II.—The Answer

Have it clear in mind, in the beginning of thinking, what food means to the eater,—that the human being is made up of millions of little cells, precisely as the plant is, all doing their work as the plant does it, the blood stream into which the digested food passes, like the sap, nourishing each one. The end and aim of it all is to produce energy, force and power. We make this for ourselves out of the food stuff provided, and the product is perfect or imperfect so far as we understand the best ways of using this nourishment. To begin with, there are five great classes of food stuffs, and you must be as ready to learn their names and remember their qualities as you are to learn new names when you are studying how the trolley runs and the way the wonderful force has been made to obey the will of man. Mothers' milk, the first human food, analyzed by the chemist, shows itself made up of three quarters water, the remainder, that which makes the curd and has all the solid nourishment, known as *protein* or *proteids*. This is in all living substances, animal or vegetable, and is absolutely essential to life, though no one has ever yet discovered just exactly why. Then comes fat, best known as cream or butter, and the fat of meat, but found, also, in vegetables,—of which olive oil is the best example. Sugar is in the milk, dissolved in its watery part, so that we do not think of it as such, most sugars coming from the

juices of plants or of fruits, but its need and use are universal. Then come mineral salts. These, also, are dissolved in the water of the milk. The salt we put on our food is a mineral food. For the first nine months this perfect food is all that is needed, but then we begin to add starchy food, bread enters on the scene, and the baby begins his knowledge of mixed food, though to keep it as simple as possible ought to be the rule throughout childhood.

If you count over the various forms of food with which you have to deal, including in these all condiments, spices, flavors, etc., you will find there are about a hundred in daily common use, each one, when analyzed, showing just what proportion of the five elements is in each. No housewife can be said to feed her family properly, who does not know the food values of each item; that is, she should be able to tell what per cent. of starch, fat, sugar, etc., is in each one. She can then make a bill of fare for the day suited to the varying family needs, allowing to each one for the day about four ounces each of proteid and fat, and fifteen ounces of starch and sugar. The ration for each in water is six pounds, or three quarts, part used in cooking, part as drink. Unless water is freely used there will be imperfect digestion, gas formation, and irritation, which are apt to end in some form of disease.

Instinctively, it seems, human beings have discovered many combinations, as in national dishes, of which pork and beans is an illustration for this country. Beans are rich in proteids, but lack fat, which the pork supplies. The sugar or molasses generally used is also necessary because of the lack of sugar in the beans. The vinegar or pickle eaten with them is a corrective to the over amount of fat. Substitute butter for the pork and the dish is far more wholesome. Soups appear to be almost unknown among the farmers, yet nothing can be better for growing children and for the old. Nor do soups always require meat, a whole series of vegetable soups being made with milk. Tomato-cream soup is an illustration. The water in which vegetables have been boiled, as asparagus, cauliflower, or cabbage, with the addition of rice, barley, or tapioca, as a thickening, with a minced onion, browned in butter, makes a delicious soup. Recipes for all these are given in many cook books. Savory stews, with or without dumplings, meat pies, made with a light biscuit crust, and pot-roasts, with a rich brown gravy, are all made from the cheaper cuts and are far more wholesome than fried meats of any sort. Vegetable hashes, too, are both savory and digestible, and the children will soon call for them. Use rice freely, not as the glutinous mass that too often comes to table, but learn how to boil it so that each grain is distinct yet perfectly cooked.

In the matter of pies make a crust of good cream as the Shakers do, and your "men folks" will soon be reconciled. Use much cooked fruit, baked apples especially, as long as the season lasts, but avoid greasy cakes like the usual doughnut, or too free use of any combination of sugar and fat. Fruit acids are always both delicious and wholesome, and fruit jellies from currant to cranberry, spread on bread, are better food for a child than cake, though good gingerbread is never barred out. The table

at present show the sweet tooth that marks all Americans, and for which we must provide.

When you have found how to bring out the flavor of each vegetable to the best advantage, have studied combinations and accustomed your children to trying an unfamiliar dish willingly, you will have overcome some of the chief difficulties in the way of the housekeeper who is also cook. Various cereal foods can be prepared at home, by grinding the grain in the large hand-mill, sold now by hardware dealers, and parching it carefully in the oven. Oats, wheat,



and barley are delicious, combined or taken separately. Use entire wheat flour, rather than white, and in making bread vary the forms. The rye and Indian steamed loaf, with good butter and stewed fruit will provide as hearty and nourishing a meal as children could have. Use eggs freely, as frequent substitutes for meat, and at each planning of a meal stop to think if it balances well, and if you have as nearly the required proportions of each element as can be brought about. The United States Agricultural Bureau, now the best in the world, provides not only for the farmer's needs but for the needs of the farmer's wife, also, and there is a series of bulletins, on every phase of farm life, which can be had by writing to the bureau in Washington. A little manual, "First Lessons in Food and Diet," by a fine authority, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of the Boston Institute of Technology is one of the best of introductions to the study of foods, and larger manuals can easily be had.

To sum it all up; study steadily till you own absolutely the knowledge of what each form of food on your own pantry shelves stands for, and at once where you recognize any dish as lacking you are able to add some ingredient that will restore the balance. Grow sweet herbs, as thyme and sage, in the garden; have a window box of parsley, which is good in countless dishes, and use celery and onions very freely. The latter is one of the best foods for nervous children. Good food, prepared with knowledge and loving good will, is the best tonic that can be employed, though you know well the virtue of pure air, pure water, and full sunshine. No study can so well reward you, for you are building the home of immortal souls, and the body that holds them should be clean and fair. This letter only opens the door into the kingdom you are to own. No country on earth has so abounding a food supply as ours, yet the ignorance of how to handle the enormous product is frightful.

Everyday Problems

Mrs. Herrick

I HEARD a woman say, the other day, "I think I could get along with the everyday problems if they were not continually changing!"

Housekeeping is certainly a succession of problems that take a clear and loving mind to solve,—a mind that can also see the thronging events in their proper perspective. We may be told how many times a month the windows should be cleaned, or the floor polished, but what recipe is given to the young mother who has an unexpected morning visitor, when the baby has awakened, crying, in the midst of what ought to be his three hours' nap, and must be put to sleep again at once, and his nurse, who is chambermaid and waitress as well, is engaged in the sacred office of washing her clothes? Or when the cook comes home from her afternoon holiday to get the dinner and finds the fire out because you have forgotten to turn the damper she respectfully asked you to see to in her absence; or when one of the children tips over a pot of grease accidentally on the freshly washed kitchen floor, or when a servant falls ill, and it takes the services of another to care for her, and the house is full of "staying company," and the thermometer stands in the nineties?

Wages, doubtless, are in many places excessive, yet the wage of a good maid is, in my opinion, the last thing in which to economize. There are people who will change incessantly, rather than pay an extra dollar or two a month. I don't say that an extra dollar or two may not be a very serious consideration, but, so long as it will probably go in some way, it is well to consider the best use to which it can be put. The high wages are necessary to compensate for the loss of freedom. If it were not so, our factories and sweatshops would not be full of girls who would rather starve than accept service.

Never expect a mortal maid to suit you in everything. Always speak to the highest in her, and be prepared for the lowest. You will be surprised to find how like her feelings are to your feelings, in spite of her ignorance; but there must always be allowance made for the ignorance.

She Failed to Keep On

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It is not always possible to see the stars beckoning us. A philosophic woman has written, we must dig to find our star. But we must keep on—blindly, sometimes,—through the darkness, with nothing but the keeping on itself in view. Worry not over environment or lack of the immediate success that may be your due. Waste no time over small regrets or failures or small achievements.

These things only prove that you are alive and in the battle, just as the singing of a bullet tells a soldier that he is in the field. But, when the tired time comes to you—the girl who works,—and you look out over untrodden fields where the daisies may glow alluringly and the star of success may perch low enough to reach without too much straining,—just stick to your purpose, whatever it may be.

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straps and gold buckle. J.—A wide crush belt, of white satin embroidered in colored flowers, and with heavy Chinese gold buckle. K.—A pair of embroidered sleevelets, for an elbow sleeve. L.—A cardcase, in Japanese embroidery showing several dull rich colors. M.—An enameled and jeweled hat-pin, in natural tints. N.—A stock, of open lace. O.—A stock, of lace, with chenille tracery and chiffon jabot. P.—A large collar, or chemisette, of lace and embroidery. Q.—A breastknot, consisting of a large chiffon rose, to be matched by smaller one for the hair. R.—A coin purse, of richly tinted Persian camel's-hair and leather. S.—A flounce for corset front, made of three lace handkerchiefs. T.—A clasp hat-pin, in gold with medallion center.

NEVER have there been so many small accessories to dress as now, and never have these required so careful attention to detail and been so costly as they are this summer.

The fad for matching gowns with belts, neckwear, mil-

linery, ornaments, shoes, and hosiery, as well as with underwear, makes it necessary for a woman who would dress smartly to have a great number of little things in her wardrobe which, unless she can make most of them herself, will cost her more than the gowns themselves.



A SHIRRED SILK BELT A POMPADOUR RIBBON
BREAST KNOT; AN EMBROIDERED CUFF,
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The newest and smartest belts are straight around or have a slight widening in front with a buckle in the back, or, in case of ribbon, a little sash in the back. Shirred belts have become so popular that most women want to know and see how they are made, but they are not going to remain very long in favor, and the round belt is to be recommended.

Deep cuffs of embroidery and *lingerie* are almost invariably the rule upon dress and coat sleeves, and are often accompanied by coat or dress collars to match, while the chemisette and sleevelet have become imperative, since nearly every gown is made with a cut-out neck and short sleeves.



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After being jealously guarded as a national secret for over two thousand years, a full exposition of the art of Jiu-Jitsu—the most wonderful and mysterious physical science in the whole world—will be given to the American public.

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Concerning Frocks for Fall

MARTHA DEAN HALLAM



6358.—Ladies' Waist in Box-plaited Effect. Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6359.—Ladies' Box-plaited and Five-gored Skirt. Six sizes, 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

[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 608 to 609 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]

SEPTEMBER brings with it a revolution of affairs in the home life,—the schools reopen, the house and wardrobe must be renovated, and life takes up once more its busy routine. After the hard wear on the summer wardrobe, the thought of something new and becoming to wear seems quite refreshing. Shirts, plaits and tucks will be quite as much used as they have been for the past few months, and this means that the soft and supple fabrics will continue to allure femininity and render her more fascinating.

Styles may come and styles may go but the shirt-waist and shirt-waist frock will continue to be indispensable to womankind. With a few vital variations they find a prominent place in the autumn wardrobe. Box-plaits and side-plaits are rampant and will vie for first place in popularity. One of the new shirt-waist frocks, of green voile, shows stitched, inverted box-plaits in waist and skirt. A becoming round yoke, adorned with motifs in embroidered batiste, is very effective. The new mode of



4702.—Boys' Russian Suit. Five sizes, for boys 2 to 6 years of age.

4705.—Little Girls' Dress. Seven sizes, for girls 4 to 10 years of age.

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sleeve finishing is in narrow tucks to resemble a cuff. A very attractive shirt-waist has narrow box-plaits pressed down instead of stitched and joined to a fanciful yoke with tiny buttons. This is of steel gray Eolienne but might be quite as smart in silk, linen, or French flannel.

The French designer does not overlook the dainty informalities of dress, and the modes in negligees are most alluring. The supplestuffs reveal their greatest charm in these fascinating creations. One of robin's-egg-blue India silk has a broad shaped collar edged with full, plaited ruffles of the same. A novel effect is obtained in front by small tucks, stitched from the neck to form a pointed yoke. Others are built on a foundation of plaited silk, over which is chiffon or sheer lace. These are very elaborate and fetching. French flannel is a durable fabric for fashioning negligees, and is not at all expensive.

Accessories have been the wealth of the summer girl and woman, and, if industrious, she has taken no small delight in making them. These will continue to be of great usefulness during the autumn and winter and, although the dainty collars, cuffs, and belts will not always be of linen or lingerie material, they will appear in attractive combinations of silk, linen, and lace. A novel belt and collar illustrate this in a pleasing way. The belt has a shaped linen outer part, through which the soft crushed silk passes at intervals in pleasing contrast. The collar has an upper part of linen and a lower part of silk, buttoning together in front and back. They are thus easily removed and cleaned.

In children's frocks there is little ostentation. White has become the universal dress of the smartly gowned child, and white linen will be worn as late into the season as the weather will permit. Simple plaited frocks and Russian blouses are the most practical models and, where something warmer than linen is desired, serge or challis will be found most serviceable.

In planning an outfit for the daughter who is going away to school, a trim coat suit is first in importance. This may be of the materials so much worn—serge, cheviot, or homespun—and should be simply made for the hard wear which it must necessarily endure. A smart and sensible model has a loose box coat and five-gored ripple skirt. The school dress should also be without much elaboration.



4703.—Misses' Box Coat. Four sizes, for girls 10 to 16 years of age.
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6353.—Ladies' Stock and Belt. Sizes: small, medium, and large.



6354.—Ladies' Fancy Work Apron. One size.

