

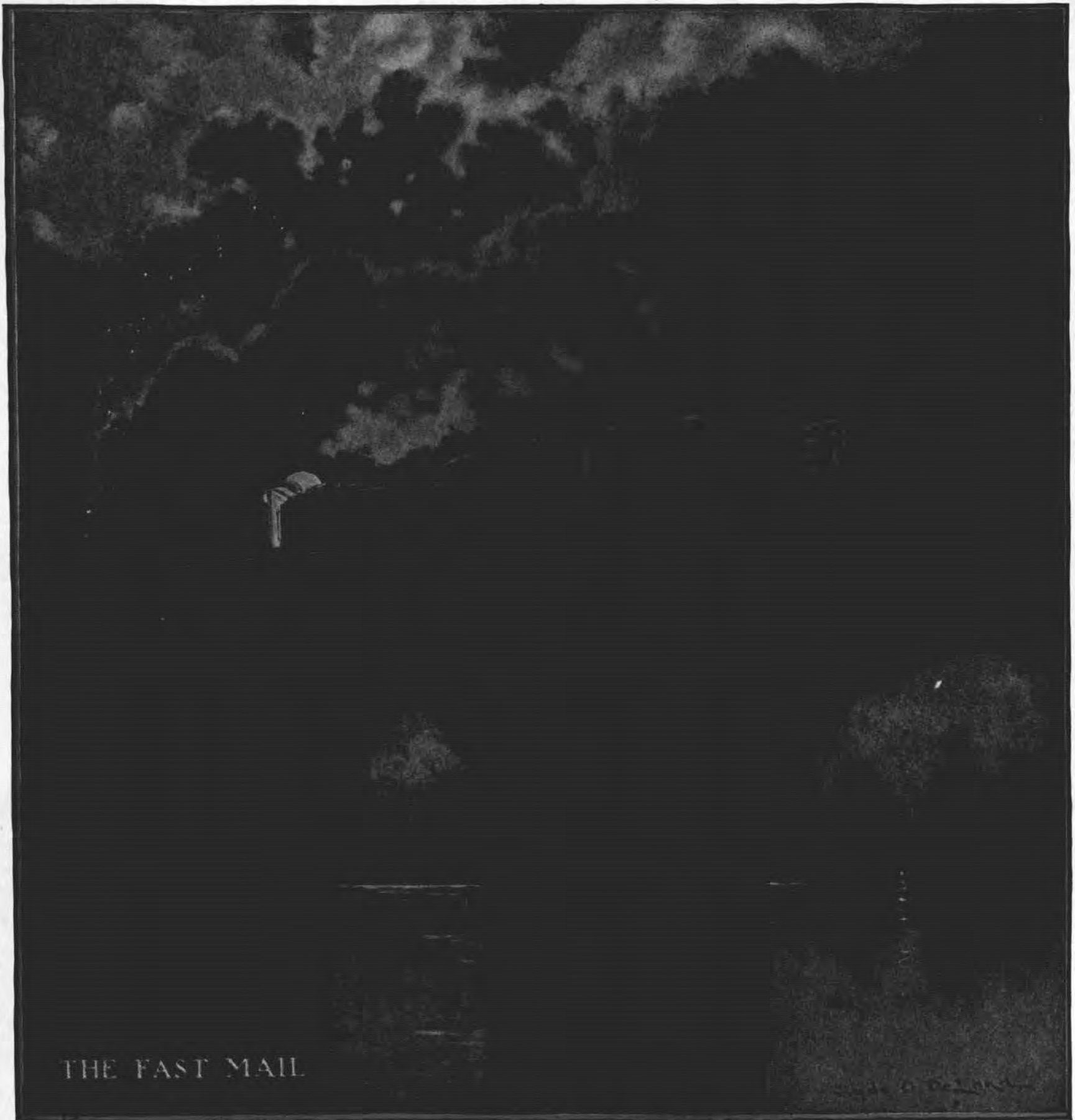
THE GREAT SPEED TRAINS OF AMERICA

# SUCCESS

## MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

1905



THE FAST MAIL

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK—PRICE 10 CENTS

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by the Publishers of SUCCESS

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THE SUCCESS COMPANY

WASHINGTON SQUARE,

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Thousands of magazine readers look forward each season with eager anticipation for our wonderful offers of high-class magazines, and wait until they can take advantage of them. In the hands of an energetic agent, these offers almost sell themselves.

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combines the following special advantages:

1. The **commission** allowed on each subscription is a third larger than that usually allowed on a high-class Dollar Magazine.
2. We are offering at the present time a larger amount in **cash prizes** for subscriptions than any other Dollar Magazine in America.
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4. We instruct a new agent in his work, down to the smallest detail, by means of a **correspondence course in magazine salesmanship**. It consists of a series of fourteen "Talks," each taking up progressively some important phase of the work, and the whole series forms a complete and explicit plan whereby any individual of ordinary intelligence and energy will know exactly how to proceed in order to inaugurate and carry out a successful subscription campaign in any territory. These "Talks" are mailed, one each day, after the agent takes the field, and thus he gets, at the right stage of his development, the exact information that he needs. The plan of instruction is entirely original with the SUCCESS MAGAZINE and has been phenomenally successful. The instruction alone is worth many dollars to any ambitious young man.

A handsome booklet, in which many of our successful subscription agents tell how they are making large sums of money, will be sent upon request. **Write to-day for full information.**

**The Success Circulation Bureau**  
8 Washington Square, New York

We shall be particularly glad to hear from those who have acted as local agents for us in previous subscription seasons.



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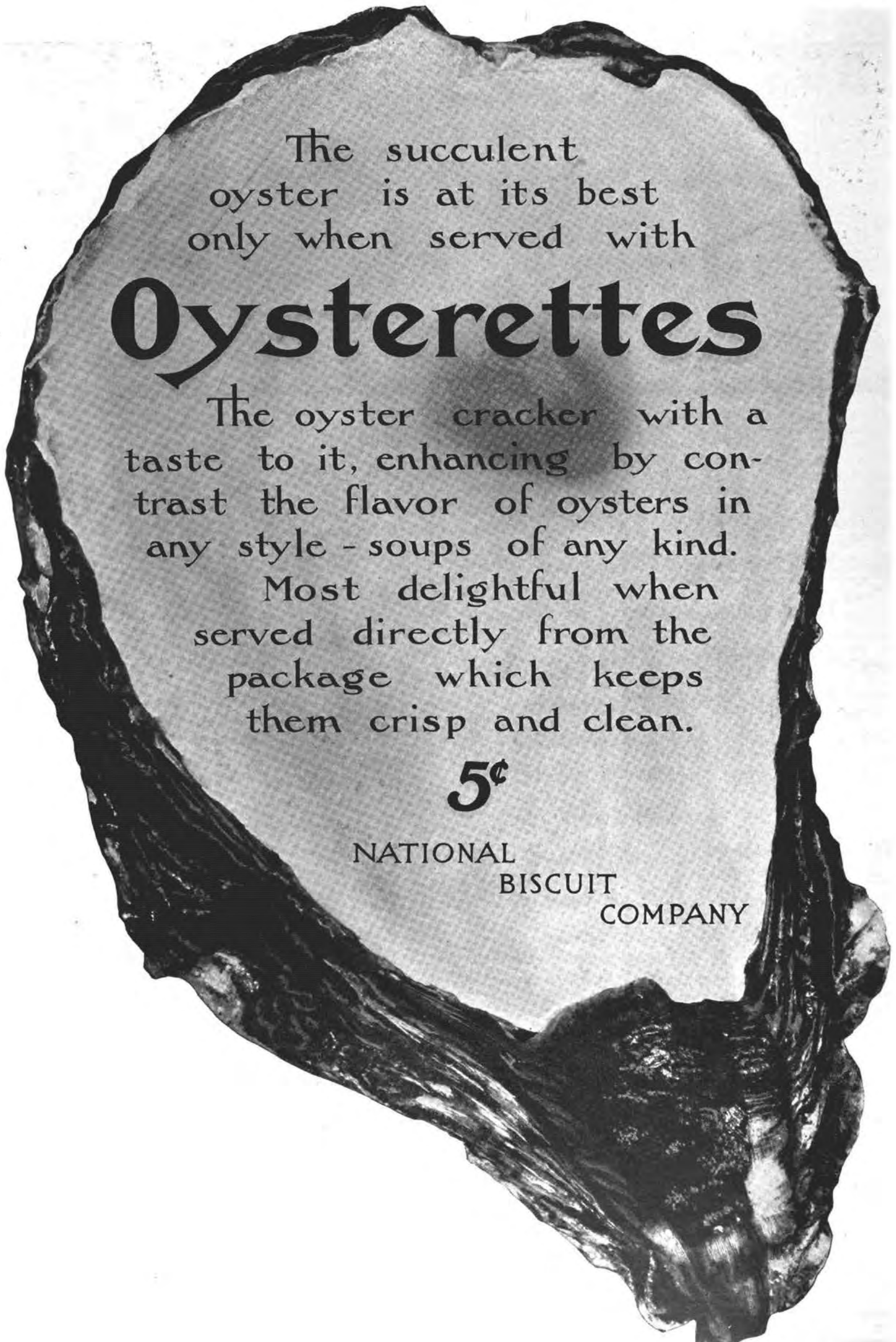
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# SUCCESS

NEW YORK,  
VOLUME VIII.

# MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1905

NUMBER 137



## A Day with Thomas F. Ryan

By Henry  
Harrison Lewis

[ILLUSTRATION BY  
FLETCHER C.  
RANSOM]

IT is one of the little peculiarities of life that our everyday comedies and tragedies are generally played without appropriate stage settings. Some of the greatest events—in fact, most of them,—occur without the red fire and blare of trumpets considered necessary in the mimic drama. The playwright of the twenty-second century, for instance, certainly will be hard put to find picturesque surroundings with which to clothe his creations treating of the present age. If his themes include high finance, there can be no background of cavern depths and dull-glowing furnaces and a strange array of glass retorts. The money-making operations of this century are woefully disappointing in their environments.

THERE FINANCIERS PLAY SKITTLES WITH BILLIONS

For example, you would not expect to find even a tarnished silver half dollar in the somber, dull stone building squatted like an Egyptian tomb on the southeast corner of Nassau and Liberty Streets, in New York City. There is nothing in the forbidding structure, or in its unimpressive surroundings, to indicate that somewhere within its walls men gather, at times, to play a quiet little game of skittles with commercial properties worth billions as the

pins, and "communities of interests" as the balls with which to knock them about.

THEY TALK IN WHISPERS ABOUT MIGHTY DEEDS

If you should leave the throng that passes and passes all day long in the narrow thoroughfare fronting this building, and should mount the score of well-worn marble steps that lead into the room occupying the corner, you still would find nothing to indicate that you were within a few yards of an apartment in which millions upon millions of dollars are juggled practically six days in the week, and where men come with whispering voices to talk over business deals involving the savings or the comfort of thousands of their fellow men.

The room occupying the corner is the home of the Morton Trust Company. Its furnishings are severely plain. There are glass and marble partitions and wire cages, here and there, and very few people visible even behind the partitions. There is an air of discreetness, or quiet dignity, very like the unconscious bearing of a born aristocrat. This trust company is an aristocrat among its kind. It is well groomed in its appointments, and there is no vulgar display of jewelry or loud attire. Its deposits of

fifty millions of dollars are not flaunted in the faces of the multitude.

When once past the entrance you will find a short, rather broad corridor leading toward the right. At the end of this is an enclosure guarded by a brass railing, and behind this railing you will find the first visible indication that you are approaching the inner chamber of chambers. The indication is in the shape of a stalwart man clad in a watchman's gray uniform.

The guard watches your approach with an attention akin to suspicion. He rises from his chair and interposes his huge bulk at the gate. You have no chance to linger or to look around. His glance is a direct and peremptory challenge. You must state your business at once.

"What is it, sir?" this stalwart gatekeeper asks.

Now comes the crucial moment. You see a massive oaken door in the wall behind the brass railing, and you know instinctively that back of that door is a man around whom there revolves, to-day, the swirling money-mad whirlpool of Wall Street,—a man who was comparatively unknown to the general public three months ago, and who, by one of the most dramatic and unexpected coups in the history of high finance, vaulted in a single night to the topmost rung of the speculative financial ladder.

You ask if Mr. Thomas F. Ryan is in, and present your card or the letter of introduction with which you may be armed. A secretary appears, in response to a summons, and by a few direct questions learns your business. In nine cases out of ten he will promise very courteously to bring the matter to Mr. Ryan's attention. In the tenth case, if you are fortunate, he will bid you follow him.

Beyond that oaken door is a suite of three rooms. Visitors enter the middle apartment, which is richly furnished with rugs, costly leather lounging chairs, and a handsomely carved table. There is one object that instantly attracts attention. It is an immense steel safe fully six feet square at the base and rising almost to the ceiling. It is silvered outside, and if the doors are open one can see that it is of the most modern fire-and-burglar-proof construction.

It is very difficult to resist the temptation to see what is in that safe, especially when one recalls that its owner, Thomas F. Ryan, is popularly supposed to control securities and cash assets exceeding the sum of one thousand million dollars.

As seen through the open door the apartment on the right is equipped as a board-meeting room. It contains a long center table around which are placed a dozen extremely comfortable leather chairs, and other furnishings common to such rooms. Several broad plate-glass windows look upon Nassau Street, but the elevation of the apartment is such that the hurrying throng beneath is not visible. The first personal impression of Thomas F. Ryan is received in this room. Resting upon the broad mantel are several unframed photographs of Oak Ridge, his favorite country estate in Virginia, a small framed photograph of Mr. Ryan himself, and, what is rather surprising, a framed cartoon made by J. Campbell Cory for the New York "Evening World," which is happily entitled, "The Boss of Them All."

To the ordinary visitor the presence of this cartoon is unexpected. It has been a matter of conjecture to me just how the average public man regards the caricatures of himself published with such freedom in the daily press. One naturally would think that, in the majority of cases, a man's sensitiveness would suffer affront at the liberties taken by many cartoonists, and especially so in the case of Mr. Ryan, as it was in this office, long after business hours, one day in June, that the bargain was made in which Thomas F. Ryan, in return for \$2,500,000. in cold cash, received the controlling shares of Equitable stock, which, although nominally valued at the small sum of \$50,200., actually meant, in valuation, the larger sum to Mr. Ryan. Such men as Harriman, Depew, and George J. Gould gazed at Mr. Cory's effort, while this gigantic transfer was in operation, with many a well-meaning glance.

In passing it may be interesting to learn the facts of this Equitable coup and why Mr. Ryan decided to pay fifty times the face valuation of James Hazen Hyde's controlling shares of stock. In explaining his reasons for acquiring Mr. Hyde's stock, Mr. Ryan told the story of a southern planter whose neighbors were engaged in bickering and in legal fights. Feeling that the market value of his own lands was becoming endangered, the planter considered it a good investment



9.00 A. M.—AT THE BANK



12.00 M.—INSPECTING PROPERTIES



2.30 P. M.—DICTATION



5.00 P. M.—THE CLUB

to purchase his neighbors' lands, even at an exorbitant price. Like the planter, Mr. Ryan paid a large sum,—not for the purpose of controlling the Equitable Company, but rather to put an effectual stop to the bickerings and scandal that were in a fair way to hurt the other enormous holdings controlled by himself and his business associates. It has been pointed out, in the public press, that some mysterious and necessarily diabolical purpose is at the bottom of Mr. Ryan's action,—that he is not the man to tie up two millions and a half of his capital, either for the three thousand, five hundred and fourteen dollars of legal interest he can draw annually on the investment or for the protection of the policy holders.

In part, this is true enough. He is not engaged in any extensive philanthropic plan of high finance. It is a part of his creed as a man to deplore any suffering that may ensue to policy holders or the public at large through maladministration of insurance institutions, but there is no reason to believe that he paid fifty times the face value of James Hazen Hyde's Equitable stock because of any heartfelt compassion. Thomas Fortune Ryan [You will observe the significance of his middle name.] is a business man of the ultramodern type.

He is engaged in playing a game that is quite popular, these days,—at least, with a certain small and select group of men. Any one can obtain a fairly clear idea of the game, with its methods and stakes, by glancing through a most interesting and comprehensive book entitled "The Directory of Directors," or another book, red of cover and equally entertaining, called "Moody's Manual."

The former book gives the names of the players and some idea of the stakes, while the latter goes into greater detail. From these books you can learn, for instance, that the name of the game is *high finance*, and also that Thomas Fortune Ryan is almost, if not quite, the most expert player in the lot. You can see that his cards are numerous, and that they are the ace of clubs, the ace of diamonds, the ace of spades, and all the kings and jacks in the pack. They are not known under those familiar names, however. The ace of clubs, for instance, is better recognized in the Street, where the game is played, as the Metropolitan Securities Company, and the ace of diamonds is known as the National Bank of Commerce.



1.00 P. M.—LUNCHEON

And what can we say about the player?

The third office in the suite of three located within the Morton Trust Company's quarters is Thomas Fortune Ryan's private sanctum. It is a perfect office, with nothing gilt or gaudy, but having the simple effectiveness that comes from dark polished wood and dark leather. As you enter the room the very first thing to strike your attention is a massive flat-top mahogany desk in front of the window, and a man seated at the desk.

You have seen Thomas F. Ryan's portrait, many times, in the press, and you recognize the man at once. His physical appearance is that of a great many others. He is big, standing over six feet, and solid, but not stout. His broad shoulders are well thrown back, and he looks in the prime of life, despite the fact that he is past fifty-four years of age. His hair is barely sprinkled with gray, his cheeks are smooth and ruddy, and he wears a close-cropped mustache. The chin is unusually short, which means nothing at all with this man.

The strength in his face is confined to the eyes. They are gray, and very steady and cool. You look at little else when you are talking with him. If you are studying the man you find here your clue to his character. There is little to be gained from his voice, which is quiet, modulated, and dispassionate. It is said of him that he is a much better listener than talker. This attribute seems to be a common property of those who play "the game." As in whist, there is more to be gained by thinking and acting than by talking about it.

During his office hours Mr. Ryan is easily approached by those who have business with him, but there must be no time wasted. His official day begins at ten o'clock, when he reaches the building. He works after a well-ordered system. Before his appearance, his secretary makes up the appointments for the day in calendar form and places the list upon the desk. There is a brief attention to the correspondence that sifts past the various secretaries' desks, and then, within a very short time



4.00 P. M.—A BUSINESS VISIT



after the financier's arrival, the important consultations begin.

As a rule, the other players in the game come to see Mr. Ryan; he seldom goes to see them. He attends the directors' meetings when he is especially interested in the financial propositions involved, but his daily task is more that of a captain in a conning tower who directs operations through subordinates and a thorough system of wires. Mr. Ryan's system of wires is the finest in the country, and he is an expert manipulator.

Although he has many irons in the fire, being either a director or trustee in thirty-two different financial or commercial organizations, he never permits one to interfere with another. When he undertakes an important task, such as the consolidation of the tobacco interests or the reorganization of a street-railway system, he gives it almost his entire attention.

Just at present his time is devoted to the reorganization of the Seaboard Air Line, which, with him, has taken the place of the powerful National Bank of Commerce, his last business hobby. Before that he brought order out of chaos in the tobacco business. His work in that connection will not soon be forgotten, nor his famous journey to London when war threatened between the international tobacco interests. That particular achievement indicates beyond doubt that the great capitalist secures his commercial victories more often with the aid of the olive branch than with the sword.

It will be recalled that trouble was brewing between the American and the English tobacco concerns when the former, fresh from an advantageous combination of local interests, decided to invade the English field. The British companies, under the leadership of Sir Charles Wills, promptly announced their intention to retaliate by invading the American field. A deadlock ensued at once. The war grew apace, until it became apparent that, as with the Kilkenny cats, the ultimate result must be the defeat of both. At this interesting juncture it was decided by the American directors to ask Thomas F. Ryan to go abroad and open peace negotiations.

MR. RYAN DAILY SWIMS IN A VERITABLE SEA OF SURGING FINANCE

He had never traveled. He did not want to travel, and he was not at all interested in foreign scenery, but he took passage for London as he would take a train for his place in Virginia. Disdaining legal assistance, and unaccompanied, even by a secretary, he sought the enemy in London and extended the olive branch. Scarcely a month had passed when he was back, having persuaded the British invaders to withdraw from the American market, and *vice versa*. A mutual agreement was signed by which the two companies were to be open competitors in the other markets of the world, for which purpose he organized the fifteen-million-dollar British-American Tobacco Company, two thirds of the stock of which are owned in this country.

During his short trip abroad Mr. Ryan made only a brief visit to Paris. He paid little attention to the sights of London, and did not show the slightest interest in the doings of the court. He accomplished his task and immediately returned home to take up his other work. His immediate associates and his family, who are ever trying to persuade him to take a prolonged vacation, hoped that the little taste of travel would induce him to go abroad for pleasure, but at the present writing there is no indication that he will leave his desk.

Like many another devotee of "the game," he finds his pleasure in his business. A *dahabeah* voyage up the Nile is



THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN  
A HUMAN MOGUL IN THE WORLD OF MONEY



Bank of Commerce, the Union Exchange Bank, the Metropolitan Securities Company, the Electric Storage Battery Company, the United Lead Company, the Washington Life Insurance Company, the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Industrial Trust Company, of Providence, and many others."

HIS FINANCIAL INVESTMENTS PENETRATE ALL PARTS OF THE UNION

Fancy the diversity of interests crowding the horizon of Mr. Ryan's waking moments! His financial investments penetrate all fields. From the hour of ten in the morning, when he makes his appearance, until four or five in the afternoon, his office in New York is the Mecca of men whose business interests cover almost every branch of trade.

A representative of the Consolidated Tobacco Company comes to him at half past ten, enjoys twenty-five minutes of time, and is succeeded by a gas magnate. Then a financial deal connected with several trust companies lasts until half past eleven, to be followed by a brief conference on the Cuba Company's latest venture in Cuban development. During the hour before lunch executive attention will be given to questions concerning the New York Carbide and Acetylene Company, the Pine Products Company, and probably the Washington Life Insurance Company, of which Mr. Ryan is a director.

Luncheon is taken with a personal friend or a business associate, and then the routine of work is resumed. A certain amount of Mr. Ryan's time must be devoted to the consideration of new enterprises or suggestions which result in nothing, but the waste is small. Probably three quarters of the financier's day's work are taken up with important conferences. He spends little time alone in his office; but, when he does request a few minutes for self-communion, he finds his private apartment ideally adapted to the purpose.

Born in Nelson County, Virginia, October 17, 1851, he launched forth, at a very early age, as a minor clerk in a Baltimore commission house. Two years there equipped him for a broader field and he set his face toward the metropolis. Associating himself with a stock-brokerage firm in Wall Street, he soon attracted attention as a broker of superior judgment. In time he secured control of the Richmond Terminal, and from that day on forced his way up the financial ladder.



THE BOSS OF THEM ALL  
BY J. CAMPBELL CORY

This cartoon appeared in a recent issue of the New York Evening "World." It so pleased Mr. Ryan that he wrote to Mr. Cory for the original. It hangs prominently, in an expensive frame, in his office





# The Great Speed Trains of America

HOW THE WINGS OF TIME ARE DAILY CLIPPED IN AN EIGHTEEN-HOUR JOURNEY FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

By Samuel Merwin

MOST of us, I suppose, think of the "Empire State Express" or of the "Pennsylvania Special" as a definite thing. The "Twentieth Century Limited," particularly, seemed to me as definite a thing as the "St. Paul" or the "Kaiser Wilhelm II." or the "Campania;" and it was queer to have to think of it as nothing but a name and a column of figures in the time-table. The "Kaiser Wilhelm II." has a name and a column of figures, but it is a real thing besides, and when it goes into drydock for repairs it disappears from the time-table. The eighteen-hour train, on the other hand, is made up of nine or ten locomotives and sixteen to twenty cars and ever so many different conductors and crews, some of whom never saw one another; and, even if the big, throbbing locomotive and the four handsome cars which may be seen, every afternoon, in the Grand Central Station were to dive to the bottom of the Hudson River, you would find what would seem to be the same engine and the same four cars there on the following afternoon, as usual. It would be the same "Twentieth Century Limited."

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS WORK ONLY ON ALTERNATE DAYS

Few of those who show their tickets at the gate and board the train and eat dinner and smoke and go to bed and wake up the next morning in Chicago bother their heads very much about what it means. The men who do think about it are the superintendents and dispatchers and track inspectors and enginemen and conductors and towermen and roundhouse hostlers. These not only think about it, but also feel, a good many of them, the wonderful picturesque poetry of it; they live it, indeed, and where devoted men are living a thing you will find the heart of it. So I saw that the trip to Chicago must begin at the Mott Haven roundhouse, where the big, terribly lifelike "3809" is every day groomed and petted and fed for the run to Albany.

This locomotive, "3809," does all the work hauling the "Century" back and forth between Albany and New York. But it is different with the engineers. Running an engine one hundred and forty-three miles in one hundred and sixty minutes, without a stop, is nervous business, even for those splendidly sane men, Martin Ryan and Thomas Sherwood, who do it, and who hardly know themselves what nervous business it is; so they work only on alternate days. For a month of this work, which is made up of fifteen days of the finest excitement in the world and fifteen days of sedentary quiet, each is paid something like one hundred and seventy dollars.

On my day at Mott Haven, John Daniels was in charge, for Martin Ryan had gone to the seashore on his vacation. Daniels could not conceal a certain boyish pleasure over his performance on the run down; for it was his first trip on the "Century," and he had made up ten minutes which had been lost on the Mohawk Division, and the conductor had assured him, in my hearing, that nothing had been spilled in the dining car. "The curves are pretty bad, in some places," Daniels explained, "and if the engineer took them at seventy miles an hour things would get knocked around. So you put on the brakes

just a little,—not enough to lose speed, but enough to tighten her up,—and she takes it steadier. If I was to spill somebody's soup hitting a curve, I'd hear from it right off." Engine-driving is almost an art,—so much may be done if an engineer has a sense for the *finesse* of his craft to save wear on track and rolling stock and to make the ride easier for the heedless individuals back in the train.

GROOMING "3809" FOR A RUN IS A METHODOICAL PIECE OF WORK

We had dinner, Daniels and I, in the building of the railroad Young Men's Christian Association, which adjoins the roundhouse. All about us were engineers and firemen, eating, smoking, playing checkers, dozing, or chatting on the front steps. They were a quiet, clear-eyed lot. Everybody knew everybody else and called him by his Christian name. There was plenty of banter, but no evidences of friction. Every man knew just what he had to do and just when and where he was to do it. Sitting side by side were men who have driven engines for forty or fifty years and young firemen who are studying hard for that third examination which they must pass before they may become engineers on the New York Central.

At one o'clock, two and one-half hours before the train would leave the station, we left the Young Men's Christian Association building and walked down the steps and into the roundhouse. I counted twenty-four locomotives there, all diverging from the turntable, and all blowing off steam in a mighty roar. The atmosphere was charged with a sense of power chained and turned to account. We walked around, Daniels and I, passed the pilots of a dozen engines, and came upon

our own "3809." Then we sat on the window sill, soaked up spots of black grease into our clothes, and looked "her" over. Her water tank had been filled. A chute had opened and poured tons of coal into her tender,—it was piled as high as the cab roof and was held in its bin by a board fence across the front of it. Next they had run her over a pit and gauged the scoop with which she takes up water while running forty-five miles an hour. The locomotive inspector had examined her and reported all sound. The air-brake inspector had done his duty. The oiler had crawled in underneath and done the "heavy" oiling. Two men had come along and filled the rod cups with grease. A hostler had looked after the water in the boiler. A humble individual had clambered up on the tender and shoveled the coal around a bit, for reasons best known to himself and his superiors. And now the machinist was tinkering at little odd jobs, and the carpenter was putting a new slat in the pilot and painting it a glossy black.

At two o'clock, or a very little after, I climbed up the steps and took a seat on the fireman's box, and we backed out of the roundhouse. A humorous young man in overalls hailed us as we started and asked Daniels, "How did you make it?" and then suddenly pointed the finger of derision and shouted, "Git out o' the way o' the Twentieth Century Limited!"

Daniels chuckled, and explained, across the cab, "That's 'Spike' Foley, the notorious fireman."



ARTHUR ALLEN,—“BIG ARTHUR”

He is one of the engineers on the fast trains of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. He is the oldest engineer in the service, having "run" nearly forty-five years, without an accident



We slid out on the turntable, swung around, and backed down to take a little more water. On the next track was a gondola car full of coal, and a man who threw great chunks of it across on the floor of the cab. A painter pursued us down the yard, climbed over the pilot, and took advantage of these two or three minutes to add a very little to the luster of the boilers. We were ready. The fire was glowing red through the half-open door. The great engine was quivering under us. The tower man gave us the word to start, and we were off, backing down across the Harlem and the viaducts and through the tunnel, dodging the regular traffic, and picking our way through the amazing tangle of tracks outside the train shed. We had no orders; but somebody, somewhere, knew all about "3809" and was throwing the switches for her, running her in precisely where she ought to be run in. It was all very simple,—no mistakes, no waiting, no confusion or misunderstanding. The switches opened as we came to them, and shut, I suppose, when we had passed them, yet I could not see that anybody in the yards so much as glanced at us, unless it was for a wave and a little congratulatory nod to John Daniels, or a shout of "Where's Martin?" from some passing engineer.

#### SPEED, LUXURY AND RIGHT OF WAY MAKE A RARE COMBINATION

The great train shed was very gloomy and quiet after the noise and glare of the yards. The train of four cars lay waiting. The crew and the Pullman men, all in immaculate uniforms, were standing by the car steps. It was early; the passengers had not yet been admitted. We waited a quarter of an hour, then coupled up to the baggage car, and Daniels got at once into communication with the rear brakeman and tested the air brakes. He would try them yet once more with a "running test," just after the train should start. Meantime he would fill every minute with "outside" oiling.

At a quarter past three the gates were opened, and the passengers came streaming through. At half past three the station master waved his handkerchief, the conductor raised his hand, and the "Century" rolled quietly out of the station. We like to ride at an exclusive rate of speed. We like to sit on heavily upholstered cushions, [Some of us, I fear, like to put our feet on them, if only to show that we are as big as George M. Pullman ever was.] to press a button for iced things in glasses or for a book from the very select library, to glance up casually at the market report, just as if we were really concerned over our wide investments, and to stroll forward into the barber shop where we shall also find a shining white bath tub and a device for pressing trousers overnight. We also like to saunter back through the buffet car and the sleepers and the compartment car (as if we owned them,) to the observation room with its soft-toned hangings and its big plate-glass windows. It is not unpleasant, while here, to scowl a little and dictate a very important letter to the stenographer; or, if we should chance to belong to the daintier and fluffier of the sexes, to ring for the low-voiced maid in waiting.

We like these things, and so we get them,—speed, luxury, and the magnificent consciousness that we have the right of way over all the rest of mankind; and, when we turn into our snowy berths and stretch out, oh, so comfortably! under the electric reading lamp, we find it difficult to remember that a beardless train dispatcher is sitting over a telegraph instrument in a secluded little office at Buffalo and plotting out our mad race minute by minute; that tower

men are watching, in lonely spots, for our headlight; and that two grimy individuals in grimier overalls are peering out from a rather greasy, blistering hot engine cab up ahead and waving to each other across the cab a little signal which conveys the most significant message in the world,—“All clear ahead!”

It was growing late in the evening, and we were ten miles west of Syracuse. The trip, so far, had been uneventful. Conductor Snyder came through the buffet car and dropped into a seat opposite that occupied by the head brakeman and myself. “You see,” said he, good-naturedly, “there is n’t anything wonderful about it. Good engines and a clear track,—that’s about all. The Central is running fifty or sixty good passenger trains over these tracks right along, every day, besides all the heavy freights.”

I put into words the thought which had been growing in my mind. “When I think of all the details that must be considered before the train starts,” I said, “I wonder that it gets through at all. Keeping the engines constantly up to their work is a big undertaking by itself. Keeping up the track is another,—and the rolling stock,—and then shooting the train through this tangle of traffic, day after day, hot or cold, rain or shine, always on time or pretty near it, giving your money back if you should be late,—I must admit it’s too much for me.”

“Well,” the conductor replied, “it is too much for one man, but it’s not too much for a system like ours.”

“But there must be occasions when all the fates combine to block you.”

“There are,—once in a while. Then it’s up to all of us. We can’t lie down, you know. Somehow or other she’s got to go through.”

We were silent for a little while. Beneath us sounded the monotonous clickety! clickety! clickety! clickety! of the wheels. Outside the broad window shadow-like trees and fences were blurring by. Within the car five or six stoutish, well-clad men were sipping beverages and reading magazines. A fresh-faced college boy was comfortably settled at the desk in the corner, writing home. The barber had dropped

off to sleep. Everything about me spoke of luxurious repose. “The conductor is right,” thought I: “it is a simple thing,—good engines,—a clear track,—and fifty, sixty, or seventy miles an hour,—at New York, this evening,—at Chicago, to-morrow morning,—a thousand miles dropped off the map, one of them while I think this sentence. That’s all,—very simple!”—and I drew from my side pocket a little yellow-clad volume of De Quincey. It opened of itself in my hand. “The modern modes of traveling”—says the gentle dreamer,—“can not compare with the mail-coach system in grandeur and power.” \* \* \* I lowered the book and leaned over against the window and shaded my eyes with one hand. The dream-trees were racing by. Lights in farmhouse windows rushed up and disappeared. Clickety!—clickety!—clickety! sang the wheels. Those wires, galloping endlessly by, were, I knew, though I could not hear them, singing the song of the new century, and up ahead, throwing, now and then, a ruddy glow into the night, was the roaring locomotive, the most powerful monster yet tamed by man.

We were twenty-five miles west of Syracuse when the brakes went on. Conductor and brakeman were up in an instant—I after them,—



AWAITING THE SIGNAL



THE BATHROOM AND BARBER SHOP OF A MODERN EXPRESS TRAIN



THE DISPATCHER  
"Plotting our mad race minute by minute"

and on the platform and hanging out from the vestibule steps. Slower and slower ran the train, and finally stopped. Something had gone wrong with the engine. For the time all hands—conductor, engineer, fireman, and brakeman,—turned mechanics and tinkered up one cylinder. Then we went back to the train to try her again.

"Go ahead!" shouted Snyder.

We went ahead, but by leaps and bounds.

"Steady be jerks!" observed the brakeman.

"What's the matter?"

"She's running on one cylinder. The engineer says he can make the next telegraph station."

It was like driving a bicycle with one pedal. When we should get up a little speed the jerks would be less noticeable. So we pounded along.

"When it does come," said I, "I suppose it comes like this."

"Rarely twice alike," Snyder replied, "but—" We were slowing down again, and he was all business, as he should be. A dark station lay ahead.

"Operator's gone home," cried the brakeman; "I was afraid of it."

"We'll try to get to Clyde, then," said Snyder to the engineer, a moment later. "Can you make it?"

"Of course," replied the dark figure in the cab window.

Again came the jerks and bumps while we were starting up.

"What can you do now?" I asked.

"Oh, it's up to the dispatcher as soon as we can get in touch with him. I don't know what he'll do."

"But how can he know anything about you?"

"He knows all about us. We should have been reported as passing the next tower a good while ago. The fact that the tower man hasn't reported us as passing tells him something's the matter, and he'll know it's probably the engine."

EVEN A GIGANTIC LOCOMOTIVE MUST OCCASIONALLY "GO LAME"

So here we were in the hands of the beardless young man who sits over a telegraph instrument in Buffalo, one hundred and eleven miles away! The dispatcher knew all about us,—Snyder was sure of that. Why? Because it was the dispatcher's business to know all about us. There you have a glimpse of the system.

We came limping into Clyde on one leg, and Snyder's confidence was justified. A freight had been held against the emergency. The dispatcher took in our story in a few crisp telegraphic syllables, and instantly ordered the freight engine to abandon its train and take ours. It needed but a short moment,—a few flashes back and forth,—and the big decapod was hurrying clumsily over: we could see her lights, a hundred yards away. Nobody asked questions, nobody explained anything; simply the lame engine hopped away and the big fellow came clanking in.

"Go ahead!" cried Snyder; "what's the matter with you?" And ahead we went. Snyder's words came back to me: "Somehow or other she's got to go through."

At Rochester another passenger engine was ready for us,—the dispatcher's work, again. We had dropped an hour and thirty minutes, but we were going through.

"I suppose this new fellow will make up some of it," I said to the brakeman, when we were back in the buffet car.

"It's against the rules to make up more than ten minutes on any one division," he replied; "but he'll do that much. Pretty soon we'll be on a down grade, and there's where you'll see some fast running." After a while he added, "We're on it now."

We were running very easily, but on looking out of the window I saw that our speed was terrific.

"Three engines, one division!" mused the brakeman. "I never saw anything just like it. The funny thing is that the first one was n't our regular engine. It belongs to the Lake Shore Limited. The South-western Limited got ours,—hers had trouble with the air just as she was starting. Humming, isn't she?"

"Rather," said I.

"SHALL WE THROW HIM OFF FOR A JOHANN?" ASKED SNYDER

Suddenly an unfamiliar noise fell on our ears,—a noise which had no place in the healthy roar of the train. It was a pounding and bumping under the car and a fusillade of small objects against the floor. The brakeman stiffened up and listened, then sprang for the signal cord, and on that down grade, with everything clear, we had to stop while the engineer and fireman wired up a loose brake beam. For the fifth time since leaving Syracuse we swung aboard the train and the engine started up and plunged ahead.

We stood in the buffet car. "Beats automobiling!" said I, all innocence.

But Snyder was looking from his brakeman to me. "Shall we throw him off for a Jonah, John?" said he to the brakeman.

That is why I withdrew—I will not say retreated,—from this pleasant company, and went to bed.

## II.

We were sitting in the buffet car,—a paper manufacturer, a cartoonist, and I. Chicago lay behind us, and Elkhart. It was diverting

to sit, watch in hand, looking out for mile posts as they flew past. "Fifty-one seconds!" we cried together; then, "Fifty-two!"—a wait,— "Fifty-seven!—Fifty-three!—Forty-nine!" Says De Quincey: "Apart from such an assertion as that somebody says we have gone fifty miles in the hour, or upon the evidence of such a result as that actually we find ourselves in York four hours after leaving London, I am little aware of the pace. But, seated on the old mail coach, we needed no evidence out of ourselves to indicate the velocity. We heard our speed, we saw it, we felt it as a thrilling; and this speed was incarnated in the fiery eyeballs of an animal, in his dilated nostrils, spasmodic muscles, and echoing hoofs."—And, sitting here in comfortable wicker chairs, everything about us club-like and serene, I had almost to admit that he was right. There was the evidence of the watches, and the noticeable fact that water *would not* stay in the washbowl, and that was about all. But I had not yet run through the sensations to be experienced on this ride. I had not yet mounted the locomotive.

THE AUTHOR DESCRIBES HIS NIGHT RIDE IN THE LOCOMOTIVE CAB

We were to change train crews and engines at Toledo. Now this may be thought a matter of some deliberation. A number of different things must be attended to in uncoupling, a number in coupling, and the old engine must be allowed space and time to get out of the way of the new. The old conductor, too, must catch his engineer and ask him why he lost two minutes in running through Goshen,—the superintendent will have something to say about those two minutes!—and he must turn over his tickets and papers to the new conductor.

Dwelling on these things, and regretting that I had brought no cap along, I stepped down bareheaded at Toledo. The new conductor was a large man of great presence and greater side whiskers. "Is this Mr. Merwin?" said he. Somewhat surprised, I admitted that it was. "Well," he continued, "if you're going on the engine you'd better hustle."

I ran forward. The new locomotive was already backing in. A crew from Toledo was waiting to couple up. "They ain't so good as the Albany crew," observed a trainman, "but they're pretty fast." Shining with paint, throbbing with energy, oiled, watered, and coaled for a heartbreaking race, the iron horse slowed down and the coupling crew hovered about her. I caught the hand rail and clambered up. The cab was higher than I had supposed it would be,—I could see only the roof of a car on the next track. The fireman was reaching over to the injector. The engineer was drawing on a pair of new white gauntlets.

"Good evening!" said I. It was a quarter to seven, and broad daylight.

"Good evening!" replied the engineer. "Is this Mr. Merwin?" Here was the system, again,—simple, yet all-inclusive, with no detail too small to be considered in the arrangements. "It's been a warm day," he went on.

"Very," I replied; and, mopping the great beads off my forehead and glancing into the white-hot furnace, I was led to add, "and it promises to be a warm evening."

NEARLY EVERY OTHER MINUTE THE FIREMAN SHOVELED IN COAL

The engineer smiled and nodded. The fireman hopped down, and pointed to his leather-cushioned box on the left side of the cab. "Sit there," he said, and then, while I was stepping up, he reached over and wiped off the cushion with a handful of waste. I felt, at once, that these men were my hosts, so easily was good feeling established. There was no time to say more. I sat on the forward edge, leaving room for the fireman to crowd in behind me. My knees were extended at right angles to each other, with the corner of the fire box pressing in between. It was close quarters and very warm. Later, when the fireman sprinkled water over the floor, clouds of steam arose. The gold rim of my spectacles began to feel hot against my skin. When, from time to time, I drew out my watch, the metal case was very hot. The boards underfoot brought to mind a certain very disagreeable floor in the "Rue Morgue." I looked out along the running board, and the engine seemed a terrible sort of monster. Was it really thoroughly tamed? Sometimes they turn on one,—I knew that.

This quickening of the pulse seemed rather absurd. Many persons have ridden on locomotives and lived to write about it. And yet—this was the Twentieth Century Limited! There was something in the notion of it. A thousand miles in eighteen hours! Since Adam, or since the first electron, if you please, we had been coming to this.

"All right!" called the fireman, who had been hanging out over the steps. "Go ahead!" Then he swung in, opened the fire-box door, and threw in four or five shovelfuls of coal. In another minute or so he was at it again. During a part of the first hour I timed him at his work, and found that the intervals between firings were seldom more than ninety seconds. Forty or forty-five times an hour he was at work with the coal scoop. I have not the figures at hand and this fireman had no time to answer questions, but he probably threw in from three to five tons of coal between Toledo and Cleveland.

At the word the engineer quietly pulled the lever, and the engine, without the slightest jerk or effort, started ahead. There was no jolting, and very little swaying. We ran easily through the yards,—so easily, indeed, that it was necessary to look out to realize that our

[Concluded on pages 701 and 702]





"NOW, JUAN, YOU INQUIAH IF DEY AIN'T GWINE TO HAB A 'LECTION HEAH'"

## The Fall of G. Washington Jefferson

A FANTASY OF THE PHILIPPINES

By Charles F. Martin

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM]

IT was a few days before the municipal election in Cabanital, an isolated town in a remote province of one of the larger islands of the Philippine group. The "presidente," whose incumbency had continued twelve consecutive years, had but recently died, leaving to his family a large fortune accumulated by the excellent system of taxation he had inaugurated. His successor must be chosen, and already several aspirants had appeared in the field and were diligently electioneering among the barefooted citizens after methods common in principle, if not in application, to all countries. The market place was a scene of great activity, and the brown-faced señoritas in charge of the *tiendas* were making record sales of *cigarillos*, roasted grasshoppers, and other dainties dear to Filipino tastes.

Now, Cabanital was far removed from the agitated centers of the islands; and of the Spanish-American War, followed by the Philippine insurrection, scarcely an echo had disturbed the serenity of its languorous life. It

was said that a great nation had captured Manila, and that an American governor general had become the supreme authority over all the Philippines. This was all well and good to the inhabitants of Cabanital. It was really immaterial who had possession of Manila, which was so distant as to be hopelessly beyond the limits of the possible expeditions which even the most ambitious of the Cabanital peasants might undertake.

So, when a *carromato* containing a gigantic American negro stopped before the market place, business was temporarily suspended, and everybody collected in awed little groups to discuss the probable object of this strange visit.

The huge stranger noted with satisfaction the impression he had made, and, lighting a cigar with a lordly flourish, he addressed his *cochero*, a Filipino youth who evidently served him in the double capacity of an interpreter and general body servant.

"Juan, you go an' tell de princ'pul citizens

ob dis town dat a represen'tive ob de Amer'cun guv'ment desiahs to hab a conf'runce wid 'em."

The boy sprang down with alacrity, and, passing from group to group, transmitted the message.

After much animated and somewhat dubious consultation, about a dozen barefooted natives clad in *camisas* approached and, with many profound bows, ranged themselves in a respectful semicircle round the *carromato*.

"Now, Juan," said the representative of the great American nation, "you inquiah ob dese *hombres* if dey ain't gwine to hab a 'lection heah foh a new *presidente*."

Juan submitted the query, and informed his master that such was the case.

"Bueno, you infawm de gen'lemen dat I is de honohble Jawge Washington Jeffahson, and dat de guv'nah gen'ral ob Manila sent me heah as de Amer'cun candidate foh de posishun, subjec' to de will ob de votahs."

Juan's translation of this information produced a profound impression, and the principal citizens, being unable to think of anything more appropriate, made another series of respectful bows, which George Washington Jefferson gravely acknowledged.

"What is de day set foh de 'lection?" was the next question put by the new candidate for political honors.

On being told that it was the following Saturday, he requested, in the name of the governor general, that he be provided with suitable quarters pending the result of the campaign.

