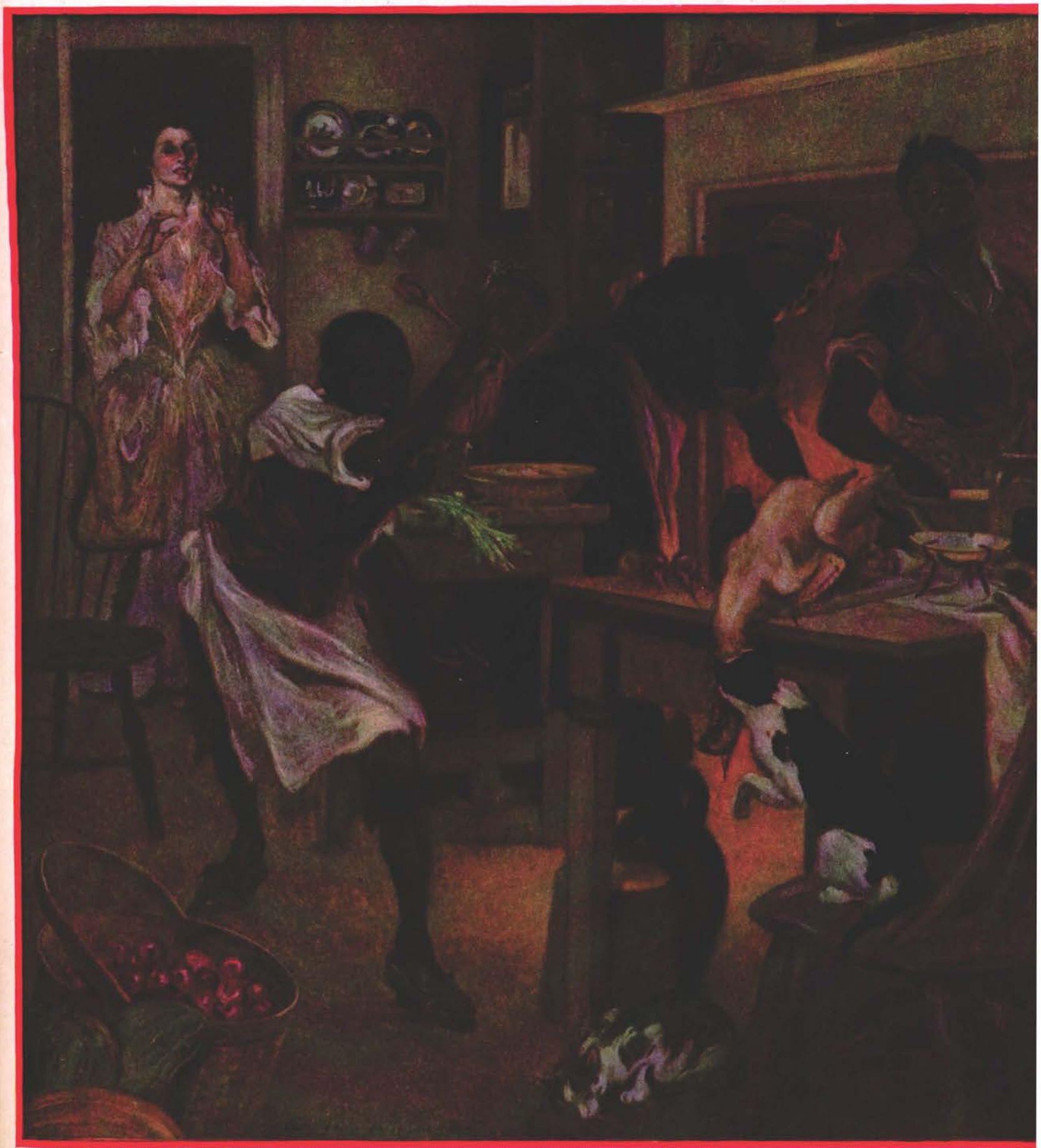
SUCCESS
MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1905



THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK—PRICE 10 CENT

A Man's Necessity

BECAUSE it makes it EASY for him to be tidy and well groomed—to look a "winner" every day. You've noticed, haven't you, that it's the neat, tidy fellows who "GET ALONG" at the office, in society, everywhere? It's because a man, in these days of hurry, is taken AT HIS OWN VALUATION—there is no time to investigate. If he LOOKS prosperous, successful, capable of handling big things, he is GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY. His appearance GETS him the opportunity, and no one but himself is to blame if he does not "make good." There is little room in the modern business office for a man who LOOKS "down-and-out." or like a "dead one," no matter what his REAL ABILITY may be.

But it isn't always easy to KEEP tidy, no matter how great your desire to do so. The tailor is rushed with work—there are many ahead at the boot-black stand and you are due at the office in a few minutes—or you have overslept and there is not time to hunt up the polish and go to the basement or the back porch to polish your OWN shoes, or to heat the flat iron and press your own trousers.

There's an end to this trouble when you have

The VALET CHAIR

in your chamber, because this beautiful piece of furniture makes it easy—a pleasure and an ECONOMY to be spick and span ALL THE TIME—every day.

The back of the chair is double. When you remove your TROUSERS for the night, simply place the legs between the backs of the chair. (See Fig. 1.) Then press these backs together and a catch holds them in place. The spring of the wood exerts 500 lbs. pressure all night, and in the morning your trousers are pressed and creased as slick as the tailor would do it.

Your COAT is placed on a natural-form hanger and is suspended from the back of the chair. It is right where you want it in the morning and the hanger keeps it from becoming wrinkled or out of shape. (See Fig. 2.)

Your HAT is firmly held by finger-like springs underneath the bottom of the chair. It never falls on the floor and never gets punctured by a hook, as is often the case when you hang it in the closet. (See Fig. 3.)

Your SHOES go in the drawer underneath the chair, out of the way, and no mud or dust can come off to soil the carpets or rugs.

When you arise in the morning and open the drawer for your shoes there is an adjustable shoe tree which only requires to be slipped into a slot at the front of the drawer, when it is ready to stretch all of yesterday's wrinkles out of the leather. And it holds the shoe firmly in place, so you can polish it comfortably while sitting, without bending the back or going through the twistings of a contortionist. (See Fig. 4.) The blacking, brushes and polishing cloths are all right handy in little places provided for them, and every bit of dirt falls into the drawer, where it can be cleaned out when there is time. (See Fig. 5).

In a very few minutes you are ready for breakfast, "looking as slick as though you had stepped out of a band-box," and it hasn't taken you more than a few minutes of your time.

And besides the ease and convenience of the VALET Chair, it

Saves you 60c to $1.20 a Week.

If you are to present a good appearance, your trousers should be pressed at least TWICE A WEEK. The tailor will charge you from 15c to 25c each time for doing the work. There's 30c to 50c.

And your shoes should be polished EVERY DAY. That will cost 5c or 10c each time—from 35c to 70c a week.

And when we add the two together we have from 60c to $1.20 a week—**from $33.80 to $62.50 a year**—the cost of keeping tidy.

Remember, this is only the saving in DOLLARS AND CENTS, and does not count the saving on your clothes themselves. The regular tailors' iron weighs from 30 to 50 lbs., and when shoved back and forth over your trousers by a strong man, it takes as much life out of the goods as you would take out in a week's wear.

The VALET Chair makes it possible for you to SAVE this money—and save it so easily that you will regret past inconveniences which you COULD have avoided—trousers not delivered on time, or sent to the wrong man when you NEED them—burned spots, buttons off, and a hundred and one other things. Because you can comfortably do all this work in HALF the time you have spent in GETTING YOUR GARMENTS READY for the tailor, or waiting for "next" at the shining stand.

An Ideal Xmas Gift for a Man

Because it's useful and ornamental as well—just the kind of a present a MAN appreciates. And it is something a man will prize and USE year after year. There is practically no wear out to a VALET Chair. And these chairs are so artistic in appearance and so well made that they're an ornament to any home.

No woman can possibly make a mistake in choosing a VALET Chair for her husband, brother, sweetheart or friend.

Ten Days' Free Trial

We will send the VALET Chair, freight paid, on approval. If it isn't MORE than worth the money AS AN ORDINARY CHAIR (without considering the special features)—or if you are not thoroughly pleased in ANY respect—send it right back and your money will be returned by next mail.

Free Book We have a little book about the VALET Chair, which shows the different styles in natural colors. A postal will bring it.

$12.50 Freight Paid This is the VALET CHAIR in Old Mission style. Made from Quarter-sawed Weathered Oak, with back and seat panels of genuine Spanish Leather. Exceptionally heavy and solid. Our workmen are all experienced furniture men, and we produce only the highest grade of work.

$10.00 Freight Paid The illustration shows the VALET Chair in Colonial style. The material is Quarter-sawed Oak, Robin Hood Green finish, with raised wreath on sides, as shown. Seat panel upholstered in French tapestry. An artistic and beautiful piece of furniture.

$7.50 Freight Paid This we call our Regular style. It is made in Golden Oak, natural finish, with Fabrikoid Leather Seat Panel. It is thoroughly well made by men who have spent their entire lives building high-grade furniture. It would be a real bargain as an ORDINARY CHAIR.

HARDESTY MFG. CO.
701 Dexter Building **Chicago, Ill.**

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ESTABLISHED 1886

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We offer the following special advantages to those who get subscriptions for "Success":

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The great home magazine of America.

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The world's leading news and literary monthly.

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Enlarged and improved under its new management.

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One of the best of the magazines for women.

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Edited by Caspar Whitney, the foremost authority on outdoor sports.

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Our Country Magazine Offers

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Success Magazine and Country Life in Amer.	$5.00	$3.50

The price of the beautiful and popular magazine, *Country Life in America*, is to be raised from $3.00 to $4.00 on February 1st, and the price of this offer will then become $4.50 instead of $3.50. Order early and get the great fall double numbers.

Success Magazine and Country Calendar Or **Motor**	4.00	3.00

The *Country Calendar* is a new and most attractive periodical, published by the Review of Reviews Book Company. *Motor* is the leading magazine for automobile owners.

Our Magazine List

	Regular Price
Success Magazine	$1.00
World's Work	3.00
Review of Reviews	3.00
Country Life in America Price will be raised to $4.00 on February 1st, '06, after which time $1.00 must be added to all offers containing Country Life.	3.00 / 4.00
The Country Calendar, (the Review of Reviews' new and beautiful magazine,)	3.00
American Homes and Gardens (the Scientific American's new country magazine)	3.00
*American Magazine. (Leslie's Monthly) All subscriptions are for 14 months (including November and December, 1905).	1.00
*Metropolitan Magazine	1.80
*Woman's Home Companion	1.00
Motor (for automobile owners)	3.00
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Harper's Weekly	4.00
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*NOTE.—The American Magazine or Metropolitan Magazine may be substituted for any magazine in class A by adding 25 cents extra to the club price and the Woman's House Companion by adding 10 cents extra.

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Pictorial Review, including one free dress pattern to be chosen at any time during the year	1.00
American Boy	1.00
Four Track News	1.00
Suburban Life	1.00
Automobile Magazine	2.00
Leslie's Weekly 3 months (13 issues)	1.25
Little Folks (new)	1.00

CLASS B

Outing Magazine	$3.00
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Current Literature	3.00
Appleton's Booklovers Magazine	3.00
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Ainslee's Magazine	1.80
Metropolitan Magazine (2 years)	3.60

Other Excellent Offers

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If you want prompt and perfect service send all orders to

THE SUCCESS CO., Washington Sq., New York

How Clothes are Faked with the Flat-Iron.

By Taylor Cutter.

The "Dope" of the Clothing Business, and how it is Administered to the Dear Public.

HERE are about a dozen makers of really *good* clothing.

These make as good clothing as they know how, up to a given cost.

But their clothing is only good *on the Average*.

Some of their Suits or Overcoats are as well made, and as good fitting, as it is humanly possible to make.

And some, from the same Cloth and same Factory, are found, after a week's wear, to be so badly made, and so disproportioned, that they should never have been permitted to leave the workshop.

Now the cause of this *inequality* in results from the same Cutters, with the same Cloth, and the same staff of work-people, is due to an infirmity of poor old Human Nature,—as we shall see later on.

* * *

You know a spring on a door will close it *every* time after a thousand people.

But, send a hundred of the same people through the same door without the spring on it (with instructions to close it tightly every time) and what will be the result?

—A few will close it tightly.

—A few will half close it.

—A few will leave it nearly closed.

—And a few will forget to close it altogether, leaving it wide open.

Now *that's* just Human Nature.

And when it isn't possible to put a spring on the door, you can only be *sure* it will be closed every time by getting the *right kind of man to watch it*, and to close it properly *himself*, after the derelicts.

This is where the Clothing business comes into comparison.

* * *

You can't make clothing *by machinery*, as you could stamp out metal.

Because, Cloth is variable in texture and elastic in treatment.

It will *stretch* too much, at certain places, in the hands of one Operator, or it wont stretch quite *enough* in the hands of another.

And, the same Operator will handle the same cloth differently on two different days of the same week, according to how that person *feels* on each of the two days.

Not *very* differently, perhaps—

But, it takes very *little* difference in the *tension* on Cloth, when sewing a Shoulder seam for instance, to throw a whole Coat out of balance.

And, that Coat will then look like a caricature, until the hot pressing iron *shrinks* up the defects *temporarily*.

But, that defect *remains* just the same, though hidden when you buy the garment, and the first damp day will release the *shrinking* which the Flat-Iron produced.

Then, a *hump* on your shoulder will develop, where a *concavity* should be.

* * *

The Flat-Iron, you know, is "the dope" and the ready "cure-all" of the Clothing business.

You can shrink up any defective *fullness* with it, or you can stretch out any *shortness* with it, in a minute.

But that's only *covering* a defect—it is not *removing* it:

Nothing but the shears, and clever *hand* needle-work will actually restore the over-strained condition, or the flabby condition, of a seam to its normal lines.

And *hand* needle-work is the most *costly* thing in clothing, next to expert designing.

Now, practically *all* clothing is made up to a certain *average* of good quality.

And if you happen to get a Suit or Overcoat that has *not* been sweated, nor shrank, nor stretched into shape somewhere by the hot flat-iron, you are in luck—that's all.

But you take a *chance* every time you buy a garment from Clothier or Tailor, that the imperfections in it have been merely *glossed over* with the pressing iron to develop out the first damp day you wear it.

Eighty per cent. of all Coats and Overcoats receive their shape from the flat-iron—from shrinking or stretching of the cloth by heat and moisture, instead of from permanent and sufficient *hand needle work*.

That accounts for the multitude of shoulders that become humpy and sloping.

—Collars that "set away" from the neck, or bind it too tightly.

—Lapels that bulge up at one side after wear.

—Sleeves that twist, and pinch up under the arms.

—Coat fronts that wrinkle crosswise under the arms with slack seams.

The "dope" of the Flat-Iron has *masked* all these defects temporarily before the garments left the factory.

But, these defects *come up again*, like weeds with the first day of moisture. What is the sure preventive? This is the Kuh, Nathan & Fischer method of "Sincerity" Tailoring:

—All collars must be "*cut*" to *fit correctly without the aid of the Pressing Iron*. Without artificial steaming, stretching, or shrinking by the Flat-Iron

Take any Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Coat, lay it on the table as in picture above, and you will see that the outer edge and turn-over line of Collar will lie *perfectly straight*.

This *proves* it is *not* "faked" with the Flat-Iron, but is properly "made" by correct cutting and sincere sewing.

Take another coat from practically any other brand of Clothing. Lay it on the table in the same way, and you will find the Collar curved and wavy as in picture No. 2 shown below.

That's Flat-Iron work which *wilts out* in Wearing.

We call *our* garments "Sincerity Clothes."

Because—

We don't merely "cover" defects in the making with a Flat-Iron.

We remove them *permanently* with scissors *and hand* needle-work.

You see *we* admit that there might be defects in some of our *own* Clothes when they leave our work-men's hands, and come up to our own dissecting table for inspection.

But instead of chalk-marking these defects for the Flat-Iron "Pressers," they are sent to the Foreman of our "Revision Room."

There the defective seams *are opened up again*, and skilfully treated by an expert staff, through *hand needle-work*, till the proper degree of tension and shapeliness has been *permanently* restored.

A "Sincerity" garment is therefore fully *made*, and completely *shaped before* it reaches the Pressers' Flat-Iron.

The Flat-Iron *we* permit solely to flatten the seams, smooth the Cloth, and restore its original finish.

* * *

When you buy one of our "Sincerity" Overcoats or Suits you are therefore *not* buying a lottery.

You get, first of all, garments that have the ear-marks of *real* Tailoring—the smartness of outline, thinness of interlining, and absence of *excessive* padding.

But, you also get garments that *hold* their Style, and *Smartness*, till worn threadbare.

Meantime, this kind of Sincere Workmanship costs considerably more than "Flat-Iron faking."

Our "Revision Room" represents an extra outlay, for Style-Insurance and Shape-Retention—

Somebody must pay for that.

The average cost, for our Sincerity inspection, and Hand-Stitched Revision, is about $1.00 per Suit, or Overcoat.

We charge that *extra* dollar to the Retailers who sell our "Sincerity Clothes."

Some Retailers object to paying the extra dollar, saying "It is up to the Consumer to look out for himself, when he has once purchased and *paid* for his Garments!"

That sort of Retailer does *not* carry our "Sincerity Clothes," and naturally will tell you he has "Something just as good" when you ask for ours.

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"'WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? ARE YOU PUTTING UP FOR THIS MAN?'"

The Counsel for the Defense

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES J. POST

IT was one o'clock upon a Sunday morning.

Mulvaney, owner, bartender, and general factotum of the Side Pocket, on Canal Street, in Monroe, wiped off his bar for the fortieth time, and then stepped back again to the place where Pemmican was standing,—Big Pemmican.

"Yeh," continued Mulvaney, with a doubtful shake of his head, "it 's t'ree nights, now, he 's been in here, just lookin' for youse. He says he 'll not stop drinkin' till he sees ye, and, *w'en* he sees ye, he shoots ye down on sight. That 's what he *says*."

Big Pemmican, a huge, brawny six-footer, with biceps bulging out against coat sleeves that were all too tight, snorted loudly, expectorated indifferently, and smiled contemptuously. He was a man with a hard mouth and a hard eye, and upon his big face were the marks of many a hard fight.

"What!—*him?*" he queried, "Bucky Moran! Thunder, no! Why, say, look here. He 's li'ble to drop dead when I fans the air wit' me open hand. Buck Moran, eh! Looking fer *me*, eh? Say, look a-here, Mulvaney. Say, there 's ingratitood for you. I taught that young chap all he knows,—I 'm teachin' him yet. And, say! now,"—he raised his huge hand into the air and brought it down upon the bar, with a crash that made the glasses ring and totter. "Now," he continued, "looking for Big Pemmican! Well, by thunder! Mulvaney, he 'll *find* him, all O. K. Buck Moran! Gee whiz!"

He laughed aloud,—a long-drawn, disagreeable laugh. Mulvaney grew sober suddenly, and his brow clouded. He plucked Pemmican by the coat sleeve, nervously. "But say, Big," he ventured, "go home. I would n't run up against Buck Moran, to-night,—not just *now*, Big. He 's gone wild, most likely, by this

time, an', when he 's wild,—say, Pemmican, look a-here! I 'd steer clear of Buck Moran to-night. You see?"

He stopped suddenly. There were, at this time, perhaps eighteen men in the Side Pocket, on Canal Street, in Monroe. They were drinking. They stopped drinking,—*suddenly*. Big Pemmican held a glass in his hand, raised halfway to his lips. He stopped,—*also suddenly*.

Something had happened,—*was* happening. The side door had swung open with a crash, and through it swung, with no uncertain stride, a man disheveled of attire and of hair. He was drunk,—"delirium drunk," as Mulvaney confided, later, to all who would listen to him. The face of this man was swollen and red; his eyes were bloodshot; upon him were the marks of never-ending debauchery. This man was Moran,—Buck Moran. He was of a stripe with the other eighteen men in the Side Pocket. He *belonged*. He was almost of a size with Big Pemmican,—but Pemmican had ever held the upper hand. Pemmican was the leader, and, where he led, Buck Moran would follow, "to hell and back," as Mulvaney had often told the crowd; and where Buck Moran went, the Side Pocket gang was wont to go.

But the thing that swung into the crowd, that night, in the semblance of Moran, was something more than Buck Moran,—it was incarnate *vengeance*.

"*Pemmican!*" The name rang out in an almost unknown voice, and all save Pemmican shuddered and crowded back into the corners. Pemmican put down his glass and turned and faced this Buck Moran. Then, noting the thing that looked from Moran's eyes, he strode forward, and then—*stopped*, for Buck Moran had drawn from his pocket a weapon dangerous to human life. Big Pemmican paused.

"*Pemmican!*" cried that strange voice, again, "I 've been looking for you for three whole days,—with *this*." There was a terrific crash,—a blinding flash. Big Pemmican tottered in his tracks, holding his hands in front of his shattered face, trying to shut out the death of fire and lead in front. The crowd rushed, blindly, for the refuge afforded by the little bar.

"Three days," cried the voice, again,—"PEMMICAN." Another flash! Another crash! This time it was the crash of the heavy frame of Pemmican, upon the floor. But the vengeance of Moran had not yet drunk its fill.

"PEMMICAN!" Another followed, and another, and another flash of light, and crash of thunder. After that there was nothing, save the thing upon the floor that once had been Big Pemmican, and Buck Moran, in the center of the room, with the grin of satisfied vengeance upon his bloated face,—and the police, and Mulvaney, of the Side Pocket, running suddenly to Buck Moran and striking him time and time again upon the mouth.

"Take that!—and that!" said Mulvaney, owner of the Side Pocket; "what do you mean by it? They 'll take away my license; they 'll do me out of my business; they 'll ruin me, and all on account of you. Take that! And that!"

After that came more police, and—pandemonium.

* * * * * * *

Ex-judge John G. Wortendyke, of Monroe, stepped from his bedroom into his dining room, in his apartment in the Aldine. He looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock,—time for breakfast. It was Sunday morning, and Sunday was a bugbear to him. He never attended church—never did anything, in fact,—on Sunday. He often wished that his principles, as an upright citizen, would permit him to work on Sunday, for he was never happy save when at his work. He sighed. He rang a bell, and his aged housekeeper and woman of all work appeared and brought in his breakfast, and laid upon a corner of the table a Sunday morning paper. Before he touched a mouthful, he picked up this paper and scanned the headlines on the first page. That upon the first column, by reason of its blackness and general startling character, forced itself immediately upon his attention.

"*A Down Neck Murder*," it proclaimed,—"*Third Fracas in Mulvaney's Notorious Resort*." A frown clouded the brow of ex-Judge John G. Wortendyke. "Why," he complained, gently, to himself, "do they take up space with things like *these?*" But the very fact that it was there appealed to something morbid in his nature, and he started to read it superficially. When his aged housekeeper came in again, she found his breakfast getting cold. She announced her recognition of that fact.

"Ah!" said ex-Judge Wortendyke, "coffee this morning, Sarah; nothing but coffee; and two cups of it at that. Sorry, but nothing else."

He finished his coffee, pursing his thin lips and smacking them slightly as he did so. Then he folded up his paper and thrust it carefully into his breast pocket. Then he donned his hat, seized a cane, and started out.

"I shall not be home till supper, Sarah," he remarked. An instant later he was upon the street, treading the flags with his accustomed air of dignity. He was a distinguished man, of distinguished appearance, was ex-Judge Wortendyke. His nose and chin thrust themselves well into the air; he was smooth-shaven; his hair was gray. As to attire, he was immaculate.

For the rest, he had been prosecutor of the pleas, many years before, and later judge of the Monroe County circuit court. At the present time, he occupied a position somewhat more advanced. He was counsel to the major portion of the large corporations in the city of Monroe. His time was devoted largely to the trial of civil suits. He was glad to acknowledge to himself that everybody he met knew him, and that he was one among the dozen leading citizens who had reached the top rung of the ladder in Monroe. He was glad, also, to acknowledge to himself that his success had been due to nothing save his sheer ability. Political influence had never extended to him a helping hand. He was not a politician; he had few friends, but he had many admirers. He was *law* personified, was ex-Judge Wortendyke.

He wended his way, gently and easily, down town, past the Four Corners. Finally he turned in at the canal, cautiously treading the filthy flags of the small street that skirted it. He turned a corner suddenly and came upon the crowd. He was Down Neck, as they called it in Monroe, and he stood before the Side Pocket, the notorious saloon of Mulvaney. There were a hundred men about it, all on the outside. The blinds were up and the door was padlocked from without. Some five or six policemen stood about. Gradually they became aware of the presence of ex-Judge Wortendyke.

"Morning, judge!" said the officer at the door, grinning and raising his hat.

"Morning, judge!" remarked the crowd, for the crowd knew him,—knew him favorably. He responded with a dignified bow. He was glad, then, that he had never presided over a criminal court. His friends of the oyer and terminer and of quarter sessions had oft confided to him, when they sat, in his time, upon the bench, that they hardly dared go through the streets Down Neck in broad daylight, and it was understood at one time that Mulvaney's Side Pocket gang had once placed a price upon the head of Boggs, a hanging judge of sessions. But this crowd smiled upon Wortendyke, of civil jury fame. The ex-judge wormed himself through the mass about the door and touched one of the officers upon the arm.

"I should like to know the *facts*," he said, "about—last night's affair."

Fifteen minutes later he left. He had learned the facts,—*some* of them, at least. He walked swiftly back to the center of town, and hailed a cab.

"The county jail!" he said. When he arrived at the jail, he inquired how many witnesses were detained on account of the murder.

"Mulvaney," the warden told him, "and about eleven others." He asked to see Mulvaney. He asked to see at least two others. It may have been a trifle irregular, but he was ex-Judge Wortendyke, and—he *saw* them. Mulvaney wanted to talk, and so did the other three, and he let them talk to their hearts' content, and listened patiently, arranging every salient fact in order according to its logical value. Mulvaney was wrathy.

"The blamed idiot!" he wailed, "he had no right,—in *me own* place, too. Three days he was threatenin' him. Three days he was lookin' for him. An' when he finds him, he shoots him down. There in me own place,—an' me with nothin' but a license for to live on. It 's ruination, judge. He had no right."

"He had no right," the judge assented, gravely. He ended the interview with a bow and escorted the warden back to the outer hall.

"And now," he said, gently, and with professional emphasis, "I 'd like to see—*Moran*."

The warden started. He looked doubtfully at the ex-judge. "What!" he exclaimed,—"say, judge, *you* ain't going to fight his case? What,—*you?* I thought that——."

"*I*," answered the judge, with a cold smile, "*am* going to fight his case. *I* have been retained. I have accepted the retainer."

The warden laughed, and a note of admiration was in his voice. "It 's like old times," he responded, "when Parks, and Beadle, and Bartholomew used to fight all the murder cases. Old times! Now," he commented, "we only have Goldenhorn,—and *such*."

"Think of it!" the warden told his head keeper, in a whisper, later, "Judge Wortendyke is going to fight this case for Buck Moran."

"How in *thunder*," answered the head keeper, agape with astonishment,—"how in thunder could Buck get *him?*"

Meantime the ex-judge had been admitted to the cell of Buck Moran. The latter was standing at the small window, gazing out through the bars at a vista of gray wall. He was still disheveled, and he took no notice of the entrance of the judge. Finally, however, he turned, and—saw. He grunted.

"What!" he exclaimed, "*you* here? That 's a great note, too."

The judge raised his eyebrows professionally, and shut his lips together; then he opened them once more.

"What arrangements have you made?" he queried of Moran. His tone was so even, so matter-of-fact, that Moran found himself answering in spite of himself. He pulled a plug of tobacco from his hip pocket, and bit off a piece.

"Aw!" he answered, gruffly, "I sent for Goldenhorn. He 's the best there is. What else was there to do?"

Almost at that instant, the warden appeared in the corridor without and beckoned to the judge.

"Just a minute," he whispered, swinging open the cell door; "there 's a man out here who says he 's got to see you right away."

The judge nodded and stepped outside. A moment later he was in the warden's private room. "It 's Counselor Goldenhorn," said the warden, motioning toward another door; "he insisted, and I had to call you out. He said *you* have no right."

There was an angry flush upon the face of Goldenhorn's swarthy face when ex-Judge Wortendyke faced him; there was professional criticism in his eye.

"Judge Wortendyke," he said, "what are you doing with my client, Buck Moran? This is hardly—"

The judge held up his hand. "I have been

retained," he answered, "as counsel for the defense. That 's all."

"*I*," responded Goldenhorn, "have been retained. You see?" Judge Wortendyke smiled an inscrutable smile and waved Goldenhorn, the foremost criminal lawyer in Monroe, to a seat at the small table in the room.

"*You* have been retained, Goldenhorn," he ventured, "with—*what?* With—*how much?*"

Goldenhorn flushed again. "This man Moran," went on the ex-judge, "has n't got a cent to his name. Where will you get your retainer?"

"He 'll raise it," answered Goldenhorn, "somehow." He paused. "The Side Pocket Gang," he went on, "will raise it for him."

The ex-judge nodded. "There is an easier way than that, Goldenhorn," he said, pulling out a thin, narrow book; "how much did you expect as a retainer, in this case?"

Goldenhorn gasped slightly. "Hundred and fifty,—two hundred and fifty," he ventured,—"something on that order." The other man drew from his pocket a fountain pen, opened the small book, and wrote for the space of half a minute. At the end of that time he tore off a thin piece of paper and passed it over. It was a check to the order of A. Goldenhorn for five hundred dollars. Goldenhorn took it.

"What does this mean?" he asked; "are *you* putting up for this man Moran?"

The ex-judge's manner froze. "It means," he said, coldly, "the five hundred dollars is your price for keeping out of this case. *I*, and not *you*, am the counsel for the defense."

He started off. Goldenhorn stared at him stupidly, for an instant, and then ran and caught him by the arm. "Look here, judge," he said, good-naturedly, "do n't do anything foolish. I do n't know what this means, but—can 't I help you in some way? You 're not a criminal lawyer, do n't you see? I am—and all Monroe knows that I 'm all there, at that. There are tricks that another man might not understand. I 'm much obliged, you know; but, judge,—is n't there something that I can do—to *help* you in this case?"

Ex-Judge Wortendyke wrenched his arm free. "Counselor Goldenhorn," he replied, stiffly, "*I* am the counsel for the defense." On his way back home, Goldenhorn took out the check and looked at it.

"A good day's work!" he said; "I was n't expecting fifty, in this case. I 'm glad to be rid of it. Moran is a gone goose; for, if ever there was a case of deliberate, willful, premeditated murder, this is one." He boarded a trolley car, and, as it bumped and swung along, it sang a melody to him,—"Five-hundred-dollars-to-the-good!" And yet another, sinister and portentous,—"Murder-in-the-first-degree!"

"I 'm glad I 'm out of it!" he sighed.

Back in the cell of Buck Moran, ex-Judge Wortendyke seated himself upon the edge of a wooden bench, and once more addressed the prisoner.

"Tell me the whole story," he commanded.

Moran moved about uneasily. "What fer?" he queried.

"Tell me the story," repeated ex-Judge Wortendyke, his eyes never leaving the face of the accused. Buck Moran told his story,—*a* story; *some* story, at any rate. The ex-judge heard him through.

"Now," said the lawyer, when the prisoner had finished, "*I'll* tell *you* the story. These are the *facts*. . . ." When he had finished his recital, he commented, "No matter what excuse you have, those make out a case of deliberate, willful, premeditated murder,—of murder in the first degree. How do you expect to get around them?"

Buck Moran huddled into a corner. "Goldenhorn 'll get me out," he said; "*he 'll* get me off; he knows *how*. I do n't care what the others say. Goldenhorn 'll get me off."

Then the ex-judge told him that Goldenhorn had *abandoned* the defense. For the next ten minutes the prisoner was like a wild animal, almost; but, through it all, the ex-judge sat, calm and unmoved, on his corner of the bench. *When* it was over, however, he started from his seat and caught the prisoner with an iron grip upon his arm.

"Listen to me," he exclaimed, his eyes glowing fire, "I, and no one else, am going to defend you on this charge." He tightened his grip and intensified his gaze. "And *you*," he added, "will do just what *I* say." Buck Moran trembled, for he was confronted with the terrific intellectual force that had made Wortendyke the man he was.

"I SHOT HIM DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!"

* * * * * * *

The next day Judge Wortendyke's managing clerk ran, breathlessly, into the judge's office.

"Judge," he said, "Peterman against the Consolidated is called in the supreme,—for trial. I tried to hold it, but it 's set peremptorily, and you 've got to come and try it. I did my best, but——"

"I shall *not* try it," answered his employer, gently; "come along."

As he went, he whispered to himself: "It must be, sometime. They 'll know, at last. Why not *now?* Why not have it over?"

He reached the supreme court room, to find the court frowning even at *him*. He found counsel in the civil case starting in to address the jury. Ex-Judge Wortendyke hesitated but an instant, and then he strode up to the front and into the space within the rail. The court still frowned, but Wortendyke held up his hand.

"If the court please," he began,—and there was something in his tone that made the bar look up and listen. But he lapsed immediately into his usual suave delivery. "If the court please, I make this motion with regard to this case of Peterman *versus* Consolidated, and with reference to all my other cases on the list, this term,—I ask that they go off the term." The court's frown deepened, but Wortendyke went on. "The reason is a good one. I have been retained as counsel for the defense in a murder case which will be reached at oyer and terminer within four weeks. I need the intervening time to prepare that case."

"That, Judge Wortendyke," returned the court, "is no excuse."

"I beg the court's indulgence," returned Wortendyke, and his words cut into the air like frost, "but it so happens that the accused man is *my son, James Wortendyke, alias Buck Moran.*" He waited an instant, then turned on his heel and went out. A load was lifted from his shoulders.

"Now," he said to himself, "perhaps the worst is over. The people know, *now*, all about it." He was right. The news traveled like wildfire across the town.

* * * * * *

The prosecutor of the county of Monroe was a hanging prosecutor; the judge of oyer and terminer was a hanging judge; and fifteen witnesses had been examined, and they all said that Buck Moran, drunk or sober, had traveled up and down the streets Down Neck for three whole days, with a pistol in his pocket, seeking the life of Big Pemmican. Fifteen witnesses had seen him take that life, and they told about it in a crowded courtroom,—a courtroom crowded, not on account of Buck Moran, but on account of ex-Judge Wortendyke, father of the prisoner, counsel for the defense. Ex-Judge Wortendyke sat unmoved during the production of the prosecution's evidence. Only once did he evince any interest in the proceedings, and that was when Cradlebaugh, the county prosecutor, started into an investigation of the prisoner's unsavory career. Cradlebaugh, who had a good case, desired to make it better by drawing, from his own witnesses, prior acts of deviltry for which Buck Moran may have been responsible.

Goldenhorn, who was there to see, shook his head at this. "All that Wortendyke has got to do," he told himself, "is to sit on Cradlebaugh right here and now." Even the court moved uneasily and looked anxiously in the direction of the counsel for the defense.

"If you object—," began the court. Wortendyke was upon his feet immediately.

"The defense makes *no* objection," he answered, with a wave of his hand, and Cradlebaugh kept on, and Wortendyke leaned over and whispered to his assistant. "This," he said, "is all that I 've been waiting for. Aha!" The prosecution closed its case,—and it was remarkable in two ways. It was *complete*, and not one objection had been raised to the admission of evidence,—*not one*.

"Wortendyke has gone to pieces," said Goldenhorn to himself; "now, if *I 'd* had this case,—"

[*Concluded on pages 772 and 773*]

E. H. Harriman,—a Master of Organization

THE SILENT MAN WHO IS TRYING TO CONTROL ALL THE PACIFIC LINES.—HE IS NOW CZAR OF THE UNION, NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC, WIRE MANIPULATOR OF THE ALTON, AND UNCLE OF THE NORTHWESTERN AND SANTA FÉ

By Samuel Merwin

I WAS talking, not a great while ago, with a broker who had just returned from a trip through New England. "It was an odd experience," said he, "to stop off at one little city after another and see mills and factories running and office buildings full of people. We Wall Street men are likely to forget that business is going on all the time in other parts of the country, and that men are making and losing their little fortunes independently of us." There you have the Wall Street view.

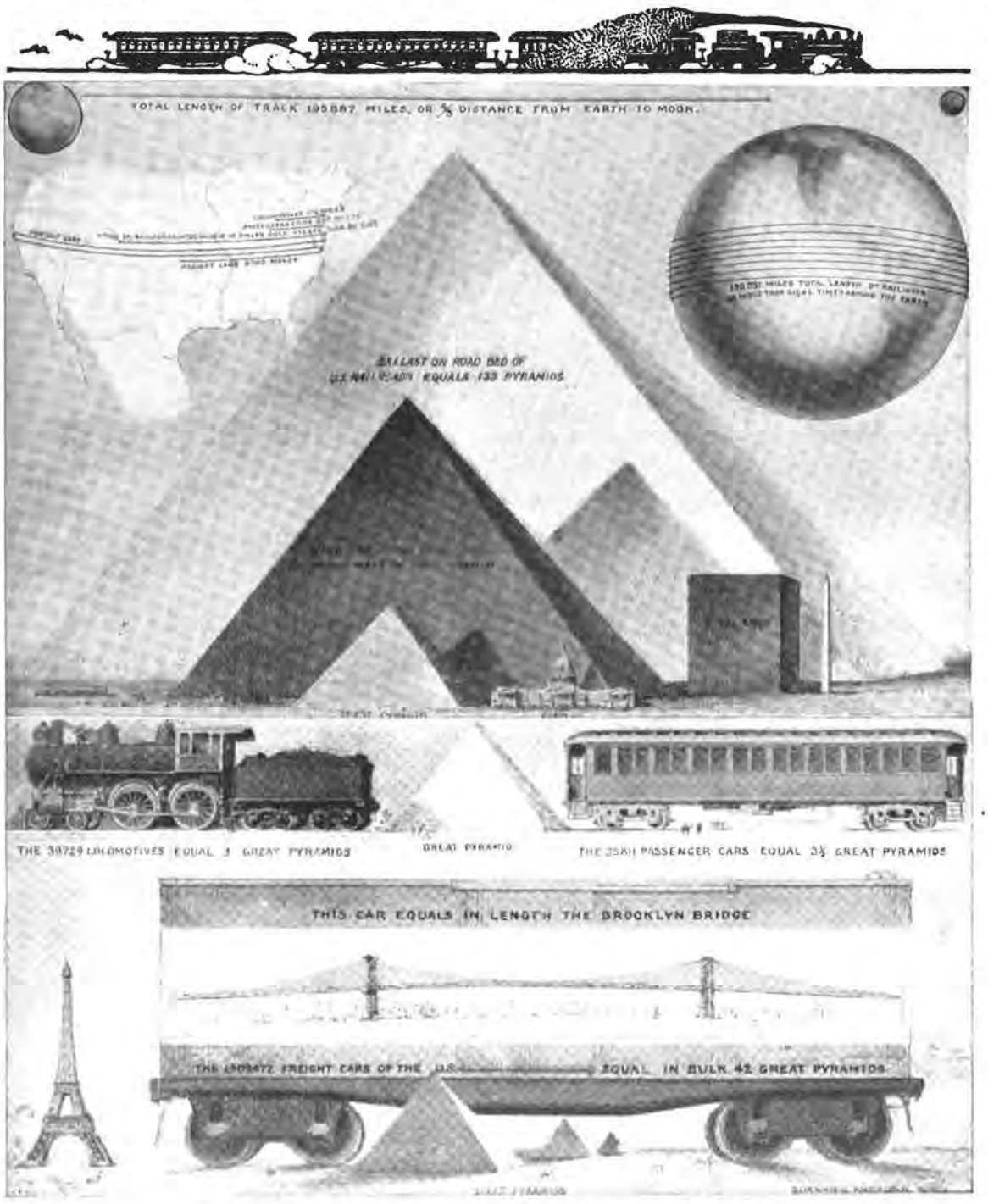
When Thomas W. Lawson talks about "the System," he is both right and wrong. When an officer of the National City Bank explains that the Rockefellers really control separate fortunes, and are frequently found on opposite sides in a fight, he is both right and wrong. A permanent and tight organization of Wall Street cutthroats is incredible on its face; for, in the Street, every man is an individual and every alliance is temporary and for gain only. To the man who sees continual warfare all about him,—man fighting man, and faction fighting faction,—all talk about a "system" sounds absurd.

The explanation lies in the Wall Street view. Men are very human, there. They are not all diabolical brigands with bloody handkerchiefs about their necks and knives in their teeth. Take E. H. Harriman, organizer and manipulator of gigantic deals, the dominant figure, to-day, in western railways. His life is devoted to the development and consolidation of great railway systems. Whether he knows it or not, he has been caught up and whirled along on an apparently irresistible tendency which points toward the ultimate consolidation of all the Pacific lines. James J. Hill is riding the same tendency. George J. Gould is close behind. We may brush aside all the patchwork of apparent agreements; for, sooner or later, unless certain other sweeping forces intervene, these men or their successors must fight it out. Of the three, Hill is sanguine, expansive, and given to dreams; Gould is hampered by a name which has never yet smelled of solid things well done; Harriman alone is silent, inscrutable, and tireless.

Now it is a tremendous thing to be the czar of Union, Southern, and Central Pacific, wire manipulator in Alton, and uncle to Northwestern and Santa Fé,—and others, a long list. Emperors have now and then been less. It is not unnatural that Czar Harriman, a very human man, should be unable to see very much of what is going on beyond the boundaries of his domain. It is quite unlikely that he keeps up any elaborate intelligence system,—that, in fact, he is in close touch with popular feeling. Czars never fully understand the people,—if they did, they would abdicate. His view is really broad, and it is perfectly logical. That is what is the matter with it, for no half-baked view of life and activity is more misleading than your perfectly logical view. The great currents of human life will not freeze into fixtures.

Wall Street is the capital of the Empire of Dollars. Like all other capitals, it has its intrigues, its favorites, its duels, its cabals, and its *camarillas;* and, like all other capitals, it gives its color to those who spend their lives there. It has even a sort of patriotism—the "wolf honor" I have mentioned in an earlier article,—which brings its citizens together, at times, in defense of the dollar and of property rights. Sum up these things, and you will have, again, the Wall Street view; and what we have now to consider is whether this view does or does not coincide with what we like to call the American view.

"Whether he knows it or not," I have said, in effect, "Harriman is being whirled along on a great tendency." Like Hill and Gould, he is fighting for the control of all the Pacific lines—the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Union and the Southern Pacific, and the Santa Fé. It is not really likely that any of them, perhaps excepting Harriman, fully understands what is going on. In so big a battle no general can see the whole field and relate all the remote skirmishes in the light of history and humanity. These men think they are fighting for different things,—



THE MARVELOUS GROWTH OF MODERN RAILROADS

This interesting illustration, which is published by courtesy of the "Scientific American," shows something of the enormous proportions of the railway system in the United States alone. The total length of track is 195,887 miles, four fifths of the distance from the earth to the moon, or more than eight times the distance around the earth. The lines on the map give an idea of the number of locomotives, passenger cars, value of railroads, and number of freight cars. The ballast on the roadbeds would equal in weight one hundred and thirty-five of the great pyramids of Egypt; the wood ties would make twenty-four great pyramids; the 39,729 locomotives would equal three of the pyramids; the 35,811 passenger cars would equal three and one half great pyramids; the 1,400,472 freight cars would equal in bulk forty-two great pyramids, and in length the Brooklyn Bridge

Hill, perhaps, to hold his own and develop that far-eastern trade he likes to talk about,—Gould to place the keystone on his arch so that it may not fall of its own weight to the ground,—Harriman for what he can get. There are other influences, too, such as the chance of immediate profit, the pride of achievement, and the lust of the game. Of the three men, Harriman has the most Napoleonic mind. He certainly has no inhuman wish to crush men or cities, and he probably regards the injury to certain helpless communities which results from his arbitrary control of rates much as Napoleon regarded a few thousand men left in the trenches to their fate. He might feel a momentary regret, but it is necessary to his scheme. As a man, perhaps, he would hesitate; but a czar in the world of dollars must not bother with humanity. Right or wrong, he has built up his perfectly logical structure. Whether he likes it or not he must conform to its logic, or it will crush him precisely as he and it have crushed others.

As would be expected, such a mighty and logical force, working in a vastly mightier world,—a world which persistently refuses to stay fenced within the limits of man's reason,—has its troubles. The chief of these troubles, while in a sense but one, may be treated under the two prominent heads of "The People" and "The Law."