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Below we illustrate two special waist bargains. Select either or both. They will be sent to you with the full understanding and agreement that after you have received them, examined them and tried them on, if not perfectly satisfactory to you in every detail you may return them and your money will be refunded, including express charges both ways. You run absolutely no risk in ordering from **Siegel Cooper Co., New York City.**

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No. 70H The Gem Waist. An extremely rich and dressy model made of good quality all-tartan, in white or black only. Just the waist appropriate for early fall wear. Handsomely designed with round yoke front and back. Attached collar made of rows of hemstitching and German Valenciennes lace insertion. Beautifully shirred below yoke, forming full blouse; newest sleeves, deep cuffs finished with lace insertions and hemstitching to match yoke. In every respect a most charming and serviceable waist. Offered by us as long as this lot will last for the special price of \$1.95.

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When soiled discard. Its math. 10 collars or 5 pairs cuffs, 30 cents. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 5 cents in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. M, Boston, Mass.



THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[EDITOR OF "THE HABERDASHER"]

LET us consider the wardrobe of a well-dressed man from dawn to dusk, disregarding what is merely "faddish" and taking up only the essentials. For business a man should have at least half a dozen colored shirts of quiet design, as laundries are uncertain and a shirt in need is a true friend. Colored shirts are preferable to white shirts which are more suited to formal than informal dress. Plain or pleated bosoms and soft or stiff bodies may be chosen, as the fancy of the wearer prompts. Of collars a man cannot have too many. There should be a dozen of the wing form and another dozen of the fold or turn-down type.

Regarding the cravat, a dozen for business wear are needed because silk muses and frays easily, and wearing the same cravat two days in succession is fatal to its looks. Besides, it breeds the base suspicion that a man clings to one cravat from necessity. After taking off one's cravat at night, it should be smoothed of its wrinkles and laid away in a drawer or draped over a wooden or wire hanger. One cravat-clasp is enough. It should be of gold and bear the wearer's monogram. A man may have as many cravat pins as he likes and they may be any form or stone that he wishes, only diamonds are to be avoided. Pearls, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, moonstones, and turquoises are correct. The cuff buttons are always links and these, too, should have the wearer's monogram cut into them in order to assure correctness.

A dozen pairs of socks, plain and fancy, ought to be in the business wardrobe, the plain accompanying high-top shoes and the fancy being worn with low-cut shoes. Elaborately colored socks are never in good taste, and if one's preference leans to something more than the severely plain, embroidered and clocked effects may be chosen. There should be two pairs of business shoes—low-cut calfskin for wear during summer and early autumn and high-cut calfskin, laced or buttoned, for cold and rainy days. Patent leather shoes are never worn to business. They belong only to evening dress. Two pairs of walking gloves are needed to be used alternately—one of tan cape and the other of grey reindeer.

Of business suits, a man should have at least two and preferably three. One should be of dark blue serge, which is appropriate at every place and at every time. The others may be of any fancy cloth, cut single or double-breasted in the prevailing long, loose fashion. I advise my readers to shun fancy waistcoats save in the simplest colors and patterns, because a clash of colors is sure to arise unless waistcoat, cravat and suit be in accord.

The best overcoat for autumn is the short covert top coat. This protects against the cold and yet is not clumsy. It is admirable for business when a man finds it necessary to travel in the cars where he is pressed for room. The fashionable top coat is now cut longer, so as to reach below the jacket. Nipping weather will necessitate a long, loose great-coat called "Chesterfield." This swings

easily from the shoulders so as not to hinder freedom of movement in walking. It has one very deep center vent or slash in the back. If a man travels much, a belted overcoat is ideal for knockabout wear, though it should not be used in town.

The business hat should be a black derby. Soft hats are for the country, and are no more appropriate in the city than a Norfolk suit or a golf cap. In choosing a derby hat one should make sure to get one that suits the face in crown and brim. Wearing a particular shape merely because it is "the thing," is against the cardinal principle of correct dress,—becomingness to the individual.

The business wardrobe is now reasonably complete and ready for every ordinary demand upon it. Let us turn to the requirements for formal occasions. The cutaway coat is appropriate when the jacket would seem too "loungey" and the frock coat too ceremonious. It is not usually worn to business, though the so-called "walking-coat," which is merely a cutaway with flap pockets, is favored by some men. The cutaway may be worn Sundays, to informal affairs in the evening and, in fact, on any occasion just tinged with formality, but yet not wholly formal. With the cutaway there should be worn dark striped trousers, a white shirt, wing collar, dark "four-in-hand" cravat, plain or white waistcoat, silk hat, patent leather shoes and grey suede gloves. In this respect, regard should be had to age, contour of face and general physique. Clothing should, first of all, be becoming.

The frock coat is the formal day coat, just as the "swallow-tail" is the formal evening coat, and it is only appropriate at affairs extremely ceremonious, such as weddings, afternoon calls, receptions and *matinées*. With the frock coat are worn gray striped trousers, a double-breasted white waistcoat, a poke collar, a white or pearl "Ascot" cravat, a white shirt, suede gloves, patent leather shoes and a silk hat. Fancy waistcoats are not approved with the frock coat, because they mar the dignity and simplicity of the costume. The patent leather shoes should have buttoned tops, not laced. A walking stick is usually carried, and this should be substantial, rather than one of the frail, flexible articles, which look too "dandified."

Formal evening clothes which embrace the "swallow-tail" and its accessories are worn at all ceremonious occasions after dark. Informal evening dress, which means the so-called "Tuxedo" jacket and its accompaniments, is the evening lounge suit and must never be worn at any function graced by the presence of women.

The Advance in Good Taste

ONE of the most encouraging signs of higher civilization is the evidence of better taste everywhere, evidence that we are getting a little farther away from the savage. Even the rich people are dressing with a greater simplicity and a greater regard to comfort. With the great majority of people we do not see that coarse, vulgar, tawdry



THE CORRECT WAISTCOAT FOR THIS AUTUMN



THE LATEST COLLAR AND BOW TIE

display of bright colors and over-decoration. There is an evidence of simple elegance.

The same is true in our homes. We do not see so much of the over-decorative as formerly. The more sensible wealthy do not overload themselves or their homes with tawdry, showy display. As the country grows older, our coloring is more subdued. We do not make such a great effort at vulgar display.

It is true that there is a straining after effect among many; but the great majority, even of wealthy people, do not try to wear everything they have, or to exhibit everything they possess in their homes. There is a more quiet elegance now, which has taken the place of the flashy, the tawdry. Things are more substantial. Our clothing and furnishings, our attire and our homes are in greater harmony, our decorations are quieter.



A FOLD COLLAR AND FOUR-IN-HAND CRAVAT

Dress That Commands Respect

I KNOW of a firm which discharged a young man who had been in their employ a long time because he was so "seedy." He was never tidy in his personal appearance. This firm advertised for someone to take his place and out of forty applications one young man was asked to call again.

"Did you observe his neatly fitting shirt and tie?" asked one of the partners after he had gone. "How nicely his boots were polished and how tidy he was!" The young man's references were looked up and he was engaged the next morning.

Several of the others might have been better men for the place, but the first impression is everything. Many a young man has walked the cities for months trying to get a situation who might have found one in three days had it not been for his forbidding personal appearance, his seediness. No firm wants a seedy man about, and in this land of opportunity the cases are very rare where the poorest boy or man ever needs to look seedy. The mother or wife are often much to blame for this condition of things.

It is very difficult for a shiftless, seedy man to retain self-respect and no one wants to employ anyone who has not self-respect enough and respect enough for those about him to present a neat and tidy appearance. The clothes may be threadbare and even patched; but if they are well-brushed and a man has clean linen, is clean himself and has his shoes polished, his hair well brushed, and his nails clean, he will command the respect of everybody.

Notes on Men's Dress

To be well dressed is an obligation we owe to society and to ourselves. Avoid the man of uninviting attire. You will find little there to repay you for the time you spend with him, and you may depend upon it, you will find something wrong underneath his clothes.

A fleshy man, particularly if his stomach is in the least prominent, should never under any condition wear a double-breasted coat. It will fit him badly throughout, for his figure is too large and his stomach throws the balance of the garment entirely wrong. There is but one business jacket becoming to such a man and that is commonly known as the one-buttoned sack.

The feet, more than any other part of the body, require protection against cold and dampness. How much pneumonia dates from wet feet it would be impossible to estimate. "Keep your head cool and your feet warm," is sound advice.

The clothes which encircle the ribs should be so loose at all times that the whole chest may expand to the full capacity of the lungs.

Many people write us and ask if it is correct to wear tan shoes with a Prince Albert coat or evening dress. Such a custom is an abomination, and is quite as bad as giving away one's business cards at a reception.

This spectacle of bad manners in dress is a painfully familiar one at the capital of the nation. Social functions at the White House exhibit men and women guests of the President of the United States clad in almost anything from a mackintosh, if the night happen to be rainy, to the magnificence of the gem-laden dame of fashion. The American idea in this matter seems to be that indifference to rules of dress is a tribute to democracy. Not long ago

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If remittance is made promptly at the end of the trial week, we will keep the blades sharp and keen as long as they last. Mail 12 dull blades at a time, with 10 cents to cover postage, and we will return them in perfect order, free of charge.

Either style works just as rapidly and simply as does a repeating rifle. The blades slip in and out of the frame just as quickly and easily as you would slip a pencil in your pocket. There is no delicate mechanism to adjust, no parts to put together. The **STERLING** is instantly ready—a touch of the finger and thumb does the work.

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a congressman declined to dine with the President because his devotion to the principles of democracy would not permit him to don a dress suit. The object of that man's devotion was not democracy, but his own exaggerated ego. There is nothing in pure American democracy incompatible with good form. Deliberately to violate a well-established rule of dress out of respect to our democracy is as absurd as if we murdered the English language to show what good and true Americans we are.

In buying a suit or trousers for business wear, get two pairs of trousers. It is splendid economy, and it enables you always to be well dressed.

Wear a clean collar and clean cuffs every day. They cost only a few cents to launder; so there is no excuse for soiled linen. Always have a clean handkerchief. You know you are often ashamed of yourself when you have to use a handkerchief in the presence of another and the best you have is soiled.

Cut jewelry down to a minimum, during business. Of course if you are promoting a get-rich-quick scheme or a fake diamond mine, you will have to look and dress the part.

Many striplings are side-tracked by dress. Dress makes them accept an unpromising situation in an office when they are better adapted to a trade or retail business. Dress prevents them from saving; it will not let them carry a lunchbox. It draws them into social engagements they are impoverished to keep pace with. Too often the years of dress pass by without making solid capital for the future.

Someone has observed that a careless slovenliness in regard to personal appearance is a threefold sin,—against ourselves, as it detracts its proper portion of the affection and esteem which we might otherwise receive,—against others, to whom we do not afford all the pleasures of which we are capable; and against God, who has formed the dwelling and given it to our keeping to be honored and cherished.

To be well dressed is not so easy that a sensible man should disdain it; nor is it so hard that a sensible man should grudge the thought given to it.

The reason why sermons have so little effect is that we lay aside our Sunday suits on Monday morning. This is the value of uniform. Dress a hundred men alike and they will think alike. The character is subdued to what 'tis clothed in. Outward, develops inward conformity. The world recognizes this, and accepts the clothing as the index of the mind.

For service with the double-breasted coat, the waistcoat should be cut single, but for the single-breasted coat the waistcoat may be either single or double.

Do not wear a good suit and overcoat with a poor hat. Do not wear a good hat, overcoat and suit with a poor pair of shoes. Do not wear a good hat, suit, overcoat and shoes with frayed or soiled linen. Do not forget the hands, the hair cut, the shave and the shine,—all very important.

Public dinners require full dress, so do all occasions where men are expected to meet ladies.

Abraham Lincoln's Weakness

[William O. Stoddard to a representative of "Success Magazine."]

"**ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S** weakness, if it can be called a weakness, was a tendency, in matters not involving great or general issues, to let his heart run away with his head. It was difficult for him to resist a plea for a pardon for a man who had been condemned to be shot or hanged. His inclination to temper justice with mercy saved many innocent lives during the Civil War.

"I remember one day when he was heels over head in work, and had spent nearly all of the previous night at his desk, a delegation called at the White House to intercede for a certain notorious leader of a band of hard characters who had been carrying on a sort of guerilla warfare, and had done some needless killing. It was the purpose of the delegates to tell the President that the bloodshed had been due to zeal, and that the man had a mother and a family.

"I had previously investigated the case and had laid the facts before Mr. Lincoln. He agreed with me that the man should be made an example of and executed. I received the delegation, and to relieve the President from the pain the visit would cause him at a time when it was necessary to spare him in every possible way, I told them that the President had positively made up his mind not to interfere and was engrossed in a very important matter that made it impossible for him to be seen.

"I stood guard, and at last the delegation went away. Afterwards I told the President of their visit.

"Well," he said, with an almost imperceptible sigh, "I suppose you did right. The man ought to hang, but he has a family. I believe that if I had met those people I should have signed an order for a pardon!"

Never shrink from doing anything which your business calls you to do. The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.—DREW.



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How General Lew Wallace Became a Christian

MARGARET SULLIVAN BURKE

AS GENERAL WALLACE told the story himself, the oft-repeated tale is repudiated that he was an unbeliever before he wrote "Ben Hur," and was convinced of his error through his researches for material for the story.

I met him during one of his visits to Washington, and it was then that he disclaimed most emphatically the newspaper yarn, which seemed especially odious to him. From a talk about old friends and incidents of the past the conversation drifted to books, and, by easy stages, to his own books. He was at that time completing his "Prince of India," and I asked him if he had chosen a title for the new book, as many conflicting stories had been published, with as many names assigned as there were stories.