This was the signal for another prolonged and excited conference. After some time, however, an old, gray-haired native, acting as spokesman, deferentially offered to the honorable stranger the "*Presidencia*," which was the municipal headquarters and had been furnished most comfortably by the late *presidente* from funds appropriated for the purpose by the village council. The American candidate would be provided with the necessary servants and with everything needful to his comfort.

The offer was graciously accepted, and, after inviting the entire populace to visit him, in order that he might become acquainted with all his new friends, the distinguished stranger was conducted by a silent but respectful escort to his new quarters.

When the *carromato* of the visitor had disappeared round a corner, a gasp of recovering speech swept over the bewildered assemblage in the market place. Then arose a most confused babble of admiration for the noble and independent bearing of the gigantic American and of inquiry concerning the power and importance of his government. Of the latter no one seemed to know anything definite, except that it had been strong enough to drive out the Spaniards and to gain possession of Manila. This was sufficient evidence of power to render it extremely advisable to do nothing to incense the governor general, who, as was plainly exemplified by his representative, came of a race of men infinitely superior in physique, and, perhaps, in other respects, to the diminutive natives.

The local candidates for the municipal rulership of Cabanital saw their stars rapidly waning; but, with the intuitive diplomacy of the Orient, they realized that, in case of failure to become the central luminary, the reflected luster accorded to its satellites would be the next best thing. Hence they joined the procession which that evening filed into the spacious rooms of the "*Presidencia*."

Everything needful to the comfort of George Washington Jefferson had included a large supply of food and delicacies, the ordering of which had pretty plainly indicated that Mr. Jefferson had a fair knowledge of the luxuries which the country was capable of affording.

To these good things, which were spread out on the long tables, the visitors were invited to

help themselves. Moreover, there was a punch, compounded by George Washington Jefferson himself of various materials, the principal element thereof being American whisky, which the long-sighted politician had brought with him.

The reception resulted most satisfactorily and aroused such a spirit of hospitality among the natives that, during the ensuing week, the great American was the guest of honor at a series of feasts and celebrations.

Attired in a shiny old frock coat, white trousers, a flamboyant necktie, and a worn silk hat, Mr. Jefferson attracted universal admiration, and everything pointed to a successful culmination of his ambitious political hopes.

One incident occurred which might have directed suspicion to the justness of George Washington's claims, but he met it with such promptness and decision that it served only to render his position more secure.

Juan brought him word that one of his political opponents was circulating a report that the governor general at Manila was a white man, and that, therefore, it must be erroneous to consider the Americans were a dark-skinned race.

Obtaining a private interview with the scheming Filipino, the injured American went directly to the matter at issue.

"Juan," he said, pacing the floor, with an expression of outraged dignity on his face, "inquiah ob dis gen'leman if he's been spreadin' de unpawdonable repoht dat de guv'nah gen'ral ob Manila is a white man."

After some hesitation the perturbed native admitted that he had told one or two friends that he had heard a mere rumor to that effect.

"Well, infawm de gen'leman dat, if he had any knowlige ob Amer'cun histry, he would hab known bettah dan to listen to sich nonsense. Tell him, as a mattah ob infohmation, dat dar is some white men in Amer'ca, but dey is subowd'nate, sah,—subowd'nate. Befoh de Wah ob de Rebolushun dey was in a state ob slav'ry, but mah pahternal ancestahs, Jawge Washington an' Abe Linkin, freed um frum deh bonds; but dey is not 'lowed to run foh sich offices as de guv'nah gen'ral's,—dey's subowd'nate to de gen'lemen ob colah. Dey's all well enough, in deh place.

"And if de gen'leman desiahs to cast any 'spersions on de gov'nah gen'ral ob Manila, why, I is heah to defen' de honah ob mah country wid mah life!"

Here the indignant Mr. Jefferson caught up an old cavalry saber from a table, and assumed such a formidable attitude that the frightened little native begged piteously to be given an opportunity to atone for the mistakes he had made.

George Washington Jefferson, after due deliberation, decided to overlook the insult to his race on condition that the offender undo the harm he had wrought by retracting his former statements, and by transmitting to his friends the lesson in United States history which he had learned. This was accordingly done with Juan as a witness to the revised testimony of the subdued political agitator.

The day of the election having finally arrived, the members of the committee of the village aldermen appointed for the purpose were preparing to receive and record the votes, when the American candidate for the office of president appeared before them. In his hand he held a large white envelope, tied with colored string and picturesquely decorated with red sealing wax.

"Gen'lemen," he said, addressing the committee, "I hol's in mah han' a comunicashun which I'se jest received frum de gov'nah gen'ral, pintin' me de 'ficial jedge ob dis 'lection."

At this information the committee looked dazed. George Washington gravely untied the envelope, and produced, with much ceremony, a paper which, by the initiated, would have been recognized as a soldier's discharge certificate from the United States army. Spreading it out on the table, he said, "De translashun ob dis yeah paper is as follows:—

"'To de Honohble Jawge Washington Jeffahson, frum de Guv'nah Gen'ral ob de Philip-pines,—Deah Sah an' Fren': Posin' speshul confidence in youah 'tegrity an' pawshality, I heahby 'pints you jedge ob de 'lection at



Cabanital on de present date,—desiahin' dat de propah candidate will be 'lected, subjec' to de will of de peopul. You is 'quested to s'lect sich 'sistent jedges as you needs.'" The greatly trusted George Washington then pointed out the signature of the powerful American ruler of things Philippine.

The committee respectfully examined the unquestionably important-looking document, and, after some consultation, expressed entire willingness to conform to the wishes of the authority at Manila.

The judge then stated that he would name, as his assistants, the honorable gentlemen composing the committee, and that their duty would be to record the votes which he, as their legal head, would receive and announce in person.

So, when the voters began to arrive, they were directed to place their ballots, which were of a very primitive nature, in the basket before the American.

The result of the election was a landslide for George Washington Jefferson; and, in his speech of acceptance, he thanked his constituents, with

great solemnity, for their unanimous support.

The new *presidente* assumed the duties of his office at once. As an evidence of his devotion to the public welfare, he turned his attention, not later than the following day, to the most important of the questions requiring his consideration,—namely, that of the taxes.

He found the system of his predecessor capable of great improvement. The latter had neglected to impose taxes on the dogs,—a serious omission, considering that every native possessed two or three; then owners of fighting cocks—a class comprising almost the entire population,—had been permitted to maintain their feathered combatants free from taxation. In fact, the deceased *presidente* would have turned green with envy could he have seen the improvements introduced into his system. As a step toward economy in his administration, George Washington eliminated the offices of secretary and treasurer, and acted, himself, in both capacities.

The new *presidente* did not overlook some needed municipal improvements: the streets received more care, and sanitary conditions were somewhat bettered. However, in these matters, no additional expense was incurred, for George Washington gradually effected the requirement that the citizens should themselves devote a certain amount of labor to such ameliorations.

As for the natives affected by these adroitly inaugurated changes, they accepted the new conditions with Eastern stoicism. The lower classes, unless led away by some self-centered demagogue, take but little interest in matters of government. Having their material wants practically provided for by nature, they have but little ambition to enter into matters beyond the scope of their everyday life. More satisfactory it is to smoke their cigarettes in the shade, and stake their desultory earnings at the cockpits.

Realizing the quickest way to their good will, the *presidente* encouraged the "fiestas" and entered heartily into the diversions of the people. He provided frequent entertainments for them, and his house was always open to all.

So, for many months, he had administered affairs at Cabanital to the entire satisfaction of all concerned,—not omitting himself. What he would have achieved had not fate intervened is beyond prophecy, but the tenor of

things was not permitted to continue uninterrupted.

One day, during a great "fiesta," the *presidente* was heading a triumphal procession which was parading the principal streets of the town. The city orchestra with its bamboo instruments was playing with vigor if not with technique, at either side of the *presidente's* carriage,—for he had a carriage now which had been brought laboriously in "caraboa" carts over the long road from the nearest seaport. George Washington was leaning luxuriously back, smoking a huge cigar and reflecting comfortably on the superiority of a tropical to a temperate clime. Suddenly he started up, his attention fixed on some object down the street.

"Juan," he said to his magnificently attired coachman, "am dat a white man I sees?"

Juan followed his master's perturbed gaze. "Si, señor," was his reply.

"Foh de Lawd's sake! What foh he want to come heah? Take me home, Juan; I feels kinder 's if I'se gwine to hab a chill."

So the natives, with great astonishment.

[Concluded on pages 703 and 704]



# The Yankee Drummer Abroad

TRUE STORIES OF ONE WHO BATTLED WITH RESTRICTIONS AND RED TAPE AND CHASED A PROSPECTIVE BUYER ACROSS THE ANDES

By H. D. Varnum

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE]

THE steadily growing interest in the possibilities of foreign trade now being evinced by American manufacturers of articles available for export is opening to our commercial salesmen a new and decidedly picturesque branch of their profession. The demand for men capable of acquiring a working knowledge of certain foreign tongues is increasing. Recently a large manufacturer of food products added five men to his foreign branch, and within the past six months no fewer than twenty-three firms made their first ventures into outside markets.

The belief that a good traveling salesman, like the poet, is born, not made, applies particularly to those who go beyond seas to do their work. It goes without saying that the average salesman can do better selling goods in his own country than he can in alien lands. Everything—language, customs, environment,—is in his favor within the United States, while abroad he is like a cat in a strange garret. Thus it is that manufacturers contemplating the extension of their trade into foreign countries through their own efforts are severely critical in their search for the proper representatives.

The field is growing and the demand is increasing day by day, but the supply of available material is not overabundant. One manufacturing firm connected with the novelty trade decided, last April, to send a man through South America and Central America for the purpose of looking over the ground. The firm employed at least twenty men on the road, but when the senior member consulted with his heads of departments it was found that not one of the twenty was equipped for foreign work, nor did any of them offer promise of training. The salesmen were valuable in their own field, but when it came to a knowledge of the Spanish language not one of them could qualify. Moreover, none of the twenty seemed possessed of the commercial *savoir faire* requisite in a salesman many thousand miles away from headquarters.

It can not be doubted that much more is expected from a traveling salesman in a foreign country than from one selling goods within the confines of the United States. Nor is it to be doubted that larger salaries, or greater commissions, will be paid the man who carries the war into the enemy's country. The comparatively few commercial travelers representing American houses abroad, to-day, receive more money than their brethren in local fields, and it is conceded that they earn it.

What constitutes the ideal equipment of the traveling salesman abroad?

A careful canvass of the American houses in foreign trade enables the writer to offer the following general qualifications:—

In the first place, the commercial traveler should have a thorough knowledge of the goods he has to sell, and a working knowledge of the language of the country he is visiting; or, in any event, of German or French, if the country is European; or Spanish and English, if it is in South or Central America.

The salesman must have an understanding of the code of ordinary manners and business etiquette of the country to guard him against mistakes which, although seemingly unimportant, might affect the success of his mission. For instance, it is not considered good form to insist on showing samples during the first visit to any merchant of a Latin-American country. The first call is considered social, and business, beyond a few chance references, is tabooed. In this connection it may be said that an ordinary route, at home, requiring six weeks, would occupy at least four months in South or Central America, or in any of several European countries.



"THE OPERA COMPANY HAS GONE THERE"

The successful salesman must have an understanding of business procedure and general credit customs sufficient to allow him to arrange matters of payment and details of shipments without reference to the home firm and without endangering the financial certainty of its returns. The salesman who fails to show the prospective customer sufficient courtesy, or who makes the common mistake of classifying all foreigners as beneath the average American citizen, soon loses his usefulness. Nor should a salesman act with the belief that his prospective customer is ignorant of the relative values of articles. In the matter of credits it must be thoroughly understood, at the start, that cash sales, or sales even at thirty days, form the exception. Throughout South and Central America long credits are requested and must be given. In Uruguay, for instance, cases have been known where two years' credit for agricultural implements was deemed necessary because of the difficulty experienced by the wholesalers of Montevideo in securing money from their customers in the interior. America's trade rivals, the Germans and the English, have accepted these conditions and do not hesitate to grant the credits.

The successful traveling salesman abroad must have the ability to intelligently observe the needs and tastes of the people so that he may keep his home firm carefully posted with a view to extending business. The faculty of discernment should be cultivated. To extend a market or to discover a new one forms a valuable attribute in a

commercial traveler. The man who sells his goods to the best advantage is a useful employee, but he who creates a demand, and materially increases his sales, is of greater value. A salesman for a large American pickle and condiment firm, while journeying through Central America, noticed that the principal articles of food of the masses were corn cakes and black beans. The cakes were made from common field corn bruised and triturated in a homemade mortar, and the beans were of the ordinary garden variety. The salesman was much interested, and finally he wrote his home firm describing the articles and making certain recommendations. In due time he received a number of sample cans and packages, one kind of can containing black beans, the packages of dried cakes requiring only a little water and heating to make them resemble the native corn cakes. It required a great deal of hard work to introduce the new articles, but at last accounts they were selling fairly well, especially in the larger cities and towns. That salesman was more than an ordinary commercial traveler, and without doubt his employers realized and appreciated the fact.

It is of considerable importance that a commercial traveler in foreign countries be prepared to meet emergencies. He will be handicapped at the very beginning, if he can not decide small matters, or, in special cases, even render judgment in important affairs without consulting his employers by mail or cable. A salesman abroad works at long range, and very often it is not only not expedient but also costly to endeavor to consult the home firm. I am reminded of a case in point which occurred only last spring. A traveling man for a well-known electrical supply house happened to be in Hongkong when word came to him that an English electrical firm having the concession to install a lighting and power system on a large plantation in Sumatra had forfeited the contract because of lapse of the time allowance. A steamer was leaving for Singapore with connections for Sumatra, that day, and there was no time to cable the firm for instructions. The salesman acted on his own judgment, went to Sumatra, and landed the contract before even mentioning it to his house. The expense entailed, what with steamer fares and money used on the island, was a large item, but



it was money well spent on good judgment, and the firm expressed its approval by sending a substantial bonus to the salesman.

A commercial traveler sent abroad by an American house should so command the confidence of his employers that his expense bills, ordinarily, will not be questioned. This is especially true in connection with houses new in the trade. Sending an experienced and capable man is more expensive than placing a man on the road in the United States, and it is well for the employer to bear this in mind. Ignorance of conditions abroad may induce an employer to question certain expense items, but it is always the part of wisdom to pass them if the salesman is worthy of confidence. In some countries, for instance, expenses for entertainment are quite large and just as necessary as a hotel charge.

It is not often, however, that salesmen abroad are confronted with a condition like that which fell in the way of a man named Roberts, who traveled in South America for an agricultural implement house. Roberts landed in Buenos Ayres after covering Brazil and Uruguay, and made special efforts to get in touch with a large wholesale firm practically controlling the best and most populous provinces. The buyer for the firm, whom I will call Garcia, seemed very glad to meet the American, and, when the latter proposed a visit to the theater where an opera company from Paris was playing, Garcia cordially consented.

It was the final performance before leaving the country and the buyer seemed greatly interested. The second day following, which had been set for the first business interview, found Roberts calling at the headquarters of the firm on Calle Moreno. To his great surprise he learned that Garcia had secured leave of absence and had left for Mendoza that very morning.

"The opera company has gone there," added his informant, with a grin. "The company is on its way to Chile, and perhaps Señor Garcia will go there, too."

Roberts was nonplused. He wasted little time in blaming the buyer, as he knew the man's nationality and character. He did want that order, however, and he spent an hour or two thinking over the situation. Then he wired ahead in an effort to catch Garcia, but without avail. When the noon train left for Mendoza via the *Ferro-Carril al Pacifico*, he was one of its passengers. Under ordinary circumstances he might have treated without Garcia's assistance, but he had a new line of implements which required the latter's personal attention.

On reaching Mendoza, the following morning, Roberts was greatly disappointed to learn that the opera company, with Garcia in its train, had left, several hours previously, for Chile, by way of the pass over the Andes Mountains. The passage was one requiring some preparation, as traveling was done by horses and mules along a narrow trail reaching a considerable elevation, through a wild country. The opera troupe had ordered its conveyances some time before, but Roberts found it difficult to secure a mount. It was not until the next morning that he succeeded in getting a fast mule and a guide to accompany him. The bonus he paid over the usual price loomed big on his expense account, but he did not hesitate.

That ride through the foot-hills and up the rocky sides of the mighty Andes Mountains was a novel and most wonderful experience for the American traveling salesman. The mules were not spared, and noon of the following day found Roberts and his guide within sight of the opera troupe, which had halted for the midday meal. When he rode up to the little roadside cabin and called out a greeting to Garcia, there was great surprise; and, when he drew the buyer one side and explained his mission, the surprise became unqualified admiration for the pluck and persistence of the American salesman.

Roberts secured his order, and it was large enough to repay him for the trouble and expense he had undergone. He showed himself a man in emergencies, and his experience proved that the expense account of a traveling salesman in foreign countries is liable to contain some picturesque items.

In connection with the selling of goods abroad through the medium of a commercial traveler it is worthy of note that, the smaller and more unimportant the country, the more restrictions and red tape one finds. This is true with the exception of Russia. This great empire is con-

sidered to be one of the best fields for a traveling salesman, but it is hedged in and bound up by an intricate and apparently unjust system of licenses and penalties.

Traveling salesmen who have no permanently located house in the Russian Empire are subject to two taxes as individual merchants,—a state industrial tax of fifty rubles, or twenty-five dollars and seventy-five cents, and a communal tax of ten rubles, or five dollars and fifteen cents. In addition to the regular communal tax there are several smaller taxes and fees to be paid to the local authorities. It must be understood, however, that these sums are asked of all salesmen who are not Jews. If the commercial traveler belongs to the Hebrew race, he must pay a tax of five hundred rubles, or two hundred and twenty-six dollars and sixty cents more than his Christian brethren! Another remarkable fact is that, in the adjustment of the taxes for Jews, the general rule prevails that the religion of the head of the firm determines the religion of the firm as a whole and of all agents and representatives sent out by it. The proof of the religious denomination of a firm is attached to the trade license through the instrumentality of the compulsory *visé*. The trade license consists of the receipt for the tax mentioned above, which must be paid at the first custom-house. It is good only from the date of issuance to the first of January following. If a commercial traveler from America, for instance, should reach Russia the first of December, it would be necessary for him to pay full price for a license lasting only one month.

In fine contradistinction to Russia's regulations are those offered by Great Britain. Commercial travelers in the British Isles are exempt from all taxes and special trade licenses or concessions except in case of those commodities for the sale of which special public licenses are requisite.

In the latter case foreign salesmen are subject to the regular trade regulations, such as those governing traffic in alcoholic liquors and wines, the selling of which requires a special license costing fifty-one dollars and nine cents annually, and those relating to the sale of tobacco requiring a license of about a dollar and twenty-eight cents, which is hardly worth considering. Unlike most other countries Russia allows samples and salable goods to be carried and business done with them by commercial travelers without authorization, passport, or certificate. Where samples are dutiable, such duty must be deposited, but refundment is made if the same are re-exported within one year from the date of their entry.

This rule regarding the refundment of duties on samples generally obtains in European countries, with the exception of Turkey, where it is the custom to retain one per

cent. of all the duties deposited to cover the cost of administration.

The question of selling goods in Turkey seems to be one of the vexatious problems confronting the American exporter. Trade with the Orient and the Levant is always accompanied by great dangers and risks. Experience has shown that only powerful firms, with a large capitalization, can successfully cope with the difficulties of Eastern commerce. Only such firms can afford to give the long credits required by the Turkish merchant, and bear the losses which seem so inseparable from trade under the shadow of the great mosque. It is said that certain German firms dealing with the East have found that a gross profit of fifteen per cent. must be realized if a profitable business is to be done. Although commercial travelers are exempt from taxation, in Turkey, and are given every facility, conditions are such that only a few American commercial travelers include the sultan's domains in their European route. According to the government statistical reports United States merchants do not export much more than half a million dollars' worth of manufactured articles to Turkey in a year. Compare this with the amount, exceeding twenty-one million dollars, which we export to the Netherlands, for instance, and it will be seen that our trade with the Ottoman Empire is not very valuable.

The German regulations connected with the foreign traveling salesman who may desire to ply his trade within the kaiser's realm are particularly stringent. All foreign salesmen must procure licenses. If the article handled should include fruit, eggs, poultry, beeswax, or honey, the salesman will be refused a license if he has ever been under police surveillance, or if he has ever been known as a habitual drunkard or vagrant, though what selling beeswax has to do with vagrancy or drink-



"'BACK HOME THEY DON'T MAKE A MAN TELL WHAT HIS GRAND-MOTHER DIED OF BEFORE HE IS ALLOWED TO SELL CORN PLASTERS.'"

ing, more than any other article of commerce, is not apparent. It will be well for any salesman considering a trip through Germany to look up the regulations at any German consulate before starting. He may be spared expense and possible humiliation by so doing.

A case in point was the experience of a salesman for a typewriter manufactory who went across to work Belgium, and at the last moment thought he would make a short trip through the northern part of Germany. He carried with him a compound prepared by himself which contained beeswax as one of the ingredients, and which he desired to introduce as a lubricating article for typewriters and other delicate mechanisms.

When he presented his passport, at the first custom-house across the frontier, an official began to question him. He was first asked if his only line was that of typewriters, and, when he replied that he had a lubricating compound to sell, the official demanded to know its ingredients. When beeswax was mentioned, a new line of interrogations was started.

"Have you ever been under police surveillance?" asked the official, crisply.

"No," replied the American. "But what—"

"Have you ever served a sentence of three months or more for any criminal act or misdemeanor?" he was interrupted.

At this the salesman became angry.

"Are you trying to insult me?" he cried. "What do you mean by asking such idiotic questions? I never stole anything in my life, and even if I did I never stole beeswax. I bought that wax and paid for it. If you require an autobiographical sketch of my life, I'll have one printed and mailed to you; and, even if it is necessary to make a fool of yourself, you can't make one of me. I do n't have to sell my compound in your country. There are other places. Back home in God's country, they do n't make a man tell what his great grandmother died of before he is allowed to sell corn plasters."

The official was unmoved. He made an entry upon a piece of paper, and continued:—

"Have you one or more children not properly cared for, or who, if between six and fourteen years of age,—"

He did not finish the question. There was no need. The American had fled, evidently convinced that only the angel Gabriel could sell beeswax in the German Empire. The regulations under which this commercial traveler was interrogated can be found on file at any German consulate. They were in force as late as May, 1905.

It is interesting to note that, of late, commercial travelers from other countries are made welcome by the various associations of commercial salesmen found in Belgium, France, and Germany. In Belgium, for instance, a society was formed, in 1891, in which not only foreigners, but men in other lines, without distinction,—merchants, contractors, and clerks,—indeed, all persons connected with commercial life,—are eligible to membership. It has grown to be a vast association of tradesmen, divided into professional sections. There are five thousand members, and, while the headquarters are at Brussels, committees are located in all of the important manufacturing and trading centers of the Continent.

The association interests itself in all questions concerning the various industries represented in its membership. Free instruction in English, German, bookkeeping, and commercial law is given to members, and to their sons under eighteen years of age. The government contributes funds for meeting this expense, and the instruction is terminated by rigid examinations under the superintendence of professors connected with the commercial high-school annex of the Institute of St. Louis, at Brussels. Diplomas are awarded, and already these have been of great assistance in securing good positions for their holders. It is of distinct benefit to a traveler to be a member of this association, whether or not he intends to take advantage of any of its beneficiary features. Its headquarters are on Boulevard Anspach, Brussels, Belgium.

The Commercial Travelers' Association of France has its headquarters in the Boulevard Strasbourg, Paris, with sections in all principal towns. It is conducted mainly on the same lines as the association in Belgium, and the one in Germany. A foreign traveling salesman, in many cases, can obtain valuable information by applying to the association. Foreigners are debarred from membership in the German association, but they are permitted to enjoy its privileges.

## A Rolling Stone

### *The Story of Reddy and the Wrong Side of a Maxim*

By H. A. THOMPSON

AT a chamber of commerce dinner I sat next to a man who is recognized as one of New York's leading merchants, and for that reason I shall call him Mr. Smith.

Afterwards we walked around to his club. On the way he remarked, "What did you think of that last speech?"

"I suppose the reporters will call it a masterly address," I replied, tentatively.

"Yes; he's one of those chaps who can call a spade more different names and do it more eloquently than any one else I've ever heard. But do you remember anything he said?"

"Come to think of it, I do n't."

"No; he did n't say anything. The only impression his speech left on me is a confused blur of words."

By this time we were at the club. When we were ensconced in comfortable chairs, Smith resumed:—

"Out of the glittering galaxy of words and phrases, I do remember one or two,—'stick-to-it-iveness'—he seemed to be very fond of that word,—and 'a rolling stone.' I think he talked for ten minutes on the different kinds of moss a rolling stone fails to gather."

After a short pause, Smith continued:—

"A couple of months ago I dropped into a concern where I started as a clerk. There was another clerk there named Carruthers. He had this start of me, all right, a good high-school education, family without a flaw, dressed well,—his linen was immaculate, his clothes and his habits unimpeachable. A stranger would have taken him for the boss, particularly as the boss was often taken for the janitor. On a scale of points the judges would have awarded Carruthers the blue ribbon. When I left he was getting ten dollars a week, was at business punctually every morning, did his work properly, was guilty of no dissipation, minded his own business,—and stopped there. Somehow, the men who get along are those who find it their business, in business, to mind some other fellow's business."

"Well! If a chap writing a book on 'How to Succeed' had run across Carruthers he'd 'a' put the clerk's picture in as a frontispiece and devoted a chapter to him. Unfortunately, he did n't come along, and it never occurred to Carruthers to look him up."

"That was thirty years ago. When I called there, the other day, Carruthers was still in indisputable authority over ledger N to Z. He was gray and

thinner, but his linen was immaculate, his trousers neatly pressed, and he was minding his own business. He was a bachelor still, he told me. Think of it! Thirty years, and no kid to call him father!

"Still here," I said, making a stab at something cheerful to hide my real feelings.

"Still here," he said. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," you know."

"That was about the best exposition of the wrong side of a maxim I ever heard. It was sad but Carruthers did n't know it was sad."

"I said to the boss, as I was leaving, 'What's Carruthers getting?'"

"Twenty-five a week," he replied.

"That is n't more than enough to keep him," I said.

"It's all his job's worth, and the Lord knows where he would get another," said the boss.

"I suppose a rolling stone does n't gather moss, and I guess Carruthers got about all the moss that he needs in his business. But I think a rolling stone gets a bit polished; it certainly has variety, and undoubtedly it runs across many opportunities, and bless me if I can

really see what on earth it wants with moss, anyway.

"There was another chap there, in those days,—a little red-headed fellow, who was a trifle careless about blacking his shoes every morning. He was invoice clerk and he used to nose around the books, asking what this was for and what that was for. Carruthers used to tell him that bookkeeping is a science beyond the comprehension of the ordinary intellect. But that never feazed Reddy. I rather liked him,—somehow I have always had a weakness for red-heads,—and used to give him a pointer now and then. In those days an order was entered in a blotter, then the invoice was made out from the blotter, a slip for the packer written out, and the charge posted from the blotter to the ledger."

"Reddy went to the boss, one day, and suggested, in a shamefaced manner, as if he expected to get fired, that, if a book in triplicate was used, with carbon paper, the blotter entry, invoice and packer's slip could be made out at the same time."

"The boss saw the point, but he did n't care to spoil the boy with too much praise, so he said, 'Do I pay you for working or thinking?'"

"For working," answered Reddy; but, with the glint of a twinkle in his eye, he added, 'but I did this thinking out of office hours.'

"Reddy," said the boss, 'what am I paying you?'"

"Five," said Reddy, wasting no words.

"It'll be ten, next week," said the boss, 'and now go back to your desk and do n't act as if you owned the place.'

"When I left, Reddy took ledger A to M. When I went with The Emporium, I sent for Reddy. He had n't been there a year before he had introduced a plan for keeping a perpetual inventory by a card system. Then he got a raise in salary, but somehow it did n't spoil him. Instead of taking a vacation, like an ordinary human being, he went East and visited the large department stores there. He nosed around, asking questions and making friends among all the department managers, and when he came back he had some new ideas. He organized a mail-order department, induced the firm to hire a high-priced window-dresser and an advertising manager at a salary that made his employers gasp for breath, and got them to put in drugs, books, and groceries."

"Of course, he did n't do all this at once. The firm gave him a chance to make a few more trips at their expense that did n't come out of his vacation time. They were n't hustlers themselves. But there is one class of men that does things and another class that has sense enough to get a man to do things for it."

"Reddy's in the firm now. I guess he is the firm. He's pretty much everything in that city,—has been mayor two terms, built the biggest church there, organized the Country Club, disorganized the political ring, and reorganized the school system."

"But, somehow or other, Reddy never gathered much moss."

## THE JONGLEUR

By Madison Cawein

Last night I lay awake and heard the wind,

That madman jongleur of the world of air,

Making wild music: now he seemed to fare

With harp and lute, so intimately twinned

They were as one; now on a drum he dinned,

Now on a tabor; now, with blow and blare

Of sackbut and recorder, everywhere,

Shattered the night; then, on a sudden, thinned

To bagpipe wailings, as of maniac grief

That whined itself to sleep. And then, mescemed,

Out in the darkness, mediæval-dim,

I saw him dancing, like an autumn leaf,

In tattered tunic, while around him streamed

His lute's wild ribbons 'thwart the moon's low rim.





# The Bankrupt Institutions of Royalty

HOW THE ANCIENT MONARCHIES OF EUROPE ARE TOTTERING BEFORE THE MARCH OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

By Vance Thompson

EDITOR OF "THE DE BLOWITZ LETTERS"

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his inaugural address, said that the republican form of government is on trial in the United States, and that, if it fails here, it has little chance elsewhere.

This is true.

In Europe republicanism, even as an ideal, has been laid aside. One need not have gray in his hair to remember the time when republican sentiment was strong in England and Germany and Italy, and when all that was young and hardy in the public mind hoped to see it prevail. To-day the thirty-seven sovereign families of Europe have little to fear from republicanism. It has lost its charm for the liberty-lover. Radical-minded men, to-day, are socialists, and they accept royalty just as they favor the garnering of money into the hands of a few. Each, in its way, is a necessary preparation for the future social state. Centralized money and centralized power,—they will lie ready to the socialist's hand when he comes to take them over. The rising tide of socialism has swept aside the old republican aspirations. In Germany the stuff out of which republicans were made has gone into the three million socialists; in the other kingdoms there are four million socialists,—but no republicans. The republican form of government would be a step toward that liberty and equality of which the socialists dream; but the step beyond would be far more difficult to take. Parliamentarism, with its opportunities for one and all, is a form of power very difficult to overthrow; it eats up the radical leaders, as in France, by absorbing them into the ruling class; and so the socialists see in royalty a bulwark against the republicanism which they fear more than anything else. It is a time of truce for kings. Sporadic anarchists kill them, now and then. It is a risk run by the chiefs of all governments, popular or autocratic. The presidents fare no better than the czars and the kings.

Strange, is it not,—the great modern world marching by, heedless of these dusty windows, with the little gilded signs, behind which pose the little manikins of royalty, crown on head and scepter in hand, obstinate and mute, like the figures in an antiquary's shop? Now and then a maniac boy throws a stone through the window and a manikin tumbles over. Another is set up in its place, and, mute and obstinate, makes the gesture of one who reigns. And the busy world goes by, with its projects for transforming humanity, and pays no heed. All in good time—some idle day,—it will put the manikins away and sweep out the shop. In the meantime it has more important business on hand,—which it calls by the rather fine name of the economic reorganization of society.

The bankrupt institutions of royalty—

One need be no radical prophet to foresee the time when they will all shut up shop; only, perhaps, in England the last of the kings will still be exhibited, obstinate and mute, making the dignified gesture which, in the pantomime of royalty, signifies "I reign."

But to-day the kings do very well. The ferment of socialism stirs

only the lower world. It belongs to the future. The great winds of imperialism that began to blow with the new century have swept away the clouds that menaced royalty. Bankrupt as it is,—an anachronism,—royalty has nothing to fear from without. The modern spirit simply passes it by with cynical unconcern.

## I.—The Strike of the Princes

The danger to royalty is not to be sought for in what old writers called the populace; it lies in the very heart of the court. That terrible thing, the *zeitgeist*, the spirit of the times, has made its way to the steps of the throne. It has whispered to the young prince and told him that he has a right to live like a free man and to think and act as seems good to him, and that he no more than the cobbler in his stall at the corner is disfranchised from happiness. The young prince has listened, he and his brothers and sisters of the book of Gotha, which is the book of kings. Strange things happen. Crown princes of Germany and of Austria sound the revolt and brandish the idea of liberty. They tear up the parchments of their royal rights. They go seaward as adventurers. They turn pedagogues, in Switzerland. Like him of Sweden, they go down into the emotional anarchy of the Salvation Army. Princesses tear their blue velvet curtains of Saxon royalty and come out into open, democratic day. The example is contagious. Belgian cousins follow the example. Little mediatized princesses brave the code of rank and open shops in Paris. Each claims the right to an individual life,—the right to happiness. This rebellion is the chief menace to the thrones of Europe.

The princes have "gone on strike."

There have always been exceptional instances; so staid an empress as Victoria of Germany fled from court in a moment of exasperation,—only to be arrested, by Bismarck's order, at Cologne and dragged back to her royal duty; but to-day the strike has become almost general. With hardly an exception the Austrian archdukes have joined this tragicomical strike of the princes. In that old strain of blood there are strange velleities of revolt. They struggle to get down among men,—to play their parts in a world of progress, liberty, and emancipation. Of the last generation three—Henry, Ernest, and that archduke who became John Orth,—abnegated their royal rights. After Crown Prince Rudolph, killed in his pitiful attempt to escape, it was the heir presumptive, Francis Ferdinand, who preferred the Countess Chotek—and matrimony,—to a throne; it was Leopold Ferdinand who fled to the democracy of Switzerland to find a refuge from his greatness; it was his sister, Louise of Tuscany, who departed from the Kingdom of Saxony,—like Nora in "A Doll's House,"—slamming the door behind her. Here and there one turns monk, like the Prince of Schoenberg-Hartenstein; it is a way, like any other, of joining the strike.

The last kings and emperors, dazed and disquieted, look down on these sons of their race,—these frantic and disordered little Cæsars who



IT IS A COMMON OCCURRENCE, IN MORE THAN ONE FOREIGN COUNTRY, FOR SCORES OF PEOPLE TO TURN OUT TO SEE A KING



wish to be merely men. If you are a conservative-minded man you will sympathize with the poor kings; my interest is on the side of the young and rebellious Cæsars. A few years ago I was talking it over with a crown prince who was a friend of mine. A fondness for billiards brought us together; and then the mere royalty of him was redeemed by a good dash of Scottish blood, which is regenerative. His kingdom, on the whole, is a rather ridiculous one; it is absurd to be the heir to a kingdom, or principality, of thirteen thousand inhabitants, an army of five officers and seventy men, and, notably, a huge gaming hall; still, it is something to be Louis Honorius Charles Antoine, Duke of Valentinois, heir to the throne of Monaco.

It was Saint Agnes's day.

At that time Prince Louis had a stepmother; she had been a Miss Heine, of New Orleans; she had been a Duchess of Richelieu; for a while she reigned over Monaco. Saint Agnes is the patron saint of Monaco. In accord with the ancient custom the people came up to the castle. So, for a thousand years, the good Monacans had come; it was their antique day of festival democracy; it was the day when the peasant lad might ask the princess to dance with him and the fisher-girl might lead out the prince; it was the one day of democracy. I was in the library with Prince Louis, and from the window we saw the procession troop into the feudal courtyard,—a beflowered and joyous mob, leading a lamb, decked with ribbons, as a loyal offering; good, winy peasant folks, with drums and pipes and flowers. Then we saw the reigning princess storm into the courtyard; shrill, vehement, waving black-clad arms, she shouted:—

"Drive them out!—I won't have them in here,—get out!"

The astounded peasants were driven out,—with the beribboned lamb and their flowers and the drums they beat and the pipes they played.

"There was no need of that," said the prince, sourly; "it was a good old custom."

"The princess is modern," said I.

"Of course, the whole thing is ridiculous," the prince went on, after a pause, "but it has always seemed to me that the festival of St. Agnes was, in the main, the least ridiculous of all."

I suggested that he overlooked the army of seventy men, and his thirteen thousand subjects,—

"Thirteen thousand, three hundred and three," and the prince grinned; "do n't forget the three hundred and do n't forget the three."

Oh, it is all ridiculous, on a big scale [He had lived at the archducal court of Karlsruhe.] or a little one! It is like walking a modern street dressed in mediæval armor. If I had my way,—

Well, he had his way; he, too, joined the strike of the princes; a *spahi* in Africa, fighting under the French flag, he knows the supreme joy of spur and sword, and, withal, makes a brave protest against the absurdity of being a crown prince of roulette and duke of *rouge et noire*. With a little of his energy and courage the crown prince of Germany might have succeeded in getting away to Switzerland and marrying the American girl for whom, once, he was ready to give up the throne. But in Prussia the *hausgesetz*—that law which lies upon the royal family alone,—is heavier than in other kingdoms, dominions, and powers. A rebel at heart, the little crown prince lacked ultimate courage; for three years he went out on what is called, I believe, a "sympathetic strike;" in the end he had to give in and accept the old hours and the old pay, and the dreary official matrimony which is part of the business. It is against this tyranny of state marriages, it should be pointed out, that the striking princes are making the hardest fight. In every country the modern code has broken down the barriers that existed between the marriage of the nobles with the commoners; but *la grande noblesse*—that is to say, the reigning and mediatized families,—is still bound by the mediæval law whereby royalty may wed only royalty. An English princess married out of her rank; but, in the first place, it was an exception, and, in the second place, her husband was a Scot; no other reigning family would have seen in a marriage with Argyll anything but a mesalliance. It is, then, against this old *fuirstenrecht* in matters matrimonial that the young Cæsars rebel; against the tyranny that deprives them of love; against the exigencies of etiquette, the drill of court, and the artificial life,—what Louise, who would not be queen of Saxony, called the "blue velvet curtains" that kept out the common wholesome air.

Of what interest are these escapades of royalty?

To me, as to you, they are important because they point the psychology of a race, of a people, and of a perishing form of society. It is the mysterious

and menacing psychology which lies behind these scandals of the courts that lifts them out of the realm of gossip. He who would interpret history must look into the alcoves of kings more frequently than he looks out on the battlefields. This fact every thinker has discovered for himself. To-day they who are making history are these young princes, disillusioned, who will not reign; these fantastic princes, avid for human love; these sons and daughters of kings who are setting the torch to the dusty purple and moldy gilt of ancestral thrones. Interesting and terrible is the psychology of these lawless souls. You and I have raised the veil and looked into the dark soul of the crown prince, Rudolph,—a ferment of disillusion, of irony, of glory, and of ignominy. This present moment, more than any other, is that in which the veils fall. Read here:—

Grand Duke Sergius, of Russia, rides through the streets of Moscow; he has been threatened with death, and soldiers and police guard every inch of the way; from the windows of every house he passes faithful watchers look down on his safety; so fine a network of precaution has been drawn round him that no danger can slip in; and he, with the fatalism of the Romanoffs, goes calmly, smoking a cigar, brooding over the destiny of his race. A young man steps out from among those waiting for him at the Kremlin Gate, and tosses a bomb of picric acid under the carriage. Grand Duke Sergius is dead. He who threw the bomb gets up slowly from the pavement where he has been cast by the shock; the blood runs from him, for he is wounded, but his blue eyes shine as he calmly surveys the havoc he has made, and he smiles, smiles—

The police lay no hands upon him; the grand duchess, who has stared with white and silent terror at the rags of her husband's body, looks at him,—this young man always smiling in his yellow beard,—and covers her eyes and shrieks, for the assassin is of the blood. He is a Romanoff. He is a nephew of the house. He is a grand duke. He is one of the twenty-nine pillars of the throne of Russia.

What strange psychology is here?

Neither you may know, nor I, nor anyone else; not even that grand duchess who went to him in his cell and questioned him. Why had he killed her husband,—why? He smiled in his yellow beard; then he wept; but he told her nothing; perhaps he did not know. And this fragment of history is whispered in the courts of Europe,—and fear goes with it. It is difficult to ask a man why his cousin is an assassin. Yet I journeyed a thousand miles to put the question.

"Nitchewo," he answered, grimly, which can not be translated.

It is not easy to read the meaning of that royal anarchy's act,—a gesture of disdain or of revolt; but psychologically it is connected with many others, less bloody, but no less significant. It has come within my opportunities to study the mentality of more than two or three of these royal rebels,—one who threw away a crown as a child discards a toy; another who gave up his half million guildens a year and went down into anonymous democracy; they, like the grand duke who killed, typify the mood of rebellion that has seized upon the young generation of royalty; they, like the Romanoff, represent the danger—the only real danger,—that threatens the monarchical institutions of the Old World. In one way or another, each has taken part in the strike of the princes.

## II.—The Blue Velvet Curtains

It was Emperor William II., a phrase-maker, who spoke indignantly of those princes who "sacrifice the grandeur of their royal destiny for the caprices of love." But not every prince who deserts his order is merely a lovesick boy. More than once the motive has been to have done with the sham of royalty and a courageous and sincere desire to serve humanity. To be sure, it is usually for a woman that the revolt has been begun; but to choose freely the companion of one's life is the first need of one who intends to be the master of his destiny. There is nothing of the dreamer or the sentimentalist about Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, of Austria, who stands at the head of those young Cæsars who are the enemies of royalty. He is an upstanding, soldierly man of thirty-five, with a handsome, rather heavy face, a thick mustache, and hair worn thin over the temples by the pressure of his military cap. A cold, energetic man, there is more of the philosopher in him than the lover. His pretty, plebeian wife is not so much the cause of his rebellion as she is the consequence of it. At Montreux he lives humbly enough in a little house built on the shore of Lake Geneva. Under the



THE BEST IN THE LARDER



THE POOR FOLKS MUST ADMIRE THEM



"PAY UP, LIKE A MAN!"



name of Leo Woelfling he has had himself made a Swiss citizen. His wife, who has acquired good manners, is with him. She is the daughter of a minor employee of the Austrian post office. The idyl of their love is a charming one. So King Cophetua might have stepped down to the beggar lass,—not to lead her up to his throne, but to go with her, merry and ragged as she, out along the great highway of life. For six years he loved the little Fräulein Adamovitch. His Bourbon mother tried to make him marry that wild girl, the daughter of Don Carlos.

"The Bible," he retorted, "does not say, 'Thou shalt wed a princess!' but it does bid a man be faithful to the wife he has chosen."

Thereupon he was pronounced mad,—it is the Austrian method of disciplining princes and princesses,—and locked up in a sanitarium. With all that his will was unbroken. Imperial authority yielded, in the end. Yonder by the Swiss lake he has his reward. Life is not so poor in romance that any special emphasis need be laid upon this princely idyl. Of keener interest is the mental and psychic evolution of this son of kings, *porphyrogenitus*, who is leading democracy in an assault upon the throne.

"I am done with rank," he will tell you; "I am a man like any other. I am a democrat,—a poor teacher of mathematics,—and I live by my work. Archduke Leopold Ferdinand exists no more. One thing only could bring him to life,"—

And here the love-motive comes noisily in.

"If my beloved wife is attacked, I shall fight for her; and, if her calumniators refuse to cross swords with Leo Woelfling, I shall become, for them,—and for one day,—the grand duke."

This is not theatrically said; the man is embittered by the libels the court journals have poured out upon the poor, simple girl he elected to love. Then the flame goes out of him and he comes back to his theory. He has questioned life with those cold and steady eyes of his. For him there is no mystery behind the blue velvet curtains.

"An archduke,—by birth and destiny a useless being,—a puppet who has no right to think his own thoughts or lead his own life? He is a pillar of the throne. He is a part of an absurd stage-setting which no longer gives illusion to anyone,—neither the actors nor the spectators. He is a parasite,—a little sham king with his little sham court and his sham *service d'honneur*. He can not be a man, try as he will. I tried to find a field for honest work in the army. But the army, in time of peace,—perhaps you know what that is. I had the rank of colonel in the infantry. I came to know my men well. I shared their life. I taught these young peasants that they were my equals,—when we did our duty we were equal, all. In Austria that was revolutionary. For an archduke to teach such things was looked upon as insanity. There was no place for me in the army, nor at court. For a man who will not lie and trundle and sell himself there never is a place at court. Nowhere else is personal honor so lightly held. Nowhere besides is the common conception of marriage so low or so mercenary.

"The French revolution was prepared by the *grands seigneurs* of the eighteenth century. The inevitable revolution which will sweep away the other thrones of Europe is being prepared by the disorders of the royal families."

So royalty, turned democrat, speaks in these days, and will—but neither you nor I desire it,—lift the veil that half obscures a score of tragic scandals; not in Austria alone, but in Germany and stately England, as well, and in the Italian court, where a premeditated obscurity hides everything. Neither you nor I desire it. All these scandals are alike,—somber, cruel, ignoble; our interest is on the side of broader issues. Take the last word of the archducal rebel: "The royal families will be destroyed, not because they are tyrannical, but because they are infamous." What lurks behind the blue velvet curtains he knows.