The law, to take the lesser obstacle first, is something of an annoyance to Harriman, Hill, and Gould. For one thing, it leads to large expense. In order to protect themselves from the ravages of legislating bandits, they feel compelled to buy them up. Then such laws as are already on the books must be got over or under or through, and this means the purchase of the highest-priced men in the legal market. The methods of our Wall Street friends are too familiar to call for enumeration here. It is enough to say that in the popular mind our laws seem to have but a secondary influence on railway consolidation. And, really, our scheme of law, built up laboriously through the centuries to cope with certain conditions, has not yet shown itself equal to the bewildering new conditions which have grown out of the possibilities of great corporations. In the eyes of a people ripe for action, who have seen the subtle triumphs of Rockefeller and Hill and Morgan and Harriman, the law has failed. They have seen court after court baffled in the attempt to thread a way through a maze of related companies; they have seen these companies grow in size and strength, in spite of an endless succession of fierce attacks; they have learned that "the big man," shielded behind his corporate web, can not be sent to jail like the poor man; hence they are losing patience. Is it odd, after what they have seen of Standard Oil,—after what they have seen in this very field of railway mergers,—that they look for no final check from the law?

EDWARD HENRY HARRIMAN

The above photograph is a snap-shot, taken while Mr. Harriman was leaving the Equitable Building, New York, during the recent investigations of that company. It is about the best likeness of him that can be secured. He boasts that he has never been photographed. He is one of the most untalkative men in New York to-day. He will not say a word about his gigantic schemes, and his power is absolutely autocratic

The second obstacle, the people, is a different thing. It is the one element of uncertainty in the game which we are all —willy nilly,—playing. For one thing, the grand dukes have a way of losing their heads when they talk about the people. Either they misunderstand us, or they throw things at us, or they fail altogether to see that we are here. Melville E. Stone, the head of that enlightened body, the Associated Press, delivered an astonishing speech at a recent dinner. He said, in effect, that we are too much given, in this country, to attacking solid and respectable things, and that publishers are free to hire irresponsible and anonymous writers and let them loose against anybody, low or high. I have heard another man, a publisher of wide experience in this very field, say: "We all know perfectly well that we can hire any number of skilled writers who will say anything we like if we will pay them enough."

There Is a Steady Murmur from the Heart of the Country

What is all this agitation against the trusts and the railroads? What does it mean when the federal government indulges in a fruitless and somewhat undignified pursuit of James J. Hill? What does it mean when state after state threatens the railroads, the Beef Trust, or Standard Oil, or when President Roosevelt considers a special session of congress for his railway rate bill? What does it mean when the entire country, even to a part of New York City, hums and buzzes with "anti-corporation" talk? What does it mean when monopolists say, as one said to me, "You would think, from the racket, that we are all brigands. Now, I do n't feel like a brigand." We may fairly relate a great many apparently different things, —the inspiring outbreak of Philadelphia against the Gas Ring, the widespread protests against the relation between politics and business, the surprising feeling against tainted money, and the exposures of the magazines. It has lately been evident that Mr. Roosevelt pretty well understands this great popular movement, and voices it. What is it, then? Is it mere agitation, stirred up by dishonest writers? Or, on the other hand, have the American people turned socialistic?

Yet the country is blazing with anger and determination. Let any complacent and conservative New Yorker travel about as I have done this year, keeping his ears open everywhere, on railway trains, in hotels and offices, on the streets, and wherever else men come together, in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, and all through the great heart of the country, where the Lincolns come from, and he will hear a steady murmur which will either frighten or elate him. Perhaps he will be astonished to see that the murmurers are not "socialists" at all; he will find them good healthy Americans, who believe in private wealth and in the idea of competition. He will find them, rich and poor alike, Republicans and Democrats. If he be an observant New Yorker, traveling with an open mind, he will return home with the startled conviction that the American people mean business.

The Anglo-Saxons Have Always Been Opposed to Monopoly

This unrest is, then, right in plain sight. It is bursting out through the crust of conventional ideas in a dozen states, as volcanic fires burst through the placid crust of the earth. The living magazines are trying to give it voice. Mr. Roosevelt feels it stirring in his breast. Lawson says he did it. Whatever it is, and however it has been brought about, it is unmistakably the great popular movement of our day. If it is not "socialism," what is it?

Something less than nine hundred years ago a man who had royal blood and a splendid audacity in his favor came over from France and whipped the English people into subjection. His point of view—he liked to be known as William the Conqueror,—bore certain striking resemblances to the points of view of our Rockefeller the Subtle and Morgan the Wizard and Hill the Genial; he believed that the laws of God and man entitled him to hold anything of which he was strong enough and cunning enough to possess himself. The English people stood his ideas about so long, and then they forced a descendant of his, one John, to sign the great charter, and the pressure on his son, Henry III., established a parliament and gave to the people the control of the country's finances, —*always the main thing*.

So much for William and his tribe! The English people would not stay conquered. A few hundred years later Elizabeth found it profitable to grant certain monopolies and special licenses to companies. These monopolies were petty affairs beside the great corporations of to-day; *but the Anglo-Saxon has never taken to the monopoly idea*, and, in the face of a great outcry, Elizabeth annulled the grants. The English people forced a powerful and capricious queen to eat her words.

The curious thing is that the rulers of the Anglo-Saxon, whether royal or financial, have rarely been keen enough to recognize this peculiarity. Charles I. could not see it, and the people went so far as to cut off his head. A later kinsman of his failed to understand it, and they quietly, and with great self-control, banished him from throne and country. George III. forgot it, in dealing with certain colonies of his, and the colonies simply cut loose, set up for themselves, and decided to form a nation in which the real power should be vested in the whole people, and not at all in individuals.

Now that a very few individuals have been able to gather into their hands an extra-governmental power,—particularly now that they propose to cap an amazing monopoly structure with the final control of all the means of transportation,—they are a little late in the day if they expect to mislead the people beyond a certain outer limit of inertia and good nature. Talking solemnly about property rights will not help very much, because, when he is really aroused,—when he is stirred to action by one of those curious moral impulses which now and then possess him,—the Anglo-Saxon has never bothered to consider the rights of property. Every step forward in the history of our race—the great charter, the Cromwell episode, the American Revolution, or the Emancipation Proclamation, to take mere typical instances,—has been at the expense of "property." And men who, in a superstitious age, will attack that most sacred theory, the divine right of kings, are hardly likely to worry, in a pinch, over the rights of corporations.

Accusing the people of "socialism" will not frighten them, because, taken by and large, they are not socialists, and they know it. The Anglo-Saxon likes to be led. He likes to point with pride to his rich neighbors. He likes to submit to a certain healthy authority. But he demands "a square deal." He is likely to get excited when his king or his boss or his employer or his railway magnate goes too far; and, when he is excited, he has a remarkably effective method of getting his demands enforced,—the thousand years just past have shown that,—and all this whether you like it or not.

MR. HARRIMAN CONSIDERS HIS RAILROADS HIS PRIVATE AFFAIRS

I have chosen E. H. Harriman to illustrate the railroad side, because he seems, on the whole, the most striking type of all the railroad magnates. His power is really autocratic. I have drawn the word "czar," as applied to his personality, not from western farmers, but from his very Wall Street associates. At the moment of writing, Hill seems in the ascendency, but no close observer of this thrilling fight can afford to ignore Harriman very long. He runs deep. His picture is never published in neswpapers or magazines except for a rare and stealthy snap-shot taken on the street. He does not talk for publication. I recently made an effort to talk with him and get his views on the subject of western railroad development. He refused unconditionally to see me.

This would be a trifling matter if it were not typical. Wall Street is where the spiders are,—and spiders never buzz. Harriman is a good man,—better than certain other millionaires because there is about him nothing of the Pharisee. His friends think of his quiet kindness. His business associates respect and admire him with something close to awe. He is deeply interested in boys' clubs and in good roads. Some years ago he organized a scientific party, and took it to Alaska, for study on the ground. He is honest even about his railroading, because, as I have said, he sees only the wonderfully complete logic of the structure he is building. The people, with their laws and their federal government, seem to him vague, inconsiderable things. Therefore he is unable to see why any mere individual or any mere periodical should meddle in his private affairs,—the railroads. He does not consider it worth while even to conciliate the people, for he can not see where the people come in. This control of the railroads is a mighty weapon. He proposes to swing it as he chooses,—he, one man, Edward H. Harriman,—and, if the blundering public wishes to keep safe, it would better get out of the way; though he will be very careful, and will try to swing economically and soundly. Least of all does he see that the blundering public has a weapon of its own, bigger than his, and that this public has a very heavy-handed way, now and then, of cutting free.

Harriman came into real prominence, in 1899, when he bought the Alton Railroad for forty-odd millions, organized a *railway* company to lease the *railroad* company, sold thirty-three to thirty-five million dollars' worth of new bonds and preferred stock, and retained the absolute voting control at a total cost of about nine millions,—or a majority of the voting stock at a cost of less than five millions. This was a very pretty maneuver, and it landed him in the governing chair of the Union Pacific.

Within a year or so after this he had aquired Southern Pacific and started after Northern. The panic of May, 1901, resulted, from which Harriman emerged with seventy-eight millions of the one hundred and fifty-five million dollars' worth of stock of the Northern Pacific,—a clear majority. Hill and Morgan promptly organized the Northern Securities Company, which took over about all the stock of both Northern Pacific and Great Northern. Then came the crusade of the separate states and of the federal government against this monster holding company, and finally the supreme court decided that it must return the stock to the original holders.

THERE ARE TWO THEORIES AS TO CONTROL OF PUBLIC PROPERTY

At this point Morgan executed one of his most brilliant *coups*. Instead of returning the original stock to its owners, he made a *pro rata* division, giving each holder a fixed per cent. of both Northern Pacific and Great Northern shares. This reduced Harriman from the position of majority holder in Northern Pacific to that of a minority holder in the two railroad companies. He protested, and the case went up again to the supreme court. Harriman claimed that Northern Securities merely held the original stock in trust,—Morgan, that that holding company had bought the shares of the two roads outright, paying for them in shares of the holding company, and that it was therefore free to liquidate through distribution of its assets *pro rata*. Harriman wanted to get back the identical shares that he had put in. His lawyers claimed, among other things, that on the *pro rata* plan Hill and Morgan would control both roads and so defeat the purpose of the court in dissolving the merger. They overlooked the fact that, if their plan should be accepted, the Harriman control of Union and Northern Pacific would be much easier to prove than Hill's control of the two Northern lines could ever be. The court had really but a choice of evils, and it chose Hill, who at once ousted the entire Harriman group from the Northern Pacific directorate and elected some of his friends, among them his own son, in their places. Thus, after these two manipulators have played football with the northwestern lines, and the legal power of the federal government has exhausted its ammunition in "defeating" them, it appears, now that the dust of the conflict is clearing away, that all the federal government has been able to batter down has been the name of the "Northern Securities Company." The real result of the government's action has been to restore Hill to his former undisputed control of two parallel and competing railroads.

Harriman undoubtedly lost ground in this skirmish. But it is well to remember that, before his defeat, he was supreme in three great lines from the Middle West to the Pacific, besides controlling strong holdings in such roads as Alton and Illinois Central and the Vanderbilt lines. After the defeat he is still seen in control of Union and Southern Pacific, and he is still a strong minority force in Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Santa Fé. It would be impossible to attack a single Pacific railroad without coming into contact with Harriman.

I can, perhaps, best sum up the two conflicting notions—the Wall Street idea and the Anglo-Saxon idea,—by quoting two representative men. The Wall Street man put it in this way: "You are right about this widespread unrest among the people, but you forget how big the men are who manage the corporations. When they see that the people out there are getting excited,"—this with an expressive gesture,—"they draw in a little,—just ease up a bit; and then they push out a little"—with another gesture,—"over here. It's elastic, you see,—it yields to pressure; but, when the pressure is removed, it springs back. No, these men know what they are about,—they will never press harder than the people will bear."

The other man is a westerner and manager of a large industry,—he might be called a small capitalist,—but he has kept his eyes open to what is going on about him. "Those fellows," he said, referring to the "magnates," "are riding to their end. Just wait until some politician pops up who is really big enough to lead the people,—there'll be something doing, then. Take my word for it."

THE MAGNATES THINK THEY HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO CONTROL

Now what is it, exactly, that the great consolidators have in view? To fall again into quotation, let me repeat in part a talk I had last winter with a railroad official who makes his headquarters in Chicago.

"I expect to see the day," observed this man, when dinner was over, "when all the railroads west of the Mississippi will be operated under a single management. The chaotic way we do things now is ruinous. All they are waiting for is to see which management it will be. Just for an illustration, take the case of our limited train to the coast. We run it as an advertisement, to keep the road in the public eye. We have n't the most direct route, and therefore we have really no business competing for through passenger traffic. Why, we gave Pullman *carte blanche* in building the train! It cost nearly a quarter of a million."

"So much as that?"

"Yes. You see the train has to be duplicated eight or ten times for so long a run. Now, with all the systems under one management, only one line, the most direct, would run a through limited train. By saving the loss on all the other lines, they would be able to reduce the fare to California forty per cent. Each of the other lines would, in the same way, develop only the region for which it is the most convenient route. Can't you see what a saving that would mean?"

"Yes," I replied, "but you are proposing to give to a single individual, or group of individuals, a tremendous, an incredible power. Do you think the man exists, under God's heaven, who could be trusted to wield it?"

"I think I know what you mean," he said, slowly and thoughtfully; "but, in attacking the present system of railroad management, you fellows forget one thing,—you forget that it is this very system which has developed our country as no country was ever before developed. And, when you say that a man like—well,—Mr. Hill has too much money and too much power, you forget, I think, that he has earned it,—every bit of it. He has built up the entire Northwest. What if he is a boss up there!—has n't he a right to run that section?"

James H. Eckels said much the same thing, in an after-dinner speech, a few months ago. The people forget, he said, how much the railroads have done for them.

Now, really, do the people forget? Have they neglected to reward these great captains for their splendid efforts? Such a question as this may be considered only in the light of our treatment of *all* the great captains who have contributed to our development. There have been a good many of them since George Washington. How have we recompensed them?

HOW HAVE THE PEOPLE REWARDED THEIR VARIOUS BENEFACTORS?

Let us begin with Washington himself. It is hardly necessary now to enumerate his services to this nation; I think it will be admitted that he did a great deal. The impression is strong in my mind that Washington himself, and his friends and descendants, felt that he was liberally rewarded with a few years of the presidency and an abiding sense of duty done. The idea of making a king of him and giving him the ownership of the thirteen states made little headway, and soon died; for, to the simple souls of that day, it was something to contribute to the birth and growth of a nation. Merely to serve one's country was worth living for. Mr. Harriman and Mr. Hill and Mr. Gould are giving their time to the development of the West, and they and their friends and followers feel that the only due recompense we can make them is to give them the control of this West. Doubtless the time of such men as these is of the greatest value. But men can give even more than their time. There

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After Mosby's Men

A LOVE AFFAIR OF THE CIVIL WAR

By Porter Emerson Browne

ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

With her slender, yet rounded figure outlined against the whiteness of the old manor, a dark-haired girl, gowned in black, stood watching the little band of cavalry that was riding swiftly along the dusty Virginia roadway. There were not many, scarce a hundred, in the band, and their weapons and uniforms showed hard service.

Her dark eyes scanned the column eagerly, as if seeking someone; and they sought not vainly, for suddenly a man at the rear of the line put spurs to his mount and dashed swiftly up the long, winding drive that led to the proud old house. He was young, this horseman, scarcely more than a boy, and his uniform was new and unsmirched by the dust and the mud of a hundred marches. He sat his small, black mare with the lithe ease of one who knows and loves horses, and his head was held proudly erect, while his eyes looked out fearlessly and determinedly from beneath the low visor of his cap.

At the steps he reined in his mount and leaped lightly from the saddle, casting the reins over the head of the mare, which immediately fell to cropping the rank grass upon the uncared-for lawn.

A flush of welcome rose to the girl's cheeks, and she ran swiftly down the steps. The boy took the hand that she held out to him, and into his gray eyes there leaped a look of gladness at her welcome.

"Your appointment has come?" said the girl, half inquiringly, as one who asks a question, knowing its answer. "I am glad."

"Yes," he replied, brightly, "and I am starting on active service. We are after Mosby's men, you know."

The girl's cheeks whitened a little. Her eyes sought the dark green of the distant hills.

"There will be danger," she said, almost to herself.

"Yes," he replied, gaily, with the confidence of the very young; "but, the greater the danger, the quicker the promotion. I shall come back a captain, or even a major. Who knows?"

The boy became serious. He still held her hand.

"There is something I want to tell you," he said, slowly, almost shyly.

Her dark eyes left the distant hill and rested calmly on his own.

"But I won't say it now," he continued, seriously,—very seriously. "I will wait until I have won my spurs,—until men shall know me and respect me."

Her dark eyes still gazed into his, and her hand still rested in his. She did not speak.

"You will give me something to wear,—a favor?" he asked. "I would like to wear in my first battle something that has belonged to you."

The girl slowly withdrew her hand from his and took from her hair its confining ribbon, and the loosened tresses fell in a glowing mass about her rounded shoulders as she handed him the bit of silk.

"Thank you!" he said, and that was all. But the words held a meaning that both understood. He held the ribbon to his lips, and then, removing his cap, bound it firmly about it so that the bow rested upon the leather visor.

The little band of mounted men was now far down the dusty highway, and the troopers in front had disappeared over the crest of a little rise. The boy reached for the reins of his mare and tossed them lightly back over her head. "I must go," he said. "We ride fast, you know."

The girl held out her hand. "Good-by!" she said, simply; "may God care for you!"

Bending, the boy touched his lips lightly to the white hand that she held out to him.

"And for you and yours," he said, softly,—"always!"

"I will not tell you to be brave and true," she said, "for I know that there is no need. But for your safety"—her lips grew white and fear leaped to her eyes,—"I shall pray."

He vaulted lightly to the saddle, and, touching the mare's sleek flank with his heel, sped off at a gallop down the drive and turned into the highway. Once he looked back and waved his hand, and she answered with her handkerchief. Then she stood there watching,—watching while he vanished over the crest of the little hill and into the blood-red eye of the setting sun.

* * * * * * *

It was not much of a battle. In fact, history alludes to it (when it does allude to it,) as a skirmish,—a very small skirmish, at that. But to the boy it was more,—much more.

They had charged across a cornfield toward an indistinct crowd of gray-clad men, huddled about a small fieldpiece. On all sides had been pushing, reeking horses, and men with set eyes and dry, drawn lips, who breathed deep curses and shrieked wild profanity as they spurred their frenzied mounts and waved their sabers drunkenly.

A horse had gone down, and its rider, and the rest had trodden upon their prostrate bodies. The boy had a glimpse of wild, staring eyes, and a set, white face, and then the hoof of the next man's horse had blotted all from view. A shot from the fieldpiece wrought further havoc in the ranks, and a man upon his left, reeled and reeled like a drunken thing and then fell from his horse, which dashed wildly across the cornfield to fall kicking and screaming among the green stalks. He was in the midst of warfare.

Then had come the attack. Frenzied horses blew their fetid breath against his face. Men struck with sabers that gleamed wickedly against the blue sky, or shot with revolvers that cracked like the breaking of dry bones. There was dust in the air and the dank smell of warm blood, and upon the ground were ugly, sprawling shapes and shrieking horses.

There had been the sharp cough of exhaled breath as a man struck with his saber; the sickening thud that followed told that the blade had buried itself in human flesh. There had been the wild screamings and cursings of the wounded, the groaning of the dying, and, about him, eyes gleaming with the lust of slaughter,—bared teeth like those of ravening wolves. And over it all there rested a thick pall of dust like the miasma that covers the dank vileness of a swamp.

Hotchkiss, who carried the guidon, was by his side, holding the tiny flag in his left hand while he struck and thrust with the blade which he clutched in his right. And now a man in a gray uniform came out of the smoke and dust, with his saber raised. The blade descended, but Hotchkiss was unable to successfull dodge it. He lurched from his saddle and fell beneath the plunging hoofs.

As he did so, the boy swung toward him and clutched the falling flag. The man in gray towered above him, the red blade raised again. Involuntarily the boy, shortening his saber, thrust. He felt his point meet some soft substance that resisted,—and then resisted no more. The man in gray had vanished.

Then something struck the boy on the left arm. It did not hurt much, but he lost all feeling in his hand. He saw the guidon falling. Letting go his saber, which swung by its knot from his wrist, the boy, leaning quickly over, caught the falling flag in his right hand, and then, with an effort, swung once again erect in his saddle.

Then he found himself once more upon the highway, and his mare, with frightened neighings and fast-flying feet, was bearing him back along the road down which they had ridden so confidently but a few moments before. His heart felt shriveled in his breast, and his eyes closed, striving to shut out the seene that they had looked upon. He let his mare choose her own course.

He felt a dull throbbing in his arm. He had not noticed it before. He looked down and saw the blood dripping from the fingers of his left hand upon the white dust of the road. The guidon rested before him on the pommel of the saddle, and, lifting it up, he thrust the dark staff under his left thigh, where it rested securely. Then, taking off his coat and slinging it across the withers of his mare, he bound up the gash in his arm—bound it slowly and painfully, with right hand and teeth, wrapping it with the sleeve of his shirt. Then he put on his coat again, for the gash in his left breast he could not reach, and he had nothing with which to bind it; and, anyhow, it did n't seem to matter much.

Night had long since fallen. It had been almost dusk when they had charged, and he had ridden many miles since then. Where was he

"'GOD WILLING,' HE CRIED, 'I'M GOING BACK'"

going? Where were the others? Why was he not with them?

Suddenly, as suddenly as a flash of lightning in a summer sky, it came to him. He had run away! He was a coward!

He forgot the pain in his arm and breast; he forgot the hunger and the awful, burning thirst; he forgot the horrible turmoil through which he had passed. He was a coward,—a coward! In his first battle he had run away!

Straight in his saddle he sat, gazing into the darkness before him, his face even whiter than before, and his eyes set and staring. The realization had come to him with the suddenness and force of an unexpected blow in the face. He was a coward!

He saw it in the darkness on every side. The whip-poor-wills sang it from the dark thickets by the roadside. The frogs croaked it in the distant swamp. The stars, in the blackness of the sky, wrote it in bright letters of fire, like the points of flashing sabers. The night breezes whispered it and the hoofs of his horse on the dust-covered roadway said, "Coward! Coward! Coward! Coward!"

He was but a boy, after all, and he did not know that the rest of the blue-clad riders who had gone so confidently after "Mosby's men" were either dead or prisoners. It was his code that he should win or die,—and he had not won!

A feeling of infinite weariness came over him, and he placed one hand on the neck of his mare and leaned his head upon it. As he did so, his hand touched the little knot of ribbon on the visor, and he sat erect again so suddenly that the drops fell yet faster from his hand to the dust of the road.

Slowly, very slowly, he untied the ribbon from his cap. The hand which held the loosened ribbon moved slowly toward his white, drawn lips,—moved slowly, very slowly. Then, despite the hungry longing of the eyes, it stopped, wavering as if in uncertainty. But, at last, it hesitated no more, and, unbuttoning the bosom of the coat, it placed therein the bit of silk that, only yesterday evening, had been given him by the dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, on the wide veranda of the old house,—had been given to him, a coward!

His sword still hung from his wrist. He took its hilt in his right hand, caressing the blade. Then, slowly and with great effort, he caught the point of the saber in his almost helpless left hand and, still holding the hilt with his right, rested the shining steel across the pommel of his saddle. His dishonor should be requited in every way possible. He bore down suddenly upon the blade. Once, twice, thrice he pressed. The bright steel snapped. He shut his eyes and cast the pieces from him, but the hilt still swung from his wrist.

The mare stopped. She turned her large eyes toward him and whinnied softly. The boy opened his eyes and looked weakly about him. There before him was the white house, with its broad veranda and huge, fluted columns. The mare whinnied again, waiting for her master to dismount. But he sat in silence, gazing at the house before him.

There was a light in one of the chambers,—her room. On this he fixed his eyes and gazed long and steadily. The little mare, with hanging head, neighed again, impatiently, but her rider made no response. He began to feel faint, and weary, very weary. The pain in his arm would no longer be denied.

A faintness overcame him, and he placed his right hand upon the neck of his mare to steady himself. But his eyes never left the chamber window with its soft, yellow glow.

* * * * * *

The dark-eyed girl, lying awake in the chamber of the big white house, heard through her half-open window the dull neighing of a horse and the clank of a scabbard against a spurred heel. Leaping lightly from her bed, her hair tumbling about her shoulders, she ran to the window and looked out into the moonlight.

Afar she could dimly see the distant hills, rising, phantom-like and vague, against the studded darkness of the sky. The huge trees that lined the drive caught the wavering moonlight, and sifted it in strange patterns upon the ground beneath. From across the silver river came the hooting of an owl, long-drawn and dismal. She shivered a little.

Then she saw the young soldier sitting there upon the little black mare, and she called to him softly; but he did not hear.

She hurried to her dressing table, and, hastily clothing herself, coiled her hair into a dark knot. Then, swiftly, she descended the stairs.

As she opened the wide door and stepped out upon the veranda, he heard her. His hand clinched more firmly in the mane of his mount, and he sat straight, but unsteady, in the saddle.

There was a light in her eyes as she went to his side, the light of welcome and of something else. The boy saw it, and turned away.

"You have come back to me a victor," she cried, softly, a great gladness in her voice.

She rested her hand lightly upon the neck of the little black.

"I am proud, and glad, and, oh, so thankful!" she went on, her great joy not letting her notice his averted face.

She moved yet closer to the mare's withers. Her fingers caressed the silken mane and her eyes were on it.

"To the victor," she said, at length, softly, very softly, "belong the spoils," and, with a pretty, impetuous lift of her head, she turned to him red, curved lips, and dancing eyes.

A groan burst from the white lips of the boy.

The lightness left her eyes. "What is it?" she cried, anxiously. "What is the matter?"

"I am—a coward," he said, simply. His voice was low and broken.

The girl laughed a little. "You must not try to joke with me," she remonstrated, gaily, "when I have shown myself so glad to see you, and so unmaidenly."

"I am a coward," he reiterated, with dull persistency. He was fumbling in the breast of his uniform.

His manner frightened her. She stood silent, clutching the mane of the little mare.

"There was a battle," he said, dully, monotonously. "There were screams and curses and swords red with blood. Men were killed and horses went down, screaming, and those that still stood trod them into the dirt and killed them there among the cornstalks. A cannon went off. Parker, of my company, was killed; I saw his body on the ground. Then Hotchkiss was killed." He paused, but continued to fumble heavily at his breast.

"I don't know what happened after that," he said, slowly and with great effort, "except that everyone was trying to kill everyone else, and the dust choked me and the air was filled with the smell of blood and the groans of men and the screams of horses. And then," he continued, simply, "I ran away."

He had finished searching in the breast of his coat and now he held his right hand toward her, and in it was a bit of ribbon. As he held it, a drop fell from the end to the drive beneath, and another.

The girl took it, wondering. It was her ribbon which she had given him but yesterday. It felt wet, and the white hand that held it was stained with red. But she did not notice.

"You did not give it to a—coward," he said, slowly. "No, you did not give it—to—a—coward."

As he finished speaking, he leaned forward heavily and then slid slowly from the saddle. The freed guidon fell to the drive, its tiny flag covering the ugly blotch upon the dust.

As he fell, she caught him by the arm and noticed that his sleeve was wet. She looked at her hand. It was red, too.

With a low, moaning cry, she fell upon her knees beside him and, snatching the heavy cap from his head, pushed back the damp, matted curls.

There was no one to help her. The servants had fled. Her grandfather was old and bed-ridden. But she found in her lithe young body a strength that she had not known before. Placing her hands beneath his arms, she dragged him, step by step, across the driveway, his spurs making strange tracks in the dust. The black mare, looking on with wide, wondering eyes, whinnied softly.

Slowly and laboriously, she lifted him up the steps and onto the veranda, and then across and through the door. Then she knelt once more beside him and, deftly slitting away his clothing, dressed the wounds. When this was done she fell to chafing his hands, watching all the while with frightened, eager eyes.

At length he moved a little, and his eyes slowly opened. At first they gazed about wonderingly, wearily; but, as they rested upon her, there came into them a pitiful expression of suffering,—of self-abasement.

"I am a coward," he said, dully.

The dark masses of her hair shook in positive denial. "You a coward?" she cried,—"no, no, no!"

"I am a coward," he persisted, doggedly.

Slowly the girl raised her eyes from the white face and gazed unseeingly before her through the open door, while thought traced tiny lines between the perfect arches of her brows. The silence was unbroken save by the gutteral booming of distant frogs and the quavering cry of a whip-poor-will. At length she looked again at the boy.

"Your wounds," she said, "are not dangerous,—and for that I thank God, oh, *so* much! You are weak now from loss of blood and from the horror of it all. But when you shall have recovered once more from your hurts,—when you shall be again as you were yesterday,—then you are going back again, after Mosby's men, are n't you?" Though she spoke as one asking a question, the tone of her voice and the soft glow in her eyes showed that already she knew the answer.

The boy lifted himself a little upon one weak arm.

"God willing," he cried, earnestly, tensely.

Gently she leaned over and kissed him.

"I knew," she whispered, softly, "that I did not love a coward."

Wind and Lyre

By Edwin Markham

Thou art the wind and I the lyre:
Strike, O Wind, on the sleeping strings—
Strike till the dead heart stirs and sings!
I am the altar and thou the fire:
Burn, O Fire, to a whitened flame—
Burn me clean of the mortal blame!

I am the night and thou the dream:
Touch me softly and thrill me deep,
When all is white on the hills of sleep.
Thou art the moon and I the stream:
Shine to the trembling heart of me,
Light my soul to the mother-sea.

Scheming to Stay in Congress

A STUDY OF THE EXPEDIENTS RESORTED TO BY SOME MEMBERS TO HOLD THEIR PLACES IN UNCLE SAM'S BIG LAW FACTORY AT WASHINGTON

By C. Arthur Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. G. WILLIAMSON

A WESTERNER, who was enjoying his first view of congress in action, remarked that the house seemed to be pretty fair table land, with but few peaks, meaning thereby to convey the idea that the average of the more numerous legislative body is fair, but that the number of really great figures in it is small. Of course, this opinion is not universally held, for greatness is only a relative quality, after all. Some observers are much more favorably impressed than was this plain-speaking individual from the picturesque land of mountains and plains; but there are undoubtedly others to whom the house, as a body, does not appeal with any greater force than it evidently did to him. It is well known to *habitués* of the galleries at the capitol that the effect produced on many who see and hear the country's lawmakers for the first time is reflected by comments similar to that quoted. A typical question is, "How on earth did this one or that get in?" and frequently this is subsequently changed to "How does he manage to stay in?"

In numerous cases it is obviously true that congressmen are representative in more than name alone. But it is also true that many districts which contain citizens of more than ordinary ability are represented by men who do not rise above mediocrity, and who sometimes fall far below it. Some lucky accident of politics, some deadlock which provides an opening for a "dark horse," some unfathomable "pull" with the powers that be, or some unexpected party landslide, is often responsible for the entry of such persons into the halls of congress; but none of these things explains how they contrive to remain in, term after term, in spite of the fact that the impossibility of fooling all the people all the time is popularly supposed to have been conclusively demonstrated.

About Fifteen per cent. of the Members are Active Workers

A study of the expedients resorted to by some members, in their efforts to retain their seats, is always interesting, though often the reverse of edifying. Only a comparatively small proportion of them are returned because they are really able men, capable of properly handling great matters of state and of giving to the more popular branch of "the greatest legislative body in the world" that dignity and strength which it should ever possess. Such men are sent back, year after year, as they should be. In most cases they secure their renominations without serious opposition, and sometimes they are relieved of the necessity of measuring strength with a candidate from the other party, even in districts where there might be a chance of victory for that other party were a real contest to be made. A notable instance of this was furnished during the last campaign, when the Democratic nominee for congress in the Twenty-first Ohio District declined to oppose Theodore E. Burton, the Republican who has represented that district for ten years without a break, on the ground that the interests of the people could not be better cared for than by Mr. Burton; and that, moreover, a man of such recognized ability should not be removed from a field wherein he is such a commanding figure. Such cases are rare, but they are occasionally in evidence, nevertheless.

Of the three hundred and eighty-six members of the house, not more than fifteen per cent. give to great, vital questions the attention that should be given them. The others follow their leaders or their individual interests. With but few exceptions, the members composing this fifteen per cent. have no difficulty in retaining their seats indefinitely; although, as was the case last November, the unexpected sometimes happens and good men as well as indifferent ones are carried away by a political storm. Ordinarily the really capable congressmen are almost constantly in the public eye in connection with weighty governmental matters. Their influence and their ability to serve the whole country as well as their individual constituencies are increased with each succeeding term, and it is realized that the experiment of replacing them with new and untried material would partake but little of wisdom.

Among such are Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, and Minority Leader John Sharp Williams. Mr. Williams had a very exciting fight on his hands, during the congressional campaign of 1902, and at times there were grave doubts as to his ability to secure renomination at the hands of his party; but that state of affairs grew out of the redistricting of Mississippi under the reapportionment following the census of 1900, which resulted in the taking away of some of his old counties and the addition of new ones.

"TO INFLUENCE 'THE BOYS' AT HOME"

Some Representatives Feel Permanently Secure in their Seats

Changes in district boundaries threw two other Democratic congressmen into the same territory as Mr. Williams, and, naturally, each of the three had his enthusiastic following. But Mr. Williams was successful, and now it is unlikely that he will have any difficulty in being renominated as long as he wishes to come back to the house; while, of course, his defeat by a Republican is beyond the limits of the possible, under present conditions, just as is the speaker's defeat by a Democrat. Among others of whom much the same could be said are Champ Clark, of Missouri; Edgar D. Crumpacker, of Indiana; John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania; David A. DeArmond, of Missouri; Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio; James Hay, of Virginia; William P. Hepburn, of Iowa; Robert R. Hitt, of Illinois; John A. T. Hull, of Iowa; Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts; Sereno E. Payne, of New York; Cyrus A. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, and some less prominent ones. A noteworthy case is that of Thomas H. Ball, of Texas, who resigned to resume his professional work after three full terms and a part of a fourth, and who has since been frequently pressed to become a candidate again.

Those who do not figure in this fifteen per cent. confine their work, in connection with measures of national importance, to their votes—which are seldom in opposition to the course agreed on in their party caucuses,—and to an occasional speech which, in many cases, is not actually delivered on the floor of the house, but appears in the "Congressional Record," under the "leave to print" privilege. Less than five per cent. of the bills introduced by this class relate to public business. Instead, they have to do with matters bearing directly or indirectly on the congressman's hope of renomination and re-election. The total number of house bills introduced during the first session of the fifty-eighth congress (including the special session,) was 15,576. Of these, only 1,645 were public measures. The other 13,931 were private. Two hundred and sixty-four public laws were enacted and 1,896 private laws. Much of the proposed private legislation was put in without any thought of its ultimate passage; but, whether it was expected to pass or not, and whether it was pushed or not, the purpose of its introduction was generally the same,—to give an impression of activity and influence "the boys" at home.

A congressman who represents a district which contains a large number of men who fought in the Union army during the war between the sections may always strengthen his fences through the pension legislation he is enabled to control. If he fails to get what he wants, after repeated visits to the ugly red pension office in Judiciary Square, he puts a private pension bill into the house hopper and pushes it through. The number of such bills passed by every congress is almost startling. One afternoon, during the last session, three hundred and forty-two were enacted into law in one hour and fifty-two minutes by the clock. Measures correcting military records, removing charges of desertion, increasing pensions, etc., are introduced by the hundred. Not less than thirty-five per cent. of the whole membership of congress relies on this character of legislation to keep up the proper amount of interest and appreciation in the places where the votes come from. The handling of the numerous details connected with the nation's public lands, the building of irrigation canals and similar business help out ten per cent. more. Senator Francis G. Newlands, of Nevada, formerly a member of the house, has made himself well-nigh invincible by his persistent advocacy of the big irrigation bill passed by the fifty-seventh congress, and he is only one of several. When the opposition attempted to take the credit away from him, he clinched matters by inducing the national convention of his party to refer to the "Newlands Bill" in its platform.

AN ALL-IMPORTANT WATER WAY

Another thirty-five per cent. of the congressmen rely on river and harbor legislation to carry them through. It should not be understood that there is any undue amount of "pork" in the big river and harbor appropriation bills which are passed by nearly every congress, for T. E. Burton, who, for several years, has been chairman of the house committee which first prepares these measures, is one of the most conscientious men in congress, and he gives such careful personal attention to most of the projects for which government aid is asked that wrongful application of the public funds to them is well-nigh impossible. The point is that the congressman who has waterways or harbors in his district, and who sees to it that they are properly cared for, acquires a degree of strength which goes a long way toward sending him back to represent his constituents in Washington as often as he desires to go.

Many bills relating to proposed improvements are introduced which are not included in the big general measures, but sometimes they do almost as much good as if they were passed, so far as their effect on the voters is concerned, especially if the introducer is of the minority party. Then he can assert that the demons of the other side prevented favorable action on his projects, and thus kept justice from her throne. In addition to the dozens of harbors along our long coast line, from Passamaquoddy Bay to the mouth of the Rio Grande, on the east and the south, and from Puget Sound to San Diego Bay, on the west, there are many large rivers which are constantly demanding attention, and which give the congressmen in whose districts they lie a chance to make themselves solid. When these are exhausted, the smaller streams and waterways are taken up, and then Raccoon Creek, Goat Run and Squash Bayou—these names have all appeared in bills introduced in the house, by the way,—come to the front.

"FOR REMEMBRANCES OF MEN OF FOREIGN BIRTH"

Not many years ago a man who had persistently brought the claims of a pet project before the river and harbor committee, broke down when he saw that his reiterated arguments were having no effect.

"Gentlemen," he said, to the assembled committeemen, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "I 'll be quite frank with you. If I fail to get the appropriation I am asking for, I will fail to get back to congress. I know this is an unmanly exhibition, but—it means *so* much to me!" —and the tears continued to flow.

SEEDS AND SOME SIMILAR THINGS OFTEN HELP THEM TO WIN

Subsequent events proved that he was a prophet. His project was not recognized in the bill reported by the committee, and, as he predicted, his defeat followed. He managed to get back, however, after two terms at home, and he is a member of congress to-day.

Thus, broadly speaking, we have ninety-five per cent. of the house's membership provided for in one way or another. The remaining five per cent. find that the road back to Washington every two years is up hill and filled with obstacles. The men who make up this proportion, having few or no pensionable constituents, and no rivers and harbors to care for,—nothing, in short, to definitely identify them with any of the classes already enumerated,—frequently find themselves in desperate straits. They naturally pay more attention to the distribution of garden seeds, maps, public documents, and other official incidentals than do their more fortunate brethren. In the fifty-seventh congress, the seat of John S. Rhea, of the Third Kentucky District, was contested by McKenzie Moss. The latter won. When he took up the work of his new position, he found that his predecessor, during the time consumed by the hearing of the contest, had secured and distributed in the district every package of seed, every map, and every publication of any kind to which the representative of the Third Kentucky District was entitled. Rhea was a member of the house, in the fifty-eighth congress, having been elected by a majority of seven hundred and sixty-four votes over Moss. It is reasonable to infer that the seeds and similar things helped him to win.

The bills introduced by the members of this five-per-cent. class have a wide and wonderful range. Sometimes they provide for statues of dead heroes whose memories are revered at home. Many such bills were put in last year, several of them asking appropriations for marble or bronze remembrances of men of foreign birth. In every case of this kind one could be sure of finding, in the districts whose representatives were responsible for the proposed legislation, a large number of voters of the nationality thus sought to be honored. Particular attention is paid to the omnibus bill making appropriations for public buildings and grounds, and many thousands of dollars of the people's money have been expended in the erection of post offices, etc., when practically the only warrant was the influence of congressmen who thus used the government's resources to their own advantage. Bridge bills, court bills, claims, etc., are numerous under this head, and many a freak measure advocated by some insistent constituent or constituents has been introduced by hard-pressed congressmen who, were they sure of their seats, would not give such matters the slightest consideration. Appointments to West Point and Annapolis are frequently made to do hard service, and positions for constituents in the government departments are persistently sought. A bill providing for the establishment of four permanent camps of military instruction was before the last congress. It is generally regarded as a meritorious measure; but it was doubtless pressed all the harder because at least three or four lawmakers hoped that its passage would help them back into office. It even figured, to some extent, in the bitter factional fight among the Republicans of Wisconsin, former Senator Joseph V. Quarles and Representative J. J. Esch having manifested unusual interest in it; the former, especially, having given his people to understand that its success might depend on the election of a legislature which would return him to the senate.

THE MEMBERS HEED CAREFULLY THE SENTIMENT OF THEIR DISTRICTS

Down in Texas it formed one of the main issues between the contestants for the Democratic nomination in the San Antonio District, where one of the proposed camps would have been located had the bill passed in the form recommended by the committees on military affairs of both houses.

Most of the members making up this five-per-cent. class commit themselves on no big public question until they ascertain the sentiment in their respective districts. If the Simons at home seem to say "thumbs up," thumbs up it is, regardless of the congressman's convictions or the merits of the matter. One very youthful representative from a southern state persistently declined, in the spring of 1904, to say whom he preferred for the presidential nomination of his party, because he thought there existed in his district a strong feeling for William R. Hearst, although his state, as a whole, seemed to favor Alton B. Parker, and, indeed, instructed its convention delegates for Parker, at the proper time. "I don't care who is nominated or who is president," said this congressman, one day, on being pressed for an expression of opinion,—"I want to come back to congress."

J. W. Babcock, chairman of the Republican congressional committee, has not been in accord with the dominant element of his party on the tariff question for some years past; but, since the changes he has favored have been satisfactory to his constituents, he was always able to view the situation with equanimity until the unusual complications arose in the Badger State, last year. And then, even in the face of the fact that his Democratic opponent received many Republican votes, Mr. Babcock won. His plurality was uncomfortably small, it is true; but he won. Speaker Cannon first made himself absolutely solid in his district by securing a soldiers' home for Danville,—a project which was bitterly fought by Republicans as well as by Democrats. The fiery Benjamin R. Tillman, over in the senate, was not liked in aristocratic Charleston, South Carolina, until he pressed a bill providing for the establishment of a naval station there.

James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, has many dairies in his district, to which fact some of his persistent advocacy of the bill placing a tax of ten cents per pound on oleomargarine, colored in imitation of butter, may have been due. William S. Cowherd, who was chairman of the last Democratic congressional committee, represented the Kansas City, Missouri, District for four terms. This has been generally regarded as normally Republican; but Mr. Cowherd held out until last November's Republican landslide in Missouri, because, in addition to other sources of strength, he had the credit of opposing this same oleomargarine bill.

"IT MEANS SO MUCH TO ME"

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"THE 'GOOD THING' IS LURED ABOARD A LUXURIOUS YACHT FOR A SAIL,—AND THEN HE LEARNS ABOUT GREAT SCHEMES"

Just Plain "Graft"

A UNIVERSAL PRACTICE DATING FROM THE BEGINNING OF HISTORY, AND NOW PERVADING ALL OUR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.—THE CHIEF CAUSE OF ALL THE GREAT WARS AND SUFFERINGS OF HUMANITY

By Hosmer Whitfield

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To comptroller of supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart civilians?
Thus, the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning,
Is, to-day, official sinning,
And shall be forevermore.—KIPLING.

When the halves are equal, the wholes are equal.—An indisputable mathematical axiom.

When a man is half asleep, he is half awake.—A self-evident fact.

Therefore,—when a man is sound asleep, he is wide awake.

THIS is the grafter's syllogism, and his reasoning, like this, is what makes him so puzzling for the time being, but so hopelessly wrong in the end. If there is a weak spot in any system, there is where the grafter plants his weed and leaches till the public that he thought was sound asleep proves itself wide awake, when he is cut off forever from either honest or dishonest profit. But let us see what grafting is.

"Graft," like its attendant words, "grafter" and "grafting," is modern, to a certain extent, although "grafter" is used by Shakespeare as a term of disparagement with a hint of the same meaning as is by common consent given to the word to-day. "Steal" is the mother word of all such terms, such as "bunco," "flimflam," and "graft;" but, like all other words, each has a precise meaning distinctly its own.

THE GRAFTER MUST NOT KILL HIS GOOSE TO GET THE GOLDEN EGGS

Passing over the hosts of others, let us try to define "graft." Most dictionaries do not, by the way. "Graft," in its fundamental sense, goes back to the garden, where the gardener attaches a branch of one shrub, tree, or vine, to the parent stem of another, thus enabling the attached branch to live on the parent stem. Needless to say, if the parent stem dies, then dies the grafted branch. 'T is just the same in business or politics: a graft is a branch business grafted to the main business, and it lives on that main business—usually in secret,—in the sense of a parasite. When one grafts he must take only a part, leaving something in the main business, for if the graft kills the main business then the graft necessarily dies with it, and the whole thing changes to something else, say a "swindle." A single parasitic transaction hardly constitutes a graft, in the usual sense of the word, for the grafting must be more or less continuous. A graft on a large scale is a "steal."