"Of course not," he replied. "We give the name to the book, not the book to the name, and it will name itself by the time it is completed. You would not settle the name of a babe before it is born, you know, for if you chose a boy's name, the infant might turn out a girl, and vice versa. Newspaper people have been very good to me in that line, and I have found out a great many things about myself that I would not otherwise have known, by reading the papers."

"I collected the material for this story on the spot, but I never saw Syria until after my first book was completed. I wrote it, and then went over it to see what changes were needed, but I was glad to find that none were necessary."

"Why, general!" I exclaimed, in astonishment, "how could you conceive all those realistic pictures of a civilization so entirely different from ours when you knew nothing about it, and with nothing upon which to draw for material?"

"But I did know something about it," said he. "I knew all about it. I knew far more, in fact, than if I had been there to see for myself. I did have something to draw upon, too,—a variety of books, a good map, a knowledge of mathematics, and a vivid imagination; how could a man make a mistake? I read books of travel, studying the manners and customs: I studied the history of the country, both sacred and profane; the story of Christ, also, and the geography of the country, with my large map hanging always on the wall where I could see it; upon which I could, with a little knowledge of astronomy thrown in, measure distances, settle relative positions, and compute the difference in time. There was no possibility of a mistake."

"Then I talked with those who had been there, and got them to tell me about the birds, their plumage, and their songs, and about the flowers and the trees; and to describe the gardens, the residences, and the furniture, especially that of antique fashion: they told me of the Syrian sky, its colors and changes, of the rain and the dew, and of the climate and its effects. You see, I was pretty thoroughly posted."

"Such knowledge is more to be depended upon, too, than that derived from an actual visit. If I had gone to the spot to gather my data, I should have relied largely upon my memory, and I am not above the human habit of forgetting. Then, too, I should have seen so much in a limited time that there would have been danger that the whole would become just a confused jungle, or conglomeration of facts, hard to separate when I should come to use them. As it was, I had the books and the map before me, and when I forgot anything I could refresh my memory, without leaving my chair, from a store of knowledge all assorted and systematized. Or I could make an evening call on some of my friends who had traveled in Syria, and if one had forgotten the thing I wanted to know, another was sure to remember it. When I went to Syria myself to view the original of my pictures I found them quite true to life."

"Yes," I remarked; "the reader, even when he has never traveled there, can see that, just as one recognizes a true likeness in a good portrait, even if unacquainted with the original. But I think your book does more than merely picture the things ordinary people see, and to my mind its chief and most charming feature is that you present the humanity of Christ to your readers in a way that makes one feel really acquainted with Him, as if He had lived and died in our midst."

"I am glad to hear you say that," responded the general; "for, if you saw it so, others probably have done so, too, and that is precisely the effect I was trying to produce. Your criticism has given me great satisfaction, for that reason."

"Then the pretty story is not true that you began the book and carried it out for the one purpose of vindicating infidelity, and your researches to that end resulted in convincing you of its fallacy, followed by your own conversion to Christianity?"

"No, no, certainly not!" he exclaimed, with some warmth. "I began the book and carried it out for the one purpose of making plain to modern readers the humanity of Christ, and proving His divinity also." Then, modulating his voice to a softer tone, he added: "I learned Christianity at my mother's knee."

"That story, like many others," he went on, "emanated from the fertile brain of some correspondent who was hard up for an item,—and I can forgive him if he got paid for the item, and"—here a short aposiopesis, as if he thought the remark to follow might prove a debatable question—"and used it judiciously. But I am engaged most industriously, at present, in dodging the correspondents."

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Foreign Critics and American Women

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

THE PRIZE ARTICLE OF THE CONTEST IN REPLY TO
"THE FUTURE INFLUENCE OF AMERICAN
WOMEN," BY EMIL REICH

[In the last January issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE we published an article by Dr. Emil Reich, one of the foremost European writers, entitled, "The Future Influence of American Women." Dr. Reich's views being somewhat startling, not to say original, and somewhat at variance with the idea of the average American woman, we offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best reply to his article. This contest was limited to women only. A great many papers were received, hundreds of which bore the same stamp of excellence, and after a long and patient deliberation, the judges of the contest finally awarded the prize to Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, whose paper is presented herewith. Mrs. Gilman is a well-known writer and lecturer on ethics and economics, and has been identified with the advance of women for many years. A number of her articles have already appeared in SUCCESS MAGAZINE and have attracted wide interest. She is the author of "The Home, It's Work and Influence," "Human Work," and "Women and Economics," besides a number of other works of equal importance.—THE EDITOR.]



MRS. C. P. GILMAN

THERE must be something very impressive about American women,—else why this continuous comment from foreigners?

Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Orientals,—all are impressed by our typical woman as a new thing under the sun; and all proceed to discuss her according to their lights.

Their lights, however, are but darkness; a phenomenon of the youngest day is not to be explained by any little bunch of traditions from the oldest night.

Here is a new nation, built of the blood of all nations, and mingling and re-mingling in freedom, peace, and plenty such as the world has never before known.

In its two centuries of pioneering, it has had an experience unparalleled,—opening a wide wilderness of riches and beauty and power before it, and always accompanied by unbroken contact with the civilization behind it.

The seed of the best fruit of European culture, planted on a virgin continent, has produced sudden marvels of social progress.

Never before were men so free to move, to grow, to find themselves, and to combine and organize advantageously; and never before was such swift growth from dull peasants, timid and narrow, to a new manhood,—to self-reliant, broadminded, daring men, who are now carrying American standards around the world.

Men are sons of women,—and women are daughters of men. This rapid rising of the human stock has brought with it not only a new manhood, but also a new womanhood. The American woman is the necessary result and accompaniment of the American man; and he—in spite of all these warnings from aliens,—is well content with her.

The typical foreign critic, impressed and startled by a character he has never before seen, tries to understand it by comparison with what he has seen, and this mode of comparison he holds to be the scientific method.

Suppose a Chinaman—who had never seen any but Chinese women,—were to rely on that method to understand ours! One can not understand birds by comparing them with oysters. Emil Reich, our latest German critic, says that American women are *sui generis*,—yet claims to understand them by comparison with others.

He begins modestly enough,—states his experience in America and then enlarges in various languages on his acquaintance with ladies of other lands. Then he shows at once how clogged his mind is with the shallow race myths about women which prevent even fair study, to say nothing of understanding.

"A man may know a boy, a youth, or a man," he says. "He can never really know that other side of the moon called woman."

This is a very old piece of foolishness best indicated by comparing it with the next sex-myth,—the uniformity of women. "Amongst men of the same nationality there may be, and frequently there are, various types," says our critic; "amongst women, on the other hand, there is practically no variety within the same nation."

It would seem as if a creature of such dull uniformity might not be such a moonlike mystery, after all.

This is not honest study nor honest thought,—it is a simple transmission of very old ignorant ideas about women, quite unworthy of one who started out so bravely with a scientific method and a claim of fairmindedness.

When he finally comes to set down his observations,—those observations from which "the future influence of American women" is to be deduced,—one is astonished at their paucity. Her beauty is given the first place and largest,—showing but too easily the viewpoint of the student; and we are told of "the purity of her features" ["Features by themselves are sufficient to characterize a female," says this astute observer.] and "the well undulating line of the back." "Unfortunately," he goes on, "beautiful hands are among the greatest rarities in America. During all my stay I saw only one pair of really beautiful hands. In the semi-eastern countries of Europe, where ladies scarcely ever do any manual work, except that of rendering pianos out of tune, beautiful hands are easily met with."

No doubt, and, if he had gone farther, to the wholly eastern countries, he would have found wholly idle and

wholly beautiful hands where they came from,—in the harem. Note, in passing, that unnecessary remark about "rendering pianos out of tune,"—it shows the animus of our critic most plainly.

This lack of "beauty" in American women's hands is due simply to the fact that they use them. Our feet do not seem beautiful—to a Chinese mandarin. Even our idle women have not been idle for enough generations to develop the soft, white, dimpled, decorative extremities called "beautiful hands!"

As we pursue this line of study we are told that "the gait of the American woman originates from the hips," that one "is struck by the boldness and forwardness of the carriage, and the fearlessness and directness of the glances," and that the peculiar "twang" of her voice conveys "an impression of coldness of temper,—of lack of emotionality," and then we come to the most serious charge,—she lacks respect for man! He is not astonished that they do not respect one another. "But woman's respect for man," he says, "seems to be a law of nature," and he is deeply impressed with the presumption of the American woman in treating man as an equal.

It appears that previous criticism on the part of Mr. Reich was met by the objection that he took our few wealthy and worldly women for a type, and ignored the great majority of hard-working housewives; for he here explains that he has not overlooked them, and that he thinks them much overworked, but that such women "do not constitute the distinctive type of womanhood of a country." "The hard-worked, the over-worked women are of the same type and class, the world over."

This statement is worth careful consideration, especially when taken in connection with what almost immediately follows. "It is this ever-present tendency toward the distinctive American woman-type, even in the lowliest American housewives, that constitutes the essential feature of American womanhood."

Mr. Reich is probably a more careful writer in his own regular lines of work; this article was, no doubt, hurriedly written to order; but, even so, bald contradictions like this prove that he is a loose thinker. Having thus hastily recapitulated these observations on our women, the critic goes on to state his conclusion, which is this:—

America's keynote is imperialism; the American woman is a product of this national ideal; and, as such, she must be what she is, though she therefore loses her real feminine power and position; her influence at home can not change; and, "lastly, the future influence of the American woman abroad is a vanishing quantity." "The American woman can not form that ultimate unit of the state which the French woman has long succeeded in building up, chiefly through her own exertions."

If he means that the family is the "ultimate unit of the state," it is surprising to hear that the American woman is so far behind the French in her ability to form that. The "race-suicide" danger seems more real in France than it does here. Perhaps, by "can not form," he accuses the American woman of actual incapacity, crediting the French with only disinclination. Or are these "exertions" of the French woman financial or social? This comparison certainly is not clear.

Now, let us approach the main position and honestly seek to throw some light on it.

The national characteristics of our women are the same as those of our men, necessarily "over-mentalization," "over-energization," "lack of respect for man," "excessive love of sensationalism,"—these are, perhaps, American traits; but they are not exclusively feminine. If foreigners notice them in our women more sharply than in our men, it is because of this one main distinction,—American women are more fully individualized than those of slower nations. They are not only women,—they are people. This is the salient fact which astonishes the newcomer,—he is met not merely by a female, but by a person,—an American person; and the personal traits which do not cause much astonishment in our men shock him in women because he did not expect them to have any.

That bold and forward carriage,—that direct and fearless glance,—these he will find in both sexes, not merely in the women.

One does not descant upon the dark complexion of African women, or the carnivorous habits of Eskimo women, for these are race characteristics.

Further, that determination of the lowliest American housewife to reach what she thinks the highest place, which, he says, is the essential feature in our womanhood,—this is merely the American spirit through and through,—born in boy and girl alike, and taught to boy and girl alike,—the spirit of freedom and progress.

If this is what he means by imperialism, we may plead guilty. If he means that recent feeling, held by only a few of us, that we must follow ancient ideals of martial conquest and grow by the overthrow of weaker nations, he is entirely wrong.

This is by no means our American spirit, much less that of our women. Let us try to form some clear picture in our minds of what this critic really means. It seems to be this:—

America is most distinctively imperialistic. Empires do not produce superior women. The growth of our empire involves a lowering of the type of womanhood. This lowered type has but a poor influence at home, and none abroad.

The kind of distinction proper to our nation—the swift, broad, steady upward movement which has brought us from a few struggling, savage-ridden colonies to one of

the world's great peoples,—is not imperialism. An empire is a distinct form of government,—a monarchy,—and it is not ours. Rome's greatness was quite distinct from her imperialism. Russia and Japan are both empires,—but widely different.

The word is but carelessly applied to American progress, and by no means suits it. The European nations have some centuries of distinction in blood; by no means a single stock, but blends of two or more left alone long enough to form distinct physical breeds of men. Between the German and the Italian there are clear distinctions, as also between the Frenchman and the Swede.

These nations, moreover, have a far more vital distinction in their separate traditions, those heirlooms of historic quarrels and prejudices which keep them apart. But America is a large piece of ground on which the various peoples of Europe have come together, physically and psychically, to form a new people.

And they are a new people, partly by their untraceable blendings of mixed ancestry, and more, far more, by their common institutions and common history, short but glorious. Of this new people comes the new woman, the American woman, whose future influence is so lightly disposed of by the German gentleman.

In the pioneer life which was our first step here, and which has never ceased in these two hundred years, women were at a premium unknown in Europe. There a limited area, thickly settled, an old civilization, and the iron distinctions of caste, together with ages of rampant militarism, have necessarily resulted in cruel limitations for women.

Is she a peasant woman? So she must remain forever, developing in unbroken generations the peasant type.

Is she *bourgeoise*? So must she remain, neither higher nor lower,—there being no way out of that mediocrity save some unheard-of chance of marrying higher.

Is she an aristocrat? So, too, must she remain, with those beautiful hands to console herself withal, and more freedom for amusement than her lower sisters.

Is she royal? Such a status is most helpless of all, with no possible variation open to her but religion or scandal. In this rigid mold, restricted from birth as an American woman can not imagine, the European woman turns her human capacities into the narrow channels allowed her, and makes herself felt, it is true,—but not always for the good of the nation.