As I have said, it is a time of truce for kings. Not only does democracy wage no war upon them, but the press of the world—notably the newspapers of kingless lands,—treats them with excessive amiability. Leo Woelfling will tell you, with grim humor, that his severest critic was a gentleman accredited to a European court by the United States. "A colonel," said he, "who prefers the company of common soldiers to that of his officers does not deserve his rank," and "a prince who finds his chief pleasure in fraternizing with the people is inferior to his real duties." So, while kings find their defenders in the republics, their sternest enemies—the irony of it!—are found among the sons of the house. The great democratic financiers are propping up the rotten tree of royalty. The rebel princes are laying their axes to the root. Meanwhile, the great world of labor, careless of one and the other, is shaping a new organization of society. The thinking man will find no tedium in the coming years.

I have taken Leo Woelfling as a type—and perhaps the best,—of those princes who, in anger or disgust or calm reason, have rebelled against the anachronistic institution of royalty. Parallel with their rebellion is that of the princesses. It was an old and foolish habit to assume that every strong-minded woman was the subject of a pathological case. In like manner the princesses

who fled from court have been set down as mad and wanton. Without discrimination the same condemnation has been meted out to the wild girl of Don Carlos, to Louise of Tuscany, and to that other Louise of Cobourg. In these matters how fine the discrimination should be! It was Mirabeau who declared, "The people that revolts is always in the right." That is truly and greatly said. Now I have seen both kings and princes, and I firmly believe that the princess who revolts is always in the right. Perhaps the same thing might be said, broadening the aphorism, of every wife. For some women, and the best, the atmosphere of the modern court is intolerable. Louise of Tuscany, crown princess of Saxony, fled from court, taking only the jewels that had been hers as a young girl, a few clothes, and pocket money for eight days. She left behind her a husband, who is to-day king, and five little children. She has taken refuge in Florence. There she is as eager to justify herself, and to declaim her hatred of royalty, as is her brother, Leo Woelfling.

"I suffered eleven years of martyrdom,—of pain, brutality, and outrage,"—she declares; "even to-day the memory of those years blackens my dreams and poisons all my prayers."

Behind this vehement rhetoric one may make out a little of the truth: the tyranny of the old king and of the *camarilla* of the palace, the loveless marriage and the eternal *ennui* of the little court. It was against this, and perhaps a darker trouble, that she rebelled. Not lightly does a mother, even though she have the curious mentality of royalty, leave her children behind her, and go out questing adventure. Scandal followed her, but that seems to have been a mere incident of her flight. She is alone, now, and there is no reason why one should not believe her when she asserts that all she sought was liberty,—freedom from that court and prison wherein she had suffered for eleven years. For the student who wishes to see behind passing events the evolution of new social forms, the flight of this royal princess is exceptionally suggestive. She knew, at the time she fled from Dresden, that the old king could not live very long; a few months would have made her queen. Ambition had not the slightest hold on her. It held her no more than love for her children. Against her fierce desire to get down into humanity,—to live freely,—nothing was of any account. Nor does there seem to be any other compelling motive in this general strike of the princesses.

It is noteworthy, too, that the Princess of Cobourg, another fugitive from royalty, gives the same excuse for her revolt. Perhaps it is not true. Probably it is not true. But the mere fact that the princess gives it as an excuse shows how broadly the idea has made its way at court. When the daughter of a reigning king declares herself a democrat and denounces the crimes and ignominies of royalty, one may safely assume that all is not well. She has been accused, and not unjustly, of having broken the windows; but, when the door is locked and one is sick for the open air and the sunlight, the exit through the shattered glass is pardonable. Perhaps, after all, that

is not good morals; if it be not pardonable, Louise of Cobourg paid for the broken glass. For a half dozen years she was confined in a madhouse,—by the good pleasure of the prince, her husband, and the unconcern of the king, her father,—and this woman was entirely sane! Count Mattachich, who was her accomplice in the window-breaking, was imprisoned nearly as long in a military penitentiary. He was tried and convicted of having forged a note of hand, which the Princess of Cobourg wrote, signed, and acknowledged. He was an innocent victim of that monstrous private justice of kings. But is it not a time of truce for kings? That man's innocence was known everywhere in Europe. Not one voice was raised. Not one newspaper cried out. The universe (as Tolstoi pointed out,) was hypnotized by the drums and cymbals beaten round the Dreyfus Case, and was so busy with the French Republic it had no time to glance at the crimes of royalty. Not even the princess found a friend. Only when the count was released from prison came anyone to help her. He, at last, arranged her escape from Dr. Pierston's madhouse. Dynastic pride and vanity of race had forbidden the king of the Belgians, her father, to aid her. There may have been another reason. At a hotel in Paris, the other day, the princess said: "The king hates me."

She gave this explanation:—

Once, when she was six years of age, her mother gave her a letter to take to a mysterious address. In a gallery of the palace in Brussels, she met her father. He stopped the child, took the letter from her, and read it. Then, without saying a word, he put the letter in his pocket and turned away.

"From that moment," said the princess, "the king always hated me."

In speaking of her father she said always, "The king."

"I have heard many stories of kings; none other, however, which haunts me as does this strange anecdote,—of the little girl running through a dark corridor on what errand she knew not, the silent king who stops her and reads the message, and then the cold, lifelong hatred for guilty and innocent alike. That was forty years ago, and the old man's hatred has trailed her ever since. Would you care to hear this woman talk?

[Concluded on pages 705 and 706]





# How Their First Books Were Written

MODERN AUTHORS TELL OF THEIR STRUGGLES WITH THEIR MAIDEN EFFORTS. WHY SOME OF THEIR BOOKS ARE SUCCESSFUL.

By Montrose J. Moses

HERE are the letters from the authors themselves, written especially for us. Do you not feel a personal responsibility when it comes to telling something of their work? How shall we do it? "I hope," exclaims Arthur Colton, whose new story, "The Belted Seas," is full of salt narrative, "your article will be more critical than gossipy. We're drowned in gossip already." There are many letters on the library table sounding the same note of friendly warning, and they should be heeded.

But first let me deliver myself of those hopeful messages, somehow framed for those among you intent on becoming writers; the whole tenor is encouraging. Josephine Daskam Bacon says: "It would be impossible to find anyone with a less picturesque literary history. My literary beginnings consisted in mailing some manuscripts to the editor, who promptly returned me a check for them, and I am happy to say that they have displayed a gratifying unanimity, as regards the process, ever since. . . . I regret . . . that this is so uninteresting, but, like many other uninteresting things, it is true." This is followed by the terse outline given by Ellen A. G. Glasgow: "I had no literary beginnings,—except the beginning of my life,—for I have written ever since I can remember. . . . I have always found the way of my progression a very easy one." "The circumstances under which all my books have been written," claims Elliott Flower, " . . . show the foolishness of the oft-repeated assertion that publishers and editors have eyes and ears only for writers with established reputations."

There is one thing pretty evident, after reading the letters and the novels by our fiction writers: their work is based chiefly upon observation which is mostly the result of extensive experience, happening in the general current of their lives. Local color comes to the very door of daily existence.

## SOME AUTHORS ARE NARRATING THEIR PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

Elizabeth G. Jordan, who edits "Harper's Bazar," has published four books: "Tales of the City Room," which was the result of ten years on the New York "World," and which was accepted within six weeks of its submitting; "Tales of the Cloister," "Tales of Destiny," and "May Iverson,—Her Book,"—all three based upon convent life, Miss Jordan having spent her school days and many of her summers at Notre Dame, in Milwaukee. In the instance of Jack London, we find similar effects: his "The People of the Abyss" was based upon the author's "vagabond career in the East End, London." He went to the Klondike, and in the midst of ice and snow his "Children of the Frost" and "The Call of the Wild" were born. So, too, when a mere boy, London went seal-hunting up in Bering Sea, and his canvas upon which he afterwards colored "The Sea Wolf" was there stretched.

"I had lived my childhood on California ranches, my boyhood hustling newspapers on the streets of a healthy western city, and my youth on the ozone-laden waters of San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean. I loved life in the open, and toiled in the open, at the hardest kinds of work. . . . I could only see myself raging through life without end like one of Nietzsche's 'blond beasts,' lustfully roving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength." This was Mr. London at eighteen: the freedom of life and the right of elemental passion were early bred in the bone.

In our literature, more than ever before, is to be found this phase of the personal narrative, which is not so dependent upon imagination as it is upon the faculty of seeing clearly and of maintaining our impressions. In no way has this been better fostered than through the marked influence of newspapers upon our writers.

Among the American authors

of the younger generation, very many have gone from journalism into literature, and have carried with them quick observation. It was as newspaper men that David Graham Phillips, Alfred Henry Lewis, Elliott Flower, Edward W. Townsend, Finley Peter Dunne, George Barr McCutcheon, and George Ade started; and much of the local color in the work of Richard Harding Davis, Jack London, and John Fox has been consequent upon duties devolved upon them as special correspondents.

Mr. Colton gives us the extreme view: "I began to write in school and college publications. I suppose I came into literary work from the academic end; that is, I have been studying and teaching literature at Yale for a good many years; in other words, I was a student and critic long before I was a producer, or contributor to magazines, or thought of writing a novel. . . . Coming to the profession from the academic has its drawbacks: I think one is more apt to have an effective hatred of sloppy work than if he came from the journalistic end, for instance; but he's apt to be difficult and hypercritical, if not self-conscious."

## EDWIN LEFEVRE FIRST STUDIED FINANCIAL TYPES AS AN EDITOR

Let us grant, then, that, since one of the essentials of novel writing is to see human nature in its varying shades of good and bad, of pleasure and struggle, no other agent affords such varied opportunities as the newspaper for close observation. It even has indicated to many the particular line to pursue in writing: Edwin Lefevre, as financial editor of a large journal, was brought into contact with different types of business men; he learned the ins and outs of Wall Street, hence his "Wall Street Stories," and "The Golden Flood."

Then there is the professional instinct in the writer's art,—where experience is gained not through random searching, but because one's life-work brings it in the way. Note the instance of Robert Grant: first, as editor of the "Harvard Lampoon," where he contributed verses which were gathered into a volume, "The Little Tin God on Wheels;" then, during his initial year of law practice, writing "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl;" and finally, as judge of the probate court in Boston, author of "The Undercurrent" and "The Orchid," which, full as they are of keen observations upon American life in general, deal chiefly with the problem of divorce. T. Jenkins Hains is a licensed navigator and has served as master and mate on both sail and steam vessels. It is

natural that he should be writing sea tales. He tells how, "on a voyage from New York to San Francisco upon a deep-water ship, a 'wind-jammer,' some one said: 'Why do n't you write a page a day extra in your log book? It would make good reading.'" Mr. Hains took the hint, and, when finished, one hundred thousand words were in his manuscript, and no publisher thought it worth printing. "It is still somewhere among my papers," writes Mr. Hains, "and, to me, it is one of the most interesting volumes I have ever read, which shows that literature is much a matter of taste."

But, finally, "The Wind-jammers" was published in another form, and with success, partly due to the title,—a good title to a story being a great part of the battle,—and Mr. Hains followed it up with several other volumes, among them being "Mr. Trunnell," which, he claims, has been "the most widely read of all sea fiction, save, perhaps, Stevenson's 'Treasure Island.'" Finally, with his sails thus filled with success, the course became clear, and it is a happy writer who can exclaim, as Mr. Hains does: "Perhaps no other author of sea tales has had such good luck or received such kindly treatment from the editors as myself."

Was it not as a school-teacher



MRS. EDITH WHARTON

—a professional post,—that Myra Kelly gleaned her knowledge of the Jewish children who figure in "Little Citizens," tales which indicate a meteoric rise to popularity?

We can not help but consider tendencies after reading so many novels: for instance, let us note the influence of locality and the coloring of environment in the novelist's work. Nelson M. Lloyd is an example, —and, by the way, a newspaper man, too. He writes: "My first fiction was a series of sketches for the New York 'Evening Sun,' of Central Pennsylvania life, which, in 1899, were gathered into book form under the title of 'The Chronic Loafer.' My family has a farm in Juniata County, and the country was well known to me." So, too, Mr. Lloyd selected the same background for his "A Drone and a Dreamer," and "The Soldier of the Valley," nor does he seem, to judge by recent short stories, to have exhausted the quaint types to be found in that region. It is not a new phase,—this one of locality,—it is only that the great activity among the increased number of writers has opened isolated regions of a very large country. John Fox, with his "blue grass" environment, has pictured the mountaineers, with all their limitations, their paucity of broad interests, and their passions, in his numerous books, the most complete expression being in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," where description overspans the human motive and action of the characters. There is feeling in this without set intent,—other than the result of poetic observation.

GERALDINE BONNER CHOSE THE TALE OF THE COMSTOCK LODE

Geraldine Bonner, another instance of the newspaper woman and writer, limits herself to a special section and a special period. "My father, John Bonner," she says, "had original theories on the education of women, one being that school routine is deadening to imagination and individuality, of which, he believed, women have more than men, if it is intelligently fostered and developed. For that reason, he never allowed me to attend any school or to work at any set formula of educational studies under any teacher. He personally supervised such studies as I had, and I was made to read largely and to write under his direction when I was still a child. It was convenient to carry out this plan of education, as we led a wandering, gypsy sort of life, living in Kansas City, the mining camps of Colorado, and finally settling in California. . . . My books have all been Californian in background, plot, and character. I have given time and study to the history of that state,—especially the picturesque period of the bonanza discoveries on the Comstock Lode of Virginia City, Nevada, which, I believe, no one else has written." Miss Bonner has published "Hard Pan," "To-morrow's Tangle," and "The Pioneer," the last full of vigorous writing. Of her first novel she says: "It did not amount to much."

Success only emphasizes our past transgressions, and reminds us of Albert Bigelow Paine's first venture. "It was a volume with William Allen White, entitled 'Rhymes by Two Friends,' " he writes, "but this is unimportant and I'd as soon you did not mention it. White and I were young men in Kansas together, and rather thought the world was waiting for our verse. I think we've both changed our minds since, so better forget it." This is always a hopeful sign in a young writer, and so Mr. Paine, after considerable newspaper experience, wrote a kind of autobiographical story, dealing with the fate of a juvenile magazine he once started. To those who intend launching a periodical, get hold of Mr. Paine's "The Bread Line,"—and do n't! That seems to be the moral of this clever tale.

HISTORICAL EPISODES GAVE THESE AUTHORS FOOD FOR THOUGHT

In the novels of Ellen A. G. Glasgow, there is found the temperamental treatment of southern conditions and of locality. She is fortunate in possessing a student's sense of human progression, strongly tinged with a keenness of sentiment, a sentiment that looks backward rather than forward, both in "The Battle Ground" and "The Deliverance." In this respect, the latter book, as an epic of the tobacco fields, lacks the modern philosophic note of James Lane Allen's great novel, "The Reign of Law," an epic of hemp. Can we not frame for ourselves another class of literature, and add to it Frank Norris's "The Octopus," as an epic of wheat?

Thomas Dixon is a writer whose intense historical sense detracts from his power as a story-teller. "The Clansman" shows this; the story is trite and melodramatic, yet the motive is sincere. When he deals with history, Mr. Dixon is vivid: he drags in a love element as a vehicle of popularity, whereas his historic sense is more interesting. "My first novel, 'The Leopard's Spots,' " he says, "was written in ninety days, but it was the result of years of living, study, and thinking. I lived, as a child, through the horror of 'Reconstruction' in the South and have made a special study of this period for ten or fifteen years, with more or less persistence. I always felt that I could write novels, and meant to do it at forty; I began at thirty-seven. I sent my first manuscript, 'The Leopard's Spots,' typewritten and bound, to Doubleday, Page, and Company, by express, and received a very large offer for it by wire within twenty-four hours after the package reached them."

Whatever the sphere, always the same note of success is sounded by the successful writer. Yet, lest we become too optimistic, and too many of us rush into the world with our manuscripts, sure of instant recognition, hear Philip Verrill Mighels, whose "Bruver Jim's Baby" has doubtless captivated many of you, with its scenes of western mining

life; he struggled in verse and prose; in his capacity of a free lance, his pen was constantly plied; yet recognition came slowly. "It was a long struggle," he writes, "involving much labor, application, and ingenuity, . . . the latter developed by the need of conforming to editorial requirements and notions on two continents. I worked far harder for myself than anyone else would have required of me. I remained afloat through sheer stubbornness; but, if just one single expensive habit had attached itself to my scheme of life, the floating would have ceased immediately. In one of those desperate years, I wrote an aggregate of three hundred and seventy thousand words, every line original matter, . . . or over one thousand words a day, for every day in the year, including Sundays,—and did not die. . . . In the days when I was beginning . . . I used to jump about five feet high with delight, whenever a check for five dollars arrived in the mail from a publication treasury. The bits of commercial paper did not arrive with sufficient frequency, however, to develop any extraordinary power of leaping in my limbs. I was not in danger of becoming a professional or champion high jumper."

Another evident trend among our young fiction-writers is the social awakening; we find it in Jack London's "Sea Wolf," where American socialism is mingled with the philosophy of Nietzsche, as he himself avers; we find it in David Graham Phillips, who makes the sad mistake of dragging in a strong political motive, which he sees clearly and feels deeply, upon the wave of a very stiff love story. It is a treatise that loses much by not having been a series of essays. We find it in Alfred Henry Lewis, whose studies of "The Boss" and "The President" paint conditions and characters as they are. "Phillips takes the middle classes very seriously," says Mr. Lewis; "I take them for what they are worth, and get along with them as best I can." Mr. Phillips, it would seem, is given to the scientific method; he looks to the past,—he faces the future; he criticises the present in the light of these two. Mr. Lewis is newspaper-bred through and through; he has an eye for character, not for historic movements,—he studies certain phases of life, in concerted action; that is why his tales of Wolfville, quaint of character, and poignant as to humor, have made cowboy life distinct in color. But, as a newspaper man, he, too, has felt the social impulse, and laid his political lights and shades in broad sweeps, depicting what he sees. This social sense has taken hold, and bitten deep.

THE NEWSPAPER HAS LARGELY INFLUENCED MANY FICTIONISTS

N. Booth Tarkington, in his book of political tales called "In the Arena," writes thus: "In politics, the country needs ALL the men who have any patriotism,—NOT to be seeking office, but to watch and to understand what is going on. It does n't take a great deal of time; you can attend to your business and do that much, too. When wrong things are going on and all the good men understand them, that is all that is needed. The wrong things stop going on."

Ida M. Tarbell, speaking of Rockefeller's interests, says: "A man who possesses this kind of influence can not be allowed to live in the dark. The public not only has the right to know what sort of man he is; it is the duty of the public to know. How else can the public discharge the most solemn obligation it owes to itself and to the future, to keep the springs of its higher life clean?" The newspaper again comes in for its influence, its columns are filled with the life-histories of men, with the national growth of corporations, and the accounts read with the tense attractiveness of stories. In the place of any deep religious sense, we are clinging to an ethical duty that applies to proper living, and the attitude of man toward men, of the individual toward the community. Magazine readers turn to Miss Tarbell, to J. Lincoln Steffens, to Josiah Flint, and to Cleveland Moffett; as truly as the two brothers, William and Henry James, have been characterized regarding their relation to psychology, here we have social students who can write in the spirit of novelists, if not in the form. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. There are statistics of life and death, statistics of struggle and poverty, scenes such as Robert Hunter witnessed from his vantage ground of a university settlement,—this is the method of popularizing the study of social conditions. Jacob Riis, in a vein meant for no specialized audience, by the mere painting of things as they are in the tenements, has roused the feelings of thousands. The human document, if it can, in this way, hold the reading public, should afford welcome scope to the novelist. Does not Leroy Scott recognize it in "The Walking Delegate?" But in the ardor of reform lies the danger; how far can this social sense be used in fiction? No burning problem should claim its right to exist on the slender thread of a love element.

O. HENRY FOUND MANY OF HIS BEST TYPES AMONG SHOPGIRLS

One may give the impression of local color without entering too minutely into the ways and means of crowded quarters of city tenements. Frances Amar Matthews, in her inimitable book of stories called "The Little Tragedy of Tien-tsin," has written "The Little Blue Cat from Malta," a sweat-shop tale, wherein, in a few strokes of pathos and poverty, the impression is quicker to appeal than mere facts and figures. When O. Henry's attention was called to the starvation wages of shopgirls, there flashed forth a poignant bit of sarcasm that states the fact tersely, in a bit of human study. The industrial and social

[Concluded on pages 707 and 708]



# Inspector Val's Adventures

THE RED DIAMOND

By Alfred Henry Lewis

[AUTHOR OF "WOLFFVILLE DAYS," "WOLFFVILLE NIGHTS," ETC.]  
[ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE]

THE door opened and a gray-uniformed letter carrier entered. Nodding pleasantly, he laid down a handful of letters.

"You have a big mail, inspector," said the letter carrier, easily; for, as he came every day, he was an old acquaintance.

"Yes, a big mail, as you say. It shows the world to be exceedingly wicked."

Inspector Val had begun to look over the letters as he spoke. The carrier departed, and Sergeant Sorg picked up the evening paper. Two wordless minutes passed, Mr. Sorg busy with the news, his chief buried in his mail.

"Hello!" suddenly cried the inspector.

Mr. Sorg looked up.

"I must go down into the Meadowbrook country," exclaimed Mr. Val. He seemed a bit ashamed of his exclamation.

"What will you do at Meadowbrook?" asked Mr. Sorg.

"Go into society," responded the other, dryly.

He again ran his eye over the letter that had surprised him into the "Hello!" so damaging to a personal stoicism and impassivity which is, or should be, the mark of your seasoned detective.

Then he read the missive aloud to Mr. Sorg. It ran in these words:—

"Inspector Val,

"Mulberry Street.

"My dear Inspector:—

"You helped me out in the matter of that Colon forgery,—and now I need your aid worse than I did then. I have met with a great loss, one that I can not repair. Come with all the speed you can to Hempstead, as I think the diamond must still be in my house. Wire me and I'll meet you at the station in person. I can give you details while driving to Orthoaks.

"Yours in haste,

"HENRY VAN ORTH.

"P. S.—You may have to be here. There's a house party with me,—about ten guests; you will come as the eleventh.

"V."

"Ah, I see!" quoth Mr. Sorg; "you're to play the boundless swell; that postscript touch about being the eleventh guest is a hint to bring the proper togs. You can now put into experiment your excellent notions on the subject of disguises."

The inspector smiled. He detected a disposition toward derision, Mr. Sorg being still sore over that denunciation of his gorgeous neck-

wear, for which he had an extreme fondness.

As Mr. Val pulled down the slide of his desk, and gave signs of departure, Mr. Sorg became all business.

"Will you need me?" he asked.

"Not immediately. I may, later, and in that event I'll write."

It was a cool September day when Inspector Val stepped off the train at Hempstead. Brummel himself, had that exquisite been called upon for an opinion, could have found no fault with his costume, which was what it should be in the instance of a quiet, fine gentleman of reserve and finish, about to idle away a week in the country. Mr. Van Orth, as promised, met him at the station. As the two were about to step into the Van Orth brougham for a four-mile drive to Orthoaks, for such was the rather curious name Mr. Van Orth had bestowed upon his country place, the latter gentleman said:—

"Give me your checks, please; I've a man with a light wagon who'll see after your luggage."

When the luggage question was disposed of, and the two were on their rapid way to Orthoaks, Mr. Van Orth, without waiting to be questioned, commenced his tale.

"There is," said he, "as I suggested in my letter, a house party at Orthoaks."

"If you'll permit," interrupted the inspector, "I would prefer to ask you questions. If you will answer the queries I shall put, I can come to a more rapid understanding of what I should know."

"Proceed!"

"First, then, what have you lost?"

"My famous red diamond. It's over seven carats, pure as a best ruby, and no less valuable. In fact, being almost alone as a gem, it is probably worth more than any ruby of equal weight. There's no other diamond of its kind on earth. I found it in Bond Street, and paid eight thousand pounds for it."

Mr. Van Orth was of that school of rich idle Americans who, while manly and self-respecting enough in other directions, are on their abject social knees to England. He would sooner say "pounds" than "dollars," any time, and an "English gentleman," or, better still, a Briton who could lay claim to noble lineage, was to him a demi-god.

This brief descriptive flash may give one some picture of Mr. Van Orth. Aside from these things, he was a thin, trim, quick, smallish man, gray, well-groomed, sixty years old, a Broad Street banker, rich unto millions, and ten years before, in a mood quasi-snobbish, had come to the Meadowbrook region with a plan of bursting in to what he deemed "society." As he had but a middling education, and no taste for books or art, this, as a move of existence, was fairly wise enough.

"Your red diamond," repeated



"THE BIG CUT-GLASS CANDLESTICK, NEAR WHICH WE WERE GATHERED, WENT CRASHING TO THE FLOOR"

Inspector Val,—“when did you really lose it?”  
 “This is Wednesday. It was taken Monday evening, about seven o'clock.”

“Now, as to the house party,—who are at your place?”

“The family proper; that is to say, myself, my son Paul, my daughter Ethel, and my widowed sister, Mrs. Hogeden-Hogeden, who, since my wife's death, two years ago, presides over my house. Aside from these there are seven guests, Honorable Bideford Blake, of Sussex, England; Mrs. Burrell, of Providence; her son Frank,—he was in Harvard with my Paul; Mr. Towne, of Tuxedo; his daughter, Miss Towne, and the Misses Leonard and Rich. The last two are from Philadelphia.”

“And the servants?”

“The ones who stay in the house are old Roger, the butler; two footmen, a boy, the cook, a kitchen maid, and three housemaids. Yes, there are also my son's valet and a maid who waits on my daughter.”

“These were all in the house, Monday evening?”

“There then, as they are there now. No one has come; no one has departed. I shall introduce you as Mr. Howard Bloss, of San Francisco. I told them, yesterday, when I got your wire, that you were coming.”

“Very good! Now give me the particulars of your loss. The diamond vanished, you say, Monday evening.”

“This is the story: dinner had been ordered for half past seven. The whole party had assembled in the two drawing-rooms. You know I've a fad for gems; I'm a maniac for colors, and usually carry about with me a lot of unset diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and so on. I've a handful in my pocket now.” Here Mr. Van Orth thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, and took out a dozen or more loose stones that glimmered sleepily in his palm. “It's a taste I have,” he went on. “When I'm alone I gaze on them for hours on end. I go—to use a vulgarism,—on a fashion of color-drunk; these gems fairly hypnotize me.”

“Get to the red diamond,” interjected Inspector Val, who had professional objections to being overloaded with details outside of and unimportant to a case in hand; “get to your red diamond and its disappearance, if you please.”

“Quite right! While we were in the drawing-rooms, awaiting a summons to dinner, talk drifted to precious stones. Paul mentioned my red diamond, and asked me to show it to Mr. Blake. I had it with me, for when I shifted into evening clothes I transferred it with some others to my pocket. It being my fad, as I've confessed, I was quite willing to exhibit the stone to Mr. Blake; the more since, being a scion of one of the oldest families in Sussex, I knew he would appreciate it. Indeed, he gave his voice with Paul's, as did the rest, for that matter, and was eager for a look at it.”

“You speak of ‘drawing-rooms.’ In which room were you, at the time?”

“In the back drawing-room, the one we call the blue room.”

“Were those you have named in the blue room with you?”

“Now, I can't surely say. Mr. Blake, Paul, Frank Burrell and Miss Rich were, for I recall how they stood about me as I produced the diamond. Also, my sister was there, for she fainted, or pretended to, when the candlestick fell off the table. Between us, while my sister is an admirable woman, she has her weaknesses, as I have mine, and one of them is to consider her nerves as easily shocked. She will faint at the least opportunity; only, as I intimated, I distrust those swoons. However, they please her, and so no one objects.”

“Let us, please, get back to the diamond.”

“Precisely! I've named all that I'm sure were in the blue room when I exhibited the stone to Mr. Blake. Any of the others may

have been there, or they may all have been in the other drawing-room. Now, I can pass over what was said in admiration of the red diamond. It went from one to another, and was exclaimed at and adored, and at last came back into my hand.”

“To whom did you first give it?”

“Mr. Blake. The last one to have it was young Frank Burrell, who gave it back to me when all had examined it.”

“Then what?”

“We were standing near the end of an ebony table, the better to show off the diamond, where old Roger had just placed a ten-branch glass candlestick. We were collected about the candlestick,—some behind the others, for I recall that Miss Rich's hand was on my shoulder, and her face looking over.”

“Who stood at the right and left of you?”

“Mr. Blake was on my left; young Burrell, on my right.”

“Very well!”

“Just as I received the diamond from young Burrell, two things happened; dinner was announced by old Roger, and the big cut-glass candlestick, near which we were gathered, went crashing to the floor. It must have been set too near the edge, although old Roger says not. In any event, it went toppling, just as I got the diamond into my fingers. On the impulse I dropped the diamond on the table, and clutched at the falling candlestick. I missed; and, crash! it struck the floor, and flew into a hundred flinders.”

“And next?”

“For the moment I forgot the diamond. There was a deal of confusion; my sister screamed, and sank fainting into a chair,—or, at least, let on that she had fainted; and little Miss Rich squeaked, but did not faint; while Mr. Blake, Paul, young Burrell and I bumped our heads together over the broken candlestick. At the same time old Roger stood in the door, announcing dinner.”

“Were you in the dark?”

“By no means. The broken candlestick was only one of four, and the other three, ten wax candles in each, were burning full blast. Besides, there came a flood of light through the open doors from the other drawing-room.”

“I see!”

“Now we come near the end: there was, when the first shock was over and Mrs. Hogeden-Hogeden had been so good as to come around,—a suggestion of water by Mr. Blake revived her; I'm afraid her complexion and her eyebrows would n't have survived a bath,—there was, I say, a hearty general laugh at the disorder into which we had been thrown, and the guests began moving toward the dining room. I remained behind with old Roger, who hurried in to superintend the removal of the wreck. Of course, my mind once off the broken candlestick, my first thought was of the diamond. I turned to the table where I had laid it, but it was not there.”

“Did any one note its absence besides yourself?”

“No one; the others were near the doors, on their way to dinner, while old Roger was bent over the ruins of the candlestick, picking up the broken glass. The moment I missed the diamond, the conviction went through my heart like an icicle that I was not to see it again. It was intuition. The first cold touch of the thought robbed me of words; when I recovered my power of speech I continued to be silent, deeming it the wiser course. All save myself and old Roger were then out of the room. I instantly dispatched the old man to the dining room to say that they were to begin dinner; I'd be with them presently. While alone in the room I searched everywhere, for ten minutes, both on and under the table,—indeed, into every corner of the room,—but found nothing. With that the conviction overcame me that the diamond had been stolen. It's a hard word;

but, when all's in, what other shall I use? The diamond was there; it had assuredly disappeared; there was nothing else to think. Some one had stolen it,—taken it in the confusion of the crashing candlestick and the affected faintings of Mrs. Hogeden-Hogeden. That I had been robbed of my pet red diamond left me like one stricken; when old Roger returned and resumed cleaning up the glass, I was in a physical as well as mental daze. I watched him mechanically, as he worked, and gradually recovered my poise. By the time he finished, I was again in possession of myself. The question was, what could I do.”

“Right there, did your mind fasten suspicion upon any one? I don't care for the reason or unreason of it; I simply want the fact. At a crisis, one's instinct runs very true, sometimes.”

“I had no suspicion. The loss is forty-eight hours old; I've had nothing else in my thoughts; and yet I've no suspicion now. I don't know what to make of it, or what to say. All I'm sure of is that the diamond was stolen under the circumstances I've described.”

“Old Roger, now?”

“I'd as soon suspect myself.”

“What next did you do?”

“The only thing I could. I pulled myself together, and joined the others at dinner. Having time to consider a course, I decided to say nothing until I'd consulted you. So I ate my dinner—or tried to,—and kept my loss to myself. Immediately after dinner I wrote you.”

“And you've told no one.”

“No one.”

“No one, then, save the thief and ourselves, has knowledge of the robbery?”

“Precisely.”

“You, of course, kept a sharp eye going at dinner,—did any one look or act strangely?”

“Not at all. My daughter Ethel had excused herself and left the dining room before I entered. She felt suddenly indisposed,—headache, or something of that sort, I believe. The others chatted, laughed, and gossiped much as usual. Mr. Blake was unusually brilliant.”

“How long have these guests been under your roof?”

“Two weeks.”

“Describe your guests. Who are they? How long have you known them?”

“Miss Leonard and Miss Rich are school friends of my daughter; the three were graduated together in June. Frank Burrell is a Harvard chum of Paul's; they got through with college two years ago. Mrs. Burrell is a life-long friend of both my sister and myself. A widow and wealthy, she's also a bit stingy, and keeps a tight money-rein on her son. Paul, who from time to time has loaned him money, tells me this. Mr. Towne is an old-time business partner of mine, and retired rich a score of years ago. He and his family live at Tuxedo, and the last, of course, includes his daughter, Miss Towne.”

“And Honorable Bideford Blake, of Sussex, England?”

“I was coming to Mr. Blake. He belongs, as I've told you, to one of the oldest of the noble families of Great Britain. He is of a cadet branch, his grandfather having been a second son.”

“Have you known Mr. Blake many years?”

“No years at all; I only made his acquaintance when he came to the house a fortnight ago. He is Paul's friend, rather than mine; Paul and young Burrell have known him some time.”

“You do n't know how long?—or how they met him?”

“Why, no. Still, you can see, by his appearance, that Mr. Blake is genuine. A man is so much like a bank note that one who has had much experience can instantly detect a counterfeit. As I tell you, Mr. Blake is genuine; his looks, manners, conversation, and exhaustive knowledge of England and its noble families are



proofs of it. Yes, sir. Ready proofs of it."

"You speak with enthusiasm."

"To be frank, while it has nothing to do with the matter upon which I asked you to come down, I have an idea that Mr. Blake may become a member of my family. Ethel is plainly taken with him, and he with her. It was love at first sight. To be sure, nothing has been said,—there could n't have been, you know, in so short a time. But I have seen the drift and I would n't be surprised if they made a match of it."

"And neither Mr. Blake nor your daughter has mentioned their tender interest in one another?"

"Certainly not. As I've said, it would hardly be delicate to do that so soon."

"My daughter," concluded Mr. Van Orth, casually, "has not been visible for two days, having been held captive in her rooms by a headache. No, nothing serious; her friends, Miss Leonard, Miss Rich and Miss Towne see her. They would tell me if she were really ill."

## CHAPTER II.

Inspector Val took his quiet place among the guests at Orthoaks, pleasantly and much unnoticed. He wore the easy, weary, worn-out air of "good society;" beyond all else he was very silent, and silence is ever a mark of the well-bred. Silence has another advantage: a talker learns nothing; it is he that listens who improves in knowledge.

For all his drowsy manner of high breeding, one who looked closely at Inspector Val might have observed that the eyes back of the half-closed lids were exceedingly alert. By lunch time, on the day after his arrival, he had every one about him measured; or, as Mr. Sorg would have said, "counted up."

Mrs. Hogeden-Hogeden was a shallow, goodnatured woman, of more than middle weight and years. She had a deal of manner, most of it as plainly put on as was her complexion.

Her friend, Mrs. Burrell, inane, close, and suspicious, gave forth an impression of unimportance. In all things she was narrowly conventional.

Mr. Towne appeared to be a pokerish, gray man, well versed in the social proprieties but deep in nothing else. His daughter, Miss Towne, of a chalk-and-water brood, emulated her parent, and clung as closely to the proprieties as ever did drowning man to a plank.

The Misses Rich and Leonard were apple-faced young ladies, elastic as rubber balls, who bounded vivaciously about, all to the distress of the proper Miss Towne. When they talked they went wild over golf and tennis, and, now and then, basket ball, in which latter art they had won fame at their school.

In the first stages Inspector Val brushed these six aside, as not included in his field of inquiry. None of them had taken the red diamond.

He also did the same with Paul Van Orth, who was about twenty-three for years, of a light, not to say happy disposition. He laughed much and thought little,—being altogether a pronounced specimen of the average rich, useless, idle young fellows among whom his father's money and misguided social hankerings had succeeded in installing him. Surely he had not stolen the diamond. He was not of the sort to do such work, for one thing; besides, he lacked utterly in motive, as the elder Van Orth made a merit of placing no limit on his expenses. Money was as free to him as air.

Frank Burrell, Paul Van Orth's friend, differed from his chum. His face, while no older and no wiser, had a deeply dissipated look,—a face stained of sottishness. Evidently, he had gone the pace, and was diligent to sow wild oats. His eyes were more yellow than gray, and he owned, withal, a sneaky, hangdog manner not good to see. He was bad of temper,—querulous,—but gave in to his chum Paul on points of trivial dispute that came up, at times, between them.

Honorable Bideford Blake was fully ten years the senior of either Paul Van Orth or young Burrell. He had a thin face, dark and gypsy-like, and hair and eyes and mustache blue-black. He spoke in a languid drawl, and left one to guess whether he or Mrs. Hogeden-Hogeden were the more affected. His hands were long and slender, and, when he thought no one watched, he was fond of considering them, back and palm, and all in a spirit of satisfaction, as if they were his pet pride, or, perhaps, a sort of stock in trade.

It was Mr. Blake's mouth that disturbed Inspector Val. Under the droop of the blue-black mustache the lips showed thick, irregular, and vulgar. Not at all was the Blake mouth a patrician mouth. It told a story. It showed that the man had some sinister motive in his life.



"THIS TIME THE FAITHLESS CANOE DID MORE THAN ROCK AND DIP"

If there were one, when all had been reviewed, who most divided the interest of Inspector Val with Mr. Blake, it was Miss Ethel; and perhaps the precession of his concern would have marched off with Honorable Blake in the lead, Ethel next, and young Burrell crowding close behind. He did not see her on the evening of his arrival at Orthoaks, but her headache was so much under hand that she came down to breakfast with the others in the morning.

Ethel was clearly of a finer clay, and of an intelligence better molded, than either her brother or her father. She seemed sad and out of spirit, which may or may not have been the left-over traces of those two days of headache. She spoke little, and advanced no topics of conversation. Particularly, she never once looked at Mr. Blake, which restraint did not set well—so argued Inspector Val,—with the elder Van Orth's theory that a budding love was springing up between the pair. Mr. Blake, in a pleasantly careless way, addressed her more than once; she never looked up, and answered in one syllable.

Inspector Val, after being at Orthoaks twenty-four hours, made the following report—it was a mental one,—to himself. The red diamond was stolen. It was stolen by either

young Burrell or Mr. Blake. Ethel knows something about it, and that something is breaking her heart.

In arriving at these conclusions, he did not overlook old Roger, the butler. He made up to the old fellow, and had a brief talk about wines and how to handle them. When he was through he was willing to agree with Mr. Van Orth that, in any search he might make for the felon, the old butler need not be regarded.

No; the crime lay between Mr. Blake and young Burrell, and Ethel knew enough about the business to disturb her to the depths. Accepting the elder Van Orth's theory of a love interest, on her part, as not without a basis, her disturbance would point to Mr. Blake rather than young Burrell as the thief. Besides, and that was a fact to be weighed, it was not young Burrell, but Mr. Blake, to whom she refused her eyes.

Inspector Val, as he sat alone in his room, cudged his memory as to the face of Mr. Blake. In the end he was sure that he had never before seen him. It was his trade not to forget a face; certainly he would have remembered the olive skin, crow-colored hair, and coarse mouth of Mr. Blake, if that personage had ever crossed his path before.

Inspector Val had made it a rule never to let an unusual physiognomy pass without first getting an indelible impression of it on his brain. That night he studied Mr. Blake for a long time,—and he also drew on his mind strong pictures of the other people in this drama.

The next day, taking advantage of a saddle party,—in which Ethel, by the way, was too much out of sorts to join,—Inspector Val mailed a note to Mr. Sorg. It had its effect. The morning following, Mr. Van Orth was exhibiting his famous show horse, "Rochester." The groom was trotting the animal up and down, tandem, in front of Orthoaks, and everybody, to give joy to the proud owner, was out viewing the spectacle, and murmuring encomiums of the wondrous Rochester. Some of the farmer people of the neighborhood left their fields to look on.

About this time a thick, rough man came trudging along, and, having, as would appear, a love for fine horseflesh, paused among the gazing farmers. The rough man, however, in a furtive way, looked quite as often at Mr. Blake as at the renowned Rochester. Finally, catching a glimpse of Inspector Val, who stood a bit back from the others, the rough man shook his head. Then, as if satisfied, he passed on and disappeared. The rough one was Mr. Sorg; that head-shake meant that he, like his chief, had never before clapped eyes on Mr. Blake.

The latter noble personage had a fad; he was tireless to shoot. There was no game about Orthoaks. But there were clay pigeons and traps. At these Mr. Blake kept excessively busy, and devoted a half hour toward sundown, every afternoon, to smashing clay pigeons right and left.

"You should see me at pheasants, on our preserves in Sussex, Mr. Van Orth; you really should!" cried Mr. Blake.

Mr. Van Orth flushed in a pleased way, and declared that he should be delighted.

Paul Van Orth and young Burrell burned quite as much powder as did Mr. Blake, but they did not kill as many clay birds. Now and then the trio shot a sweepstakes; when they did, it was won by Mr. Blake.

[Concluded on pages 693 to 700]

# What Has Luck Done for You?

## Orison Swett Marden

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says: "The great prizes of life come by accident, and no human being knows this better than one who has drawn one of them. Had a few events over which no one had any control been other than they were, it is possible that I might never have held the high office I now occupy."

People may say what they will about there not being any such thing as "luck," or "chance," but we must all admit that there is such a thing. There is no use denying the fact that, as Shakespeare says, "Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd." We must all admit that things over which a man has no control, unforeseen happenings, or events with which he had nothing to do and on which he had not calculated, often change the whole course of his career. Good positions do not always come by merit, or as the result of one's own direct efforts. It is now a poor laboring man or washerwoman who falls heir to a fortune by the death of some relative; or, again it is a poor girl who is suddenly raised to wealth and what the world calls high position by marrying a man of rank or fortune.

Every schoolboy knows that there is a great advantage in being in the right place in just the nick of time, and that being there is often a matter of chance.

Men are constantly being moved up into positions which they did not get wholly by merit. Their elevation is due, perhaps, to a railroad accident, a stroke of paralysis, or the death of men in high places. We had a striking instance of this, recently, in the death of two presidents of the Long Island Railroad within a few months, which led to unexpected promotions.

Everyone knows that men are constantly being put at the head of large concerns because of kinship with the owners of the business, when, perhaps, a score of those who are working in the establishments, at the time, are much better fitted to fill the positions.

But, after all, who will be foolish enough to say that man is the toy of chance, or that true success is the result of accident or fate?

No; luck is not God's price for success, nor does He dicker with men. When we consider the few who owe fortune or position to accident or "luck," in comparison with the masses who have to fight every inch of the way to their own loaves, what are they, in reality, but the exceptions to the rule that *character*, merit—not fate, or "luck," or any other bogey of the imagination,—control the destinies of men? The only luck that plays any great part in a man's life is that which inheres in a stout heart, a willing hand, and an alert brain.

What has chance ever done in the world? Has it invented a telegraph or telephone? Has it laid an ocean cable? Has it built steamships, or established universities, asylums, or hospitals? Has it tunneled mountains, built bridges, or brought miracles out of the soil?

What did "luck" have to do with making the career of Washington, of Lincoln, of Daniel Webster, of Henry Clay, of Grant, of Garfield, or of Elihu Root? Did it help Edison or Marconi with their inventions? Did it have anything to do with the making of the fortunes of our great merchant princes? Do such men as John Wanamaker, Robert Ogden, or Marshall Field owe their success to luck?

Many a man has tried to justify his failure on the ground that he was doomed by the cards which fate dealt him, that he must pick them up and play the game, and that no effort, however great, on his part, could materially change the result. But, my young friend, the Fate that deals your cards is in the main your own resolution. The result of the game does not rest with fate or destiny, but with you. You will take the trick if you have the superior energy, ability, and determination requisite to take it. You have the power within yourself to change the value of the cards which, you say, fate has dealt you. The game depends upon your training, upon the way you are disciplined to seize and use your opportunities, and upon your ability to put grit in the place of superior advantages.

Just because circumstances do sometimes give clients to lawyers and patients to physicians, put commonplace clergymen in uncommon pulpits, and place the sons of the rich at the head of great corporations even when they have only average ability and scarcely any experience, while poor youths with greater ability, and more experience, often have to fight their way for years to obtain ordinary situations, are you justified in starting out without a chart or in leaving a place for luck in your programme? What would you think of a captain of a great liner who would start out to sea without any port in view, and trust to luck to land his precious cargo safely?

Did you ever know of a strong young man making out his life-programme and depending upon chance to carry out any part of it? Men who depend upon "luck" do not think it worth while to make a thorough preparation for success. They are not willing to pay the regular price for it. They are looking for bargains. They are hunting for short cuts to success.

We hear a great deal about "Roosevelt's luck;" but what would it have availed him if he was not ready for the opportunity when it came

—if he had not trained himself through years of persistent drill to grasp it,—if he had not been prepared to make the best use of it?

He did not start out with the deliberate ambition to become President. His general aim was to make Theodore Roosevelt just as large, as complete, and as fine a man as possible, and no pains were too great, no exercise or drill or training or effort at self-improvement too troublesome or exhausting to undertake in order to make himself physically strong and intellectually vigorous. Mr. Roosevelt told me that he never would have been in his present position but for his long, persistent, and vigorous self-training.

The resolution which he never lost sight of was to train himself to do the duty nearest him with such completeness, earnestness, and efficiency that it would best prepare him for the next thing which came, and he always saw the step to the thing above him in the thing he was doing. He knew that the key which would unlock the door to the next opportunity must be wrought out of the thing he was then doing.