JACOB KNEW HOW TO GET A LITTLE EXTRA PROFIT ON THE SIDE

Real out-and-out theft is not grafting—such as a bank teller disappearing with funds,—for the process of grafting must be more or less regular, and it is usually associated with bribery. In fact, in politics, grafting almost always takes the form of bribery, although not so in business. Grafting, by the way, never is directly dependent on violence, as is highway robbery,—but violence, even unto murder, is often employed indirectly to protect a graft. Although the word "graft" is, perhaps, less than ten years old,—in its modern sense,—yet the age and extent of grafting is appalling and world-wide. Grafting, like most other things universal, is mentioned in the Bible. Note Jacob's graft when he put up the striped sticks at the watering places so that the stock would have young of mixed colors, all of which, by previous agreement, belonged to him. But the peeled sticks were not mentioned or even thought of,—at least, by the other parties,—and were a little "side issue" of Jacob's that brought him extra profit "on the side," reducing the other's share accordingly.

Thus grafting, to quote Rudyard Kipling again, is an ancient and more or less honorable profession. A graft is an intelligent perquisite. It is a curious mental fact that the grafter may be perfectly honest and honorable in any and every thing except his graft.

Grafting is always "sharp practice," although sharp practice is not always grafting. A lawyer may resort to sharp practice,—in fact, most lawyers do, yet without grafting. Grafting is confined to a direct monetary gain. Although the central meaning of grafting is clear, usage has not yet made its frontier meaning clean-cut, and, perhaps, never will; but the foregoing attempt to define the word is probably comprehensive enough for the present day, and sufficient for the purposes of this article.

But, deep-rooted and widespread though grafting is, here and there, in history, we find a man that was no grafter; instead, he was usually a martyr —although some martyrs have been the greatest of grafters. Socrates, Luther and Lincoln were free from graft.

A great many people graft without knowing it; or, rather, without stopping to think of the matter in the right light, or through a dislike of calling a spade a spade. If school-teachers were to be called grafters, there would be a roar, yet it is beyond intelligent dispute that the schools of America are honeycombed with graft in its worst form. The children learn from books, and almost every schoolbook used somehow, usually indirectly, reeks with graft. School boards do not, as a rule, buy schoolbooks solely on their merits, but because of "influence," sometimes as direct "commission," but more often because the members of the board have been approached in various ways by powerful friends and politicians who had "an interest" in seeing this or that book thrown out and another put in its place.

From the books the graft runs even to the bricks in the schoolhouse walls, and down into the sub-basement where the coal is burned. A member of the board may be a certain prominent citizen who owns a large factory that consumes thousands of tons of coal yearly. The reduction of a few cents, even, on a ton, means, in the total, a large saving to him,—and, if he uses his influence to have the school coal of a large city bought from a certain coal dealer, that dealer, in turn, sees that the member of the board gets a reduction on his factory coal. Another member may be a dealer in lumber, or a banker, and, if a certain large, fat contract is let to a certain firm, that firm, in turn, keeps its bank account in a certain bank or sublets part of the contract to a firm of which the board is a silent partner. It is notorious that school histories are incorrect, especially concerning the Civil War, yet certain forms of graft prevent them from being changed. It is also nearly a proverb among writers that to write a text-book is one matter, and to "introduce" it through the book trust is quite another.

"THAT 'S A PRETTY EXPENSIVE PYRAMID," SAID CHEOPS

Charity and "Religion" Are often Great Fields for Graft

Nor are many "religious" organizations free from graft. They furnish rich fields for the grafter; not only the following that preys on the body, but also a herd of church-workers, who, in turn, prey on the public, almost always under the name of charity. Verily, charity covereth a multitude of sins. Out of the thousands and even millions of dollars that, each year, are given to the poor in America, a large part sticks to the thousands of fingers through which it must pass before reaching the needy. Such grafts are piously hidden under the names of "reports," "managers," "clerk hire," "office rent," or "investigations." Many and many a man and woman hold well-paid positions in the thousand and one charitable institutions, at twice or three times the "salaries" they are worth or could get elsewhere. Many a woman unable to make a boarding house pay, because of poor management and fussy, testy personal manners, has turned her house into a "rescue home" and cultivated a bank account, besides getting her name and picture frequently in the newspapers. Not only are sums collected from the public, but the other end of the graft is also worked for all it is worth, by demanding discounts on everything bought "in the name of charity." Ask any manager of a large department store,—he will tell you. The one thing graft is always biting into is the home.

Our homes are invaded by graft of all kinds,—some poisonous, in the way of adulterated foods. So great has this graft become that the government has taken a hand and is trying to curb the curse, but it has a serious battle on its hands. With the itching-handed legislators at their feet, the sellers of poisons under the name of food are fighting every effort of honest men to see that babies in their cradles get pure milk, and that men and women get pure meat and bread. *Murder* it is, only one degree removed. With one hundred babies a day dying in the sweltering heat of New York City, for the want of ice and pure milk, the ice trust and the milk trust raised their prices, bribed, tricked, made money, and murdered babies. The fathers of these dead little ones, for two dollars a vote, clothe their killers with power. Which is more guilty, he who murders a gasping little one for thirty cents on a pound of ice, or the father who lets him do it for two dollars? One is Joseph; the other, Judas. While the babies were dying, a grafter paid five thousand dollars for a dog.

Graft in politics is at present so widespread and so well known that it seems an insult to human intelligence to more than mention it. In every little hamlet on mountain or plain, up through the towns to the big cities and beyond, even to where it flourishes the worst, there rests the curse of graft. The late Spanish-American War not only could have been avoided but for graft, but it was even actually brought on by graft. The tobacco trust, the sugar trust, the yellow journals, the huge packing firms, and the politicians all wanted the war; for war meant Cuba and the Philippines as rich fields for the grafters in power sailing under the false flags of "patriotism" and "national honor."

THE FIRST CORNER IN WHEAT ON RECORD

More Soldiers Have Been Killed in War by Graft than Bullets

But when the soldiers were in Cuba and in the far islands of the Orient, the grafters in the West sent them rotten horse meat in cans for food, and collected from other grafters in Washington, with whom they divided, the highest of prices for choice beef. A most honorable secretary of war, who, when his personal graft was seared in the newspapers, "refused to retreat under fire," sneaked away from his position of national trust under his money bags of private graft. Graft prolonged the Civil War, and, after it, brought a greater curse on the suffering South,—the carpetbagger. If a general of a political faith opposite to that of those in power in Washington could have won the Civil War, he would surely have been the next president. Hence, several times, these soulless grafters not only hindered but actually prevented a victorious move that, if it would not have ended the terrible fight, would have greatly shortened it. Yet, at the critical moment, when he was about to win, the grafters stepped in behind the throne and pulled him off or held him back till another, who would probably be more useful to them later as president, could be put in his place. From the flag above their heads down to the shoes dropping, when a few days old, from their torn feet, the soldiers of the Civil War suffered from graft. Northern graft killed more Union men than did southern bullets. Read the hospital and the commissary reports of the Civil War, and study the methods and the results of the "army contractor,"—and talk with any old soldier. For years I have asked this question of every intelligent man that I know: "Why was the Civil War fought?" And not from either books or men have I been able to get an intelligent answer. "To free the negro" is the usual—one might almost say, the popular.—answer, yet slavery was recognized both during and after the Civil War. More and more the answer seems to be in one word, and that word is "graft." If slave labor had been profitable in the North, there would have been no war. If slave labor had been unprofitable in the South, there would have been no war. "Slavery," to either side, meant nothing,—but the profits and the competition of slavery meant everything. Going farther back,—it is now far enough away so that we all can speak of it safely!—it is generally acknowledged that the Mexican War was due solely to graft,—national, of course, but, nevertheless, graft. And the next war behind that,—that of 1812,—but we Americans claim that the grafting was all on England's part. Perhaps it was; yet the cause was graft, no matter on whose part it may have been. It was the same with the Revolutionary War,—"unjust taxation" is simon-pure graft, or I know not what graft is. Is not the howl going up all over the United States, to-day, against graft caused by some particular rootlet of that selfsame graft reaching down into your pocket and into mine? We are

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The Widow's Might

HOW FATE JOHNSON, "HOBO," SHOT A CHATTEL MORTGAGE INTO PERDITION

By Chauncey Thomas

AUTHOR OF "SIX POUNDS SHORT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BARKA

FATE Johnson picked himself up and looked after the freight train going round the curve. He had just been kicked off.

"Ugh!" he grunted to himself, and said no more. Fate was used to this. In fact, outside of remembering that he had been kicked from between cars six times in California in one day, he had lost count. Only on the long dry stretch of hundreds of miles across the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico was he left undisturbed, for the law holds, in that section, that no official boot shall be applied with force and dispatch to a hobo's coat tails except where there is water, and on the desert there is no water; hence there is no rupture there of deadbeat feelings of personal dignity. But this was not the desert. It had been, but that was years ago; Fate looked out upon a plowed field, rich and fallow, with a snug little white farmhouse two hundred yards away, clean and cool among the fresh, green cottonwood trees. Beyond, and crawling into the distance in either direction, the yellow banks of an irrigating canal scarred the landscape beauty to which it, and it alone, had given birth.

"Nope," mused Fate, "this, sure, ain't no desert,"—and he moved himself sorely to the other side of the grade, where there was shade enough behind a tree in which to lie.

"Wonder just where this is, anyway? Some three hundred miles south of Denver, the signpost says,—but railroads, sometimes, don't tell the truth. Guess that whitewashed pigeoncote over there will stand for a handout. Well, here goes!"

Half an hour later Fate Johnson, in a Tuxedo coat, blue sweater, brown overalls, felt overshoes, and torn Panama hat, was pouring one of his best tales of woe into the pretty but half hostile ear of a buxom woman in the doorway.

"I don't mind feeding you, if you are really hungry and can't work. You do look pale—"

"Lady, my nervous system is all jarred into a jelly," urged Fate, and truthfully, but he did not go into the details of a leisurely winter jaunt through California, or of the recent contact with the brakeman's boot.

"Well," continued the young woman, "I'll either feed you like a white man or set Bull, here, on you. So come on and eat at the table. Dinner is just ready, almost a little cold, I'm afraid, as I was expecting Mrs. Stockton over. She said she'd come to-day, at the dance, last Saturday night, but she is n't here, so you can have her place. I'm lonesome, anyway, ever since Jim died. Jim's my husband, and he's been dead two years going on coming June. I run this ranch alone."

"Alone?" asked Fate. "Did you plow that land alongside the track?"

"I did, stranger, and I plowed it well,—"

"I'm so much obliged," mumbled Fate, through his bread and butter, and the widow thought he referred to the coffee she handed him.

"What might your name be?" he went on, more to pass the time till the meal was over than for any curiosity in the matter.

"It might be Jones, stranger, or Johnson,"—Fate looked startled,—"but it ain't. It's most as bad, though,"—Fate looked hurt,—"for it's Smith. I'm Mrs. Smith,—'Widow Smith,' they sometimes call me, I understand, but none of them dares to say that to my face,—and I'm equal to running my own affairs and this ranch, every one of the hundred and sixty acres of it, all alone, with some hired help, now and then, all except for that hidebound, money-craving, grasping old skinflint, Henderson. You see, when Jim was alive, time and again he and Henderson had words and lawsuits. Jim was a great hand on lawsuits over that six hundred and forty he took up from the government under the desert land act, and Henderson tried to get it away from Jim just for meanness to spite him under some sort of a court judgment he got over that team of mules Jim traded Pete Tanner for,—but of course you don't know anything about that, do you?"—and Fate had to acknowledge that he did not. In fact, although he was looking at the widow, he was contrasting his present temporary surroundings with the freight cars.

But his silence gave the widow a chance to talk, and she rattled on, mixing her own affairs in and out with all the gossip, old and new, of the neighborhood for ten miles around and for ten years back, not forgetting to touch on her relations in the "states," now and then, nor overlooking a lengthy story concerning her descent from the illustrious Smith of the Revolutionary War. To all of this Fate Johnson gave an open ear and an absent mind. He was just getting outside his third piece of apple pie, and was reaching for the cream pitcher to fill his glass for the fourth round, when a shadow fell across the doorway,—a shadow that came without a sound, accompanied by a sharp, uneven knock. Unconsciously Fate looked about for a soft place to light, then resumed his pie, while the widow went to the door.

"Oh! It's *you*, is it? I thought I gave you due warning never to come on my land again, Mr. Henderson,——"

"Madam," Fate heard a wiry voice drone out, "this is law, you understand. I and the deputy sheriff here have come to serve these papers on you. Mr. Officer, do your duty." The crabbed, dried-up old miser slouched back, and the officer, flushing, raised his hat and said:—

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Smith. Although it is very disagreeable to me and to you, we being good friends, my duty under the law is to notify you that Mr. Henderson here holds an unpaid note against this ranch of yours coming out of your husband's estate, and this is a notice, in due legal form, as the law requires, that you have thirty days to meet it or this land and everything on it will be sold at public auction for cash to satisfy his claim." The deputy was young and bashful and labored hard under his speech.

"Tom! Tommie Merrill! You and I used to go to school together. You were one of Jim's best friends,—and now you are in Jim's old home helping this old coyote to rob me—*me*, your old schoolmate and your best friend's widow,—of my home. I'd be ashamed of myself. Yes, Tom Merrill, I would."

"But, Nellie,—"

"Mrs. Smith, if you please, Thomas Merrill."

"It is n't my fault, I assure you. The law, you know,—"

"Oh, bother your old law! Jim set me against having anything to do with the law, with all his suits over this and for that,—"

"That's right!" echoed Fate Johnson, from the table. Then he arose and went also to the door. "Mrs. Smith, I look a hobo, and maybe I am, but not the regulation kind. At least, I'm no criminal and never have been. I'm a tramp just because, I suppose, I like to see things,

"THE DOLLAR GLITTERED ON THE STUMP"

to travel and see the world, and to learn things by looking at them. You've been good to me, and probably I can help you out. I've done such things before, for other people, but somehow I never could seem to do much for myself. Need somebody to keep me straight, I guess. The only thing I could do much at was to shoot a rifle—"

"Why, that's how Jim got into this mix-up with Henderson,—Mr. Henderson, I beg your pardon! Jim could shoot some, too, and he and a fellow who came along here got up a match, and Jim bet Henderson—Mr. Henderson,—a thousand dollars that he could beat the other man; and Mr. Henderson bet, and Jim would have done it, too, but someone, I won't say who, [She looked at the grinning old moneylender himself.] cut a piece out of the side of one of Jim's bullets, and that made it go wrong and he lost. I know it's so, 'cause Jim told me so himself."

"Won't hold in the law," interrupted the hobo.

"Law's got nothing to do with it," calmly continued the widow, while the deputy shifted uneasily and Henderson wagged his wolfish head on his skinny neck approvingly. "It was n't a bet,—it was a regular match. I said 'bet,' I know, but Jim would n't want me to go back on my word, and I won't even on a crooked game. But this is my home,—Jim's home; and, Mr. Henderson, before you get it, this land that I've plowed, with my own hands, and plowed deep, too,—"

"Ugh!" broke in Fate Johnson, with high interest, "see here, mister, I'll tell you what I'll do. Let's shoot all over again! Mr. Smith is n't here, so I'll do for him,—won't I?"

"Not much, stranger. No one can 'do for' my Jim," snapped the widow. Henderson grinned.

"Just wait a little, please," remarked Fate to Merrill and Henderson. "Mrs. Smith, can I talk with you apart a moment?"

Somewhat reluctantly the widow followed the hobo back to the now sorry-looking dinner table, out of earshot of the other two. Fate talked earnestly, and Mrs. Smith shook her head vehemently, and glanced lovingly at a sixteen-pound old Sharpe's buffalo rifle that hung below Jim's picture. The two were just visible through the open bedroom door. Then Fate started to draw certain diagrams on the tablecloth with a stubby pencil,—and got into much trouble instantly. Continuing on a piece of paper, he soon had the widow's dark-haired head close down beside his own. At length, with a sigh, she consented, arose, and brought forth the rifle. It was a splendid weapon,—one that took a man to handle.

"It can't be done, I tell you. Why, even Jim could hardly do that. But he did, once,—here it is,"—and she opened a drawer and drew out a silver dollar, bent and twisted, but with a ragged hole through the center. "He hit this once with that very rifle. Maybe you're right. Anyway, I can't do more than lose, and I've already done that with Henderson having those papers over me, and I no money to go to law with, and no witnesses, even if he is stealing my home from me." The black, glorious eyes of the widow turned from latent fire to mist, dangerously near tears.

Then Fate Johnson said to Henderson:—

"Mrs. Smith, here, will fight you to the limit of the law, and, although you may win out in the end, it will cost you another thousand to collect this thousand you beat her husband out of. The land, as it is, stands a good two thousand dollars. You claim one. She says that she will put up the land against your claim, barring this house and that Jersey cow, that I can hit a silver dollar on that stump by the railroad grade. It's a good two hundred yards, you know,"—and Fate paused to let his proposition soak in.

Now, such a shot is practically impossible except under extraordinary conditions, and then almost invariably so. It was a self-evident sure thing to Henderson. With Fate Johnson, the hobo, and Merrill as witnesses, the necessary agreement was drawn up and signed all round. The only condition Fate made, which was reasonable enough, was that he was to have twenty shots at the stump for practice and to get accustomed to the rifle. Henderson grudgingly consented.

So the match began of one unknown man, Fate Johnson, the hobo, against practical impossibilities, in return for a good dinner. Standing in the doorway of the little house and leaning the heavy eight-sided barrel alongside the door jamb, he fired twenty times at the stump, then took a dollar which Mrs. Smith handed him, walked to the stump, and, after some cutting with his knife and fussing to make it stay in a place where he could readily see it, he sauntered back to the house and picked up the rifle. This he carefully cleaned.

"You all see the dollar?" he asked, as he poised the rifle.

The other three nodded, Merrill with a frown and a muttered objection, Henderson gleefully, and the widow with fear in her eyes. These three men, somehow, were banded together to rob her of her home, the dearest thing on earth to her, and with Jim's rifle, too. The dollar glittered on the very tip of the stump, sharply contrasting with the dark earth of the railroad grade behind it.

Fate leveled the rifle, glanced along it, and fired. The stunning roar and the white smoke confused the party for a second, and when they could see clearly, a moment later,—the dollar was gone.

"You've lost, Mister Henderson," Fate Johnson, the hobo, remarked, calmly, as he patted the gunstock. The swindling old rascal scurried in the wake of Merrill across the plowed ground to the stump. It was riddled with the bullet holes of the practice shots. Beyond, in the dirt of the bank, Merrill found the dollar. It had been hit squarely, and was bent and twisted and cut through by the bullet. Henderson, in a white rage, did not return to the house, but cut across lots, swearing bitterly, to his buggy, into which he climbed stiffly and drove off, leaving Merrill, who came with him, to go back to town the best he could on foot. But Merrill was in no hurry. When he ran back to the house with the torn bit of silver in his hand that meant so much to the widow, and gave it to her, that lady was in tears. After her first wild burst of delight she had vanished into the bedroom and shut the door softly, then returned and held out two grateful hands to Fate Johnson, who, sorely troubled, much ill at ease, and not knowing what else to do, decided to tackle his fourth piece of apple pie. Tom Merrill laid the battered dollar on the table, took from his pocket the papers that meant so much to the woman, and put them into the kitchen stove.

"Nellie," he said, "it was a square deal. You need fear nothing from Henderson. I'll see that he doesn't try to go back on this,—although I know he would if he could. He never had a bit of right to it, in the first place. Things always work out right in the end, you know, and they have this time. I'm going up the road a piece and will be back pretty soon. Good-by! And you, (to Fate Johnson, the hobo,) you are either the best or the luckiest rifle shot in the Rockies. I won't ask who you are, for I'll see you again, of course. Being a friend of Nellie's here is recommendation enough for any man. Good-by!"

* * * * * * *

Fate Johnson arose.

"Where are you going?" asked the widow.

"Oh, on the track. Train about due here, I guess, and I'll try to jump it on the grade along here."

"Indeed you won't! Sit down! Now, you see here, young man! There's nothing the matter with you. You're young, yet,—thirty, you say? Why, I'm only twenty-four, and a woman, and I get along—"

"Ye-s-s. I know you can plow," he smiled. You're right in saying that I'm all right, just suffering from what the Germans call *wanderlust*. But I'm sick of that, and for the past two weeks have been on my way back home to get a job, if I can find one there. I have n't any folks there, or anywhere else; they're all dead, and I don't know why I want to go back,—just to be moving, I guess, but I've nowhere else to settle where I know anyone, and this existence is the most lonely on earth."

"But tell me how you came to hit this dolla-r-r—why! *It's the same dollar Jim hit!* Here's the very mark I made on it before he shot, to give him good luck,"—and she gazed at the amused Fate Johnson, speechless.

"You see, when I got over there to the stump to put up the dollar, I had your old one, the one your husband had hit, in my pocket also. I tossed his dollar over beyond me and merely balanced the other on the top on the edge of a split that goes to the bottom of the stump. I knew about the stump and how it was before I came over here for a handou—for dinner. So I did n't have to shoot at the dollar at all. I just shot at and easily hit the stump. The jar of the bullet made the dollar fall down the crack, and Henderson thought it had been hit. He and Merrill found this other dollar, and naturally thought it was the one I shot at. But it was n't at all. That dollar is in the crack of the stump, now. Wait, I'll get it for you,—"

"Do n't you dare leave this house till I tell you to! Sit down! When I do n't want you here any longer I'll mighty soon tell you so. I've told other men to go,—and stay gone, too But was it right and square?"

"Do n't you worry about that,—merely diamond cut diamond. Henderson tricked your husband, in the first place, and for you to let him force you out of this home by a swindle, and let him take an advantage of the law that the law never meant to give the strong against the weak, would be foolish. Well, I must be going."

"Yes, you can go; but you'll go to that stump, get that dollar, then take these clothes—they're some of Jim's old ones,—down to the creek, behind those willows over there, and take a bath. Then you come back here. Do you hear? I want to cut your hair. You're going to work—do you hear?—right here."

At the stump Fate was clawing with a stick for the dollar. Just as he found it, the afternoon freight tugged along, invitingly slow, up the grade. He laid a bundle of clothes on the stump and looked first at the train and then at the little white house. At a window came the merest stir of a white curtain and a woman's head appeared. On the grade was liberty sliding by at ten miles an hour. His practiced eye caught sight of a broken door on a box car due in just three seconds. With the easy swing of long usage he grabbed the stay rod and swung himself aboard. Standing with feet far apart in the open door of his private freight car, Fate Johnson, the hobo, noted with calm satisfaction a figure that he recognized as that of Tom Merrill turn the corner of the little white cottage and gather in the apparently agitated but not unwilling form of Widow Smith, with what seemed to be more than brotherly affection.

"A hobo with a full feed and a dollar,—what more does he want?" soliloquized Fate. "If I'd a-stayed there too long, no tellin' what might have happened. I might have had to plow,—and that swimmin' hole!—or she'd a-taken me 'cross her checkered apron, most likely." Just then the train struck the curve and he caught sight of the engine. "Now what do you suppose that brakeman is a-gittin' those chunks of coal out of the tender for? Guess I'd better duck!"

The Growth of Socialism

UNTIL THE TOOLS OF INDUSTRY ARE OWNED BY THE TOILERS, THERE WILL BE CONSTANT ANTAGONISM WITH CAPITAL

By Eugene V. Debs

[It is the policy of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to give voice to every question that is of vital importance to the American public. With no ax to grind, no creed to follow, we stand ready to present the views of the leaders of all parties and movements, so that the public may learn and understand just what is going on, and why. The Socialistic Party polled a vote of nearly half a million in the presidential election of last year, and now that the heat of the strife has cooled and the situation can be judged calmly and effectively, we have asked Mr. Debs, who was the candidate for that party for the highest office in the land, to give the reasons why this large vote was cast for him, and why we hear so much on all sides regarding the acceptance of socialistic views.—THE EDITOR]

NOT many of those schooled in old-party politics have any adequate conception of the true import of the labor movement. They read of it in the papers, discuss it at their clubs, criticise labor unions, condemn walking delegates, and finally conclude that organized labor is a thing to be tolerated only so long as it keeps within "proper bounds," but to be put down summarily the moment its members, like the remnants of Indian tribes on the western plains, venture beyond the limits of their reservations. They utterly fail or refuse to see the connection between labor and politics, and are, therefore, woefully ignorant of the political significance of the labor movement of the present day.

It is true that, in all the centuries of the past, labor has been "put down" when it has sought some modicum of its own, or when it has even yearned for some slight amelioration of its wretched condition, as witness the merciless massacre of the half-famished and despairing subjects of the Russian czar, a few months ago, for daring to hope that their humble petition for a few paltry concessions might be received and considered by his mailed and heartless majesty.

It is likewise true that, in the present day, and in the United States, all the powers of government stand ready to "put down" the working class whenever it may be deemed necessary in the interest of its industrial masters.

All great strikes prove that the government is under the control of corporate capital and that the army of officeholders is as subservient to the capitalist masters as is the army of wage-workers that depends upon them for employment.

But, true as these things are, it is not true that labor is entirely ignorant of them, nor is it true that such conditions will continue forever.

THE LABOR QUESTION, IN ITS FULL SENSE, IS A POLITICAL QUESTION

The labor movement has advanced with rapid strides, during the last few years, and is, to-day, the most formidable factor in quickening the social conscience and in regenerating the human race. It is not the millions that are enrolled as members of labor unions that give power and promise to this world-movement, but the thousands, rather, that are not trade-unionists merely, but working-class unionists as well; that is to say, workingmen and women who recognize the identity of industrial and political interests of the whole working class; or, in other words, are conscious of their class interests and are bending all the powers of their minds and bodies, spurred by the zeal that springs from comradeship in a common cause, to effect the economic and political solidarity of the whole mass of labor, irrespective of race, creed, or sex.

These class-conscious workers—these socialists,—realize the fact that the labor question, in its full and vital sense, is a political question, and that the working classes must be taught to extend the principle of unionism to the political field, and there organize on the basis of their economic class interests; and, although they are engaged in a herculean task, the forces of industrial evolution and social progress are back of them, and all the powers of reaction can not prevail against them.

The labor movement has had to fight its way, inch by inch, from its inception to its present position, and to this very fact is due the revolutionary spirit, indomitable will, and unconquerable fiber it has developed, which, alone, fit it for its mighty historic mission.

In the beginning the workers organized in their respective trades simply to improve working conditions. They had no thought of united political action. The employing class at once combined to defeat every attempt at organization on the part of its employees; but, notwithstanding this opposition, the trades union, which had become an economic necessity, grew steadily until at last the employers were compelled to recognize and deal with it. Being unable to destroy it, they proceeded to control its operations by confining it to its narrowest possible limitations, thus reducing it to inefficiency,—from a menace to a convenience.

The late Marcus A. Hanna crushed the trades union with an iron boot, in the beginning of his career as a capitalist. In his maturer years he became its patron saint. He did not change in spirit, but in wisdom. What is true of Mr. Hanna is true of the principal members of the Civic Federation, that economic peace congress conceived by far-sighted capitalists, sanctified by plutocratic prelates, and presided over by a gentleman who, but a few months ago, engaged James Farley and his army of five thousand professional strike breakers to defeat the demands and destroy the unions of his New York subway employees.

A new unionism has struggled into existence, and the coming year will witness some tremendous changes. The old forms cramp and fetter the new forces. As these new forces develop, the old forms must yield and finally give way to transformation. The old unionism, under the inspiration of a Civic Federation banquet, exclaims jubilantly: "The interests of labor and capital are identical. Hallelujah!"

To this stimulating sentiment the whole body of exploiting capitalists gives hearty assent; all its politicians, parsons, and writers join in enthusiastic approval; and woe be to the few clear, calm, and candid protestants who deny it. Their very loyalty becomes treason, and the working class they seek to serve is warned against them, while the false leaders are loaded with fulsome adulation.

IN THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION THE HAND OF LABOR WAS FELT

But, nevertheless, the clear voice of the courageous few can not be silenced. The new unionism is being heard. In trumpet tones it rings out its revolutionary shibboleth to all the workers of the earth: "Our interests are identical,—let us combine, industrially and politically, assert our united power, achieve our freedom, enjoy the fruit of our labor, rid society of parasitism, abolish poverty, and civilize the world."

The old unionism, living in the dead past, still insists that the interests of labor and capital are identical.

The new unionism, vitalized and clarified by the living present, says, "We know better; capitalists and wage-workers have antagonistic economic interests; capitalists buy and workers sell labor power, the one as cheaply and the other as dearly as possible; they are locked in a life-and-death class-struggle; there can be no identity of interests between masters and slaves,—between exploiters and exploited,—and there can be no peace until the working class is triumphant in this struggle and the wage system is forever wiped from the earth."

In the late national election, for the first time, the hand of the working class was clearly seen. The Socialist Party is distinctively the party, and its vote is distinctively the vote of the working class.

More than four hundred thousand of these votes were counted; probably twice as many were cast. This was but the beginning. From now on there is "a new Richmond in the field." There is but one issue from the standpoint of labor, and that is, "Labor *versus* Capital." Upon that basis the political alignment of the future will have to be made. There is no escape from it. For the present the ignorance of the workers stands in the way of their political solidarity, but this can and will be overcome. In the meantime, the small capitalists and the middle class are being ground to atoms in the mill of competition. Thousands are driven from the field entirely, beaten in the struggle, bankrupt and hopeless, to be swallowed up in the surging sea of wage-slavery; while thousands of others cling to the outer edge, straining every nerve to stem the torrent that threatens to sweep them into the abyss, their condition so precarious that they anticipate the inevitable and make common issue with the wage workers of capitalism in the struggle to overthrow the capitalist system and reconstruct society upon a new foundation of coöperative industry and the social ownership of the means of life.

Of all the silly sayings of the self-satisfied of the present day, the oft-repeated falsehood that there are "no classes" in this country takes the lead, and is often made to serve as the prelude to the preposterous warning that periodically peals from rich and sumptuous club banquets, at which the President and other patriots are guests, that "it is treason

to do anything that will array class against class in the United States."

The fact is that precisely the same classes and conditions that exist in the monarchies of the Old World have also developed in our capitalist republic. The working-class sections, including the tenements and slums of New York and London, are strikingly similar; and the wealth-owning class of the United States represents as distinct an aristocracy as England can boast, while the laboring elements of both countries are as distinctively in the "lower class" by themselves, and practically on the same degraded level.

Deny it as may the retainers of the rich, the classes already exist; they are here, and no amount of sophistication can remove them, or the gulf that separates them. The rare and exceptional wage worker who escapes from wage-slavery simply proves the rule and emphasizes the doom of his class in capitalist society.

The existing classes and the struggle going on between them are not due to the mischievous influence of labor agitators, as certain politicians and priests, the emissaries of the "rich and respectable," would have it appear. The long swell of the wave but expresses the agitation of the deep.

The agitator is the product of unrest,—his is the voice of the social deep; and, though he may be reviled as a demagogue who preys upon the ignorance of his fellows, the unrest continues, the discontent is not silenced, and the agitation increases until the cause of it is removed and justice is done.

Classes and class rule, and their attendant progress and poverty, money and misery, turmoil and strife, are inherent in the capitalist system. Why? Simply because one set of men owns the tools with which wealth is produced, while another set uses them, and there is an irrepressible conflict over the division of the product.

The capitalist owns the tool he does not use; the worker uses the tool he does not own.

The principal tools of production and distribution in the United States—mammoth machines, complex social instruments, made and used coöperatively by millions of workingmen, their very lives and their wives and babes being dependent upon them,—are the private property of a few hundred capitalists, and are operated purely to make profits for these capitalists regardless of the poverty and wretchedness that ensue to the masses.

Society at Present Is Developing Symptoms of Degeneracy

In virtue of the individual ownership of the social instruments of production, one capitalist may exploit the labor of a million workingmen and become a billionaire, while the million workers struggle through life in penury and want, to a bleak and barren old age, to find rest at last in the pauper asylum, the morgue, and the potter's field.

This vast and resourceful country should be free from the scourge of poverty and the blight of ignorance; but it never will be until the private ownership of the means of sustaining life is abolished, and society is organized on the basis of social ownership of the social means of producing wealth and the inalienable right of all to work and to produce wealth freely to satisfy their physical needs and material wants. It is for this great organic change, this world-wide social revolution, that the socialists of all countries are organizing, that it may be intelligently guided, and come, if possible, in peace and order when the people and conditions have been prepared for it.

The present order of society is developing all the symptoms of degeneracy and dissolution. Only the individualist self-seekers and their mercenaries,—they who believe in making the animal struggle for existence perpetual, and in climbing to the top over the corpses of their fellows,—only they are satisfied, or appear to be, and expatiate upon our marvelous prosperity and the incomparable glory of our free institutions.

The man who can look upon New York or Chicago, to-day, and utter such sentiments should blush for his perverted sense of justice, to say nothing of his lack of humanity.

Many thousands of men, women, and children suffer for food and shiver in the cold in these typical capitalist cities, while the Beef Trust is crammed to bursting and the cotton kings of the South burn thousands of bales of cotton to keep up prices.

Has the world ever heard of such monstrous iniquity, such unspeakable crime? In the name of all that has heart in it not yet turned to adamant, has human life any value, even that of the lowest grade of merchandise? And is it not high time to call a halt to the ravages of capitalism and give a little thought and consideration to the sufferings of humanity?

Let us briefly note some of the crying evils which infest the class-ruled society of the present day. First of all, millions are poverty-stricken, the result, mainly, of no work or low wages. The great book of Robert Hunter on "Poverty," recently published, abounds in facts, supported by incontrovertible proofs, which silence all doubt upon this point.

New York and Chicago are filled with unemployed and suffering, and in the country at large ten millions are in want. In the shoemaking industry, fifty-one per cent. of the laborers receive less than three hundred dollars per year. In cotton spinning, the wages of thousands average from two hundred and twenty dollars to four hundred and sixty dollars per year. During the last year tens of thousands of coal miners were allowed to work but from one to three days per week. Fall River capitalists reduce wages three times in rapid succession, and lock out and starve their employees for six months, declaring that they can not afford to pay the high prices for cotton, while the planters of the South burn up the cotton to keep up prices rather than clothe the naked whose labor produced it.

EUGENE V. DEBS

Private Control of Capital Means Corruption in Politics

The United States senate is dominated by the special representatives of the trusts and corporations, and several of its members are under indictment for playing the game of their masters in their own personal interest. Think of Senator Chauncey M. Depew reforming the abuses of the railroads, or Thomas C. Platt stopping the extortion of the express companies, in the interest of the people!

Only a short time ago the late John H. Reagan, a venerable ex-senator of Texas, in discussing the Federal courts, said that he expected no improvement in them "so long as railroad lawyers are allowed to go on the bench to interpret legislation affecting the management of the railroads." So long as the railroads are privately owned, they will have their judges on the bench, and the government—that is to say, the capitalist politicians,—will do their bidding.

Judge Reagan closed his sweeping arraignment of the courts as follows: "I have seen such gross perversions of the law by the courts that I have lost confidence in them and regret that I can not feel the respect for them that I once felt."

These are ominous words, and from a source that gives them the weight of high authority.

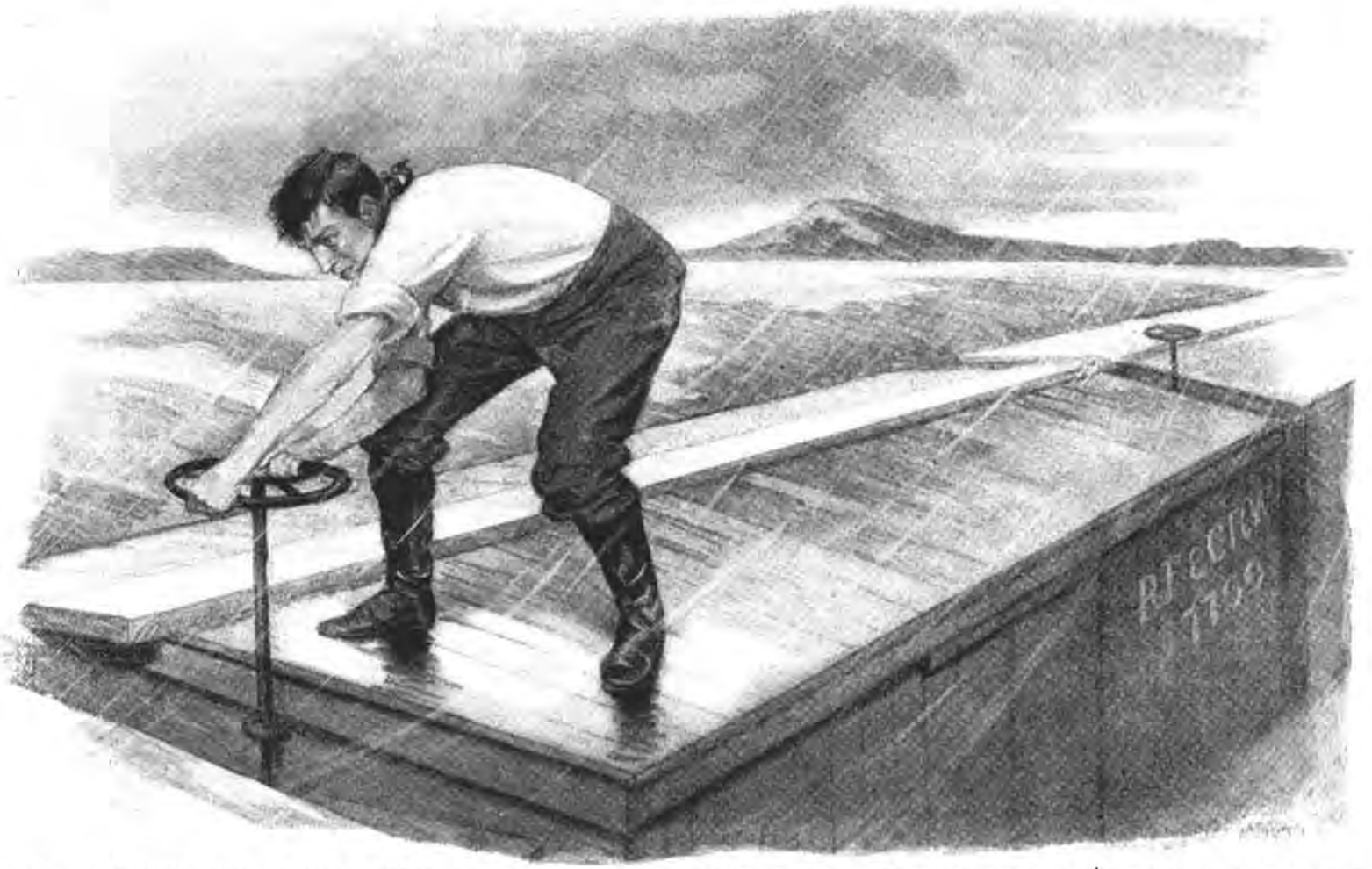
Census figures recently published show that "every fifth child in the United States, between the ages of ten and fifteen, is a breadwinner." One out of every three of these children workers is a girl. There are 1,750,178 children employed, an increase of thirty-three and one-third per cent. in ten years. The land frauds, postal steals, and Indian grafts all cry out in condemnation of private ownership of capital, the source and inspiration of all the political corruption that, like a pestilence, blights the land.

Charles F. Kelly, speaker of the house of delegates of St. Louis, the convicted boodler, in making his confession, described in a few graphic words the methods and motives of officeholders and politicians in the grab-all *régime* of Profitocracy. Said he: "Our combine was not along party lines. Both Democrats and Republicans have belonged to it. My experience has been that boodlers line up according to their own interests, and not under party standards. In the majority of the wards of St. Louis both the Democratic Party and the Republican usually nominate men to go to the house of delegates for the money they can make out of it."

Be it noted that the corrupters of courts, the bribers of legislators, and the debauchers of public morals are all capitalists in high standing, the gentry whose subservient and hypocritical underlings are forever preaching about "law and order" to the working class.

In the face of these frightful eruptions on the body politic, President Roosevelt coolly informs us that we are passing through a period of "noteworthy prosperity," and that "we must raise still higher our standard of commercial ethics, and must insist more and more upon those fundamental principles of our country,—equality before the law and obedience to the law. In no other way can the advance of Socialism, whether evolutionary or revolutionary, be checked."

The words "still higher" seem like sarcasm when applied to our so-called "standard of commercial ethics" that is mired in profit-mongering and can never rise above the sordid level of self-interest in the competitive system.



"THRILLING WITH REALIZATION OF THE IMPORT OF THE MOMENT, HE BEGAN SWIFTLY SETTING THE BRAKES"

Dippy Hamilton's Magic

THE STORY OF THE OCCASION WHEN THE BIG BEAR-PAW "WENT LOCO"

By Alvah Milton Kerr

[ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. J. GOULD]

To WHAT extent Dippy Hamilton's application of the principle of "dynamic retention" affected the stability of Ball Bridge when the Big Bear-paw "went loco" will probably never be known. Attempts were made to estimate the exerted forces in tons and amperes, but, at best, the calculations eventuated in something very like speculation. Even Pierce Fuller, the chief engineer, worked out an estimate, but acknowledged that his totals were approximate only. After that, where was the use of the rest of us figuring at the problem?

Dewey Hamilton—the source of his *sobriquet* ought to become obvious, with the progress of this narrative,—was nearly six feet in height, though his years were but nineteen. His slim figure evinced a slight tendency to stoop at the shoulders, and his big head seemed always pushing forward as if to aid his keen hazel eyes in their search after hidden things. Doctor Brandette, the surgeon for the West End, having been spoken to by Hoxie, a roundhouse foreman, relative to a rather astonishing thing that Dippy did when an accident occurred in the Manzano shops, said, interrogatively: "The boy was excited, of course?"

"Yes, I reckon he was," Hoxie replied. "At least, the situation was exciting. The boy did n't show it much, though; only his face seemed to sort of flash and his eyes burned golden red."

The doctor touched his own forehead significantly. "Mind," he remarked, oracularly, —"cerebral force,—genius, some people call it, —in point of fact, extra high vibration."

Hoxie looked somewhat mystified. "The chap has his cocoa full of ideas about inventions and new ways of doing things, anyhow," he went on. "Fonda says that sometimes the boy works like fury; then, again, he dreams and do n't seem to know what he 's doing. He likes him all right, but is sort of afraid to have him in the shops; he says he 's afraid the young fellow may do damage or cause the death of somebody in one of his fits of forgetfulness. He says that, smart as the young chap is, he thinks he 'll have to fire him."

"Seems a pity!" said the surgeon. "Where does the boy live? Who is he, anyway?"

"Set down, Doc., and have a stogie; here 's one. I 've got to order out an engine; be with you in a minute."

Dr. Brandette, with his instrument case in hand, had been standing upon the doorsill of Hoxie's little office, in the corner of the roundhouse. The strong Arizona sunshine beat against him uncomfortably warm. He turned back and sat down. From within the roundhouse came sounds of engines breathing, of wipers whistling, of grates being shaken over ashpits, and the dull thumping of wrenches on bolt-nuts; from the big repair shop, a hundred feet away, came a jarring rumble of sounds,—drills growling as they bit into iron, the tittering snarl of planers, the mumble of line-shafting, the occasional smashing blows of steam hammers, and the crackling beat of electric riveters working on boilers and fire boxes. Outside, white, sweet, and dry, the light lay over Manzano's scattered dwellings, mountains rose brown and solemn against a sky that was as a dome of blue vitriol, engine bells clanged in the yards, and now and again the crystalline air was ruptured by the clumping crash of meeting drawheads. The region seemed a fitting place for monks, vineyards, and convent bells, but here the Western Central, winding through canyons and over mountain ranges across Colorado and down into Arizona, gave its animate and inanimate freight into the keeping of a great transcontinental line, taking in return humanity and merchandise for Denver and points north and east. Hence, the solemn valley complained to the solemn mountains in divers notes of commercial dissonance, and things were not as of old.

"Well," said Hoxie, reëntering the office, "the fellow is an eastern chap, I 'm told; came here with his father, a year or two ago; mother dead, father had bad lungs,—had been a preacher, I think. The man and boy lived in a tent over on the base of Sun Mountain, the first summer, then moved into a shack out at the edge of town. Last spring the old man croaked. They never had a doctor; too poor, I reckon, or mebby put their faith in the climate and got left. Anyhow, the man died and the boy got a job in the shops and has been workin' there since. He still lives in the shack; that is, he has a bunk there. The place is principally filled up with a workbench and electrical fixtures of one kind or another. He gets his meals over at Jack Morton's, near by. Morton says the kid has ideas, and will sure turn out an inventor, one of these days. They seem to like him, especially the daughter Violet. She—"

Sharp shouts of terror and a grinding crash

broke from the repair shop, followed by a loud tangle of words and cries. Hoxie caught his speech between his teeth; Dr. Brandette reached for his instrument case and got to his feet, listening. The next moment they were out the door and running along the tracks that led from the roundhouse to the repair shops. They burst in through the great door and looked about. Men were shouting and running to and fro. A workman hung pinioned against the brick wall on the north side of the great room, with an iron planer tipped over against him. Almost upon the man, and crushed into the planer, the body of a locomotive hung in chains and grapples from the steel mast of a moving-crane. The guide-cable of the crane had parted and the ponderous engine, suspended in the air a few feet above the floor, had swung around toward the north wall, crushing and overturning everything in its path. The pinioned man, Jack Morton, working at the planer with his back to the wall, had been caught in the crush. Only his feet were visible to Hoxie and the surgeon as they ran forward. Doubtless he was dead. Foreman Fonda was ripping out orders that sounded like popping whiplashes, men in smutted overalls were tugging at the pendent engine, and others were trying to get at Morton; two with trembling hands were trying to fit a jackscrew between the wall and the frame of the overturned planer, with the object of driving the planer and engine outward that the crushed man might be released. The grimy faces of the men glistened with sweat and were spotted with pallor, and there was a curious undertone of quick, shallow breathing. Then of one thing the surgeon and Hoxie were particularly aware: a tall young fellow thrust a crowbar upward behind the frame of the overturned planer, where the frame projected slightly beyond the boiler head of the engine. Securing a clutch on the wall with the point of the bar, he planted his feet against the wall three or four feet above the floor, and began to straighten his body outward.