As Mr. Reich proudly says, "Continental European women, therefore, being organic parts of their respective countries, firmly control the chief arteries of social life in Europe, and mere lady visitors from America can no more affect Continental Europe than can Europeans visiting the Orient alter oriental customs."

The "American lady visitor" sometimes feels as if she were in the Orient, but does not therefore despair. Even in Turkey,—even in China,—to say nothing of Europe, the women of this age are moving, changing, and coming forward, and the influence of the American woman is felt among them everywhere.

If Mr. Reich had attended the International Congress of Women held in Berlin last year, he might have learned much that would have helped toward a better understanding of his subject.

There were thousands of foreigners, representative of twenty nations, gathered from all over the world; a congress held by the German Council, a member of the International Council of Women, formed in America within twenty years, whose membership is to be counted by hundreds of thousands.

The statement of the work already done by the constituent societies, in their respective countries, would possibly have given him some new ideas as to the influence of women.

He says of his subject: "In that vast edifice of American imperialism she does not dispose of the tiniest nook. She feels that she does not really hold the soul of her nation. She feels deserted, lonely. In that internal solitude of hers,—the worst of all,—she tries to beguile her void by pleasures and distraction. Remove her internal solitude and she will at once do what hundreds of 'reform clubs,' 'female improvement meetings,' 'lectures,' and 'free libraries' will never do."

The desertion and loneliness of the American woman are new to hear of. Among the thousands I have met all over the country it is the last thing I should have thought of noticing. But this farseeing critic sees the "inner solitude" behind this rush of activity. He sees something of all this massing in clubs and societies, but does not in the least understand it. "Pleasure and distraction," he calls it, because the other women of other lands, whom he has known so widely, seek for pleasure and distraction when they have—perchance,—an "inner solitude."

A good military axiom is, "never underrate your enemy." A good scientific one is, "never underrate your subject matter." If Mr. Reich would lay aside those contemptuous quotation points, and study those "female-improvement meetings" he has so amusingly christened, he would, perhaps, discover what all the commotion is about. But perhaps not, after all, for too large a stock of preconceived ideas prevents new perception. Let us, then, explain what it is that really ails the American woman and makes her such an irritating enigma to the foreign observer.

She is growing at a rate of speed beyond any historic parallel, from a subsidiary female adjunct of man to his equal and full companion. That is why she no longer manifests that "respect for man" which Mr. Reich so sweetly assumes to be a law of nature.

It is nothing of the sort. It is merely the result of centuries of subjection; of the monopoly of men, of priesthood and government and wealth,—of all the human growth and power which should have been common to both. The slave may respect an owner; the servant, a master; or the prisoner, a jailer; but a sister does not respect a brother any more than he respects her,—not in America, at least. This is not a land of obeisances. We respect power, virtue, courage, wisdom, and success.

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Inspector Val's Adventures

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

[Concluded from page 580]

With these unkind reflections Mr. Sorg drew near the tramp. That personage of perfect leisure sat unmoved and gazed upon the other. Worse, he leered a leer of lofty patronage, and—adding insult to injury,—closed in the leer with a supercilious wink.

This last was the straw that broke the camel's back—never a strong camel,—of Mr. Sorg's forbearance. Straightway, with a sweep of his massive hand, he would have swept the tramp from his perch.

"Screw out!" he commanded, as he made the sweeping motion.

To his amazement the tramp proved as firmly planted as the fire plug itself. He grinned evilly at the discomfited Mr. Sorg, showing his tobacco-discolored teeth.

Wonder-smitten thus to find the tramp so deeply rooted as to defy his own vast strength, Mr. Sorg, shifting his attack, next seized the offensive one by his greasy collar. Then the tramp spoke.

"Come, none of that, cull! It's paws off, d'ye see! or I'll hand you one in d'neck."

Mr. Sorg gasped! Such language from a hobo! It was unbelievable! His wonder at the tramp's impudence was surpassed only by his wonder at the fellow's physical strength! Before Mr. Sorg could recover from his astonishment the tramp emphasized it by saying:—

"Cull, you're Fly-cop Sorg! I knows all about you, see! In fact, I was waitin' fer your comin'."

"Waiting for me!" repeated the indignant Mr. Sorg. "You waiting for me! I like that!"

"Sure! It was Inspector Val tells me to lay for you. He has a date with you, but you were too slow for his clock, he says. So he leaves me to give you your orders." Mr. Sorg glared! Could he credit his senses? The tramp, between luxurious puffs, flowed glibly on: "'Tell Sorg,' he says, 'to go at five o'clock and hang this on d'wall of Mugsy Dave's, in Doyer Street.'"

The tramp took from beneath his coat a roll of white paper and gave it to Mr. Sorg. The latter, in a kind of daze, mechanically unrolled it, and read what was printed thereon.

As he finished reading, he looked up with a red face. A light was beginning to break. As the light increased, his shame and those consequent blushes kept pace with it. The tramp watched him brightly the while, and the shadow of a laugh crept about the corners of his mouth.

Mr. Sorg wagged his head dejectedly.

"You're too many for me, inspector," he said. Then, as if a compliment were meant, he added: "You ought n't to be wasting yourself in Mulberry Street, when you could be slaughtering 'em in vaudeville right now. That make-up is great. Take my word, it's great!"

"Do n't you think I'll pass muster in Doyer Street?" asked Inspector Val, for the tramp who had so worked upon the anger of Mr. Sorg was he.

"You'll do!" said Mr. Sorg, with a sigh. "As I've told you over and over again, inspector, I'm not fitted for this business. I ought to be running one of those day nurseries, and taking care of children while their mothers are out washing and ironing."

Mr. Val laughed. The self-reproaches of Mr. Sorg, who never spared his own dullness but rebuked it on every occasion, were nothing novel.

"Seriously, Mr. Sorg," observed the inspector, when the joke of the sergeant's mystification had worn itself out, "those are the orders: at five, sharp, walk into Mugsy Dave's and hang that notice on the wall. I'll be there. After you've hung up the notice, go about your business as if nothing out of the usual were afoot. In ten minutes return. Take the office from me; the moment I catch my man, don't hang back but bear a hand."

"Did you ever know me to hang back, inspector?" This was spoken with a note of reproach.

"Never! Remember, now!"

"All right!" said Mr. Sorg, tucking the rolled paper under his arm and preparing to continue his walk. "At five o'clock, sharp, Mugsy Dave's, in Doyer Street!"

Mr. Sorg departed up the street, while the tramp on the fire plug gave his disreputable headwear an added cock. He sat on the fire plug

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until the sergeant was out of sight, and then slouched away in his turn.

Mugsy Dave's was a low, dangerous den, infested rather than patronized by the viler elements among criminals. Its frequenters were utterly lacking in what horse-race people term "class." No one of standing in the world of crime ever went to Mugsy Dave's. It was the rendezvous only of a nameless raffia of evil who, wanting equally in courage, skill, and wit, had nothing but a murderous viciousness as a criminal stock in trade.

Mugsy Dave's place was not an imposing room. Near the door was the bar, behind which lounged a barman who himself had seen the inside of Sing Sing for too clumsily wielding a sandbag. On the smoke-blackened walls hung a cheap picture or two, and back of the bar was an announcement that the Five Points Association would give its last "smoker" for the season, April thirteenth. In the rear stood a rickety piano, silent through the day, but noisy enough at night when the tides of Mugsy Dave's custom touched the highest mark.

Over the piano—a curiosity not to be explained,—was tacked a placard reciting that:—

NO DISCUSSION OF
POLITICS OR RELIGION
WILL
BE ALLOWED

Late on the afternoon that saw the meeting of Inspector Val and Sergeant Sorg, in Lafayette Place, four rough specimens, one of them notably brutish of face, and another the disguised yeggman who had so angered Mr. Sorg, were gathered about a table in a corner of Mugsy Dave's. Beyond these and the barman, no one was in the place.

Inspector Val, in his character of a yeggman just from the roads, was a leader in the conversation, the others giving way to him, since he was the host. Among these very offscourings of humanity the question of gold is as important in settling a social status as it is on upper Fifth Avenue. The yeggman had money, while his three companions had none; wherefore they sat silent when he was minded to talk.

The yeggman—for it is as well to give Inspector Val the character he had assumed,—was telling some wayside adventure. In telling it he used the flash patter of his clan, which the others appeared perfectly to understand.

The advent of Mr. Sorg provoked a warning whisper from the brute-faced one. He came in with a heavy, businesslike directness that showed a purpose, which was soon made clear. With a bluff nod to the sullen barman, who returned it uneasily, and never word or look to the four, he rounded the end of the bar and approached the wall. Unrolling the white paper given him by Inspector Val, he fastened it with heavy pins to the bottom of a picture. As it unfurled to its length, he stepped aside and headed for the door as one whose whole duty in Mugsy Dave's had been discharged.

He had disappeared through the door; the brute-faced one, his eyes furtive and shifty like the eyes of a threatened rat, drew a long breath. His fascinated gaze was on the paper which hung and fluttered from the picture. The sullen man came from behind the bar and read aloud that contribution to the wall's ornaments. This is what was printed there, in large black letters:—


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The above sum will be paid for information that leads to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who, on the night of April eighth, murdered Madame Laurie at her house in Grand Street, called the "Sainte Marie."

INSPECTOR VAL

The sullen barman read the notice in a loud, even tone; ringing out the "Inspector Val" like a herald. Then he looked tentatively at the brute-faced one. That individual, who, in those circles wherein he moved, was known as Daring Mike, giggled uneasily, almost hysterically, under the barman's gaze.

"Say, Bill!" he said, at length, with just the ghost of a quaver, "you wouldn't tell on a pal



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just because someone promised you a thousand?"

"Me tell?" demanded the sullen man, wrathfully. "Not me, Mike."

The brute-faced one seemed relieved. He turned to the two who, with him, had accepted the yeggman's treat. They were ghastly, with a kind of gathering horror in their muddy cheeks.

"Brace up!" he cried. "You ain't in the Tombs yet, you know." Then, with a bragging air, he asked: "Say, how did I look when that bluff went up on the wall? Did I shift color?"

"It never touched you, Mike!" said one admirer.

"Stood it like a rock, you did!" said the other.

"What's all the row?" asked the yeggman, curiously, appealing to Daring Mike. "Was it you that killed the old lady?"

"What's that to you?" demanded Mike, ferociously.

"To me?—nothing," said the yeggman. Then, to the barman, he remarked, "This cove"—tossing a thumb toward Daring Mike—"is turning funky."

"Funky nothing!" returned Mike, "but it's no fun to see that paper go up, bang! right before your eyes, and you in nothing for the job but four or five bottles of vinegar. And all, mind you, just because these joskins"—indicating the two,— "gets leary at the noise of the gun, and won't stay. I'll bet there was no end of money in the old French woman's boxes, upstairs."

"Why didn't you yourself stay and get it?" asked the yeggman. "I'd have had up the boards of the floor before I was through."

"So would I," said Daring Mike; "but, when I heard these fellows scrambling at the fence to get away, I thought some detective had us, and with that I escaped, too."

"You were the first into Grand Street, Mike," said one of the others, who smarted under his leader's taunts.

"Don't give me any of your guff!" shouted Mike, swinging a blow which the other ducked. "Don't give me any talk!" Then, his beady rat-eyes roving again to the paper, he said, "Inspector Val!" with vast contempt. "Inspector Val! Why, I'm onto him. Say, he's a false alarm; he don't know he's alive!"

"There!" interjected the yeggman, authoritatively rapping on the table; "you've made noise enough! Just pitch the tune in a lower key!"

Daring Mike started. There was some excuse: the yeggman was rapping the table not with an innocent beer glass but with a pair of handcuffs. Mike surveyed the handcuffs as if they were a brace of rattlesnakes. His face worked in confusion and growing alarm.

"What have you got there?" he cried. "Who are you?"

"Who am I?" repeated the yeggman, sweetly. "I'm Inspector Val. There; hold out your wrists for the ruffles."

Mike sprang from his chair, overturning the table. He was too slow; like a flash his throat was seized in a clutch of steel, and he was hurled against the wall.

Stunned and half choked, he wilted to the floor like a wet rag. "Click; click!" and the bracelets were on him. The cold metal at his wrists seemed to revive him, for he began to cry like a child.

"There's heart for you!" said Inspector Val, contemptuously, speaking to the sullen barman, and stirring Daring Mike with his foot where he rolled sobbing about the floor.

When Inspector Val seized his quarry by the throat, his two comrades sat frozen, wanting word or motion. It was quite as fortunate. A heavy hand fell on each. They glanced up in a frightened way; there above them was the callous, impassive visage of Sergeant Sorg. At sight of him the two began to squeak like mice. Mr. Sorg coolly hooked them wrist to wrist with his own particular pair of handcuffs, and then, addressing Inspector Val, asked:—

"What next?"

"Call the patrol and take them in!" responded the inspector. "Meanwhile, I'll return to Lafayette Place and improve my looks." Then, as he was about to leave, he added: "By the way, Mr. Sorg, take down the bill, too. There'll be none to claim the thousand dollars now, and leaving it hanging here would only make a scandal."