The unhappy incident which placed Mr. Roosevelt in the presidential chair would not have kept him there through a second term if he had not fitted himself to fill it. Others had been similarly placed by like chance, but the opportunity laughed at them because they were not ready for it, or fitted for it, and they practically threw the chance away.

If Roosevelt had blundered or shown incompetency in the great office which accident gave him, "luck" would not have elected him for a second term.

I have never known a man to amount to much until he cut out of his vocabulary such words as "good luck" and "bad luck," and from his life-maxims all the "I can't" words and the "I can't" philosophy. There is no word in the English language more misused and abused than "luck." More people have excused themselves for poor work and mean, stingy, poverty-stricken careers, by saying "luck was against them" than by any other excuse.

That door ahead of you, young man, is probably closed because you have closed it,—closed it by lack of training; by a lack of ambition, energy, and push. While, perhaps, you have been waiting for "luck" to open it, a pluckier, grittier fellow has stepped in ahead of you and opened it himself.

Power gravitates to the man who knows how. "Luck is the tide, nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes toward his port; he rows against it if it flows the other way."

When Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, was asked, by a SUCCESS MAGAZINE representative, "How do you account for your success?" he answered, simply, "I just tried to make good."

You will find, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand, that the man who tries to make good is the "lucky man." Young Johnson had to fight against poverty, heredity and environment,—everything that could be put forward as an excuse for "bad luck," or "no chance," yet in his hard battle with fate he never once faltered, or whined, or complained that luck was against him.

One of the most unfortunate delusions that ever found its way into a youth's brain is that there is some force or power outside of himself that will, in some mysterious way, and with very little effort on his part, lift him into a position of comfort and luxury. I never knew any one who followed the *ignis fatuus*,—"luck,"—who did not follow it to his ruin. "Good luck" follows good sense, good judgment, good health, a gritty determination, a lofty ambition, and downright hard work.

When you see horses in a race, you know perfectly well that the one in the lead is ahead because he has run faster than the others, and you would not have much sympathy for the horse behind if he should bemoan his fate and declare that the horse ahead had a snap!

When you see any one doing better than you are doing under similar circumstances, just say to yourself, "There must be some reason for it. There is a secret back of it, and I must find it out." Do not try to ease your conscience or lull your ambition by pleading "hard luck" for yourself, or good fortune for another.

Napoleon said that "God is always on the side of the strongest battalions." He is always on the side of the best prepared, the best trained, the most vigilant, the pluckiest, and the most determined.

If we should examine the careers of most men who are called "lucky," we should find that their success has its roots far back in the past, and has drawn its nourishment from many a battle in the struggle for supremacy over poverty and opposition. We should probably find that the "lucky" man is a closer thinker than the "unlucky" man, that he has a finer judgment, that he has more system and order,—that his brain acts more definitely and concisely, that he thinks more logically, more vigorously, and that he is more practical. Life is not a game of chance. The Creator did not put us where we would be the sport of circumstances, to be tossed about by a cruel fate, regardless of our own efforts.



# Nate Wells's Love Affair

By William R. Lighton

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER]

NATHAN WELLS's father was a Friend, of most exemplary, sweet, and gentle character, God-fearing, and with all his thoughts set upon the things that do not perish. The character of the son was in sharp contrast to all this. Nathan's mind tended to practical affairs which involve sharp conflict with men and facts,—conflict whose rewards might be measured to him in dollars and cents. None of the other villagers had any genius for money-getting, and they were pleased to call his gift "worldliness." He had an unmistakable way of turning things to account, and a passion for conquest over difficulties. As early as the beginning of his eighteenth year the village became too small a setting for his activities; then he went away. Within a year his father died, and he was freed from any thought of life save as it related to himself.

He prospered easily and naturally; dollars came to him in plenty, and he achieved a rapid sequence of successes. In little more than a dozen years he was made auditor of a newly organized railroad company which was building its lines into western mining territory. He felt that he held a first lien upon the future; and, though he made no vain display, he was inclined to be pleased with himself.

But, although his path was golden, it was very narrow. Those faculties which related to his work had been kept clear of rubbish; but the other parts of his nature had gone to waste. He was not what a man of thirty years should be. Aside from this, the strong strife had left its marks upon him. After his latest struggle, he found that he had become very tired. He felt that he should be just at the beginning of enjoyment of his triumphs, yet somehow the whole thing had suddenly become a drag upon him. He fought against it, but grew listless and apathetic. The chief surgeon of the road came upon him, one day, as he sat dejectedly at his desk.

"Wells," he said, brusquely, "you're played out. You've got to take a rest. Paresis,—do you know what that is? You must take two or three months away from your work; that's all that'll save you."

Nathan's ideas of rest had been very vague; he had thought of it only as one of the unknown quantities in the misty life of the next world. The surgeon's suggestion did not please him; but, as the days passed and the shadows of depression deepened in his mind, he was forced to yield.

In the course of the tedious journey eastward over the Iowa prairie he fell into the company of James Peters, a Chicago newspaper man. From the first they got on well together; both loved the West, and its newer life gave them much to talk about; and this opened the way to closer sympathies.

"They're pulling a heavy load, this trip, are n't they?" Wells remarked, by and by, his mind unconsciously busy with railroading. "This sleeper's pretty nearly full."

"Yes," Peters returned; "I like it, too. I've been watching the faces. It's funny what you can see in a man's face when he's off his guard, as people mostly are when traveling."

"Funny?" Wells echoed, doubtfully. "Oh, I—I don't know. I've never taken much pleasure in it. It always seems to me that I can see more tragedy than comedy. Look at the folks in this car: there is n't one pure face in the whole lot, unless it's that old lady back there by herself."

"That's so," Peters admitted; "but it's human nature, and I like to study it at first hand."

"Well, it's all right, I reckon, if you can look at it that way. But I can't do that. I've got a kind of terror of the dead level of middle life, when the sun gets up toward meridian, and the road begins to get hot and dusty, as you might say; and, the more I study middle-aged faces, the more that feeling grows on me."

"You take it too hard," Peters commented. "A

man need n't get disgruntled unless he wants to; he can make his life pretty nearly what he wants it to be, so far as essentials go."

Wells was drumming abstractedly upon the window pane, pursing his lips and fixing serious eyes upon the moving panorama without.

"I'm not built that way," he said, abruptly. "Maybe it is n't a sane way to look at it, but I can't help it. It's always struck me that the men who ought by rights to be the best off,—the men who've built on big foundations,—family men, too, with wives and children,—take middle life the hardest; just as though they'd tested everything life holds, and had nothing more in particular to live for. That's worried me a good deal. It got to be a kind of mania with me, once, to account for it. Cost me pretty dearly too." He spoke in broken sentences, as if half against his will.

"How's that?" Peters asked, incontinently.

"Oh, it is n't much of a story," Wells answered, slowly. "At least, it can't mean much to any one but myself. I was to have been married, a year ago. She was a good girl, too, so far as I know, though I never had a gift for getting deep into a woman's character. I got scared out by the very thing we've been talking about. Maybe I was a fool; but I could n't help looking around, studying folks, and trying to get an idea of my chances of happiness. I do n't mean happiness, either, exactly; I never believed much in that. I wanted to see if there was a fighting chance of being contented,—satisfied,—what's the word? I could n't see it, and I pulled out."

He was leaning back in his comfortable seat, wholly dominated by his mood. "You see," he went on, as if he felt a need of justifying himself, "I thought I'd got to the time of life when I ought to be making a home. I reckon the girl felt the same way about it. She's got her home, now, in Denver,—as good a one as I could have given her,—so she's all right; but it's left me in a queer state of mind."

The conductor of the car stood beside their seat.

"The next station's yours," he said to Peters. "Six miles yet. Plenty of time."

"Next station?" Peters echoed. "I did n't know we were within fifty miles of it." Hastily he gathered his traps together; then he bent closer to the window, and pressed his face against the glass.

"This next town used to be my home," he said to Wells. "I was born there. It's years and years since I left. I'm going to stop over for a day or two, to see what's been happening. A man likes to do that, you know."

"What's the town?" Wells asked, listlessly.

"Coleton," Peters answered. "Say, it seems as if I know some of these trees along here. This used to be one of my haunts, up along the river."

"Coleton?" Wells echoed; "Coleton, Iowa?" His manner, usually so well controlled, was aroused to lively interest, and he, too, laid his face close against the polished window pane and looked out eagerly.



"ARE N'T YOU MISTAKEN?" SHE ASKED, GENTLY."

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"It's sixteen years since I went away," Peters said. "I suppose there'll be changes. I don't like to think of 'em, though." After a few moments' study of the familiar landscape, he laughed aloud. "I was thinking of the morning I left. I found out how many friends I had in the old place,—a lot of 'em. There was a big swarm of youngsters at the station to see me off."

Wells was containing himself by a strong effort. "That morning," he asked, quietly, "do you remember there was a little chap in blue overalls who hung around the corner of the station, but would n't come out to say good-by? Remember him?"

Peters turned sharply from the window. Wells's face was glowing, and his hand was outstretched.

"God bless your soul, Nate!" Peters said, softly, and they sat, for a time, with hands clasped in a straining pressure.

The train was slackening its speed as it entered the town. Quick resolve filled Wells's mind, and he arose, taking some light hand-baggage from the floor.

"Jim!" he cried, "let me get off here with you, will you?"

Peters laid his hand firmly upon Wells's arm. "Do n't you dare think of going on!" he said. "Why, of course you'll stop! You can as well as not? Where were you going?"

"East," Wells answered, vaguely. "I can intercept my trunk easily enough. I had n't any definite aim on the trip. Jim, I'll do it!"

Their eyes were alert as they left the station and walked up the gentle slope of the hill to where the town lay.

"Trees!" Wells commented; "trees all along the main street! That's a good sign. A hustling town does n't hide itself away in a nest of trees."

"Here's another sign," Peters added, striking his heel upon the crumbling wooden walk. "I've felt like thanking God, lots of times, for the law of decay."

"Say; I was thinking," Wells said, slowly. "Do you know why it was that the boy in the blue overalls sneaked around the corner, that day? Of course you do n't. Well, there was a little girl in the crowd, who wore her hair in a yellow braid hanging down over a pink calico dress. She hugged you around the neck and kissed you good-by. That's why the blue boy sulked."

They laughed together happily. "I can't remember her name," Wells said. "What was it? Began with 'L'—Lawrence?—Latimer?"

"Lorimer," Peters interrupted, "Annie Lorimer! Her father ran the old flour mill. You have n't forgotten that, too, have you?"

"No; I have n't forgotten that."

"Annie Lorimer," Peters said, again. "She was ten, and I was twelve. Ten and sixteen are twenty-six. We sha'n't see the yellow-haired little girl, any way."

"I kind of lost interest in her, after I saw her kiss you," Wells said. "We're more likely to see some of her little yellow-haired girls. That'll be the deuce of it, boy. People can't stand still, no matter what a town may do. Why, look here; how's this? We're right in the town. Here's the old hotel. This is n't right. The old Brown House used to be at least a mile from the station. The town's shrunk, Jim." Then, after a curious pause, Wells asked: "Where are you going? Are you going to put up with friends?"

"After sixteen years?" Peters inquired, laughing. "I reckon not. It's the Brown House for me."

When the modest country supper was eaten, they left the hotel and walked slowly up the street which was the center of the town's quiet life. Groups of men were clustered about the open shop doorways, doing nothing. The evening air was cool and comforting.

"Only a new coat of paint, or a few new boards or bricks here and there," Peters said, happily,—"I'm relieved." They continued their walk for a long time, talking of those days which are held fondest in the memory of all men.

"You don't know how I feel," Wells said, when at length they sat in the hotel, smoking. "I'm younger than I was. I feel as though I'd stepped right into the middle of an old romance. I've never rubbed against romance much,—never had time. I'm going to take time now."

When they separated for the night, he held Peters's hand closely in his own. "Good night, boy," he said, gently. "I'm going to sleep like a youngster again. It's in the air." But, when his head was upon the pillow, he lay awake for many hours, staring into the darkness, his brain full of strange new thoughts. His face was pale and his eyes sunken when he joined Peters at breakfast.

"Well," Peters asked, when they stood upon the veranda, after breakfast, "what shall we do now? Do you want to go anywhere in particular?"

"Yes," Wells answered, "I want to hunt for faces."

But the quest was disappointing. A man resents the presence of new dwellers in his old home. Those who had been blue-frocked and short-breeched contemporaries in boyhood were now, like themselves, grown into serious manhood; the once middle-aged men had gone steadily upon their way, too, and were grizzled and time-seamed beyond recognition; the old men whom they remembered most strongly,—it was not pleasant to think what had become of them.

"I'm losing heart, Jim," Wells said, at the end of

an hour. There's no fun in this sort of thing. I'd like to cry, only I'm afraid I've forgotten how. There's just one more place I do want to see,—up on top of Robson's Hill. Come along!"

It was a beautiful, calm place, that graveyard, in the quiet summer morning. The two men walked slowly and silently up and down the elm-shaded avenues, pausing very often to read the carved words upon slab and shaft. Some of the graves bore the marks of recent careful attention, but most of them had reached the blessedness of neglected, grass-grown peace.

"Here they are, Jim," Wells said, at length, in a half whisper. "We might have known it. There's just one more I want to see, though; then we'll go."

He had to search for some time, for the stone was toppled face downward in the long grass. Patiently he brushed the black mold from the inscription: "John Wells. Born October 1st, 1804. Died June 1st, 1874." He threw himself at full length across the sunken grave, his face hidden in his arms; but he soon arose, shivering a little.

"That's all, Jim," he said, quietly. "I do n't know what's the matter with me. I feel as though I'd been dreaming. But I've waked up now. I'm sorry I stopped, though. This was the only place on earth I ever had any real affection for; and now, somehow, it's all gone. If it's all the same to you, I'd like to go back to the hotel and lie down, and I think I'll go East to-night. You won't mind, will you?"

But Peters had closed his hand upon Wells's arm and was gently forcing him into a side street which led toward a shaded hollow. They could hear a small stream chuckling foolishly in its bed, out of sight at the bottom of the vale; blue jays and woodpeckers were quarreling noisily in the arched trees above the water; the small patches of sky showing through the leaves were very blue. When they had walked a little way the road narrowed until it was only a beaten path through a thicket of hazel and wild plum which grew close to the stream.

"Where are you going?" Wells asked, with a little returning interest.

"Why, Nate!" Peters said, "You have n't forgotten this place,—the old short cut down to the mill?"

Wells stood still. "Wait a minute!" he said, sharply. "I don't want to go. I'm not sentimental, Jim, but I've had enough of disillusioning. I'd like to remember the old mill, anyway, as it used to be. But we won't find it that way. I'm going back to my room."

"Oh, come on!" Peters urged. "What's the difference? The dream's turned out a nightmare; we might as well give ourselves the final pinch and wake up. Come on; it'll only take a minute."

Wells laughed a little harshly. "Before that yellow-haired little flirt kissed you," he said, "I used to like to come down to the mill dam here on Saturdays and fish. I'd generally see Annie loafing around the mill some place with her father. I was offish about showing that I liked her; but I declare I've never taken as much interest in anything else—not even in a railroad,—as I used to take in those shiny braids. And yet I have n't thought about her in years."

The path turned abruptly, and the strong rush of water became the dominant note in the chorus of summer sounds. They crept forward cautiously until they looked down upon a broad roof of weather-beaten shingles. A great water wheel groaned and creaked in its bearings, the wide paddles dripping with a shining shower. A platform in front of the doorway was covered thick with the soft white dust of the mill; from within the old building came the sleepy purr of grinding. From an open window above the wheel an old man was leaning, looking idly about him, his arms folded upon the sill, his white hair and beard touched and glorified by the summer sunlight.

"Look!" Wells whispered, clutching Peters's shoulder; "it's old Lorimer, sure as death!"

When they had found their way down the steep path and around the mill, Lorimer stood in the doorway in the same peaceful idleness. His eyes rested kindly upon his visitors.

"One of God's own days, gentlemen," he said, in simple greeting.

"Mr. Lorimer," Wells said, as he held out his hand eagerly, "you don't remember me, do you?"

Mild inquiry filled the old man's eyes as they were fixed for a moment upon the young face. "No, lad, I don't," he said, reluctantly.

"Wells?" Nathan suggested.

Lorimer repeated the name, vaguely. "Wells? Let me see. Why, I used to know a John Wells; but surely,—I knew him from his days of bare feet until I helped to bury him. Surely you're not of his blood."

"He was my father," Nathan answered.

"You do n't look it, boy. He was another sort of man. But he had a son; I remember, now. We used to think him a graceless sort of boy." The straightforward words were tempered by much gentleness of manner.

"No doubt he was graceless," Wells returned; "no doubt he's more graceless, to-day, than ever before. But he's mighty glad to see you. Jim and I—say, do you remember Jim Peters, here?" But, even with the best help they could give him, the old man could remember nothing of Peters.

"We've stopped off here for a day or so," Wells



said, "to look at the old place. Until we came down here, I wished we had n't done it. The men I remember best are almost all gone."

Lorimer stood looking upon the water flashing over the dam, listening to its soothing roar. "Yes," he said, slowly, "I guess you're right."

"It would be bad enough to miss one at a time," Wells argued; "but to come back and miss them all at once, it's tough."

Peters had left them and gone into the low-ceiled mill. Now he came to the doorway.

"Nate, look here a minute!" He beckoned that Wells should move quietly; then he led the way to a small room partitioned off in a corner, overlooking the water.

"Look in there," he said, and Wells peered through the little dust-stained panes in the door. The room held a few time-worn furnishings,—two or three faded pictures in scarred frames, a dingy high stool, and an equally dingy desk. A woman sat upon the stool, busy over books of account. They could not see her face, but there was an indefinable assurance of youth in her easy pose. She was simply clad in some light summer stuff, and her hair, full of living lights, was held in two thick braids hanging far below her lithe waist.

"It's Annie," Peters whispered. Lorimer had followed them and now stood looking on, a little puzzled.

"My daughter, gentlemen," he said. "You do not remember her, I suppose. She was only a little girl playing with dolls when you were living here."

Peters nodded. "And we were only little boys. We remember her, all right."

He pushed the door open and the girl turned upon her stool. She had a sweet, serene face, lit with the gentlest goodness of womanhood,—such a face as all men, whether they be good or bad, love to look upon. She glanced inquiringly from the newcomers to her father.

"Wait!" she cried, with quick understanding. "Do n't tell me! Let me see if I know who you are." She held out a hand to each, and stood looking from one smiling face to the other. "I know you!" she said to the auditor. "You're Nate Wells, are n't you? You used to crawl out on the dam to fish, and get yourself all wet and muddy." Then, all at once, Wells seemed to think life very pleasant and well worth while.

They sat together for a long time, talking, the hum of the mill and the rush of water over the low dam making pleasant harmonic accompaniment for the soft melody of speech. It was only when the shadows of the elms lengthened across the valley that Lorimer aroused himself.

"Come; this won't do, children. It's supper time. You're coming with us, boys. No; no excuse is good. Annie, you bring Nathan along. I'll take care of this one."

Silence fell upon Wells as he walked back toward the town, with Annie at his side. So very silent was he that once or twice the girl glanced into his face inquiringly,—so rapt that he was even guilty of allowing some of her words to escape him, just as he let the bird-notes go by,—hearing, and getting their ineffable spiritual benefit, though he gave them no conscious heed. He loitered and lingered until Lorimer called gayly back:—

"Shall I whistle a quickstep for you two? Mother'll be wondering what's become of us."

Annie quickened her pace obediently. "Mother always waits for him, in the evenings," she told Wells. "She's never got out of the way of coming to meet him. I think it's nice, don't you? Father does."

They turned into a beautiful street, lined with simple cottage homes, and old Lorimer walked with impatient strides, his shoulders drawn erect.

"There she is!" Annie laughed, indulgently. "You'll be scandalized to see how those two behave. Perhaps you'd better not look." But Wells was watching intently, and what he saw made the blood leap to his cheeks and sing in his ears. An old lady, her hair white as Lorimer's own, came toward them under the arch of trees. She gave but a passing glance to the others; she looked at the old man, holding both hands toward him, and he stooped and kissed her fondly. Then she stood by his side while she gave generous greeting to the strangers. Her face was radiant with

deep feeling, and Lorimer had suddenly grown very proud and lordly in his bearing.

Never before had Wells been able to do more than doubt the reality of love and trust and confidence amongst humankind. Those had always seemed to him to be qualities very remote from the things of daily life. Yet, in this home, life and love were parts each of the other. He had never believed that these influences could show any tensile strength under the strain of hard experience; yet here he found that they had endured through the stress of a long lifetime. He was an unprofitable companion while these things filled his mind; he took but a minor part in the gaiety of the supper.

When supper was done, Wells found a lowly place upon the porch steps, where he sat with his elbows upon his knees, his hands supporting his chin, listening while the others talked. After a time Lorimer came and sat down by his side.

"Why, Nate," he said, kindly, "we've been so busy talking of the old times that we've forgotten the present. You haven't told me anything about yourself, or how you've fared all these years. How has life been using you?"

It was only by a strong effort that Wells could bring himself to answer. "Oh, pretty well," he said, listlessly; then, after a moment, he broke out: "I do n't see the use of it all! When I was struggling, fighting my way, I was all right; it was a joy to me; but now that time's past. I'm only thirty, but I do n't have to struggle any more."

When I didn't know what was coming,—when I had reason to fear setbacks and disappointments, I was happy; at least, I was satisfied, because I was looking forward to winning. But, now that I have no more disappointments to fear, that's become the first real disappointment of my life. I'm worried because I have nothing to be anxious about. I can see clear to the end of my life, and there's nothing much to see more than I've already enjoyed to the full. I'm like a man who's spent a long time climbing to the top of a bleak hill in a sand desert, just for the fun of looking back and seeing what a fool he's been."

It was a long time before Lorimer answered, though his answer amounted to very little, after all. "It's too bad to hear a young man talk so," he said.

"It's not all talk, either," Wells said. "I feel it; that's the terror of it." Then, after a throbbing pause, he added: "I wish you could tell me what's kept you the way you are."

The old man's deep eyes were glowing in the evening light. "You have seen, to-day, all there is of my life," he answered, simply, "and all there has ever been of it. Love,—you have had nothing to do with that, have you? There's no need that I should ask."

"No!" Wells cried, sharply. "I have n't dared to. I've been afraid of that, too,—afraid it would turn out like the other, nothing but a bitter disappointment. I never loved even my father, until to-day. He's been dead fifteen years. My God, Lorimer! I'd give everything life holds for me, if I could have hold of his hand now for just one minute! It would give me something to tie to."

There was another long silence between them. Lorimer was in no haste to speak, though his heart was full.

"The sum of a simple life must be simple, too," he said, at last. "There's really no mystery about it. The simplicity I mean consists in not being afraid to trust yourself to the utmost to the care of the best that's in you,—and the best that's in any man is love. If a man is living right, then love is the motive power that keeps him going. I do n't see how a man can go straight to the end of his course without it. Does that help you any?"

"No," Wells answered, slowly; "that makes it worse. But I can't talk about it any more. We must go." He arose hastily and urged Peters to accompany him. When good-bys were said and the two were in the street, Peters exclaimed:—

"Nate, that girl Annie is a jewel. She's worth a whole townful of ordinary girls. Why did n't you come up and talk to her? You showed poor taste, sitting there growling at the old gentleman."

"Oh, do n't talk to me!" Wells begged. Peters took the rebuff in great good humor. He kept his own

"HERE THEY ARE,  
JIM," WELLS SAID,  
AT LENGTH"



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counsel until they reached the hotel. Then Wells said:—

"I never was much of a hand for farce, Jim. This business has grown too farcical to suit me. I'm going East, to-morrow."

"Why, what's the matter?" Peters asked, innocently.

"Oh, it's no use!" Wells returned, impatiently. "This life here is all very pretty and pastoral, and all that; but it's too confoundedly impractical. You can see that; you're not a child. Look at old Lorimer. What's the good of a life like his? When he's gone, he'll leave no more trace of himself than the others have left who've lived and died here. What good is there in that? The life of an oyster is just about as enviable. I'm not going to fool any longer; I can't stand it; I'm going to New York, in the morning."

"You can't go to-morrow," Peters said, quietly; "I've made a date for you,—for both of us. We're going fishing; we're going to start at six in the morning."

"No!" Wells said, stoutly.

"Yes, we are," Peters insisted. "We're going to the old place, at Hickory Point, where the bass are. Annie's going. She loves fishing. We'll breakfast with her, in the morning, and spend the day in the woods. Then you can take the evening train, if you must."

Wells's resistance grew less and less assured; he was in no condition to offer effectual demur.

They were astir at dawn. Wells's rest had been disturbed and fitful, but the freshness of the morning air brought him great comfort. He threw back his shoulders and drew deep breaths. Few people were abroad, and the streets must have been very quiet, save for the riotous bird-chorus in the interlaced branches overhead.

When they reached Lorimer's cottage, Annie, clad for an outing, stood in the midst of a dense tangle of rose bushes, her arms full of the dewy flowers. She was so bright-eyed, so joyous and lovely, that she seemed a part of the morning.

"Are we late?" Peters called.

"No! Breakfast is just ready. I thought you'd like to see some of the old Coleton roses on the table. Aren't they gorgeous? Come in. We three shall have breakfast by ourselves; father and mother do n't get up so early." She held open the gate for them, then led the way into the house.

She was like a child when they walked toward the river. No man, no matter what his state of mind, could be proof against such frank, fresh delight as hers. After a little while Wells would allow himself to think of nothing save the present moment. If this was to be but an illusion, it should be as complete as his perfect surrender of himself could make it.

The place they sought was at the confluence of the mill-stream and the broader river,—a beautiful spot, heavily wooded, with the tranquil river winding back and forth, going upon its way as leisurely as if it realized that it had an abundance of time for the long journey seaward. Every subtle influence of the place was for peace. Peters was impatient for fishing, and he and Annie soon had their bass-flies upon the water; but Wells was in no hurry. He sat down in a comfortable place upon the bank, resting his back against

a shaggy tree-trunk. "Have a good time, children," he called, "only do n't disturb the old man; he's tired."

"Fish!" Peters urged, briefly. He could spare no time from his own casting for further speech.

When a man begins to doubt the divine order of things, there is no other healing so grateful and sure as that of the woodland. Wells stretched himself upon the deep moss, looking up at the pure sky gleaming through the leaves; then he amused himself by closing his eyes, for a time, and lying very still, for the mere pleasure of finding, when he looked again, that he was indeed awake and that this was reality. But it was very unlike the realities he had before known. For all that he could see or hear, he might be the only living man in all the world. The life around him was going on its way in supreme content, asking no questions, disturbed by no doubts. A railroad seemed pitifully ineffectual, after all. Mileage, tonnage, competitive rates,—all slipped from him in a moment, and he turned, buried his face in the cool moss, and let the long-delayed tears flow. When they were done he arose, bathing his hot eyes in the stream; then he laid himself down again and slept. When Peters and Annie came back, they found him sleeping, his head pillowed upon his arm. He awoke, startled. When he realized himself and his surroundings, he breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction. Peters, watching furtively, saw what he sought and was glad.

After luncheon Peters returned at once to his fishing. "I'll excuse you," he said to Annie. "I'm no monopolist. If Nate won't come, you may sit and talk to him for a while, until he tires you out." He speedily worked his way down the stream, out of sight.

Wells sat by Annie's side, throwing twigs and bits of bark into the water and watching them slip away upon the gentle current. He said little; but he saw and heard everything. Her voice, in its every lightest tone, her gentleness and the whole ineffable perfection of her presence were like food to his starving senses.

"Annie, tell me," he said, at length, quite abruptly, "have you never thought of leaving this place? Have you never wanted to get away to where things are happening?"

She looked at him in some wonderment. It seemed a strange question.

"Oh, no; never!" she answered.

"Don't you ever feel that you'd like to see more of life? Is n't life here very cramped and limited?"

"No, indeed," she answered, again. "What could any one want, more than this? Life outside fairly frightens me. Everything here is so quiet; there are no accidents in it. Do you know what I mean? I never want any life but this."

"It's very small," he persisted.

"Are n't you mistaken?" she asked, gently. "Oh, of course I know it is n't what people would call 'life on a large scale'; but we do n't crowd one another. 'Life on a large scale' is usually pretty crowded and uncomfortable, isn't it? You know plain, simple, honest men, such as these are here in Coleton, do n't need very much room. Living honestly and dying simply do n't take up a great deal of room."

He raised his eyes to hers, and her glance met his steadfastly,—clear, pure, and beautiful. Then, no man may say how, love began to have its way with him.

## A Preacher of Principles

By WALLACE IRWIN

I.

As I loitered one night by the mellow  
Old mansions of Gramercy Park,  
I met a respectable fellow  
Who stopped me awhile in the dark.  
"Do n't blight me," he said, "with suspicions that  
slur,—  
My honest intentions are obvious, sir!

II.

"I ask not your charity, stranger,  
For largess breeds moral decay,  
And he who takes alms is in danger  
Of sloth and dependence, they say;  
So, rather than plunge in a mendicant's crime  
I ask but one favor,—please lend me a dime.

III.

"Ah, thanks! You observe that my pride, sir,  
Would never permit me to beg,  
For he is a brute of thick hide, sir,  
Who pulls a philanthropist's leg.  
The craving for coin is a national curse,—  
I hope you won't mind, sir,—I've borrowed your purse.

IV.

"A fair, upright life is my plan, sir,  
My gospel, my honest belief;  
I'm happy to say that no man, sir,  
Can call me a robber or thief,—  
So, while we are talking, your waistcoat I'll ease  
Of that handsome watch,—and the chain, if you please.

V.

"My maxim is, 'Love one another';  
Let each man be kind unto each,  
Let none shed the blood of his brother,—  
And that's all the sermon I preach.  
I bid you good night," my Philosopher said,  
"Do n't move, you old chump, or I'll blow off your head!"

VI.

He faded away by a mellow  
Old mansion of Gramercy Park;  
"Good luck and good night, my dear fellow!"  
I called through the gathering dark.  
"In this Age of Sham it inspires me with pride  
To see Honest Methods so nobly applied!"



"LOITERED ONE NIGHT"



"DO N'T MOVE"



# IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

A CORRECT CODE OF TABLE MANNERS

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

**MORE** than anywhere else, the line of social demarcation is definitely drawn at table.

Not only do we refuse to eat with any whom we do not consider to be our equals, but the observance of the rules and niceties of table etiquette reveal persons of gentle breeding; their neglect betray those who have lacked the advantage of early training, and the hopelessly vulgar.

A lapse in table manners "jumps to the eyes," as the French say, and those who have acquired automatic conformity to prescribed conventions, through life-long association with gentlemen, are as quick to notice any deviation from them as the ear of a trained musician would detect a discord, and as instinctively and unconsciously as one winks when anything approaches the eye too nearly.

The *beau monde* is very intolerant of nonconformity to its usages. The only way to acquire unconscious perfection in anything is to observe the same care at all times, even when quite alone.

At dinners, when guests are bidden, the men help to seat the ladies before taking their own places. At the family table, the eldest son—even if a lad,—should place the chair for his mother,—unless a woman guest should be given precedence for the moment. In a hotel dining room this little courtesy should be shown her, by the husband or son, unless forestalled by the waiter.

One should sit at table so as to bring the body about six inches from it, and far enough back in the chair so as to bend forward without effort to hold his head over the plate, when putting something in his mouth, or so as to hold the cup over its saucer when drinking from it.

It is not correct to lean back in his chair, until one has finished a course, which, with the knife and fork placed side by side, is the indication to the servant that one's plate may be removed.

We owe this last convention, it is said, to Frederick the Great, whose nervous superstition was aroused at seeing a knife and fork crossed,—the old careless way of disposing of them. He thought that making the sign of the cross thus irreverently might incur heaven's displeasure and "bad luck."

The napkin should be partly unfolded and laid across one's lap. Any other disposal of it is provincial. At the conclusion of the meal, it may be laid, unfolded, as inconspicuously as possible at the side of one's plate or allowed to fall to the floor, at what our forbears called a "dinner-party." At a family table, the example of the lady of the house should be followed in its disposal.

Women remove their gloves at table, leaving them in their laps. It is "bad form" to place them in a wine-glass and awkward to tuck them in at the wrist. The men take off their gloves even before entering the drawing-room.

Oysters or little raw clams form the first course, and are eaten with the smallest fork provided.

If one does not take wine, a gesture of dissent with the hand indicates refusal. *To turn down the glass is not in good taste.* One should be sufficiently at ease to carry on a conversation and yet prevent the wine being poured. Out of consideration to one's hosts one would not waste what is supposed to be fine or costly. It is becoming unfashionable for women to take more than one glass, or they refuse wines altogether.

Soup should be taken very noiselessly from the side of the spoon, never tipping the plate either way. It is one of the most widely observed of conventions that no one takes more than one plate of soup.

It is a good rule to use a fork whenever possible, either for eating or dividing anything on one's plate. A silver knife may be used with the fork in eating fish or soft-shell crabs, but no other. *Entrées* are eaten with the fork alone.

Meat only requires the use of a steel knife. The knife is held in the right hand when cutting and laid upon the plate, under the relaxed hand, for convenience in resuming it, while the fork is raised to the mouth with the left hand.

Each vegetable has its own punctilio. Pease are always eaten with a fork. No greater solecism could be committed in England than to use a spoon for them. Asparagus may be taken between thumb and finger when the stalks are large and dry; otherwise, they should be divided and eaten with a fork. Artichokes are eaten in the fingers, the leaves plucked off one by one and dipped into the sauce. Corn may be eaten from the cob, if broken so as to be conveniently held in one hand.

If Roman punch is served, it comes just before the game. It is supposed to refresh the palate for the apprecia-

tion of new flavors. At hotel tables—in America only,—I have seen persons use it as a substitute for iced wines throughout the entire meal. These are a law unto themselves, but they can not prevent the inference drawn by others that they are ignorant of the usages of society.

With the game, a smaller steel knife is used than for the roast. If the salad accompanying it be of lettuce, it should never be cut with a knife, but the leaves folded with the fork with the aid of a bit of bread.

Ices may be eaten with a fork, or spoon, according to preference. It is never correct to use fork and spoon as auxiliaries.

Fruit should not be bitten, but cut into convenient morsels and eaten in the hand or with a fork.

In Cuba, they peel an orange as we do an apple, carefully leaving the white inner skin unbroken—cut it across transversely and eat it from the hand. The Cubans claim that it may be eaten thus—from a hand gloved in white kid,—and leave the glove immaculate. Another way is to cut the orange in "small quarters"—as the children say,—and, holding each with a fork in turn, cut the skin from it, when it is then small enough to be taken into the mouth.

It is always possible to peel a pear or peach daintily with knife and fork, if the pieces are cut small enough. Grapes should be broken into small bunches, held by the stem in the left hand, while the right detaches the berries one by one. The pits—and skin, if one choose,—should be removed from the mouth between thumb and finger. Some bores do not scruple to expel them from the mouth to the plate.

*Bonbons* are eaten at table as they are elsewhere. Layer-cake should be eaten with a fork. Small cakes that are dry may be taken in the hand. When the finger-bowls are placed one dips the ends of the fingers only in the water and may pass the moist fingers over the lips if desired.

At a signal from the hostess—a look as of seeking their attention,—the women rise, disposing of the napkins as suggested. The men also rise and either follow the ladies to the drawing-room, find places for them, and, excusing themselves, bow and return to the dining room to enjoy their cigars and *liqueurs*, or, the man nearest the exit holds the *portière* aside for the women to pass out.

Upon leaving the table, one places one's chair closer to it or at a distance from it, to facilitate the convenient passage of the others.

A guest should not forget to take from the table any trifling souvenir, pretty *menu* or name-card, thus showing appreciation of what the hostess has been at pains to provide.

We in America do not need to be told to avoid the grosser sins against table-etiquette,—not to eat with a knife, not to take large mouthfuls, not to talk while masticating, not to load the spoon or fork to more than half its capacity, not to breathe while drinking; but there are minor points, not so generally observed.

Bread should be broken, never cut. It is extremely inelegant to continue to chew while serving one's self or others. Any patent choosing of a particular part or object from a dish is unpardonable. Selfishness is never so repulsive as when exhibited at table, and favoritism is to be deprecated in those who carve or who distribute the dainties. The visiting guest, the aged, and "mother" are the only exceptions countenanced by this rule. Consideration for others should dictate the requests for service and attention.

The quantity taken into the mouth should be small enough to be disposed of readily, if one be addressed unexpectedly.

When visiting and questions of health do not impose abstinence, it is more polite to take a little of each course,—otherwise the hostess may think she has been unfortunate in not pleasing your taste or lacking in conformity to the present fashion, which forbids a too abundant provision. Tables are no longer said to "groan beneath their weight of good things." Our aim now is daintiness, and the French fashion of "just enough,"—each dish perfect of its kind.

The hostess should not press a guest to eat more—it were better to be unobtrusive,—and to assure him that "there is plenty more" is very provincial.

To hold the fork in the left hand while loading it with food with the knife is the acme of inelegance. The fork should never be held with the tines turned upward in the left hand. It may be so used by the right.

It is ill-mannered, despite its popularity, to lean the elbows on the table, and well-bred persons do not lounge or take free and easy attitudes, or toy nervously with the table furnishings.



## A New Shorthand Record

**This is to Certify** that the Fourteenth Biennial Head Camp, Modern Woodmen of America, convened at Milwaukee, Wis., Tuesday, June 20, 1905, at 9.30 o'clock, A. M.; and sessions were held June 20, 21, 22 and 23; that the last session remained in convention until 1.57 A. M., June 24; that the full shorthand report, in typewriting, was delivered to the Head Consul one and three-fifths seconds after adjournment; that the shorthand reporters of said official staff were Robert F. Rose, official; S. A. VanPetten, J. M. Carney, C. R. Cowell, W. R. Ersfeld, G. L. Gray and A. W. Mahone. Signed at Milwaukee, Wis., June 24, 1905.

A. R. TALBOT, Head Consul.  
C. W. HAWES, Head Clerk.

When the above certificate was printed in the Milwaukee newspapers Sunday, June 25, and in the August numbers of stenographic and business magazines of the country, it announced a new record to the world in the matter of the quick delivery of transcript. In one and three-fifths seconds—not minutes, but seconds—there had been delivered the full typewritten shorthand report of a great national gathering—a feat never before approached in shorthand work,—and to make the record of greater importance, the shorthand writers who made up the force were the youngest men ever before engaged in this most important of shorthand work.

A few decades ago the shorthand writer who could reproduce the exact words of a speaker was considered something of a supernatural being, and if the transcript of a case in court or of a great national convention was delivered the morning after the proceedings were taken in shorthand, the work was most wonderful. The perfection of shorthand to an exact science, the invention of the typewriter and the linotype and the multiple presses, have made it possible to reproduce an almost instantaneous report of great meetings, and to distribute that report in printed form to the thousands upon thousands who are waiting for enlightenment as to just what was said and done at national gatherings, in a comparatively short space of time.

At the National Democratic Convention, in Kansas City, in 1900, the first wonderful record of this character was made, when the official reporter, Robert F. Rose, delivered the report eight seconds after the gavel fell. When William K. Hearst, and the editors of his great daily in Chicago, were on trial for contempt of court two years ago, the firm of Walton, James & Ford, the largest firm of court reporters in the world, reported the proceedings in shorthand, and they were typewritten, set in type on the linotype machines, stereotyped, printed and on the streets twelve minutes after the last words were spoken in court.

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Any one not a shorthand writer, desiring to learn a system based on standard principles which is capable of enabling him to become an expert, or the stenographer desiring perfection from the hands of men who taught these experts, will receive free, upon application, the handsome prospectus of this school, by filling out and sending immediately the coupon printed below. If a shorthand writer, state system and experience. A full description of the method employed in making the above report will also be sent.

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## Riley's Rye Patch

JAMES WHITCOMB

RILEY was looking over a fence on his farm at a field of rye, when a neighbor who was driving by stopped his horse and asked:—

"Hullo, Mr. Riley, how's your rye doing?"

"Fine, fine," replied the poet.

"How much do you expect to clear to the acre?"

"Oh, about four gallons," answered Mr. Riley, soberly.

## Jas. R. Keene Was a Good Loser

"JAMES R. KEENE, the great California millionaire, is coming East in a palace car!" said somebody to Jay Gould, one summer morning in 1877. The master of financial tricks replied:—"Let him come; I'll send him back in a box car."

The threat seemed likely to be carried out when Keene tried, a few years later, to corner wheat. Gould and Cammack attacked him; he was sold out by men who ought to have stood by him, and he saw his fortune literally melt away. But he never lost his nerve, and calmly said:—"I will walk this street in victory when those who have betrayed me to-day are dead or paupers,"—a prediction which has been fulfilled to a large extent.

## She Stands the Test

IF ALL the stories told about Joseph H. Choate are verities, he has brought back with him from England more than a dining record and the adoration of the British public, that is, a tendency to formulate jokes on the lines of British humor. On the steamer which brought Mr. Choate back to the land of his birth, was an Englishman with a title and a big pair of binoculars. He became very chummy with Mr. Choate on the voyage, and the latter was pointing out the various objects of interest as the ship came up the bay, it being the Englishman's first trip to this country. Finally the statue of Liberty hove in sight and on her the Briton turned his glasses, Mr. Choate meanwhile making explanatory remarks.

"Bronze, is she?" said the visitor. "Well, by Jove! If that's the case how on earth does she manage to stand the weather? I should think that she'd simply be a victim of salt-air atrophy."

"She would if she was in any other country," declared Mr. Choate.

"What d'ye mean?" queried the other.

"Well," said the diplomatist, "you see that in this land of ours, Liberty has a strong constitution behind her."

## The Woman Behind the Bat

NORTH CAROLINA has upheld the fundamental principle that every man's house is his castle, in a case where the collector of a firm which sold on the installment plan came for his money at a time when the mistress of the home was ironing. She asked him to wait until her husband came in, but he became violent and threw the freshly laundered clothes on the floor. She took certain measures which resulted in a prosecution for assault and battery, whereupon the following decision was rendered by the learned court:—

"The defendant would not have been a woman if she had stood that. She seized her little boy's baseball bat and told him to leave her things alone and leave the house. \* \* \* Very naturally she batted



She Was Willing to Learn

MOTHER: (who could find some use for her nine-year-old,) "Molly, does mamma's own little girl want to learn how to wash clothes?"  
MOLLY: (who, besides being mamma's own little girl, incidentally knows her business,) "Yes, ma, I'd like to take a good correspondence course in washing, only I have n't heard of a reliable school, as yet."

the back of his head. It was probably a 'left fielder,' for the prosecutor soon after left the field. The counsel for the prosecutor tells us he did not wish to provoke a difficulty. It is doubtful if he could do more to provoke a woman, which is something worse, and it would seem that he left rather than collect another installment on the same batting. \* \* \* Sir Edward Coke says:—"A man's house is his castle," \* \* \* a literal quotation from the famous 'Corpus Juris Civilis' of Justinian. \* \* \* The old colored woman knew naught of legal lore, but she had an instinctive sense of her rights, and, by means of the wooden wand touched to the back of witness's head, she communicated electrically to his brain the same conception more effectively than if she had read to him the above citations."

## A Corner in Gristmills

AS WE SAT, each in his own way, smoking and gazing into the glowing embers of the log fire, in the mess-room of the mounted police barracks, the sergeant-major broke the silence by asking if I had ever heard the story of the Hudson Bay Company and the hand gristmills.

Being an easterner, the tale had not yet reached me, and I said so.

"It's old as the hills," said the sergeant-major, "and the rest of you fellows have heard it years ago, but I'll tell it again for the sake of this poor chap from Ontario."

"You see," he continued, turning to me, "it was this way. The Hudson Bay Company is notorious for tendering indiscriminately for everything that came along in the way of a government contract, whether it is in their line or not; and it had to be something very unusual that was not in their line, as they introduced the departmental store principle out here on the prairies long before you quick-witted easterners ever dreamt of such a thing."

"However, the company did n't believe it was consistent with their dignity to let anything slip by without a tender. They had been first in the field, and they still had a feeling that the old company should rake in every contract."

"Now about this time the Interior Department at Ottawa was seized with one of its periodical fits of uneasiness as to the comfort and well-being of the Indians. What could they do to brighten the sad life of the noble red man? The red man, it appeared, had about all he needed; but there was his squaw. A bright young man in the department conceived the idea of supplying the squaws with gristmills—hand gristmills,—with which to grind their corn. He had n't the faintest idea what a hand gristmill was like; neither had his colleagues in the office; but they concluded in their usual happy way that there must be something of the sort in existence, and so they called for tenders for several dozen hand gristmills,—merely as an experiment, you know."

"The Hudson Bay Company saw the advertisement and of course sent in a bid. When the time for receiving tenders had expired it was discovered at the department that the Hudson Bay Company's tender was the only one sent in. The contract was accordingly given to the company."

"Now the man who had charge of the matter for the company had simply followed the time-worn precedent in sending in a tender; but when the contract was actually awarded, and the department politely requested that it should be filled without unnecessary delay, the man began to ask himself what a hand gristmill was anyhow, and where it could be procured."



They had n't such a thing in the company's stores at any rate.

"He made inquiries around Regina of all the hardware men, but without result, and then extended his search to Winnipeg, with equal lack of success. At last, becoming anxious, he wrote to one of the largest wholesale manufacturers in Chicago, asking him to give him quotations for hand gristmills, or else refer him to someone who could supply the wretched things.