"Pull!" he hissed, through his teeth. "Pull, every mother's son of you!"

His slender body stiffened as with a sudden shock of power, his face, bent backward, the hair falling away from the broad forehead, turned purple and seemed to film and shimmer, and his hazel eyes glistened red. A half dozen men, clutching the locomotive at different points, heaved outward with might and main, the boy's body quivered and cracked, his eyes enlarged, and his nostrils grew white, and the mass of iron moved slowly outward until his body stood stiff and straight from the wall. Then Jack Morton, released, but like a rag, dropped to the floor and was dragged out into the open.

The youth stood upright; the crowbar was bent six inches out of line, and he could not let go of it. Fonda pulled the boy's fingers loose from the bar, and the young fellow staggered and pressed his hands over his ears and stared as if he heard strange noises. Morton, accompanied by the surgeon and several men, was borne away on a stretcher.

That evening Dippy Hamilton sat by Jack Morton's bed. The boy's face looked pinched and white, and his fine eyes were dulled with mental anguish. Morton's eyes were closed, his great lungs labored heavily, and his big right hand lay crumpled upon the white counterpane. Dippy slipped his slim fingers over the man's hand caressingly.

"The doctor said—he said you would live, did n't he, Jack?"

Morton's gray eyes opened and focused on the young fellow's face. "Yes,—mebby," he whispered, huskily.

The youth stirred in his chair with a motion that was a kind of writhing, and the pallor of his flesh deepened. "I am to blame, Jack," he said; "if you die, then—I—killed—you."

Morton's eyes widened, and in their gray depths there was a sort of terror. "You? Boy, what are you talking about?" he asked.

"I was up on the boiler of the engine, signaling to the hoister, you know," said Dippy. "Well, I was standing up on the boiler with my face near the lower block of the fall and tackle. As the engine was being swung toward the skids an idea flashed through my mind, an idea of a great invention. It seemed to clutch and wring my brain, and I gave the wrong signal. Yes, I gave the wrong signal. I had in my hand a small piece of bar iron that I had picked up, intending to make a magnet of it when I went home. Seeing that the engine was swinging the wrong way, and being confused by the strange scheme that had entered my head, I stuck the piece of iron between the left guide-cable and the pulley in the block in order to increase the friction and help check the draw of the cable. The piece of iron wedged the sheave so suddenly that the cable snapped, and the engine swung round to the right and crushed the planer and you against the wall. It 's all my fault,—because crazy notions come into my brain sometimes, and I forget what I am doing."

"I OUGHT TO BE PUT IN THE PENITENTIARY"

The big machinist looked down at his right hand, lying upon the counterpane; his other hand and arm were in a plaster cast, three of his ribs were broken, and he had suffered internal injuries. After a time he looked up at Dippy.

"Have you told Fonda?" he asked, slowly.

"Yes. He has discharged me. I—I—ought to be put in the penitentiary," said the youth, twisting his hands together in an agony of self-reproach.

Morton turned his eyes away, and looked for a time at a lighted lamp on a stand near the foot of the bed. At length he turned his eyes back to the boy. "Tommy and Susie and Violet,—they 've got no mother, you know."

"Yes," faltered Dippy, with dry lips, "I 've thought of that."

"If I die it 'll be bad,—pretty hard for them,—"

"I know. I 'll give every cent I can earn to them. I—"

Dippy stopped, distraught, unable to speak, his lower lip twitching.

Morton looked at the counterpane, for a time, with unseeing eyes, his chest slowly heaving. "What sort of a thing was it?—what kind of an idea struck you, when you—when you forgot and—and made the mistake?" he asked.

The youth "pulled himself together." "It occurred to me—I seemed to see engine drivers magnetized on up grades, clutching the rails with twice their usual power, and so pulling much heavier trains and doing away entirely with the use of sand. It seemed to me a great idea."

Morton lifted his eyes to the young fellow's face. Despite his pain and the fearful injury the boy's forgetfulness had brought upon him, admiration shone in his gaze.

"I do n't wonder that you forgot,—that you blundered," he said. "If you could apply the idea,—make it work,—it would certain put you to the front every way." He pushed his free hand toward Dippy, and the young fellow grasped and bowed his face upon it. "You did n't mean to do the damage," Morton went on; "it was an accident; whatever happens, I know you 'll do right." Tears from Dippy's cheeks ran into the hollow of the man's calloused hand.

Later, when Dippy came out of the bedroom into the living room of the Morton cottage, Susie, seven or eight years of age, and Tommy, a curly-headed tot of three summers, were asleep in a rocking chair. The little girl had been rocking the boy as a mother might rock a baby, and slumber had fallen upon them together. Violet, a brown-haired girl of seventeen, with a serious, tender face, and eyes that Dippy had always thought most beautiful, was preparing to put the children to bed. Dippy looked at them, deeply touched. Violet had been coming and going, throughout the evening, busy with the housework and waiting upon her father. She glanced at Dippy's troubled face. When this tall youth looked at her with his clear eyes, her own had always fallen; between them lay a great tenderness, a sweet regard, of which both were conscious, but of which no word had ever been spoken. Now, what if Morton should die!

Dippy came in front of her, put his hands upon her shoulders, and looked down at her averted face. He was trembling and white.

"Violet, did you hear what I said,—what I told your father?" he asked.

She remained looking down, her body utterly still.

"Yes, I heard." Her voice was dry and scarcely audible.

"I 'll do my best,—I 'll try with all my might to make it right," said Dippy, huskily.

She lifted her eyes and looked into his longer than at any other time since she had known him. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. "You have no work, now; they 've discharged you?" she said.

"Yes."

"Then I 'll get Uncle Dave to give you a position; I think he will, if I ask him."

Dippy felt something rise into his throat, something sweet but choking. "And you 'd do this?—you 'd help me after what I have done?" He half whispered the words.

"You did n't mean it; it was an—an accident," she said, still looking at him pityingly.

Dippy's fingers tightened on her shoulders, then he turned abruptly and went out, unable to speak. The kindness of these people smote him like a mighty, melting breath, a something that fell upon him warm and delicious, yet filled him with abject humility.

Before breakfast, the next morning, Violet hurried down the hillside and across the town to the home of David Prang, the "tank man."

Prang had charge of all the pumps and water tanks of the Western Central. He was a big, gaunt man, rough and strong as a lion; but Violet was his dead sister's child, and her appeal for Dippy won its way.

"All right, my kitten, I 'll put him in charge of the pump and tank at Ball Bridge," he at last said. "It will be solitary confinement,—next thing to being in the penitentiary. He ought to be confined and not allowed to run at large, anyhow." He ended with a chuckle, but, despite his bantering irony, Violet kissed him gleefully.

So Dippy Hamilton went up to the Ball Bridge tank, and became a "solitary." He was not wholly unhappy, for he took with him his tools, uncompleted inventions, and electrical apparatus. He found it a strange, lonely place; but several things up there were exactly as he might have wished. Ball Bridge was a long iron structure spanning the Big Bear-paw, in the outlying spurs of the Saddle Bow Range, forty miles northeast of Manzano. The bridge took its name from Ball Mountain, a round-topped height, around the base of which wound the Big Bear-paw. The water tank and pump house stood by the track a half mile eastward from the bridge, where a creek emptied into the river; back of the house, which contained the pump and the engine, stood a small building, in which Dippy ate and slept. This was of a plan adequate for the housing of a small family,—a main room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen. Within a week Dippy had improvised a work-bench in the main room, and ere long the place was cluttered with batteries, electric coils, magnets, and wheeled things of divers sorts, casting out green sparks or silently seizing and holding fast to other things with invisible potency. Dippy was working on his great idea of traction magnetism. Before leaving Manzano, at Jack Morton's request, he had opened his mind to Doctor Brandette. The doctor approved, and, in proof of his interest, sent a small dynamo up to the Ball Bridge tank for Dippy's use. This the youth attached to the pump engine, finding the dynamo invaluable in the creation of electric currents for the working of his apparatus. His salary as tank attendant was not large; but, at the end of the first month, he sent half of his wages down to Jack Morton. Violet returned the money to him, with expressions of gratitude from herself and father, adding that her father was recovering and that their immediate needs were being met by weekly payments received from a workmen's order to which he belonged. Jack Morton enclosed a scrawled line in the letter, which read: "Do n't fret, kid, but keep a-workin' on the idee." This line was as music to Dippy.

Through two months the young "solitary" worked in the mountain silence. The Big Bear-paw, unflushed by the Saddle Bow peaks and depleted by the summer heat, dwindled to the dimensions of a halting creek, the rivulet at the mouth of which the tank stood became a tiny thread, but the big well at its marge remained faithful, and Dippy kept the tank brimming. Occasionally, David Prang dropped off at the tank from a passing train and looked things over, smiling forbearingly at Dippy's contrivances; now and again, a section foreman and his crew went by or worked for a time near at hand; but, in the main, Dippy had only the brown silence and a pair of eagles that nested on Ball Mountain for company. There was one thing that would have furnished him a deal of companionship, had he been a Morse expert. That was a rusty telegraph instrument, resting upon a shelf in one corner of his little house. He knew the Morse alphabet indifferently; he had learned it back East when he was younger; but, in order that he might "read" a message, it necessarily had to be sent to him very slowly indeed. The zipping dashes and dots that ordinarily animated the wire were totally unintelligible to him. He often listened to messages, straining to comprehend the whizzing pulsations, but, for the most part, in vain. Sometimes, at night, when the line was unoccupied, some lonely operator, almost as unlearned in Morse as himself, would "practice" with him, and so he gained a slight knowledge of the art.

At the Ball Bridge tank there was an ancient hand car, left at the place for the attendant's use in the event of an emergency. To Dippy's mind this was a happy providence; upon the truck of this hand car he made his first experiment in wheel-adhesion. Bending a soft bar of iron into a modified horseshoe form, winding it heavily with insulated wire, and fitting the ends of the curved bar with copper brushes, he rigged the affair between two of the wheels of the hand car, with the brushes resting against the wheels close to the point of their contact with the rails. Throwing a current from the dynamo into the coil, he found that the bar and the periphery of the wheels became highly magnetized, the wheels clinging to the rails with such power that he could scarcely lift them away. Pushing the car along the rails, he found that the resistance, by reason of the wheels being magnetized, was but slightly increased, while the power of adhesion in the wheels was greatly augmented. Surely, he thought, if a locomotive's drivers were treated thus, the engine would need no sand and would be able to haul twice as many cars. Having no dynamometer, he could not calculate the increase of power, but it seemed very great.

The youth began to dream of many things. Why not use magnets for brakes on the wheels of trains, throwing a current into the brake-shoes from a dynamo on the engine, and releasing the magnetic clutch on the wheels by the engineer's merely moving a switch? Clearly, he thought, an engine would pull more cars with its drivers magnetized; but magnetic brakes,—how would he get at them? He would energize a couple of rails of the track near the tank, and watch the effect upon passing trains. Curiously, that thought was the salvation of Ball Bridge.

It was late in September when Dippy reached this point in his experiments; ten days later he had completed his arrangement to magnetize the rails. Wishing that the matter might remain a secret, he did most of the work at night. Selecting a right and a left rail in the track, he loosened the fish plates, slipped sheets of hard rubber beneath them, and screwed them down again. He then tamped rubber into the joints between the rails, thus separating and insulating a rail from its fellows on either side of the track. He then prepared a bar of soft iron, as in the experiment with the hand car, except that the curved bar was larger and more heavily wound with insulated wire. Digging a hole some two feet deep between the ties, he placed the curved bar beneath the track and soldered an end of the bar solidly to the under side of each of the insulated rails, carrying connecting wires from the bar-coil to the dynamo, part of the way beneath the rocks and soil. When all was nicely tamped down and smoothed over, only minute inspection would have disclosed the extraordinary conditions.

Dippy hesitated through two days before he could bring himself to test the contrivance; but on the third morning, hearing the section foreman and his crew pumping their car along the track, he threw the current from the dynamo into the coil and rails. Covertly watching for results, he saw the hand car strike the magnetized rails and stop so suddenly that the men were pitched from the car. Instantly he touched a lever, throwing the track magnet out of the dynamo circuit. The section men looked about for the obstruction, and, seeing absolutely nothing, gazed at each other in amazement. Finally they mounted the car and pumped ahead, talking of things supernatural and furtively glancing about as if fearful of discovering a ghost. Dippy tried the contrivance on a freight train that stopped at the tank for water, with the result that the engineer experienced great difficulty in getting his train in motion, though the track was slightly down grade. Then came the affair of Ball Bridge.

Near the middle of October there fell a week in which, by night and day, the mountain heads of the inner range were webbed with clouds. Black and wet the vapor-masses clung to the peaks, dissolving in rain. Through every cleft and canyon streams roared; the Little Bear-paw, the Pecos, and a thousand rivulets frothed into the Big Bear-paw until the broad waterway, full from bank to bank, became a seething torrent. Dippy, living on the mountain's base above it, through two nights heard the noise of its tumult and through two days looked down upon its turbulence, and then he began to grow uneasy. Several times he went down to the great bridge and walked out upon the long structure. The flooding waters had risen to within four or five feet of the bridge track, boiling around the piers in slavering turmoil, yellowish, clotted with masses of dirty froth, and full of battering logs and whirling tree tops. At times, standing on the bridge, Dippy felt unpleasant tremors thrill through the structure. Surely the solid stone piers, held down by the great weight of the iron superstructure, would withstand any pressure the flood might pit against them! So long as the water and its burden of *débris* passed beneath the spans, doubtless the structure was safe. But, should the flood swell until logs and tree tops, and all the rest of the hurrying stuff should batter and bank against the bridge and be pushed on by ten thousand tons of angry water, what then?

Throughout the first three days of rain the human forces employed on the West End quickened with apprehension. Roadmaster Payne came up from Manzano with the work train, looking after earthslides back in the range, and Superintendent Burke came over from Paley Fork, on the Middle Division, and passed on down to Manzano, inspecting bridges

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"'DID YOU HEAR WHAT I TOLD YOUR FATHER?'"

Where Beecher Got His Sermons

Orison Swett Marden

"WHERE does Beecher get his sermons?" was the question on the lips of every ambitious young clergyman in the country, when the greatest of American preachers was at the height of his power. When they asked Beecher the secret, he said, "I keep my eyes open and ask questions."

This is the secret of many a man's success,—keeping his eyes open and asking questions. Although Beecher was an omnivorous reader he did not believe in warmed-over sermons, or in getting them from books. He did not care so much for the writings of the theologians; the Christ was his great model, and he knew that He did not search the writings of the Sanhedrin for His sermons, but picked them up as He walked along the banks of the Jordan and over the hills and through the meadows and villages of Galilee. The sparrow, the lily of the field, the storm at sea, the fishermen mending their nets, the blind beggar, the leper, the fallen woman, the collector of customs, the farmer sowing his seed upon the stony ground and good ground, furnished splendid material for His marvelous parables and His wonderful similes. He saw that the strength of this great Master's sermons was in their utter simplicity, their naturalness, their transparent, limpid beauty. There is nothing in Christ's teachings which a child can not understand.

Beecher's sermons were also very simple, very natural, and very healthy and strong. They pulsated with life; they had the vigor of bright red blood in them, the grip of vitality, because, like Christ's, they grew out of doors. He got them everywhere from life and nature. He picked them up in the market-place, on Wall Street, in the stores. He got them from the brakeman, the mechanic, the blacksmith, the day laborer, the newsboy, the train conductor, the clerk, the lawyer, the physician, and the business man.

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He did not watch the progress of the great human battle from his study, as many other clergymen did. He went into the thick of the fight himself. He was in the smoke and din. Where the battle of life raged fiercest, there he was studying its great problems. Now it was the problem of slavery; again the problem of government, or commerce, or education,—whatever touched the lives of men. He kept his hand upon the pulse of events. He was in the swim of things. The great, busy, ambitious world was everywhere throbbing for him.

He did not have much faith in creeds, but he had great faith in the divinity of man. He knew that creeds were dry, and that they lacked the sweetness and juice which satisfy the longing heart. He found that they did not speak to man's wants, that they did not fit everyday conditions, or satisfy everyday needs; that people went to churches longing to be fed, but that they often went away still hungry for the bread of life.

In his earlier ministry Beecher tried to get sermons from books; but when he got one taste of the power and helpfulness which come from the study of real life, when he saw how much more forceful and interesting actual life stories were as they were being lived than anything he could get out of any book except the Bible, he was never again satisfied with warmed-over material. Illustrations must throb with life, warm blood must course through them, or he would not use them. And so when he faced the people from the pulpit they knew that he had a message for them fresh and vivid, from the living present. His audience knew that there was a treat awaiting them, something new that had never appeared in a book, but had come straight from life, still pulsating with the great throb of humanity and the Christ love. Clergymen who wondered where Beecher got his striking illustrations were surprised to learn that he found many of them in the material which to them seemed extremely commonplace.

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Beecher did not believe that any clergyman was great enough to get a great sermon out of books. He knew that a shrewd observer could pick out of such sermons the books the preacher had read, that he could detect in them a little of Shakespeare, a little of Herbert Spencer, a little of John Stuart Mill, of Horace Bushnell and other clergymen, a little of Darwin, a little of Bunyan, something of Martin Luther, but that they would be dry and tasteless, compared with the sermon which comes from the living human fountain, where there is nothing stagnant or stale for the preacher who can see, hear, and feel.

"When I look at you," said Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," addressing a mass meeting in the New York slums, "I see a page in every face, and in some faces a whole book, and I would rather read it than I would any book in the world."

Beecher had a passion for reading human nature. He read men as open books. To him some were comedies which make the world laugh, others were tragedies which make the heart bleed; some were fiction, others, cold facts, stripped of imagination.

This great observer was not only a student of human nature, but of all nature as well. I watched him, many a time, completely absorbed in drinking in the beauties of the marvelous landscape, gathering grandeur and sublimity from the great White Mountains, which he loved so well, and where he spent many summers.

He always preached on Sunday at the hotel where he stayed, and great crowds came from every direction to hear him. There was something in his sermons that appealed to the best in everyone who heard him. They were full of pictures of beautiful landscapes, seascapes and entrancing sunsets. The clouds, the rain, the sunshine and the storm were reflected in them. The flowers, the fields, the brooks, the record of creation imprinted in the rocks and the mountains were intermingled with the ferryboats, the steam-cars, orphans, calamities, accidents, all sorts of experiences and bits of life. Happiness and sunshine, birds and trees alternated with the direst poverty in the slums, people on sick beds and death beds, in hospitals and in funeral processions; life pictures of successes and failures, of the discouraged, the despondent, the cheerful, the optimist and the pessimist passed in quick succession and stamped themselves on the brains of his eager hearers.

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Wherever he went, Beecher continued his study of life through observation. Nothing else was half so interesting. To him man was the greatest study in the world. To read human nature, to place the right values upon men, to emphasize the right thing in them, to be able to discriminate between the genuine and the false, to be able to pierce their masks and read the real man or woman behind them, was an accomplishment which he regarded as one of a clergyman's greatest weapons.

Like Professor Agassiz, who could see wonders in the scale of a fish or a grain of sand, Beecher also had an eye like the glass of a microscope, which reveals marvels of beauty in the dross and common things. It had a magnifying power which sees the miraculous and beautiful in the commonplace. He could see beauty and harmony where others saw only ugliness and discord, because he read the hidden meaning in things. Like Ruskin, he could see the marvelous philosophy, the Divine plan, in the lowliest object. He could feel the Divine presence in all created things.

What a boon to be able to look at things as Beecher looked at them —to see the wonderful meaning back of it all, to read the philosophy in the simple flower, to see in the sunset the very portal ajar of the paradise of God! The rose he saw was not the one which was plucked, which withers and dies, but the rose idea, the God pattern which pushes out the new one every time in the place of the one which is plucked, the love thought of God which is back of every flower. He did not stop with objects, but saw that they were but the ideas of the Creator, mere suggestions of possible beauties and deeper meanings.

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"An exhaustive observation," says Herbert Spencer, "is an element of all great success." There is no position in life where a trained eye can not be made a great power, a great success asset.

"Let 's leave it to Osler," said the physicians at a consultation where a precious life hung by a thread.

The great Johns Hopkins professor examined the patient. He did not ask any questions. His experienced eye drew a conclusion from the slightest evidence. He watched the patient closely; his manner of breathing, the appearance of the eye,—everything was a telltale of the patient's condition, which he read as an open book. He saw symptoms which the others could not see. He recommended a certain operation, which was performed, and the patient recovered. The majority of those present disagreed with him, but such was their confidence in his power to diagnose a case through symptoms and indications which escape most physicians, that they were willing to leave the whole decision to him. Professor Osler has been called a living X-ray machine, with additional eyes in finger tips so familiar with the anatomy that they detect a growth or displacement so small that it would escape ordinary notice.

The power which inheres in a trained faculty of observation is priceless. The education which Beecher got through observation, by keeping his eyes, his ears, and his mind open, meant a great deal more to him and to the world than his college education. He was not a great scholar; he did not stand nearly as high in college as some of his classmates whom he far outstripped in life, but his mind penetrated to the heart of things. He knew there was a great lesson, a secret in everybody and everything for him if he could only get it out. No matter how commonplace the object or the circumstance, or how dull the person, he knew there was something there which could increase his power.

Lincoln was another remarkable example of the possibilities of an education through absorption. His mind stopped and questioned, and

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Big Salaries and Fees

THE MEN WHO RECEIVE THEM AND THE REASON WHY.—NEVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTRY HAS THE DEMAND FOR CLEVERNESS BEEN SO GREAT.—WHY MEN ARE WILLING TO PAY FOR WHAT THEY WANT

By Remsen Crawford

UNTIL the mints of earth stop turning there will be money to measure merit. When a lawyer can make two million dollars in a single fee; when a doctor can demand fifty thousand dollars for a twist of his wrist; when a violinist can get a thousand dollars for playing three tunes in a private parlor, and a cook can command twelve thousand dollars a year, it must be taken as an incontestable fact that man's earning power will reach no bounds.

Never before was the world so exacting in its demands, or so willing to pay for what it wants. Some of the fees that are paid for consummations so devoutly wished are large enough to send a blush to the cheek of the man who invented money. It is all for the "knowing how." "Pay me five dollars for amputating your leg," said Dr. George F. Shrady, explaining large fees in the medical profession, "and $995 for knowing how." Another celebrated physician, a practitioner in Paris whose fee of $1,000 was questioned, was not so willing to explain. "I have n't time to discuss my fees," he said,—"PAY." Another surgeon in San Francisco, who had just successfully operated for appendicitis, was pleased to hear his patient say, on recovering from the effects of ether, "Doctor, accept my check for $30,000, with my congratulations upon your knowing how to do the job." The late Senator C. L. Magee said to Dr. Walter C. Browning, of Philadelphia, "I have made one million dollars while you kept the breath in my body, and I 'm going to give you $150,000 as your fee." J. Pierpont Morgan once said, with characteristic emphasis, "Give me a man who will do this work, and there 'll be no dispute about pay;" and it was the late Charles Broadway Rouss who stood ready, to the day he died, to pay one million dollars to the man who would cure him of blindness.

OUR MODERN BUSINESS CONDITIONS CALL THE MAN WITH ONE IDEA

There is a dragnet out in all the varied walks of life for "the man who knows how." The world stands ready to enrich a person for doing one thing, if he does that one thing well. A young man once entered the office of Joseph Pulitzer, and asked for employment on his newspaper's staff. "Have you got one idea?" asked Mr. Pulitzer, with that directness and frankness which have distinguished him among the vigorous makers of modern journalism. "I hope I have many ideas," replied the young man. "Then I do n't want you. Do you see that crowd out there in the street, and do you observe anything peculiar about it?" The young man said he saw nothing different from the ordinary crowd in the streets. "Well, there 's one man much taller than the rest. His head rises away over the others. Now, a man with one idea is just as conspicuous among men, to-day, in his field of labor, as the tall man is in that passing crowd. The fellow with one idea rarely fails to make his mark."

How strikingly this illustrates the wisdom of the one-thing-at-a-time rule when one considers that it is fast becoming a day of the specialist! The highest-salaried men of the world, to-day, are those who are known for their continuity of purpose along some certain line of work. The largest lump-sum fee ever paid in America was the $5,000,000 left in the will of the late Jay Gould to his son, George J. Gould, "for services rendered in five years," and the courts upheld it as a fee, not a gift, because George Gould had concentrated his energies in railroad work and knew how to take things up where his father left them when health failed him. In all its varied branches the railroad business, from construction to the intricate problems of interstate traffic, is a well-learned lesson to George Gould, and it was for the knowing how that he received the most stupendous salary of modern times, even if it should have to be admitted that none but a father would have placed the figures so high. Gratification over the very fact that his son did know how is doubtless the explanation of the enormity of the sum.

MR. CROMWELL WAS PAID TWO MILLION DOLLARS FOR HIS WORK

When the United States and France started about the bargain which resulted in the transfer of the Panama Canal outfit, a few years ago, it was William Nelson Cromwell, a New York lawyer, who undertook the delicate, though not very difficult work of drawing up the papers and closing negotiations. The task was delicate in that it was a transaction in which three republics were interested directly,—France, Colombia, and the United States,—and in which all the powers of earth concerned about commerce were indirectly interested. Furthermore, as subsequent events proved, there were seeds of rebellion being sown all along the canal zone, and the outbreak against Colombia by the seceders had to be dealt with in the dickering for the canal. But what cares a New York lawyer about such trifling things as a rebellion and the making of a republic, when he hopes to get five per cent. of the $40,000,000, the price of the canal, which would net him $2,000,000 as a fee? Two million dollars for a single transfer of property! The world had never heard of such a fee, and the nations of earth stood back in open-mouthed wonder as the versatile lawyer went on with his work, and wound everything up satisfactorily, at least to the seller and the buyer, pocketing his $2,000,000 and going about his office work as if nothing had happened. Two million dollars would terrify every wolf of hunger in the pack. It would pay the salary of the President of the United States for forty years. It would pay the salaries of the 386 representatives in congress for one year, with $70,000 left over for the sinking fund. At fifteen thousand dollars a mile, it would build a railroad one hundred miles long and leave half a million dollars with which to equip it. It would found a college and send a flotilla to the north pole. But what 's the use of figuring? It would take an astronomer, familiar with the fabulous distances of the Dog Star, Sirius, from other remote specks on the firmament, to calculate the countless things two million dollars could do. It is enough to know that Mr. Cromwell fixed his price and the fee was paid without remonstrance.

PAUL MORTON,
the new president of the Equitable Life Company who draws $80,000 a year

JAMES B. DILL,
who gave up stupendous corporation fees to become a judge at a small salary

PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE

DAVID B. HILL,
who received $10,000 for making a single argument in the Molineux Case. Mr. Hill has also received large fees in his corporation practice

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BOURKE COCKRAN,
whose fees as a consulting lawyer in New York often amount to $250,000 a year

W. N. CROMWELL,
who received $2,000,000 for his work in arranging the sale of the Panama Canal

Photograph by Gessford

F. L. ROBBINS

Photograph by Van Der Weyde

S. UNTERMEYER

JOHN F. STEVENS

CHAS T. SCHOEN

The next largest fee ever paid to a lawyer for one case, perhaps, was that of $1,000,000 which James B. Dill, another New York attorney, received for settling the disputes of Andrew Carnegie and Henry C. Frick, arising out of the transfer of the properties which were merged in the great Steel Trust. There were many entanglements to be straightened out, it is true, but they were taken singly, and it is quite probable that the work was simple,—the ordinary routine of law practice. Splitting fine hairs of difference and bringing factions to an agreement is the high art of commerce, nowadays, and Mr. Dill knew how. The litigants were willing to pay him a million, and—why not?

Still another New York lawyer, who is distinguished by his large range of vision in making out a bill, as well as for his success in carrying his point, is William D. Guthrie, who received the substantial fee of $800,000 for upsetting the will of the late Henry B. Plant, who owned the Plant System of railways, steamships, and hotels. The estate was valued at $24,000,000, and Mr. Plant directed that the property should remain in trust until the tiny son of Mortimer Plant should grow up and his oldest child should become twenty-one years of age. The widow engaged Mr. Guthrie to attack the will, on the ground that Mr. Plant had been a resident of New York, the laws of which would forbid the tying up of an estate in trust, which Mr. Plant had done by claiming residence in Connecticut, where such things are allowed. Mrs. Plant's share of the estate was $8,000,000, and Mr. Guthrie is said to have charged ten per cent. of this, or $800,000. He won.

Among other lawyers who have been conspicuous for earning extraordinary fees are Chauncey M. Depew, who received $100,000 a year from the New York Central Railroad Company, and who, until recently, was paid $20,000 a year by the Equitable Life Assurance Society as a retainer, though his duties were simply to act as a special adviser at certain times to the officers of the company; David B. Hill, who, likewise, received $5,000 a year from the Equitable as an adviser, and who once charged $10,000 for making a single argument for the prosecution in the Molineux Case, and Samuel Untermeyer, who figured as counsel in the Shipyard litigation, earning large fees, and, when the Equitable tangle came to be unraveled, is said to have been paid many thousands of dollars.

NOT ALL LAWYERS EARN SUCH LARGE FEES

To the list of extraordinary fees that lawyers have earned may be added the $200,000 which Joseph H. Choate, until recently ambassador to England, received for arguing a few hours before the supreme court, at Washington, the effect being that the income tax law was declared unconstitutional. John E. Parsons, another lawyer noted for earning large fees, has been paid $100,000 for drawing a single deed. At one time W. Bourke Cockran had an income of more than $200,000 from consultation practice solely, and many of the well-known law firms of the financial district are known to get $50,000 apiece in annual retainers from several corporations. These large fees, however, are like dreams of things that are far off and faint to the average lawyer of the principal cities of America. In New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Buffalo, and other cities, there are scores of young men who have spent three or four years pounding Blackstone into their brains, and have entered the profession with no pay except the privilege of being in the offices of celebrated firms. For several years they have to work for nothing until they are finally "tried out" with the smaller cases which the heads of the firms, accustomed to the snug fees already described, never touch and know nothing of in the daily round of their office work. The young lawyer who does not enter an office, but who has the courage to start out for himself, unless he has some strong and friendly connection, will find it hard to earn a living in a city, for a year or two. After about ten years he may count ten thousand dollars a year as income, if he has managed to get a hold with the clerks and policemen and prison keepers, who have much to do with the hiring of lawyers by persons in trouble through a system that is known about the courts as "steering." There are professional "steerers," too, around the civil and criminal courts, who turn clients over to lawyers, provided they will pay them half of the fees. It is safe to say that the average lawyer in New York does not earn more than $2,000, excepting the eminent ones whose fees come as the result of years of successful practice and political advancement.

THE SUCCESSFUL PHYSICIANS HAVE BEEN GENEROUSLY REWARDED

The paying of extraordinary fees to doctors dates back much further than the generous treatment of lawyers by the public. When Professor Adolph Lorenz came to New York, from Vienna, to cure Lolita Armour of congenital dislocation of the hip by a process which won his fame, he was paid $30,000 and the expenses of himself and his assistant, Dr. Frederick Mueller, throughout their trip to America; but this fee was not nearly so great as doctors have received for cases not nearly so serious. As far back as 1762, when Empress Catherine II. wanted to be vaccinated, Dimsdale, a prominent practitioner of London, was sent for, and for simply making the little scratch on the skin which takes in the virus he was paid the equivalent of $50,000, and $10,000 besides as traveling expenses. More than this, he was made a baron and was allowed a life pension of $2,500 a year. Professor Lorenz's fee does not compare with several that have been paid by royalty, and it should not be forgotten that, while he was in America, he treated many poor children free of charge. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, paid a doctor $50,000 for four weeks' treatment, and the *nawab* of Rampur, India, once paid a comparatively unknown surgeon of the British army fifty thousand pounds for three months' occasional visits, in an ordinary case of rheumatism.

Photograph by Pach

JOHN A. McCALL

H. O. HAVEMEYER

There is little doubt that the largest fee ever charged by a doctor in America was $190,000, for which Dr. Walter C. Browning, of Philadelphia, sent a bill to the estate of the late Senator C. L. Magee. When asked how he came to charge so much he said that he had refused to take the case of a New York man of great wealth who would have paid him much more than $190,000, and explained, further, that he had allowed his fees to accumulate in the hands of Senator Magee for investment, which would allow him to claim $600,000 if he wanted to. "I charge $20 an hour in my office and $40 an hour outside the office," said Dr. Browning, "and Senator Magee voluntarily doubled this fee." One of the charges was for $17,000 for treating the patient one summer at Atlantic City. The fee was a matter of dispute in settling the affairs of the deceased patient, for a long time after his death, it being stoutly maintained by the heirs that $190,000 was an exorbitant charge for twenty-one months' attendance.

In Baltimore, where there are many skilled and learned doctors, some extraordinarily large fees have been paid. Professor Howard A. Kelly, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, operated on a mine owner's wife at Cumberland, Maryland, and received $1,000 a day for twenty-one days. Professor A. McLane Tiffany, of the same city, received $10,000 for operating on a patient from New York at Warm Springs, and Professor J. W. Chambers was paid $5,000 for operating on Deputy Warden

Frank L. Robbins is president of the Pittsburg Coal Company, at a salary of $25,000 a year. It is paid because he is efficient as an organizer. Samuel Untermeyer frequently receives as high as $1,000 a day for his services as a lawyer. John F. Stevens was given $2,000 a month to accept the position of chief engineer of the Panama Canal. Charles T. Schoen invented the pressed-steel railway cars when a poor man. His salary, to-day, as president of the Pressed-steel Car Company, is nearly twice that of Mr. Roosevelt. John A. McCall, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, receives a salary of $100,000 a year. Henry O. Havemeyer is the head of the Sugar Trust, and receives a salary as large as Mr. McCall's.

Diffenbaugh, who was stabbed by a prisoner. The largest fee ever paid to a doctor in Chicago was $10,000, which the late Dr. C. T. Parks received for a delicate operation. The patient lived longer than the doctor.

THE AVERAGE CITY DOCTOR MAKES ABOUT TWO THOUSAND A YEAR

In New York City the largest fees were paid by the Whitney family in the cases of illness which resulted in the deaths of the late William C. Whitney and his wife. Dr. W. T. Bull has received some very handsome payments for operations, from wealthy families, but has always managed to keep them secret between himself and the families. There is not a better authority on medical fees in New York City than Dr. George F. Shrady, who is not only editor of the leading medical journal in the country, but is also the father-in-law of Edwin Gould and familiar with the relations of all the leading physicians and surgeons with the wealthiest families, says that the average city doctor only makes $2,000 a year. Dr. Shrady figures it out this way: there are two or three doctors in New York who make over $100,000 from their practice, which is chiefly with the wealthy; there are five or six doctors who make from $50,000 to $60,000; there are fifty who make from $25,000 to $30,000; there are one hundred and fifty who have an income ranging from $10,000 to $12,000, and about three hundred who manage to earn from $5,000 to $6,000 by hard work. The average doctor in most of the large cities gets two dollars a visit out of his office, and charges something under that sum for prescriptions written in his office after a diagnosis.

WILLIAM E. COREY

In London there are slot machines from each of which one can get a prescription for a penny. The patient must know fairly well how to diagnose his own case; for instance, if he has been getting the worst of a fist fight and is badly bruised about the head, he finds the slot which takes care of such cases and drops in his penny. Out will come a prescription made out in regulation form, prescribing such lotions as will allay swelling and ease the pain. In Australia there are certain societies or charitable organizations which guarantee medical treatment on payment of dues amounting to three pence a week. It is surprising, too, how many men of comparative wealth take advantage of these. Some who are rated as having $100,000 only pay thirteen shillings per annum through the societies to get medical treatment for themselves and their entire families.

Photograph by Aime Dupont

JEAN DE RESZKE

In the business world, the highest salaries are paid to the officers of insurance companies. James W. Alexander, while president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, was paid $100,000 a year; but he was not the only insurance president who received that amount, John A. McCall, president of the New York Life, and Richard A. McCurdy, president of the Mutual Life, getting the same from their respective companies, besides a great deal of revenue from other corporations of which they are officers, or in which they have large holdings. Paul Morton, former secretary of the navy, who is the new head of the Equitable, volunteered to cut his own salary from $100,000 to $75,000, but there is a vast difference between this and the $8,000 he received as a cabinet officer. The next highest salaries in the insurance business below those of the executive heads are paid to the managers of the companies with jurisdiction over the various states, or sets of states. These get from $10,000 to $25,000 a year, and then come the most successful canvassers, or solicitors of insurance, who are paid on the commission basis, getting nearly all of the first year's premiums on new policies and a certain per cent. on renewals in after years. Some insurance solicitors have earned more than $50,000 a year. Others, however, have been lucky to get $2,000 a year out of their premiums, and there have been many who could not afford to buy the fine clothes necessary to make themselves presentable, which is required by the company, and have been forced to give up the business because there was n't a living to be made in it. Lawyers get some of their greatest fees from the insurance companies, and many of them reaped a harvest in the litigation which recently followed the wrangle in the Equitable, Elihu Root, now secretary of state, having been paid at the rate of $1,000 a day for his part in the disturbance.

Presidents of railroad companies and heads of the so-called trusts are all well paid. The highest salary ever paid in America to a railroad president was $100,000, which L. F. Loree, of the Rock Island, received. Samuel Spencer, who is J. Pierpont Morgan's railroad representative and supervisor, receives $50,000 a year as president of the Southern Railway, and derives considerable profit from offices held with smaller lines controlled by Mr. Morgan. Presidents of other great systems make about the same, and of smaller lines from $10,000 to $25,000. Milton H. Smith, while president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, was credited with the remark that a railroad president can not earn more than $25,000, and he is said to have refused an offer of a salary greater than that.

The president of the Steel Trust gets $60,000; Henry O. Havemeyer, head of the American Sugar Refining Company, is paid $75,000 a year, and Frederick H. Eaton, president of the American Car and Foundry Company, receives $60,000, having once worked for $1.10 a day. In all such great business corporations the salaries of the men under the executive heads run about the same,—such, for instance, as general managers of railroad lines who earn from $4,000 to $8,000 a year; general freight and general passenger agents who earn from $3,000 to $7,000; district passenger agents and freight agents who make from $150 to $200 a month, and on down to engineers, conductors, and trainmen, whose wages vary according to their runs, and according to the scales agreed upon between the management of the railroad companies and the brotherhoods or labor organizations of which they are members.

BANKING DOES NOT ALWAYS PAY SO WELL

There are few high salaries in the banking business, except those paid to presidents of the largest banks in the principal cities. In this line of work one would suppose that better things were in store for a young man, for he must not only possess all the qualifications that go to make an accurate, clear-headed business man, but must likewise be above temptation. Starting as a checking clerk, the embryonic banker gets not more than $25 a month; as a messenger he gets from $375 to $450 a year, although his errands are of vital importance in the business world; as a bookkeeper he gets only about $1,200 a year, and as a paying teller about $2,000 a year. Then he may hope to become a cashier at an average salary of $5,000 a year. The salary of a bank president is governed by so many influences that it is difficult to give any idea of the fixing of it. If the man be some prominent financier, his salary will be between $40,000 and $50,000 a year. In small towns the president of a bank gets nothing like these sums, often receiving from $2,000 to $5.000.

In the commercial field, the man who makes the highest salary is the "drummer" on commission, provided he is of pleasing address, has a wide acquaintance throughout the territory assigned to him, and understands the business of his own house and that of his rivals as well. Tourists who have traveled much about the United States have often

[*Concluded on pages 780 to 782*]

J. H. HAMMOND

C. M. SCHWAB

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

SAMUEL SPENCER

William E. Corey gets $75,000 a year as head of the United States Steel Corporation, otherwise known as the Steel Trust. Jean de Reszke is one of the highest-paid operatic singers in the world, receiving, frequently, as much as $5,000 for a single performance. John Hays Hammond is, perhaps, the most noted mining engineer of the present day. He earns $250,000 a year by merely giving expert opinions regarding mining properties. Charles M. Schwab, when he was the head of the Steel Trust, received, perhaps, the largest yearly salary ever paid to any man. The archbishop of Canterbury is, possibly, the highest-salaried prelate in the world, receiving $75,000 a year. Samuel Spencer is the valued president of the Southern Railway

The Evils of Football

By Charles W. Eliot

PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE game of football has become seriously injurious to rational academic life in American schools and colleges, and it is time that the public, especially the educated public, should understand and take into earnest consideration the objections to this game.

Some of the lesser objections to the game are its extreme publicity, the large proportion of injuries among the players, the absorption of the undergraduate mind in the subject for two months, and the disproportionate exaltation of the football hero in the college world. The crude and vociferous criticism, blame, and praise which fall to the lot of the football player can be of no possible advantage to any young man at the opening of his active life; on the contrary, they keep before him an untrustworthy and unwholesome standard of public approval or disapproval.

Some danger attends almost all of the manly sports, and taking their risks makes part of the interest in them; but the risks of football are exaggerated and unreasonable. In a well-managed college, where men physically unfit for football are prevented from playing the game, the risk of death on the football field within four years is not so great as the risk in riding horseback, driving an automobile, or boating and yachting, if these sports are followed for years. Nevertheless, many serious injuries occur which are apparently recovered from in good measure, but which are likely to prove a handicap to the victim in later life. Sprains, strains, concussions of the brain, and injuries to bones are apt to leave behind them permanent weaknesses which, in later life, become troublesome. The distraction from proper collegiate pursuits of multitudes of undergraduates during the football season has become a familiar phenomenon; but it is, nevertheless, a mortifying one.

The football hero is useful in a society of young men, if he illustrates generous strength and leads a clean life; but his merits of body and mind are not of the most promising sort for future service out in the world. The alert, nimble, wiry, tough body is, for professional or business purposes in future life, a better one than his; and the mental qualities of the big, brawny athlete are almost certain to be inferior to those of slighter, quicker-witted men, whose moral ideals are at least as high as his.

FOOTBALL ENGENDERS A VICIOUS MORAL CODE

The state of mutual distrust and hostility between colleges which all too frequently football creates is another of these lesser evils. This distrust is publicly manifested in humiliating ways, as when a member of the opposing team, or an official of the game, puts his ear close to the mouth of the trainer who has run out from the side lines to wash the face of a prostrate player. The precautions taken against trickery, like the armor and padding against hurts, show what the game has come to be. The carrying into elaborate and highly artificial practice the enfeebling theory that no team can do its best except in the presence of hosts of applauding friends is still another of the lesser evils of football. Worse preparation for the real struggles and contests of life can hardly be imagined. The orator, advocate, preacher, surgeon, engineer, banker, tradesman, craftsman, admiral, general, or statesman who can not do his best except in the presence of a sympathetic crowd is distinctly a second-class man.

PRESIDENT ELIOT

None of these things, however, enters into the main objection to the game, for the main objection lies against its moral quality.

As developed in this country under fierce intercollegiate competition, it has become a game in which the actions of the individual players can often be entirely concealed, not only from the mass of spectators on the benches, but from the nearer observers on the side lines, and even from the umpire, who gets as near as possible to the combatants. The game is played under established and recognized rules; but the uniform enforcement of these rules is impossible, and violations of the rules are in many respects highly profitable toward victory.

Thus, coaching from the side lines, off-side play, holding, and disabling opponents by kneeing and kicking, and by heavy blows on the head, and particularly about eyes, noses, and jaw, are unquestionably profitable toward victory; and no means have been found of preventing these violations of rules by both coaches and players. Some players, to be sure, are never guilty of them, and some, only when they lose their tempers; but others are habitually guilty of them. The rules forbid unnecessary roughness in play, but there is wide latitude in the construction of unnecessary roughness. To strike a player with the clinched fist is unnecessary roughness; to give him a blow equally severe with the base of the open hand is not unnecessary roughness. Even in perfectly visible cases of violation of the rules the game officials often fail to punish the offenders, particularly if an offender on one side can be offset by an offender on the other, and both allowed to remain in the game.