It was the next evening, and no one would have recognized in the fashionably dressed Inspector

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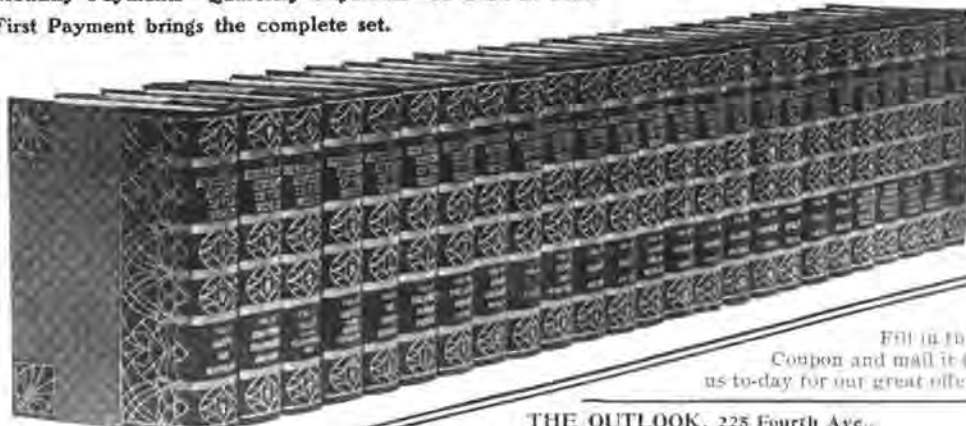
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Val the yeggman of Mugsy Dave's. Upon his brow hung a discouraging cloud.

"It was rather a cheap piece of business, Mr. Sorg," said he, wearily. "Each of those hare-hearts simply begged and prayed for a chance to turn state's evidence against the other two. It's enough to make one sick of the police business!"

"Still," observed Mr. Sorg, with a fine judicial air, and, as it were, a nice weighing of every detail, "I should describe it as a clean, quick piece of work. Madam Laurie is found dead, and in fewer than forty-eight hours you have the murderer and his pals. Sharp work, I say; exceedingly sharp work!" Then, as a recollection seized him, he continued: "Why, disguising yourself as a yeggman was of itself a triumph of art!"

Inspector Val smiled faintly as some picture of his encounter with Mr. Sorg in Lafayette Place ruffled the surface of his sense of humor. The latter caught the smile, construed it, and put on a sheep's look. This he shook off with a question.

"How did you locate your parties?" he asked.

"I made an appointment to meet them there about two hours before you assaulted me in Lafayette Place."

"Why not tell me how you arrived at your knowledge of Daring Mike as the murderer? There's nothing, inspector, that so helps a dull man to brightness as to hear, step by step, how some bright man brings about his marvels."

"Do not attempt sarcasm, Mr. Sorg; you're unfitted for the satirical. This is how the argument ran that, after the murder of Madam Laurie, led me to the criminals. A first glance about the Sainte Marie convinced me that the crime was not the work of professional housebreakers. A professional would never have robbed the Sainte Marie; there was not enough treasure to make it worth a self-respecting cracksmen's while. Then the chisel being lost in the flight, and the fact of flight itself without the slightest effort to ransack the house, indicated a lack of nerve that would have disgraced any true-blue burglar."

"There were three of them; the tracks in the back yard showed that. The men who made those tracks were badly shod with old, worn-out boots. You have doubtless observed, Mr. Sorg, that a man's footwear is an infallible index to his apparel. Poor, ragged, worn-out boots mean poor, ragged, worn-out clothing. I could tell by those footprints in the rear yard that my men were clad and shod like beggars."

"Altogether, I had no difficulty in deciding that the burglary and the murder of Madam Laurie were not professional but gang work. Three dull-witted, cowardly roughs such as hang about the East Side had committed the crime. Such people never travel far, lacking energy and enterprise. Every indication convinced me that I should find my men within a radius of a mile from the Sainte Marie."

"Now the question was, how to track them? The chisel I was certain they had stolen. I had a roundsman look up 'Paul Barr.' He found him at work in Great Jones Street. Paul Barr turned out to be—as I knew he would,—a very honest carpenter, who was overjoyed to see his chisel again. He said it had been stolen from his kit the day before the murder."

"Had he any notion as to the thief?"

"Not a glimmer. It was stolen at noon, when he was away at luncheon. No, there was nothing to be drawn from the chisel, save that it aided the theory that the burglary was the work, not of professionals, but of Bowery roughs."

The one great clue was the bullet. To begin with,—and here Inspector Val took the short, clumsy piece of lead from his pocket and placed it on the desk near his elbow,—"it indicates the pistol from which it was fired to be of an unusual caliber,—41. There is only one pistol of that caliber, the Derringer. Usually the Derringer, which is generally a single-shot pistol, comes in pairs."

"This, then, is how I figured: the murderers, one of them armed with a Derringer, broke into the basement, using the chisel to force their way. After sampling the wine, they climbed the stairs to the first floor. It could not have been later than, say, one o'clock, for Madam Laurie sat reading, not having gone to bed."

"Either breaking the necks of the bottles or the creaking of the basement stairs—I observed them to be quite noisy as, later, I myself went up and down them,—attracted Madam Laurie's at-

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tention. She took the lamp in her hand and came down to the first floor. Apparently, she surprised one or all of the three burglars in the big front room, before a drawer had been opened. Probably she cried out. The burglar or burglars were startled, and one of them, the one with the Derringer—Daring Mike, in fact, in the stampede that seized his cowardly nerves,—fired. The shot took effect in Madam Laurie's mouth, causing instant death. She fell, and the lamp, either blown out by the concussion of the pistol shot or by the wind of the fall, was broken to pieces on the floor."

"The pistol shot would blow it out."

"Precisely! On the heels of the surprise and the shot, the murderers fled, dropping the chisel in the hurry of getting away."

"Now, having gotten away, what would be the first step of such cowardly, clumsy-witted creatures? The utmost of their strategy would be to get rid of the Derringer. How would they get rid of it? They would n't throw it into the river; the two or three dollars it would bring in a pawnshop would be a consideration with mean, petty intelligences such as I've described. Inevitably they would take the Derringer to a pawnshop."

"I began a round of the pawnshops in the evening. I had already told you to meet me in Lafayette Place, for I could even then see how the affair would develop and was sure I'd need your help. In my search through the pawnshops I had luck. The first one I stepped into—a shop in the Bowery near Chatham Square,—had bought two Derringers within the hour before I called. The pawnbroker knew me and readily told his story,—the more readily, since he was smarting under wrongs of his own."

"He said that the two Derringers were brought in by a slight slip of a lad whose age might have been ten years. His first thought was that the boy—who declared that a man whose name he would n't give told him to sell them,—had stolen the Derringers. He said nothing, however, but bought the pair for five dollars. Then he whispered to his son to follow the lad, and note where he took the money, and what, if anything, he did with it."

"The boy climbed the stairs in an old house near Five Points, and entered a door on the second floor. The pawnbroker's son, after waiting a moment, also climbed the stairs, and rapped at the door. The door was opened by Daring Mike; his two pals, and the sisters of one of them, were also in the room. The boy who sold the Derringers had just given Mike the money; it was still in the ruffian's hand."

"What are you after?" cried Mike, scowling at the pawnbroker's son."

"I wanted to see what he did with the money," replied the boy, pointing to the lad."

"Oh, that's your lay!"

"The next moment the pawnbroker's son was knocked down the entire flight of stairs by Mike's fist."

That was the pawnbroker's story. As a *finale*, his son, with his head nicely bandaged, accompanied me to the Five Points and pointed out the theater of his adventure."

"When I had identified Daring Mike as my man, the rest was open sailing. I learned of his loitering about Mugsy Dave's, and was ready, the next day, in my role of yeggman, to make his acquaintance. I met him not an hour before I saw you in Lafayette Place, and we agreed to come together later. I think, as an inducement to the last, that I hinted at putting Mike in the way of money."

"But your offer of one thousand dollars reward?"

"That is coming. I could see at a glance that for me, a stranger and yeggman, to openly approach Daring Mike on the subject of Madam Laurie's murder would alarm him. He is dull, but he is also suspicious, as many other dull ones are. Besides, in my character of a yeggman just in from a tramp, I was n't supposed to know of what blood had been spilled at the Santa Marie or any other movement in East Side society."

"After turning the matter over in my mind, as an easy, sure method of making my man talk, and at the same time avoid drawing the horns of his distrust toward me, I conceived the plan of having you put up the reward bill in Dave's."

"And it worked like a charm."

Inspector Val was about to make some reply, when Mr. Bowles opened the outer door and announced the policeman who had been shadowing

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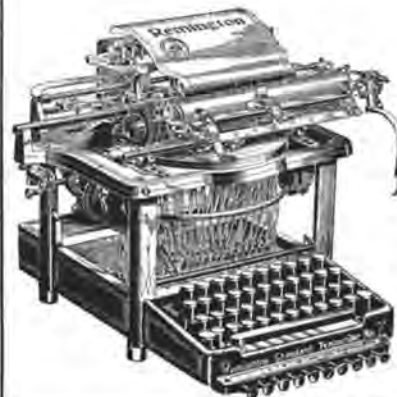
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RIGHT HERE AND JUST NOW NIXON WATERMAN

"If I'd 'a' been born," says Sy Slocum to me,
"In some other far-away clime,
Or if I could 'a' had my existence," says he,
"In some other long-ago time,
I know I'd 'a' flourished in purty fine style
And set folks a-talkin', I 'low,
But what troubles me is there's nothin' worth while
A-doin' right here and jest now."

"Them folks that can dwell in a country," says Sy,
"Where they do n't have no winter nor storm,
And the weather ain't ready to freeze 'em or fry,
By gettin' too cold or too warm,
Have got all the time that they want to sit down
And think out a project so great
That it's jest about certain to win 'em renown
And bring 'em success while they wait."

Says Sy, "Folks a-livin' here ages ago,
Before all the chances had flown
For makin' a hit, would n't stand any show
To-day at a-holdin' their own.
Good times 'ill come back to our planet, I 'low,
When I've faded out of the scene;
But it hurts me to think that right here and jest now
Is a sorry betwixt and between."

At that I got tired a-hearin' Sy spout,
And says I, "Sy, you like to enthuse
Regardin' the marvelous work you'd turn out
If you stood in some other man's shoes;
But, while all your 'might-a'-been' praises you sing,
It's worth while rememberin' as how
That no man on earth ever done the first thing
That he did n't do here and jest now."

A Friend of Stray Cats

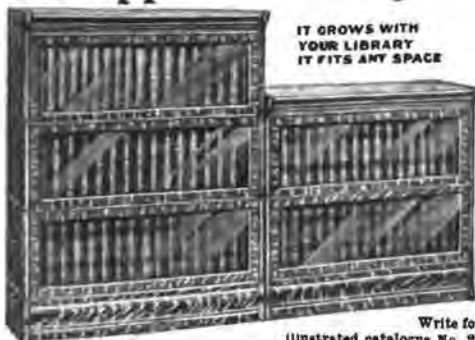
THE stray cats of Central Park, West, New York City, have a friend,—and friends are too rare in the life of stray cats, whose main introduction to humanity is by way of dodging missiles impelled at them at night. Now, however, they have risen to some dignity, for each morning after breakfast a neatly appareled young woman may be seen keeping her appointment with the feline fraternity of the neighborhood. The trysting place is a vacant lot on Sixty-seventh Street, next to the site of a new building. At dawn the cats begin to congregate to stretch on the lumber and take a nap in the sun. There is no commotion as the self-appointed caterer cuts across the lot with a package of bones and a bottle of milk. She spreads out her paper, and the cats gather about in a leisurely, well-behaved manner.

"You will notice," she said, "that there is no fighting for the best bone among my tramp cats. They are thankful for any at all. That is one reason why I like cats better than dogs. Another is that they never fawn or seek to fawn and stand in favor by the hundred little tricks of dogs. Occasionally one will look up with gratitude, and the fact that they meet me here regularly is due appreciation."

"Yes, I have always fed stray cats," she answered, when questioned, "and this particular club I organized last fall. All through the storms and blizzards of the winter I did not miss a single cat breakfast."

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A Fresno Freshman

STRICKLAND W. CILLILAN

[Concluded from page 587]

he pronounced capable of good work after careful training, but his loss of interest in the matter in hand showed plainly, as he progressed with his task. At length he stepped over to where the Fresno freshman stood awkwardly under a pair of swinging rings.

"Here, Husky," he said, "give us a look at ye."

But as he started to jerk off the young man's coat a counter movement resulted. Ezra's face became crimson and he pulled fiercely away. As he did so, Bloggs's iron hand dropped to the boy's biceps, and signs of life were visible in the light blue eyes and the leathern face. The Fresno freshman was swallowing a lump in his throat and an angry glow was in his downcast eyes.

The great trainer was puzzled. Here was a condition of affairs that baffled him. But he had already noted enough to arouse his professional interest, and he was not accustomed to giving up problems merely because they were difficult.

"Boys," he said, turning quietly to the others that stood about, not yet sufficiently recovered from their own unflattering experience to ridicule him who was usually the target for their shafts, "just step outside a bit, will ye? I'll have a talk with this proposition." But only the Fresno freshman caught the sly wink.

With rising laughter the young men filed out upon the campus, after which the trainer closed the door and turned to the lad standing with averted face and his coat buttoned tightly about his stocky form.