"By next mail he received a reply from Chicago, to the following effect:—

"We have no hand gristmills in stock,—and never had. We don't know anyone who has. We might, however, refer you to the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, forty-first verse. Try the one that was left."

"They say," the sergeant-major added pensively, "that the Hudson Bay Company does n't tender for everything in sight now; at least, not for hand gristmills."

### He Needed More Front

It is related of Governor N. B. Broward of Florida that on one occasion he was asked by a friend to appoint a young lawyer who had just been admitted to the bar to a state position.



"What do you know about this young man?" asked the governor.

"Well," said the other, "he is well backed. So and so is behind him, and so is so and so and so and so. Through his father he has the backing of a great railroad. I myself stand ready to give him backing if needs be."

"Humph," said Mr. Broward, "if he needs all that backing, he must be a pretty limp sort of chap. A man who can't stand alone without being backed, reminds me of the top sheet on a piece of cardboard,—not much use unless it has something behind it. As a matter of fact this young man does n't seem to

have much to recommend him except his backing. I prefer one with rather more 'front' of his own and less of the backing of others."

### Mr. Morgan Was Interviewed

A REPORTER for one of the leading dailies of New York City, newly arrived from the South and unfamiliar with the work on a metropolitan newspaper, was sent to interview J. Pierpont Morgan about a railroad deal, at his office in Wall Street. The reporter, little dreaming of the difficulties which beset the news-gatherer who starts in quest of the financier, chuckled to himself at the flattery of having been chosen to interview one so prominent.



He happened to enter the building at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets at a time when the clerks who do sentinel duty in the outer room were all busy, but turned to one and asked the way to Mr. Morgan's office. "Straight ahead," said the clerk, pointing to another clerk standing at the head of the hall that leads to Mr. Morgan's private office, where few ever enter. The sentinel on guard, however, had been suddenly called away, and the reporter walked right into the office of Mr. Morgan without knowing he was in the presence of the financier.

"Can you steer me to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan?" asked the reporter.

"How in the name of common sense did you get in here?" thundered Mr. Morgan himself, starting toward the reporter who had held out his card.

"I walked in, how do you suppose I got in?" retorted the reporter, still unconscious he was with the man he sought to interview.

"Take my card to Mr. Morgan at once."

Even the inaccessible Mr. Morgan broke out in a broad grin, and,—was interviewed.

### How John Hay Regarded Critics

JOHN Hay was chatting about his literary experiences with an intimate friend, when the latter asked:—

"John, what feature or phase of this writing business has impressed you the most?"

"Well," was the reply, and the speaker's eyes twinkled mischievously, "so far as I am concerned, it's the things that the critics fish out of a fellow's printed stuff that he never put there. But I suppose that critics, like the rest of us, have to show excuses for living."



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## THE EDITOR'S CHAT

### Be Ambitious To Be Useful rather than Rich

A YOUNG man of ability and great promise recently refused to enter a vocation which would yield him a large income, lest the temptation to become rich might eat up his desire to help his fellow-men. He feared that the frantic struggle for wealth and self being waged by the majority of the men with whom his position would force him to associate would insensibly draw him into the same vortex of selfishness. He felt that his ideals would become tarnished, that his aspirations would be starved in such an atmosphere, and so he chose a vocation which would enable him to render the greatest service to humanity.

It is a refreshing thing, in a material age, to see people who are ambitious to be useful rather than rich, who are more eager to help others than to make money. These are nature's noblemen, these are the characters which enrich life, and which have pushed civilization up from the savage to the Florence Nightingales and the Lincolns.

One of the most promising things about our civilization to-day is that, side by side with the greed for gold, is the ever-growing passion of humanity for good. The number of people who prefer to be useful to their fellow-men rather than to make money is constantly increasing. This passion for good is the salt of humanity; it is what makes us believe in the future of the race.

### Buried in the Practical

PEOPLE who pride themselves on their practicality and horse sense often scoff at those who plead for the amenities or graces of life, those things which are not essential to bare animal existence, but which tend to ameliorate hard conditions, to lubricate life's machinery, and to make things go a little easier, a little pleasanter.

If you go into the homes of these extremely practical people you will be struck by the absence of the beautiful. You will find the solid and the practical everywhere in evidence, without any attempt to combine beauty with utility. They believe in the useful, the necessary thing, but flowers and pictures, fine tapestries, artistic wall coverings, harmony of color and design in curtains, rugs, and other details, and in the arrangement of furniture, they regard as mere foolishness, unworthy the attention of sensible people. They have little use for music, works of art, literature, the drama, or any other thing which is not actually necessary to physical sustenance or comfort.

The result is visible in their lives. The continual emphasis on the bread-and-butter side of life to the total neglect of the æsthetic side, makes them harder, coarser, duller and more matter-of-fact, and points them more and more to the material and away from the spiritual axis.

People of finer mold, who have been touched to higher issues, and have caught a glimpse of nobler things are sensibly affected by the atmosphere of such homes. They feel the lack of the spiritual and æsthetic elements. The absence of refinement, of culture, of all the graces of life has a chilling, depressing effect.

It is very fortunate for the world that there are those who think more of putting beauty into life than of making dollars, who realize that it is as destructive of the best that is in us to over-emphasize the practical as it is to rush to the other extreme of extravagance and frivolity. The earth would be a barren place if it were not for the beauty lovers.

There are many rich people who never spend a cent for flowers, except on some special occasion, or for books or for the opera or music, who rarely go to entertainments of an elevating kind, and who do not believe in putting money into handsome furniture or works of art. They limit their expenditures to the strictly needful, and put all the rest of their money away for a possible rainy day, which never comes, and, in the meantime, they do not really enjoy life. They live in their coarser instincts, down in the basement of their being. They never rise to the upper stories where the nobler instincts and the higher pleasures of life dwell. Their finer faculties have not been developed; the best in them has never been expressed, and so they go through life, ignorant that it possesses anything better, more stimulating or uplifting than their dim vision and narrow experiences have revealed to them.

The children of those people are also brought up to be practical. They are taught to depreciate the finer sentiments, to ignore the things which only appeal to their higher intelligence. The conversation and the whole atmosphere of the home are of the same dull utility order. No words are wasted on sentiment.

There is little demonstration of love, very little to suggest that the members of the family have any affection for one another. Loving words and terms of endearment are regarded as foolish and weak. Necessary food and clothing and shelter are considered all-sufficient for the nourishment of the young and growing minds. The children are imbued with the idea that it is positively wicked to throw away money on the merely beautiful or æsthetic.

This is a great mistake; because there is something finer about the boy and the girl than the merely necessary. It is a crime to suppress that love of the beautiful which God has implanted in children, for they can not help wondering why He has expressed such a great love of the beautiful in the bright plumage of birds, the gay colors of the flowers, the exquisite shadings of green in the trees, and the gorgeous colorings of the sunset, if it is wrong for them to love beauty or to seek to put it into their lives, by expressing it in their clothing, their surroundings, and their personal appearance, and their appreciation of the fine and æsthetic in every form.

The love of the beautiful was not put in the child merely to mock it, or to be frowned upon and suppressed. It was put there for unfoldment, for expression, and it is just as much the duty of every one of us to cultivate it in its best and highest sense as it is to provide for our mere animal necessities.

It is cruel as well as criminal for parents to try to crush out of their children the finest instincts of their nature. The love of art, of flowers, of beautiful scenery, of harmonious surroundings, of noble literature, music, and all the higher arts that tend to lift man out of the basement of his being to the higher stories should be fostered with the greatest care. Whatever lifts him out of the material into the realm of spirit; whatever enlarges and glorifies his concept of the Creator is bound to enlarge and glorify his own life. It is a duty we owe to God, to ourselves, and to civilization to raise ourselves to our highest power. We can not do this by a one-sided development, and that the development of the lower side of our nature.

### Laughter and Success

"THERE is very little success where there is little laughter," says Andrew Carnegie. "The workman who rejoices in his work and laughs away his discomfort is the one sure to rise."

Laughter is undoubtedly one of Nature's greatest tonics. It brings the disordered faculties and functions into harmony, it lubricates the mental bearings and prevents the friction which monotonous, exacting business engenders. It is a divine gift bestowed upon us as a life preserver, a health promoter, a joy generator, a success-maker.

Life, with the average American, is too serious at best. Never lose an opportunity for relaxation from the stress and strain of your business or profession. Every draught of laughter, like an air cushion, cases you over the jolts and the hard places on life's highway. Laughter is always healthy. It tends to bring every abnormal condition back to the normal. It is a panacea for heartaches, for life's bruises. It is a life prolonger. People who laugh heartily keep themselves in physical and mental harmony, and are likely to live longer than those who take life too seriously.

Many employers never smile during business hours and discourage anything which approaches hilarity among their employees, on the ground that it is undignified, that it takes valuable time, and demoralizes discipline. But some of them are being converted to Mr. Carnegie's theory. They are beginning to find out that anything which gives a temporary relief to the strain and stress of business is beneficial, that a wave of laughter running through the factory acts like a tonic, and tends to promote good work as well as good feeling.

Never suppress a tendency to laughter in those about you. They will be more healthy, more normal, more energetic, more enthusiastic in their work because of this great life tonic, this human lubricant.

### Doing the Little Things Better

It is not the straining for great things that is most effective; it is the doing the little things, the common duties, a little better and better,—the constant improving,—that tells.

We often see young people who seem very ambitious to get on by leaps and bounds, and are impatient of what they call the drudgery of their situation, but who are doing this drudgery in a very ordinary slipshod way. Yet it is only by doing the common things uncommonly well, doing them with pride and enthusi-



asm, and just as well, as neatly, as quickly, and as efficiently as possible, that you take the drudgery out of them. This is what counts in the final issue. How can you expect to do a great thing well when you half-do the little things? These are the stepping stones to the great things.

The best way to begin to do great things is to improve the doing of the little things just as much as possible,—to put the uncommon effort into the common task, to make it large by doing it in a great way. Many a man has dignified a very lowly and humble calling by bringing to it a master spirit. Many a great man has sat upon a cobbler's bench, and has forged at an anvil in a blacksmith's shop. It is the man that dignifies the calling. Nothing that is necessary to be done is small when a great soul does it.

### A Deadening Habit

A FAULT-FINDING, criticising habit is fatal to all excellence. Nothing will strangle growth quicker than a tendency to hunt for flaws, to rejoice in the unlovely, like a hog which always has his nose in the mud and rarely looks up. The direction in which we look indicates the life aim, and people who are always looking for something to criticise, for the crooked and the ugly, who are always suspicious, who invariably look at the worst side of others, are but giving the world a picture of themselves.

This disposition to see the worst instead of the best grows on one very rapidly, until it ultimately strangles all that is beautiful and crushes out all that is good in himself. No matter how many times your confidence has been betrayed, do not allow yourself to sour, do not lose your faith in people. The bad are the exceptions; most people are honest and true and mean to do what is right.

### The Time Will Come

When it will be a disgrace not to work when one is able.

When everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

When the churches will not be closed as long as the saloons are open.

When to get rich by making others poorer will be considered a disgrace.

When the golden rule will be regarded as the soundest business philosophy.

When the same standard of morality will be demanded of men as of women.

When all true happiness will be found in doing the right, and only the good will be found to be real.

When the business man will find that his best interests will be the best interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When all hatred, revenge, and jealousy will be regarded as boomerangs which inflict upon the thrower the injury intended for others.

When a man who seeks amusement by causing pain or taking the life of innocent, dumb creatures will be considered a barbarian.

When every man will be his own physician, and will carry his own remedy with him,—when mind, not medicine, will be the great panacea.

When men will realize that there can be no real pleasure in wrongdoing because the sting and pain that follow more than outweigh the apparent pleasure.

When the world will have everything to sell and nothing to give, and the price it demands will be the best service the purchaser can render the race.

When it will be found that repression and punishment are not reformative, and our prisons will be transformed into great educative and character building institutions.

When it will be found that physical and chemical forces were intended to release man from all physical drudgery, and so free his mind from the burden of living-getting that he can make a life.

When no man will be allowed to say that the world owes him a living, since the world owes him nothing that he should not pay for; it owes a living only to cripples, invalids, and all others who can not, through some misfortune, help themselves.

When the "grafters" who fatten upon an unsuspecting public, wears purple and fine linen and lives in luxury, will be meted out the same measure of justice as the vulgar footpad receives who knocks a man down and picks his pockets.

When the "best society" will consist of men and women of brains, culture and achievement, rather than those whose chief merit and distinction lie in the possession of unearned fortunes which they make it the business of their lives to squander.

When a man will be ashamed to harbor such an unworthy ambition as the accumulation of an unwieldy fortune, merely for the sake of being rich; when no woman will live simply to dress and waste her time in a round of idiotic and exhausting pleasures, or what she has hypnotized herself into believing are "pleasures."

When the human drone who eats the bread and wears the clothes he has never earned, who consumes the products of others' struggles, who lives in luxury by the sweat of others' brows and on others' sacrifices and ruined ambitions will be looked upon as an enemy of his race, and will be ostracized by all decent people.

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## WITH THE HOUSEKEEPER

By Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick

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

## The Woman Who Is Forehanded

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

THE good housewife has been compared to a squirrel, which lays up its hoard of food to guard against the winter's famine, which makes fast and snug its home before the raging of pitiless snowstorms. In the city home with a telephone at one's elbow and a well-plenished market around the corner, also with the meager storage room afforded by a city apartment, there is small need for such provisioning, but in the country the housewife still carries out the careful traditions of her grandmother, who was bred in a less lavish age. The home she rules is likely to be a frugal, happy, comfortable one.

A type of such a well-trained, old-fashioned housewife comes to my memory. Her home, in a country town, stands inside a wide garden full of ripening fruit, spicy herbs and hardy vegetables. Indoors the spotlessness, sweetness and quiet tell of a mistress who comes of a generation of women skilled in housewifery, a mistress who takes a proper pride in domestic accomplishments. I remember a lesson learned under that roof-tree of good housekeeping.

My sojourn occurred in the fall, when the big, comfortable house was being cleaned from cellar to attic; still there was not one hour of that disturbance such as under the rule of some women has made the semi-annual housecleaning an immortal joke. Rooms which had been shut up for a day were thrown open at night, cleaned as if by magic, and never for a minute did it seem as if the wheels of the household machinery came to a standstill.

Let me conduct you first to the cellar of that house. It is a model of neatness, of convenience, and of that purity which means the health of a household. The coal had been put in during early midsummer, when prices were low, and of every fuel there is abundance even if spring should linger indefinitely in the lap of winter. Beside the bins hang the furnace tools, also a light shovel and a broom for sweeping in scattered coal. Tacked to the wall, in the light of a window, you may notice a card with clear, concise directions for the care of a furnace. The furnace itself is perfectly clean and in complete order. As soon as fires went out in the spring a man had been hired to sweep every flue and pipe of soot and ashes. There was no accumulation of dirt left in the pipes for the summer's damp to transform into a moist paste which eventually would rust holes in the strongest zinc or sheet iron. The receptacle for ashes stands in its place, empty and clean, with a strong sifter, ready to go to work. The cold-room is the most interesting part of this well-planned cellar. It is built as near as possible to the foot of the stairs for the saving of footsteps, and occupies the northeast corner, with two windows for good ventilation. The walls are of masonry, with heavy doors and a screened window opening into the cellar.

The cold-room contains two apartments and its generous array of shelves, which have been cemented upon narrow ledges of brick, are made of heavy slate. They are easy to keep clean, are eternally cool, and yield none of that unpleasant moldy odor which arises from wood. Indeed, the only wooden fitting of the cold-room is a heavy joist that crosses the apartment almost close to the ceiling. Now the row of strong meat hooks hold an array of home-cured hams and bacon; later it will look festive with Thanksgiving poultry. In the inner room are the vegetable bins now filled with a goodly store of potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips and beets, packed in dry sand. Two empty bins are left between for sorting over things which, during the winter, begin to sprout or spoil. Several

barrels of choicest handpicked apples stand in the coldest corner of this inner room. Here also is the preserve cupboard with its close-fitting doors. Overhead flares a gas jet. What a store of delicious fruitiness it holds! Each variety stands by itself in neat rows. On every can is a label which tells its contents and the date when it was preserved.

It is the perfection of a fruit closet—heat can not touch it. Still there is no danger of freezing, and the broad smooth slate shelves can be easily cleaned. Beyond, in the outer room—where a perfectly fitting door shuts out every odor of fruit or vegetables,—are more ample shelves of slate to hold milk, butter and eggs. The outside windows are three times screened; first with coarse strong wire for protection against marauding cats, then with fine wire to shut out insects or flies, and inside is a screen of thin cheese-cloth to keep things free from dust. The arrangement for opening and shutting the cellar windows is so easily operated there can never be the slightest excuse for neglect to ventilate.

Other corners of the tidy cellar are worth exploring, notably a small closet with doors, for storing empty bottles,—and, by the way, bottles are never brought there until immaculately clean.

On a shelf at a convenient height stand cans of gasoline and kerosene with pails hung on their faucets to catch any leakage. If you will notice, this shelf is removed as far as possible from the furnace and gas jets. There is a well-filled wood bin and a box of charcoal near the furnace. Behind the door on a low platform stand the rubbish barrels ready for the weekly visit of an ashman. There is no apartment above stairs so inviting, to the housewife at least, as the splendidly equipped storeroom at the end of the back wall.

"This," says the good housewife, "was originally nothing but the useless end of a dark wall. We needed a storeroom, for there were all sorts of things I did not want cluttering up the pantry, as well as commodities that can not be kept in a cellar, so I turned architect and this is the result."

It is an ideal storeroom, with a large screened window protected by an awning. Shelves painted with white enamel run from the floor to the ceiling. On a low movable platform stand barrels of sugar and flour. A zinc-covered table occupies the center of the room. It has scales on top and drawers underneath to hold wrapping paper, twine, paper bags, paraffine and parchment paper, also such things as cases for charlotte ruses, wooden picnic plates, and paper doilies. Nothing is wanting that might ever be required. The shelves are a vision of delight to the careful housewife.

They are kept in beautiful order; then they are graduated in width, an idea which, I will vouch for it, never entered the head of a masculine architect. There is one commodious shelf at the bottom for cracker boxes and stone jars, a narrower one for rows of canned goods or general groceries; then a very narrow one for small spice boxes and condiment jars. Each one, with its printed label facing you, has a niche for itself, and there is no danger of its being crowded out of sight. Over one shelf you may read "Emergency Corner." There you will notice canned chicken, tongue, and mushrooms, olives, delicate wafers, sandwich mixtures, pickles, honey, sardines and a score of other good things.

"When anything disappears from this shelf," says the housewife, "it is replaced immediately, thus we have in constant readiness an emergency luncheon, should company arrive unexpectedly."

"Your family must be hearty eaters," I remarked during my first visit to the storeroom. "Surely there are a year's provisions here."

My hostess laughed. "They are not so very hearty. There are a year's provisions. I do my buying each fall as soon as our grocer announces the arrival of a fresh stock of provisions. Thereby I save money. It





is much cheaper, for instance, to purchase a case of canned tomatoes, than the solitary can one requires once or twice a week. I have calculated that in three years I paid for the fitting up of this storeroom by the difference between buying in quantity and in small orders. Then consider the comfort of knowing you are never out of a thing; that there is always something in the storeroom which can be transformed into a meal if the butcher or fishman fails to put in an appearance."

"I should think your cook would take advantage of such lavish stores," I suggested, "and waste materials."

"She does not, because she has not an *entrée* to the storeroom. I keep it constantly locked. In the pantry there is a week's store of staple groceries and condiments. Every Monday morning I fill jars and cans afresh, but the daily supplies required in the *menus* I have planned a day ahead are given out each morning. I have kept house for so many years that I know exactly what will be needed. I do not find that good servants object to such a system; indeed, they rather like it. They are saved the responsibility of ordering. A mistress has no excuse for finding fault with the monthly bills, besides, a pantry which holds the smallest possible store of provisions is very easy to keep tidy."

From the storeroom you will traverse immaculate rooms where small touches of comfort and orderliness tell of a woman's brain and activity. The kitchen is neat and convenient; the pantry is a picture, but the attic,—you must see the attic! First of all, nothing is stowed away there unless sometime it is to be used again. Real discards—old clothes, furniture, or reading matter,—have been donated where they will really be useful; what was not fit to give away went into the rubbish barrels. The summer clothes, from which every vestige of starch has been washed, are packed away in perfect order. Fluffy hats have been brushed and shaken, tucked about with wads of tissue paper and stored in millinery boxes with tight lids. The walls on one side of the attic are generously shelved, and on these shelves you will see an accumulation of necessities, from "cotton batting" to "old lace," boxed and labeled.

### To Keep Peace in the Family

It is a pity that there can not be a class in giving-up established for the benefit of those who are contemplating matrimony. A little instruction in self-denial might save a great deal of unsuccessful experiment after marriage. It takes a long time for the average man and woman to learn to conduct life on a giving-up basis.

One of the first things a married man has to learn to give up is the habit of expressing his unreserved opinion on most subjects. That is, unless his wife has had a plain-spoken father. With most women, the plainness of speech that men practice among men has an unfortunate effect. To achieve such an effect a man need not be brutal. He can simply say what he thinks. He does that until he has learned "ladies' Greek without the accents." Then he gives up the plain truth and presents it in sugar-coated pills or gelatine capsules.

Another thing he gives up is the impression that he is the master in his own house. He learns there are places where he can not smoke, blinds that must not be raised, dishes that can not be cooked. If he were not an awfully good sort he would assert himself; but he is an American husband, and so he gives up the things he had supposed he was to draw along with matrimony.

At such times as these, and more especially when he has learned that one thing he must endeavor most strenuously to give up is the sin of proving himself in the right, he will probably confide to some one that, to keep the peace in the house with a woman, you must give up a great deal more than she does. The impression is beneficial, in that it makes him feel so noble that he would be ready to court a martyr's crown.

His wife, meanwhile, is really deferring to him more than he has any idea. She gives up saying unpleasant things about his family, and this he sometimes appreciates. She gives up comparing his mother with hers to the advantage of the latter. She gives up feeding him with food she feels to be convenient and hygienic, and supplies him with the savory meat his soul loves, in the shape of mince pie and cheese things, pork tenderloins and lobsters, and other items likely to upset his stomach. If she is an unusual woman, she may get to the point of giving up the last word. But this is not generally until she is very old. When she is younger, if she once permits him to have the final utterance on any subject she never lets him hear the last of it.

It is said that there are women who are capable of giving up saying "I told you so!" for the sake of keeping peace in the family. This, however, is only hearsay evidence, and not admissible in court. Even without this it is probable that both husband and wife in the ordinary home give up enough to one another to provide each with the comfortable conviction that after all they are only a little lower than the angels.

Destiny has turned many a man down while he was waiting for something to turn up.

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## MRS. HERRICK'S TABLE TALK

### Uncommon Ways to Cook Common Vegetables

WITH the end of the summer begin the difficulties of the housekeeper in catering for her household. That is, of the housekeeper who lives in the country, or who, living in the city, has little money to spend on her table. The woman with a full purse can buy forced vegetables all the year round, the woman who lacks either the money or the opportunity to purchase these must study to devise variety in the ways of preparing what she has.

The supply of winter vegetables is necessarily limited, unless one turns to canned articles. This seems almost an extravagance when the cellar is stocked with carrots, parsnips, turnips, potatoes, beets, onions, and cabbages, with perhaps a small lot of celery, salsify, cauliflower and the like. There are dried vegetables, too, peas, lima beans, and possibly corn, that has been salted down or otherwise preserved. How is one to cook these so that the eaters shall not weary of the sequence?

The following recipes are designed especially to meet this want. They are neither elaborate nor expensive and deal with what the most moderate housekeeper is likely to have in the house or to be able to secure in the country or the small town. Even the dweller in cities may try some of the dishes with a surety of being satisfied with the results.

#### Stewed Carrots

Wash the carrots, scrape off the skin, and cut into bits. Lay in cold water for an hour, then place, still wet, in a double boiler, and stew gently until thoroughly tender. Season with salt and pepper, and turn into a deep dish. Cover with a white sauce.

#### Mashed Carrots and Turnips

Prepare the carrots as in the preceding recipe, cover with salted water and boil until tender. Drain and mash very soft with a little butter. Cook turnips and mash them. Beat the two vegetables together to a soft mass, heap in the center of a dish, set in the oven until smoking-hot, and serve.

#### Fried Turnips

Peel and slice the turnips, and throw into cold water. At the end of half an hour drain and put over the fire in a saucepan with a little salted water. Cook until they begin to get tender, or until a fork pierces them easily. Be careful not to break them; drain and, when cold, pat them dry between the folds of a towel. Dip first in cracker-crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in cracker-crumbs. Lay on a dish in the ice-box for the crust to harden. Fry in butter to a light brown. Serve very hot.

#### Scalloped Celery

The coarse outer stalks of celery may be used for this dish. Cut into inch lengths, and cover with salted water. Stew until tender. Drain, and keep hot while you make a white sauce by cooking together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour, and when these bubble pouring upon them a cup of milk. Stir to a smooth white sauce, put the celery into this, and turn into a buttered pudding dish. Dust the top with buttered crumbs, and set in the oven until lightly browned. This is a simple and very palatable dish.



RICED POTATOES, BROWNED

#### Salsify Fritters

Scrape the salsify and grate fine. Make a batter of a cup of milk, two beaten eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat hard, then whip in the salsify. Season with salt and pepper, and drop by the spoonful into deep, boiling fat. Fry to a golden-brown.

#### Riced Potatoes

Boil white potatoes until tender, then mash, adding a little butter as you do so. When very smooth rub through a colander or strainer upon a heated dish, mounding them high upon this. Set in the oven until the apex of the mound begins to brown lightly, then serve.

#### Stuffed Potato Boats

Bake potatoes and cut them with a sharp knife in halves, lengthwise. Scoop out the insides, and mash with a little cream, melted butter and salt and white pepper to taste. Pack this mixture back into the halved cases, laying them in rows on a platter. On the top of each potato "boat" thus made put a great spoonful of meringue made by beating the whites of two eggs very light. Set at once in the oven and leave there just long enough for the meringue to color at the edges.

#### Beets Stuffed with Lima Beans

Choose the small dried beans and soak all night; in



A SALAD OF BEETS AND LIMA BEANS

the morning boil until tender in salted water and drain. Boil large red beets of uniform sizes, and, while hot, hold firmly with a cloth and rub off the skins. Set aside until cold, then scoop out the insides. Leave the beans and beets on the ice for several hours before using. Mix the beans with a French dressing, fill the hollowed beets with them, and set each beet on a leaf of lettuce, pouring the French dressing over all. Serve very cold.

#### Lentils

Soak the lentils in water over-night. Drain, and cover with salted boiling water. Boil for an hour, drain, and cover with more boiling water and cook until quite soft, but not broken. Drain very dry, melt a heaping tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, and, when slightly browned, put in an onion cut into tiny bits. Stir for several minutes, then turn in the lentils. Add a tablespoonful of browned flour, and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Cook, stirring to a smooth mass, and serve.

#### Stuffed Cabbage

Wash a cabbage, and lay it in salted water for an hour, pulling the leaves apart, but not breaking them off. Then place it in salted boiling water and cook for ten minutes. Drain, and, when cold, stand on end and put between the leaves a forcemeat made by mixing a cup of chopped roast meat,—beef, mutton or veal,—with half as much fine crumbs, and moistening all with weak stock. Begin this stuffing process at the center of the cabbage, filling all interstices carefully. When the forcemeat is all used, press the leaves into place and wrap the cabbage in a strip of cheese cloth. Put carefully into boiling water, and boil for a little over an hour. Lay the cabbage on a platter, carefully remove the cheese cloth, and pour over the cabbage a good brown sauce.

#### Savory Cabbage Leaves

Choose the large firm leaves of a cabbage. In the center of each leaf put a spoonful of minced beef mixed with a little minced ham. Fold the leaf about this mixture and skewer with a tiny toothpick so that it will not come open.



Lay all the leaves thus prepared side by side in a baking-pan, and pour a little stock about them. Cover and bake for twenty minutes. With a cake turner lift each leaf carefully from the pan to a heated platter and keep this hot while you add a little strained tomato to the liquor in the pan, and thicken it with browned flour. Season to taste, and pour over the cabbage-leaves on the dish.

#### Cabbage and Cheese

Boil a cabbage tender and chop very fine. Make a white sauce of a cup of milk and a tablespoonful of butter rubbed into one of flour. Stir until very smooth, then season with salt and pepper and stir in five tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Take from the fire. Put a layer of the minced cabbage in a greased pudding dish, pour the cheese sauce over this, add more cabbage and more sauce, and, when the dish is full, sprinkle thickly with crumbs and bits of butter. Put into a hot oven and cook until very hot all through, then serve.

#### Fried Cauliflower

Boil a cauliflower until just done, then drain. When cold cut into tufts of uniform size. Make a batter of a gill of milk, a beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, and one or two tablespoonfuls of flour,—or enough to make the batter of the right consistency for frying. Dip each tuft of cauliflower in this batter, turning it over and over to coat thoroughly, then drop in deep boiling lard. As soon as they are light brown in color, remove with a perforated spoon, and lay on brown paper to drain dry. Serve very hot.

#### Cauliflower Boiled with Tomato Sauce

Soak a fine cauliflower in cold salt water for an hour, then plunge in salted boiling water and cook for a half hour or until tender. Transfer to a hot dish. Bring the contents of a half can of tomatoes to a boil, cook for a minute, strain, season with onion-juice, salt and pepper, and thicken with a little flour rubbed into a tablespoonful of butter. Stir until smooth. Break the cauliflower into bits of uniform size, put into a deep dish, and pour the tomato sauce over it.

#### Stuffed Onions

Boil until tender, but not broken, large Bermuda onions. Drain, and, when cool enough to handle, take out the centers with a small knife. Chop enough ham to make a cupful, add to it half as much fine crumbs, and mix all to a soft paste with a little cream, and one beaten egg. Season to taste, and put this mixture into the centers of the onions. Put in the top of each onion a bit of butter. Place the onions in a buttered pudding dish and bake slowly until tender all through. Three quarters of an hour should be time enough. Serve with or without a white sauce.

#### Browned Onions

Peel onions and boil until tender. Pack in a buttered pudding dish. Pour melted butter over each onion, then sprinkle very lightly with sugar. This will not affect the taste if used sparingly, and will assist in the browning process. Now cover each onion with fine cracker-dust, and sprinkle this with bits of butter. Set in a quick oven and cook until very brown.

#### Fried Apples and Onions

These form a novel dish, but are delicious if eaten with strips of fried bacon. Do not peel the apples but slice them crosswise, having the slices a half-inch thick. Have the onions parboiled, and cold. With a sharp knife slice these rather thinner than the apples. Cook slices of bacon crisp in a pan, and remove them to a hot platter. Fry the onions and apples side by side in the bacon-fat, unless there is too little of this, in which case add a little butter. When brown, put the onions and apples on a hot platter and arrange strips of fried bacon about the edge of the platter. Serve very hot, and as free from grease as possible. To attain this end it is well to lay each one of the fried slices on tissue paper for a minute after taking it from the pan.

#### Parsnip Balls

Boil parsnips and mash them as you would potatoes. To two cups of the mashed parsnips add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one egg. Form this mixture into small balls and set in the ice-chest. Leave for two hours, then drop in boiling fat and fry. These are a nice accompaniment to roast or broiled meat.

#### Sweet Potato Puff

Boil sweet potatoes, peel them, and, while hot, mash. Add melted butter and milk until you have a soft mass, then whip in two well-beaten eggs, and enough cream to make a very soft mixture. Add salt and turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake to a golden-brown. This is delicious.

There are no such things as trifles in a great man's creed.

*Non possumus omnes*—"we are not all possums," as a student translated it, is true in the original as well as in this odd rendering.

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## The Home Garden

### By Mary Rogers Miller

#### Planting Bulbs in the Fall

TIME was when planting in the fall was considered unorthodox except in rare cases. Now that "gardenitis" has become the most popular malady of the century, fall planting of seeds, bulbs, perennials, shrubs and even trees is one of the most characteristic "symptoms."

With a greater knowledge of plants and their possibilities has come the determination to extend the garden's productive season to round out the year. Flowers, fruits and vegetables every month of the twelve is the modern garden-maker's ideal. To approach such an ideal it is necessary to make planting, transplanting and seed sowing a continuous performance.

A BULB GARDEN.—Sometimes I think the bulb "cranks" have the most beautiful gardens. However that may be, of this be sure: if you leave bulbs out of your outdoor garden you deprive yourself of much joy; and for indoor blooming throughout the winter they are indispensable. Without a pot of hyacinths, narcissuses, or jonquils, life would degenerate into a chore.

Bulbs for winter or spring bloom should be planted in October. Indoors some kinds may safely be started later. Outdoors the general rule is: plant bulbs about six weeks before the regular freezing nights are expected. If planted earlier top growth is likely to start, and that must be avoided at any cost. Root growth must be vigorous first and foliage next, or the flowers will be a failure.

OUTDOOR PLANTING.—The most popular bulbs for outdoor use in this country are tulips, narcissuses, crocuses, hyacinths, jonquils, daffodils, squills and Roman hyacinths. Whether these shall be in formal beds or informal borders, in masses or scattered in haphazard fashion over the lawn, is a matter of taste. For the simple home garden the formal bed, in star or crescent or other conventional design seems out of place. In small city parks with stone fountains and statues they are more fitting. Union Square, New York, would not be improved if its tulips were scattered in the clipped grass or in an informal border. Those design beds mean toil; with only ordinary attention the figures melt into a jumble, the stars are pointless and the crescents look as if rats had been nibbling their edges. So we group our bulbs in the front of the hardy border or in narrow beds against a good background, or in dark corners that need lighting.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.—A loamy or sandy soil is best for bulbs. Fresh manure on the soil or stagnant water will cause rot. Large bulbs, like tulips,

narcissuses, and hyacinths, should be covered with four to six inches of soil, and other bulbs in the same proportion of size to depth.

The mulching of bulb beds is important. They should not be covered too soon nor uncovered too late. As they are hardy, they resent coddling. It is a common sight to see pale, sickly leaves hurrying up through a thick mat of bedclothes too early in spring. The winter covering should be taken off a little at a time to inure the young leaves gradually to the icy spring winds. Leaves or coarse hay make the best mulch.

INDOOR PLANTING.—Do you want to give your friends a pot of blooming narcissuses or Chinese sacred lilies for window or dining table? Would you like to supply a lenten fair with dozens of crocus blooms? Bulbs for winter blossoming indoors may be started as early as August and as late as December. Pots, florist's flats, tin cans and soap boxes may all be used, the latter especially for flowers to be cut.

The "greenhorn" will find the following directions explicit enough, and this is the best time to say that less skill is required to grow bulbs to perfection in the window than to carry on any other line of gardening. Once properly planted the bulbs do the rest.

To pot a single large-sized hyacinth or narcissus bulb choose a four or five-inch pot. Put a handful of pot shreds or small stones in the bottom. Fill the pot half full of fine, rich loamy soil mixed with a little sand. Shake down well, but do not pack. Try the bulb in the center of the pot. If it rises too near the top take out some of the soil. When planted the bulb should be just below the surface of the soil, which should come to within an inch of the top of the pot. Fill the soil in around the bulb carefully, but do not push or twist the bulb to firm it, as this packs the soil underneath and makes trouble.

Three or four bulbs of one variety do well in one pot. Crocuses and tulips are particularly adapted for this. Care should always be taken in grouping either in pots or in boxes to combine varieties whose colors harmonize and which bloom at the same time approximately. Bulbs are not so full of magenta horrors as are many kinds of plants, but it is always safe to group white with the others. One of the wonders of the neighborhood is the annual show of crocuses in window boxes on our street. Seventy golden blossoms were cut one day and there were more to follow.

After being properly potted the bulbs must be protected from the light to prevent that premature top growth which is their undoing. The necessary cool, dark place is hard to find in a city flat for instance. One year our bulbs all "came blind" because our dark closet was too warm. Where there is even the



merest scrap of real outdoors, the best thing to do is to bury all the pots and cans and boxes in a trench under four inches of sand, ashes, or rotted leaves. Or they may be buried in this way in the cellar.

For the first flowers, a few pots of Roman hyacinths or paper-white narcissuses may be taken up after five or six weeks. These should bloom for Christmas. After eight weeks it is safe to remove any or all. For a succession of bloom take out a few every fortnight. If brought directly into warm, strong light, the flowers rush up and the foliage is poor. A sojourn of a few weeks in the cool but not freezing garret should follow the months of darkness.

**FLOWERS WITHOUT SOIL.**—Hyacinths and Chinese sacred lilies are quite commonly grown in bowls or glasses of water. "They say" that crocuses and trumpet narcissuses and others do equally well; I have never tried them. But having once succeeded with the sacred lilies one can hardly do without a dish of them. Choose a plain glass fruit dish, earthen bowl, in fact anything that will hold water. For a single bulb a



DAFFODILS GROWN IN A BEDROOM WINDOW

pint will be sufficient. For three bulbs a quart is not too much. Prop the bulbs with stones as large as eggs so they will stand upright. Keep the dish filled with water that is not too cold. The bulbs should just touch the surface of the water. Do n't worry if it should not bear the test of the most sensitive olfactory organs. Drop a few pieces of charcoal into the water instead. Unless your room is too hot and dry, there will rise from those three bulbs spikes of pure white flowers diffusing a fragrance that will make you forget that there are any ill odors in the world. Christmas without these flowers would hardly be Christmas in our house.

If planted in hyacinth glasses to be had at a florist's, bulbs must be kept in a cool, dark place just as if set in soil until the roots are well developed, then transferred to moderate light, and finally brought to the sunshine to blossom. The clear glasses with no ornamentation are in best taste. Fancy receptacles distract the attention from the growing plant.

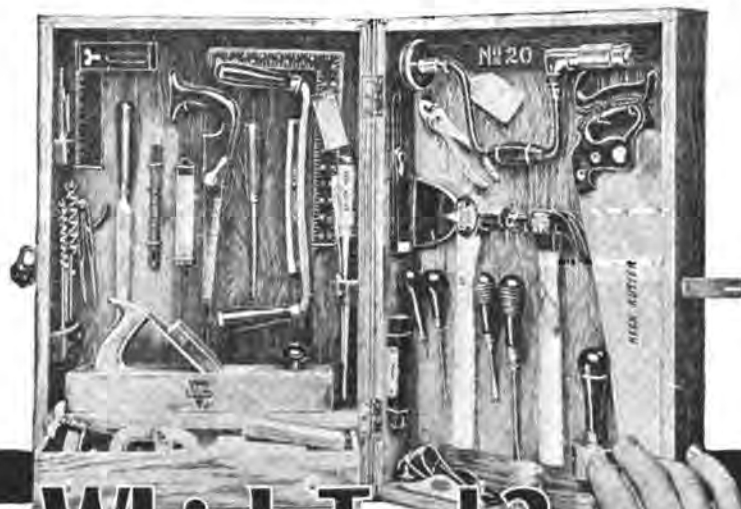
**How To BUY BULBS.**—The common way is to put off buying the bulbs till it is all but too late, then to hurry to a department store and take what you can get. You may make that mistake once, but not twice. Is there any more fascinating literature than the fall catalogues put out nowadays by the bulb importers? (You know it is cheaper to import than to grow bulbs; besides we have n't the knack yet.) If you go at it right you may get your bulbs in original packages right from Holland. Is that better than taking the much-handled culls from the department store? The best are none too good. They cost more to buy, but who would n't rather have a dozen splendid ones than a score which are merely good, and probably bad or indifferent?

Be conservative when making out your order. Be not deceived by seductive descriptions. "Exquisite mauve" is likely to turn out a faded purple, while "delicate azure variegated with blush pink" may under your unskilled hands degenerate into pale-blue spotted with magenta. The bulb man will lose money if he does n't sell his novelties, but your little order will not make or mar him. Select a few standard plain red and yellow, pink and white ones, and as your experience grows your tastes will become more fastidious. But if your heart is set on a new variety named for a popular tenor, buy it and be happy. What are bulbs for except to bring light out of darkness. I'll be the last to say, "I told you so," if your favorite strikes a false note.

#### Ask the Author

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

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# Roosevelt's German Days

A HITHERTO UNWRITTEN CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF OUR PRESIDENT—HIS BOYHOOD DAYS WITH AN OLD GERMAN FAMILY IN DRESDEN, SOME OF WHOSE MEMBERS ARE STILL LIVING

By Louis Viereck

IT is well known that Theodore Roosevelt was rather delicate as a child. It was therefore deemed advisable to send him to Africa, in the beginning of 1873, at the time when his father went to Vienna as United States commissioner at the World's Fair. In the wholesome air of the mountainous plains of Algeria it was hoped that he would strengthen his weakened lungs. Indeed, his stay there benefited his health so greatly that, after a few months, his parents could consider the plan of sending him to Germany, whither he himself ardently desired to go. They chose Dresden, partly because of its magnificent site, and partly because of the educational advantages it offers. These are so highly esteemed by Englishmen and Americans that, on account of the great number who flock every year to the Saxon capital, one of its most elegant quarters has received the surname of "English." But it was not in this part of Dresden that young Teddy lived, with his little brother Elliot and his sister Corinne. It was in the house of City Counselor and Attorney-at-law Dr. Minkwitz, a character well known in liberal circles. He had taken part in the revolutionary movement of 1848, and was known as a democratic leader. When the rebellion had failed, the wrath of the reactionaries was turned against him. He was arrested, and suffered an imprisonment of one year and a half on a charge of high treason, but was finally acquitted for lack of evidence. Amid the many misfortunes, financial, etc., which had befallen him, prominent Americans in Dresden remained his friends; among others, Consul Brentano. It was he who recommended Dr. Minkwitz to Roosevelt's father. On this recommendation the Roosevelt children were entrusted to his care, and they lived for some months in a quaint old dwelling, near Elbe, at No. 2 Brueckenstrasse, now called 33 Ostra Allee.

Personally, Dr. Minkwitz could devote but little attention to his three little wards, because his fellow citizens had elected him as their representative in the reichstag, for which reason he spent the greater part of his time in Berlin. Yet he must have made a deep impression on young Mr. Roosevelt, who had a strange predilection for the grave and quiet old man, though the latter but rarely took part in the conversation. One evening, when Dr. Minkwitz was out of town, young Theodore asked for him repeatedly. "Where's Dr. Minkwitz, and why has he not come home?" At length Mrs. Minkwitz, a good-natured old lady, asked him why he was so eager to see the Herr Stadtrat, who talked but very little with the children.

"Ah," he replied, "that does not matter, the Herr Doktor sieht aus,"—"he looks." In 1886, Dr. Minkwitz died, thirteen years after he had safely returned his charges to their parents; but he is still unforgotten by those who knew him, and especially by his grateful pupil, Theodore Roosevelt.

A boy of young Roosevelt's character probably found that freedom from restraint which was occasioned by Dr. Minkwitz's frequent absences not unfruitful. Thus he learned to act independently and to decide things according to his own will, a practice which, to the regret of some people, he has continued to the present day.

During these days Mr. Roosevelt picked up German rapidly. His teacher was Fraulein Anna Minkwitz, who has since become Frau Fischer, and who supplied me with most of my anecdotes, and with the only existing picture of young Roosevelt at this time. The studies she pursued with the children were as simple as possible, as all three were beginners and Corinne and Elliot were of a very tender age. Their German grammar they learned from Otto's "Lehrbuch fuer Junge Engländer, die Deutsch Lernen Wollen," and Otto's "Grammar for Young Englishmen Who Want to Learn German." They read short stories and some poems. Fraulein Minkwitz's main object was to give the children practice in speaking. Young Teddy, however, had a ready apprehension, and liked to read German. "The Frau Rat" had presented him with a copy of the "Nibelungenlied." As soon as the book was in his hands he began to peruse it eagerly, and from his remarks it became clear that he understood the contents as well as any German boy of his age. Naturally, the brisk fighting and personal valor of the doughty knights appealed to him far more than anything else.

Perhaps it is interesting to mention that he quotes repeatedly from the "Nibelungenlied" in his well-known book, "The Winning of the West."

In addition to this Fraulein Minkwitz read German history with the children. They finished the first chapter of Duller's "Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes." Furthermore, they had a little practice in arithmetic to make the three little Americans acquainted with the German terminology in that science. Poems, as far as his former teacher recollects, Theodore never learned by heart, excepting, perhaps, one,—"Vor Allen Eins, Mein Kind. Sei Treu und Wahr,"—"Above All, My Boy, Faithful Be and True,"—which he certainly took to heart. He was not a very brilliant scholar, at this period, his main endeavor being to understand all the problems of life which confronted him daily.

There is, however, another great and lasting influence which Roosevelt's German "Lehrjahre" exerted on him through the person of the painter and writer, Wegener, his instructor in drawing. Wegener was a man of considerable talent, a specialist in the painting of prairie scenes and author of several books on animal life. He was a jolly old gentleman who soon discovered in Teddy talents more than ordinary. He took pains to develop his pupil's gifts and made special efforts to strengthen in him an appreciation of the beauties of nature and to develop his powers of observation. It is mainly due to this influence that Mr. Roosevelt, in later years, on his ranch by the little Missouri, became a diligent observer of nature, whose opinions were accepted as authoritative by scientific men. Even when he held the office of assistant secretary of the navy, Mr. Roosevelt still found time to take part in a discussion, in one of the leading scientific reviews, concerning the proper classi-



DR. MINKWITZ



MME. MINKWITZ



FRAU FISCHER

President Roosevelt lived with Dr. Minkwitz's family in Dresden in 1873. Mr. Viereck visited the Minkwitz household last year, and from its members gathered the facts for his article.

fication and geographical distribution of a certain species of antelope, one of which is even named after him. His books on hunting life are too well known to need comment here.