THE SPECTATORS DO NOT SEE THE SUBTLE EVILS OF THE GAME

The common justification offered for these hateful conditions is that football is a fight, and that its strategy and ethics are those of war. One may therefore resort in football to every ruse, strategem, and deceit which would be justifiable in actual fighting. New tricks are always desirable, as surprises. The weaker man is the legitimate prey of the stronger. One should always try to discover the weakest man in the opponent's line,—as, for example, the man most recently injured,—and attack him again and again. If a man, by repeated blows about the head and particularly on the jaw, has been visibly dazed, he is the man to attack at the next onset. If in the last encounter a player has been obviously lamed in leg or arm or shoulder, the brunt of an early attack should fall on him. As a corollary to this principle, it is justifiable for a player who is in good order to pretend that he is seriously hurt, in order that he may draw the opponent's attack to the wrong place. These rules of action are all justifiable, and even necessary, in the consummate savagery called war, in which the immediate object is to kill and disable as many of the enemy as possible. To surprise, ambuscade, and deceive the enemy and invariably to overwhelm a smaller force by a greater one are the expected methods of war. But there is no justification for such methods in a manly game or sport between friends. They are essentially ungenerous; and no sport is wholesome in which ungenerous and mean acts, which easily escape detection, contribute to victory, whether such acts be occasional and incidental, or habitual.

The general public that witnesses with delight these combats can seldom see or understand these concealed and subtle evils of the game. They witness with pleasurable excitement a combat which displays courage, fortitude, and a spirit of self-sacrificing coöperation in the players on each side. The college public is intensely interested in the qualities and the fate of the individual players, and is stirred profoundly by the sentiment of devotion to the institution,—because they believe that success in football is for the advantage of the institution. All parties welcome the chance to see a strenuous combat,—as their ancestors have for unnumbered generations. The respectable people who attend football games—collegians, graduates, and others—do not prefer to witness injuries, violations of rules, quarrels, and penalties. On the contrary, they always prefer to see skillful, vigorous playing, uninterrupted by such repulsive incidents. The responsible heads of secondary schools do not wish to have their pupils taught by college athletes that skill in breaking the rules without being detected is essential to success in playing football. The average college player would much rather play fair than foul. The players have not devised

or enjoyed the stupid methods of training which impair the physical condition of most of them before the important games take place.

What then are the sources of the grave evils in this sport? They are (1) the immoderate desire to win intercollegiate games; (2) the frequent collisions in masses which make foul play invisible; (3) the profit from violations of rules; (4) the misleading assimilation of the game to war as regards its strategy and its ethics.

On the question whether or not football victories do, as a matter of fact, contribute to the growth and reputation of a college or university, there are evidently two opinions. But if a college or university is primarily a place for training men for honorable, generous, and efficient service to the community at large, there ought not to be more than one opinion on the question whether a game, played under the actual conditions of football, and with the barbarous ethics of warfare, can be a useful element in the training of young men for such high service. The essential thing for university youth to learn is the difference between practicing generously a liberal art and driving a trade or winning a fight, no matter how. Civilization has been long in possession of much higher ethics than those of war; and experience has abundantly proved that the highest efficiency for service, and the finest sort of courage in individual men may be accompanied by, and indeed spring from, unvarying generosity, gentleness, and good-will.

Storiettes of Human Interest

"'THE ENGINEER SAYS THE BOILER HAS REACHED THE LIMIT'"

How the Governor Won. By Elliott Flower

"I DO N'T see," said the governor's wife, "why you want to wear two heavy woolen undershirts."

"I 'm going to have an interview with the leading members of the house committee on appropriations," explained the governor, with a smile.

"And is that committee such a chilly proposition?"

"I think it will be to-day," answered the governor. "Where 's my chamois-skin under-vest?"

Meanwhile the leading members of the committee on appropriations were having a discussion in the committee room at the capitol.

"Of course," said Chairman Perkins, "he has sent for us to urge the necessity for favorable action on that executive mansion appropriation, but I do n't see how we can grant it. We have a record for economy to maintain."

"That building has been good enough for better governors than he ever thought of being," asserted Representative Larson. "I have n't heard that any of them ever froze to death. Think of wasting $20,000 on a new steam plant."

"The trouble is," remarked Representative Corcoran, "that the average governor gets an idea in his head that he is going to occupy the executive mansion for life, and so he wants it made over to suit his whims. We must stand firm."

"What sort of pressure will he try to put on us?" asked Representative Ducey. "Of course, he 's got some such game to play."

"It 's too late in the session to talk of holding back appointments," said Chairman Perkins, "for most of them have gone through, already. He 'll probably threaten to hold up some bill that means a good deal to us."

But the governor surprised them. There were two or three bills that he might have used effectively, but he knew as well as they that, while they were of political advantage to certain members, there was enough of merit in them to make it inadvisable to take any liberties. The man who defeated them would have to answer for his act, and the governor had another plan.

The members of the committee were ushered into the north room, when they reached the executive mansion. The north room was very large and very cold. A grate fire burned at one end of the room, but it had about as much effect as a candle would have had. The members of the committee waited and shivered, just as the governor intended they should.

"Steam must be turned off!" suggested Representative Larson.

"No, it is n't," returned Chairman Perkins, as he put his hand on the radiator, "but there does n't seem to be much pressure."

"I wish," growled Representative Corcoran, "that we had n't let that flunkey take our overcoats and hats."

After a wait of about ten minutes the governor entered. The four members of the committee were huddled together near the grate, all of them standing.

"Won't you have chairs, gentlemen?" asked the governor. "I have a few matters which I would like to discuss with you, but it won't take long,—not over half an hour."

The four sat down; but, before the governor was fairly started, Representative Ducey asked plaintively if he might not be permitted to get his coat.

"I suppose that it *is* rather cold," said the governor, "but I 've become accustomed to it. Perhaps we 'd better move to another room."

They invaded another room, and the governor rang for a servant.

"Can 't you give us a little more steam?" he asked, when the latter appeared.

"Impossible, sir," was the reply; "the engineer says the boiler has reached its limit."

"Too bad!" said the governor to his guests. "You see, the house has been enlarged since the plant was put in, and there are not enough radiators, anyway. But never mind that, now! I want to talk to you about certain bills."

The governor was never more affable. He asked

about the very bills that they had half expected him to take up, but there was not even the hint of a threat. On the contrary, he seemed most favorably disposed toward them.

"I am quite convinced," he said, in conclusion, "that they should have my approval, and I assure you that I will act promptly when they reach me. Now, if you will pardon me, I will get some papers from my den. I've got a little room upstairs, with a gas stove in it, you know, and I do my work there during this bitter weather, but it's so small I can't receive any one there. If this room seems too chilly, move into the library. I'll be back directly."

The governor indicated the door leading to the library, and the chilly four were passing through it almost before he had left the room. He let them remain there in frigid solitude for another ten minutes. Then he returned with a packet of papers.

"Governor," said Chairman Perkins, "would you mind postponing the further consideration of this matter until—until the weather moderates a little?"

"Pardon me," said the governor, apologetically, "for not appreciating how this must affect one who is not used to it. By all means, let the matter be postponed. But won't you have a cup of hot coffee before you leave?"

"If it won't take long," said the chairman.

"Less than a minute," said the governor.

While they were disposing of their coffee Representative Corcoran suddenly asked, "Do you think, governor, that $20,000 will be enough to install such a steam plant as is needed, with all the necessary additional radiators?"

"Why, really," replied the governor, "I've been giving so much attention to those bills we've just been discussing that I've hardly had time to—"

"Because, if it is n't," put in Chairman Perkins, "we can just as well make it $30,000."

Fifteen minutes later the governor was removing his chamois-skin vest and chuckling to himself.

"What amuses you?" asked his wife.

"I was thinking," he explained, "what a mighty convenient thing the Weather Bureau is. It was cold yesterday, and the Weather Bureau said it would be colder to-day, so I arranged for a conference with certain members of the committee on appropriations."

"Well?"

"Well, we're going to have the most perfect and complete steam plant in this old building that a generous committee can provide."

"Was that what you wanted to see them about?"

"It was, but I was wise enough not to say so."

Dodson, Night Editor. By Clovis A. Farnsworth

Dodson was tired of it all. He grew retrospective, and the drudgery of his life oppressed him. True, during the fifteen years of his newspaper experience he had encountered many things that had tended to relieve the monotony of news-gathering,—perhaps there had been a murder story in which his deductions were cleverer than those of the detectives, with the result that the arrest had finally been brought about in consequence of what he had written. He remembered, too, certain human-interest stories, and the brief satisfaction that they had given him; but, when he looked back over it all, from the time he had entered the office of the paper in his home town, as a cub fresh from college, he felt as if his life had been wasted, and that, with the same mental exertion along other lines, he would already have earned a competence.

Reporters considered Dodson well up in the ranks of journalism, and wondered if they would ever be so fortunate as to reach so high a pinnacle; for, be it known, he had risen to the position of night editor of "The Advertiser," the most influential paper published in the West. He had to admit to himself that he really was receiving a good salary, but the incessant night work had aroused a feeling of dissatisfaction in him that had gradually robbed him of his cheery word and smile, substituting the passive features of a man whose words are touched with sarcasm.

Night after night Dodson sat at his desk, preparing the "lay-outs" for the items that the managing editor desired to feature. As "make-up" time approached, Dodson would stand over the forms, superintending the placing of the type that was soon to advise the eager public of the happenings of the past twenty-four hours. As regularly as the clock struck three in the morning he would leave the office, walking a block to catch the "owl" car to his home in the western part of the city.

As with all other men connected with newspapers for any length of time, he had become callous, in a way, to the bearing of a story, except as to the importance of it in a news way. When told of a murder, he would mechanically ask if it were "hot" enough for a full line of black type across the front page. Seldom, indeed, was it that he felt himself influenced by the text of the stories other than to guide him in determining their importance as news.

When the glowing reports of the richness of the gold discoveries in the Klondike district began to reach the outer world, in August of 1896, he remembered how the Californian still recalled the mining excitement of '49, when the hardy pioneers had either fought their way through the bands of wild Indians on the boundless plains, or had journeyed by way of Panama to San Francisco, there to prepare for the tramp to the placer mines in the Sierras. For some unaccountable reason he began to take more than usual interest in the news of the Klondike; perhaps the spirit of adventure which had thrilled through him in earlier years, but which had had but little vent, was beginning to manifest itself again.

"DODSON LOOKED UP AT HIS WIFE"

The fact that George W. Carmack had located rich mines on Bonanza Creek, and that three men had taken out fourteen thousand, two hundred dollars in eight days, began to arouse him from his lethargy. The gold fever was really growing upon him. That men could take out from one hundred to two hundred and eighty dollars a pan of the precious metal caused him to consider the question of joining the great crowd that was arranging to make the difficult trip to the gold fields, the next spring, as soon as the ice should break. He carefully read what the correspondents of "The Advertiser" wrote of the growth of new towns along the Yukon. In September of 1896, the first tent was pitched at Dawson City. In a year it was truly a city, throbbing with all the life of a mining district. That the winters were nine months long, with the thermometer frequently registering sixty degrees below zero, while the ice remained on the Yukon from November until the last of May, was given little more than a passing thought by Dodson, as the desire to acquire sudden wealth in the north slowly but surely took possession of him.

By March of 1897, the night editor had about determined to join the rush to the frozen north. He would undergo a brief spell of hardship in the land of the midnight sun, and then—should fortune smile on him,—he would return to his family and devote the remainder of his days to such pursuits as fancy might dictate. He would be free from the drudgery that had held him a slave for the best fifteen years of his life. One night the dispatches from Seattle were unusually glowing in regard to the vast richness of the Klondike. He came to a decision. He would arise early the next morning, purchase his ticket to the north, and then return home to inform his wife and begin preparations for his departure. Also, he would tell the managing editor that his days of bondage were at an end,—someone else must be secured to serve as night editor of "The Advertiser."

As he left the office, that morning, he felt how unnatural it was to labor throughout the night, sleeping by day, deprived of the pleasure of associating with other people, as his social tendencies had once dictated. He glanced along the city's main artery. Here and there were bright lights glaring to mark all-night saloons. The people that he met on his way to his car were of the night life,—bedraggled women wending their way to the places they called home, drowsy cabmen standing beside their carriages waiting for calls, or wheeling along the street with men who had drunk long and well at their clubs or in public places. At times he could hear the "chug-chug" of an automobile and the shouts of the occupants, who were mak-

ing the night merry with their revelry. It was the same old scene,—the same that he had seen night after night. It was not wholesome, and, as he thought of it this morning hour, he heaved a sigh of relief because soon, indeed, he would be free from it all. How black his little cottage looked to him as he alighted from his car! Inside, he saw his wife and children smiling in slumber, all oblivious to the cares of this world. With a thrill of anticipation of the day when he would return from the golden north with sufficient wealth to maintain him and his for the rest of his days, he made ready for bed.

As had been her custom for years, Mrs. Dodson carried her husband's breakfast to his room at nine o'clock in the morning. He awoke from sleep, which had been fraught with dreams of himself washing out pan after pan of sand fairly shining with yellow particles. As the cobwebs slowly cleared from his brain, he realized that the day was exceedingly dreary. The rain splashed against the windows in fitful gusts, and the wind tore recklessly through the trees, slamming a door here and rattling a window there, in its prankish way.

Dodson looked up at his wife and the tempting array on the tray. He looked about the room. Everything bespoke coziness. Everything was as it had been for weeks past, but on this particular morning, while the elements raged outside and his thoughts wandered to the gold fields far away, where the thermometer was, perhaps, sixty degrees below zero, it appealed to him as it had never done before. He ate his breakfast with unusual relish.

Two hours later he arose, read the papers, and spent the afternoon playing with his little children. To his wife he seemed exceptionally agreeable. When he donned his overcoat, that evening, to go to the office, there was a cheery smile on his face: being night editor of "The Advertiser" was not bad, after all.

When the Credit Man Grinned. By H. D. Varnum

ONE of the most important virtues early impressed upon a stock boy, or young employee in line for promotion to the road, is politeness, or courtesy. Sales managers and old traveling men having the novice in training never fail to emphasize the necessity of absolute courtesy toward customers.

"If you run up against a crank, give him the benefit of the doubt," the sales manager of our house used to say. "Lay it to his liver, or bad business, or inherent grouchiness, but do n't resent his ill-temper, or talk back to him; that is, if you want to keep a customer, —and keep your job."

This is good advice in almost any business, but there are cases, at times, when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and there are men in this world who have been pitchforked into positions for which they are no more suited than gumdrops are to a humming bird. I have had buyers on my list whom I would rather avoid at financial loss to myself than sell to, but I invariably have pocketed my personal feelings for the good of the house.

This spring the house made its usual promotions from the stock to the road. Among the young men sent out with a sample case was Wilber Foster, a mild, inoffensive chap of twenty-two, whose demeanor had been so modest and quiet that his presence was hardly known to the sales force. When it was rumored that young Foster was to try his hand on a Middle West route, many jokes were cracked at his expense.

"THERE WAS A YOUNG CHAP AHEAD OF ME"

"Wait until Mr. Wilber strikes Council Bluffs," said our credit man, who had spent some fifteen years of his business career on the road. "It 's a cinch he will have a run in with Marks, the buyer for Fosdick and Pryor. You know Marks. He always puts on his French *savate* shoes with the spike toes when he hears a new salesman is coming. I 'll have to warn Wilber to tackle him on the long distance 'phone first."

Foster accepted all the advice offered him, and listened to all the dark tales of warning, but when he left his face wore the same placid smile it had worn since his first day with the firm. About a month later I foregathered with a man named Baker, a salesman for a hat foundry, who was working his way back East.

"Know Marks, of Council Bluffs, I suppose?" said Baker.

I nodded.

"Just left him yesterday. Say, he 's the limit. But I guess he 's had a lesson that 'll last him no end. I saw it all, and it was a circus. Would n't have missed it for a partnership with the firm. It came about in the queerest way,—entirely unexpected and all that. You know Grogan, the big chap traveling for Morris and Bernstein?"

"What? Has Grogan licked Marks, at last?" I queried, deeply interested.

Baker looked at me in scorn.

"Grogan? He lick Marks? Not much! He made one of his usual bluffs, yesterday morning, in Fosdick and Pryor's place, but Marks threw him out on his ear. The scrap riled Marks, however, and he was about at blood heat when I reached the store. Luckily, there was a young chap ahead of me, and I escaped. The new fellow was a slender, inoffensive youth, with one of those 'please excuse me for living!' faces, and I felt real sorry when he walked into Marks's office just in front of me. It was like the first act of that 'Slaughter of the Innocents' tragedy you 've read about in the Bible. Say, I wanted to go away and not be an eye-witness of the funeral, but I just had to stay and see it out.

"Marks's door swung open after the young chap went in, and I saw the new salesman follow his card to the desk. Marks read it, then turned, and his thin lips curled up just like a tiger's when a Hindoo baby crawls in front of it. The young chap bowed and said something. Marks thrust out his face and yelled, 'Get out!' It was like a shot from a gun, but the new man never turned a hair. 'Get out of here!' shouted Marks, again, and with that he hurled a paperweight at the young chap's sample case. The case fell to the floor and opened, spilling a lot of dress-goods samples upon the carpet."

"What did the young fellow do?" I asked, eagerly.

"Do? He picked up the samples and shook them to get the dust out, and said, apologetically, 'Pardon me, Mr. Marks; how careless of me!' Say, Marks almost fainted. He snatched up a paper and fanned himself, then got to his feet. His young lady stenographer fled at that, and I knew the end of the battle was near. Marks took one step from his desk and said, in a voice you could have heard a block, 'Dash blame you, if you do n't leave this office, I 'll break your dinky swan neck. I do n't want any dress goods, and if I did, I would n't order them from a kid like you. If your house can 't send men on the road, they won't get any of my trade. Get out, quick, and tell your employer what I said!'

"The young chap bowed politely, just as if he had nailed a hundred-dozen order, and turned to go. Then Marks made his mistake. He aimed a kick at the new salesman that just fanned his coat-tail. Say, I guess I must have dreamed what followed. I remember seeing a shiny new sample case fit squarely into Marks's front porch, then a slender kid with a go-to-meeting face climbed up on his neck like a goat. In two seconds Marks was flat on his back, yelling for help. The new chap gave him a final kick in the ribs, picked up his case, and bowed himself from the room.

"Say, I chased him two blocks to give him a drink, but he would n't touch it. The last I saw of him, he was telling a policeman to send an ambulance to Fosdick and Pryor's store."

"Did you learn his name?"

"Yes. It was Wilber—think of it!—Wilber something. Would n't it shake you?"

I learned the aftermath on returning from my trip. My first inquiry was for young Foster. The credit man grinned.

"Oh, he 's the white-haired boy around here all right. Did n't you hear about it? He fixed Marks, of Fosdick and Pryor. Knocked him out. Marks was fired the next day for creating a disgraceful disturbance. And, say, Wilber sold the new buyer a bill of goods as long as your arm."

Quatrains. By Edmund Vance Cooke

APPROPRIATE

Verse is a drug, the writers say,
Upon the markets of to-day;
Hence, in the smaller towns, that 's why
The drug stores keep the book supply.

ENTENTE CORDIALE

"How wise thou art!" I said, and he
Paid equal tribute unto me,
Knowing that I, to realize
His wisdom, must, indeed, be wise.

Expert Shorthand Writing

A Lucrative Profession

By J. M. CARNEY

Few people realize the amount of money earned by expert shorthand writers—men and women who are really competent to do the best work. Much light was thrown on this subject when William E. Curtis detailed, in the Chicago Record-Herald, what court reporters were doing in Chicago, showing that men and women engaged in the work in that city earned more than $1,000,000 a year, while the firm of Walton, James & Ford does a business of more than $100,000 annually writing shorthand.

The shorthand reporter in the country circuit is one of the most independent and best paid men in his community. It is a poor circuit which pays less than $3,000 a year, and many of them are worth from $7,000 to $10,000 a year. In Chicago, a woman is at the head of a stenographic business of $35,000 a year, and many instances are known where men and women have made enough from a single case or investigation to pay for a home, as well as to lay aside something for a rainy day. In the case of the Pennsylvania Co. *vs.* The City of Chicago, tried in Wheaton, Ill., beginning May 3, and lasting 105 days, more than $20,000 were paid the shorthand writers.

Aside from the reporting work in court, shorthand writers are paid big salaries as private secretaries and in important commercial positions of trust. The recent death of Daniel Lamont recalls the fact that he began life as a stenographer, while such men as Edward Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, George B. Cortelyou, chairman of the Republican National Committee and member of the President's cabinet, and nearly all the prominent railroad men owe to stenography their advancement, as it furnished the opportunity for them to succeed.

During the last two years the court reporting firm of Walton, James & Ford—the largest shorthand institution in the world—in addition to their court reporting business, have instructed young men and women in expert shorthand throughout the United States and Canada. In June last, ROBERT F. ROSE, a member of the faculty of this school, with a force of graduates from this institution, which is but two years of age, broke all existing shorthand records by delivering the full typewritten verbatim report of the proceedings of the National Convention of the Modern Woodmen of America, one and three-fifths seconds after adjournment. Sept. 5, 1905, GEORGE L. GRAY, an eighteen-year-old graduate of this school, was sworn in as official reporter of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa, a position worth in the neighborhood of $3,000 a year—one of the youngest reporters in the world. In September, EDWARD A. ECKE, who studied the shorthand taught by this firm by correspondence at Auburndale, Wis., was appointed private secretary to John F. Wallace, former chief engineer of the Panama Canal. Among other graduates of this school are :—

J. A. LORD, official reporter, Waco, Texas (position worth $6,000 a year).
R. L. SANNER, official reporter, Decatur, Ill. (worth $3,000 annually).
S. A. VanPetten, VanPetten and Majewski, court reporters, 301-312 Woman's Temple, Chicago.
SIGMUND MAJEWSKI, same firm (doing a business of $8,000 annually).
W. S. TAYLOR, official reporter, Duluth, Minn. (worth $6,000 annually).
J. M. MCLAUGHLIN, official reporter, Burlington, Ia.
GORDON L. ELLIOTT, official reporter, Mason City, Ia.
F. D. KELLOGG, private secretary to John R. Walsh, president Chicago National Bank.
W. J. MOREY, private secretary to Joseph Leiter, Chicago millionaire.
W. F. COOPER, official reporter, Tucson, Ari.
W. J. FULTON, official reporter, Sycamore, Ill.
O. A. SWEARINGEN, official reporter, Lockhart, Texas.
CHARLES E. PICKLE, official reporter, Austin, Texas.
VIVIAN FLEXNER, court reporter, Davenport, Ia.
MARY BLACK, court reporter, Ashland Block, Chicago.
G. F. LABREE, court reporter, States Attorney's Office, Chicago.
C. R. COWELL, court reporter, Unity Bldg., Chicago.
CHARLES E. SACKETT, court reporter, Butte, Mont.

By writing to-day for full information, you will obtain a descriptive book, "Success Shorthand System," of how this firm teaches and trains beginners for this work, and perfects shorthand writers for expert work, together with a description of how the wonderful record-breaking feat in shorthand was performed, and a copy of the guaranty given each accepted pupil. You can be taught at your home, and it is just as easy to learn this expert shorthand as it is to learn an inferior system. Address, SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL, Suite 211, 79 Clark Street, Chicago.

HUMOR AND ANECDOTE

The Czar's Nihilist Friends

IN ALL European countries it is the custom for officers in the army and navy to pattern their beards, as much as possible, after the style favored by their monarch. In Germany, it is the kaiser's upturned mustache; in Russia, the czar's close-cropped whiskers and beard. Just before the Russo-Japanese War, there was a certain artillery captain, stationed at Moscow, who so closely resembled the czar in looks, height, figure, walk, and manner, that he has been taken for the czar, even by members of the latter's personal staff. The ruler, having heard of this remarkable "double" of himself, sent for the captain, that he might judge for himself. The likeness was, indeed, wonderful, and the czar said, "Truly, myself in duplicate; but," placing his hand kindly on the captain's shoulder, "I would advise you to change your appearance."

"Oh no, your majesty, the honor is too great!"

"Then," sighed the czar, "I am afraid some of my Nihilist friends will do it for you."

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Geography as She Is Taught

LITTLE Rob was the prize geographer of his class; that is, he could locate cities and bound countries with great glibness. He could draw the most realistic maps, printing in the rivers, mountain ranges and cities from memory. Rob considered geography purely in the light of a game, in which he always beat, but he never associated it with the great world about him. Rivers, to him, were no more than black, wiggly lines; cities were dots, and states were blots. New York was green, Pennsylvania was red, and California was yellow. Of course Rob had never traveled. He was born in a cañon near the country school he attended. One day the teacher made the discovery of Rob's idea of geography through the following incident. After vainly inquiring of several of the children where British Columbia is located, she called on Rob, who, as usual, was waving his hand excitedly, wild with the enthusiasm of pent-up knowledge.

"It is on page sixty-eight," he declared.

After the roar had subsided, the teacher explained that that was only a picture of British Columbia. Then she asked Rob to bound British Columbia.

"Can 't, teacher; it is all over the page."

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When Editor Scott First Saw Oregon

HARVEY W. SCOTT, editor of the Portland "Oregonian," went to Oregon when that region was less known to Americans than the remotest corner of Africa is to-day. His experience there for many years was a hard one. With his own hands he cleared away the forest trees to make room for the simple home of the pioneers, with its mica windows and puncheon floors; he split the rails for the fence built around the family homestead; he shouldered his rifle when occasion demanded, and went out to defend the white man's right to occupy the country.

Mr. Scott is a link between the past and the present. In him the early explorers who first pushed to the coast join hands with those who have taken up the march of progress under later conditions. The trails of half a century ago have become the railroad of to-day; the bateau of the trader has given place to the ocean carrier; warships anchor where Indian dugouts lolled in the fifties. Mr. Scott was born near Peoria, Illinois, in 1838. His father, a farmer, moved to the Pacific coast in 1852, finally settling in Oregon in 1857. Young Scott picked up a meager education at such schools as were afforded, but spent most of his time until he was of age at work on the farm. He finally applied himself vigorously to study, working on farms and in mills to support himself, and, in 1863, received his diploma as the first graduate from the Pacific University, at Forest Grove, Oregon.

After working a year at the mines, and another year as librarian in Portland, while at the same time reading law, he was offered the position as editorial writer on the "Oregonian." He accepted, continuing as an employee until 1877, when he purchased an interest in the paper which he now owns.

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Law *versus* Common Sense

IN 1883 Judge A. W. Doan was sitting on the common pleas bench in a Southern Ohio town, hearing an argument on a motion for a new trial in a case involving quite a large sum of money. S. G. Smith, an able lawyer, who argued the motion for a new trial, presented a very strong case, but it did n't appear to impress the court as the attorney thought it should. At the conclusion of this argument the court began discussing the merits of the case, and, in delivering his opinion, ignored every decision Smith had read. This was more than Smith could stand, and right in the midst of the delivery of the opinion he rose and said:—

"May it please the court, the opinion being rendered is exactly contrary to the law books."

"I grant it," replied Judge Doan; "but good law is good common sense, and I am deciding this case from the standpoint of common sense."

Attorney Smith carried the case up to the supreme court, but the higher tribunal sustained the lower court's decision.

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Two More on Mark Twain

By HENRY IRVING DODGE

THE most interesting literary man I have met is Mark Twain. I was shown up to his bedroom, and he received me in dressing gown and slippers. His old friend, rheumatism I think it was, was with him. While I was there, a committee was shown in and asked him to speak at a dinner, which he consented to do, provided they would arrange that he should be permitted to speak as soon as he arrived. He explained that it was intolerable for him to sit and wait for his turn to come. This point was conceded. Presently the head of the committee, noticing that the humorist was suffering, said:—"I suppose, Mr. Clemens, that it 's very painful for you when you have rheumatism to stand on your feet and make a speech."

"Nothing like so painful as when I 'm in bed, alone and the rheumatism gets all the attention," was the instant retort.

* * * * * * *

When Dan Beard was about to begin the illustration of "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," he went to Mr. Clemens for suggestions.

"Look here, Dan," said Mr. Clemens, "if an editor should come to me and ask me to write him a story,

TEACHER:—"Why should we always be neat and clean?"
LITTLE LIZZIE:—"In case of accident."

and should then sit down and tell me how to write it, I'd say, 'Gol darn yer, go and hire a typewriter.' Now, Dan, it's your business to illustrate that book, not mine." After a few moments of reflection, however, he looked up and said with an affectation of great solemnity, "Dan, I do n't like to inflict unnecessary suffering on you, but I will venture to make one suggestion. Please read the book before you illustrate it."

Mr. Beard adopted the suggestion with the result that some timer later, in looking over illustrations of his works, Clemens said:—"A great many men can make pictures for my books, but Dan Beard 's the only man who can illustrate my thoughts."

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A Plea for the Foolish Virgins

WHEN JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., encountered the parable about the foolish virgins who had no oil in their lamps, which was the lesson of the day for his Bible class, every member leaned forward with interest to hear what a Rockefeller would say about the folly of improvidence as illustrated in a lack of oil.

"'And the foolish said unto the wise,'" quoted Mr. Rockefeller from Matthew: 25:8-9, "'Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying: Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.'"

Mr. Rockefeller forcefully presented the lesson that is taught in this parable, and said that the wisdom of being prepared for an emergency could not be more strikingly presented than in the case of the foolish virgins who had failed to buy enough oil. When he had finished and it was time for little talks from the members at large, one, who had a record for raising discord, arose and asked:—"But suppose the price of oil was so high that they could n't procure it?"

Mr. Rockefeller called for the singing of a hymn, saying that he had unconsciously taken up too much time, and adding that the usual offertory would be skipped.

▲ ▲

A Finnish Fish Fable

RUDYARD KIPLING, like the rest of his countrymen, has a sneaking affection for a pun. A friend of his, a playwright, was recently giving him an outline of a play, the theme of which had been suggested by a Viking Saga. A "witch-whale" was a prominent figure in the plot.

"Where did you 'crib' the idea?" said Kipling.

He was told.

"Ah ha!" replied he, "that 's it, is it; a fish story hooked from the Finnish?"

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Why the Check Did not Come Forth

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, one of the best-known of writers, went to a publication office to get a check which was due him for an article.

"I am sorry," said the cashier, "but I shall have to disappoint you, to-day. The checks are made out, but they are without the signature of our manager. He is ill with the gout."

"Extend him my sympathies," murmured Mr. Le Gallienne. "It must be very trying for him to be so disabled. I infer that he signs his checks with his feet."

▲ ▲

King Oscar Was a Genial Host

ALTHOUGH the people of Norway have decided to cut away from Sweden, they have little against King Oscar as a democratic individual. He is a tall, erect, handsome old gentleman, courtly and kind in manner, and is, perhaps, the most approachable monarch. Several years ago, while aboard his yacht "Drott," in northern waters, a party on a passing steamer asked permission to go abroad. It was courteously granted.

King Oscar, in greeting his visitors, said, "I fear I can not show you such a yacht as you have shown me this morning, but she is comfortable enough for an old gentleman, and I have spent twenty-two happy summers on her."

To a journalist in the party the king granted a few minutes' conversation, and his first question, in perfect English, was, "You have a great many of my countrymen in your Northwestern Territories! What sort of citizens do they make?"

"The best we have, your majesty!"

Smiling, and thinking for a few moments, he remarked, "Is that the truth, or is it a newspaper man's diplomatic answer?"

Not long ago King Oscar was sitting in the smoking-room of a Wiesbaden hotel, where a group of gentlemen were discussing the questions of the hour, strikes, socialism, communism, the revolutionary tendencies of the time, etc. One of the party, expatiating upon his pet theories with considerable vehemence, wound up with the remark, "The days of monarchies are numbered."

King Oscar looked up and smiled.

"Evidently you do n't agree with me," resumed the speaker, "but can you give me any good reasons for thinking otherwise?"

"Only one, I am the king of Sweden," he replied.

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

CORRECT TABLE SERVICE

By Mrs. Burton Kingsland

I HAD recently discovered, to my great satisfaction, that no less than five of my old schoolmates at "Old Oaks Seminary" were living in New York.

I had been "Class Historian" and my past efforts to tell the story of each of the fair girl graduates, and forecast her future and her fortunes, gave me a more than ordinary interest in the lives and present circumstances of the young women whose names I recognized in a social directory—the editor of that valuable work having had the clever idea of "bracketing" the maiden-names of the matrons whose addresses were given therein. I had always felt an inward protest against women being so completely hidden behind their husband's identity as they are,—though the sentiment may savor of "woman's rights" from one who has never known woman's wrongs.

I called upon each and all of my old school friends, and had so warm and cordial a welcome that I promptly asked them to meet one another at my house for luncheon.

Upon this occasion we so enjoyed "talking over old times" that we planned to meet once a month, each one to be hostess in turn at a simple luncheon, the cost of which should not exceed the resources of a five-dollar bill, and as far within it as we pleased.

In this way Mme. Crœsus could not tempt dear, merry, but impecunious Gladys Joyce to put a greater strain upon her domestic exchequer than it could easily bear, and Rose Madden—unmarried and an artist,—need not fear to ask us to a Bohemian repast at her modest studio.

The remaining two, whose soubriquets at school had been "Heartsease" and "Chatterbox," lived in unfashionable quarters, the former in a very new but inaccessible part of the city, the latter in a location from which fashion had long departed, but to which an air of quiet self-respect had succeeded. Both were, presumably, in "comfortable circumstances."

One cold but sunny November day found our little party assembled around the "hospitable mahogany," in the tiny dining-room of the Joyce household. "I wanted to have the first meeting," said Gladys frankly, "because I might not have the courage to entertain this distinguished company after being their guest."

"Bosh and nonsense!" exclaimed Chatterbox. "When you come to me do n't be surprised if you have nuts for dessert, and we pass around a flat-iron to crack them with!"

"I think that, barring extreme cases," said Mme. Heartsease with an indulgent look at Chatterbox, "there is pleasure in variety, and every home has the charm of its own individuality. It is a mistake for every one to want to do things alike."

"Indeed, I agree with you," eagerly said she whom we had dubbed Mme. Crœsus. "We dine out a good deal, and by the first of March the stereotyped dinner, that seems to be repeated nearly everywhere, loses all flavor. Every one gets the best the market affords. Uniformity is necessarily the result. The very tables look alike,—hothouse flowers, silver candelabra, *bonbons*, etc. There was more variety when a one-color scheme was carried out, but that has been done to death. Now what could be prettier than that centerpiece!"

It was nice of Mme. Crœsus to say that, and Gladys looked honestly pleased. I have always noticed that the persons who have the most, and who have seen the most, are always those who are readiest to express admiration and appreciation of the belongings of others. They are not afraid to be thought unaccustomed to elegance, and they know that the first rule of etiquette is to give pleasure whenever we may.

It *was* a pretty table. Autumn leaves, gathered and preserved the month before, were laid in circles so as to form mats on the bare mahogany under all the dishes. The centerpiece was a very shallow basket of green osier, heaped with grapes and leaves. From its high arched handle, wound and tied with green ribbon, hung one perfect bunch of the fruit. It was prettily suggestive of autumn, as was the fair red apple at each place,—hollowed out to contain a fruit "*macédoine*," and with a leaf between it and the plate.

The snap and crackle of a little wood fire made a cheery accompaniment to the animated voices.

"Our markets are said to be the best in the world," said I, "but we have been reproached with being 'a nation of many religions and but one sauce,' you know, and our cookery does taste too much alike. To tell the truth, our cooks are our misfortune, but our housekeeping is our fault. We ought to study it as an art. We leave too much to Bridget."

"Did you ever hear of the famous bet made in Paris between two rival *gourmets?*" asked Heartsease. "One said that the sauce made the dish, and that he would bet a good dinner that he could serve something that the other would not recognize for fish, flesh, or fowl. He won his bet, for his guest thought the dish either sweetbread or calves' brains. It was neither; it was a pair of white kid gloves, boiled to shreds and served with a delicious sauce!"

"Thank goodness," exclaimed Chatterbox, devoutly, "that our cooks are not so proficient! It seems to me that the chief difficulty in entertaining is not so much the cooking as the serving. I think there is something pleasant and 'homey' in asking one's friends to come to a meal and take you just as you are, but—" profiting by the temporary absence of the waitress, she continued,—"my maid serves us as a nurse does the children at a nursery meal, or the man at the Zoo feeds the animals."

"I know what you mean," laughed Gladys. "There is no *deference* of manner."

"She snickers if there is anything to laugh at," continued Chatterbox; "her shoes creak, she clatters the dishes, and shuts the pantry door very audibly. You always have to ask for what you want, for she never notices; and when I have friends with me my whole attention is given to or absorbed by her, to steer her right. I suppose, Mme. Crœsus, that you know nothing of these plebeian woes."

"Pardon me," replied that lady with feeling; "to parody a proverb,—'when the butler comes in at the door, peace flies out at the window.' They are, as a class, the most faulty of mankind. They do just as little as is consistent with the dignity of a being made entirely for ornament. I get the best butlers I can, provided with 'crested recommendations,'—meaning those who have written upon note paper ornamented with family crests,—but I have to tell nearly all of them that they *must not* pile one plate upon another when removing them from the table, that they must not reach across a person to place or remove anything to save stepping around to the other side—"

The re-entrance of the waitress cut the speaker short, but at her next absence Rose Madden, speaking for the first time, said, with a worried look:—

"I wish you would tell me how a table ought to be served. My mind has been devoted so entirely to color values, perspective, and composition, that I scarcely notice what I eat, much less how it comes to me."

"There speaks the artist," said I. "You know the difference between an artist and an artisan. The artisan hurries through his work to get to his dinner, and

the artist hurries through his dinner to get to his work."

"Your definition reminds me of another that is soothing to us unmarried folks," she replied. "You must know, therefore, that the difference between a bachelor-girl and an old maid is that one has had a proposal and the other has not! But, to return to our subject, I really should like to know just the rudiments of correct serving,—say, at a dinner."

She looked pleadingly around the table, and we instinctively looked to Mme. Crœsus as the most experienced one to answer her. She was nothing if not amiable, so she smilingly said:—

"I can only tell you that, assuming that the table is set properly,—nothing out of line, the glasses set a hand's length from the edge of the table, (the larger one filled with iced water, but without ice), a plate at each 'cover' upon which is a napkin folded square, containing a roll, the knives and large spoon at the right, all the forks at the left,—the choice is between grape fruit and raw oysters or clams for the first course. A plate containing seven or eight oysters and a bit of lemon is placed on the plate already before each person."

"But one plate should be carried at a time," added Gladys, by way of her contribution.

"Yes, that rule is followed all through the meal, and while the left hand removes a soiled plate the right hand substitutes the one for the next course," continued Mme. Crœsus. "The under plate is left when the oyster plate is removed, and is used for the celery, olives, radishes, etc. Of course, everything is offered at the person's left."

"Do you think the hostess should have things passed to her first?" I asked of my neighbor Heartsease, who replied:—

"That is an old custom; now obsolete, I believe,—a survival of the times when it inspired confidence in the guests for the hosts to taste everything first as an assurance against poison."

"My one bit of elegance," chirped Chatterbox, "is a silver soup tureen, a wedding present, and now, one never sees one. Soup is always served from the side table, I suppose." Mme. Heartsease thought that one might be a law unto oneself in such a matter at a *little* dinner. Mme. Crœsus added that a little dinner, at which the hostess ladles out the soup and the host carves, imposes a much more difficult service than the customary manner of passing things around in courses. "In the latter case, the servant has but to place a fork and spoon side by side in the dish and, with a folded napkin under it to protect the hand, pass it to each person in turn. In the former, the servant holds a clean plate ready to place before host or hostess immediately after withdrawing the one he or she has just supplied, and then, adding the gravy from the side table, carries it to its destination."

"I thought that the host had the plates piled up in front of him," confessed Rose.

"No," said Milady Crœsus; "that is now considered provincial. The newer mode is a little more elegant, I think."

"Which should be removed first, the joint or the vegetables, when all are on the table in the old-fashioned way?" asked Rose.

"I think the best appearance of the table gives the rule," was the reply. "The soiled plates are taken away first, then the joint, and lastly the vegetables. After which, of course, the salt cellars and all the little furnishings not required for the sweets and dessert are removed on a serving tray covered with a doily, the crumbs brushed into a plate,—"

"Do you prefer a brush or a scraper?" interrupted Chatterbox.

"A silver scraper is the more thorough, but I find that the butlers all prefer a napkin, for some reason. After the sweet course, the finger bowls are placed, the fruit served, and then the women usually leave the men to their cigars, and coffee is served to them in the drawing-room, and to the men at table with the liqueurs. Three or four of the tiny cups and a small sugar bowl are passed on a serving tray to each person. But I am quite ashamed to have monopolized so much of the conversation. I was betrayed into it by Rose, who seemed so earnest, but really—I am the least observing of women in any house but my own," and Mme. Crœsus blushed very prettily.

"I, too, must apologize," laughed Rose, "for asking the advanced class to wait for me to learn my A, B, C's."

"Be happy, my children. You are both forgiven!" said saucy Chatterbox, while Heartsease added, sweetly,—

"I was glad to learn about up-to-date customs, for we are a little cobwebby in my environment. I think," with a smile at Gladys, "that we have had an excellent object lesson to-day at the table of our present hostess."

None but my eyes caught, I think, her quick glance of approval at the little waitress—except those for whom it was intended. Her kind heart and perfect breeding deprecated the discussion of a subject that could not but draw attention in a measure to the one who was serving us, and especially to any lapse that she might make.

"The class is dismissed," said Mme. Crœsus, smilingly, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Wealthy Ignoramuses

I WAS recently talking with a business man who is in the midst of the great activities of New York, dresses well, and lives well, but who, every time he opens his mouth, condemns himself, betrays his shocking ignorance of almost everything outside of his own little specialty. He knows almost nothing about the great men and women who figure prominently in current history. He could not even tell the names of the candidates for the presidency and vice presidency just before the last election. He said such things did not interest him.

It is painful to try to carry on a conversation with such a man. Think of the splendid opportunities for education, enjoyment, and culture which that man, with thousands of others, is throwing away! It does not seem possible that a man could do business in New York City and be so ignorant of everything outside of his own little groove.

One would think that some of the millionaires who try to make a show in the world would feel chagrined when they contrast their cheap, shoddy education, their narrow, limited intelligence, and their rutty minds, their stingy shriveled souls, with their mocking wealth and their display of the art works of the masters and the books of great writers in their libraries which they can not read intelligently. How this ostentatious show of the material mocks the mental poverty, the brain penury!

It is pitiable, as well as ludicrous, to see men who are rolling in wealth ignorant of the great world they live in, of the significance of all the principles and conditions which ameliorate and elevate mankind, men who know nothing of art or of science or literature, and whose mental penury is deplorable. They seem to think that a palatial residence, gorgeous furnishings, and fine carriages can be substitutes for that which makes a real man or a real woman.

When the Head of the Firm Takes It Easy

IT is said that cholera victims during the rage of the great historic epidemics were entirely unconscious of their condition. They were amazed at the anxiety of their friends, and could not believe, even when informed so by their physicians, that they were stricken with the dreadful malady. They felt warm and comfortable, while their flesh was really clammy and cold. There is a form of business cholera, also, in which the victim is often unconscious of his real condition. It seems to benumb the very sense of the merchant or manufacturer, so that he can not appreciate the ultimate fatal result which others clearly see, and he refuses to apply the remedy for his relief.

Conducting a business is like rolling a huge boulder up a hill. The moment you cease to push it, the moment you take your shoulder from it and think you will rest and take it easy, the boulder begins to crowd back upon you, and, if you are not careful, it will either run over and crush you, or get away from you altogether and go to the bottom with a crash. It is necessary to be everlastingly pushing, following up the boulder, keeping it going, in order to get it to the top of the hill.

One of the greatest dangers of early prosperity in any line is a tendency to relax effort. Many a man ceases to grow when his salary is raised, or when he is advanced to a higher position. Many a business man, after he has built up a large business, ceases to exert himself; and the moment he pauses in his campaign of pushing and struggling, the moment he begins to relax in giving his close personal attention, his business ceases to advance, and fatal dry-rot sets in,—one of the worst diseases that can seize on any individual or concern.

If a stone which a man is rolling up hill once stops, it may take two men to start it again, though one man alone could keep it going; similarly, it is most difficult to get a business out of a rut when, through carelessness, it has been allowed to fall into one. Take for example, the publishing business. Even a moderate amount of pushing and advertising, and a fairly progressive policy generally, will keep a periodical growing; but if it is once allowed to get into a rut it is almost impossible to make it progress again. If the circulation should once drop, it would take about ten times the usual effort to get it going again. The same principle is true in any business. A concern, like an individual, often gets over-confident, gets the "big head," so to speak, lays back on its oars, takes things easy, and then paralysis sets in. Dry-rot, like contagion, spreads through the whole establishment.