"Young man," said the man who knew men's bodies, "you've evidently been guyed a good deal here, and you're awfully touchy, but if you'll slide out of that coat,"—

"But my clothes—"

"Hang your clothes! Yes, to be more exact, hang 'em right over there on them parallel bars and let me examine this anatomy of yours. That's all I'm interested in. I've found few such arms since I've been in the business. Peel off!"

The kindness that shone undimmed through the man's external roughness, together with a natural pride in his strength, impelled Ezra to yield, and for the next half hour the still discouraged band outside the door might have heard smothered exclamations of delight and astonishment from the lips of the man who had so listlessly and hurriedly handled them a short time before.

Finally the great trainer said, with a gentleness almost foreign to him:—

"You may put 'em on again, young man, and I guess about the best thing you can do is to look and act just as usual, and," he added, with a chuckle, "we'll have some fun with 'em,—you and me. Eh?"

Stepping to the door of the gymnasium, Bloggs called:—

"Boys, after considering everything, I guess it would be all right for you to accept that Pomona challenge, if you can get 'em to put off field day till three weeks or so from now. Hold out for as late a date in the term as you can. Maybe we can make it interesting for 'em,—Judson and all." During the general cheer that followed, Ezra managed to make his shambling escape unnoticed, but the red glow on his cheek this time was not a signal fire of shame or resentment.

* * * * *

Two of the three weeks' grace suggested by Bloggs and readily granted by the confident Pomonaite had passed. Daily the soggy little easterner had put the boys through their paces, sometimes listlessly, sometimes with more vigor. There was not a member of the track team but was paced for some specific event, and few of them showed especial promise. To be sure, there were Haskins, of Paso Robles, in the short dashes; and Thornburg, of Santa Maria, in the running jumps and the pole-vault, but with Harvey, of Alameda, who had been chosen for the weight throwing and other heavy events, he spent little time.

One evening, when the men had wandered from the training table (an innovation of Bloggs's,) to the gymnasium, Van Court, of San Diego,



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voiced the general thought when he said, abruptly:—"Boys, there's something confounded funny about this whole shooting match. Bloggs is either confident of winning, or he does n't care. There's not a hurdler or shot-put man, a weight-thrower, a broad-jumper, or a half-mile runner in our entire outfit that can touch Judson. Now Bloggs is n't any such ninny as not to know this, yet he says nothing about it and is never apparently uneasy. The question in my mind very often is as to whether he is n't making monkeys of us."

"I've noticed the same thing," said Hall, seriously, "but here's how I've reasoned, though I haven't been able to figure the thing out: who has more at stake in this thing, from a broad standpoint, Bloggs, or the team? Bloggs, without question. It's up to him to make good. He has a national reputation as a trainer, while we have none as athletes. He let me send it broadcast that he was to train our college team. If we lose, the story will be in the sporting department of every metropolitan paper in the country, and the 'defeat of Bloggs's colts' will be featured. Beyond any doubt the man has something up his sleeve, but I can't guess what it is. Sometimes I catch him chuckling to himself, but he has n't let me in on it. I haven't the crust to ask him, but you may safely bet he's got something hid out. You may also gamble that his trick is on the square; for, if he did anything yellow in athletics, he would be the dearest duck in the poultry stall instead of the biggest frog in the fairly good-sized international college athletic puddle."

"Hope you're right, old man," was the generally expressed response, and the group of students, with faces only a little less dubious than before, dispersed.

As they left the gymnasium two dark figures were approaching from the direction of the old race track half a mile from the college. They could not be recognized in the half light, yet they stopped and were apparently engaged in conversation for some moments until the last of the puzzled team had disappeared. Then they separated, one going slouchingly toward the college dormitory and the other hurrying briskly toward an inbound trolley car.

It was field day. In all the history of Southern California, with its ultra-Italian skies and balmy air, no finer day had ever lent the earth its light. The purple mountains, mile on mile to the east and north, came close and stood languidly just out of reach of the hand. There was no distance, —no temperature. There was nothing but beauty and the joy of living. All else had been annihilated. White, fleecy clouds drifted softly across the turquoise sky, —but that's enough description. To be brief and truthful, it was a fine day. The early dawn had witnessed the departure of the Pomona track team for Los Angeles. Only a few enthusiasts from faculty and student-body had arisen to accompany the athletes on their perfunctory journey. The group gathered at the little palm-girdled station awaiting the Santa Fé train was listless and sleepy. The day's event was a mere formality. Only a few hours separated the men from the medals. Los Angeles had some good men, and there had even been rumors of a great eastern trainer at work among them, but they had n't Judson. So why be anxious?

Judson was a conspicuous figure, tall for his twenty years, well set up, with massive shoulders, and limbs that tapered to beautiful, sinewy hands and light, quick feet. From his eyes shone the confidence that generations of good breeding and an unbroken career of personal successes inspire in men. He was of the sort accustomed to win over reasonable obstacles and to remove unreasonable ones, —a foeman worthy the proudest steel.

At the Los Angeles college the team slept late, thereby fulfilling Bloggs's specific requirements. Breakfast was eaten lazily. Not a man of the entire team was permitted to exert himself or to mingle with the student body. Complete quiet and utter relaxation were the order of the forenoon. The whole college population, outside as well as inside the sacred circle of chosen contestants, was in suspense, wonderingly waiting to see "what Bloggs would do." The capabilities of every man were known by heart, and there were not wanting those who openly expressed the opinion that the great trainer was intending to humiliate the institution and have the laugh on the far western college before departing for the East.



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Bloggs was noncommittal. Yet he was wide awake and apparently fuller than ever before of the sort of confidence that proves infectious. The men looked dumbly to him for a miracle that might, in the eleventh hour, preserve them from defeat and their beloved school from disgrace.

At half-past two the improvised seats about the athletic field were filled with members of the faculty of both the contending colleges and with the students and their friends. Besides, several strangers, bearing all the earmarks of tourists from the East, took seats in the extemporized grand stand, telling the young men at the entrance gate that they were "friends of Mr. Bloggs." The judges were in their places about the center of the field where the landing spots had been spaded up for the jumpers, close by the running track.

The two teams filed in. Among them Judson loomed up like a Saul. An involuntary burst of applause came from friend and foe alike, as he glanced about the arena like some gladiator of old. The young women declared that he was "too sweet," and the men called him "a corker." These two widely differing expressions, from the vocal standpoint, mean identically the same when translated into good English. The home team was equal in appearance to that of the visitors, with the exception, of course, of Judson.

The events began. First came the hundred-yard dash, followed by the pole-vault. The first was won by the home team, as had been conceded; the second, by Pomona, by a narrow margin, Thornburg coming within an inch of his opponent and securing second place and some points. Next the running jumps were won by the same valorous youth.

"Now," said a home-team "rooter," to the girl at his side, "we might as well look the other way and save ourselves the agony. It's to be a sad story of slaughter from now on."

"But what about the great Bloggs?" asked the young lady, excitedly.

"Bloggs—nothing! Either he doesn't know his business, doesn't care, or has underrated Judson; that's all. Mark my word, it's a slaughter of the innocents from now on."

Their conversation was interrupted by the announcement of the weight-throwing contest. Judson stepped into the eight-foot ring and grasped the hand-holds at the end of the chain. Bracing his statuesque legs, he began swinging the weight slowly about his head. Faster and faster it whirled; tauter and tauter grew the massive muscles of arms, legs, and shoulders; the cords of the neck bulged, and the ball, released from its human moorings, hurtled through the air and the judges hastened to mark its alighting place.

Then came Harvey, who made a good showing in form, and did his work neatly and well, but his throw fell ten feet short of that made by the champion. The event had been too easily won. It was the beginning of the end. The crowd looked weary and many arose to go.

Then some one asked:—

"Where is Bloggs?"

The question was taken up, and the wisecracks shook their heads, adding:—

"He's had his fun with us. Now he's leaving in time to escape the roasting he knows is coming to him."

Not so fast! There comes Bloggs now. But who is that with him? Walking proudly, yet somewhat self-consciously, at the trainer's side was a specimen of humanity that made the crowd, regardless of partisan affiliation, arise and shriek. Had the legs and arms of the newcomer been carved from the purest of Parian marble by the master hand of a hero-worshipping sculptor, they would have been less perfect in those things that make for strength than were those protruding from the snowy cotton trunks and scant bodice. The thighs were those of a Hercules, while the shoulders rivaled those of a highland bull for external evidence of power.

Bloggs was beaming. His protégé was blushing. The former had anticipated the mystification that would result from the springing of his cleverly arranged surprise,—had not his own breath been taken by the contrast between the boy's magnificent body and the shambling habiliments in which it was all unintentionally disguised? So, to prevent a storm of questions that might arise from those who might not chance to recognize the lad's face, he had had worked, in huge purple letters, across the breast of the white



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suit that had been his present for the occasion, the words, "The Fresno Freshman."

Before the astonishment and noisily expressed enthusiasm had died down, and while yet the freshman yell was echoing through the neighboring foothills, Ezra had grasped the handles and the weight was swinging about his head and shoulders. Bloggs, who had retired to a safe distance, was stooping over with his hands on his knees, his little blue eyes sparkling with excitement and expectation. Suddenly the comet with its iron tail darted away at a tangent, landing further beyond Judson's mark than Harvey's throw had fallen short of it.

The Pomona champion was on the *qui vive* in an instant. While the crowd cheered itself hoarse, he turned, the battle light shining in his eyes, and grasped again the hand-holds. A mightier effort than his previous one tied the first throw of his new opponent. Harvey gracefully dropped out, leaving the battle to the two stronger men.

When Ezra stepped again into the ring he stooped leisurely and picked up the grips. Then, looking about at the assembled crowd, he deliberately grinned—the most roguish, refreshing, hopeful grin imaginable. The crowd howled. Then his face became serious and he braced himself for his work. The muscles stood out in knots on his arms and legs. His shoulders became billowy mountains, his neck a granite pillar. The ball and chain fairly buzzed around his head, and, when released, it fell full twenty feet beyond the best previous mark. Then he smiled. The smile was that of the worm who has turned and knows that he can inflict humiliation as well as endure it. He stepped back and stood by Bloggs's side while Judson made a final and ineffectual effort to better his former throw. Having won the event, Ezra took Bloggs's advice and refused to throw for a record, preferring to husband his strength for the succeeding strenuous events.

The rest of the day was monotonously delightful to the partisans of the Los Angeles school. The new-found athlete was drunk with the joy of his vindication. He was invincible. Those who had come to the field-day contest through a sense of loyal duty stayed for the final event, for the very sweetness of seeing the home team win. Girls who had laughed at the awkward lad when he had first stumbled into college wept hysterically in mingled joy and shame. Such a revival of college spirit had never before swept the institution, and, when it was all over, when the vanquished Judson had shaken hands heartily with his lusty and victorious opponent, who was apparently as fresh as when he began, and when the Pomona men had gone home, crestfallen and chagrined, an impromptu meeting was held on the campus. Faculty and students joined in a mad frolic of rejoicing. Dignity was thrown to the winds.

Bloggs made a speech. This was almost as wonderful a performance as that of the Fresno freshman, and Hall took it down verbatim, as follows:—

"Folks, I'm a college man, but not used to the brains end of it. I never made a speech before, but I want to tell you this has been the biggest lark I was ever mixed up in. I would n't have missed it for all my western trip cost me, and, if any of you mentions pay to me, I'll ask you to put on the mittens with me,—that's me! I guess you're all feelin' well enough to admit that the best of the joke ain't on Pomona. You're it. This shambling cub comes down here from Fresno to go to school. You folks could n't see nothing but his poor clothes. When I was going over this hopeless bunch of dubs for timber to fight Pomona I discovered, by accident, that you have here among you the greatest piece of human flesh it had ever been my privilege to handle. I planned right away to skin Pomona for Mr. Hall's sake, and the rest of you for Fresno's sake. How I done it is too long a story. But I guess you people's learned not to judge the grade of the poultry by the kind of weather boardin' on the chicken-house. And next year in Harvard,—O yes, he is, for I've got it all fixed with his mother, and it won't cost him any tuition, either,—well, you'll hear from him. So long!"

The little man sprinted for an approaching trolley. But the college crowd, though somewhat taken aback, was too honestly happy to feel scolded; so it cheered and waved until the car went around the curve in a triumphant whirl of dust.

Elihu Root.—The Man of the Hour

WALTER WELLMAN

[Concluded from page 573]

tradition and habit. At the outset he stood almost alone. The leaders in congress were against him, and most of the influential army officers were against him. General Miles, smiling, fought him openly. Root simply went to work and organized his campaign. He knew his case was all right; now he had to win the court. He converted officer after officer, and statesman after statesman. Yet the first verdict was against him. Congress turned him down. But he did not give up. "My case is perfect," he said; "if I have failed to get judgment, it is because I haven't presented it properly. I will try it again." He did try it again. Night and day, for months, he battled, and in the end,—why, of course, he won. The general-staff system was adopted. "It is the greatest forward step taken in the American army in a hundred years," said an eminent military authority.