During his stay in Dresden, Roosevelt rarely attended theaters and concerts, but devoted most of his leisure hours to walks in the vicinity of the city and to walking tours through the "Saechsische Schweiz." He did not have many intimate friends, the principal reason being that his asthmatic troubles made uninterrupted conversation impossible. He became, as good Frau Fischer says, a regular "bookworm," and spent hour after hour in the study of German classics. Phases of life and worlds of thought utterly unknown to the average American boy of his age were thus opened to him.

More entertaining, perhaps, and equally interesting, are the anecdotes which are told about our President by the Minkwitz family. Frau Fischer distinctly recollects that once she prophesied the future greatness of young Teddy. She says: "One day I had a conversation with Mrs. Roosevelt, who said to me, 'I wonder what is going to become of my Teddy?' I replied, 'You need not be anxious about him. He will surely be one day a great professor, or, who knows, he may become even president of the United States.' Mrs. Roosevelt rebuked me. She said such a thing was impossible, and asked how I could have struck upon such an absurdity. But, perhaps on account of my impulsive remark, I have since continually watched Theodore Roosevelt's career, and have always been glad when he has made a step forward in the world."

When in the summer of 1873, the Roosevelt children were introduced to the Minkwitz family, they had never spoken German, and conditions in Germany were alto-



gether new to them. Nevertheless, they soon adapted themselves to their new environment, especially Theodore, who showed remarkable ability. A few days after his arrival Miss Minkwitz's brother came home from the university of Leipzig, at which he was studying, and told the company a German student's joke. Everybody knows how deep these are. This joke must have been particularly good, for everyone laughed, most of all Teddy. Fraulein Minkwitz was greatly surprised at this, and asked him how he could understand it at all. Thereupon Teddy proceeded to repeat the whole story to her in English in a way which proved beyond doubt that he saw the point. "He seemed to pick up things, one did n't know how," she said.

At that time Frau Rat had in her service a good old servant girl, named Emily, who had an admirer by the name of Charles, a fact which had escaped the Minkwitz family's attention altogether, although the girl had stayed with them for some years. Theodore had been in the house but a few days when, one morning, he created a sensation by saying, "*Emilie, ich bin Karl, ich liebe Du!*" ("Emily, I am Karl, I love thee.")

He was passionately fond of books on natural science, especially of Brehm's "*Thierleben*," which he studied eagerly. One day he got it into his head that he must have a rat, a mole, or a hamster. When he asked Miss Minkwitz where he could get one, she told him that she did n't know. The lad then began to investigate for himself, and finally came back from the city swinging in triumph, like a trophy, a dead mole and a dead German marmot. He had discovered a man who had white mice for sale, and from him had procured what he wanted. He next went to work to strip the animals of their skins, in the kitchen, and prepared to boil them in one of Frau Minkwitz's saucepans. But here the good old Frau Rat interfered. He therefore went to the back yard, built himself a little oven from bricks, skinned the animals, and, after having boiled them, prepared them carefully, putting together skillfully all the parts of the skeleton.

Another time he did this: he was a great collector of curious coins. One morning the Minkwitzs had discussed the withdrawal from circulation of a certain Hanoverian-Brunswick coin, worth about six cents, on which was represented a horse in the act of jumping. In the afternoon, Fraulein Minkwitz took the children out for a walk. She was walking slowly, and with measured steps, as became the daughter of a *raisherr*, when, to her horror, she saw Theodore suddenly leaning over the stand of an apple-woman, with his fingers in her till. The woman was naturally much excited, and tried to wrest the money from the lad's hand. A porter, who was passing by, and who also believed that the lad wanted to rob the old lady, came to her assistance. But for Theodore's presence of mind, the future President of the United States might have fared ill in this little encounter. But, before Fraulein Minkwitz could interfere, Teddy had helped himself. He had opened his pocketbook, and whenever he took a coin from the woman's hoard, he pointed to his own to indicate to her that she should help herself.

He had very drastic methods, not only in acquiring what he wanted, but also in making others understand what he had to say. One day he explained to Emily, the servant girl, how mustangs are caught by means of lassoes, in the Wild West. As one may imagine, she had not understood the explanation he gave in his broken German. So what did young Teddy do? He dealt with her in his usual strenuous manner. "A minute later," says Frau Fischer, "a scream startled us all. He had taken a towel, made a knot of it, and thrown it over the girl's head. Poor Emily, very much frightened, shouted for help. This awakened father, who was taking his afternoon nap. The Herr Rat, his nap having been so rudely interrupted, was not in the rosiest of humors, and reproached Theodore severely. The boy, however, coolly replied: 'Oh, it's nothing; I only wanted her to know what a lasso is like, and how it's used!'"

After the children had lived some months with Dr. Minkwitz, Mrs. Roosevelt, who spent, then, most of her time in Paris, took her three children, a young relative of hers, and Fraulein Minkwitz along to Switzerland. They went to Augsburg, to Lindau, Lake Geneva, Samaden and the Engadin. "To me," Frau Fischer says, "this is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life." A very humorous scene took place on the departure of the little party from Samaden. All things had been packed and stored in a wagon, when suddenly a manservant appeared, carrying in his arms a large bundle of suits, stockings, shoes, underwear, etc. He had discovered that Theodore had discarded all his wearing apparel, and, instead of it, had packed his trunk with stones he had collected. Mrs. Roosevelt, however, ordered the stones to be thrown away, and his clothes to be packed instead. Teddy then sprang from the carriage, and filled his pockets with as many stones as they could hold,—only a small portion, alas! of the treasure, which, with bleeding heart, he was forced to leave behind. But he did not show his disappointment

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Just send me your name, occupation, home and business address and I will send you either the *Sterling* "Safety" or "Old Style," with a full set of blades—a year's supply of razors adjusted to your particular requirements. When you write be sure to state which style you want and whether to cut close or medium. This will avoid delay.

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in any way, always bearing such things with perfect self-control and equanimity.

Theodore's love for his mother was very tender. She was to him the embodiment of all his dreams and ideals. "How often," says old Frau Fischer, "have I heard him say, 'Oh, how is it possible for my beautiful mother to have such an ugly son!'"

When they had returned from Switzerland, Teddy suffered from attacks of asthma even more severe than usual. He was always thankful for every little favor done to him, and never lost his good humor. "We all loved him," the three old ladies affirmed, "although he was a lively lad and made a deal of noise. But, on the other hand, he was kind and considerate. Whenever his mother was in Dresden to see the children, Elliot and Corinne stayed with her at the hotel, but Theodore always came home punctually for dinner. We always felt that he did this out of consideration for us, and to show us that he liked our way of living as well as the expensive *table d'hôte* at the hotel. He was moderate in his expenses. His brother Elliot, at times, hired a riding-horse, but Theodore would remain at home. He went out only with the family, except when he was invited to his aunt's or wanted to go 'shopping,' as far as that was possible in good old Dresden town."

Another story resembling this shows, in a way, young Teddy's keen appreciation of humor. Mrs. Roosevelt had asked Fräulein Minkwitz to take the children to an American dentist. This she did. At the dentist's, Teddy first presented his teeth,—the pride of his later years. The dentist examined them and found them perfect, as might have been expected. The same was the case with Elliot. To Corinne he said: "There is a little milk-tooth which is bad; do you want me to extract it?" She replied: "No, sir, I can do that myself." "Then do it soon!" the doctor remarked. On going, Fräulein Minkwitz asked for the bill. She was aghast when the doctor calmly named the sum of fifteen dollars. Almost stupefied, she took the money from her purse and handed it to him. On the way downstairs Teddy whispered: "Do you know what was worth the money?" "No," she replied. "I will tell you; it was the face you made when you heard the price,—I'd give twice as much if I could see you make such a face again." The other children had not looked at Fräulein Minkwitz, but Teddy's first thought had been: "I wonder what kind of a face she is going to make!"

Thus relations of the friendliest kind were established between the Roosevelts and the Minkwitz family. But, all pleasant times must come to an end. In the middle of October, 1873, Fräulein Minkwitz,

their faithful guardian and teacher, accompanied the children to England, where they parted,—never to meet again. New scenes engrossed their attention, new interests arose, and, though they never lost a cordial recollection of their old friends, time and opportunity for correspondence never came.

It was not until 1875 that Frau Fischer received a letter from Corinne. She replied immediately, announcing her marriage to Herr Fischer, and received from Teddy the following letter, which, for various reasons, is not uninteresting to-day:—

NEW YORK, February 5, 1876.

DEAR FRAU FISCHER:—

All the family send you many congratulations, in which I most heartily join. Until Corinne received your letter, we knew nothing about your marriage, or, indeed, about any of the affairs of your family. Remember me most kindly to Herr Leon, and tell him that I wish him all possible happiness in his marriage. How is Richard? I shall never forget how he used to sit up with me, at night, when I was sick with asthma.

During the last few years very little of importance has happened to our family. I have enjoyed excellent health, but mother still continues an invalid, and Elliot has at times been very ill, so that he has been unable to study and has been forced to leave New York in the winter. He went to England for a couple of months, but he was just as sick there, so returned and spent last winter in Florida. At present he is in Texas.

I shall not go into business until I have passed through college, which will not be for over four years. What business I shall enter then I do not know, for we have been forced to give up the glass business on account of the "panic."

This winter I am studying quite hard, and so is Corinne. We have passed the summer by the seashore, at a place called Oyster Bay. There we all enjoyed ourselves greatly, especially Elliot and myself. We had a sailboat, and each of us had a horse.

Last winter we had much skating, and I was hurt while on the ice, falling on my head and being senseless for several hours. This winter we have hardly had any snow or ice.

How is Fräulein Emma? Elliot often has spoken of how she used to teach him poetry. I am very glad that Fräulein Selma has become such an artist. Remember me to your Herr Father and Frau Mother and to Fräulein Lina.

All the family send their regards, and, with much love from myself, I remain your true friend,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

## De Witte's Start in Life. By Vance Thompson

THERE has undoubtedly been a considerable increase of friendly sentiment among the American people toward Russia as a result of the Peace Conference recently held at Portsmouth. This has been due for the most part to the excellent impression made in this country by the czar's senior envoy, Sergius Julievitch de Witte.

De Witte, who has won a great many friends by his pleasing and striking personality, is without a doubt the biggest man in Russian public life to-day, and ranks among the greatest statesmen from any country who have visited our shores in recent years.

A few years ago he was but little known outside of his own country, and yet in the attainments of national finance, in which he has been eminently successful, he has stood with Gladstone of England and von Miquel of Germany as the only great statesmen-financiers of the last half century. The reorganization of the Bank of Russia, the establishment of a protective tariff, the setting aside of reserve funds to assist agriculture, and the reduction of taxes through the substitution of indirect for direct taxation,—these have been only a part of his work. The lessening of the burden of taxation has made him, as well, the most popular minister in Russia.

When De Witte came to power, over ten years ago, Russian finances were in a bad way, in spite of Vishnegradski's patient efforts to conquer the confidence of Europe. De Witte was essentially a practical man. He had been trained in a railway office; he had risen to the post of director. He took office in a bad year. Everywhere the crops had failed. The old war debt weighed on the treasury. Taxes were heavy. The tariff was in confusion. Yet, within a twelvemonth, he swung the country into the sunlight, and succeeded finally in putting the finances on a solid and permanent basis.

When the crops failed in 1892 he lent the farmers and peasants nearly thirty-three million dollars. The money came back. Another year,—it was 1893,—over seven million dollars were lent thus, in one single province. He has been endeavoring to break down the old communal system, whereby the peasants owned and worked their lands in common, and



S. J. DE WITTE

to introduce individual ownership.

By establishing a state monopoly in alcohol, De Witte has vastly decreased intemperance among the Russian peasantry. By his foresight he has started a progressive development of the new lands to the eastward. He is both an intensive and extensive statesman,—a financier of exceptional ability, a liberal whose heart is with the people, a far-seeing empire-builder. Long ago he saw that the economic and commercial future of the empire lay in the extreme East, and that, in the vast Russian possessions washed by the Pacific and its tributary seas, the great ports would, in time, be created. Vladivostok was first; Dalny came second; and this was to be only the beginning. He urged on the great Siberian Railway, the first stone of which was laid by the present czar in the reign of Alexander III. It was all part of a broad and well-considered policy.

The results of the recent war will necessitate the curtailment of these plans to a very large extent, but the policy has been established and will no doubt continue throughout all the large portion of Asia still under Russian control.

De Witte's life-story is remarkably similar to that of the representative type of American who has worked his way up from very humble beginnings. He was the son of German immigrants into Russia. That worked against him in the beginning. He was not of the race, he was not of the nobility, and he was not of the people. His folks were poor. His early life was spent among many hardships. He was obliged to borrow the books that gave him his first insight to knowledge. At first, a chance to attend school was denied him, and he taught himself the first rudiments of his own reader and of a little French reader which he found in a garbage heap. His superiors tried to "force him into the peasantry," as his friends put it. Often his books were confiscated and he was shut up so that he could not study.

But he worked patiently and gradually overcame one obstacle after another. He finally secured work with a railroad in southern Russia in the freight department, and slowly began to rise. He showed talent and industry. His instinct for finance won him renown.





## Questions and Answers

Conducted by

MRS. CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

**E. S. J.**—When a young man has called once there is no reason why you should not ask him to come again, if you wish to have him do so. He might naturally think you did not care to have him repeat his visit unless you said when bidding him good-by that you would be glad to have him call again.

**MARY.**—The question of a chaperon is much more important than it used to be, in cities, at least, although more freedom exists in the country. Still, even there I would not advise you to go off for an all-day nutting-party or an evening straw-ride without having some older woman along to act as chaperon. She need not be a "spoilsport," by any means, but it is a comfort to have some one to whom the girls can turn in case of need, and if she is the right sort she will not interfere with your enjoyment.

**F. K.**—If you wish, you can have the finger bowls put on the table before the meal and left there all the time. This may make things easier when no servant is kept. But it is a simple thing for the person who changes the plates to bring in the dessert plate with a finger bowl and doily upon it at the same time that she places the sweets on the table. It looks better and there is little trouble in arranging the plates and finger bowls before the meal.

**FRANCES L.**—If your friend is visiting some one who is a stranger to you, it is the correct thing for you to send in a card for her when you call on your friend, and to invite her with your friend to any entertainment you give for the latter.

**RECENT GUEST.**—Your hostess had no intention of being rude to you because the waitress passed the dishes to her first. This is done in many houses and there is something to be said in favor of it. The chief argument for it is that when the dish is unusual in its nature, the hostess, by helping herself first, shows the other guests how the dish is to be served and thus saves them possible embarrassment. Do not be too ready to imagine slights. Very few persons are intentionally rude.

**YOUNG HOSTESS.**—The oldest person present is the honored guest and should not be led across the room to meet others, but have the younger and less important guests brought up and introduced to her.

**S. B. H.**—You should certainly have written to the mistress of the house where you visited as soon as you returned home. The fact that it was her son who invited you has nothing to do with it. You should write to him, too; but the mistress of the house is the one to whom the first courtesies should be paid, always.

**MAMIE.**—The trouble with placing Battenberg lace articles at exchanges now is that this lace has become so common and such good imitations are made by machinery that it is no longer in demand. If you wish to sell something you must devise a novelty that will prove attractive to buyers. I will send you the list of women's exchanges you wish if you will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

**DOUBTFUL.**—Mention the woman's name first when introducing a man and a woman. The man is presented to the woman, not the woman to the man.

**NELL.**—A great many good authorities prescribe the use of soap on the face, but there are nearly as many who are opposed to its use. It is unnecessary to wash the face more than once a day, or at the most, twice, once on rising and the other time on going to bed. In between wipe it off with a damp cloth. Of course, if one is grimy from traveling it is another matter. Even then it is better to wipe the face with a soft cloth and then to cleanse it with a good cold cream. There are several of these.

**J. H. G.**—If you know the young man tolerably well, and he is a desirable acquaintance, there is no reason in the world why you should not ask him to call. You say you have met him repeatedly, that he has been attentive to you in public, and that you like him, but that although you are sure he wishes to be invited to call you have not asked him. I fail to see the reason for your delay if you really like his society. Do not be foolish about it.

**JANE.**—Library work has grown more important of late years and bids fair to be more followed as time goes on. You will have to have received a high-school education, at least, before you can be a good librarian, even in the lowest lines, and a course at a library school is much to be desired.

# Our 20 Years of Film EXPERIENCE

If there is any one line of business in which experience is more important than in any other, that line is the manufacture of highly sensitive photographic goods. And of all photographic processes, film making is the most difficult. It has taken us more than twenty years to learn what we know about making film.

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Five years ago we felt that we were approaching film perfection, but no concern, even if it could make film as good as that *was*, could compete in quality with the Kodak N. C. Film of to-day. But experience is not the only advantage that our chemists and film makers enjoy. They have access to the formulae of the chemists who make the best dry plates in the world. The Kodak films of to-day have in them the combined knowledge of the most expert film makers and the most expert plate makers.

The wise amateur will be sure that he gets the film with experience behind it. There are dealers, fortunately not many, who try to substitute inferior films from inexperienced makers, the only advantageous feature which these films possess being the "bigger discount to the dealer". Amateurs, especially those who leave their Kodaks with the dealer to be loaded, should make sure that substitution is not practised against them.

The film you use is even more important than the camera you use. Be sure it's Kodak film with which you load your Kodak.

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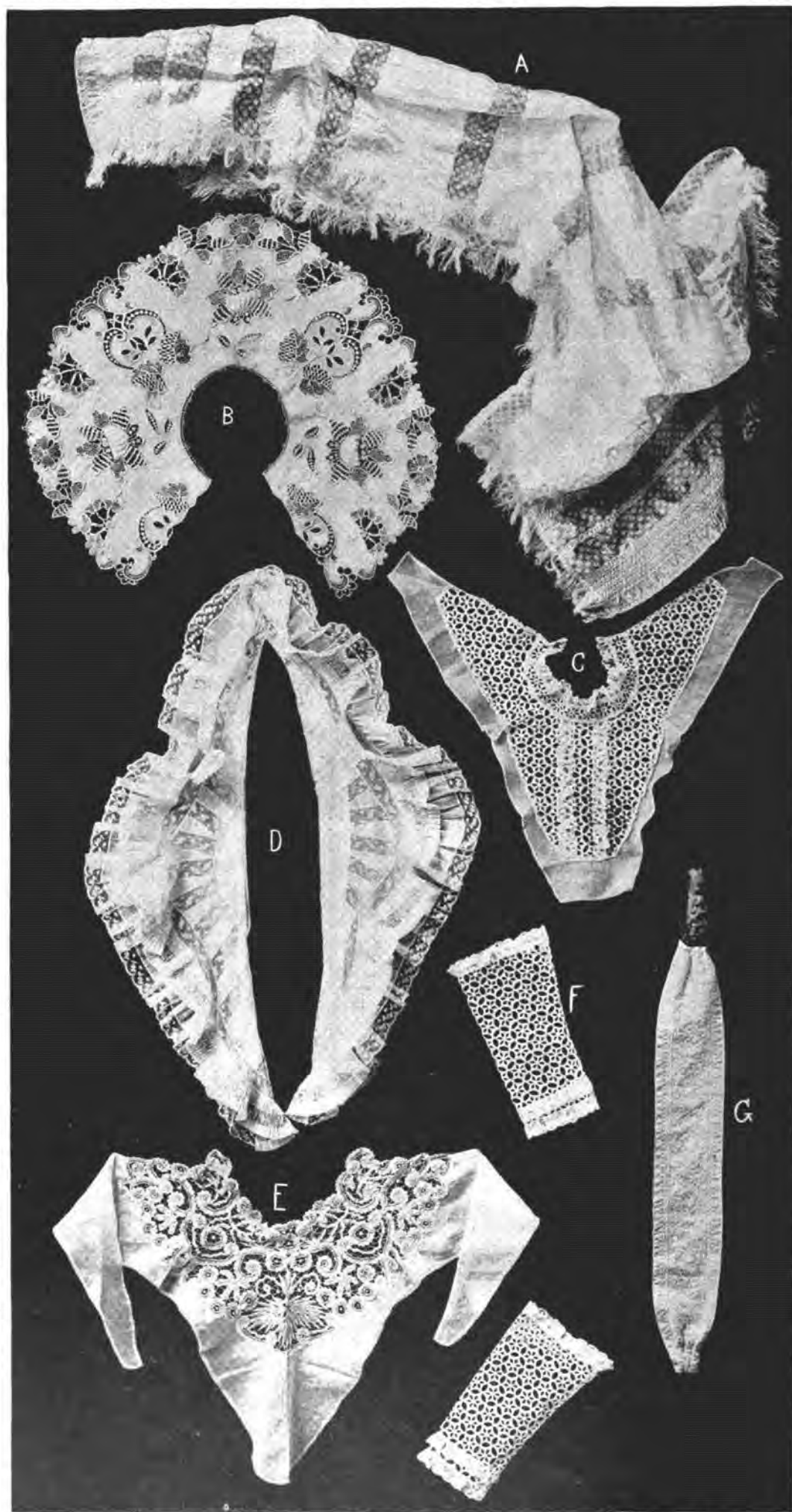
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# What to Wear and How to Wear It



A.—Scarf of silk, with stripes of gold embroidery. B.—Large collar of embroidery and lace on linen. C.—Chemisette and sleeves of Italian cut-work. D.—A dainty *lingerie* collar.

E.—Yoke of point lace. G.—White satin belt, effectively embroidered in gold, and having a handsomely carved jade buckle.

## Dress Accessories for Autumn, by Mary Le Mont

THE new cut of bodices and coats necessitates more attention to the make of neckwear than ever before. Each gown and coat must have its own charming accessory in the way of fancy cuffs, sleevelets, yokes, chemisettes and boas.

Boas have come back into style, with all their former beauty and more of simplicity in make than of yore. The most fashionable for early autumn days are made of white net, both in plain and fancy dotted styles, but the plain appears more *chic* than anything else, just at



present. When one considers that plain white net can be purchased at fifty-nine cents a yard, for double-width material, it is easy to realize how cheaply such a boa can be made at home. The plaits have to be put on very full to give the required fluffiness. By way of ends long ribbon streamers are preferred to anything else. These are made of medium wide ribbon, several lengths overlapping and fastened to one another with loose knots.

Richly decorated collars have also returned to popular favor, both for old and young, and few things are smarter for early autumn silk and light wool gowns than the old-fashioned collars of fine embroidery and lace and *lingerie* which are to be worn about the neck of a dress. These convert a simple bodice into a very dressy one. They are made round as well as pointed and also in *fichu* shape, and, the larger they are, the more fluffy their make, while the small ones are comparatively simple in effect.

Dress yokes and sleeves are made of the same materials as are collars, except for use upon simpler dresses, when linen ones, embroidered both in open and raised embroidery, are used. Khaki is a fashionable material for making collars and cuffs for coats, and this may be obtained in several tints and be both embroidered and braided. The effect is much more elegant than one would fancy and is also quite new.

A great many girls are busying themselves preparing wide ribbon girdles and belts for use with autumn gowns of various sorts; from the evening gown of diaphanous material to the simple street dress. A fad has existed for making these shirred and boned and with a deep point in the back. This style of belt will not be worn by any well-dressed woman in the months to come,—no smartly gowned woman will wear one now; so it is well to learn the latest shape for these necessary complements of the toilet.



A BOA OF FLUFFY PLAID DOTTED NET

For evening wear the girdles will be of liberty silk or satin or similar material—such as louisine. They will be drawn around the waist, slightly widening in front and finished in the back with a little sash or fetching bow. The day belts of satin or taffeta ribbon will be made in the same manner, only with less fullness in the belt. These will have the slightly widened front and will be quite small in the back, terminating in two short ends above and two longer ones below the belt.

A fad of the coming season will be to wear belts that are buckled in the back, without any decoration, whatever, in front, except in the case of embossed leather. This will not, however, change the usual style of wearing buckles in front. It will merely be a matter of personal taste. Buckles for the back are smaller than those to be worn in front, and ribbon belts are matched in color by the buckles worn with them; such as turquoises with blue ribbon, and so on.

The belt with its bow or sash solves the matter of expense in buckles, since it is quite as smart as a buckled belt and can be readily made at home. The front needs boning to make it keep its shape, which should be wider than the rest of the belt, although none of the new belts are wide.

Large embroidered collars, as well as those of lace, are making their appearance for wear over coats of the more dressy character. They are round in character, having been introduced as a decoration for short bolero jackets, whose vogue continues.

It is quite the universal custom to wear across the front of the corset some one of the dainty ruffled affairs of lawn and lace that give a fluffy, even line across the front of the corsage. Since bloused waists are no longer worn something of this sort is in demand to fill in the lines of the new bodice. Any one can make these of ribbon bows, padded in the loops, or by sewing ruffles of lawn across a curved bit of lawn that extends from the inside of one shoulder to the other.



AN EGYPTIAN SCARF, IN WHITE AND SILVER

Since bloused waists are no longer worn something of this sort is in demand to fill in the lines of the new bodice. Any one can make these of ribbon bows, padded in the loops, or by sewing ruffles of lawn across a curved bit of lawn that extends from the inside of one shoulder to the other.

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# Health and Beauty

## I.—The Care of the Nails

By A. G. VIRGUS



I.—FILING

NOTHING more surely betrays an absence of daintiness in personal care than neglect of the hands and nails. Of course, it is more difficult for some women to keep their hands and nails soft, white, and free from blemishes than for others. In the care of the hands immaculate cleanliness is imperative; they should never be washed except when it can be done thoroughly. Constantly rinsing them in cold water grinds the dirt in, and ruins the texture of the skin, making it rough, coarse, and red. When exposed to hard usage in the routine of housework, instead of frequently washing the hands in water, a few drops of oil should be rubbed into them; then they should be dusted over with talcum powder, and wiped with a coarse towel. This will cleanse them, and protect the flesh from growing callous.

Lemon juice will remove all stains; the hands should always be washed in tepid water, and a good soap is an absolute necessity. It is also important that the water be soft.

Special care and training must be bestowed upon



II.—LOOSENING THE CUTICLE AROUND THE NAIL

the nails, whose condition in shape, color, and sheen make or mar the loveliest hand.

It is within the power of any woman possessed of average ability to become her own manicure. It only takes a few minutes each day to keep the nails in perfect condition, and properly kept nails are indications of refinement. The outfit will cost two to three dollars. Buy good instruments to begin with. You will need a flexible file, emery boards, buffer, orange sticks, cuticle knife, cuticle needle-point scissors, nail scissors, some red paste and white nail powder, and a good bleach of glycerine, rose water, and oxalic acid.

Begin by shaping the nail with the file. When you have finished one hand, the fingers should be dipped in a bowl of lukewarm water, into which has been poured a few drops of some pleasant antiseptic. They are allowed to remain in this some time to soften the cuticle, and are generally dried with a soft towel.

With the point of the orange stick clean the nail, dipping the stick in the bleach if this is necessary. Loosen the skin around the nail with the cuticle knife.



III.—CUTTING THE CUTICLE AROUND THE NAIL



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IV.—TRIMMING CORNERS AND HANG NAILS



V.—BLEACHING

This skin should be lifted up, and not pushed down and back, as the latter movement cracks and splits the cuticle. Keep dipping the knife in the water, as it helps to lift up the cuticle, which must be well raised before it is cut. Now use the cuticle scissors, and try to trim the cuticle in one piece, otherwise you are likely to have ragged edges and hangnails.

Be extremely careful about this particular part of the treatment, for the nail may be altogether spoiled by a too zealous use of the cuticle knife and scissors. Use your red paste sparingly, and rub it well into the nails with the palm of your hand. It is better to dip the fingers in the water again and dry thoroughly, as you can not polish a wet nail. Cut off hangnails with the nail scissors, and smooth the edge of the nail with the emery boards. Dip your buffer or polisher in your nail powder. Place the center of the buffer on your nail, rub slightly, and in a short time you will notice how easy it is to manicure your own nails.



VI.—POLISHING



VII.—FINISHING

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## Prize Contests

*What It Costs Me To Dress Myself*  
[By "A SUBSCRIBER"]

### FIRST PRIZE

I AM a teacher and not only clothe myself, but also keep up a house and care for an invalid mother. My expenses for clothing can not of course run up very high. I find sometimes it takes close figuring to go in society and look as well as my co-workers, who spend the greater part of their salaries, outside of living expense, on clothing.

Below you will find an itemized account of my expenditures last year, and I know I have gone as much in society and looked as well as the rest.

I make all my own underclothing, because I think you can make it cheaper and it lasts longer than ready-made garments. My plain shirt-waists are also made at home. A plain white waist freshened up with pretty collars and ribbons makes one always look well dressed. Then I do fancy needlework, and can have no end of pretty things worked up from odds and ends. This leaves me a margin for buying skirts and suits which I think give better satisfaction than if made at home.

#### ONE YEAR'S EXPENDITURES.

Ribbons, laces and collars .....	\$5.00
Two hats and a cap .....	10.00
Shoes and overshoes .....	8.00
Waists (three plain) .....	3.00
Dress waist and its making .....	5.00
Gloves .....	2.00
Skirt (ready-made) .....	10.00
Material for underwear and trimmings .....	4.00
Silk shirt-waist suit (ready-made) .....	20.00
Danish suit for summer (made at home) .....	5.00
Winter coat and fur .....	28.00
Thin waists (three, made at home) .....	3.00
Sewing .....	5.00
Miscellaneous .....	5.00

Total.....\$113.00

[Will the author of the above kindly send me her name and address so that I can forward her the amount of the prize?—MRS. C. T. HERRICK.]

Owing to a press of matter the prize letter, in the contest on "What It Costs Me To Dress Myself," was crowded out of the September Number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in which it had been announced to appear. We are therefore obliged to print it in this number, with our apologies to our readers.

### OUR NEW CONTEST

Every year the business of giving Christmas gifts becomes more of a problem. We have formed the habit of giving, and we do not like to stop even when it has become a burden. To solve the difficulty, many persons have resolved to stop all Christmas gifts except to their immediate families. Others, less courageous or more affectionate, perhaps, keep on with the presentation, while groaning under the weight of what some one has called "Christmas blackmail."

What do the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE's Home Department think of the situation? Shall we give Christmas presents, or shall we not?

To the best answer to this question, in the affirmative, will be given a prize of three dollars, and to the best reply in the negative will also be given a prize of three dollars. Each answer must be accompanied by good reasons for the author's opinion, written concisely and briefly, in ink, or typewritten, on one side of the paper. No letter must exceed two hundred words and all must be received at this office by October 15. Address: Prize Contest, Home Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.

### LIFE'S SILENT WATCHES

By LANTA WILSON SMITH

OUT of life's silent watches,  
Out of the gloom of night,  
Souls that foresee the conflict  
Send forth their words of might.

Heroes of art and science,  
Wrestle alone for years,  
Bringing at last some trophy  
Worthy the whole world's cheers.

Poets with brooding patience,  
Toiling with courage strong,  
Out of some lonely vigil,  
Weave an immortal song.

Not through the whirl of pleasure,  
Not from the din of strife,  
But out of the silent watches  
Come the great deeds of life.

# The Question Is

## Will You? Not Can You!

Every man *can*, if he *will*, increase his knowledge, and thereby his salary, by improving his spare time. Your pay depends on your knowledge; therefore you control your own salary. If you are getting small pay it is because you are doing a grade of work that hundreds of others can do equally well. Our instruction will fit you for a higher grade in your present line, or in an entirely different line. Big firms are eagerly searching for engineers capable of directing their vast enterprises, to whom they can pay salaries as great as \$10,000 a year. The Engineer is not the man in overalls with the oil can and waste in his hand. He is the man who designs the engine which the other man runs. He is the master mind who conceives, plans, and directs the work of hundreds of other men.

## ENGINEERING

### TAUGHT BY MAIL

If you cannot go to a technical school it can be brought to your door by the postman. Our students study under the direction of the same teachers who have charge of the laboratories and classes of Armour Institute of Technology, thus bringing for the first time to engineering correspondence students the standards and thoroughness of resident school instruction. *Students desiring to continue their studies and take a degree in residence will be given proper credit by Armour Institute of Technology.*

You are no different from the thousands of others who have succeeded by this means, and *you can*, if you *will*. If you *will*, you will write to-day for full information regarding the course needed to fit you for a position in the course marked "X." This costs you nothing; *neither will it bring an agent to annoy you for all time to come. We employ no agents. All money paid by the student is used in instructing the student.*

Tuition fees are moderate—from \$10 up—and may be paid in small monthly payments.

### COUPON—CUT OUT AND MAIL TO-DAY

Please send me 200-page handbook. I am interested in the course marked "X."

..... Mechanical Drawing	..... Municipal Engineering
..... Electrical Engineering	..... Railroad Engineering
..... Central Station Work	..... Surveying
..... Electric Lighting	..... Hydraulics
..... Electric Railways	..... Structural Drafting
..... Telephone Practice	..... Complete Architecture
..... Mechanical Engineering	..... Architectural Engineering
..... Telegraphy	..... Contractors' and Builders' Course
..... Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting	..... Cotton Course
..... Machine-Shop Practice	..... Woollen and Worsted Goods Course
..... Heating, Ventilation, and Plumbing	..... Knit Goods Course
..... Stationary Engineering	..... College Preparatory Course
..... Marine Engineering	..... (fitting for entrance to engineering schools)
..... Locomotive Engineering	
..... Structural Engineering	

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Occupation..... Success—Oct. '05

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE  
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Armour Institute of Technology  
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OF NEW YORK

1876

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1905

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ASSETS, June 30, 1905 - - - - \$7,393,680.42

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**OUR OFFER:** We will send postpaid on receipt of price, any of the goods named below, subject to your approval. Everything is guaranteed to be as represented. If dissatisfied with the goods, you may return them, and we will exchange them or refund your money, as you wish. Under this offer you are taking no chances. We must please you or there is no sale.

We must do just as we say, or responsible magazines will refuse our advertisements.

We made our reputation on our neckties. Examine those you are paying for, for at your retailers. Note how the silk wears off the surface, showing the cotton back. Then examine one of ours and see that the material is all silk. Retailers will ask you 50c. or \$1.00 each for good ties of this kind. We sell you at wholesale prices, though you need not buy large quantities. All our ties are of the same quality, the best. This is also true of everything we sell.

**FOUR-IN-HAND TIES:** All silk, full size and length, will outwear two or three of the regular 50c. kind. Latest New York styles and patterns. We can send you plain white or black silk, or satin, or assorted colors that will please the most fastidious. \$3 for box of 6 to any address.

**LONG STRING OR CLUB TIES** to wear with pleated bosom or negligee shirts, or for ladies' wear. All silk, 60 inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, assorted colors, or in plain black or white silk or satin, to any address. \$3 for box of 6

**BAT TIES** for evening wear, with standing or turn down collars, all silk, in black, white or assorted colors, to any address. \$3 for box of 6

No ties made up; all to be tied by wearer.

**WHITE LINEN DRESS SHIRTS:**

1st.—3 ply pleated linen bosom shirts, 8 to 24 pleats. \$7.50 for box of 6

2nd.—3 ply plain linen bosom shirts, open front or back, or coat style, 9, 11 or 13-inch bosoms, cuffs attached. \$7.50 for box of 6

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**OVALSQU SHIRTS:** No Straps! No Flaps! No Belts! No Buckles! No Buttons required to keep the bosom in perfect shape, or to prevent bulging or breaking. In ordering this shirt do so by number and mention that you want Oval-squa.

No. 1.—Open back and front, with-out cuffs. \$2.00 each

No. 2.—Open back and front, cuffs attached. \$2.25 each

No. 3.—Open front, coat style, cuffs attached. \$2.50 each

No. 4.—Smock shirt, open front bosom, with back open all the way down, cuffs attached. \$2.50 each

**BOY'S WHITE LINEN BOSOM DRESS SHIRTS,**

\$6.00 for box of 6

**COLORS PERCALINE SHIRTS** in splendid selection, white ground, striped, or figured, with cuffs, and full length 4 ply bosoms, open front and back, samples of goods sent on application, to any address. \$7.50 for box of 6

Best grade. \$9.00 for box of 6

All our shirts are made to fit you. Shirt orders should contain measurements, size of neck-band, length of sleeve from back collar button to point of shoulder, to elbow, to wrist.

(Cheap shirts are sold at lower prices but the quality isn't in them. Our shirts at our prices are the best and, quality considered, are the cheapest shirts offered by anyone.)

**PAJAMAS:** Colors, Gray, Black or Blue in appropriate patterns.

No. 1.—Good quality Domet Flannel, pearl buttons, handkerchief pocket, double stitched and felled seams. Box of 3 Suits, \$4.50

No. 2.—Fine quality Tenzel Down Flannel, pockets, frogged buttons, reinforced fronts, double stitched and felled seams. Box of 3 Suits, \$6.00

**NIGHT SHIRTS,** same material and colors as pajamas, full length, double stitched seams, pockets and double-band collars.

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No. 3.—Heavy-weight Tenzel Down. \$9.00 for box of 6

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In cotton, finest quality. \$9.00 for box of 3 Suits

In merino, finest quality. \$10.50 for box of 3 Suits (Single trial suit in cotton, \$3.00; in merino, \$3.50; purchaser to pay express charges.)

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**METROPOLITAN PAST BLACK HOSE.**—The very finest and most satisfactory that ever went on men's feet. Like our neckties, these socks have made us lots of friends. We have seen poorer quality socks retail at 60c a pair. Unquestionably the best bargain you have ever had offered you. Our price. Box of 6 pairs, \$1.50

**REMEMBER,** everything sent prepaid. Anything not satisfactory may be returned for exchange, or refund of your money. Send money by P. O. or Express Money Order, or add 10 cents to check to cover exchange.

Our Motto: "A Satisfied Customer Comes Again."

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## THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

By Alfred Stephen Bryan

[EDITOR OF "THE HABERDASHER"]

SUMMED up into the fewest words, correct dress is just applied good taste. The identical laws which govern intercourse between well-bred people govern the dress of a gentleman. It should be distinctive, but not pronounced; appropriate to time and occasion and expressive in a measure of the wearer's personality. In business, in society, every place, he who respects himself dislikes to be a trailer, an echo, a "me-too." Similarly, in dress a gentleman strives for individuality, for an effect, an air, a poise of his own. Dressing well, then, is not a servile following of the fashions, but a mingling of good sense and good taste, subject, of course, to certain broad regulations commonly accepted. In short, the truly well-dressed man adapts, rather than adopts the mode.

While it is generally believed that fashion changes suddenly and quixotically, it does not. The growth of a fashion is slow and extends through several seasons. Just now, for example, we are in the midst of a reaction from the extremely loose cut of clothes that has ruled during the last two years. Autumn coats and overcoats are decidedly snuggler at the waist line and have sharply pressed side seams to define the figure. Fit, rather than hang, is the consideration this season. Jackets are still long, but they do not swing from the shoulders with the old easy-breezy air. Length and breadth remain, but fullness has yielded to just a hint of tightness.

It must not be understood that the fashions of autumn are in any sense foppish; they are not. But fashion is like a wheel each turn of which brings back something that has gone before. Four years ago the younger set was very partial to the cut of jacket known as "military." This was smoothly shaped over the shoulders and back and

projected from the waist with a decided flare. Then came the long, loose jacket, which fell from the shoulders almost in folds. Now, true to its natural tendencies, fashion's pendulum is swinging back to snugness, and both coats and overcoats this autumn accentuate the figure markedly.

So far as the length of the lounge or business jacket is concerned, it would be idle to go into measurements, because a man's height must determine that. Extremists in dress will wear the jacket very long, about thirty-four inches, with broad, low-lying lapels and a very deep center or side vent, ten inches, in the back. The sleeves will have a narrow cuff finish and, as I have already said, the jacket will fit snugly at the waist in the back with a noticeable outward "spring" at the bottom. The general effect is semi-military, and it is undeniably becoming to young men or to men who can boast of a bit of a figure. Of course, he who is inclined to fleshiness should choose a more conservative cut which would disguise rather than emphasize his shortcoming. Trousers are a trifle snuggler at the bottom, but quite full at the hip.

For business and lounge wear the only overcoat indorsed by good form this season is the plain, long "Chesterfield." Paddocks, Paletots, Surtouts, and all forms of skirted overcoats are out of place for informal use and should be confined to "occasion." The fashionable Chesterfield is about forty-three inches long, for a man of normal height, and has one center "vent" or slash in the back extending upward almost to the waist line. The object of this vent is to afford ease in walking, for an overcoat that fits tightly around the legs is clumsy and impeding. After several seasons of fancy colors in overcoatings, blue and black have returned to favor and these are most suitable to the Chesterfield,



THE FALL TIE HAS A NARROWER KNOT

AUTUMN  
AND  
WINTER

THE CORRECT DRESS CHART

1905-1906

DAY DRESS

OCCASION	COAT AND OVERCOAT	WAISTCOAT	TROUSERS	HAT	SHIRT AND CUFFS	COLLAR	CRAVAT	GLOVES	BOOTS	JEWELRY
DAY WEDDING AFTERNOON CALL RECEPTION AND MATINEE	Frack Chesterfield Overcoat	D or S. B. Same Material as Coat or of White Linen Duck	Striped Warranted as Chester of Dark Grey	High Silk with Felt Band	Plain White with Cuffs Attached	Pink or Wing	White or Pearl Knot or One-over to Match Cravat	Grey Suede	Patent Leather or Varnished Calfskin Buckram Tops	Gold Links Gold Studs Crown Pin
BUSINESS AND MORNING WEAR	Jacket Cutaway or Morning Coat Covered or Chesterfield Overcoat	To Match Coat or of Different Material	If with S. B. Coat, to Match it with D. B. Coat, of Same or Different Material	Derby with Jacket and Morning Coat High Silk with Cutaway	Colored or White with Cuffs Attached	Fold or Wing	Four-in-hand or Tie One-over or Tie	Tie Cape or Grey Reindeer	Local Call High or Low	Gold Links Gold Studs
WHEELING, GOLF, OUTING, SKATING	Hopbark or Double Breasted Jacket	Knoted or Fancy Plaid	Tweed or Flannel	Alpine Tan or Golf Cap	Flannel Modern or Oxford	Fold or Deep Point	Kentish Tie or Knotted Handkerchief	Tie Cape or Knot	Local Call or Reindeer High or Low	Links and Crown Pin Leather Watch Chain
AFTERNOON TEA SHOW, CHURCH AND PROMENADE	Frack or Cutaway or Chesterfield Overcoat	Same Material as Coat or of White Linen Duck	Striped Warranted Light or Dark	High Silk with Felt Band	Plain White with Cuffs Attached	Pink or Wing	As for One-over or Four-in-hand	Grey Suede	Patent Leather or Varnished Calfskin Buckram Tops	Gold Links Gold Studs Crown Pin

EVENING DRESS

EVENING WEDDING, BALL, RECEPTION FORMAL DINNER AND THEATRE	Swallowtail or Cape, Skirted or Chesterfield Overcoat	White Double or Single Breasted or Black Single Breasted	Same Material as Coat with Broad Outer Seams	High Silk with Felt Band Silk or Opera or Theatre	Plain White with Cuffs Attached	Lap-Front or Pinks	Broad End White Tie	White Glass or Pearl with Silk or Black Silk Buckle	Patent Leather or Varnished Calfskin Buckram Tops or Patent Leather Pumps	Pearl Links Pearl Studs
INFORMAL DINNER CLUB STAG AND AT HOME DINNER	Jacket Black or Grey Chesterfield or Coat Overcoat	Pink Single Breasted or Same Material as Jacket	Same Material as Jacket with Plain Outer Seams	Tweed Alpine or Black Derby	Plain or Plaid White with Cuffs Attached	White or Fold	Broad End Black Silk Tie	Grey Suede or Grey Silk	Patent Leather or Varnished Calfskin Buckram Tops or Patent Leather Tie	Gold Links Gold Studs

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# The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP



French Calf Button  
Boot, Medium Wide  
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A boot for level-headed men—one that strikes the "golden mean"—solid, but not clumsy—stylish, but not dandified.

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which should look quite plain.

In choosing the pattern for a suit one should try to get something uncommon and distinctive, rather than "wear what everybody wears." Dressing well is expressing some personal taste, and unless a man have independent notions and study what becomes him, he will be only one of a great army following blindly a vague entity called "Fashion." There is something superior to fashion, and that's good taste. To illustrate, if the semi-military jacket is not the cut in which a man appears at his best, let him make his tailor modify it. Similarly, if he does not look well in a "wing" collar or a large cravat or a broad-brimmed derby, then these are things to avoid, no matter how strongly fashion may countenance them. Fashion in its truest, wholesomest sense is founded upon becomingness to the individual.



THE PLAITED SHIRT

The moment that we leave natural forms for studied forms, that moment do we become stiff and angular in our mode of dress, and does the odious fashion plate, with its silly simper and mathematical preciseness, become our ideal. I have always contended that simplicity is the truest elegance in dress, and that a gentleman is distinguished by the quality and appropriateness of what he wears and owes nothing to extraneous aids. Fashion, to the untutored a sempiternal puzzle, is simply good taste. One man will adjust his code of dress by a set of hard-and-fast rules, while a second plays leapfrog with the other's rules, and each is right provided that good taste guide both. That person who, in obedience to some fanciful principle, goes to a function in the evening jacket when everybody else is wearing the "swallow-tail" shows bad breeding. Fashion is always pliant, always adaptable to time, occasion, and circumstance.