If your business is shrinking, if trade is dull, if old customers fall away and new ones do not come, if your profits or receipts are not so large as they should be, or if your business is unsatisfactory in any respect, make a close study of the symptoms of failing health in your system, and find out where the trouble lies. Do not be afraid to make a thorough diagnosis of your business disease; no matter how unfavorable, let the worst be known. See if it is strangulation, assure yourself that there is free circulation everywhere. If new customers do not come to you and old ones do not remain, there is probably stagnation in some part of your system; deterioration is going on somewhere. Your business needs shaking up. Perhaps it needs a change of heads. The introduction of new blood may put new life into it. Perhaps you are trusting too much to others without keeping an eye on things yourself. The man who attempts to run a business, large or small, must keep his finger constantly on its pulse, in order to detect any rise or fall of temperature, any irregularity, or any jar in the machinery. When the head of a firm is trying to take it easy, there is usually trouble somewhere. Something more than the incentive of a salary is needed to keep up perfect discipline, and to get the best results. There must be a personal pride, a personal ambition, an interest in the enterprise which one starts or conducts himself, to reap the largest possible harvest. Hired service will not do it. There must be a deeper interest even than just the money involved. There must be a personal pride in achievement, the pride in doing what one has undertaken in a grand way,—the pride, the ambition to do something that will count.

Training for Leadership

ONE great flaw in the education of the young is its failure to develop individuality. Boys and girls with the most diverse tastes and talents are put through the same curriculum. The dull boy and the bright boy, the dreamy booklover and the matter-of-fact realist, the active, inventive spirit, and the one whose soul is attuned to hidden music, the youth with the brain of a financier, and the one who delights in mimic warfare and strategic games,—all are put into the same mold and subjected to the same processes. The result is inevitable. Nine tenths of the children educated in this machine-like fashion are copies of one another and reproductions of the same pattern. Our system of education tends to destroy individuality.

Except in cases where special talents and characteristics are so marked that they can not be dulled or blunted by any amount of conventional training, the collective method of education destroys individuality, nips originality in the bud, and tends to make the child a weakling, or an imitator, instead of an original, forceful, distinct entity.

A great many people remain trailers all their lives, followers of others, echoes instead of realities, because their distinctive qualities, their original powers, were not developed, called out, or encouraged in youth.

What a sorry sight is a man with great possibilities of leadership following somebody else all his life, seeking the advice of others when he is amply able to give it, and never daring to venture on his own judgment, because he has always leaned upon others, or depended upon some one else to lead the way! His common sense and power of independent decision, his strongest inherent qualities, lie dormant within him. He is doing the work of a pigmy when he has the undeveloped capabilities of a giant, all because of a lack of proper individual training.

True education, the education for which the world is ripe, is unfoldment, calling out the germs of possibilities, developing original force, fostering self-reliance, encouraging and stimulating initiative power and executive ability, cultivating all the faculties, and exercising, strengthening, and buttressing them.

We want leaders and originators more than we want followers or imitators. We have enough, and to spare, of those who are willing to lean on others. We want our young people to depend on themselves. We want them to be so educated that their qualities of leadership, their originality, and their individuality will be emphasized and strengthened instead of obliterated.

Self-assertion, the spirit of independence, the courage, the manhood which respects its own powers and is determined to rely upon them, and belief in oneself, the qualities which characterize a leader, can be cultivated by every human being. But if these qualities are not drawn out in youth they may forever lie dormant in the soul.

Scores of college graduates, who have won their diplomas legitimately and honorably, fail hopelessly when they attempt to grapple with the practical side of life. They have no qualities of leadership, no independence of thought, and no self-reliance. They are stuffed with facts and theories, but their executive faculties, their powers of combination and assimilation, the qualities which grasp and hold and manipulate,

all lie dormant within them. They were not trained in boyhood to depend upon their own judgment, hence it is weak, hesitating, and uncertain. Their common sense has never been put to the test. They do not know how to be aggressive, or how to marshal their facts and theories and reduce them to working proportions.

Whatever you learn in school or college, remember that it is the executive talent, the ability to do things and the power of achievement that counts. It is not the great scholar, who is brimful of facts and theories, but the practical man, who knows what he ought to do and who will do it, who deals with conditions, not theories, and who can bring about results, that is in demand everywhere.

Education is not a stuffing of the memory with facts and theories until it becomes like an unwieldy encyclopedia or dictionary that can not be handled with ease. A really educated man is not loaded down with text-book information that he can not put into practice. He knows how to utilize every bit of his knowledge. His education gives him executive power, and makes him master of himself, with ability to manipulate perfectly all the powers that God has planted in his soul. The man who is rightly educated will never be a leaner, imitator, or follower. He may not, necessarily, be a great leader, but he will not seek his opinions from others; he will trust his own judgment, will pilot his own bark, no matter how rough or troubled the waters, will be himself, and will live his own life, wherever his lot may be cast.

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Be Ready for Instant Battle

A MAN should keep his mind up to the standard; he should keep it disciplined and ready for action. To do this it must be trained, drilled every day in mental tactics, so that it will be strong, vigorous, and alert, ready to act in an emergency with the maximum efficiency of which it is capable. What condition for a sea fight would our navy be in if we, for five years, dropped all gun practice and ship discipline, and allowed all the naval officers and sailors to do as they pleased and have a good time? Young men would say that would be ridiculous. But is it any more ridiculous than to expect the mind to cope with a commercial crisis or a political emergency, or to solve a great social problem with untrained powers?

Your mind is your personal navy. Your faculties are your ships and men; and if you are not ready for life's great battle, ready for an emergency, how can you expect to conquer when the crisis comes?

Many an army has been conquered because the men were caught napping and the officers unprepared. It is the alert general, who has his forces in perfect trim, disciplined with a fine persistent drill, that conquers in the conflict. If you do not keep your mental forces up to the standard, if you do not train them to seize with power and to grasp with vigor you will never be victor in life's battle.

Why He Never Got Above a Little One-Horse Business

He did not know how to advertise.
He did not keep up with the times.
He tried to do everything himself.
He tried to save by hiring cheap help.
His word could not be depended upon.
He looked upon system as useless red-tape.
He strangled his progress by cheese-paring economy.
He did not have the ability to multiply himself in others.
He did not think it worth while to look after little things.
He ruined his capacity for larger things by burying himself in detail.
He never learned that it is the liberal policy that wins in business building.
His first successes made him over-confident, and he got a "swelled head."
His styles were always a little off. His goods always a little out of date.
He thought he could save the money which his competitors spent for advertising.
He thought it was nonsense to pay as large salaries to buyers as his competitors did; but they got his customers.
He did not appreciate the value of good taste in a buyer, but thought what he saved on his salary was clear gain.
He was always running his business down. With him times were hard and money tight; business only just "so-so."
He was pessimistic, and all his employees caught the contagion, making the whole atmosphere of his establishment depressing.
He put men at the head of departments or in posts of responsibility who lacked executive ability and the qualities of leadership.
He could plan, but could not execute, and he did not know human nature well enough to surround himself with efficient lieutenants.
He did not think it worth while to compare his business with that of his more successful competitors or to study their methods.
He did not buy with his customers' needs in view, but bought the things which he liked the best himself, or which he thought would bring the largest profits.

WITH THE HOUSEKEEPER

The House-Mother and Her Storeroom. By Helen Campbell

"It is all very well to tell about studying food and making bills of fare for your family," writes a correspondent, "but if you lived on the Michigan peninsula, which is what I do, or in Arizona, as I did, adding to my list of abodes a period in the mountains of Georgia, in all of which places one must manage with just what can be had rather than with what one wants to have,—how then? What do you know or what can you tell as to handling the resources of a prospective fruit farm, chiefly apples soon to come into full bearing, where the men folks call for pie three times a day and the women folks roll and roll and roll the crust that they appear to think should inclose fish, flesh, fowl and fruit, for there is nothing it seems that may not enter into pie and be more welcome in that guise than any other? I may add that the family consists of myself and husband, a hard-working farmer, and his helper, and an American college student stopping in his course for a year to earn money for the next one. There are two children—seven and nine,—and a grandmother of seventy, but very active and in fair health save for occasional rheumatism and colds."

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The "men folks!" This is always the first stumbling-block in the way of either simplification or alteration of fixed habits of diet. But it may be suggested that these same "men folks" acquired their habits under the training of the women who fostered them, and that the only present hope of radical change lies in the wiser teaching of the children, men being precisely what women have made them, plus inheritance from ages of error. The maker of men not alone in habit but in every fiber of body and soul,—the woman,—may well ponder the meaning of building a body, for many a man groaning over inadequate forces and a body which is chiefly torment, may say again, "The woman tempted me and I did eat."

As to the highly involved and most pregnant question, the answer is by no means that of the theorist or even practical worker in the present lines of the scientific study of foods, though both these facts exist. It comes from a personal experience of some years at a point far removed from the first available source of supplies nearly two hundred miles away and reached only by dog or Indian pony train in winter; or it might be, on special occasion an Indian "runner" or half-blood *coureur du bois*, secured for the emergency. Once a year, in September, over a "blazed trail" came the army wagons with their weight of provision for "payment time," and a little smuggling might be done through them. Too far north for hens to live through the eight months and a half of winter, the only surviving hen from various attempts at chicken raising, going about on a wooden leg manufactured by the blacksmith to supply the loss of the frozen one,—eggs could make no part of the dietary.

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The lumber camp not far away had its fixed list of supplies best adapted to far northern conditions, and it was copied by the few white dwellers at the distant post. Beans headed the list; pork and bacon, dried apples, firkins of butter, unsweetened condensed milk, and molasses, sugar, rice, prunes and raisins; in short, all the dry and easily handled forms of food, transportation being a very serious matter. This list was supplemented by fish and game of many orders, from ducks and rabbits to moose and bear. Wild fruits, chiefly of the berry order, abounded, and were canned so long as the very limited supply of cans held out, then dried and soaked before using, as with dried apples.

Beef appeared but once, and was supplied then by a "government ox" which went through the ice on one of the lakes to be crossed. Rescue being impossible, the victim was skinned and cut up by a swarm of hungry Indians scenting the prey afar off. It had seen long service and my own portion, cooked slowly for two days, retained more or less the flavor of aged leather, and yielded only to the grinder. Broth and mince pie were the only possible methods of use. Pork, long barred out by both theory and practice, had its own way for a while, since a climate in which the spirit thermometer shows fifty degrees below zero at times, compels free use of fats. Naturally, then, pork and beans led the way, flanked by baked or steamed Boston brown bread and dried-apple sauce, pickles also being demanded by the lumbermen, who called also for much white bread in the form of hot biscuits or flapjacks. But beans, three times a day, were the main food, the combination here given being an almost perfectly balanced one on the side of food values, proteids, carbohydrates and fats in just the right proportion, the *menu* again showing the instinctive wisdom found in all national dishes, their combinations suited precisely to the need of the eater. In the lumbermen's case pans of strong tea washed it all down, any oversupply working off in the tremendous bodily toil their labor represents.

For the Michigan peninsula or any northern region, much the same order of supplies is necessary, but macaroni and *spaghetti* are an excellent addition, to be prepared with tomato as a balance to the condensed form of starchy food which they represent. Before any attempt comes to organize, so to speak, this food supply and to see its possibilities, get a good cook book, not a "Manual of a Thousand Recipes," but one, for instance, like "Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book," which covers the ground of both simple and more complicated cookery. "Mrs. Herrick's Liberal Living on Narrow Means" is also an admirable help, since it means the savory preparation of cheap cuts of meat, and also of vegetables and left-overs. If, added to such aid, you have the sense for good combinations and seasoning, a very limited variety in the storeroom can be made to afford a satisfactory table.

It is taken for granted that canning is understood and that jellies and jams are on the shelves. All of them, in moderate amount, are good for man and child. A rack of peanuts can be easily obtained, to be roasted at home as needed. From part of them peanut butter can be made for sandwiches by running the peanuts through a fine grinder. This food is not only a delight to a child but a very perfect form of nourishment as well.

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The best dieticians recommend for a child from four to nine, as a day's food supply, one and a half pints of milk, half a pound of bread with half an ounce of butter, one-eighth of a pound of rice, making half a pound when boiled; four ounces of orange or some other form of fresh fruit, or stewed fruit, when fresh can not be had, with only a little sugar, and two ounces of egg lightly boiled. Dates, figs and prunes are all desirable, and also a little of some pure sweet, like maple sugar or honey, or even a simple homemade candy, at the end of a meal, but never between meals. All "snacks" are barred out,—pie, cookies, or cake, being not only totally unnecessary, but also when eaten between meals laying the foundation for our national dyspepsia and its supposed antidote or cure in patent medicines. From ten years on, a freer diet may begin, but the simpler it is kept the better for the development, at its best, of the child.

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Old age, it is now recognized by the best minds in the medical profession, requires a much lighter diet than is generally permitted it, and it may well return in degree at least to somewhat the regimen for the child, much fruit helping to head off the rheumatism which is almost certain where an oversupply of rich food is taken.

Pie comes next in order in the arraignment, but pie is actually only the marriage—and a very harmo-

nious one,—of grain and fruit, or some other filling. If the crust can be made as the famous Shaker cooks make it, of rich cream lightly salted, and whole wheat flour stirred in till a dough is formed which is rolled very thin, it becomes an exceedingly desirable form of food; in its appearance not quite so attractive as the conventional pie, but excellent all the same, and so good that even the "men folks" will make no complaint.

All this is the general view of what the storeroom holds, and what may be done with it; but to aid in making simple *menus* which plan a variety, a valuable series is added that was used with the utmost satisfaction by a group of thirty college students for whom it was made. They had a special motive for economizing, yet wished good food, and the week's dietary is one of the best possible suggestions for the use of small means. Planning in this way will prevent the monotony which often comes to the family table, and it is worth both time and thought to evolve for each season the *menus* best appropriate to it, those for winter holding more of proteid and fats than that for summer permits. Fruit, fresh or cooked, is a necessity for all seasons. With this practice established comes also the end of worry embodied in the question, "What SHALL we have for breakfast?" An almost uniform breakfast is the law for the Continental nations. Our lavish American one is far too heavy a load unless it can be worked off in the open air. Scientific research has shown that a balanced and nourishing diet can be provided at a cost of ten cents a day for the raw food of each, and even with cost of preparation and serving added, it should not go above twenty cents, and may be even less.

Menus for Six Days

I.

Breakfast: Oatmeal with top of milk, fish-cakes, toast with a little butter, prunes, milk, and cereal coffee.
Dinner: Beef soup, *croutons*, beans baked with pork, brown bread, apricot shortcake.
Supper: Sandwiches, (cheese and jelly,) white and graham bread, no butter, sliced bananas, milk.

II.

Breakfast: Cornmeal mush and top of milk, baked beans, buns, cereal coffee, milk.
Dinner: Split-pea soup and crisped crackers, potted beef, brown gravy, baked potatoes, bread, rice with milk and sugar.
Supper: Brown-bread sandwiches lightly buttered, white bread sandwiches with date and peanut filling without butter, cocoa, popcorn salted.

III.

Breakfast: Oatmeal with top of milk, cream toast, cereal coffee.
Dinner: Baked bean soup, crisp crackers, Hamburg steak balls, brown sauce, hominy, turnips, peanuts and dates.
Supper: Potato and beet salad, gingerbread, cheese and milk.

IV.

Breakfast: Wheat breakfast food and dates, creamed codfish, muffins with a little butter, milk, and cereal coffee.
Dinner: Beef stew with biscuits, bread pudding, bread.
Supper: Scalloped meat and potato, bread with butter, prunes, chocolate candy ("fudge").

V.

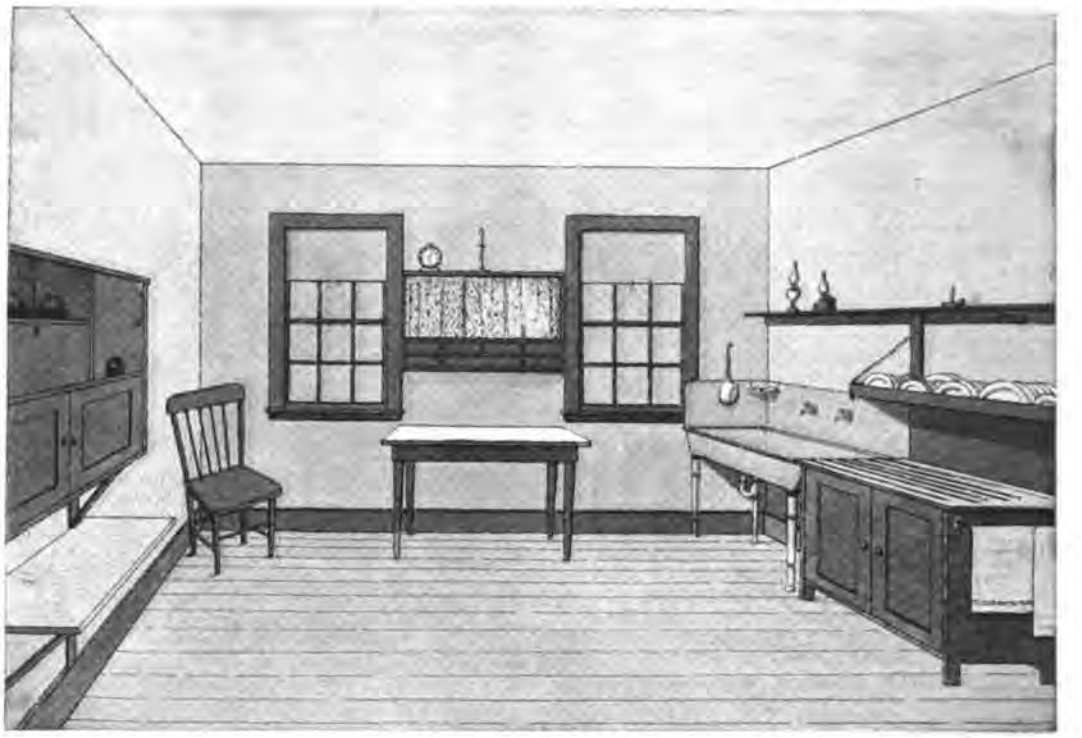
Breakfast: Oatmeal with top of milk, hash, corn cake, milk, and cereal coffee.
Dinner: Vegetable soup, croutons, baked stuffed beef's heart, brown sauce, rice, cornstarch blancmange, caramel sauce.
Supper: Potato and celery salad, white and graham bread, fried cornmeal mush, syrup.

VI.

Breakfast: Cornmeal mush, with top of milk, hashed meat on toast, milk and cereal coffee.
Dinner: Salt salmon, drawn butter sauce, baked potatoes, parsnips, bread, evaporated apple shortcake.
Supper: Cold sliced beef's heart, creamed potatoes, cocoa, graham and white bread, ginger snaps.

▲ ▲

Good as these *menus* are in their own way, fruit could better have been substituted for the too heavy ration of starch as in *Menu* V., where both rice and cornstarch are used in one meal. The amount of meat is good only for the winter season, in which they are used, and could not be properly assimilated by children or old people. In short, the house-mother must first study, then make her own combinations, omitting as far as possible complicated and highly seasoned dishes, and relying upon careful preparation and delicate seasoning and flavoring for those served. The average American scorns salads, but a taste for them means another source of pleasure, and if olive oil is disliked or can not be obtained, cream may take its place. Savory herbs should be in the garden, and used much more than they are, each one owning its own peculiar virtue, and tonic or anodyne as the case may demand. In short, feeding a family can soon become a fine art if the needs of each member are studied and understood.



A Model Kitchen

By Josephine Wright Chapman

THE kitchen is the workshop of the house, and as such it should receive the same care and attention as to all its details as is given to any other workshop. There are many little improvements and labor-saving devices which, if adopted, might make the housewife's work much simpler than it is. There is no reason why the kitchen may not be as up to date as the rest of the house.

A small kitchen, if conveniently arranged, is more practical than a large one. A room fourteen feet square will be found large enough for any house. In building a new house it would be well if the kitchen could be located so as to receive the sun, at least part of the day. It would also be well if it could be placed in the corner of the house, so that there might be windows on two sides to give a draught through the room. A ventilating flue added to the chimney, with a register placed in the kitchen side to connect with this flue, will be found a great help in the ventilation.

Not only should the kitchen be orderly and practical, but it may be made attractive as well. The best floor is one of square red kitchen tiles. If the tiled floor is too expensive, a hard-wood floor is very good. In an old house, where the floor is bad, it may be covered with plain brown linoleum. This will be found more satisfactory than painting the floor, as paint wears off so quickly. If one can afford it, a tiled dado adds greatly to a kitchen. Plain woodwork, with no moldings to catch the dust, is the best finish for a kitchen. The woodwork may be stained a warm dark brown, such as is used for oak; or, if one prefers, it may be stained or painted green. If the woodwork is brown, the walls may be tinted a light buff color; if the woodwork is green, a light yellow will be found a good contrast. The color of the paint in the kitchen is not given the attention that the rest of the house receives. It is usually left to the painter; and, as a result, we often have a muddy brown or a dismal drab, which gives the room a gloomy appearance.

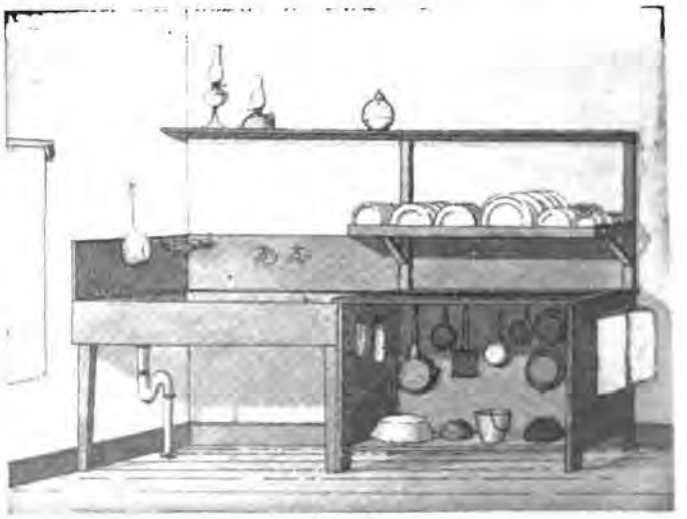
I heard of a housekeeper, the other day, who had covered the walls of her kitchen with blue and white enameled cloth. She did this to add to the attractiveness of the room, and at the same time make it possible to wash down the walls so that they could be kept fresh and clean.

If one wished to follow this idea, a blue and white enameled cloth on the walls and blue woodwork would be very serviceable and pretty.

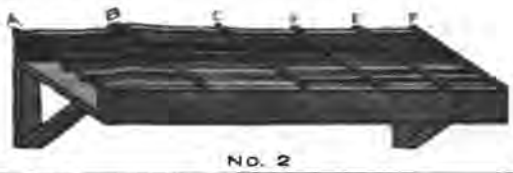
A very good idea, and one which helps to make the kitchen attractive, is to paint or stain the chairs, table legs, and any other kitchen furniture to match the woodwork.

One of the chief parts of the kitchen which may be greatly improved with a little thought and trouble is the sink. This should be open underneath, not closed in with a musty cupboard for pots and kettles. This, in the old-fashioned kitchen, was the most unhealthy feature of the room. Nowadays the kitchen sink is put on iron legs, and left open underneath. Of course the housewife has missed the handy little cupboard, and she has been urged by writers of magazine articles to buy bright copper and brass cooking utensils and display them on the kitchen walls, as is the custom in France and other foreign countries. All this is very attractive, but the American housekeeper finds it very difficult to get a servant who is willing to take the trouble to keep these polished for exhibition all the time.

As an alternative, I would suggest a workbench such as is shown in Illustration No. 1. This is made of pine, seven-eighth-inch stock. It should be made high enough for the top to drain into the sink. This top should be grooved, and should project two inches over the sink and slant slightly toward it, so as to drain properly. The width of the workbench should be that of the sink, and the length is determined by the space into which it is to be put. Under the workbench is a shelf about six inches from the floor, and covered with zinc. This can be washed every day, and can be used for dish pans, pails, and heavy kettles; thus taking the place of the old sink cupboard. Brass hooks on the upright sides and across the back of the bench held the spiders, skillets, small kettles, etc. If one desires, the cupboard may be closed in with wooden doors. The top of the workbench will be found much more roomy than the shelf that usually goes with the sink. At the end of the bench is a convenient rack for extra towels. There should also be a towel rack near the stove for drying the towels. A long brass rod is the best; but, if there is not enough room for this, a towel rack, which has an iron socket with wooden sticks fitted to it, may be put on the wall near the stove. This will prove very useful and the sticks can be easily removed when not required.



NO. 1



NO. 2

In English kitchens, the plate-drier is always in evidence, and it might be adopted here and save half the labor of dish washing. Illustration No. 2 shows such a rack. It may also be seen in place over the bench in Illustration No. 1. This rack is so simple that any one could make it with little expense. In Illustration No. 1 the rack is set on brackets, but it can be arranged so that it may be turned up against the wall when not in use. This is done by hinging the rack to the wall on cleats, and supporting each end by a chain. It may be fastened to the wall when not in use, by a wooden button.

To make this rack, first make a box of pine, seven-eighth-inch stock, four feet long, fifteen inches wide and about three inches deep, leaving one end open so that the water may drain into the sink. This box is to be lined with zinc. Make a rack to fit over the top, as shown in the illustration, with strips of wood one-half inch square. The cross strips are put on as follows: A, at the end nearest the sink; B, eleven inches from A; C, eleven inches from B; D, ten inches from C; F, at the end, and E, halfway between D and F. The pieces which run lengthwise of the rack are placed as follows: the sections between A and B, and B and C, are divided into five equal spaces, and the remaining sections are divided into six equal spaces. The plate rack should slant a little toward the sink, so that it will drain into it.

Women are always loath to take any suggestions for their kitchens. Take, for instance, the plate-drying rack. A housekeeper would say, "My dishes would never be clean if they were not wiped." Of course they are supposed to be washed clean, therefore all that is required is to rinse and dry them. It will only take a short time to dry them if they are rinsed in hot water. If the dishes are not washed clean, does she want to wipe the dirt off them and then use the same towel to wipe the other dishes? A narrow shelf over the sink will be found useful for lamps and other things.

A shelf which can be hung from the wall on hinges attached to cleats, and dropped against the wall when

NO. 3

not in use, will be found useful for an extra table. This should be about two feet or two feet, six inches wide, and as long as one wishes, and the height of an ordinary table. There should be hinged legs or brackets attached to the shelf to support it when it is raised.

A small cupboard, such as is shown in Illustration No. 3, may be used to keep the servant's dishes in. This is also made of pine seven-eighth-inch stock. It should be thirty-three and one-half inches high, three feet, six inches wide and fourteen inches deep. The top shelf should be placed ten inches from the top of the cupboard. The three drawers at the bottom are three and one-half inches high; this leaves a space twelve inches high above the lower shelf. One of the smaller drawers may be divided for knives, forks, and spoons, and the other drawer used for napkins. The large drawer is intended to hold the tablecloths used in the kitchen. The shelves may be inclosed in doors, or a curtain of washable material may be hung on a rod to cover them. This cupboard, besides being extremely useful, will be an ornament to the kitchen as well.

Another small cupboard may be made which will hold a five-gallon oil can and the ironing utensils. Illustration No. 4 shows this cupboard. It is made from pine seven-eighth-inch stock, and is about three feet long. Its height is determined by the height of the oil can. One side is divided to hold the can, and the opening is covered with a door which has a hole cut out to allow the faucet to project. There is a shelf in the other side of the cupboard to hold irons and iron stands, and underneath is a closet for the ironing sheets. This cupboard may be enlarged, as shown in Illustration No. 5, with an extra cupboard to hold the washboiler, the scrubbing board, the ringer, and other washing utensils. This will be found useful if there is no laundry. If the cupboard is hung on the wall, it must be securely fastened.

The ironing board may be set behind a door, out of sight, if possible. This may be held in place by two wooden buttons on the baseboard, and another on a cleat on the wall at the top of the board.

If there is no convenient pantry in the room, a cabinet similar to that shown in Illustration No. 5 will be found very useful, and will be simpler and cheaper than the ordinary kitchen cabinet which one can buy. This cabinet is in two pieces. The lower half should be three feet high, four feet wide, and twenty-seven inches deep, with a four-inch-high base and a top which projects an inch on each side and in front. The lower part is to be divided in the center to form two cupboards, each having a door; one side is to be fitted with a barrel swivel, on which the flour barrel is to stand. The flour barrel swings out easily on this swivel when required. The other side of the lower cabinet is used for the sugar buckets, and supplies. There is one shelf in this side, twenty inches wide. The top of this part of the cabinet may have a large piece of plate glass set into it, to serve as a mixing board.

The upper part of the cabinet is three feet high,

NO. 4

four feet wide and fourteen inches deep, with the top projecting one inch on each side and in front. A shelf may be put in this, one foot three inches from the bottom. This, with two doors in front, forms a cupboard in which mixing bowls, cooking dishes, etc., may be kept. This cupboard may have a shelf placed eight inches from the bottom. This shelf should be only twenty inches wide, in order to leave a space between it and the doors so that the bread board, knives, spoons, cork screws, and other small articles may hang on the doors. One end of the lower shelf in this cupboard may be divided off for cook books. About halfway between the two parts of the cabinet, a shelf six inches wide may be placed, which will be found convenient when one is using the mixing board.

The gas range is almost universally used in the summer, and it has been found as convenient as the coal range and more economical to run. It also takes up less space, and in its use there is no lifting of heavy coal hods, no cleaning out ashes, and no trying to keep a fire all night, and no disappointment in the morning when one finds the fire has gone out. Why not have these conveniences the entire year? The objections to this arrangement which are made are that the coal range is necessary to heat the kitchen, and the water boiler. This may be remedied at a little expense by putting a radiator in the kitchen, and thereby heating it as the other rooms in the house are heated. The water can be heated with a gas heater, or in winter a steam attachment may be used. These attachments will cost more at first, but in the end they will be more economical and much more convenient.

A man would never think of the extra expense if spent in his factory for any convenience. Why not look at the kitchen conveniences in the same way? Is not the kitchen as important, and should not the housewife be saved all extra work?

The mind is like a musical instrument,—a violin, for instance,—which, no matter how excellent it may be, requires to be put into tune every day, that it may conform to the laws of harmony. So the mind must be attuned each day to high standards, that there shall be absolutely no discord between it and the great model instrument of life,—truth itself.

NO. 5

What to Wear and How to Wear It

A.—Bridge whist score in green and white. B.—Handkerchief case, with padded basket, flaps sewed to gathered ribbon sides, and with a padded satin bottom. C.—White camelias for the hair, studded with diamond dew. D.—Stole of flower petals, with the neck of small rows of gathered lace, with flower petals along the middle and with three rosettes of ribbon. E.—White satin gold brocaded bag, with band and edges of old-gold lace. F.—White roses for the hair. G.—Engagement book of Pompadour brocade, with gold lace and brass clamps. H.—Spray of white wistaria for the front of the hair. I.—Bead bag in soft colors on white with a ground of reseda green. J.—Butterfly to be worn to one side of the front of the hair, of gauze and gold sequins. K.—Pompon of white marabout tipped with black, for the hair. M.—Wreath of small roses for the hair, with a bunch at each side of the back, sparkling with diamond dew. N.—Wreath of fern leaves for the hair. O.—Cluster of moss roses tipped with dew, to be worn at the back of the neck, on the hair. P.—Dragon-fly of pearls on gauze, to be worn on the hair.

Little Things a *Débutante* Will Want. *By Mary Le Mont*

THE *débutante* who makes her first bow to society finds that the young society girl needs a vast number of things which the schoolgirl never troubled her head about. She is launched from a wardrobe that is useful and correct to one that is frivolous and fancy enough quite to turn her young mind into ways of vanity.

Her mother and her *modiste* settle the matter of clothes for the maid of wealth, but there are thousands of young girls who can not have the aid of a smart

A FLOUNCE OF LACE HANDKERCHIEFS TO BE WORN ACROSS THE FRONT OF THE CORSET

modiste in everything, and who must help select or even make some of their dress accessories.

Among these there should be several of the new separate collars to be worn with wraps, which, this season, will be made practically collarless. A blue cloth or velvet gown will have a small chinchilla stole that reaches around the neck and hangs below the bust. This will have around it a flounce of accordion plaited chiffon and of lace, with ends of lace and chiffon over a foot long. Such a boa is perfectly bewitching, and is intended to match a hat showing a combination of chinchilla and chiffon of the same tint. A muff to harmonize is made of chinchilla, trimmed with flounces of chiffon and lace.

Green velvet often makes up a set of hat, muff, and stole; and the range lies between real and imitation furs and velvet, both being trimmed and mingled with chiffon and lace. Sometimes chiffon is the only trimming, and sometimes lace serves the purpose. With such a variety of smart imitation furs and pretty velvets from which to select, no girl is too poor to afford some of these pretty sets.

AN OPERA BAG OF RAISED EMBROIDERY ON SATIN, WITH METAL PURSE TOP

Vanity bags will be in vogue this winter, and patent leather will be a popular cover for these. They will be fitted up with little mirrors, powder boxes or paper, and innumerable little things which a girl will find useful in freshening herself up when absent from home many hours.

The chatelaine, too, promises to be a feature of the season, and among its usual dainty accessories will be found little jeweled dog whistles, and the ubiquitous powder box and mirror in the form of a *bonbonnière*.

The *débutante* will want a wrist bag to match every theater and opera gown. As these are quite expensive, suggestions for making them will not come amiss. They can be made of pieces of the gown and mounted upon ivory slides, rods, rings, drawstrings, or a regular metal bag top. To match a blue dress, a piece of blue brocaded satin may have the figures picked out in small silver or gilt sequins, or pearl or crystal beads. Very handsome bags are made of pieces of *obi* silk; a quarter of a yard being more than sufficient. This material is very rich in design and coloring, and is usually inwrought with gold or silver thread. It is a good plan to mount these bags differently, as variety has a charm of its own. For holding valuable lorgnettes and *bonbonnières*, the bags fastened with ivory slides are the best to select, since they can never be opened except by the person who carries them, and who has learned the very simple trick of loosening the cords. Next to these the metal bag tops are best.

AN OPERA BAG OF OBI BROCADE, WITH DAINTY IVORY SLIDES

A vast assortment of slippers, stockings, and gloves will be needed to match the *débutante's* gowns. Glacé kid will be found most serviceable for both slippers and long gloves, and plain stockings are considered quite smart. A little touch of hand embroidery upon the instep will prove sufficiently decorative for stockings to be worn with full dress.

Innumerable pompadour roses of silk, satin, chiffon, and velvet will be mingled with dress trimmings and used in the hair, and even upon hats. Any clever girl, who has seen an illustration of these, can make very pretty ones of folded strips of chiffon, bits of ribbon, and velvet.

JEWELED COMBS FOR THE HAIR, IN TWO SIZES, TO BE WORN ONE ABOVE THE OTHER

Fewer jeweled ornaments will be worn in the hair this winter, and instead the hair will be decorated with jeweled combs and "barettes;" with flowers, and ribbon and feather ornaments. Floral and ribbon hair decorations always look best upon a young girl.

The *débutante* will want card-cases, hat pins, and necklaces to match her gowns; many dainty *lingerie* petticoats; belts to match her gowns, with buckles to match the colors of the belts, and these belts should be three inches wide in front by half that width in the back, where most of them will buckle or end in a bow.

The Trend of Fashion

By Martha Dean Hallam

THE fashions of the season may be described rather as a development of adopted modes than the introduction of new ideas. Of course there are changes, and decided ones, but they deal more with details than with the general characteristics of women's dress. Among the tendencies most marked in the

6431.—Ladies' Surplice Waist. Sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6308.—Ladies' Thirteen-gored Skirt. Sizes: 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

6433.—Ladies' Evening Waist. Sizes: 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

season's styles are the broad-shouldered effects, the sleeve having the upper part puffed and fitting snugly below, the pointed waist, and the high bust. The Princess mode will predominate in evening gowns and separate coats, and its influence will be more or less widely felt.

The new skirts are both circular and gored, the chief requisite being a perfect fit about the top and a voluminous flare on the lower edge. A new thirteen-gore skirt realizes this in a very graceful manner. It is laid in plaits stitched to yoke depth, the plaits being adorned with straps crossing the gores and following the plaits up a short distance in graduated depth to simulate a yoke. The front gore resembles a panel, falling uninterruptedly from the belt. These panel effects are very modish. Many of the new gowns have the panel beginning at a high bust line and ending with the bottom of the skirt. They are exceedingly becoming, as they not only lend shape to the figure, but increase the appearance of height and slenderness as well.

Tucks and plaits continue to form and adorn the separate blouse. A pretty idea is introduced in one of the newest waists in the way of tucks resembling a deep cuff on the sleeve. The waist is made of satin cloth in an old blue,—a late shade, very strong, but beautiful. A plain stitched yoke comes down to a fanciful point in front and back, giving place in front to a lace panel and collar in chemisette effect. Narrow tucks occupy the space between this and the shoulder to supply a soft fullness over the bust. The sleeve is exceedingly pretty, with its cuff and puff in one piece, the former composed of tiny tucks in great number. A narrow turnover cuff finishes this at the wrist.

Separate blouses for dressy occasions are to be so popular that many dainty evening waists are being made, and will be worn with skirts of the same or another material. The elbow and short puff sleeve will reach their height of perfection here, accompanied by the high Dutch or *décolleté* neck. A charming waist of this kind is of delicate blue "Radium," hinting at rare shades of pearl gray and pink with every movement of the wearer. The simple round neck is finished in rows of shirrs which provide the soft fullness for the blouse. The sleeve consists of a short puff and a lower portion shirred snugly to the arm. A

6394.—Ladies' Dressing Sack. Sizes: small, medium, and large.

6430.—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Sizes: 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

small *chou* of lace, fastened to the outside of the sleeve by a cut steel button, gives a very *chic* touch. A suggestion of cloth of gold peeps out from beneath the edge of the sleeve, which ends above the elbow. Long gloves of blue, wrinking to the elbow, complete this very becoming toilet. Chiffon, net, lace, *mousseline de soie* and chiffon taffetas, as well as embroidered batiste, are excellent materials for dressy waists. Many of the designs are so simple as to be easily adaptable to home construction.

The high girdle is a very prominent feature of the winter suits and tailored gowns. The coming of the Princess mode is without a doubt responsible for this. A Princess skirt with a high corselet coming well up under the bust, and a jacket of the fitted Eton type reaching just below the corselet, form a very stunning toilet which may be completed with a blouse of chiffon or silk of the same tone.

The long, separate coat has become so important a part of the wardrobe, that many fashion artists in Paris devote their entire time to designing these garments. Not so very long ago women thought they must make themselves unattractive in order to be properly dressed for traveling, or for exposure to the rain or dust. Thanks to progressive humanity, this is no longer true. Ugly dust and traveling coats are altogether a thing of the past, and even the rain coat takes on an air of attractiveness. Many of the three-quarter coats for general wear are made of tweed in mixed grays, while others are of broadcloth and serge. The long coats are mostly modeled after the Highwayman's, the new hop-seamed Chesterfield coat and the long, loose soldier's coat. These are modified to suit the figures of the wearers, and many have fitted backs with long, loose panel fronts. For traveling and rain coats, cravenette is much used, as well as heavy silk

4754.—Girl's Plaited Coat. Sizes: 5 to 14 years

6392.—Ladies' Rain Coat. Sizes: 32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

and tweed. The panel front is seen in these coats, and some very attractive ones have this as a continuation of the yoke. A modification in sleeves is found in some of the touring coats, though the majority continue to be built loosely so as to go easily over the most delicate of waist sleeves. Silver gray, tan and black are the most favored colors, and buttons serve as the only ornamentation.

4726.—Child's Russian Dress. Sizes: 2 to 6 years.
4796.—Girl's Plaited Dress. Sizes: 4 to 10 years.

[For the convenience of our readers, we will undertake to receive and forward to the manufacturers orders for patterns of any of the designs on pages 754 to 757 which may be desired. A uniform price of ten cents a pattern will be charged by the pattern manufacturers. In ordering, be careful to give the number of the pattern, and the size, or age, desired, together with your full name and address.

Address: Fashion Department, The Success Company, Washington Square, New York City]

The Man's Manners

HOW MUCH nagging may a woman give her husband in order to keep up his manners? The old saying that a man is the pink of courtesy while he is courting, and stops it all when he marries, is constantly illustrated. Just whose is the fault and where does it begin? The lover springs to his feet when his beloved enters the room, remains standing until she is seated, opens the door for her, and stands aside when she passes in. That is, he does all these things if he is a well brought up young man. By the time he has been married a year he does not, unless he is a rare exception, think of offering his wife any of these trifling courtesies. She may draw back her own chair at the table, pick up her own kerchief if she drops it, and wait on herself generally,—and on him, too.

If the man is of the right sort he is usually open to conviction, and when his wife reasons with him—which is by no means the same thing as nagging him,—he will probably see the error of his ways. But if he does n't, shall she persevere in the drilling process?

Well, this is a matter the individual case must decide. If the husband is gentle and kindly, though neglectful, it may be well for the wife to recollect that the husband has more cares and expenses than weighed upon the lover, and that he is probably very tired when he gets home. Is his home to be a real refuge and rest to him, or is he to feel that there, too, he is to be harassed? Some sensible women determine that the comfort of the man of the house is worth more than his outward manners, and waive their own preferences in favor of his peace. It is the wise and womanly thing for them to do, in many cases,—but that does not alter the fact that the man should look at it from a different point of view. If he has been trained in these small courtesies, they will be no burden to him, and he will be thankful to have them recalled to him if work has made him careless.

But for her boys the mother need show no such consideration. In their case she has a responsibility, and she should not be slow to discharge it. It is very easy for both her and them to become careless. I thought of that not long ago, when I saw a young man, who had always before impressed me as *point device* in his manners, stand in the hall of his home with his hat on, kiss his mother and sister good-by without uncovering his head, and walk off to business without showing to his family the courtesy he would have displayed to the merest stranger, of lifting his hat at saying good-by. I blamed the boy,—but I blamed the mother more. That boy will be one of the careless husbands, and his mother is responsible for it.

Three Kinds of Courage

By Roy Farrell Greene

There's the courage that nerves you in starting to climb
The mount of Success rising sheer,
And when you've slipped back, there's the courage sublime
That keeps you from shedding a tear,
These two kinds of courage, I give you my word,
Are worthy of tribute,—but then,
You'll not reach the summit unless you've the third,—
The courage of try-it-again!

How Clara Doner Doublod Her Salary

A Story of Business Success Full of Inspiration for Others.

Limerick, N. Y., (Special Correspondence)—Miss Clara E. Doner, who is here on a visit to her parents, is receiving the congratulations of her friends on her success in business life. She is now head bookkeeper in a business house in Rochester, N. Y., and the story how she rose to her present position, and how she qualified herself for it, is one that is full of encouragement to others. In the course of a conversation with your correspondent, Miss Doner said:

"I left my home in Limerick because it was necessary that I should earn my own living, and, as you know, there is absolutely no way to do that in this small place. I first succeeded in getting a position as saleswoman in a city store, but the most I could earn was $6 a week. I decided to study and prepare myself for a better position, and after reading an advertisement of the Commercial Correspondence Schools of Rochester, N. Y., I answered it. I received a copy of their booklet, 'How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper,' and an offer to teach me bookkeeping free and their assurance that they would use their endeavor to place me in a position when I was qualified to keep a set of books. Every promise they made me was carried out to the letter. I owe my present position entirely to the school, and I never shall be able to repay the Commercial Correspondence Schools what they have done for me. When I decided to take a course in bookkeeping, I knew absolutely nothing about that subject, yet by the time I had finished my eighteenth lesson, Prof. Robert J. Shoemaker, the Vice-President and General Manager of the Schools, procured for me my present position as head bookkeeper with a large manufacturing concern at exactly double the salary I was formerly earning. The knowledge I received through the course has given me every confidence in myself, and in my ability to keep any set of books. In fact, I cannot say too much in favor of the most thorough, practical, and yet simple course of instruction which is contained in the bookkeeping course as taught by correspondence by the Commercial Correspondence Schools. I could not have learned what I did in a business college in six months. Besides, if I had taken a business college course, it would not only have cost me $60, but I should have had to give up my daily employment in order to attend school. As it was, I was able to study in the evenings and earn my living during the day, and I did not pay one cent for the instruction until I was placed in my present position. I have said all this for the Commercial Correspondence Schools out of pure gratitude for what that institution has done for me, and entirely without solicitation on their part. I am going to tell others what the schools have done for me, and I shall be glad to answer the letters of anyone who may be interested in taking the course I did. They will never regret doing so. I have just induced a friend of mine to take the bookkeeping course, and I expect her to succeed just as I have done."