It was not alone in reorganization of the war department and the army that his genius for achievement shone. As secretary of war he was in direct charge of Cuba and the Philippines. His work in connection with those countries raised him to the rank of a first-class constructive statesman. He may fairly be said to be a statesman who has made states, who has built nations, and who has written the constitutions and the organic laws of peoples. It was he who prepared Cuba for nationality, and who educated, trained, and nursed the civil administration of the island till the day came when the Cuban people were to stand alone. When the day came, thanks to Root, they were prepared. Nor was this all. The greatest problem of that day was the fixing of the relations which the new-born nation was to bear to its creator and protector,—the American republic. Should it be a direct suzerainty, a protectorate, or a hegemony? How was the future to be safeguarded? How were the interests of the United States to be so protected that, without reducing Cuba to vassalage, it could intervene, in case of necessity, without the use of force? The Platt Amendment was the solution. It was a happy solution. It was the work of a great mind,—of one which sees a long way ahead. The Platt Amendment bore the name of the late senior senator from Connecticut, one of the ablest and least appreciated statesmen of recent times. He put it through the senate. Much credit is due to his fame. But the so-called Platt Amendment was written by Elihu Root, in a letter of instructions to General Leonard Wood, at Havana, almost *literatim* as it stands to-day in the compact between Cuba and the United States.

While he was carrying that inchoate nation of Cuba on one shoulder, he was carrying an island empire of the Orient on the other. At length came the moment when a comprehensive scheme of government was to be outlined for the Philippines. The Philippine Commission was to be given a grant of power, and a definition of duties, from the President of the United States. President McKinley issued his instructions to the commission. They were signed with his name. They were turned over to the commission. They were made public. Then statesmen, jurists, historians, and students, the world over, saw in them a document almost unexampled in the annals of nations. Here was what eminent authorities have pronounced the most nearly perfect example of organic law, jurisprudence, guarding of rights, distribution of powers, administrative provisions, checks, and balances seen in the world since the adoption of the American constitution. It was a constitution, a code judicial, a system of laws ready-made, and statutes administrative covering all the activities of a nation and meeting wants and solving problems innumerable, all rolled into one. It was a masterly summing-up of the governing experience of the self-governing peoples of the world, adapted to and specially arranged for effective work in a given field. These famous "instructions" became the organic law of the Philippine Archipelago. Under them the civic machinery of a nation of nine millions of people has been worked out. And, when the American congress, in its great collective wisdom, came to legislate for the Philippines, it simply enacted these "instructions" *in toto*. To this achievement

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the name of William McKinley was attached, and as William McKinley's work it stands in history to this day. But every word was written by Elihu Root.

Mr. Root will not be a novice in the work of the state department. More than once he took temporary charge of Mr. Hay's duties during the absence or illness of that secretary. Mr. Root was at the head of the government, acting president and acting secretary of state, during much of the Boxer ordeal in China. He it was who ordered Chaffee to the rescue at Peking. He directed a large part of the campaign. Many of the state department dispatches of that period were written by him. He did so much work at Washington that we have not space even to catalogue his chief tasks. He succeeded in getting the militia act passed. He helped President Roosevelt to settle the anthracite coal strike, going to New York, conferring with J. Pierpont Morgan, and carrying Mr. Morgan back to the White House. He was, perhaps, the strongest all-round adviser McKinley had during the closing years of his administration, and he was the same to Roosevelt during the next régime. He was consulted almost daily by both presidents about affairs pertaining to other departments than his own. Two presidents have adopted the same formula when knotty problems have presented themselves. "Well, I'll think about it, and talk with Root, and then I'll decide."

Mr. Root loves nothing better than problems. His love of them came through inheritance. His father was *emeritus* professor of mathematics at Hamilton College. Mr. Root was born on the campus. That institution is the apple of his eye. He has given it a beautiful hall. His sons were educated there, as, of course, he was himself. At Hamilton there were once three Roots, one in the faculty, and two students, a senior and a junior. They were called "Cube Root," "Square Root," and "Plain Root." Elihu was the square one, and his associates and clients have ever found his character in keeping with the cognomen.

The new secretary of state is not afraid of accepting responsibility. He has no use for a man who is. For himself, he is essentially cautious. He never acts hastily, but only after the fullest deliberation and inquiry. When he has put his mind through the processes necessary to reach a conclusion, it is all over. Action follows immediately and vigorously. He never entertains a doubt of the correctness of his determinations, or dillydallies amid irresoluteness. He has added his column of figures, and checked it, and the amount is correct. There is nothing more to be said.

He is not only a great worker himself, but he also knows how to get work out of others. Some great intellects like his stun and make afraid those about them. Root stimulates. In his presence men feel an impulse to be at their best, to be direct and accurate, to waste no words, and to go straight to the mark.

He is not a magnetic orator. He would never win a nomination for the presidency with a single flight into the ethereal atmosphere of the imagination. But when he speaks his intellectualities pervade all minds within hearing. The matter is superb; the manner, good. His speech at the Chicago Republican National Convention, last year, was almost a classic.

This man of the hour—who may be the man of the future—is only sixty. He looks ten years younger. He is tall, straight, and active, with hair and mustache untinged with gray. Hard work keeps some men young,—hard work and coolness of temperament and self-confidence and absence of that spiritual fretting which is a sign of weakness, like fever of the body. He has only a few really intimate friends. He seeks few pleasures. Riding is one of them; botanizing, another. Within the shadows of his *alma mater* he has a farm, largely given over to wildwood, and he knows every brush and shrub and flower and plant on the place. He is a capital dinner companion, witty and entertaining. He loves a good story, and I think the man in all the world he likes best, outside his own family, is Theodore Roosevelt. Extremes meet there. One is all fire and eagerness and enthusiasm and boyish love of experiment and achievement. The other is cool, slow, deliberate, caution itself, but not unsympathetic. He has his enthusiasms, too, but they run still and deep. President Roosevelt will be stronger and steadier with Root by his side. The great and well-loved John Hay has a worthy successor.

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First Lessons in Manners

Marion Harland

"TIME and travel have not made him forget his barnyard education."

The speaker was an elderly gentlewoman. Accent and face were regretful. The object of remark was a man of middle age, good-looking, well dressed, and evidently a personage of note in a brilliant assemblage of men and women.

"I knew him as a lad," pursued the critic, following him with pensive eyes. "He was a stableboy upon a farm where we boarded for three summer vacations in my schoolgirl days. A bright, obliging fellow he was, and so intelligent that a friend of my father became interested in him, and made it possible for him to go to school and then to college. Nature, ability, and ambition did the rest. We have watched his career with pleasure, but I should not have recalled myself to his memory. One never knows how much your selfmade man cares to recollect of his early days. In some way he learned who I am. So he came up to me just now with both hands outstretched and said, 'Is n't this Harriet B.—that was?'—calling my maiden name. Then"—pensiveness darkened into mournfulness, as she glanced over her shoulder to be sure no one but myself heard her,—"*Then he clapped me on the shoulder*, and said how glad he was to meet 'an old friend.' He never touched so much as the hem of my garments in the old times. His hands were never clean, and, to do the lad justice, he knew his place too well to be familiar with any of us. I am disappointed, and sorry! sorry!"

She shuddered slightly. So did I while I laughed. The inward shudder, but not the disposition to mirth, returned half an hour later, as the distinguished guest, while chatting with his hostess, dipped a slice of sponge cake into his teacup and ate the sop, appreciative of soak and sweet.

Yet this man has literally stood before kings, and, as the representative of a great government, clothed with power to negotiate matters upon which the interests of two nations hung. He has traveled around the world with both eyes open; has written books that will take their place as standard literature, and, for twenty out of his forty-five years of life, has associated with the "best people" of the two continents. All these influences combined have not sufficed to make a gentleman of him, even in outward seeming. The reek of the stable-yard is not to be disinfected by so-called culture.

"I suppose,"—said my ten-year-old son, apologetically compassionate of a gray-haired visitor, who had shocked the youngster by eating from the blade of his knife and spreading butter trowel-wise, upon a slice of bread laid flat upon the cloth,—"*I suppose his mother did not teach him how to behave at table when he was a little boy. Poor man!*"

Echoing the sigh, we admit the justice of the small censor's inference. No better explanation can be given of violations of rational conventionalities that displease us daily in the behavior of people who should know and do better. The stream may rise higher than the fountain when the flow is mental, moral or spiritual. The old adage holds good in the matter of external breeding. Just as the succulent twig is bent, the sturdy tree inclines, and it will not be coaxed or coerced into other lines.

I would that it were in the power of pen or tongue to impress this tremendous truth upon the consciences of those to whom the training of our boys and our girls is committed. Just as surely as weeds spring up in untilled ground, will a child who is not taught civility and decorous deportment develop into a boor. Refinement of speech and of manner do not grow spontaneously, any more than a statue grows into symmetry and beauty without the stroke of the sculptor's hammer, the skilled touch of his chisel.

Line upon line of paternal example, and precept upon precept from the ever-watchful mother are stroke and touch that bring gentleness out of native savagery.

Such work is as binding upon the lowly as upon the lofty. What our foremothers named "Manners" do not depend upon wealth or station. "Company manners" are the bane of good breeding. I wish the term could be stricken from every domestic vocabulary. Our stableboy was not deficient in company manners in early life. "He knew his place," said his critic. When those whom he acknowledged then as his superiors became his equals, he was found wanting in the fine courtesy which is second nature in the thoroughbred. It is too late for him to learn that affectionate intimacy among such never degenerates into gross familiarity. In the barnyard he dealt the milkmaid a slap upon the shoulder in token of amity. At his mother's table he crumbled his bread into his milk or tea, and churned it into paste. He told me once that he had dined with Lord Salisbury and lunched with Mr. Gladstone. I marveled if he broke his bread into his soup on those occasions. "His mother did not teach him how to behave when he was a boy. Poor man!"



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ON THE WAY UP

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES OF MEN WHO ARE CLIMBING UP THE LADDER

TWO RAILROAD MEN

H. U. Mudge and James E. Hurley Started as Telegraph Operators with a Love for Work

CLARENCE H. MATSON

A FEW months ago one of the great railroad systems of the country needed a new general manager. Its officers desired a man who knew every detail of the railroad business from the ground up, and one who had the ability to rebuild and overhaul their road where necessary.



H. U. MUDGE

After looking the railroad world over their choice fell on H. U. Mudge, at that time general manager of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad.

Mr. Mudge was receiving a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year from the Santa Fé. The other road, the Rock Island, offered him eighteen thousand dollars a year, but he refused it. The place offered would afford him no wider field or range of work, and he did not feel warranted in making the change

for the mere monetary consideration of an additional six thousand dollars a year.

But the Rock Island management was determined to secure the services of Mr. Mudge, and it was only a few weeks later that he was offered the second vice presidency of the entire Rock Island system at a salary of thirty-five thousand dollars a year. As this position gave him entire control of the operating department of the road, he accepted it.

Probably no other railroad man in America of equal prominence started lower in railroad work or has had a more varied experience than Mr. Mudge, yet it is this varied experience that has given him the knowledge which has enabled him to achieve his present success and that makes him sought after by great railroad systems.

In the summer of 1872, as a boy of sixteen, he applied for work to the foreman of a railroad construction gang on the Kansas prairies, where his parents had moved from Michigan, his native state. The construction gang was building the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé to the Southwest, along the old Santa Fé trail. The foreman gave the boy a job as water carrier at fifty cents a day. His duty was to carry water to the workmen. He was not out of the employ of the Santa Fé from that day until May 1, last, when he became the Rock Island's vice president. He rose steadily, sometimes through discouragements and difficulties, and always through hard work, until he was general manager of the road on which he began work as a water boy.

All the summer of 1872, the boy carried water, but when winter came the work stopped. His willingness to work had been noted, however, and he was placed in the little depot at Carbondale, Kansas, as a general roustabout. For over three years he kept at that drudgery, but all his spare time he employed in learning telegraphy. At the end of that time he was proficient enough to secure a small station of his own as agent and operator.

For two years more Mr. Mudge presided over a little railroad station, and then he went into the train service as a brakeman and baggage man. He proved so efficient in the train service that, at the end of a year, he was made a conductor.

Thus far he had acquired a knowledge of track-building, the operation of a country station, and the active operation of trains. Then he made another change,—going back to the telegraph key and running trains from the dispatcher's desk. From then on his rise was rapid. He was promoted to roadmaster and then to trainmaster. Soon afterwards he was made assistant division superintendent, and, in 1893, he became superintendent of the Rio Grande division of the Santa Fé. This was followed by promotion to the superintendency of the western division,

where one has to divide his time between the problems of hauling heavy trains over the mountains and keeping the right of way from washing down the cañons. Just as he had things well in hand out there, he was transferred to the eastern end of the road, and, in 1896, was made general superintendent of the entire Santa Fé road from Chicago to Albuquerque and El Paso. This lasted for four years, and, on January 1, 1900, he was given the general management of the operation of the road.

Under Mr. Mudge's management the Santa Fé greatly prospered. His experiences in every department of the road's operation gave him not only a personal knowledge of every detail of the work, but also a hold on the employees of the road which nothing else could have done. One of his first duties as vice president of the Rock Island was to plan the expenditure of ten million dollars for the improvement of that road. All during his career he has made it a point to master every detail that came in his way, and that is why he is to-day considered one of the greatest operating men in the railroad world.

ABOUT the time that Mr. Mudge began to run on the Santa Fé as a conductor, a young man from Iowa got a position on the same road. He had been named James E. Hurley after an uncle, an Iowa congressman. Young Hurley started at the age of twelve to make his own way in the world, not because he had to, but because he wanted to. He determined to get an education at the Iowa State Normal School at Bloomfield, and to accomplish it entirely on his own resources.