There has been an attempt to introduce green as a color for autumn suits, but it is not likely that it will gain recognition, for the simple reason that, like brown, it is a trying color to wear. Gray mixtures and plaids are approved, notably the light or Cambridge gray. Green is supposed to be an echo of a recent London mode; but, in truth, it was never in vogue even there. Dark blue always looks becoming, dark gray is a year-round favorite, and black in a diagonal weave, while seldom chosen by most men, is for that very reason not apt to be common.

The covert topcoat for this autumn is cut extremely long,—thirty-five inches for a man of normal stature. It should hang free and loose from the shoulders and not be shaped to the back. Drabs, browns and olives are all correct. There is a breast pocket which is flapless. The lapels are broad and extend lower than hitherto. So handy is the covert topcoat, that it belongs in every well-provided wardrobe. The fact that it is not cut so snugly this season as are the other coats renders it less prone to be mussed during use. Moreover, the cut of the topcoat changes so little from season to season, that a coat of good quality should be a credit to its owner for three or four years.

The reason why simplicity and uniformity are imperative in evening dress is that to allow any measure of personal choice would clearly mean discord. If one man wore his evening coat, another a frock coat, and a third a cutaway, at a formal



## Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

is designed for men who want garments at moderate cost, exclusively smart in fashion, made of good materials and that really FIT.

The new Fall and Winter Fashions are now being shown by leading retailers in nearly every city in the Union.

### Suits and Overcoats

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Name of Clothier in your town and our new fashion booklet, "Fashions from Life," FREE upon request.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.,  
Manufacturers, Rochester, N. Y.

## REVERSIBLE Linene Collars and Cuffs



### Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid"—not "paper" collars;—but made of fine cloth, exactly resemble fashionable linen goods and cost of dealers, for box of ten, 25 cents (21 cents each).

#### No Washing or Ironing

When soiled discard. By mail, 10 collars or 5 pairs cuffs, 30 cents. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cents in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

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

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because the revolver hammer never touches the firing pin. This safety principle, found only in the Iver Johnson, is due to the fact that the lever which transmits the blow from the hammer to the firing pin is never in position to do so except when the trigger is pulled all the way back. All hardware and sporting goods dealers sell Iver Johnson Revolvers and can verify these facts if they will.

Send for our illustrated booklet "Shots," mailed free with our descriptive catalogue and learn the "how and why."

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VARNISHED CALFSKIN BOOT

function, the effect would be harrowing. In insisting, then, that each man dress alike, or as nearly alike as is compatible with reason, fashion is not arbitrary, but is simply serving good form and good breeding. If an American wore his evening clothes at a reception in London, Paris, or in any capital of the Continent, he would feel as much at home as in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. That is the most agreeable feature of evening dress,—it is uniform or almost uniform wherever men and women meet for the social graces.

### The Care of Clothes

CLOTHES, like those who wear them, require an occasional vacation. If you subject them to incessant usage, they sag, wrinkle, and lose their freshness. It is genuine economy to have two suits or more and to wear them in turn. It gives a garment a chance to escape from the creases and resume its pristine smoothness.

Don't carry heavy articles in your coat or trousers pockets while the garments are in use. If you can't avoid it, be sure to empty your pockets before putting your garments away.

Don't wear the same jacket during business hours that you wear on the street. Slip on an old one.

Don't be parsimonious in the quality or quantity of your clothes. It's "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung."

Don't suspend a pair of trousers by the buckle. Shapelessness is the inevitable result.

Don't wear the same shoes two days in succession. It's better for the shoes and better for the feet.

Don't neglect to brush your jackets, trousers, hats, and cravats, before laying them aside. They'll appreciate your thoughtfulness.

Don't use a whiskbroom on soft cloth. It wears down the "nap" and wears in the dirt. Use a brush.

Don't forget to wrap a garment in newspapers, freshly printed, if possible, before putting it away. The odor of the ink is a better "rough-on-moths" than camphor balls.

Don't overlook a stain in the hope that it will disappear somehow. The older the stain, the harder it is to remove.

Don't fool with stain-removing preparations unless you know what you're about. Consult a tailor.

Don't plunge your foot into a sock. First turn the upper part of the sock down so that it laps over the lower part. Then insert the foot gently, pull easily and work your way in.

Don't suspend a jacket by the loop in the back. Drape it over a hanger or a chair.

Don't habitually stuff your hands into your pockets if you expect them to keep their shape.

Don't treat a silk hat as if it were a "rough-and-ready" Panama. Brush it with a soft brush, polish it with a velvet cushion, and have it ironed once a month.

Don't tug at your socks to get them off. Remove



THE KNOX FALL AND WINTER STYLES

## A Scientific Method of Growing Hair



It is a known fact that the blood conveys nourishment to all parts of the body. It is likewise known that exercise makes the blood circulate, and that where the blood does *not* circulate no nourishment is supplied.

The lack of proper circulation of blood in the scalp, due mainly to congestion produced by artificial causes, results in the starvation of the hair roots, and produces falling hair and baldness. Therefore the logical and only relief from baldness is in the restoration of the scalp to its normal condition, thus enabling the blood to resume its work of nourishing the hair roots. It was work along these logical lines that produced and perfected

### THE EVANS VACUUM CAP.

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## Business Letter Writing as a Profession

By SHERWIN CODY

[Author of "Dictionary of Errors," etc.]  
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FROM a careful study of the business field during the past year I am fully convinced that a skilled business correspondent has a better financial outlook than any other clerical employee.

The growth of the mail-order business in this country during the past five years has been enormous. Two concerns in Chicago doing an exclusive mail-order business handle over twenty-five million dollars a year each. But the important thing is that almost all mercantile houses are now trying to develop a mail-order branch. They find that they can get business by mail at less expense than they can by traveling salesmen. Even the book canvasser is giving way to the canvassing letter. One large subscription book concern in New York, handling only very high-priced sets of books on the installment plan, does its entire business by mail, without a single personal solicitor. Of course over one hundred thousand dollars a year are spent in magazine advertising; but the final success of the business depends on the skill with which the letters are written.

There are two kinds of letter writing,—mere memorandum notes, and letters which are intended to do the work of the personal visitor. These memorandum notes, such as are sent when a check is mailed, an item of information required, or an order given, would be more satisfactory if they were written on special memorandum slips instead of on letter heads, after the manner now so generally adopted of sending orders on special order blanks. Then they would not become confused with real letters, which should be works of art to win a customer and get his business. It is of this artful letter writing that I am going to speak in this article.

The art of getting business by mail can not be said to be a new one, for it has been practiced ever since the development of the post office. The trouble has been that circular letters go into the wastebasket and do no good. Business men have only recently begun to find out how to keep their communications away from the wastebasket. The mechanical production of things that look like letters is only the first step in the true art of letter writing.

That letter writing is an important business is indicated by the fact that there are some three thousand business schools in the country, and at least as many more small typewriting schools, turning out from twenty-five to one thousand graduates apiece every year, a total of many thousands, each capable of writing at least ten thousand letters a year.

The marvelous fact is, however, that, of all these thousands, scarcely one becomes a really efficient letter writer. The standard of American letters is preposterously low.

A prominent business man, who has employed a great many stenographers, wrote to me the other day, "Ninety per cent. of stenographers are disqualified for their work by their poor use of English. As a class they are standing still and grumbling because many of them have to work for pitifully small salaries." The stenographer fails because he can not write even a correct English letter. How far, how very far is that from a successful business-getting letter!

I have in my possession some hundreds of letters sent out by both of the two largest mail-order concerns in the United States, and those letters are a disgrace to American education. They are evidently written by persons who have had the smallest educational advantages. I once asked the superintendent of one of these houses why such persons are employed when there are so many persons of good education waiting for a job. The reply was that many had been tried who were even college graduates, but they failed because they lacked business instinct. The schools, even the commercial schools, are in the hands of teachers who know absolutely nothing of business, and accordingly the pupils never get the business point of view till they are actually in business themselves. The result is that stenographers, as a class, are among the most uneducated persons in the business community. So they get five to fifteen dollars a week, whereas, if they could write even a correct English letter, they might get fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week.

Because stenographers are so poorly educated, and are so often devoid of mental capacity for conducting correspondence on their own responsibility, correspondents are chosen from accountants, clerks, and salesmen. They have the business instinct, but, as

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a rule, know nothing of such matters as punctuation or even spelling, and leave the English of their letters and all minor matters of form and correctness entirely to their stenographers.

It will therefore be seen that, while business letter writing as a profession has immense possibilities, from the fact that so much business is now being done by mail, the profession of the business letter writer is in its infancy,—scarcely developed at all.

The dearth of good business letter writers is undoubtedly causing the ruin of many small business men, who see the big results secured by a few successful firms, and do not understand why they can not succeed as well. So they go ahead and spend their money, with precisely the same results that followed when the art of business letter writing and advertising was unknown. They have not realized that success in the mail-order business depends on the quality of the printed matter sent out, and not on the system of sending it out. Since many a failure might be avoided if a good correspondent were available, such a correspondent ought to be able to command a very high salary.

To-day the big salaries in the commercial world are paid to the salesmen, who get from two thousand to ten thousand dollars a year. The salaries of correspondents at present seldom exceed the lowest of these figures; but the reason is that there are no good correspondents available, whom the business man can afford to pay more. Usually the important letter writing has to be done by the head of the house himself. Advertising men are sometimes paid high salaries, and they undertake to write important letters; but too often they do not understand the difference between a display advertisement and a personal letter. So, while the profession of advertisement writing has developed rapidly and successfully, the profession of business letter writing is still a matter of the future. I myself believe that the time will come, and not far in the future, when the display advertisement writer will be subordinate to the business letter writer, or when advertisement writing will be but a branch of the larger profession of "publicity."

Since there is no school of business letter writing which really does anything to teach the art and the profession as such, an ambitious young man or woman must educate himself or herself. I will now try to indicate how this self-education may be carried on.

First, letters should be correct in form. This is a matter primarily for the stenographer. Second, letters should be written in simple, effective English, which will produce the same effect on the reader as personal conversation. Third, the correspondent should become a student of human nature as revealed in letters, and should learn to write one kind of letter to one kind of person, and another kind of letter to another kind of person. Fourth, he should have a well-developed system in letter writing so that each letter in a series will perform its own office, and the campaign as a whole will be as artfully devised as a military campaign. Fifth, he will master each detail by itself, and do it so thoroughly that, when he comes to dictating one hundred or two hundred letters a day, he can make every one a masterpiece, because each will be but a new combination of elements he has carefully worked out in advance.

In the first place, why need a business letter be correct? A few years ago we often heard business men say, "What do I care for the grammar of a letter, so long as it gets the business?" Now business men quite generally recognize that grammar is an important element in getting business. Grammar is the science of the logical relationship of words in sentences. If words are not put together grammatically, they fail to express the meaning clearly. Bad grammar and confusion are one and the same. So, too, the man who does not punctuate his letters correctly fails to express his meaning quite completely. The impression on the mind of the reader is not quite so clear and sharp. An incorrect letter is like a slightly blurred photograph. You can tell whom the hazy photograph represents, but a picture that is startlingly clear and sharp has a vast commercial advantage over one that is not.

A few errors of punctuation and grammar in one letter do not matter much, but the same errors in a hundred letters, accumulating one on top of another, weigh vastly in the final success of a business. Successful men recognize this, and now the largest retail store in the world pays one dollar to its employees for every error of English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house. Already many other business houses are following this example in one way or another. The most striking evidence in the matter is the fact that stenographers who can write correct English may get twice the salaries paid to ordinary stenographers. The president of a concern in Minneapolis widely known all over the country, employing fifty stenographers, said publicly not long ago, "If all my stenographers, clerks, salesmen, etc., would learn to write correct and effective business letters, they would be worth twenty-five per cent. more to me, and I should be willing to pay the full value of their services." I believe that any stenog-



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rapher, no matter how good, could get his or her salary raised by dint of patient study of correct English during a period of six months.

The correct English that counts is that which makes the expression clearer and sharper. Some grammarians try to impose arbitrary rules, taboo idioms, the life of the language, and would teach a literary style to the letter writer in place of the colloquial style absolutely required for success in business letter writing. It is well to follow the best cultivated usage, but an expression generally used by educated people is good enough for a stenographer even if philologists do condemn it.

There has gradually grown up in commercial circles a peculiar language employed in business letters only. In every other sentence we find "beg to advise," "in regard to same," "we note," or one of a curious collection of clipped phrases from which all the small words have been omitted as in a telegram. I call this the "commercial jargon." It is well enough understood in strictly business circles, and was not especially objectionable when business correspondence was merely an exchange of notes or memoranda between houses. Now when business men deal directly with the ordinary person in the outside world, who is familiar only with conversational English, this commercial jargon is injurious in the extreme. It gives a stiff, formal, meaningless cast to a letter which takes away every winning quality.

I can not repeat too often that the style in which a business letter ought to be written is that of a simple, natural conversation. The successful letter writer must have imagination, so that he can see his customer sitting before him, and in his letter can talk to that imaginary person just as a good salesman would to one in real life.

Then the correspondent, when he talks to his customer in a letter, must be himself an expert salesman. Unless he has the innate qualities of a salesman he will not succeed as a correspondent.

However, the man who is successful as a personal salesman may fail altogether in letter writing; and a quiet man of imagination, whose figure is small or ungainly and whose manner is not prepossessing, or who lacks the glib tongue of a ready talker, may make the best possible salesman in letters. The art of talking effectively and the art of writing effectively are very different indeed. One calls for many words uttered rapidly, and much depends on the manner and personal appearance; the other calls for few words artfully chosen. In the letter writer we see the embryo manager, who is more likely to get to the head of the business than the successful salesman, whose mercurial temperament has its drawbacks.

So the good letter writer will be a good, free, effective talker on paper.

But this is not the whole of business letter writing. Success depends on knowledge of human nature, and a tactful adaptation of the letter to the unseen customer. Plainly the writer must have imagination, so that he can see in his mind's eye the person he is addressing,—thousands of miles away, perhaps.

It is a curious thing that letter writers get into the habit of writing letters all of a length, very nearly. A man who is a fluent letter writer will dictate long letters, and a man who prides himself on condensation will write very brief ones. The display advertisement writer especially is likely to think that the terse and epigrammatic is the only effective style.

The good letter writer will learn to write very short and snappy letters to those who want short and snappy letters, and long and detailed letters to those who want long and detailed letters. A few words will perhaps make a man pay out fifty cents or a dollar for something he wants, but the adventurous spirit who thinks he can get from fifteen to one hundred dollars from the average man by a short letter will find he has made a great mistake. A long, detailed, argumentative letter is required.

A farmer will usually be glad to read any long letter that comes to him, while you probably could not get a busy business man even to glance through such a letter unless he were already deeply interested. The art of interesting such a man with short letters till he is ready and eager to read long ones is part of the fine art of successful correspondence.

The personal salesman plans his campaign against a new customer with instinctive art, for, when the psychological moment arrives for a hard push he feels that it has come and makes the push. The correspondent works more or less in the dark. Modern American letters are defective in not getting more responses from the customer, so that the letter writer may know how his canvass is progressing, and what to do. Again, the letter writer forgets what he has said in an earlier letter, neglects to write during long periods, and seldom thinks much of making one letter lead the way for another and help it to make its effect. Suppose a business man can not be gotten to read a long letter, yet a long story is to be told him; he must be given that story in artful installments, each short enough so that he will read it. Success in



this branch of the subject depends largely on good systems and filing devices,—broad enough to cover the circumstances fully, and simple enough to be used readily and constantly. Most filing systems are so complicated and awkward that they can be used but little, and so they defeat their own purposes. System in mechanical departments is a great thing, and American business men are showing their appreciation of its value. But system in the composition of letters is just as important,—if anything, more so.

System in composition of business letters will enable a correspondent to write one hundred letters a day and make every one of them a masterpiece. Let me try to give you some idea of how it can be done.

The number of subjects a business man has to deal with is usually very small, and the number of classes of persons addressed is small. Let a correspondent select the class of persons he most often addresses, and an actual letter of the general type he writes most often. Let him study that letter word by word, spending hour after hour upon it. Let him write it and rewrite it in every possible way till the best way is found. Not only find one good way, but several. Take time enough to master that one letter in all its phases. Then take up another letter, of another class. Master that in the same patient way. In a few months the whole field of one's correspondence will have been worked over.

While it would be a mistake to copy a satisfactory letter, making it a mere form, certain sentences, phrases, and words may be used many times, being combined a little differently in each letter. Demosthenes did something of this sort, as did all the famous Greek orators. He had a book containing fifty or more stock perorations, or form paragraphs, which we find used repeatedly throughout even his greatest orations, though very often with suitable variations. The same general plan is admirably adapted to the requirements of business letter writing, and it is the only plan which will permit the writing of one hundred good letters a day, for so large a number of strictly original compositions is out of the question.

Business letter writing has its different departments, each of which must be studied carefully and mastered. It is seldom that one man can handle all these departments at the same time successfully. Whenever it is possible, specialization is desirable; and it will be well for the ambitious young man to specialize. In a mail-order business, there is the display advertisement,—one type of composition; then there is the detailed follow-up letter,—another type; then there is the polite and fascinating handling of all inquiries. Usually something will go wrong, and complaining customers must be dealt with in a diplomatic way so that their custom will continue,—a most important department in all mail-order business; and collections must be made, and they require a special series of letters quite unlike anything that has gone before. Any young man can make his fortune by excelling in either of the three great departments,—soliciting letters, complaint letters, or collection letters.

I hope I have said enough to convince the ambitious young aspirant that business letter writing is not so simple as it seems. One might use with success all the talent and skill of a great and successful novelist, and still find many fields unworked. Genius and talent have full scope; but training and hard work also bring their sure reward in this as in all other fields of business.

## How Henry H. Rogers Kept His Word

WHEN Henry H. Rogers was a boy he had remarkably long arms and legs, and he found it impracticable to stow the latter comfortably beneath his desk in the old schoolhouse of his native town, Fairhaven, Connecticut.

"If ever I get money enough," he used to say, "I'll build a school in this place with desks to fit all sizes of scholars." Since then this awkward youngster, who in his early days sold newspapers on the streets, has not only given two schools to Fairhaven, but also a million-dollar church, a library, a waterworks, and other improvements which have literally transformed the town.

Mr. Rogers, who is now sixty-nine years of age, is said to be worth about sixty-five million dollars. He is tall, broad, and square-jawed, with shaggy brows which hide his eyes. When he talks, his utterance is always incisive and to the point. Not long ago, referring to a stock which has undergone undue inflation, he spoke to it as "a handful of value dissolved in water." Persistently he preaches the virtues of Standard Oil as a public benefactor, calling attention to the fact that, as he says, "oil from wells drilled in Pennsylvania or West Virginia at a cost of ten thousand dollars apiece is fetched to New York and sold for less than the price of spring-water that has been transported the same distance."

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- 4497. "Twilight Shadows" . . . . . Tobani
- Banjo Solo by Vess L. Osman* (orch. acc.)
- 4498. "Yankee Land" . . . . . Hoffman
- Tenor Solo by Byron G. Harlan* (orch. acc.)
- 4499. "Bright Eyes, Good Bye" . . . . . Van Alstyne
- Hymn by Harry Macdonough* (organ acc.)
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## Wallace Irwin's Start

The Beginnings of a Humorous Poet

By FELIX G. PRYME

PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE



WALLACE IRWIN

WALLACE IRWIN has succeeded in making the world laugh, therefore he has accomplished a great deal. Few writers of humorous verse have gained so large an audience as he, or in so short a time. It was in 1901 that Mr. Irwin first swung into the ken of prominence. He was then the editor of an obscure weekly paper in San Francisco, California, and, in his idle moments, had written "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." He showed them to a publisher. "Serve it up hot,—do n't give it time to cool," said this wise individual. It was n't long before the book appeared, and over seventy thousand copies have been sold up to date. Mr. Irwin thought that the book would be "howled down" by the critics, but it was praised for its technical work and original phraseology by professors all over the country, especially at Harvard, where slang is supposed to be utterly accursed.

Mr. Irwin is thirty years old. He was born in Oneida, New York. This is what happened to him in his early days, according to his own story:—

"My father, who was in the lumber business, removed to the booming mining camp of Leadville, Colorado, in 1880. The schools of Leadville, at that time, were struggling fitfully along, closing with every strike, small-pox epidemic, or squabble in the board of education, so my early training was by fits and starts,—mostly fits. A little later on my father bought a cattle ranch in a small way, and I was put to herding cows, again to the detriment of my education. I was, however, an enthusiastic reader of 'grown folks' books,' and swallowed a great deal of stuff too heavy for my young digestion. Consequently, when, in my fourteenth year, we removed to Denver and I was allowed to go to a civilized school, I found, to my surprise, that, although I was rather long on the English poets, I was exceedingly short on spelling, pronunciation and arithmetic. I was given a brief examination and humbly relegated to the third grade, among babies half my age. I remember that, the first day, we were given a singing lesson. The little shavers in the class were raising their childish voices in song when the teacher held up her ruler severely. 'There is some one singing bass in this class!' she said. I plead guilty, and, the next day, was recommended for promotion."

The following year, when Mr. Irwin was about to enter high school, his father failed in business. The boy then decided to earn his education and became a self-supporting student for four years at high school and three years at college. He entered the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, California, in 1897, where he took the literary prizes in his freshman and sophomore years. He was elected the editor of the college magazine, in his junior year, but there his college days abruptly ended, owing to the fact, says Mr. Irwin, "that I was giving too much attention to Omar and not enough to Homer."

"After my college days," continued Mr. Irwin, "I went to San Francisco with a dollar and fifteen cents in my pocket and ran across a former college mate, an artist, who, it turned out, was hiring a hall bedroom at the princely rental of five dollars a month. We shared the same room, except when we had to go out into the hall to turn around. I noticed a striking item in the newspaper and commented on it in a stanza or two. This I took over to the editor of a weekly paper of 'literature, comment, and cleverness,' and sold it at the rate of five cents per line, with encouragement to come again. Soon after my work began to be noticed locally, and I was hired by the San Francisco 'Examiner' to write topical rhymes to head the local



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stories, with a weekly fling in the editorial page. In 1901 I met Miss Grace Luce, a writer like myself, and married her at San Diego after a whirlwind courtship of two months. In 1902 I published 'The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.,' which was supposed to be a poke at the imitators of Omar, but has been generally received as a burlesque of the tent-maker. In 1904 I decided to come East and grow up with the country. A friend told me that, if I was coming East to 'live on verse,' I would better take a wheelbarrow and prepare to walk back."

Mr. Irwin is probably at his best in his book, "The Nautical Lays of a Landsman." Its humor is spontaneous and lasting. He has much of the quaint whimsicality of W. S. Gilbert, and is equally as clever a rhymster as the great lord of Topsy-turvydom. His style suggests no man in particular,—it is rollicking, shrewd, and wholesome, and, technically, it is in accord with the best in prosody. Satire is also a strong factor in his work, and its execution comes to him easily, as is shown in "Senator Copper's House," a "dig" at Senator Clarke's architectural monstrosity on Fifth Avenue, New York, and "The Reveries of a Whitewasher," which appeared in the August issue of this magazine.

## What Happened Inside

A True Canadian Story

By CY WARMAN

SEVENTY miles or more north of Nipissing, beyond the "Highlands of Ontario," where the moose and the reindeer roam, where the summers are short and the twilights long, Lake Temagami lies limpid beneath the northern sky. Upon the salient shore, where the mirrored figures of the forest-folks can be seen from your canoe, walking upside down, there is a lonely grove, and in it two Indians are sleeping side by side and above their bier a woman is weeping and this is the tale of her woe:—

In the unwritten law of the forest the Indians have and hold certain dimly defined rights to hunt and fish in favored sections and "silent places," and these rights they guard jealously.

Perhaps the Amerinds have nursed this notion from the old Hudson Bay factors who have lorded it over the land for centuries, and whose post at White Bear Lake has been the trading ground for all the scattered Temagami tribes for more than two hundred years. The governorship of these reigning monarchs of the North has been especially merciful and fair, at this particular post, through generations of men.

It was two years ago last summer that a lone Algonquin came and camped on the peaceful shores of Temagami. The stranger, who was young and tall and not bad to look upon, was sick of a fever, and, when the aged Indian who claimed that particular hunting ground came to complain of the presence of the newcomer, the latter assured him that he had no desire to hunt, but sought only a resting place. He had pitched his poor tent there so that when Death, who was now very near, should come to him, he might not die utterly alone.

At first the old Indian seemed to accept this simple statement, but when, a few days later, he found his daughter caring for the young man, he flew into a great passion and ordered the Algonquin out of the country. But by this time the Indian was too ill to travel, and so lay back upon his bed of boughs and listened to the lipping waves that lapped the mossy rocks that rimmed the lake. Unto the dying man the maiden ministered, mercifully, and as they grew to love each other her father's hatred grew. The old man began to sulk in his tent and brood over his grievance.

Finally, one twilight, when the September sun was sinking, the light of the young Algonquin's life went out, leaving the lone woman rocking to and fro, his head in her lap.

For him the maiden did not weep openly, or cry aloud, but to his silent sleeping place she stole when the moon was low, and o'er his cold clay shed bitter tears. Her father found her weeping there, and that day his insanity veered. He declared that he had killed the Algonquin. He fancied Gitche Manitou had gone against him. He wanted to die. He brooded gloomily and implored his people to take his life. His unhappy daughter, whose lover had died, refused to favor him. He asked his wife and then his son, but they would not. His natural antipathy for water probably kept him from the lake and the river, but he was sincere. Finally he said that, if they would not end his miserable life, he would bottle them up. No one would be allowed to hunt. If his son set a trap he would render the same useless. He would starve, and the others with him.

Now, starving is all very well for one who longs to die, but others object. The family endured it as long as they could, and much longer than white people would endure, but the time came when they surrendered.

Always the old man made answer, when they begged to be allowed to live: "Kill me, and you may set your traps."



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By ERNEST NEAL LYON

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However high the prize,  
Its mastery may yet be had  
By him who always tries.

Does Fortune—with a roseal view,—  
Foretoken fair emprise?  
The dreamer's fancy may pursue,—  
The plodder wins who tries.

Would you attain to Learning's lore,  
And be esteemed wise?  
By patient labor grows the store  
Of him who always tries.

If Fancy strew the flowers of hope  
In beauty 'neath your eyes,  
The summit of her shining slope  
Remains for him who tries.

Though Truth appear in homely gray,  
Her counsel ne'er despise;  
She will be clad in light, one day,  
To honor him who tries!

## Did Russell Sage Lose His Nerve?

RUSSELL SAGE, who, it must be confessed, has not made for himself a celebrity either as a giver or a spender, says that his last will and testament when it comes to be read after his death, will be a surprise to a good many people. Meanwhile, he has two amusements,—checkers and horses. It is said that at the former game he could, blindfolded, beat almost any other man in New York.

Of this remarkable man, who, born in the depths of poverty at Shenandoah, New York, eighty-nine years ago, is supposed to-day to be worth not less than fifty million dollars, many absurd stories are told, *à propos* of his saving ways. Doubtless most of them are entirely without foundation in fact.

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## Inspector Val's Adventures

[Concluded from page 657]

From morn till night, and now and then long into the night, Mr. Blake was under the sleepless ear and eye of Inspector Val; and yet the latter took nothing for his vigilance. Never once, by word or look, did that aristocrat indicate any nearness to or knowledge of the stolen red diamond.

It was the fifth afternoon of the inspector's stay at Orthoaks. He was walking idly about the lawn to the rear of the house. As might be guessed, he had the missing red diamond decidedly on his slope of thought. Not a foot of headway had he made. Although he was morally certain of the guilt of Mr. Blake, it was no more than surmise plus instinct; he had n't a shadow of evidence.

Miss Ethel, too, was as baffling as ever. Never once did she relax from her attitude of cold aversion to Mr. Blake; but, as if to protect her conduct from inference, she continued conveniently ill, and fell a prey to a succession of headaches that carried her off to her room on every occasion when by any chance she might have been left for a moment alone with Mr. Blake. Clearly, she avoided the man; just as clearly she preferred that no one should observe it. Her father observed it, however, and spoke of her conduct to Inspector Val. All he said was:—

"I can't understand it."

There was not much to be gained from that; whereupon Mr. Val made no comment, pro or con, but let Mr. Van Orth's inability to understand his daughter take its ignorant place with those tens of thousands of other things which Mr. Van Orth could not understand. The gentleman himself did not suspect it; but he had acquired considerable fame, all based upon what he had failed to understand.

It should be added that Mr. Van Orth began to build up a feeling, born of nothing except his loss, that young Burrell was the one who had stolen his red diamond. This view he gave to Inspector Val; the latter gentleman received it, looked wise, kept quiet, and told Mr. Van Orth that he was watching young Burrell, which was true.

The inspector, walking on the shady lawn, was altogether by himself, the three gun enthusiasts being a quarter of a mile away at the traps. The dull boom! boom! boom! of their cannonading, at intervals, came floating up on the afternoon breeze. The elder Van Orth, taking with him the pokerish Mr. Towne, had gone across to the house of his farmer, to give orders about pasturage, while the ladies, young and middle-aged, were in their rooms involved in a slow embellishment of their dainty selves for dinner, which was as yet two hours away. So Inspector Val was all alone with his ruminations, which were not pleasant, since they were not profitable.

It had been a sultry afternoon, but a breeze was springing up that promised coolness. The better to have advantage of it, the Orthoaks doors and windows had been thrown wide open. Suddenly a door on the second floor interior slammed; Inspector Val looked up. As he did so, a linen collar, full of boomerang uncertainties as to flight, came circling through the air and fell near his feet. The puff that slammed the door had blown it off a dressing table, and out of the open window. The room it came from was the room of Mr. Blake.

Mr. Val picked the collar up. There was a "B. B." printed in ink on the inside; that should stand for "Bideford Blake." Evidently there was something more than "B. B.;" for, following a first sharp glance, he rolled the collar into as small a compass as might be, and put it into his pocket. Later, he rode over to Hempstead, and this time it was the collar that went per post to Mr. Sorg.

The next morning Inspector Val made it a point to get into talk with young Mr. Burrell, and spoke in highest terms of Mr. Blake. He complimented his manner, and the polite elevation of his tone.

"And his family," said Mr. Val, "which, of course, you know, is, I'm told, one of the most nobly ancient in England."

Young Burrell assented, but explained that he was not personally acquainted with Mr. Blake's family.

"I shall be," he added, saving himself from a fall in the good opinion of Inspector Val, who might think lightly of him for not knowing the Blakes of Sussex,—"I shall be, as he and Paul and I are going to England together, in the spring. We go first to Rio Janeiro, in December; from there we travel to London. Once in England, we shall visit the Blakes; Mr. Blake has already arranged for that."

Young Burrell explained that his acquaintance with Mr. Blake had had but a brief existence,—less, indeed, than two months.

"We met on the boat coming over; Lord B. introduced me to him. Rather a costly introduction, at that," laughed young Burrell, "for I had such beastly luck, you know. He won all my money,—not much,—three hundred dollars, perhaps,—and when we came ashore he had my paper for thirty-eight hundred. You saw me pay it. Was n't it the luckiest thing!—me winning enough from Paul to pay it? And was n't it queer how, in five minutes, Paul should win it all back from Blake?"

Inspector Val admitted amiably the luck and the



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queerness of the cases, and withdrew to consider what should be the monetary results of a two-months' cruise on the part of a cool hand like Mr. Blake, with a pair of adolescent addlebrats such as young Burrell and Paul Van Orth.

That afternoon Mr. Val received a letter from Mr. Sorg. It inclosed a photograph, which he studied at some length.

"Taken, I should say, years ago," he ruminated. "A perfect likeness!" Then, turning it over, he read from its back: "Twelve thousand and eighty-three."

Inspector Val, after an exhaustive debate with himself, in which every argument for and against was measured, had come to a big resolution. He decided to have a talk with Ethel. Having arrived at this determination, he lay in wait for a chance to act upon it. The opening came during trap-shooting time, the next day.

Mr. Van Orth, who was a finished agriculturist in a dilettant way, had gone to the far end of his domain to oversee certain farm work that would have come forward just as well or better without his presence. The three sportsmen, down at the traps, were banging away, as usual, at their birds of clay. Mr. Towne had been seized upon by the older ladies to act as an escort for them in a picnic they had planned; they took with them Miss Rich, Miss Leonard, and Miss Towne, Ethel remaining behind on the old threadbare plea of headache. Her reason, as Inspector Val construed it, was really Mr. Blake, since that gentleman, in the first of it, had said he would make one for the picnic. He changed his mind when Ethel gave notice that she would n't go, and went back to clay pigeons, with young Burrell and Paul Van Orth, as offering a livelier and more congenial field. Thus it befell that at the hour named no one was at the Van Orth house save Ethel and Inspector Val. The latter, as he loafed about the grounds, had glimpses of the young lady where she sat reading at her window.

Then it was that Inspector Val did an unprecedented deed, one without its rude fellow in the polite annals of Meadowbrook's best society. He penciled a note, asking Ethel to see him at once on a matter of importance to her father, and dispatched the same by the hand of old Roger. A moment later the young lady herself was on the back veranda with him. Her face carried a look of natural alarm.

"What is it, Mr. Bloss?" she cried.

"Nothing terrifying, Miss Van Orth," said Mr. Val. "It's about the red diamond."

"The red diamond!"

Ethel's face grew red, then pale. The inspector watched her keenly. Her manner would have told him that she knew of the loss. And yet she, like the others, was supposed to think the stolen gem safe in the pocket of Mr. Van Orth.

"Yes; the red diamond," repeated Mr. Val; "I wish you to tell me about it, please."

"What—what is there to tell?" faltered Ethel; "I don't understand!" This was offered lamely.

"I'll begin by giving you my confidence," said the inspector; "it may help you give me yours. There are people who hold that a woman should never be trusted. I do not make that mistake. It has been my experience that women are more honest, more loyal, have more common sense, and guard a secret better than men. Holding by these opinions, Miss Van Orth, I shall confide in you."

The young lady stared in a disturbed, pale-faced way. Was Mr. Howard Bloss of San Francisco insane?

"As a first step," he went on, "let me tell you that I am an officer of the police; my name is Inspector Val. The red diamond, as you know,—here Miss Ethel took herself in hand a trifle,—"was stolen, and I've been brought to Orthoaks by your father to find it. Will you help both your father and myself by telling me, in strictest confidence, all you know of the loss? To be frank with you, I'm sure that you can name the one who took the diamond."

Ethel was breathing deeply, looking the while straight at Mr. Val, her expression bordering on the tragic. For a round minute she sat silently staring; then, with an effort, she found her voice.

"I shall tell nothing."

Inspector Val had foreseen the reply, and was ready with a move in flank. He had observed that old Roger, the butler,—who had been with Mr. Van Orth since Ethel was born,—was a favorite of the young lady. With this in his thoughts, and assuming a manner coldly professional, he said:—

"It does n't much matter; I already know the thief. It was the butler, Roger, who stole it; he picked it up off the floor, where it fell when your father sought to save the candlestick from falling. I shall arrest him at once."

The abruptness of the proposal to arrest old Roger augmented the horror of it. Ethel sprang from her chair.

"You must not touch him!" she cried. "The old man knows nothing of the diamond! It was—"

Here she broke down and began to sob, her face buried in her hands. Inspector Val finished the sentence.

"Mr. Bideford Blake, you mean." The girl sobbed on, never looking up. Mr. Val proceeded: "Come, Miss Van Orth, why screen a scoundrel? The thief is Mr. Blake; I've known it from the start. Why screen him? You do yourself, as well as your father,



a wrong. The creature is beneath your sympathy. A common criminal, it is within hours that I saw him attempt to swindle your brother out of thousands."

Ethel looked up; gradually she was becoming composed.

"Promise me that you will let him go!"

Mr. Val shrugged his shoulders.

"His prosecution will depend upon your father. Now let me tell you how you know that Mr. Blake stole the diamond; it may make the conversation easier for you. If I'm correct in what statements I shall make, you might do me the favor of nodding occasionally. That will not be so hard for you as telling your story in words."

Ethel began to show a cooler interest; Inspector Val went on.

"You know Mr. Blake is the guilty one because you saw him take it. Sitting in the other drawing-room, and happening, at the time, to be engaged in watching the reflection of Mr. Blake in the old-fashioned mirror that hangs over the ebony table, the transaction—in the mirror, of course,—came off before your eyes."

"How do you know that?" Ethel asked, her agitation beginning to recur. "You were not there."

"No; but I've seen the rooms. Knowing, as I did,—and I gained this from your face,—that you were aware of the thief, I could readily surmise, by examining the rooms, how you came by the knowledge. You were watching Mr. Blake in the looking-glass,"—it was wonderful how Ethel's color would mount at the mention of her espionage of Mr. Blake,—"and you saw him seize the diamond, which your father tossed on the table at the time the candlestick fell."

"It did n't fall," she interjected, faintly; "he pulled it off the table."

Being launched, she told how, by means of the mirror, she had been a witness to the theft. The candlestick had been placed near the end of the table, on a chamois-skin mat. Just as the diamond, after all had seen it, was given to Mr. Van Orth, she saw Mr. Blake, who, with hands resting on the table, was leaning forward, give the mat a tug. In an instant the candlestick went toppling; and, as Mr. Van Orth, with the others, sought to stay it, Mr. Blake, with a swift motion, possessed himself of the diamond.

"My very heart stopped beating!" concluded Ethel. "I could n't believe my eyes! Nor could I decide what to do! I don't know now what to do!"—this, with a choking sob. "Only he must not be punished! Promise me that he shall go free! Only make him leave the house; I want to free myself forever from the sight of him!"

### CHAPTER III.

Inspector Val, when the talk was ended, urged Ethel to return to her room; he wanted no one to see her telltale cheeks and eyes. He assured her that, to carry out her wishes toward Mr. Blake, it was required that she should breathe no word, not even to her father, of what had passed. She crept slowly away, a bit broken, but for all that wearing a look of relief that was not in her face when the talk began. She was, with the worst of it, glad that the end seemed on its way.

From the hour of the conference with Ethel, Inspector Val became as a ghost haunting the footsteps of Mr. Blake. Having identified the thief, his whole care was to locate the lost red diamond.

And yet, as he dogged Mr. Blake, disappointment dogged him. Watch as he might, spy he never so indefatigably, he could learn nothing of the diamond's whereabouts. Probably the diamond was on the person of Mr. Blake; but, again, he might have tucked it away somewhere in hiding, and the inspector feared to risk an arrest and search. If Mr. Blake had buried the diamond in some sly place,—in brief, if it were not found upon him,—an arrest would ruin all. Unless the diamond were discovered in the possession of Mr. Blake, one witness telling what she saw, or might imagine she saw, reflected in a mirror, at a time, too, when much confusion prevailed, would never bring conviction in the teeth of Mr. Blake's denial.

"And the court," argued Inspector Val, who was versed in Greenleaf's "Evidence," "won't let us show his past."

Studying, each waking moment, to solve the whereabouts of the red diamond, Inspector Val kept constantly in the neighborhood of Mr. Blake. The next evening but one after his conversation with Ethel,—who now had more furious headaches than before, and stuck persistently to her own apartment,—he saw Mr. Blake go to the gun room. The latter was alone, at the time, and appeared to make a point of being alone; this last, and the hour of his visit to the gun room, placed the affair among things strange. The gun room itself was a cubby-hole off the main hall; here it was that Paul Van Orth kept his guns, and the cleaning and loading paraphernalia that belonged with them.

After Mr. Blake had entered, Inspector Val waited ten minutes. Then, as his man did not come out, he stole to the door with the tread of a cat. It had been left ajar by Mr. Blake, that he might—so thought the busy-witted Inspector Val,—the better catch the approaching footfall of any casual visitor.

As Mr. Val came silently up, he managed to get a slender glimpse of Mr. Blake through the crack that showed between the jamb and the door, on the hinge



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side of the door. Mr. Blake seemed engaged in loading shells for a shotgun; he was just taking one out of the machine used for trimming or crimping down the edge of the shell upon the wad. He was or appeared in a hurry to be through with his work, and turned both ear and eye toward the door more than once, as if fearful of being seen.

Inspector Val would have withdrawn as cat-footedly as he had come, but a flooring board creaked under him, and, fearing that Mr. Blake had heard it, he stepped to the door and thrust it open, as the best method of allaying any suspicion that might have been aroused.

When Mr. Val walked in upon him,—which he did in an idle, careless way, as if engaged upon no enterprise more weighty than a time-killing stroll about the house,—Mr. Blake seemed somewhat disconcerted. Still, he met the visitor finely, and said, in a bland tone:—

"You surprised me! I was looking after my shells for to-morrow's shoot. I've agreed to a handicap of ten yards, and we're to shoot a sweepstakes for five hundred dollars each."

"How many birds?" asked Mr. Val, pretending interest.

"Fifty."

"I shall assuredly see it."

That night Inspector Val, for hours, lay studying the meaning of that visit to the gun room. It was connected with the red diamond; of that he felt convinced. For wakeful hours his mind revolved the tangle of it. All at once a light broke; in the suddenness of a conviction that he had solved the problem, he sat bolt upright in bed. Then, as he realized how there was nothing to be accomplished at two in the morning, he sank back on his pillow and tried to sleep.

"To-morrow, however," thought he, "I shall be wide awake to snap at the earliest chance."

This was one of the days when Inspector Val went to the traps with the others. He cheered the good shots, and gave such eclat to the event that Paul Van Orth expressed a wish that he might attend every day.

"We all shoot much better," said he, laughing, "when there's some outsider to admire us."

While Mr. Val cheered the shooting, he was no less sedulous to study Mr. Blake. The day's watching brought him naught; and, at the close of the match,—won by Mr. Blake, to be sure,—the party made ready to repair to the house and dress for dinner, the inspector no wiser as to the lurking place of that baffling red diamond than he was when they went out.

Yet Inspector Val's attention had been drawn to divers more or less trivial facts. Often a trivial fact has to do with a great fact; acting on that thought, he went tumbling said trivialities about in his wits. These were the considerations that caused him to don his thinking cap: although the day was warm, Mr. Blake had stuck to his coat while shooting; young Burrell and Paul Van Orth were in their shirtsleeves. Also, in the shooting trousers of all three, there were no pockets. Was it that Mr. Blake carried in his coat pocket—having no trousers' pocket,—some treasure that he must closely guard? Was it that which kept his coat on his back during hot work on a hot day? Inspector Val gazed at Mr. Blake's coat enviously; he would have given a year's pay for the privilege of ransacking its pockets, unknown to its owner.

The four had hardly left the traps when a farm lad, working on the place, came up breathless.

"I say," he sung out, "there's a loon just come squattering into the lake."

Mr. Blake was eagerly alive in a moment.

"There's no game law in defense of loons," he said; "I've a mind to have a shot at it."

"Come on, then," cried Paul Van Orth; "though, I'll tell you beforehand, a loon is no fool of a fowl to kill. It can dive at the flash, and be under water before the shot reaches it."

Mr. Blake, as the quartet hurried toward the lake, betrayed an intimate knowledge of loons; too intimate, possibly, for an Englishman who had been in the land of the loon even less than a trio of months. But no one—unless it were Inspector Val,—gave Mr. Blake's surprising mastery of loon lore any thought.

Mr. Blake, while reiterating Paul Van Orth's assertion that the loon could get under water before death in the guise of duckshot could reach it, went on to explain: the loon would dive,—yes;—but, by maintaining a smart fire, and thereby forcing the bird to duck beneath the water again the moment it came up, after each dive, it could be pumped out of breath. A time would come when the loon could not dive quickly enough to save itself. Mr. Blake declared that, in that way, he had more than once slain a loon with a shotgun. He said that not one of them had lasted through the fourteenth fire of his gun.

"About the tenth dive," he explained, "they've lost their breath utterly. Then they possess no more quickness, or power of diving, than belongs with a goose or a duck."

"But won't he fly?" asked young Burrell, who was ignorant of loons.

"No!" vouchsafed Paul Van Orth; "his wings are so short and his body so big that, once he's settled on a lake or pond for the night, as this one has, he'll rely wholly on diving. Loons have no brains."

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All this talk was panted off as they pushed for the lake.

This lake, that had so suddenly become a theater of excitement, was no mean expanse of water. If nature had scooped it out, the dimensions might have been less lavish. But it was a homemade lake, the digging and scraping whereof had been planned, superintended, and paid for by Mr. Van Orth; and, since that gentleman did all things handsomely, it exhibited a watery surface of full twenty acres. As our eager sportsmen came down to the pebbly shore of it, the loon's long, dark body was made out, swimming well in the center, and not more than thirty rods away.

"One can't make him dive, at this distance," said Mr. Blake, ruefully. It had been settled, as they came along, that he should do the shooting.

At this complaint a bright idea seized Inspector Val, who, until then, had n't warmed to the loon-killing as had the others. There was a cranky, clinker-built canoe floating at a little wharf.

"Jump into the canoe," cried he; "I'll paddle you." The suggestion of the canoe struck everybody as feasible. No time was frittered away in discussion; Mr. Blake stepped into the bows, while Mr. Val, grasping the paddle, took position in the stern.

"Have you plenty of shells?" asked he.

Mr. Blake patted the bulging pockets of that interesting coat.

"I filled my pockets as we came down to the lake," said he.