Miss Doner started on the road to success after reading the Commercial Correspondence Schools' free book, "How to Become an Expert Bookkeeper;" A limited number of these books will be sent absolutely free to ambitious persons who sincerely desire to better their position and add to their income. Send your name and address on a postal card to-day to the Commercial Correspondence Schools, 145 B, Commercial Bldg., Rochester, N. Y., and receive the book by return mail. It tells you how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after a position has been secured for you. If you are without employment, or if you are engaged in uncongenial or unremunerative employment, you should send for a copy of this book. Miss Doner studied less than two months, yet in that short time qualified herself for a responsible position and doubled her income. Any ambitious young man or woman can do as well as she did

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

[EDITOR OF "THE HABERDASHER"]

With the ripening of autumn, social duties press to the fore and evening clothes demand special notice. The changes in the cut of the evening suit are trifling from season to season, because most men are averse to tampering with the standards endeared by custom and hallowed by tradition. The only notable innovation that I observe this year is an attempt to give vogue to a new black cloth with a faint self-stripe in the pattern. This has been brought from London. Personally, I am not in favor of such a change, and I confidently predict that it will not go beyond the fad stage. Modes come and modes go, but the essentials of evening dress remain fixed by common consent.

* * *

The lapels on the "swallowtail" this season are wider and lower, and are cut with less of a peak. The coat is a bit longer, and is decidedly shaped-in at the waist. Indeed, one's evening coat should always fit snugly and make the most of a man's figure. The trousers, however, should be somewhat loose, so as to allow ease in dancing. They may be braided with one broad stripe, or two narrow ones. Black waistcoats are seldom worn with evening clothes, as they look too somber. White waistcoats, single or double-breasted, cut in the familiar U-shape at the shirt bosom, and with the bottom edges sharply cut away, are correct. A fad of the moment is to have the evening waistcoat cut with peaked instead of plain lapels, but this looks decidedly incongruous and may be put down simply as a straining to get away from conventionality. The white waistcoat may be of silk, linen, duck, or *piqué*. Silk is not to be recommended, unless one is an habitual diner-out and can afford half a dozen evening waistcoats. It soils too readily and is hard to clean. Linen, duck, or *piqué*, however, is launderable, and has, besides, a crisp coolness that is grateful to the eye.

* * *

The best form is to have one's evening clothes as simple as possible. Personal ideas can not be exploited, because the standards are unchangeable, and to wear odd things merely attracts unwelcome notice and discredits one's supposed knowledge of good form. When you see a man with a velvet collar on his evening coat, turn-back cuffs and like eccentricities, you know that he is a very young man or a man who holds himself haughtily above the rules that most men subscribe to. A narrow cuff finish is put upon some evening coats this season, as upon jackets and morning coats, but unless a man can afford an evening suit or two every year, it is advisable to have it severely plain, so as to be always in fashion. In questions of dress it is almost impossible to sin on the side of conservatism; whereas, following the fads leads to queerness, and some ludicrous errors of taste.

* * *

The fashion figure shown here pictures correct evening dress in both the essentials and the incidentals. Some men wear fobs or watch chains with evening clothes, but both are discountenanced by good taste. A fob or watch chain is in the way, and, besides, mars the simplicity upon which evening dress is founded.

Mufflers form an important adjunct to evening clothes. The gentleman's muffler measures thirty-six inches, and is unstitched and unlined. Black or white, preferably white, plain or with self-corded edges, is preferable to colors, since it harmonizes best with the simple black-and-white color scheme. One sees some ingeniously contrived protectors or shields, but I can not recommend them. Aside from their graceless and mechanical form, they are cumbersome to adjust and keep in place, and tend to soil the linen and induce perspiration.

* * *

Ties for evening wear are, as usual, severely simple. Broad or pointed ends are correct, the latter being something of an innovation. Going into measurements, I should say that for the "swallowtail" the tie will be moderately graduated, of lawn, linen, *piqué*, dimity, or white launderable barathea, about thirty-two inches long and one and three-quarter inches wide. It should be adjusted with a loose effect, rather than tightly knotted. Ties for the "Tuxedo" jacket are fashioned of black barathea, *peau de soie*, twill, or fine armure. Satin ties are not worn, but silk ties with a center stripe of satin are very pretty.

THE CORRECT CUT AND ESSENTIALS OF EVENING DRESS

Questions about Dress

Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. No names will be used here, but every inquirer must attach his name as a pledge of sincerity. It is suggested that the questions asked be of general, rather than personal interest.

* * *

D. M. S.—Wearing a belt with evening dress is not a question of propriety, but of preference. There are many men who wear nothing but belts at all times, finding suspenders awkward and impeding. Patent leather belts are much favored for evening dress by athletic men who can not tolerate suspenders. To be sure, a man must have the right figure for a belt; it is out of the question for a very slim man or a very fleshy one.

J. C. B.—The "Opera" hat is not proper with the "Tuxedo" jacket, but may only accompany the "swallowtail." It is clearly bad form to wear a high hat with a short coat, or a low-crowned hat with a tail coat. Correct dress is founded upon sense and the fitness of things.

Some Little Hints

General Lee, one of the distinguished leaders in the Revolutionary War, met with many misadventures owing to his lack of neatness in his wearing apparel. On one occasion, when he and Washington were dining together,

THE "AUTO-GIRL" SUSPENDER
A pretty and suitable holiday gift.

Lee went ahead to order the dinner. Dressed shabbily, as he was, the cook to whom he gave his orders took him for a servant, and treated him as such by saying she would give him some dinner, if he would assist her in the kitchen for a few moments, lifting the kettle from the stove, and doing little things of a like nature. She was curious to learn something of Lee, whom she had heard was the ugliest and strangest man in the world. As Lee went to perform the last of his tasks, that of drawing water from the well, one of Washington's attendants approached and said: "Will your excellency allow me to draw the water?" Quite naturally, the poor woman was confused and alarmed when she found whom she had been treating so unceremoniously. Lee kindly assured her of his good will by giving her a crown. He then warned the young man of the disadvantage of wearing a shabby coat, saying: "Neither virtue nor ability will make you appear like a gentleman, if your dress is slovenly and improper."

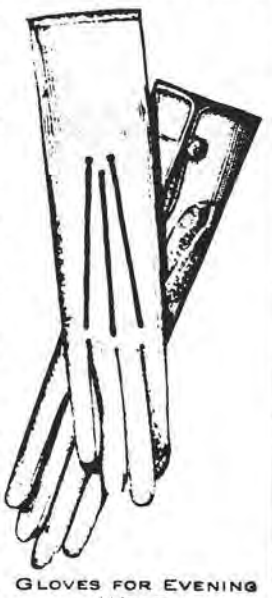
Clothing may be likened to a frame for the human picture, and therefore should be selected with the purpose of bringing out to best advantage the subject it encases. So slight is the cost of good clothes in these days that the humblest clerk on a meager salary can not truthfully say he is unable to dress well.

"I wish men could realize," remarked a young woman, recently, "that their habiliments are quite as important to them as ours are to us. I do not mean 'finicky' clothes, for, of course, an overdressed man is as bad as, if not worse than, a slovenly clothed man; but a neat, clean, becoming attire appropriate to each occasion is an essential. For a man to show such respect to his own person and to others is surely befitting, and one can not help liking a man better when he looks at his best. Not long ago I watched two men playing tennis. One was dressed neatly, with a clean, white 'sweater' and white flannel trousers. The other wore an old brown woolen thing, that looked as if it had never seen the tub, and old gray weather-beaten trousers. Unfortunately the latter was my brother, and when I told him about it he said, 'Oh, rats!'

"People are greatly influenced by such things, and I am sure it helps a man on in every way if he studies a little what is befitting and good looking."

A neat suit of clothes communicates a sense of neatness to the body; and, in turn, this sense of neatness of the person is extended to the work in hand. As we feel, so unquestionably do we work. Our clothes unmistakably affect our feelings, as any man knows who has experienced the sensation that comes only when one is attired in a new suit.

After all, it is not so much a question of the cost of coat and trousers as it is a question of their best adjustment to the person. Money spent for a costly garment that hangs unbecomingly upon the wearer is money thrown away. There is



GLOVES FOR EVENING WEAR

HEAVY TAN GLOVES FOR WINTER WEAR

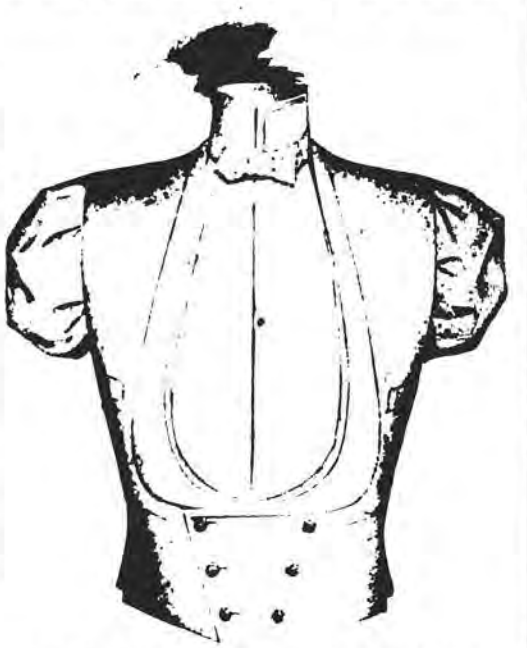
a happy medium in the set of one's coat, as in all other things.

To be always well dressed is to be insured against any possible chance of rebuff from the prosperous or contempt from the ill-to-do. The modern knight, fighting in the tournament of commerce or entered in the jousts of professionalism, can wear no more impregnable armor than a suit of good clothes.

THE "NEW ASTOR"
The latest single-pocket waistcoat

A man who has given a great deal of time to the compilation of social statistics declares, very earnestly, that one-half the failures in life are traceable to careless habits in living and dress. The common tramp ceases to deserve that opprobrious title the moment he dons a neat suit of clothes and acquaints himself with the soothing touch of soap and water. We, who would spurn him in his rags and dirt, would give ear readily enough to his appeal if his personal appearance was attractive.

The average citizen knows enough to discriminate between those who seek display for the sake of display, and those who have a real liking or love for everything that is graceful, tasteful and artistic. The average citizen knows well how to differentiate between the gentleman and the dandy, the lady and the snob, the refined and the vulgar. The average citizen is not at a loss to distinguish, at a glance, the college professor who talks for the sake of calling attention to himself from the college professor who talks because he has something



A CORRECT EVENING DRESS WAISTCOAT

to say. A love for the beautiful is inherent in mankind and womankind. The vast majority of people are fond of beautiful things, and like to be surrounded with beautiful things, whether they number beautiful things among their possessions or not. It would be as reasonable to say that people keep themselves clean and neat for the sake of making ostentatious display as to say that they dress in the best they can command for that reason. That there is, always has been, and always will be, vanity in this world, nobody will deny; but it is far from being the truth that people in general wear neat clothes, buy handsome furniture, and surround themselves with beautiful and artistic things from sheer vanity.

Autumn Styles

As regards the business or lounge suit for autumn, it should be about thirty-two inches long for a man of normal height. The jacket fits tightly over the shoulders and back and "springs" outward from the waist with a slight flare. The lapels are long and "low-lying," exposing two buttonholes which are not used. The waistcoat is cut high and shows above the lapels of the jacket. The cuffs may have the usual narrow welt or finish, or, if one is partial to extreme dress, it may fold back over the wrist and fasten with a single button. Mock buttons and buttonholes on the cuff are no longer found. A fresh development of the mode is to have the business jacket cut so that it fits close to the waist, like that of an army officer, and is gathered into full folds below. A single center vent or two side vents, twelve inches deep, are cut in the back of the jacket. Of course, I am dealing now with the radical ideas of the younger or college set, and I do n't mean to imply that a conservative cut of one's clothes would be in any way behind the fashion. Indeed, there are two distinct fashions always,—that followed by young men with a leaning toward the "ultimate" of dress, and that followed by men who wish to defer to the mode without adopting every radical idea that comes along.

SILK CRAVAT WITH SATIN EFFECTS

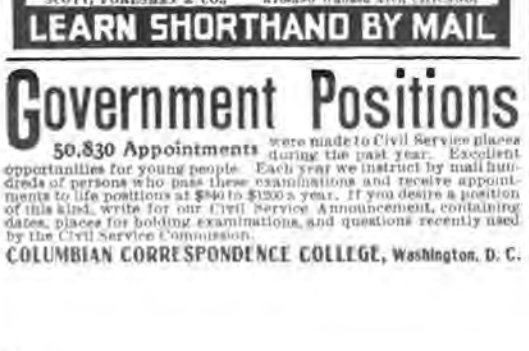
NEW IDEAS

A Word of Explanation

We wish to thank the vast number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers—men and women, boys and girls,—who have responded so promptly to our invitation to help us edit this department. It was a surprise even to ourselves to find so many readers enthusiastic in their encouragement and support of the proposed department. In fact, letters brimful of suggestions and ideas, some new, some old, some good, some bad, and some indifferent, poured in upon us in such a flood that, even with the assistance of a large additional staff of helpers, we found it impossible to read, sift, and classify them all in time for our November issue.

We are sorry for this, but in justice to our correspondents, and in order to make the department what we have planned, it was absolutely imperative that its inauguration be postponed to the December number. We regret the enforced delay, and trust that all our readers will appreciate its cause and hold us excused. We confidently promise them that NEW IDEAS will be all the better for it.

We hope that more "New Ideas" will be forthcoming. Remember that one dollar each will be paid for those accepted. There is one class of material that we do *not* want, and that is cooking recipes. No manuscripts will be returned.—THE EDITOR.



Mrs. Herrick's Table Talk

How to Prepare Dried and Smoked Meats and Fish

FRESH meat is by no means an every-day affair in the country or the village during the winter. The butcher makes his rounds in the more closely settled districts, but his visits are few and far between in the farming regions when the drifts are high. The farmer's family must fall back upon dried and smoked meats and fish, and try to make these so savory that the lack of fresh meat may not be too much felt.

Not for a moment am I advocating meats and fish preserved in this fashion as equal in digestibility or nourishing qualities to the fresh products. But when one can not get what one wants, it is the part of wisdom to make the best of what one has, and there is no sense in taking it for granted that variety is impossible when one must rely upon corned or smoked pork in some of its several forms, and must make salt cod or finnan haddie or herrings take the place of fresh fish.

A number of good recipes are given below for preparing these articles of food, and elsewhere in this issue will be found an able article on food values, which will give suggestions as to how to combine foods in such a way as to secure the requisite nourishment when one is shut away from free access to markets.

Stuffed Corned Ham

Soak a corned ham for several hours, putting it into warm (not hot) water to soften a little. At the end of the two hours, remove the bone with a long, sharp knife, and fill the cavity thus left with a stuffing made of breadcrumbs moistened with soup stock or with hot water into which a great spoonful of butter has been stirred. Season with pepper, salt, onion-juice, and a dash of tomato catsup. When the cavity is packed tightly with this mixture, sew a piece of cheese cloth about the ham and put over the fire in cold water. Bring slowly to a boil and cook until done, allowing twenty minutes to each pound of the meat. Let the meat get cold in the liquor, then transfer to a platter, remove the cloth, and cut off the skin carefully. Sprinkle with pepper, and serve garnished with parsley.

Roast Ham

Scrub a smoked ham well and soak all night, then boil according to the foregoing recipe, skin, but do not remove the bone. When thoroughly cold, rub well with cooking sherry and put into a covered roaster. Make a paste of flour and water, and plaster this thickly over the skinned side of the meat. Put in the bottom of the roaster a sauce made of a gill of sherry, a cup of water, and a tablespoonful of molasses. Cover the roaster, and cook for half an hour, uncovering it half a dozen times to baste with the liquid. At the end of half an hour leave uncovered long enough to brown lightly. Serve hot or cold.

Apples and Bacon

Wipe off large pippins or other firm apples and slice, but do not peel them. Fry in a pan a dozen thin slices of bacon until crisp, then transfer to a hot platter and keep warm in the open oven while you fry the sliced apples in the bacon fat until lightly browned. Put the apples in the center of the platter, and arrange the slices of bacon around them.

Fried Pork with Cream Sauce

Soak salt pork for an hour, then cut into slices. Boil for three minutes in a little water, drain, and wipe dry. Place in a frying-pan and fry until done, but not dried. Transfer to a hot dish, and thicken the grease left in the pan with a heaping teaspoonful of flour. Stir until you have a smooth paste, then pour on slowly a cup of cream to which a pinch of baking soda has been added, and stir to a smooth white sauce. Season with a dash of pepper, and pour over the sliced pork. Serve very hot.

Sausage and Potato Roll, Baked

Fry sausage until done, then chop fine. Boil and mash six potatoes, beating out all lumps; add a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of melted butter, and enough salted flour to make a dough. Put upon a floured pastry board, roll into a sheet, and place in the center of the sheet the sausage-meat. Roll the dough up with the meat in the center, as one would prepare a roly-poly pudding. Put in a baking pan, brush with melted butter, and bake. Serve as soon as done.

Pork and Beans with Tomato Sauce

Soak a pint of beans all night in water that is warm when poured over them. In the morning boil until tender. Chop half a pound of parboiled salt pork very fine. Make a tomato sauce by stirring into a cup of tomato liquor from canned or fresh tomatoes a tablespoonful of butter rolled in one of flour, and,

when this is thick, seasoning well with sugar and salt, and with onion-juice and pepper to taste.

In the bottom of a deep baking dish put a layer of the minced pork, then a thick layer of the beans, and over these pour a little tomato sauce. Put in more pork, more beans and more sauce, and proceed in this way until the dish is full. Sprinkle the top of the mixture with very finely minced salt pork. Add enough tomato-juice, poured in carefully, to prevent the contents becoming dry. Bake, covered closely, for two and one half hours, then uncover and brown.

Salt-Pork Pie

Soak a half pound of salt pork all night. In the morning boil until done, putting in the cold water which is poured over it a sliced onion and two sliced turnips. Simmer until the onion is a soft pulp and the turnips are very tender. Take out the pork and cut into small dice, and strain out the onion and turnips. Put a layer of the pork in a deep dish, cover with a layer of sliced boiled potatoes, sprinkle these with bits of butter, and with a little flour and salt and pepper to taste, then put in the sliced turnips. Add enough of the liquor in which the pork was boiled to fill the dish. Cover with a light pastry and bake to a golden-brown.

Barbecued Ham

Fry slices of boiled ham until done to the desired crispness, then keep hot while you add to the fat in the pan a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of sugar, a wineglassful of vinegar and a dash of pepper. Boil up and pour over the ham.

Scallop of Corned Beef and Cabbage

Chop fine enough cold corned beef to make a pint. Chop an equal quantity of boiled cabbage. Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour and pour upon them a cup of tomato liquor. Stir to a smooth sauce, and season with a half-teaspoonful of onion-juice, a little kitchen bouquet, and a dash of pepper. Mix the cabbage and the corned beef together, and stir the tomato sauce thoroughly into them. Turn into a buttered pudding-dish, and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Set in the oven, covered, for fifteen minutes, then uncover and brown. Serve very hot.

Fish Balls

Soak salt codfish over-night in cold water. Drain and put over the fire in cold water, and bring slowly to a boil. Cook, changing the water once for fresh hot water, for half an hour. Mash half as much potato as you have fish to a cream, with a tablespoonful of melted butter and one of cream. Mix in a double boiler over the fire, that the mixture may get very hot. Whip in gradually a well-beaten egg, and beat hard for several minutes. Set aside until cool, form into balls, and set on ice for an hour at least before frying to a golden-brown in deep fat. Drain in a heated colander. These are very good, and much more delicate than the traditional "codfish ball."

Creamed Codfish

Soak and boil the cod as directed in the foregoing recipe, and flake to small bits with a silver fork. Cook together a tablespoonful of butter with one of flour, and pour upon them a cup of milk. Season with salt and pepper, and beat in, gradually, the fish. Stir over the fire until heated through, then serve on a platter and surround the mound of fish with triangles of toast.

Broiled Salt Mackerel

Soak the mackerel and wash well. Put over the fire in cold water and bring to a boil; then change the water for fresh, which should be boiling when poured on. At the end of twenty minutes drain the fish, and lay in a mixture of two parts salad oil and one part vinegar or lemon-juice. Leave for ten minutes, then broil over a clear fire. Serve with a white sauce.

Finnan Haddie

This may be cooked according to the recipe for broiled salt mackerel.

Scalloped Codfish and Potatoes

Mash enough potatoes to make a pint; soak, boil and flake a pint of codfish. Make a white sauce, and stir into a pint of this a cup of grated cheese. Put a layer of the fish in a pudding dish, or in small individual nappies, cover with a stratum of mashed potatoes, and pour some of the white sauce over this. Put in another layer of codfish, and another of the potatoes, then more white sauce until the dish is full. Strew grated cheese over the top layer, which should be the cream sauce, and bake for fifteen minutes, or until very hot.

She Had Waited Long Enough

A Maine girl of ideals told a young man who asked her for her hand that she could not think of marrying a man with less than ten thousand dollars.

The young man went to Boston and worked very hard for several years, returned, and called on the young lady, who said, "Well, John, how are you getting along?"

"Pretty well," he said, "I have almost gotten nineteen dollars towards the ten thousand."

"Well, John," she said, "I do not know but that is enough. I guess we can get along with that."

Questions and Answers

Conducted by

MRS. CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

ABRA.—It is not necessary to send a note of acknowledgment in response to a card to a church wedding. Of course, if you know the bride, it is a graceful thing to write a line of good wishes, and on the day of the wedding it is well to send a card to the bride's mother and father, if the invitation is issued in their name. If an "At home" card accompanies the invitation send a card to the bride on one of her days, if you can not call.

FENEALLA.—You should not allow a young man to escort you home from an evening party unless it is some one whom you know very well. It would be considered a terrible breach of decorum to permit it even under those circumstances in very conventional society, but in the Middle West the regulations in this line are not so severely enforced. Under no circumstances, however, should you accept the escort of a young man the first evening you meet him.

SPARTA.—It is the place of the girl to ask the man to call,—not for the man to request permission. Yes, it is also the part of the woman to bow first when meeting on the street.

NELL.—You did a very rude thing when you "cut" the man. Such a thing as a "cut direct" is permissible only for some gross impropriety on the man's part, not for such a thing as his having omitted to keep an engagement. His forgetfulness was undoubtedly rude, but it does not excuse worse rudeness on your part.

DISTRESS.—There is no general rule governing the admission of work to a women's exchange. If you wish to place your embroidery at one of these establishments, write directly to the manager and find out from her about terms, etc. I will send you or any other reader of SUCCESS a list of such exchanges on receipt of your request for it, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HOUSEKEEPER.—You can not trust every employment agency, by any means. You are safe in applying to the employment bureaus conducted by the Young Women's Christian Association. There is one of these in nearly every large city, and if they can not suit you they may possibly be able to tell you of some other good agency.

ANXIETY.—It is certainly a very nice thing to do to send flowers to a girl on the occasion of her coming-out party, and if you are especially interested in the young lady, it is desirable. But if you are only a chance acquaintance, it is not essential. Consult your own preference in the matter.

PERPLEXED.—Do not try to overdo a dinner party. You are safer in having a few courses, and those perfectly prepared, than in attempting to make a great display when you have not a competent cook and waitress. Do not try anything for the first time on this occasion, but choose your dishes from among those your cook understands, or that can be prepared in advance by yourself. You can begin the meal with grape fruit or oysters; follow this with a good soup, then with fish and fried potatoes, roast or smothered chickens, with rice and green peppers and French pease; then have a salad, and last, a sweet, and black coffee. If this seems too elaborate, you may omit the fish course, and yet consider it a neat dinner.

ESTHER.—One of the greatest comforts to have for a long journey, when two or three nights must be spent on the train, is a long loose garment, like a night-dress, made of black China silk. This may be slipped on over the white night-dress or the underclothing, and is quite right to wear going back and forth to the dressing room. As China silk can be washed, it is more desirable than surah.

MOTHER.—A good way to reconcile your boy to his bath is to give him something to play with when he is in the tub. The little ducks and fish, made of celluloid, will not be hurt by being put in water, and will float perfectly. If your two-year-old is not given these except at tub-time, he will get to look upon it as a play period and will be reconciled to the water. I am inclined to think, however, that there is something wrong in his dislike. If the water is the right temperature, and the boy is well, he ought to love his bath. Most children are inclined to cry at being taken from it, not at being put into it.

The object of human intelligence is not, primarily, happiness for self, but that happiness which results from usefulness to others.

Hints to Young Writers

III. The "Boiling Down" Process

JOSH BILLINGS said that he did not care how much a man said, if he said it in a few words.

If you are wondering why your articles come back from publishers, just try the experiment of rewriting them in the shortest, sharpest, clearest, simplest, most effective way possible, and send them again. The chances are that you will get a check, instead of "Returned with thanks." You may find that the sentences were loose-jointed, slovenly, or slipshod. You probably have not learned the supreme art of condensation.

After you have written a page, study it carefully. See if you can express the same thought in half or quarter of the space. Compress it into the fewest possible words by writing the manuscript over and over again.

Nothing pleases an editor so much as a manuscript which is cleared of all rubbish of language, of verbiage, of every useless word. Nothing exasperates him so much as attenuated ideas, long-drawn-out and round-about expressions, and involved, ambiguous language.

Only one in a thousand ever learns the art of concentration; but this is the whole secret,—coming to the point and sticking to it. In all great compositions there is strength through conciseness, and compactness.

▲ ▲

Some magazines get seventy-five dollars an inch for advertising space. An editor recently said, in an address, that this space was worth twice as much for editorial purposes as for advertising. If young writers keep this in mind and write articles as they would cablegrams at a quarter of a dollar a word, their manuscripts would not be returned so frequently.

It costs some magazines about two hundred and fifty dollars a page to place before the reader their literary material. A publisher can not afford to spend two hundred and fifty dollars to market ten dollars' worth of ideas spread over a whole page, when they could have been expressed in a paragraph.

Nothing else is so valuable to an editor as space. No matter how good the ideas, an editor will not publish two sentences when the same idea can be put into one. Thurlow Weed used to treat in a few words, in the Albany "Journal," matter to which most correspondents would devote a column. One or two of his paragraphs would carry more weight than involved, circuitous, long-drawn-out compositions ten times in length. What he had to say, he said, and stopped.

It is with words as with sunbeams,—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

It requires consummate skill to condense thought into telling language with no surplus words. There is little hope for a writer who does not rewrite, rewrite, recast, recast, until the thought is perfectly crystallized into its most effective expression. Lack of condensation keeps more young writers back than anything else. Most of them are not willing to take the pains.

Balzac would sometimes work a whole week on a single page of manuscript before he let it go. Kipling thinks it worth while to rewrite his matter eight or ten times. If he has a book in the press, which has been promised to the public on a certain day, he will sometimes telegraph his publishers to delay publication until he has made a slight correction.

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There is no better habit than that of writing one's ideas in the most concise language possible. Let the manuscript stand long enough to enable the writer to get a fresh impression, and then rewrite it until condensation can be carried no further without loss.

Readers know, when they see the signature of a writer who has the reputation of boiling down his thoughts, that they will not waste time.

Many a young writer has made a reputation in his first article or his first book, because while he was in doubt whether the public would read what he wrote, he condensed, rewrote, recast, cut out all superfluous matter; but later, when the demand for his work increased, he let hurried manuscripts go out of his hands, thinking that people would read anything he might write, and soon he realized that his books remained unsold.

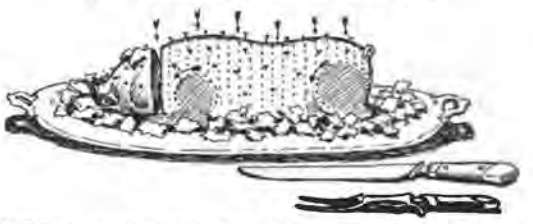
Nothing else will kill a writer more quickly than to get the impression that the public will take anything he writes.

Great writers and great orators have always developed the power of focusing their ideas in the simplest and most telling language. What a model of elegance is Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, which has the simplicity of Bunyan, the forceful imagination of Burns, and the sound reason of Washington. Compare this simple, eighty-line speech with Everett's three-hour oration upon the same occasion.

One of the best examples of simplicity, brevity, and beauty is found in Christ's parable of the lily: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin."

Directions for Carving

By JEANNE GORDON MATTILL



HOW A SUCKLING PIG SHOULD BE CARVED

THE seat for the carver should be somewhat elevated above the other chairs; it is extremely ungraceful to carve standing, and it is rarely done by any person accustomed to the business. Carving depends more on skill than on strength. We have seen very small women carve admirably sitting down, and very tall men who knew not how to cut a piece of beefsteak without rising on their feet to do it.

The carving knife should be very sharp, and not heavy, and it should be held firmly in the hand; also, the dish should not be too far from the carver. It is customary to serve the fish with a fish trowel, and not with a knife. The middle part of it is generally considered the best. In passing it, avoid breaking the flakes, as that will give it a mangled appearance.

In carving ribs or a sirloin of beef, begin by cutting thin slices off the side next to you. Afterwards you may cut from the tenderloin, or cross part near the lower end. Do not give any one the outside piece, unless you know he particularly wishes it.

In serving beefsteak, put none of the bone on the plate. In cutting a round of corned beef, begin at the top, but lay aside the first cut or outside piece, and send it to no one, as it is always dry and hard. In a round of beef *a la mode* the outside is frequently preferred.

For a leg of mutton begin across the middle, cutting the slices quite down to the bone. Do the same with a leg of pork, or a ham. The latter should be cut in very thin slices, as its flavor is spoiled when cut thick. To taste well, tongue should be cut crossways in round slices. Cutting it lengthwise (though the practice at many tables,) injures the flavor. The middle of the tongue is the best. Do not help any one to a piece of the root; that, being by no means a favored part, is generally left in the dish.

THE FIRST SLICE FROM A LEG OF MUTTON OR LAMB

In carving a forequarter of lamb, first separate the shoulder part from the breast and ribs by passing the knife under, and then divide the ribs. If the lamb is large, have another dish brought to put the shoulder in.

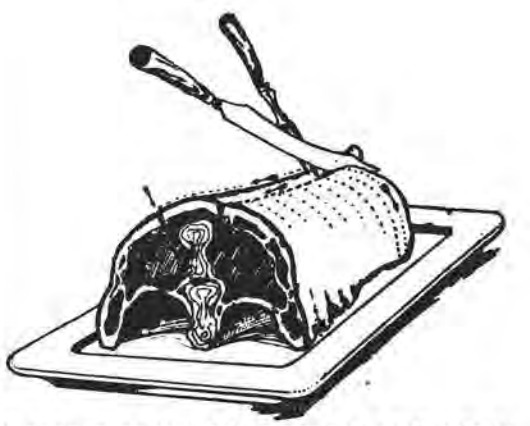
For a loin of veal, begin near the smallest end and separate the ribs, passing a part of the kidney (as far as it will go,) with each piece. Carve a loin of pork or mutton in the same manner.

In carving a fillet of veal, begin at the top. Many persons prefer the first cut or outside piece. Serve a portion of the stuffing with each slice.

In a breast of veal there are two parts very different in quality,—the ribs and the brisket. You will easily perceive the place of division; enter your knife there and cut through, which will separate the two parts. Ask the person you are going to help whether he or she prefers a rib or a piece of the brisket.

For a haunch of venison, first make a deep incision by passing your knife all along the side, cutting quite down to the bone. This is to let out the gravy. Then turn the broad end of the haunch toward you, and cut it as deep as you can, in thin slices, allowing some of the fat to each person.

For a saddle of venison, or mutton, cut from the tail to the other end on each side of the backbone, making very thin slices, and sending some fat with each. Venison and roast mutton chill very soon. Currant



A SADDLE OF VENISON SHOWING FIRST LONGITUDINAL CUTS WITH SECOND SECTIONAL CUTS

jelly is an indispensable appendage to venison, and to roast mutton and to ducks.

A young pig is most generally divided before it comes to the table, in which case it is not customary to send in the head, as to many persons it is a revolting spectacle after it is cut off. When served up whole, separate the head from the shoulders, then cut off the limbs, first dividing the ribs. Serve some stuffing with each piece.

To carve a fowl, begin by sticking your fork in one pinion and draw it toward the corresponding leg; then, passing your knife underneath, take off the wing at the joint. Next, slip your knife between the leg and the body, to cut through the joint; and with the fork turn the leg back, and the joint will give way. Then take off the other wing and leg. If the fowl has been trussed (as it ought to be,) with the liver and gizzard, serve the liver with one wing and the gizzard with the other. The liver-wing is considered the best. After the limbs are taken off, enter your knife into the top of the breast and cut under the merrythought, so as to loosen it, lifting it with your fork. Afterwards cut slices from both sides of the breast. Next take off the collar bones, which lie on each side of the merrythought, and then separate the side bones from the back. The breast and wings are considered the most delicate parts of the fowl; the back, as the least desirable, is generally left in the dish. Some persons, in carving a fowl, find it more convenient to take it on a plate, and, as they separate it, return each part to the dish. This, however, is not the usual way.

HOW TO BEGIN WITH A FOWL

A turkey is carved in the same manner as a chicken, except that the leg and wings, being larger, are separated at the lower joint. The lower part of the leg (or drumstick, as it is called,) being hard, tough, and stringy, is never served to any one, but is allowed to remain in the dish. First cut off the wing, leg, and breast from one side; then turn the turkey over and cut these off from the other side.

SERVING CORNED BEEF

To carve a goose, separate the leg from the body by putting the fork into the small end of the limb, pressing it close to the body, and then passing the knife under and turning the leg back, as you cut through the joint. To take off a wing, put your fork into the small end of the pinion and press it closely to the body; then slip the knife under and separate the joint. Next cut under the merrythought and take it off; then cut slices from the breast. Then turn the goose, and dismember the other side. Take off the two upper side bones that are next to the wings, and then the two lower side bones. The breast and legs of the goose afford the finest pieces. If a goose is old, there is no other fowl so tough; and, if difficult to carve, it will be still more difficult to eat.

SLICING A LARGE ROAST OF BEEF

Partridges, pheasants, grouse, etc., are carved in the same manner as fowls. Quails, woodcocks, and snipes are merely split down the back; so, also, are pigeons, a half being given to each person when serving.

Any one who wishes to become an expert carver may, by careful observation, learn exactly how the thing is done. A knowledge of the joints must first be acquired, and next the process of separating them.

His Mother's Applause

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S mother was his greatest encourager and adviser; what she said about his work was, to him, final. Now, strangely enough, after he had been hailed as the "march king," two or three years slipped away before she saw her boy conduct his own band. One night, during an engagement in Washington, Mrs. Sousa was taken, in the state befitting the mother of a march king, to hear his band. From this point, Mr. Sousa tells the story himself:—

"Of course, I saw mother up there in one of the boxes, and, to tell the truth, I was more nervous than I had ever been when playing before the sternest critics. The family did not wait for me, but went straight home, and, when I arrived, had all retired,—that is, all but mother. She was waiting for me in the dining-room. I went in to her.

"'Well, mother?' I said.

"She came across the room to me, and put her arms round my neck.

"'Philip, dear,' she said, 'you deserve it all.' That memory, let me tell you, is more to me than any other applause ever given me."

How to Debate

By S. S. CURRY

(Founder and President of the School of Expression, Boston)

Do not get angry.
Be always teachable.
Give positive arguments.
Do not whine or find fault.
Be brief, simple, and direct.
Keep cheerful and confident.
Always go to the foundation.
Be ready for every emergency.
Learn how to make a contrast.
Be confident, but not dogmatic.
Do not quibble over trivialities.
Illustrate from familiar experience.
Keep a cool head, but a warm heart.
Avoid ornamentation and decoration.
Avoid all prolixity or mere ingenuity.
Command attention in your first phrase.
Find the fundamental principle involved.
Never declaim, but speak directly to men.
If your opponent gets angry, laugh at him.
Be clear, simple, and pointed, not oratoric.
Put your first point so as to win attention.
Appeal to the teachable spirit of your hearers.
Look up thoroughly all aspects of each subject.
Show a desire to learn more about the question.
Coöperate with others who speak upon your side.
Find the truth, and espouse it with all your heart.
Cultivate penetration, and also flexibility of mind.
State the question definitely to yourself and to others.
Give your arguments clearly, simply, and forcibly.
Lift yourself into a broad, impersonal point of view.

Never skim over the surface, but dig to the foundation.

Recognize that every question has many points of view.

Give your auditors a perspective regarding the subject.

Habitually study the simplest and most forcible writers.

Study human nature, and be able to lead the thoughts of men.

Debate to yourself, in preparing, all sides of the question.

Do not take all your time to answer the arguments of others.

Use the simplest words and the shortest possible sentences.

Use terms and illustrations familiar to your auditors or judges.

Bring all arguments into unity, and show how they can be linked.

Be able to assume and maintain a broad, judicial attitude of mind.

Do not violate your convictions for the sake of winning a debate.

Suggest more arguments and points of view than you can fully expound.

Be fair to your opponent. No cause can be truly won by unfairness.

Do not obey your own prejudices, or appeal to the prejudices of others.

Give your arguments adequate presentation, but be as concise as possible.

Imagine how every type of character will view the subject under discussion.

Lead in the argument. Do not follow, even though you are on the negative side.

Study how to make every important point emphatic, and to subordinate others to it.

Seek sincerely for the real truth, independent of the side upon which you are placed.

Never passively accept newspaper comment, but look to the heart of every subject.

Accustom yourself to look at the fundamental principles involved in a public question.

Never try to blind your audience to the force of an argument. Show a deeper principle.

Begin at the heart of the subject, without apologies or flourishes, with a strong argument.

Do not take a narrow point of view, but discuss the subject in its largest possible bearings.

Make your auditors think more deeply regarding a subject than they have ever thought before.

Arrange your points on a slip of paper, if possible, in a natural order, before beginning to speak.

Present a word or phrase so strongly that you can pause in the very midst of it and observe its effect.

If on the affirmative, usually arrange your arguments cumulatively and systematically, as Æschines did.

If necessary, before rising rearrange your points according to the point of view adopted by those who have spoken before you.

Put a strong argument over against another argument, and be sure that your point has gone more deeply into the heart of the question.

Pause and get your order before giving it, then give it with great definiteness; that is, rhythmically alternate

silence and speech. The greatest difficulty in speaking, oftentimes, is to find the significance of pauses.

If on the negative, put a very strong argument at first, as a rule, so as to upset the force of a logical chain of arguments, and turn the attention of the audience in a new direction; place your weakest argument in the middle and a strong one at the close, as Demosthenes did in answer to Æschines.

There is a great educational value in debate. Many a young man has secured greater training and mental grasp from debates in college societies than from half the courses with his professors. A book ought to be written upon what students get from college outside of their studies.

Look at all sides so thoroughly that you can show greater familiarity with the opposite side than even your opponents. Webster prepared so thoroughly every question, looking at it from every point of view, that he anticipated the arguments that would be made, and was always prepared to meet any argument that might be brought up.

The great advantage of going to college is not merely the study of books, but the meeting of men. It is a great blessing to a student to have able men in his class, and to come into contact with able men in debating societies. Debating with some, however, gets to be one-sided, narrow, and prejudiced. In this case the student should drop it and enter into broader discussion, come into contact with his fellowmen on a more sympathetic plane. Debating must not be allowed to develop prejudices, narrow one-sidedness, or lack of sympathy.

The Perversity of Tennessee Cattle

By H. GERALD CHAPIN

TENNESSEE'S specialty appears to be a most peculiar breed of animals. One day, six years ago, a train was peacefully pursuing its way along the rails, when suddenly a horse was discovered trying to outdistance the locomotive. Knowing that he was about to approach a trestle, the considerate fireman stopped the cars, alighted and endeavored to shoo the animal off the track. Instead, the frightened horse rushed across the trestle, and, though it reached the other side safely, sustained numerous injuries for which the railroad company was sued. In rendering a verdict the court said:—

> The court finds it very difficult to explain the conduct of this mare. * * Perversity and a disposition to have their own way seem to be a peculiarity of East Tennessee animals. It is only a short time since this court had to pass upon the case of a Texas pony that committed suicide. In that case, since the animal had been transferred from the plains of Texas to the mountains of East Tennessee and had not become acclimated, the suicide could be easily explained. In another case two hounds in a fox chase in McMinn County disputed the right of way with an approaching train over the tracks of this same railroad. The consequence was that one was immediately transferred to the happy hunting grounds, where there are no railroads or other corporations, as they have no souls and consequently no hereafter. The other was not killed, but was immediately converted into a thoroughly trained dog. But, while this perverse disposition seems to exist in the animals of East Tennessee, it is not shown that this fireman knew of it, and being on a through train the presumption is that he did not know of these local peculiarities. Counsel for plaintiff says that any farmer knows that it is negligence pure and simple to approach a mule or a frightened horse without soft words and kindly, outstretched hands. The distinction here made between a mule and a horse is well taken,—that is, that it is dangerous to approach a frightened horse, but dangerous to approach a mule whether he is frightened or not. This court judicially knows this to be a fact, and it is agreed that the fireman ought to have known as much as this court—about horses and mules.

In one of the cases alluded to in this opinion, it was held that an engineer who sounded his whistle once while some dogs were on the track was sufficiently careful, the rule being laid down that he need not toot once for each particular dog, "more especially," said the court, "as he has no means of informing each dog that any special whistle was sounded for him."

Somebody Had To Do It

A young man in New England, who had been converted in a revival, tried very hard to have his brother join the church with him.

"But, John," said his brother, "if both of us join the church, who's to weigh the wool?"

Our Sun's Big Brothers

By CARRETT P. SERVISS

ONE of the most astonishing results of modern astronomical research is the accumulation of evidence that our sun is so far outclassed by many of the stars that to call him a mere pygmy in comparison with them is insufficiently to express his relative insignificance. Think of a sun *ten thousand, or even twenty thousand, times as great* as the one that now shines upon us! Yet this is no figment of the imagination, for orbs of that stupendous magnitude exist within eyesight from the earth. They look merely like brilliant points because of their tremendous distance, but if we were as near to them as we are to our sun, the earth would burst into flame and disappear like a snip of tissue paper drifting into the open door of a furnace.

How do we know that there are such giants among the twinkling stars? The answer to that question furnishes a beautiful example of the power of the human mind to penetrate the secrets of the universe. It is in this sense, and not in that of bodily resemblance, that we are said to have been made in the image of God.

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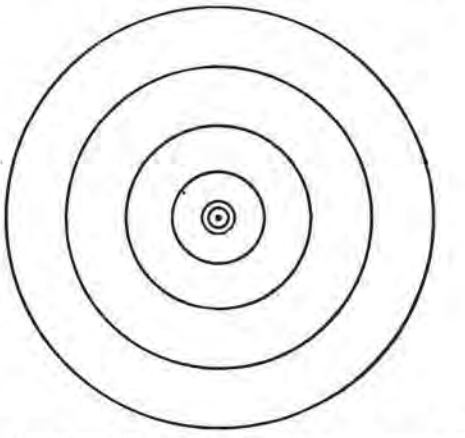
The first step that the astronomer had to take before he could form any idea whatever of the real magnitude of the stars was to measure their distance. This he would never have been able to accomplish but for the revolution of the earth around the sun. That revolution furnishes him with a base line on which to found his measurements. The diameter of the earth's orbit is about one hundred and eighty-six million miles. In the course of six months we are carried from one side of that orbit to the other. If, then, we



The minute circle in the center shows the size of our sun; the second circle that of Sirius, equal to thirty-six suns; the third, that of Vego, equal to one hundred suns. The names of the stars represented by the larger circles, and the number of suns to which each is equal, are, in the order presented, Arcturus, 1,000 suns; Spica, 4,000 suns, Rigel, 10,000 suns; and Canopus, 20,000 suns. Canopus, the greatest of all, and, so far as we know at present, the largest sun in the universe, is in the southern hemisphere and not visible from the middle latitude of the United States.

observe the position of some star among its fellows, and six months later observe its position again, what we have really done is to examine the star from the ends of a line one hundred and eighty-six million miles long, and we might fairly expect to find that it had shifted its apparent position in consequence of our change of place. This is what actually happens with a few of the stars, though not with the majority of them. Most of them are so remote that as, in our annual journey round the sun, we ride to and fro, from one end to the other of our immense base line, their places do not perceptibly change!

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Fortunately, the larger number of those stars that appear brightest to our eyes *do* show a slight shift, or what astronomers call a parallax, and from the amount of this shift their distances can be calculated. The splendid star Sirius, for instance, is thus found to be situated at a distance of a little more than fifty millions of millions of miles, or more than five hundred thousand times as far away as our sun. The star Arcturus is over six hundred millions of millions of miles distant, or more than six million times as far away as our sun,—and so on. Their distances being known, the next step in comparing these stars with the sun is to ascertain the amount of light that they give forth. Everybody who has studied physics knows that the intensity of light varies inversely with the square of

the distance from its source. For instance, if a candle gives a certain amount of illumination on a piece of paper at a distance of one foot, it will give one-quarter as much illumination at two feet, one-ninth as much at three feet, one-sixteenth as much at four feet, and so on indefinitely. Suppose you take two candles, whose flames are equally bright, and place one of them at a distance of ten feet and the other at a distance of one hundred feet; the nearer candle will give one hundred times as much light to your eye as the farther one, because it is ten times as near, and the square of ten is one hundred. Now, this same principle applies to the sun and the stars. We have seen that Arcturus is six million times as far away from us as the sun is. Suppose we regard Arcturus and the sun as resembling two candles with equal flames; then, since Arcturus is six million times as distant, its light should appear the square of six million, or thirty-six million million times as faint as the sun's.