He would not accept help from his relatives, but insisted on making his own way by doing farm work in the summer and janitor work in the winter. When he started for college he had not sufficient money to pay his railroad fare, and he sold his watch so that he could ride part of the way, and he walked the remainder. He might have secured a pass from his uncle for the entire distance, but this he would not do.

After graduating at the head of his class he tried teaching school, but not liking that occupation he went to Kansas. He had no work in sight, but was offered a place as clerk in a hotel fifty miles distant. Again he had no money to pay his railroad fare. He secured five-days' work as a section hand on the Santa Fé, which was his first railroad work, and with the money thus earned, he took the position in a hotel at Sterling, Kan.

But that work was not to his liking, and a short time afterwards he was back on the railroad as a brakeman. He had worked only a few weeks, however, when it was discovered that he was not of age, and, as it was contrary to the company's rules to employ minors, he was discharged. Next he secured work as the driver of an omnibus between Strong City and Cottonwood Falls, but he could not get away from the fascination of railroad work, and while waiting for belated trains he employed his time in learning telegraphy. After he attained his majority he again secured work from the railroad company as a freight handler, and then as a station agent and telegraph operator. To-day Mr. Hurley is the successor of H. U. Mudge as general manager of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, directing the work of thousands of men.

Mr. Hurley's rise has been much like that of Mr. Mudge. He went over much the same ground, and during recent years he has been on the round of the ladder just below Mr. Mudge. His first work of importance was the handling of the Chicago division during the World's Fair rush of 1893. He knows every foot of the entire Santa Fé system, the longest in the United States. He is one of the brightest railroad men in the United States to-day. His ability is due to practical training, a thing which no theoretical knowledge will supply.



JAMES E. HURLEY

MARTIN GROVE BRUMBAUGH

He Educated Himself, and Is Winning High Success in Educating Others

J. H. WELCH

THE great degree of usefulness and personal success that may be achieved in the field of education by a man of force and broad sympathies is well illustrated in the career of Professor Martin G. Brumbaugh, of the



M. G. BRUMBAUGH

University of Pennsylvania. As the first commissioner of education under American rule in Porto Rico, as a public school superintendent, as an educational organizer, a writer, a college president and professor, few educators of his years have been so widely active, and not many have shown so well-balanced an equipment of executive ability and scholarly instinct.

Professor Brumbaugh's achievements are due solely to his own efforts. He provided his own education. Instead of the help in youth of prosperous parents, he began his career with a burden of debt, which was not contracted by himself, but which he felt in honor bound to pay. This, of course, would ordinarily be thought a handicap, but Professor Brumbaugh believes that in his case it was a blessing.

"I count myself fortunate," he informed me, "that at the age of eighteen I fell heir to a debt of three thousand eight hundred dollars, which amount I was able to pay by conducting a lumber business. I now recall with a great deal of pleasure the days in the mountain lumber camp, the close contact with primitive nature, cooking for tremendous appetites, the sleeping in a straw bunk in zero weather. I speak of my life in the forest with a feeling of pride and thankfulness. It did me good. I believe that every American citizen should be put through a hardening process in his early years, because it will give him self-reliance, help him to understand the struggles of his fellows, and intensify his faith in republican institutions."

While there can be no doubt that Professor Brumbaugh's experience as a lumberman was a developing influence, his initial strength of character is a heritage from the solid German stock that has been so potent in building up the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. He was born, in 1862, in the rich farming country in the central part of the state, and, after absorbing knowledge in a district school, proceeded to impart this knowledge to pupils who were but little younger than himself. When he had reached the age of twenty-two years he had taught two years in a school that was "five miles from a postage stamp," two years in a larger school, had been graduated from Juniata College, and had been elected county superintendent of schools. It is probable that no other educator so youthful has undertaken work of such importance.

For six years he held this position, declining a third election in order to complete his studies at Harvard University and at the University of Pennsylvania. Before he had been graduated from the latter institution he was elected to a full professorship, and about the same time was chosen president of Juniata College. One of the most fruitful activities of Professor Brumbaugh's life was in Louisiana, where he utilized his summer vacations for five successive years in organizing teachers' institutes, which have become one of the important factors in the new strength and educational uplift in that state.

When civil law under the administration of the United States government was put into operation in Porto Rico, Professor Brumbaugh, without solicitation, was appointed by President McKinley commissioner of education there. Of his work on the island he has given me this account:—

"I found a million of people, the great majority of whom had been denied opportunities for education, and yet who had in their hearts a strong desire to learn. This desire I fostered to the best of my ability. We built schoolhouses, opened schools, trained teachers, secured proper legislation, and in many ways endeavored to stimulate, throughout the island, the popular interest in education. In this work I was ably supported, first by Governor Allen, and afterwards by Governor Hunt."

Men Are in the Majority in the United States

TAKING it "by and large," the male sex is in the majority in our country by some 1,638,321, according to a recent census bulletin. In some of the states, however, the women exceed the men in number, notably in the District of Columbia, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Usually men are in excess in sparsely settled communities, and women in thickly populated regions; cities, for example, as a rule, have more females than males. In the later years of life, the women exceed the men, which seems to indicate that they are longer-lived. In the period from sixteen to twenty-five years of age, also, the reports show them to be in excess. Not being able to give a physical reason for this, Professor W. F. Willcox, of Cornell University, who discusses these statistics on behalf of the census bureau, suggests that it is due to the unwillingness of many women who have passed this period to confess the fact to the census-taker.

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Mrs. Herrick's Table Talk

Preserved Plums

Wipe each plum carefully, and prick with a fork. Weigh them, and allow a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Put the sugar in the preserving kettle and add a teacupful of water to each pound of it. When cooked to a syrup, lay in the plums and boil gently until tender. Take out the fruit carefully, not to break it, and lay it on a platter, to cool, while you boil the syrup thick. Pack in jars, fill to overflowing with the syrup, and seal.

Peach Marmalade

Peel and stone peaches, and weigh them. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Put the peaches at the side of the range in the preserving kettle and bring very slowly to a boil in the juice that flows from them. When the fruit has boiled for three quarters of an hour, add the sugar. Boil for five minutes, skimming often. Add the juice of one lemon, and six chopped kernels from the peach stones. Cook for ten minutes more, and put up in jars.

Peach Jelly

Peel, stone, and slice peaches and put them with a handful of peach kernels chopped fine into a stone jar. Set this in an outer vessel of hot water and bring to a boil, stirring frequently. When the fruit is thoroughly heated and broken, strain and measure the juice. Add to every pint of the juice the juice of one lemon, and allow to each pint of the liquid a pound of granulated sugar. Return the juice to the fire and put the sugar in pans in the open oven to heat. Boil the juice for twenty minutes, add the heated sugar, and, as soon as this is dissolved, pour into glasses.

Grape Jam

Pulp and seed Concord grapes. Allow three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar to each pound of grapes. Put pulp and juice in the kettle and bring slowly to the boil, then cook, stirring often, for three quarters of an hour. Add the sugar, cook for fifteen minutes more, turn into glasses and seal.

Pears Preserved in Molasses

Cut the blossom ends from hard pears, leaving on the stem. Peel; put over the fire in cold water, heat gradually, and stew until tender. Take the pears from the liquid, and keep warm in a covered dish at the side of the range. Measure the liquid in which the fruit was cooked and add to each pint of it a pint of molasses. Return to the fire, add a little ginger, boil for half an hour, skimming often, put the pears back into the liquid, and cook for twenty minutes. Pack the fruit in jars, fill to overflowing, and seal.

Sweet Pickled Peaches

Peel firm white peaches, weigh them, and allow a half-pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Put the sugar and peaches in the preserving kettle in alternate layers and bring slowly to a boil. Allow a pint of vinegar to six pounds of fruit and put into the vinegar a bag containing a tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, and mace. Pour the vinegar over the peaches and syrup and cook for five minutes. Remove the peaches with a perforated spoon and lay them on broad dishes to cool, while you boil the syrup until thick. Pack peaches in jars, and fill these to overflowing with the boiling syrup. Seal at once.

Green Peppers Stuffed

Cut the tops and scrape the seeds and inner white membrane from three dozen green peppers. Put tops and peppers to soak in cold brine strong enough to bear up an egg. Stand in the cellar for a fortnight, changing the brine every three days. At the end of that time drain, and stuff the peppers with a mixture made of a head of white cabbage, chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls of celery seed, a tablespoonful of whole cloves, and salt to taste. When the peppers are very full, sew or tie on the tops. Put them into a stone jar, and fill the jar to the brim with cold vinegar. Keep covered.

Brandied Peaches

Peel and weigh firm white peaches. To four pounds of the fruit allow three pounds of sugar, a pint of brandy, and a cup of water. Put the sugar and water in a preserving kettle and as soon as they reach a hard boil drop in the peaches. Simmer gently for twenty minutes, take them out and pack them in jars and boil the syrup for ten minutes more. Add the brandy, boil up once, and as soon as the boiling point is reached, remove the kettle and fill the jars to overflowing with the liquid. Seal at once.

Ginger Pears

Peel ripe pears, remove the cores, and cut into very thin slices. Weigh the pears and allow to four pounds of them the juice of two large lemons, a gill of water, three and a half pounds of sugar, and a quarter of a pound of ginger root scraped and cut into very thin slices. Put all except the lemon juice and fruit over the fire and heat until the sugar is dissolved. Next lay in the pears, add the lemon juice, and cook, uncovered, for an hour. Can while scalding hot, and seal.

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ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor and Founder



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For Table of Contents, see page opposite inside front cover

Pleasantville Terrace

ATLANTIC CITY'S NEW SUBURB



A Few of the Cottages Along the Reading R. R. Note the High Ground

EVERY word of this advertisement will interest the ambitious person who wants to get ahead in the world and gain independence with declining years. It points the way to wise investment and a comfortable fortune by showing you how to invest your savings—as little as \$1 at a time



Built and Occupied by an Atlantic City Investor

—where they will be absolutely safe, and where they will grow into large profits. Hundreds of people who acted on this advice have already nearly doubled their money. Pleasantville Terrace is Unquestionably the Greatest Real Estate Investment Opportunity Now Available Anywhere. No other suburb

Is Growing into Fortunes

so rapidly, because there is not another piece of ground in the United States as desirably located, with so many natural advantages in favor of rapid growth.



Summer Home of a Washington Family

Franklin P. Stoy, Mayor of Atlantic City, says: "I regard Pleasantville Terrace as the natural suburb of Atlantic City."

11 minutes from the great Atlantic City Boardwalk on the main line of the Reading R. R. (see time-table).

Fifty-five feet higher than Atlantic City—the only desirable high ground suitable for building, in or near Atlantic City. Not a bit of swamp-land on the property—no malaria. In short, Pleasantville Terrace is the place that is going to make fortunes for those who have the foresight to invest there now, just



Building Operations are Under Way in Every Section

Like Atlantic City Has Made Millionaires



Residence of a Southern Family

of thoughtful men who bought tracts of the "barren island" that has since become the "Queen City of the Coast."

We bought this tract before the present rise in values and laid out Pleasantville Terrace; otherwise, we could not offer building lots 25 x 100 feet at from \$25 to \$55 (according to location), payable in easy weekly or monthly amounts, as little as \$1 weekly.

We definitely guarantee continuously increasing values and insure successful development of Pleasantville Terrace by helping lot owners to build. Note photographs of houses already built and under way.



The Cozy Corner Home of a Philadelphian

Pleased Investors, All Over the World, Endorse Pleasantville Terrace

(Extracts from Letters on File in my office)

From a Missionary in Tenma, Nara, Japan
It gives me pleasure to testify to the promptness, courtesy and entirely satisfactory manner which has characterized all the business relations I have sustained with the Atlantic City Estate Company, and of my implicit confidence in their integrity.

From Basalt, Colorado
One of the satisfactory things of life is the feeling of having done some one thing well. I believe that the one thing I have done well is the investment I made at Pleasantville Terrace. I certainly have no other investment I consider in any way near as good.

From Regina, N. W. T., Canada
Enclosed find check. I am well acquainted with Pleasantville Terrace, and I know that it is a first-class investment. Many thanks for your good selection. Thanking you for your courtesy and promptness, I remain.

From Atlantic City, N. J.
I own several lots at Pleasantville Terrace, and am familiar with that locality. The land is high and desirable, the streets graded and graveled, and considerable building improvements made. The place is readily accessible.

Washington Woman Receives Free Deed
I want to thank you for the courteous fulfillment of your promise of issuing free deed. I understand there had only been paid on this account \$12.50, and I cannot help but express my appreciation for the prompt and courteous manner in which you fulfilled your promise.

From Brattleboro, Vermont
I think there is a promising future for Pleasantville Terrace, and with the improvements the Company are making it will be an ideal town. We intend to build there as soon as opportunity permits.

From Oakland, California
I have been watching investments of various forms for a number of years, have noted the collapse of some "get-rich-quick" concerns, and am more than ever confirmed in my belief that the best possible investment for a man to-day is real estate, and that the best real estate investment is Pleasantville Terrace.

From Philadelphia, Pa.
I made the most thorough kind of investigation before I bought land at Pleasantville Terrace to satisfy myself that things were as you claimed. I find that you have more than fulfilled your promises and am very glad to recommend you to any one contemplating an investment.

opment of Pleasantville Terrace by helping lot owners to build. Note photographs of houses already built and under way.

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VICTOR J. HUMBRECHT, President

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