Mr. Val, who was an adept at the paddle, sent the canoe briskly toward the middle of the lake.

"I'll let him have a shot," at length said Mr. Blake. "By the way, I'll wager you one hundred dollars that I will get him by the tenth fire."

"Done!" cried the inspector, who was apparently yielding to the spirit of the thing.

Mr. Blake raised his gun and fired at the loon. As had been foretold, with the quickness of thought the great bird vanished under water. The duckshot splattered the place where it had been, a half second after it disappeared.

As Mr. Blake discharged his gun, the cranky craft was set a-rocking in an alarming way.

"Look out!" cried Mr. Blake, sitting down abruptly; "you'll have us over!"

"No fear," returned Mr. Val.

Mr. Blake began casting his eyes about the wide circle of the lake, so as to be sharp with his second fire when the loon should appear. To win that one-hundred-dollar wager, he must give the bird no breathing space.

"Better take off your coat!" suddenly interposed Inspector Val; "for, if we should capsize, with all those lead-filled shells in your pocket, you'd go to the bottom like an anvil."

There was so much of warning truth in the notion that, for the first time during the afternoon, Mr. Blake threw off his coat. But he seemed to carry it cautiously in his mind; for, while his eyes went roving in search of the loon, he placed it so as to kneel upon it. Inspector Val at the paddle took in this disposition of the coat. The next moment the loon's dark head and pickax beak shot out of the water, not forty yards ahead, and "bang!" went Mr. Blake's second barrel. This time, the faithless canoe did more than rock and dip; it went keel up with a mighty splash, and in an instant Mr. Blake with his gun and Inspector Val with his paddle were in the lake.

There was a prodigious churning of water, and much shouting of command and advice; Mr. Blake at one end of the upturned boat, Inspector Val at the other. In the finish they got her on her keel again.

It took ten minutes, swimming by the side of the canoe, to make the shore. The wrecked ones could n't talk of boarding the unsteady craft, since it was full of water to the gunwales. While they painfully progressed shoreward, paddling with their free hands, young Burrell and Paul Van Orth encouraged them with gales of laughter. Out in the safe center of the lake floated the unabashed loon, who was the cause of it all.

Halfway to the shore, a terrifying thought seemed to seize on Mr. Blake.

"My coat!" he screamed.

One might have imagined, by the sound of that scream, that his heart had been suddenly aimed at with a knife. He had lost his gun, but that loss didn't appeal to him. It was his coat that brought out the scream of horror.

"My coat!" he cried again.

"Here's your coat," said Inspector Val, and he held up the soaked garment. "I caught it just as it was going down."

With an ejaculation of mixed uncertainty and hope, Mr. Blake reached out his hand for the coat. They were swimming on opposite sides of the canoe, each with a hand on a gunwale. Inspector Val swung the much desired coat across to Mr. Blake. That agitated gentleman clutched it, and held it fast until they made the land.

Young Burrell and Paul Van Orth met the soused pair with scoff and jeer; to them that upset was a most engaging episode. Inspector Val returned their jests with a damp but satisfied smile, while Mr. Blake, his face the seat of every anxious fear, paid no heed.

"The gun is lost!" said Inspector Val.

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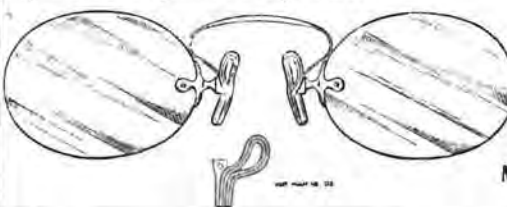
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"Never mind," returned Paul Van Orth, with a fresh burst of laughter. "Speaking as the gun's proprietor, I would sooner lose twenty such Greeners than miss the fun of seeing you ducked."

Mr. Blake had been furtively exploring the left-hand pocket of his recovered coat. It was full of shells; these he took out, one by one, while alarm grew in his eyes. With the last shell, he stopped short, pale as paper, the color stricken from his face.

"I've lost something," he croaked, rather than said. "Nothing of value, old chap, I hope," replied Paul Van Orth.

Mr. Blake made no direct response, but, his cheeks still white, glared backward helplessly at the lake.

"What was it?" asked young Burrell, who began to be impressed.

Mr. Blake made a despairing gesture, while continuing to gaze at the lake as if considering a return.

"Let it go!" he said, at last, his voice retreating into a husky whisper.

"I say, old fellow," spoke up Paul Van Orth, "the wetting has been too much for you. Let's hurry to the house, and pour some cordial into you!"

With that young Burrell and Paul Van Orth seized each an arm, and bore Mr. Blake along at a jog trot. He made no resistance, but gave himself into their hands.

When Inspector Val reappeared, after changing his wet clothes, he was given a letter that had just come by a special messenger. It was, like that former one with the photograph, from Mr. Sorg. It must have borne a startling word or two, for Mr. Val read and reread the single page.

"By the drive-gate in the woods!" he murmured, as if quoting from the letter, "at ten, to-night." Then he snarled his brows into a very network of thought. At length he seemed to reach a determination. "I'll not only meet them, but I'll do better," he said; "it shall be strange if I don't give them their man."

Mr. Blake, pleading an indisposition as the fruit of his ducking, took a solitary dinner in his room. Inspector Val stood the wet experience better, and was at the general dinner table, politely languid and impassive. After dinner, the party repaired to the back veranda: for, autumn though it was, the night had become sultry, and on the veranda a little breeze was stirring. It was nine o'clock, for dinner had been made late by the accident at the lake.

Inspector Val took his place on the veranda, alone and apart from the others. No one observed when, after a half hour had elapsed, he looked at his watch, arose, and sauntered into the house. When inside, he brisked up, and took a decisive course for the room of Mr. Blake. First tapping at the door, he pushed it open. Mr. Blake glanced up, his face ten years older, with hollow eyes and haggard cheeks. He asked no question, but looked inquiringly, and, for the first time, with a kind of fear, at Inspector Val.

"Dress yourself!" said the inspector.

"Dress myself?"

"I shall tell you something about what you lost in the lake."

The other sprang to his feet.

"You have it?"

Then, with a groan, as if he smelled calamity in its approach, he fell back in his chair.

"Come!" commanded Inspector Val.

Without a word, and like one enthralled, Mr. Blake arose. He threw on a coat, for beyond that he was fully dressed.

Taking Mr. Blake's arm, Mr. Val led him from the house. The two went out by a door farthest from the gay party on the rear veranda, and no one was aware of their departure. Without word spoken, they turned down the road to the right, Inspector Val still with detaining hand upon the other's arm.

"What is it?" cried Mr. Blake, coming to a halt.

He spoke as might one emerging from a sleep, and with the ghost of a snarl like that of a threatened dog. Inspector Val's resistless fingers urged him on.

"As far as the drive-gate," he said, pointing to the gray stone posts where they showed against the black shadow of the wood.

When the pair arrived at the gate, two dark figures stepped into the road and checked their progress: one was Mr. Sorg; the other, a stranger.

"Here's your man!" said Inspector Val, addressing the stranger.

Mr. Blake, who had acted like one in a trance, became all life in a moment.

"A plant!" he screeched, and tried to tear himself free from Inspector Val.

The attempt failed; he might as well have sought to fly. He would have closed with the inspector and made a struggle for it, but was stayed by the iron arms of Mr. Sorg, which closed round him with the hug of a bear. Next, in the splinter of a second, the stranger had snapped a pair of handcuffs on him.

"You're wanted," said the stranger, as if Mr. Blake had put a question,—"you're wanted for uttering counterfeit money."

"Good evening, gentlemen!" said Inspector Val, to the stranger and Mr. Sorg. "Since you've got your party safe, I'll return to Orthoaks. A pleasant journey, Mr. Blake! I'll explain your abrupt desertion of his hospitality to our host."

Mr. Blake, whose spirit was crushed beneath the

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avalanche of evil that had overtaken him, offered no reply.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was midnight; Mr. Van Orth and Inspector Val were alone in the library. The former was hot with excitement.

"So you've learned something, at last," said he. "I'd begun to lose all hope. Was it young Burrell?"

"No, it was not young Burrell; it was Mr. Blake."

"Mr. Blake? Impossible!"

Inspector Val held out what appeared to be a loaded cartridge shell of a ten-gauge shotgun. Mr. Van Orth took it into his hand mechanically.

"What riddle is this?" he cried. "Is it some jest?"

"I never jest. Tear or cut it open; you'll find your red diamond inside."

"It's monstrous heavy!" exclaimed Mr. Van Orth, fumbling for his penknife.

"Naturally! It's filled, save for the diamond, wholly with leaden shot. You don't suppose that the thief would put in a charge of powder, and run the risk, through some careless inadvertence, of shooting away a forty-thousand-dollar diamond?"

Mr. Van Orth was so much unstrung by the drift of events that Inspector Val had to dissect the bogus cartridge for him. There, imbedded like a pinch of flame in the midst of the dark leaden pellets, lay the stolen red diamond. Mr. Van Orth took it into his shaking palm, where it lay burning and flaring in the candlelight, like a live coal.

"My real success," explained Inspector Val, "began with that collar which the wind flung out of the window." Mr. Van Orth, while keeping his eyes for that red recovered jewel, gave greedy ear to the story. "There was a Chinese laundry mark on it,—of itself a suspicious fact, when one remembers that Mr. Blake was so short a time out of Sussex, where I do not think Chinese laundries are abundant. I make no point as to the likelihood of their being patronized by the gentry and nobility. To be brief, I sent Mr. Blake's collar to Mr. Sorg. I was sure that collar's last washtub was an American washtub, and was curious to learn the name of what local laundry had been favored by Mr. Blake with his patronage. Mr. Sorg, by my suggestion, took the collar to a Chinaman in Pell Street, one whom I often call to my aid. He identified the mark in the collar as the sign manual of a fellow Mongol, with a laundry in Trenton. He went to Trenton with Mr. Sorg. Through the Trenton laundryman they located the residence—two back rooms,—of the individual whom you know as Mr. Blake. With the aid of the local police, and by word they furnished, Mr. Sorg was able to identify your Mr. Blake as one Benjamin Barney, alias Trenton Barney, alias Trenton Ben.

"This man, the Trenton police explained, had been highly educated. He was well-mannered, and came of good people. He had done time in the Trenton prison for forgery; that was twelve years ago. His term, it seems, expired five years ago; since then, he has been a member of a band of counterfeiters, it being his part to pass the queer money which the others made. While making Trenton his home,—if the lair of such a criminal can be called a home,—in passing the queer money he would cross the ocean, and devote himself to gambling, and fleecing fools, on the transatlantic liners running between here and Liverpool. In this gambling he always played with counterfeit money. In other ways, also, he got rid of it."

Mr. Van Orth sat round-eyed. At intervals he would ejaculate:—

"Amazing!"

"This man was careful to keep out of New York, and thus it befell that neither Mr. Sorg nor I had ever seen him. The Trenton people, however, showed Mr. Sorg his picture in their gallery. Later, Mr. Sorg found his photograph in the gallery in Mulberry Street; we had secured it twelve years ago, by exchange with the police of Trenton. These facts Mr. Sorg sent by letter, together with your Mr. Blake's picture."

Inspector Val tossed the stained, discolored photograph across to Mr. Van Orth. There was no possibility of doubt; it was the face of the spurious Mr. Blake, and had the rogue's gallery number written on its back.

"Now," continued Inspector Val, "having found my man, the next question was to find your diamond. I should say that, until the other night, he carried it loose in his pocket. Then it occurred to him that a safer scheme would be to hide it in a cartridge. I followed him to the gun room, one evening, and the solution of what was at first a puzzle came to me several hours later, as I lay in bed. While in the gun room he had hidden the diamond in a cartridge. The later actions of your Mr. Blake confirmed this theory, and on the day of the sweepstakes I not only felt sure that the red diamond was concealed in a cartridge, but also that the cartridge—because his shooting trousers were pocketless,—was in his coat. Later, by good luck, there came the loon. My great purpose was to search the coat; and, at the same time, if by any chance I had been wrong in locating the diamond cartridge in the coat, to avoid giving your Mr. Blake notice of the search. I must get the diamond before he identified me as coming from Mulberry Street. Once he suspected me of being on his trail, the diamond would be lost forever. You see the drift of that?"

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Mr. Van Orth said that he did.

"Very well! In my every move I must, at all hazards, avoid discovery by our friend,—that above all. After all, the cartridge might not be in the coat! I must ransack its pockets, then, without his knowledge. You know the story of the loon, and the accident on the lake. It was I that upset the canoe, first frightening your Mr. Blake into taking off his coat. I had no trouble in retrieving the coat, when the canoe was capsized, and upon running my hand through the pockets I quickly found the diamond. I understood the meaning of the triple weight of that particular shell the moment I held it in my fingers. I made the search while we were spluttering in the water, meanwhile keeping the canoe between your Mr. Blake and me. When I was through, I at first intended to let the coat sink to the bottom, loaded, as it was, with a dozen cartridges. On second thought, I decided to save the coat for him, and let him discover his loss."

"You tell me he's not in the house. What have you done with him?"

"In tracing your Mr. Blake, Mr. Sorg learned that he had been wanted, for over a year, on a charge of uttering counterfeit money. Somehow, the secret service people let him slip through their fingers; and, as he's been almost constantly on the ocean, to and fro, since then, with only short spaces on this side during which he lay very close and snug in Trenton, they have never succeeded in picking him up. Mr. Sorg showed them where he was. As the result of Mr. Sorg's news, at ten o'clock this evening, near your stone drive-gate in the woods, Mr. Blake was arrested by a United States marshal, and should be, as we sit talking, well on his way to Philadelphia. I think, in all candor, you've seen the very last of him; and my advice, since you've recovered your red diamond, is to forget him with all possible speed."

Mr. Van Orth mused. Plainly, the fall of his noble guest was a shock to him. After a pause, he "pulled himself together."

"I can't see," said he, "why he remained here after he stole the diamond. Why did n't he leave and dispose of it?"

"That disposal, considering the diamond's sort, was not going to be easy. Neither could he, with safety, go about it at once. Besides, had he left your house and given up his plans for an ocean cruise with Master Paul and young Burrell, you might have suspected him as the thief. He thought of all these contingencies. He saw that it was safer to remain. More than that, you should remember how his theft of your diamond was, after all, only an incident in his main campaign, and the merest work of a sudden suggestion born of opportunity. His original design, the one that brought him to Orthoaks and led him to paint himself as of the English nobility, promised more to him in dollars than the worth of the diamond."

"And what was his original design, pray?"

"There were two strings to his bow. He planned to marry your daughter, and give himself a rich father-in-law,—a goose to be plucked at his leisure! Also, he schemed to rob your son at cards. There you have his designs, and I shall leave it for you to say how much opposition he would have encountered in following up his precious enterprises."

"Poor Ethel!" sighed Mr. Van Orth. "Do you know, I begin to see those headaches in a new light. I half suspect she had begun to fear that Mr. Blake was not all he should be. There was her woman's intuition for you!" concluded Mr. Van Orth, triumphantly.

Inspector Val arose; it was two o'clock in the night.

"My work in Mulberry Street has gone behind," said he, with his hand on the door. "I shall return to town on the seven o'clock train,—five hours from now. You may make what explanations you choose to your guests. I might suggest some fiction, but am too tired to formulate one, and shall leave it all to you. Good night, or, rather, good morning, Mr. Van Orth!"

"Good morning, inspector! You shall hear from me. I must show my appreciation of what you've done. To tell the truth,"—and Mr. Van Orth's voice trembled,— "I'm not sure but what, beyond the recovery of my red diamond, you've saved my daughter, and my son, too, from the toils of a mighty villain."

Inspector Val, as he had said he should, left at seven o'clock, and, when the guests at Orthoaks gathered about the breakfast table, they were wonder-smitten to find their muster abated by two. Ethel, for the first time in days, had taken her place at breakfast. She was pale, but outwardly calm. Her appearance among the guests may have been due to the note which old Roger brought her from Mr. Val, which read:—

"Mr. Blake has departed, and will trouble you no more. I am safe in saying that he will not again appear at Orthoaks. Neither is he to be punished for the theft of the red diamond, and your wish in that behalf will be observed. As to that confidential conversation with me,—by which, I assure you, I was much honored,—I have spoken no word of it to anyone. If you think your father or brother should know, I leave it with you to inform them. My counsel is to let the story sleep. Let Mr. Blake, and all that refers to him, slip forever from your mind."

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## The Great Speed Trains

[Concluded from page 644]

speed was already considerable. Here, as at New York, all the railroad employees had an eye out for the "Century" and a word of greeting for the engineer. They seemed to be proud of "her" and to be glad of the opportunity to see "her" go by. Daylight though it was, the switch and semaphore lamps were lighted. Between firings the fireman was always on his box, peering over my shoulder for signals. If he saw a light first, he shouted it; if the engineer saw it first, he raised his hand.

We swung out into the open country, where the twilight was closing down and a few raindrops were falling from a black sky. There were daisies in the pastures, and black-eyed Susans, great yellow patches of them. To the left was Lake Erie; and sometimes we ran so close to the water that I could look down into it and see the wavy sand bottom. It grew rapidly darker. Lights began to flash out from little villages, here and there. A man with a lantern paused in locking up a barn and watched us,—watched the spirit of the new century go rushing irresistibly by. The engine rode very much easier than I had supposed it would. I have been more roughly shaken in a Pullman car on the Kansas City Southern Railway.

The rain was falling hard, and forked lightning was splitting the atmosphere up ahead. We rushed into it, and it crackled around us, but I could not hear the thunder. We were our own thunder and lightning, that evening. The cab grew hotter and hotter. The fireman fetched a stone jug full of cold water and passed it up to me before offering it to the engineer. When the furnace door was opened, the fire threw a fierce weird light on our faces and on everything in the cab and on the things in the front of the tender. I watched the fireman bending forward to throw in a chunk of coal. His asbestos gloves went almost into the flames. His face glistened with sweat, which ran in streams to the floor and rose again in steam. Even the chunk of coal threw back the shine, and all at once I knew what they mean when they say that coal and diamonds are the same. I took off my hot glasses and leaned out a little way and caught the full strength of that seventy-five mile rain-laden wind on my face, and tried to draw it in in deep breaths.

I could see the lights of a city far ahead. We were circling a broad bay. "Sow-ow-ow!" yelled the fireman in my ear. I leaned back within an inch of his face and answered, with all my lung power: "WHAT?" "SANDUSKY!" he shouted again. "THAT'S CLEVELAND—NIGHT BOAT—GOING—OUT!" I looked and saw a double line of moving lights, and knew that the lower line was a reflection of the upper in the mirror-like bay.

We slowed down while running through Sandusky, but in a moment, it seemed, we were leaping out again into the open. Fifty miles an hour,—sixty,—sixty-five! The lights were white, ahead. The fireman, breathing hard, was throwing shovelful after shovelful. The storm was far behind. The engineer took advantage of a straight reach of track to get out a pair of automobile goggles and put them on. Then we were curving again. We passed a freight train, and the roar, although I had not thought it possible, was more deafening than before.

The engineer leaned out of the right-hand window,—the fireman, out of the left. Something was not right, for I could see so much in the expression of the engineer's back. He swung in and turned the air-brake lever. I could hear it hiss and could feel the brakes go on. Slower and slower we were running, almost stopping. The engineer leaned over a little way and shouted, "Ought to be a light here!" Sure enough, there stood a semaphore post a little way ahead. It was not so dark now, and I could see the outlines of the lamp, and could see that the arm was down.

"All clear!" cried the fireman, "all clear!" and off we leaped again.

It was dawning in my consciousness that this quiet yet genial man who was sitting serenely there among his levers really knew what he was about. The engine had at first seemed such an overpowering thing that I had scarcely observed the man. "Ought to be a light here!" he had said, while passing through that dark countryside. Other little incidents of the run came to the surface of memory. He knew this hundred and thirteen miles as you, reader, know the path up to your house,—light or dark hardly mattered,—and he knew his engine, and knew that he was absolute master of it. There he sat, making himself as comfortable as he could in his cramped quarters. Set close about him were levers and stopcocks, and his left hand nestled among them or hovered over the air-brake controller ready automatically to carry out any instructions which might come flying down the nerves of his arm. His brain was to this engine what the dispatcher was to the whole division. I had thought of the engine as a monster; now I almost forgot it in gazing at its master. I had wondered if the monster were fully tamed; now I felt that it was. The sense of danger left me. After this I should feel safer in railroad cars for knowing something of the men who control the engines. I had been thinking of this engine and this train as embodying, for better or worse, the headlong spirit of the new century; but now I find that I was thinking

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not so much of the train as of this quiet engineer in goggles and blue overalls and soiled white gloves.

"ELYRIA!" It was the fireman shouting in my ear. There were the clustering lights ahead of us, then about us, then behind us. A cluster of lights suggested nothing now beyond the query whether we should or should not slow down in passing through or by it. Shawville, Olmstead Falls, Berea, and West Park, slipped by and then a great extent of lights came into view ahead. I got up and held tight while the fireman stowed his things in the box-seat. Our speed grew noticeably slower. We ran past factories, and over a bridge, and parallel to a narrow river where red and green lights and spider-web rigging and the dark outlines of steamers could be made out.

"Cleveland?" I shouted, resuming my seat. The fireman smiled and nodded.

"Like it?" he asked. I nodded in return. I suppose that my eyes were shining.

"It's great!" I added. He laughed and we shook hands, and he opened the furnace door and thrust in a torch and lighted a cigar with the flame.

"Tough job, yours!" said I.

"Fierce!" said he.

He had taken my coat out of his box. Throwing it over one arm I clambered down the car steps. Already we were in the train shed. There were the journal inspectors with their oil torches, and the coupling crew, and the station master and baggage man, and a little crowd of onlookers. Up ahead was the new engine, ready to continue the commonplace process of "getting her through." In fifteen seconds or so we should be disconnected, so that there was no time for talk. We stopped, and I stepped down, hands and face blackened, collar wilted, and clothing wet with sweat. "Good night!" I called to the engineer. "Good-by!" he called back.

The cartoonist, the paper manufacturer and the ex-naval officer were in the buffet car, discussing Russia. I was deafened, for the time, and could not hear. My legs were stiff, and burning hot. Before I was through washing, the train was off on the long stretch to Buffalo. So I settled down in a soft arm-chair and called for cold lemonade,—one glass, and then another. I had forgotten to ask the engineer's name, and was glad of it. I preferred to think of him without one. He was not a person,—he was a force. He stood for the twentieth century.

After an early breakfast, on the following morning, I was sitting at the writing desk. The conductor bent over me, holding out his watch,—a timepiece which is examined every two weeks by the watch inspector of the line. "I should like to call your attention," said he, "to the fact that we are scheduled to pass Poughkeepsie at exactly eight o'clock." I glanced out of the window in time to see the Poughkeepsie station whizzing by. I looked at the watch,—it indicated eight o'clock exactly. At half past nine, to the minute, we were to come to a stop in the Grand Central Station. To Chicago and back, it had been, between half past three, Saturday afternoon, and half past nine, Monday morning!

"That's great running," I remarked, but added, in a moment, "but, after all, I suppose there's nothing very wonderful about it. Good engines,—a clear track,—system,—that's about all, is n't it?"

He nodded. "That's about all," he said.

### Uncle Joe's Colts

SENATOR JAMES A. HEMENWAY, of Indiana, owes his rapid advancement to Speaker Joseph G. Cannon. Hemenway is forty-five years old and so lays no claim to youthfulness, although junior to nearly all the senators. He entered the house of representatives ten years ago, coming in on that great tidal wave which surprised the Republicans by its magnitude. In making up the committees, that year, Speaker Thomas B. Reed found it necessary to choose many new men for the important committees, and, in consultation with Chairman Cannon, decided to recognize Mr. Hemenway. He was placed on the committee on appropriations. This was his opportunity and he made it count. But he was also again a favorite of fortune. Rapid changes in congress created vacancies on his committee and he succeeded Chairman Cannon when the latter was advanced to the speaker's chair, retaining his position during the congress which has just expired. He was one of the Indiana men that advocated the nomination of Senator Charles W. Fairbanks for the vice presidency. When this was accomplished, he became an active candidate for the senate to succeed Fairbanks. Like Senator Burkett, of Nebraska, he was a candidate for the house and was elected, and his promotion to the senate leaves a vacancy which must be filled by a special election. Hemenway, Burkett, and a number of other young men in the house were trained under Chairman Cannon, and were called "Uncle Joe's Colts."

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## The Passing of George Washington Jefferson

CHARLES F. MARTIN

[Concluded from page 646]

watched their *presidente* turn out of the pro-  
cession without any explanation and drive  
rapidly off down a side street.

Quick as George Washington's retreat had  
been, however, the white man had noted him.  
"Queer Filipino!—By Jove," he exclaimed,  
staring after the disappearing carriage, "it's  
an American negro!"

What had moved the white man to visit such  
an out-of-the-way place seemed certainly inex-  
plicable,—but then he was a newspaper man,  
and therefore apt to do such things without  
crystallized motives. It was not long before  
the reporter had obtained most of the facts  
connected with the reign of the *presidente*.  
That evening he called at the residence of  
George Washington Jefferson, and requested  
an interview.

"Show de gen'leman into de drawin' room,  
Juan," said Jefferson, resignedly,—"no use  
tryin' to fool dese heah repowtahs."

"How do you do, Mr. Jefferson?" The  
visitor rose as his host, bearing a box of cigars  
in one hand and a big black bottle in the other,  
entered the room.

"Howdy do, sah, howdy do!"—in his most  
conciliatory voice,—"*won't you hab a cigah,  
sah, an' a little drap ob dis snake med'cine?*"

The reporter accepted both.

"Do n't you find it a little monotonous so  
far away from civilization?"

"Yes, sah, pretty monotonous," George  
Washington sighed; "but I'se glad ob a chance  
to serb ma country widout consultin' ma  
pussonal feelin's."

"Then you feel that you are advancing  
American interests in this neighborhood?"

"Suttinly, sah; most suttinly."

"I suppose the inspector of the province gets  
over here occasionally to see how things are  
running?"

George Washington moved uneasily. "Well,  
you see, sah, it's a pretty hawd trip ovah heah,  
an' he does n't get round of'en. I makes a  
written repowt once a yeah to de guv'nah ob  
de province."

This was quite true. George Washington  
had hunted up the records of the old reports  
sent by his predecessor, and had copied them  
as nearly as possible. The Filipino governor  
of the province and his staff had not, since the  
insurrection, undertaken the arduous journey  
to Cabanital. So Mr. Jefferson had felt safe  
from disturbance. It seemed to him, therefore,  
very deplorable that this member of the outside  
world should have encroached upon his seclu-  
sion. However, he decided to make the best  
of it, and accordingly did everything in his  
power to produce a pleasing impression upon  
the visitor.

The story, however, was too good to escape  
publication; so, after the reporter had returned  
to Manila, there appeared in his paper an  
account of the self-elected *presidente* of Caban-  
ital.

Of course anything like coercion in local  
government could not be countenanced by the  
authorities, so one day George Washington  
received a communication from his immediate  
superior, the governor of the province, request-  
ing him to report at the provincial capital.

That night George Washington sat long at  
his window looking out across the palm trees.  
The full moon tinged with gold the deep green  
of the hills; here and there the fire trees glowed;  
the soft breeze bore the fragrance of the ihlang-  
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most heedless of nature's handiwork.

George Washington sighed as he threw away  
his cigar.

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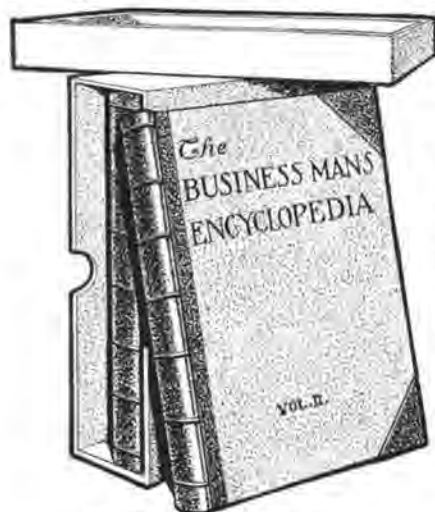
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"Well, Juan," he said, "dis am a mighty nice campin' place, and I kinder hates to leab it."

A few nights afterwards the natives assembled, in response to his invitation, at the house of the *presidente*. Cabanital had never before seen an entertainment on such a lavish scale. The house was decorated with green branches and blossoms, and was aglow with many lights; the tables were burdened with an abundance of good things, and the orchestra rendered again and again its most popular selections.

After every one had danced and eaten to his heart's content, the *presidente* requested them all to proceed to the large hall to hear something he had to say.

They filled all the available space, and crowded in the doorways of the adjoining rooms. The *presidente* and his interpreter—for he had not yet acquired sufficient fluency in their dialect to make an elaborate address,—mounted on a bench at one end of the hall. A profound silence immediately ensued.

"Ladies an' gen'lemen," he began, "de objec' ob dis meetin', to-night, is to infohm you dat I is fo'ced to resign de pleasuah ob furdur serbin' you in de capacity ob *presidente*." Here a general outburst of protestation interrupted the speaker, and it was some time before he could proceed. When quiet was again restored he continued:—

"I'se nebaw occuhide any office dat has gib me moah pleasuah, I 'shuah you. It's wid de greates' sorrow dat I bids fawhwell to de people at Cabanital." Here a spasm of the most genuine regret crossed the speaker's countenance. "But a man what has de interes' ob his country at heawt mus' listen to de voice ob duty. I'se been summoned back to Amer'ca foh to occupy de chair ob president ob de United States. I feels dat I can not decline dis honawh. I desiahs to thank ebery citizen ob dis township foh de suppowt an' de fren'ship dat has been shown me.

"An' I reckon dar is nothin' else to say but fawhwell." And George Washington Jefferson stepped down amid a wild demonstration of regret.

The next morning George Washington, after many affectionate leave-takings, set out in a *carromato*, on his return to America. His baggage consisted mainly of two well filled and very heavy sacks which he himself had placed under the seat of the vehicle before daylight.

When the last view of Cabanital was lost in the foliage, George Washington leaned back in his seat and lighted a cigar.

"Well, Juan," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "lecshuneerin' pays bettah den soljerin',—in dis country. Tho'," he added, reflectively, "I reckon I'se a bettah politishun dan soljer."

## When Lipton Wooded Fate

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, in his younger days, visited America and had some painful experiences for which his later visits have doubtless amply compensated him. During this earlier period, while passing up Broadway, one morning, a cabman called to him:—

"Keb!"

Sir Thomas smiled because of the deferential tone and passed on, shaking his head in the negative. Further up the block a tattered stranger halted him.

"Can't you please give me a dime, sir?"

Sir Thomas shook his head and passed on, marveling. A bootblack accosted him.

"Shine!"

A "puller-in" called after him:—

"Fine suit cheap!"

Sir Thomas went proudly on his way. He had spent some nights sleeping on a park bench because he had no money for lodgings, and had passed some days without food. In other words, a brutal world, had it known, might have classed him as a tramp,—yet he bore himself under Fortune's malignant scowl as lightly as if it were her most genial smile.

Abraham Lincoln wrote, in a letter to a friend: "May it be said of me, 'He plucked a weed and planted a flower wherever he thought a flower would grow.'"





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[Concluded from page 652]

She knows many things, strange and terrible. Her sister Stephanie was the wife of Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, and Rudolph still lived, but Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, made love to her. A reigning prince, this; and to Stephanie he came, one day, bringing a gift,—not such things as men give to women,—roses, verses, or a gilt-tipped flask of heliotrope perfume,—but royalty's gift to royalty; Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, gave her a poniard to kill her husband with.

These are the things you will hear should you talk with the Princess of Cobourg in her hotel in Paris; and, as you listen, there thickens round you an atmosphere of the court,—heavy with mystery and crime and infamy. Nor do you wonder that there came upon this woman a need of clean air and the wholesome day, and you pardon the broken windows.

**III.—The Book of Kings**

After the czar and the sultan, the man invested with the most untrammelled power is the President of the United States. In Europe parliament is king, and parliament is the garrulous mouthpiece of finance. Royalty reigns, but does not rule. The Kaiser of Germany has medieval moments, when he waves the rusty sword of the "divine right" of kings,—a mere folly. The last time he went to Munich he enriched the gold-book of the city with his signature. With the same pedantry which impelled him to telegraph to Mr. Roosevelt a Latin felicitation upon his election, he wrote the following device: "*Suprema lex regis voluntas.*"

It is as if one announced, in good English, "There is no law but the king's will."

Old Luitpold, the regent of Bavaria, took the book in turn. When he had read what the Kaiser had written, he summoned his Latin and wrote: "*Suprema lex solus reipublica.*" The interest of the state is the supreme law; the phrase is a far better one than that of the Kaiser; but, truth for truth, there are no higher laws than those of trade. Even wars are stripped of idealism; they are only incidents of the world-wide struggle for commercial supremacy. In fact, all the old ideals have long since withered. The last century was distinguished for humanitarian theories and dreams of liberty. All that has changed. In this opening decade of the new century one is idealist enough if he is willing to fight, conquer, or die for his "home market," "foreign outlet," railway systems, or waterways. The rest is but a pompous phrase. Economic progress offers the only path by which civilization can go forward, in our day. Increase of production and increase of consumption mark every advance. The future is with that state which holds the markets of the world. Such a state must give capital the absolute guarantee of order and security. The financiers have deemed it best to see to that matter for themselves; and so the kings reign, and the parliaments debate, but money rules.

One king, only, has understood the situation.

What would you have of royalty?

Old Christian, of Denmark, was born in 1818; he looks out upon this new world as upon a mirage,—shadows of things; and old Adolph, of Luxemburg, is his elder by a year; and he of Austria is seventy-five. Spain has a little king mad for boyish sports; he of Portugal has the poor distinction of being one of the two monarchs who could play the rôle of Falstaff without padding; Italy's dry, pragmatic little king is a Machiavelli come too late into a world of practical affairs; if you meet a rusty old gentleman who asks you to come home and have a bit of dinner with him, you meet the king of Sweden; such as George of Greece have no more actual importance than Johann of Lichtenberg. Not one of them has a hand on the tiller. What things are done east or west, where the markets of the world are fought for, concern them not at all. Their private fortunes are safe in the banks of England or France, or fructifying in American bonds. Just so much foresight they have had. They have made ready—if need ever be,—to live in the safety and convenience of "pretenders."

The only exception is this roguish old king of the Belgians.

Him you meet everywhere in Paris, in theaters, in restaurants, at the race track, and on the boulevards; so familiar a figure is he that the average Parisian, seeing him pass, contents himself with, "*Tiens! le roi, Leopold!*"

And yet he is more than a pleasure-seeking old man. Under the free and easy *bourgeois* there is a man extremely fine and extremely intelligent, a diplomat shrewder than any other, adroit, relentless, and unprincipled; absolutely master of himself,—the silent man who stopped the little girl in the old palace of Brussels and did not speak; without much heart, he has brain and imagination,—more useful commodities; withal he is patient and persistent,—even in hatred of a child. Now this king is the strongest and most successful business man in Europe.

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may take in comparison whatsoever great and merciless master of industry and finance speaks loudest to your imagination. He has gained an enormous fortune. Of more significance is the fact that he has been able to defend it successfully against the raids of the fiercest financiers the ages have known. His interests are scattered over Europe; he has built up a state in Congo, and to Demos in his own little neutral land he throws royal alms of parks and palaces and public roads.

Leopold is more nearly a king than any of his contemporaries; his scepter is a painted stick, but he has power,—the modern, irresistible power of money. A man of his age, he deserted the moldy purple of the throne room for the open street, the stock exchange, and the dance hall. So, in his own cynical fashion, he pointed out to discontented princes a way to liberty.

Royalty breeds few who can go that road. He who runs with Leopold must be both wolf and fox.

On the ruins of an old civilization we are building day by day a new world. The countries rich in men and money are laying hands upon the old lands and the new,—but not in the name of humanity,—though now and then that cry is heard, hypocritical and faint. Economic necessity has forced the great producing nations to open the yellow continent and the black. Imperialism, whether it call itself Greater Germany, Greater Britain, or Greater America, is merely the impulse to find new markets. With all this the kings have nothing to do. Mute and dignified, they make the gestures that had, perhaps, a meaning in the ages gone by. The power that really rules passes them by,—or uses them as drums in front of a booth,—is, in any case, too busy producing and garnering riches to strip them of their musty cloaks.

But the sons of Caesar?

And the wild daughters of the kings?

They are battering down the old palaces; there is noise of shattered glass; and, through the blue velvet curtains, there creeps the smoke of a smoldering fire. This is not a prophecy; it is a picture.

### Why The Lick Observatory Was Built

DARIUS O. MILLS, founder of the famous Mills Hotels in New York City, is said never to make a mistake. When the late James Lick, of California, chose him as a trustee to distribute at his death the fortune he had accumulated, that eccentric millionaire wished to put a large part of his money into something that would make his name immortal. He thought seriously of erecting a white marble pyramid bigger than the Pyramid of Ghizeh, to contain his sarcophagus, but Mr. Mills finally prevailed upon him to provide, instead, for the construction of the largest telescope in the world, with his own tomb in the pier of masonry supporting it.

Thus it was that the famous Lick Observatory owed its inception to the astronomical enthusiasm of Mr. Mills, who has further proved his interest in this branch of science by building a star-gazing plant on the top of a high mountain in Chile. He has also paid for expeditions to South America and other parts of the world, to gather rare plants. But his favorite hobby is the improvement of the condition of the poor of the East Side in Manhattan, who, he declares, have to pay more rent for space occupied than is paid by dwellers on Fifth Avenue. Hence the well-known Mills Hotels, which are the most particular pride of this remarkable man, who, having begun life as a clerk in the village of New Salem, N. Y., drifted to California in 1849, hastily gathered together about twenty-five million dollars, and returned to the East, in 1876,—the first of the great western millionaires to make the metropolis his home.

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- 3.—Leaving SUCCESS MAGAZINE out of consideration, what is your favorite among the periodicals of large general circulation?
- 4.—What is the particular quality of your favorite, as nearly as you can define it, which appeals most strongly to you?
- 5.—What addition to SUCCESS MAGAZINE in the way of a department or class of articles would, in your opinion, tend to improve the magazine to the greatest extent?
- 6.—If you have been a reader for more than a year, tell us whether or not you feel that within this period the magazine has gone forward in its value and attractiveness, and why?

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# How Their First Books Were Written

MONTROSE J. MOSES

[Concluded from page 654]

background is the arriving stage of literature. Humanity—perhaps inhumanity,—creates conditions; in fiction, the human should carry the fact.

Perchance, you've read that "Little Tragedy of Tien Tsin,"—a bit of English to be emulated: Miss Frances Aymar Mathews has a word to say to us. "I began to write under another name," she states, "at the age of eleven, and have kept it up ever since, with intervals. I have been supposed to be a man by many editors, my first novel having been signed that way. I have been asked to many smokers and suppers, in my supposed masculine capacity,—not that my first book, or any other book by me, is in the least manly,—far from it,—essentially the other way,—but the signature I used misled." Miss Mathews adds her testimony to the God Success, for she wrote about her first book: "I merely sent the manuscript and received, in return, a very good contract; the book sold well; I made considerable money,—but I want to forget it now, the story was so poor and weak." And this from the author of "Billy Duane," but above all else, of "Tien Tsin." Let us overhaul our manuscripts; hopeful the writer who is conscious of his own faults!

In our stories we are observers,—very minute observers. Our writers know how to write; there is vividness in such a book, for instance, as "Wolfville,"—we become intimate with the cowboy heroes,—we see life in action,—a panorama view, with no object but the panorama view. It is a type of literature created by locality. Back of it is the author's interest as an observer. Mr. Lewis sees a story. "Look there," he said, pointing to a waiter, "I could get a ripping story from him in five minutes' talk." That is the reporter's instinct; the virile dealing with things as they are, not with misgivings as to what might have been or what will be. For that reason, Mr. Phillips, interested in the evolution of humanity, has a tinge of the university overseriousness, that might be better off for light touches of humor.

There is humor in politics and in business; even in the tragedy of "How the Other Half Live" there is a grim humor. Mr. Flower, at the time a newspaper man, made "Policeman Flynn" take a stand with Dooley and Chimmie Fadden. Mr. Flower is keen to avail himself of real life, yet he says: "Except in the case of 'Delightful Dodd' I have never tried to put a real person in a book or a story. Dodd actually lives just as I have pictured him, in just the locality I have described, and the sayings I have ascribed to him are almost shorthand reports of what he actually said. His farm, on which he was wrecked when his bank failed, covers a pretty big slice of the northern end of Peninsular County, and Terrace Cottage, which figures prominently in the story, is hidden away in the woods on the west shore, waiting for someone to rent or buy it for a summer home. The trial before Theodore Pratt, J. P., is given substantially as it actually happened."

If you ask Charles Battell Loomis anything about book writing, he will perhaps look at you sadly and tell you of his first volume,—"Just Rhymes." He writes: "I found that people thought more of me as the author of a book than they had thought of me as the author of the things that made the book,—people being queer that way." It was this venture that not only started Loomis, but also launched Fannie Y. Cory in the field of clever illustrating. Before the book appeared, it was not all clear sailing for Mr. Loomis: he went through an export house, a patent medicine house, a dry goods house, and finally a gas office. Then he had something accepted by H. C. Bonner for "Puck," and thus began his practice of the "literary art." After his removal to Connecticut, he resolved to sink or swim as a writer,—his sole occupation. "I believe I sank," says Mr. Loomis, "but, finding that chickens commanded a regular market, I went in for raising them." This is a picture of a beginner, who now carries success before him, wreathed in smiles!

There are blue books, red books, brown, green, and yellow books on the shelf before us. Among them is a class of fiction that, by its very binding, suggests the summer and hot days as a *raison d'être*. Two new authors walked into a publishing house, one day, unknown and unheralded, and left a manuscript: "Mrs. Essington," they called it, a tale lightly told, though with some weight to it. The Misses Chamberlain will say to you: "Banish theories about the editor and the well-known name! A salable story is what publishers want, and, if you have it, they will take it." I have read until my eyes are tired. And so in my chair I am gazing idly on the rows of books. There is not one among the writers represented by those books who lacks the imaginative faculty. The women doubtless possess a subtler feeling for character; the men, a broader sweep of action and experience. John Fox, in his "Following the Sun Flag," talked with The Little Maid of Miyanoshta, who "liked better the novels that were written by women. 'Because you understand them better?' 'Not only that,' she said slowly,

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'but I think that men who write novels try to make the women happy, and the women who write novels do not do that so much; and I think that women must be nearer the truth.'

We might easily, you and I, take a map of the United States, and mark off the authors with their eastern, western, and southern claims; we might pick from that row those who have followed one author as model in a particular type of story: for instance, maybe, Miss Jordan, with her "May Iverson," which is over five years old, may have been the impetus for many now following suit. One writer says, in a letter: "Stories of schoolgirls and schoolgirl life are blossoming in all the magazines. To prove that I was really first in the field, however,"—and she gives most conclusive proofs to sustain her. Surely Josephine Daskam Bacon with her "Madness of Phillip" did not remain unheeded by George Madden Martin, in her "Emmy Lou" tales, or even by Myra Kelly in "Little Citizens," or Miriam Michelson in her "Madigans."

There are schools of passing moment that, like the historical novel phase, with which we were deluged in days gone by, will leave no effective mark. The element in modern fiction that will lead us to a spiritual plane,—maybe, who knows? to a new religion,—is the deep sense of social responsibility, of ethical awakening, which our writers are trying to reconcile with fancy. There is one book that stands out,—a modern reminder of the traditions of Hawthorne,—"Hecla Sandwith," by E. U. Valentine,—a gray story of Quaker life,—of sectional life,—and it is worthy because the author not only observes, but has some spiritual purpose, some aim, some impulse behind him, born of a deep experience.

Mrs. Edith Wharton, in her "The Valley of Decision" and "The Descent of Man," as well as in her other books, suggests a comparison with the English class of fiction that places her in a position peculiarly her own. Her gift of analysis is less American than it is universally human, but it is powerful and vivid, it is well-directed and sincere,—and are these not attributes of all distinctively good literature?

## NEW IDEAS

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### New Ideas, or The Success Cooperative Club

We want every man and woman, every boy and girl who reads SUCCESS MAGAZINE to be one of the editors of this department, and to cooperate with us in making it the most helpful and interesting in the magazine.

How can you help us? If you are a housewife, by telling us of any practical new idea that has come to you in regard to your household work. If you have discovered an improved way of doing a common task, be it house cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing, making or putting up preserves, storing away apples, pears, vegetables—no matter what it is,—let us hear about it.

If you are a handy man or woman in the home, tell us of any new and proved method you have discovered for cleaning clothes, polishing silver, destroying insects, painting, gardening, papering, carpentering, or any of the thousand and one things that are to be done in the garden and in the home.

If you are a business or professional man or woman, and have found some simple and better method of doing any ordinary thing in the line of your business or profession, whatever it may be, pass the good news on to SUCCESS and have the satisfaction of helping others as well as of earning something for yourself.

If you are a boy or girl at school or in college, and have found some improved method of making things, or a new way of earning money to help you get an education; if you have an improved plan for study or reading; if you have anything original and helpful to communicate in regard to work, or sport, or study, we shall be glad to hear from you.

For every item or new idea accepted, SUCCESS MAGAZINE will send a check for one dollar on acceptance.

Let us hear from you at once, so that we may be enabled to inaugurate this new department fittingly in our Thanksgiving issue. Address:

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