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But, when the actual amount of light which comes to us from Arcturus is carefully measured, we find it to be about a thousand times as great as it should be in accordance with the calculation made above; in other words, instead of being thirty-six *million* million times as faint as the sun, Arcturus is only thirty-six *thousand* million times as faint. The only explanation of this discrepancy appears to be that Arcturus is really a thousand times as bright as the sun! If they were both at the same distance we should get a thousand times as much light, and probably a thousand times as much heat, from Arcturus as from the sun.

Similar comparisons made with other stars, whose distances have been measured, give similar results. But not in every case does our sun come out at the bottom. There are stars much smaller than the sun, although most of those that have been measured are larger. By "larger" and "smaller," in this case, I refer simply to the quantity of light given forth, and not to the physical magnitude, because a star actually smaller than the sun in bulk might give more light on account of greater intensity of radiation. Upon the whole, however, it is probable that the stars which outshine the sun hundreds of times exceed him in physical magnitude in somewhat the same proportions.

In attempting to give a graphical illustration of the relative brilliance of the sun as compared with a few of his most gigantic brethren, I think I can do no better than to borrow a method employed by T. E. Heath in a recent number of the English scientific journal, "Knowledge." The accompanying picture is based upon one used by Mr. Heath, but I have considerably modified and simplified it. The idea is to enable the eye to grasp, at a glance, the probable sizes of a few of the greatest stars, as compared with the sun. The basis of the comparison is the relative amount of light which comes to us from each, corrected for the effects of distance, as already described. The assumption is also made that, in every case, equal surfaces give equal amounts of light. Mr. Heath has introduced the happy term, "sun-power," in these comparisons. Thus he describes Arcturus as possessing one thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine sun-powers, which means that it gives one thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine times as much light as the sun. In order to be on the safe side I have adopted a lower estimate, making Arcturus of only one thousand sun-powers. This accords with the calculation of Professor Newcomb, although he gives this number as the lowest limit.

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The diagram should not be taken as giving more than an approximate representation of the relative sizes of these great bodies as deduced from their light. If it conveys to the reader a realizing sense of the comparative insignificance of our sun, it will have achieved its object.

It may be remarked that the star Canopus, to which Mr. Heath ascribes more than twenty thousand sun-powers, and which apparently exceeds in actual magnitude any and every star in the heavens, does not look to the eye as bright as Sirius, although the latter is of only thirty-six sun-powers. This is another striking instance of the effect of distance upon the apparent brightness of the stars.

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The Relative Strength of Left and Right Hands

THAT right-handedness and left-handedness depend not so much on a difference of strength in the two hands as on a difference of skill is shown by some interesting recent measurements made by Prof. Caster of the Rennes (France) Medical School. He finds that in the right-handed the left hand has almost uniformly nine-tenths of the strength of the right, at all ages and in both sexes. Another curious point established by Prof. Caster is that the movement called by anatomists "supination,"—namely, turning the palm upward by rotating the forearm, is always more powerful than the opposite movement of "pronation" or turning the palm down by outward rotation. This the professor believes to be a peculiarity inherited from our earliest ancestors. Possibly the fact that our arboreal great-grandparents were more accustomed to collect objects by scooping inward and upward with the hands than to disperse them by pushing outward may have had a good deal to do with it.

The Counsel for the Defense

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

[*Concluded from page 717*]

There was no motion to direct a verdict of acquittal. There was no opening address to the jury by Wortendyke on behalf of the defense.

"The prisoner will take the stand," said the counsel for the defense. The prisoner took it.

Wortendyke, the counsel, rose. "How long ago," he asked, "did you reside with me?"

The prosecutor was upon his feet in an instant. "How is this relevant," he asked, "or material,—or competent?"

Wortendyke smiled. "I think, your honor," he suggested, "that the learned prosecutor went somewhat deeply into the prisoner's past, and—." The court looked reproachfully at Cradlebaugh.

"Objection overruled!" he said. The court-room stirred with satisfaction. At last Wortendyke had done something. "Ah!" said one man to his neighbor, "old Counselor Wortendyke has got *something* up his sleeve. He 'll make Buck out crazy, or *somethin'*. *See* if he do n't. Watch out!"

"Proceed," said the court. The stenographer read the question to the prisoner. "The last time that I lived with you," he answered, slowly, "was fifteen years ago."

"Why did you leave?" The prisoner hesitated. Then he leaned toward his father and looked him in the eye. It was clear that he was obeying to the letter.

"Shall I—shall I *tell my story*, sir?" His counsel nodded. The prisoner told his story. For four weeks, day by day, hour by hour, the counsel for the defense had drilled that story into the defendant's mind. Inch by inch the prisoner had learned it, and it had been hard to learn, because that story was—the *truth*.

It was the old, old story of Mephistopheles and Faust. It may have been the story of every frequenter of the Side Pocket,—of every man who has been led astray, but it was, essentially, the story of the prisoner. Big Pemmican, the murdered man, had ever been his evil genius; Big Pemmican had led him into the depths of dissipation and of crime. Big Pemmican had robbed him, first of his possessions, of his self-respect, of honor,—of everything that made life worth living; and Big Pemmican had always reaped the profit. Buck Moran ever had been the loser; Big Pemmican, the winner. Pemmican was the master; Moran, the slave. Through it all there had been, curiously enough, a woman who had clung to Buck Moran; a woman to whom Buck Moran had clung with strange persistence,—and Pemmican, at the last, *had dared* . . . Wortendyke glozed this over, for he was not playing for sympathy on account of a woman. The crowd did not even know that that same woman, young and partly beautiful, was sitting, almost out of sight, in the extreme *rear* of the courtroom, with a diminutive boy at her side, watching, with hungry eyes, the prisoner, the only thing beside the boy that she cared for in this life. Goldenhorn would have placed her and the boy within two feet of the foreman. Wortendyke scarcely referred to her,—and he made the jury *note* it.

"Tell us about this *murder*," he said, finally, to the prisoner. Buck Moran leaned out over the railing.

"I looked for him for three days, with that pistol in my pocket," he answered, pointing to the weapon on the table,—"drunk and sober I looked for him; and when I found him," he added, desperately, "*I shot him down in cold blood*."

Goldenhorn, over in the corner, made a slight movement with his hands. "Wortendyke 's gone crazy," he said; "it 's deliberate, willful, premeditated murder,—it 's murder in the first

degree." But Goldenhorn did not understand. Wortendyke knew what he was about. He had placed the whole story before the jury, to show them that while Buck Moran had killed the body of Big Pemmican, the latter, on the other hand, had murdered everything that was vital to the manhood of the prisoner,—for he had killed, not the body, but the *soul*.

Cradlebaugh, taken by surprise, put on his fifteen Side Pocket men, to contradict the more favorable portions of the prisoner's testimony. But no!—"It 's true," they said, one after the other; "Buck Moran ain't never told the trut' before, but he done it, this time,—the trut', the whole trut', an' nothin' but the trut'." Cradlebaugh stopped,—right there, and Wortendyke refused to sum up to the jury,—he stopped right there, too, and the judge charged, and it was a hanging charge,—it had to be. The jury went out, and a woman on a rear seat drooped down over a sleeping boy.

"Buck,—Buck!" she cried, within herself, "I 'd pray for you, Buck, if I only knew how." It may be that her thoughts were of a piece with the thoughts of the counsel for the defense, who had never been a praying man.

Inside, the jurors held a solemn conclave,—not over the crime, not over the prisoner, but —*over the counsel for the defense*. For two hours they talked. Finally the foreman smote the table with his hand.

"By George, boys!" he said, "I 've seen him try many a case, when I knew he was tryin' to flimflam his jury. But, by George, *this* time, for once, he showed his hand. This time, I say, he gave us a deal that was fair and square. This time, by George! we got the *facts*. *I* say we take the vote."

Outside the prosecutor was banking on a guilty verdict, and Goldenhorn, somewhat impressed, was vacillating over toward something in the line of the second degree; when, suddenly, like a bombshell, in came the jury, and exploded, through its foreman, "Not guilty,—and *so say we all of us*."

As soon as he could, the foreman sought out the counsel for the defense. "Judge,—judge," he whispered, with a grin, "it was n't Buck Moran that was on trial. It was *you*, Judge Wortendyke."

Goldenhorn was behind him. "Wortendyke," he exclaimed, "I take off my hat to you. It was the cleverest thing you ever did, Judge Wortendyke, the very cleverest thing you ever did."

"The cleverest thing I ever did," repeated the counsel for the defense, to himself, "except the thing that is left for me to do. That is,—to begin life over, *with my son:* for it is not Pemmican, and it is not Moran, who is responsible for the work of that early Sunday morning Down Neck, in Monroe. It is *I*, the thoroughgoing lawyer, who never knew how to be a father. From this time on I must learn to be a father. From this date on I must learn to be a man."

Learning from Rivals

We notice that the most successful people make a very close study of the methods of their rivals, especially those nearest to them. They want to know the secret of their success. In fact, successful men are always comparing the work of their rivals with their own.

This is the best method of marking your progress,—measuring yourself with your competitors, not in a general way, but in specific ways. See if every one of your modes of doing things is superior to theirs. Do not flatter yourself that some are better. Try to make every one of them better.

The face can not betray the years until the mind has given its consent.

The man who never knows where he stands will not be likely to stand anywhere long.

Enough vital energy has been wasted in useless worry to run all the affairs of the world.

E. H. Harriman,—a Master of Organization

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[*Concluded from page 720*]

was Lincoln, for example, who gave his life. He directed affairs which were really as large, in their primitive way, as the affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad. U. S. Grant, too, gave some very valuable time to his country, and by way of recompense this Wall Street we have been speaking of got his small savings away from him and looked on apathetically while he wrote, propped up on his deathbed, the memoirs which were to provide for his family.

It can not be that these gentlemen seriously urge their claims to the right to pocket the Louisiana Purchase and the Coast States on the ground of services rendered, because the nation really expects certain services of its citizens. It was as a matter of right that our country demanded the lives of a million men in the Civil War. It was as a matter of right that she sent Farragut into Mobile Bay. Even the old hereditary notion lay dormant until it was revived in the Vanderbilt and Astor and Gould and Rockefeller and Hyde families. Why, then, should not Hill and Gould and Harriman, since their talents lie that way, do something to develop the Far West? Other men have done more, and done it for nothing. But the nation needs such men, precisely as it needs its Lewises and Clarks, its Custers and Shermans, its Whitneys and Edisons, or its Hawthornes and Emersons.

I have set down this opinion with full and humorous appreciation of how vaguely absurd it must sound to Edward H. Harriman and George J. Gould, for here we have the point of divergence between the Wall Street idea and the Anglo-Saxon idea. Wall Street can not see sentiment and moral conviction until they come to be reflected, in some roundabout way, in the price of stocks, and it loses sight of them when they cease to influence the price of stocks. Wall Street has little sense of humor. It will advance, as a justification of its magnates, their wonderful courage, never observing that, in the same breath, it is justifying the burglar and the gambler and the prize-fighter. What Wall Street can not see, from the summit of its very high and very logical structure, is that it is precisely sentiment and moral conviction on which Anglo-Saxon civilization is based, and that the Wall Street idea, ever since the days of the Jews, who first formulated it, has lost in every direct conflict with this immensely bigger and more practical idea. The Empire of Dollars is not altogether a noble spectacle. We are not thrilled at the mere thought of those Venice bankers who "financed" the Crusades. We do not like to think of those Wall Street manipulators who tried to corner the gold supply during our Civil War, when the nation needed gold.

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Clocks that Mark Time by Centuries

CLOCKS that will run indefinitely—in theory, at least,—have frequently been devised. Usually these are motors like the ordinary clock, but substituting for the effect of gravity on a weight the action of some ever-present natural force, such as the wind or the sun's heat. They are no more perpetual-motion machines than is a turbine run by a never-failing water supply. The latest of these devices, which is more mysterious but no less natural than the others, is a "radium clock," which is operated by the action of radium in discharging an electrified body. The moving parts of such a clock must be extremely light. In one form they are strips of gold-leaf; in another, feathers. The theoretical running time is variously estimated at from two thousand to thirty thousand years, but it goes without saying that friction and atmospheric action would cut this down to a very small fraction.

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Better find one of your own faults than ten of your neighbor's.

Scheming to Stay in Congress

By C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS

[Concluded from page 724]

There are packing houses in Kansas City, instead of dairies.

William P. Hepburn, of Iowa, has kept all his original supporters and gained more by his continued support of the isthmian canal project, the completion of which is expected to materially lower freight rates in his section. His attitude, of course, helped the country as a whole, while it helped his own district,—and the same could be said of others who are foremost in matters of this kind. Such cases are mentioned merely because they are of interest as showing how some congressmen retain their seats.

Occasionally a member who has a hard fight on his hands induces his colleagues and the leaders of his party to write commendatory letters to persons and newspapers in his district. The result is not always as pleasant as it might be. During the last campaign, there was an unusually spirited contest for the Democratic nomination—which was equivalent to election,—in the Ninth Tennessee District. Rice A. Pierce, the incumbent, was opposed by Finis Garrett. The latter is only twenty-nine years old, and is hardly more than a tyro in politics, while Pierce was in congress when Cleveland was first inaugurated, and, although his service had not been continuous since then, was supposed to be strong enough and adroit enough to come back to Washington as often as he cared to. This time, though, he realized that he was in danger, and one of the means he took of trying to ward off defeat was to get John Sharp Williams, the minority leader, to send a number of letters into the district. These letters warmly complimented Pierce, and advised his renomination. Garrett carried every county in the district. Then prominent local Democrats sent a sarcastic "round robin" to Williams, telling him they did not know enough to make their own selections, and assuring him that, during the next campaign, they would again be glad to avail themselves of his valuable advice and counsel. This is only one of several cases wherein outside suggestions have been resented, regardless of the eminence of the source whence they emanated. A great many communications complimentary to former Senator Thomas R. Bard, of California, were sent into that state by his colleagues and others, last year, and used in the unsuccessful effort to secure for him another lease on his seat in the upper house.

Of course, all this is without reference to the promises made by candidates while campaigns are in progress, although these are very often entertaining, to put it mildly. To prove this, it is only necessary to cite the instance of the North Carolina man who pledged himself, if elected, to do all his clerical work himself and to devote to the education of four orphan children in the district the money allowed by the government for the payment of such service.

A cheerful manner makes an important wireless connection with the heart of a prospective customer, and transmits an irresistible call for business.

"When I found that I was black," said Alexander Dumas, "I resolved to live as if I was white, and so force men to look below my skin."

"To perpetuate a hateful thought by writing it in a letter is deliberate lunacy," says a modern philosopher. "To write the word of scorn, and set it afloat upon the sea of time?—never!"

There are some salesmen whose entrance into the presence of prospective customers is like the advent of spring after a hard winter. They bring a burst of sunshiny weather. The tired and ill-humored customer who has been sitting on the mourner's bench all day, nursing his troubles, loosens his hold on his grouch in the presence of that insistent optimism. It is as if some one had opened a window in a stuffy house; he feels the invigorating effect of ozone.

Just Plain "Graft"

By HOSMER WHITFIELD

[*Concluded from page 726*]

"unjustly taxed,"—hence we howl. Going still further back into American history, any clear eye can see that the wars fought on this side of the water for the quarreling crowned heads of Europe were waged because each monarch by divine right was trying to graft on the other. Commerce is the cause of all wars, and a "commerce" that causes a war is a polite name for graft. The whole history of the Indian is one long, smug, crafty tale of paleface graft. Of course, there was an abundance of most excellent excuses; but, in the end, we get the Indian's land, and the Indian receives, in return,—what? Bullets, solemn treaties, broken promises, whisky, and disease. The Panama Canal is banked with graft,—in fact, it has been clogged with graft from the very first,—French graft, Colombian graft, or American graft,—yet graft.

Now this brings us to two points that I have kept for the last: is graft necessary?—is graft curable? In the sense of fighting the devil with fire, or of making war on those who war on us, either with sword or with wits, graft is necessary; but, speaking in the larger, better sense, everyone knows in his heart that graft is not necessary if each man loves his neighbor as himself. But is graft curable? Certainly not, in one day. Graft is as old, as widespread, and as fundamentally implanted in human character as is any other social evil. Grafting is one of the few universal and seemingly perpetual crimes, from which spring all the minor evils. No one may say what is the taproot of evil,—but, as Omar says, "One thing is sure, if the rest is lies,"—if there were no graft, grafting, and grafters, there would be but few drunken men and hopeless women, and but few wars. But, if grafting can not be cured, it can be curbed, and the place to begin is not in the other grafter, but each one within himself. A starved pay roll is graft in its most heartless form. Putting a few miserable public thieves into the penitentiary is not sanity, for the penitentiary itself is full of graft. It is simply washing the dirty citizen into the state mudhole. Punish grafting?—Yes,—but punish all or none. By doing as we do to-day, jailing the thousand-dollar grafter and sending the grafter of millions to the United States senate, or placing him in a governor's chair, we are putting a bounty on grafting, by making successful grafting the surest road to honor and to fame. Either turn the little grafter loose, or strip and jail the big grafter. We are very fierce toward the grafting mouse, but very envious of the grafting mammoth, and not until men trap the grafting mouse as if it were as dangerous as the grafting mammoth, and not until men attack the grafting mammoth as fearlessly as they would the grafting mouse, can men ever hope to curb grafting.

But how can all this be brought about? Many ages ago the man with the strongest arm and biggest stone ax had a perfect legal—and, perhaps, moral,—right to rob another. Might made right. Slowly the world came to know that the strong in body have no right to rob the weak in body. This is both legal and moral law, to-day, but only between individuals. To nations it does not yet apply, except dimly in theory, but never in practice. Between these two extremes the law that physical might does not make right applies in practice in almost the exact proportion of the number of men concerned. Two men fighting on the sidewalk are arrested and fined or jailed, but one hundred fighting on a side are called "rioters," and are merely "dispersed," with a few knocks here and there; while it is asserted that Standard Oil may rob or even murder at will. Yet, in spite of all this, men are agreed that physical might does not make right, from individuals up to nations, be the actual practice what it may. But the world creeps slowly on and up, and it is beginning to be hazily recognized that, even by the law when applied to the weak, mental might does not make right. For centuries the highway robber has been punished; but only of late years has the bunco man, who uses no force whatever, been considered a fellow of the highwayman. Here and there, farther up the scale, is swindling in a few forms recognized by the law as a crime, and in still fewer cases it is punished. Yet now and then it is. From this we may guess that graft may not only be curbed, but cured,—but not in our day. All we can do to-day, and for the next few centuries, is to plow the weedy field and keep replanting the few seeds that we ourselves do not eat in our own grafting. Grafting can never be cured, or curbed, except through the following principle:—

No man, because he is stronger than another in body, has a right to take unjustly from another, or to injure or to enslave him; rather should the strong and quick of mind aid and protect his duller brother. Thou shalt not steal,—neither with thy hand nor with thy mind. Thou art thy brother's keeper, Cain, and to keep from him that which is his, even though he know it not, is the act of a thief. In graft, as in all other things, to thine own self be true, and thou canst not then be false to any man. Before the world can be free from the curse of graft, this law must stand between man and man: "Might does not make right, either in muscle or in mind."

Dippy Hamilton's Magic

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

[*Concluded from page 733*]

and culverts as he went. Reporting by wire to President Sanborn, in Denver, he said there was peril at several points, but that, if the rain should cease soon, all would be well. Though delayed, the trains still ran.

But the rain did not cease. Throughout the fourth night the black empire of inner peaks rocked with bellowing thunder and was washed with a heavier deluge. The next morning the Big Bear-paw was foaming against the main stringers of Ball Bridge, by ten o'clock its flood was lipping the track, and the half-million-dollar structure, stanch as engineers and steel-workers could fashion it, shook under the ramming blows of *débris* and pushing waters. The section foreman hurried down to the telegraph office at Rapids Gulch, six miles below, with a message for the road-master's office, and Dippy Hamilton wired, with halting and laborious care, the situation to the dispatcher at Manzano.

"Ball Bridge is in danger," he said; "water up to track, logs and stuff jamming; send help."

Burke ordered Hoxie to get five locomotives ready and rush them at once to the bridge; he telegraphed Chief Manvell, at Paley Fork, to hold westbound freight trains, wherever they might be, and send their engines forthwith to the point of supreme peril. "I want at least ten engines on that bridge by four o'clock this afternoon," his message concluded. That meant, approximately, one million, eight hundred thousand pounds of additional pressure upon the abutments. Surely that would hold the bridge down, however violently the Big Bear-paw might push against it. From end to end the division thrilled with effort through several hours, but at two o'clock in the afternoon its forces paused in consternation. Ten miles below Ball Bridge the river had cut into the right of way until a hundred yards of track slipped sidewise, ready to fall into the flood. Hoxie's five engines were south of this point and could not cross. Burke was with the engines. He boarded one of the locomotives and whirled back to Broad Bend Station, three miles below, and hit the road with the wire at several points. Manvell's engines, he learned, had struck a washout at the east base of the range and could proceed no further. Jim Ewell, with a westbound freight train, was at Horselip, halfway down the west side of the range, and Roadmaster Payne, with his work train, was strengthening a trestle over a creek two miles west of Horselip.

When Payne brought his train to the siding at Horselip, to let Ewell pass, he received an order from Burke to take Ewell's engine and his own, with all of Ewell's loaded cars and sufficient of the work train flats, loaded with stone, to make a train of about forty cars, and to proceed to Ball Bridge and get the train upon that imperiled structure with all speed.

Hurried work began. By four o'clock Payne and Ewell, with a train of thirty-eight loaded cars, double-headed by the two engines, started down the range for the Big Bear-paw. All night and throughout the morning they had been in the rain, and now the mountain sides heaved and tossed with blowing rags of fog, clumps of pines upon the lifted heights breathed hoarsely, glimpsing black-green through flapping veils of vapor, every crevice dripped, every gulley babbled with falling water, and all was unstable,—indistinct,—perilous. At many points the roadbed was soft, and everywhere the track was wet and slippery, yet a very fury of haste was demanded by the situation; if Ball Bridge should fall it would mean a practical suspension of traffic for weeks.

The long train moved down the continually falling grade, gathering speed and momentum as it rolled. Every man's face was grave. Water spurted from under the soggy ties, as the train swept over them, the wheels cut through streaks of mud that covered the rails, the engine pilots were daubed with soil and clinkered with gravel, and the boiler heads were spattered with filth.

Seven miles downward from Horselip the first disaster fell. As the train swept around a curve, the track slued under the rear cars, and the caboose snapped its coupling and turned half over. In the caboose were Payne and Ewell, and most of the men. The engines bellowed for brakes and used air, but the train scarcely slackened at all. Dick Sunday, of the second engine, threw his drivers on the back turn, and the head of the right-hand cylinder blew out. Instantly both engines were wreathed in hot steam. Sunday's fireman jumped, but Dick shut off and stuck to his post, while the train roared onward. A brakeman, back on the train, set several hand brakes, and then, panic-stricken and addled, jumped down a muddy bank.

At Tunnel Fourteen the train struck a sharper grade and quickened its appalling speed. Bert Samuels, engineer of the head locomotive, his fireman, and Sunday, of the second engine, began to despair of checking the wheeled avalanche. At the roots of their hair and along their nerves began to creep a frost of terror and panic. That peril, a train lost to control, the most frequent and most feared of all disasters in mountain railroading, was upon them. Like the waters of the canyons, and impelled by the same omnipotent law, the train was rushing toward lower ground, wildly

flying in search of natural equilibrium and normal rest.

Wreathed in thunder, they crashed through the cuts, the engines bellowed like excited hounds, and the mountain walls reverberated with hammering echoes. The likelihood of the train leaving the track and splintering in ruinous confusion was constant, and, should it remain on the rails and strike Ball Bridge while going at such lawless speed, what would happen? If it should pass Ball Bridge safely, then, ten miles below, the whole fabric would certainly plunge into the river. The operator at Horselip had told the men of the washout that baffled Hoxie and his engines. Then, too, what if Ball Bridge had already fallen! Each engine, and every car in the runaway train, seemed in a transport of angry fear; to plunge into the Big Bear-paw with these wheeled monsters was an appalling prospect. Three miles below Tunnel Fourteen engineer Sunday and Samuels's fireman quit the train. Samuels stuck to the throttle until within a mile of the Ball Bridge tank, when he, too, jumped. There were numerous lame and injured men along the line of the special's historic flight, but no one had found death. As for Ball Bridge and the train,—well, there was Dippy Hamilton and his crazy contrivance down at the tank, alert, but, seemingly, as things of succor, insignificant.

Dippy had been up all night; several times, with lantern in hand, he had gone down to the bridge, and, standing in the stormy darkness, had listened to the battering and rasping and splashing that rose about the structure. The mountain region was wild and lonely, the spirit of the night inexpressibly daunting. With the coming of day he saw the river swollen to greater height and the probability augmented almost to certainty of the bridge giving way before the increasing flood. Wet to the skin, he had gone to and fro during the day, agitated, his mind wheeling from one vain project to another, crying out within himself for help. A little after four o'clock he came into the small house where he ate and slept, and stood listening to the telegraph instrument. Some one on the wire was calling him; he answered, and the operator at Tunnel Fourteen said:—

"Big special with two engines, going down to get on Ball Bridge, is running away; went by here like h—; look out for yourself, and, if section men or any one else working on track, get them out of the way."

Dippy's nerves suddenly tightened like taut harp-strings, his face became white, and his brown eyes widened and were touched with glistening red. He leaped out the door and into the pump-house, set the engine going, connected the dynamo, and threw the current into the track-magnet, that oddest one, as yet, of all his "fool dreams."

Hardly was the apparatus charged before the supreme moment was upon him. For a little space the forerunning herald of the train's approach was as the noise of a far-falling cataract, and then there was thunder in the valley of the Big Bear-paw. Dippy sprang out of the door of the pump-house and ran some three hundred feet eastward along the track. He drew back a little from the rails and waited, half crouching, his fingers working, and his eyes like those of an excited cat. As things gone mad, the linked monsters came down from the mountains, riderless, yet hastening wildly under the invisible lash of gravitation. For nearly a mile before the water tank was reached the track along the river was but slightly down grade; that was a factor working toward salvation; yet the train came onward swiftly, a black-headed, brown-bodied reptile of Titanic girth, swaying and wrinkling all its hurrying sections.

Dippy suddenly felt the smitten air crushing him back and the solid earth quaking, and then the first engine struck the magnetized rails. There was a hammering crash of all the drawheads as the engine drivers clutched the energized steel, and Dippy looked to see the rails torn up, the cars buckle into the air, and himself crushed under the hurling mass; but the weight of the engines held the track to its bed, the front engine received a pull downward, and, practically, backward, that amounted to tons of resistance, then it passed beyond the sphere of magic, and the second engine was crossing the clutching mystery. At that Dippy, white and burning in every fiber, leaped at the iron ladder of one of the rear cars and, grasping it, scrambled to the top. Thrilling with vivid realization of the import of the moment, he began swiftly setting the hand brakes, twisting them up until the gritty brake-shoes tore wreaths of fire from the wheels. Leaping from car to car, he felt them rock and quiver as the hurling power of the whole fabric was taken in leash. Beneath him there was hissing and rasping and the clang of drawheads, as the train's three hundred wheels were in rapid succession gripped and released by the invisible clutch of the energized rails, and then the train was beyond the great magnet and approaching the bridge.

Eight flat cars loaded with stone were near the center of the train. Here obstruction of the air had occurred. Scrambling over the stone and setting the hand brakes as he progressed, Dippy reached the front loaded box cars, and, filled with a sense of wild power, twisted the brakes up until the cars reeled. Slowly the train slackened, and then suddenly the fire boxes roared and the hot wheels were splashing in water. The engines, wreathed in steam, plowed slowly through a dangling line of broken stuff, the trembling bridge felt nearly three million pounds suddenly crush it solidly upon the

piers, and the mad waters of the Big Bear-paw gurgled helplessly around the wheels.

Looking up from his straining twist of the last brake, Dippy saw the flood about him. The nose of the front engine was within a rod of the western shore and the bulk of the train stood squarely on the bridge. He put a hand to his throat and for a moment stood gasping, then his mouth opened with a yell, the triumphant shout of one who puts great and rebellious elements under his feet and holds them.

Twenty minutes later Dippy ticked a laconic message to the dispatcher at Manzano. It simply said: "Train on bridge; will stick."

The dispatcher relayed the message to Burke at Broad Bend. Burke read the wire, and, puckering his lips in his beard, whistled in astonishment. At nine o'clock that night he entered the pump-house at the Ball Bridge tank, having made part of the journey on foot and part in a hand car. He grasped Dippy's hand and held it, and the two looked into each other's eyes.

"How did you do it, boy? How, in heaven's name, did you do it?" demanded the superintendent.

A smile crept around Dippy's mouth. "By muscle and magic, about half and half, I guess," he said, quietly.

Burke glanced around the place, at the engine and little dynamo and the wires leading toward the track.

"They energize—in fact, make a magnet,—of two of the rails," said Dippy.

Burke gazed at the youth fixedly a long time. His keen eyes seemed to ask a hundred questions.

"Yes," said Dippy.

"See here, you come over to Paley Fork as soon as things are straightened out; I want you," said Burke, decisively.

"I 'd rather go down to Manzano, for the present; Jack Morton and—and Violet, his daughter, are there," Dippy ventured.

Burke looked at him a moment longer. "All right!" he said. "When I have time I 'll investigate you. I think you 're wanted in our department of experimental engineering in Denver."

That was where Dippy landed. Several interesting things have eventuated; improved switches, signals, and the like, and the fact that both Violet and Dippy now call Jack Morton "dad;" but just how far Dippy's great idea of traction magnetism will affect his own and the future of mankind is not yet precisely known.

He Went In On Probation

By SMITH D. FRY

WITHOUT making any comparison as to abilities and characteristics of men; without disparagement to others more scientific and learned; it is only truth-telling to say that "Uncle Jerry" Rusk was a widely popular secretary of agriculture; a man of the people, appreciated and beloved by the people, albeit a man wholly lacking in the culture of the schools, even of the public schools.

Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, went to Indianapolis soon after the election of President Harrison, in November, 1888, and urged the selection of Governor Rusk for the position of secretary of agriculture. General Harrison smiled as he replied:—

"You are asking an impossibility. If there is to be war with any nation and armies are to be raised, I will appoint 'Uncle Jerry' a major general, and place him in command of an army corps; and there he will serve his country bravely, effectively, and nobly. But he lacks the culture, social experiences, and refinements which a member of the cabinet should possess. I know him, and know him well. You can not say too much in his praise, for I will echo all that you may say, but it is impossible for me to consider him for any position in the cabinet."

Senator Sawyer was a persistent worker for his friends, and he did not give up the quest, but said: "I can not take 'no' for an answer. The people of Wisconsin are looking to me for this, and I must take back with me your promise that he shall be secretary of agriculture, and I will make it so easy for you that you can 't refuse. I want you to take him on probation for six months. If, at the end of six months, he is not entirely satisfactory to you in every way, I will have important business for him to attend to in Wisconsin, and he will resign."

Upon that proposition an agreement was reached, and the appointment was made, although bluff and lovable old "Uncle Jerry" never knew the circumstances regarding it, even unto his dying day. But he remained four years in the cabinet, and Senator Sawyer told about it, thus:—

"You see, seven months had rolled around, and I was down at a bookstore picking out a book for ma, when I saw 'Uncle Jerry's' picture on the front page of a newspaper, and I rushed out of the store, got into my carriage, and went to the White House as fast as I could go. I went right to the President's room and began saying: 'I 've come to apologize, Mr. President, and to tell you that I forgot all about it, until this morning. It is now more than seven months'—

"'What are you talking about, senator? Have you been losing sleep or losing money, that you talk so incoherently?' was the interruption of President Harrison.

"'I 've come about "Uncle Jerry," and to tell you that I would have been here at the end of six months, but I had forgotten all about the probation until it struck my memory this morning, and'—

"'Oh, is that all?' answered President Harrison. 'If that is all there is on your mind, please go and forget it again. I would part with any other member of my cabinet before I would let "Uncle Jerry" go.'"

A day of worry is more exhausting than a week of work.

Big Salaries and Fees

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

[Concluded from page 737]

wondered at the system of trade which fills the railroad trains and the hotels everywhere with these ubiquitous salesmen. One sees them wherever he goes,—in all the city hotels and about the humbler hostelries of the most remote country villages. In the South and the West they gather in groups, and always form a party of jolly, good-humored, sociable fellows. They seem to know everybody under the sun, and are on speaking terms with even the children of the villages. One wonders, as he sees them, what they must get to be living the lives of veritable nomads,—what must be their pay? Some of them get $15 a week and their expenses. Others get $20 or $30 a week, and some there are on commission who make as much as $6,000 to $10,000 a year out of their trade, though a great part of this time they are away from their wives and children, and their home life is reduced to occasional visits. Friend-making is the art that wins for a traveling salesman, and the man who can make friends and keep them is paid accordingly. Money is advanced to him liberally for entertaining, and he is directed to spend it like a lord. Representatives of two or three of the large wholesale houses of New York City earn as much as $20,000 a year, and their duties are nothing more than keeping customers in friendly ties with the houses they represent in certain territories. These men take trips through the South or the West, or New England,—whichever happens to be the territory allotted to them,—once or twice a year, but are always at the home offices during the few weeks of the spring and the early autumn which are the periods when the buyers and country storekeepers come to the metropolis to make their purchases. At such times the affable "star drummer" has nothing to do but "be nice" to his friends from out of town. The intimate acquaintances that have been built up by these clever men of commerce in all parts of the country are numerous, and the cordiality with which they greet each other suggests kinship. The "drummer" who gets the best pay is one who sells wine, or whisky, and he is allowed more for expenses, too, than the man who sells the necessaries of life. A recent lawsuit in the courts brought out the fact that a certain agent for a wine company was paid $40,000 a year, "just to open wine," and received, in addition to this princely sum, $10,000 for expenses.

C. T. Schoen, as president of the Pressed-steel Car Company, is another man who has commanded a very large salary in the industrial world, and John Hays Hammond rises above all other mining experts in having earned in a single year more than $400,000. It should be said, however, that Mr. Hammond's labors as an expert since and prior to that year have, perhaps, been not half so large, although he is employed by crowned heads and by the wealthiest of miners.

In the field of industrial arts and sciences it is the inventor, and not the professional man, who grasps the great profits, and even the inventor gets cheated out of his just dues very often by the courts. I happened to be chatting with Thomas A. Edison, in his laboratory at Orange, New Jersey, one night while he was working on his most recent creation,—the intensified dynamo,—and heard him discuss thoroughly the injustice that is done inventors in the United States. "This very day," he said, "several of my well-known patents expire, and become the property of posterity, which means Tom, Dick, and Harry. The government professes to protect the inventor for seventeen years, and after that time his creation is no longer his own. But, as a matter of fact, the government does no such thing. It

lets any poacher run in and bring suit, or apply for an injunction, disputing the inventor's patent already granted by the patent office, and in all the courts, pending the long-drawn-out litigation which follows, the other fellow is permitted to go on manufacturing and selling the thing he claims to have invented before the real inventor made it."

"Do you see that little lamp there?" asked Mr. Edison, as he arose, full-length, in his ragged old linen duster of the workshop, and he pointed with his pencil to an ordinary incandescent electric light beaming brightly over a draftsman's table. "It was my invention, known as a primary invention, because I took two things, a piece of metal and electricity, and made a third thing out of them,—light. Now, I fought fourteen years in the courts for that little lamp, because a Frenchman bobbed up and claimed it after I had secured the patent. During all this litigation I had no protection whatever; and when I won my rights, after fourteen years, there were but three years of the allotted seventeen left for my patent to live. It has now become the property of anybody and everybody. There is no protection given an inventor by the courts or the patent department." With all that he has done, one would think the "wizard" would be the wealthiest of all wealthy Americans. Not so, for is he far from being as wealthy as the American people would like to see him. It would make little difference to him if he were as rich as Crœsus. He would keep on working until midnight, in his laboratory, just the same. But there are some great profits on record from patents. A farmer in the West was enriched by inventing the brass cap for the toes of children's shoes. His boys and girls were "hard on shoes," and kept him poor buying footgear. One day he took the semicircular rim of a blacking box and fastened it over the toe of a shoe. It caused the shoe to last twice as long as the mate did, and then he put the same device on all his children's shoes, patented it, and reaped a fortune.

While visiting this country, recently, Sir William Ramsay, professor of chemistry at the University College of London, took Americans to task for paying experts in the sciences so little. He said that too many wealthy Americans die leaving great sums of money to erect buildings for the sciences at colleges, when they ought to leave the money to increase the emoluments of existing chairs rather than add to the number of chairs already established. Taking issue with the noted chemist, Professor H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry at Washington, said: "In England the equivalent of my place pays $7,500 a year, while I only get $3,500 a year, and for eighteen years, until recently, the pay of my office was only $2,500 a year. But men of lower grades, here in America, earn as chemists, on an average, from $1,800 to $2,500 a year, while in England they only get from $40 to $50 per month. I believe that this is better than to pay the topmost men of the department large sums and the men of lower grades such pittances."

Men who plod along with the tedious task of teaching, and men who devote their lives to religious work, rarely derive more than a comfortable living. There are pastors of the largest churches in the principal cities who get $8,000 a year, and there are college presidents and professors who earn $10,000 a year, but they are few. Professors in the leading educational institutions get from $2,000 to $5,000 a year.

Politics is an excellent road to bankruptcy for the man that is honest. The highest salary paid by the federal government is $50,000 to the President, and the lowest is one dollar a year, which goes to Charles Henry Gibbs, who keeps the "bug lighthouse" at Nantucket. Once a year Mr. Gibbs gets his

check for one dollar from Washington, and cashes it with fully as much pride as President Roosevelt can feel when he rolls away his fifty-thousand-dollar voucher at Christmas time. The lighthouse keeper, however, is allowed to raise chickens and ducks on the government land, and lives tranquilly and with perfect peace of mind.

As compared with the salary of the President of the United States, England pays her lord chief justice $40,000, her viceroy for Ireland more than $100,000, her viceroy for India $72,000, the archbishop of Canterbury $75,000, the archbishop of York $50,000, and the lord chancellor $50,000.

Some of the most spectacular fees ever gathered in by the celebrities of the world of music, drama, and amusement generally, are notable in such a discussion as this, not to show that these fields are fields of profit, for there are many wrecked hopes along the road that leads to fame here, but to illustrate how willing the world is to pay for what it wants, even for entertainment. Jean de Reszke, the best-paid singer of the world, earned $100,000 in one brief season in America, singing only once or twice a week. Paderewski never plays the piano for less than $2,000 a night,—not even in the private parlor entertainments to which he is frequently called by society folks, but he has very often appeared at charity entertainments and played for nothing. A wealthy New York man who could not get admission to the first performance of Kubelik, the violinist, paid him $1,500 to play one hour in his private house.

Fuller, the noted American jockey, once demanded a fee of $1,000 before he would mount a horse for a single race, and it was promptly paid. He won the race in one minute, fifty-two and one-fifth seconds, which meant that he was paid at the rate of $8.93 per second, or $32,134 an hour. From a standpoint of time this is, perhaps, the largest fee ever paid to any person on earth. Jockeys, as a rule, get $15 a mount, and they usually ride in from three to five races a day, during the racing season. George Odom was paid $50,000 a year by the late William C. Whitney for riding for his stable, and Arthur Redfern once earned $35,000 during a single racing season. Circus riders get from $300 to $500 a month for their fancy tricks on the backs of horses in the ring, and tight-rope walkers earn $500 a month.

Chefs get from $3,000 to $12,000, depending upon the reputation of the hotels they are employed by, and their second cooks get from $1,500 to $3,000. There is a chef in New York who heads the list with $12,000, which means that he gets more than $35 a day, or $11.86 for cooking a single meal.

In the last few years women have come to the front as good money-makers. Miss K. I. Harrison, a woman cerberus, gets $10,000 a year from H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, because, as Mr. Rogers says, "she knows how to keep her mouth shut." There are many women in Chicago who earn more than $2,000 a year, and some in the professions of law and medicine who have run their incomes up to the $10,000 notch. Miss Ada C. Sweet, of that city, took up her father's pension-claim practice, and now earns more than $8,000 a year.

So the world goes on paying, paying, and asking no question except the all-important one,—"Can you do it?"

* * *

A little dwarfed girl, in New York City, recently committed suicide because thoughtless children laughed at her and ridiculed her form in the schoolroom and on the street. An old street peddler was so teased and ridiculed by children that he finally became insane. If you want unfortunate people to respect you and to love you, never see their deformities or remind them of their condition. Make them feel that you do not observe their misfortunes. People measure their friends by the degree in which they make them forget their deformities or peculiarities.

Some Stenographic Slips

By S. Q. Whiffletree

ILLUSTRATION BY CLARE V. DWIGGINS

AN EMPLOYER RECITES THE MISTAKES THAT MADE HIS LIFE A BURDEN

A CERTAIN man in New York City gains his living by his pen, in sense, but not in fact; for, while he is a writer for periodicals, he does not write. He uses a typewriter in duality of being, a girl and a machine. Some years of experience with the combination has resulted in his acquiring the following:—

1.—A sprinkle of hodden grey in an otherwise russet head of hair.

2.—An active current account in the pardonable department of the profanity section of the Recording Angel's Bureau.

3.—An unwholesome joy in "English as she is born of stenographic notes."

4.—A peculiar regard for the young woman who advertises that she is "rapid, accurate, and educated," in a typewriting sense.

In the earlier stages of his experiences he was amazed, indignant, irritated, and exasperated, by turns, but in time he learned to accept the inevitable. Then began he to keep a book, in which were recorded a few, a very few, of the mistakes of his amanuenses. He became a philosopher, in order to seek the cause of the effect. He found this course to be of a double-headed sort, thus:—(*a*) the basic defect of all systems of stenography, and (*b*) the superficial education of the average "graduate" of public or high schools linked to the carelessness and ignorance that such an education breeds.

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As to the first, you are probably aware that a stenographer, when "taking" dictation, practically dispenses with the signs that stand for vowels, using consonant signs only, thus getting a sort of skeleton outline of the word. This is, as stated, a defect indeed. The context, together with the position in which the word itself is written in relation to the ruled lines in the notebook is supposed to enable one to supply the missing vowels or make sense of the word. Thus, in in the word "success," the stenographer would use the consonantal outline, "S—K—S," writing, as she does, phonetically, or by sound. Now, if the sentence you dictated to her ran, "The circulation of that popular magazine, 'S—K—S,' is increasing rapidly," the identity of the needed vowels would be apparently obvious, thanks to the context,—that is, obvious to a stenographer of an intelligent sort. But, as "S—K—S" is also the consonantal outline for sikhs, socks, seeks, sucks, skies, and so forth, you are very likely to read that "that popular magazine, 'SOCKS,' is increasing, etc."

Before quoting from the book aforesaid, it may be remarked that, if the every-day stenographer is weak otherwise, she is generally strong in commas and capitals. Her rule of conduct, in a punctuative sense, seems to be, "When in doubt, tap the comma key," and also, hit the "upper case" at frequent intervals. The result is something like this: "The token Has, been Well, Described, as, the Fiery, cross of, India, Although it, would, Not appear that, its Significance, was as, Direct And Precise, as, that, of, The Famous highland, war Signal."

Ask her why she thus grieves your spirit, and she may tell you that she "learnt it that way at college."

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Now for the extracts from the book, and let it be said that they are given precisely as they came to the man, hot from the typewriter roller. There has been no pruning, adorning, or marring.

"The far-off summons of the matin bell," was butchered thus: "The far of Simmons of the mutton bill."

"'Spawn of Satan!' cried the prelate, shaking his staff at the malcontent," dictated the man, in clear and clarion tones, and "'Spool of Satin,' cried the prelate, shocking his staff at the male-content," merrily transcribed the writer.

"The doctor looked grave as the sick child stirred uneasily on her crib," was rendered, "The dear looked grief as the sick child stared uneasily at the crab."

"The beating that Ericsson had given Karl was wasted on the latter," was ingeniously mutilated thus: "The batting that Ericsson had given Karl was waist on the latter." Karl was evidently bent on playing Falstaff.

Sometimes the apparent sense of the mis-sense of the thing is charming. For instance, does n't "The litter that was the outcome of the pen, etc.," suggest the old farm-yard with a bunch of squealing piglets escaping from their ordained quarters? Yet the man, when he dictated, "The letter was the outcome of the pen of, etc.," had no thought of pork within him. Or, again, "His career was to be thenceforward as the path of an arrow in the direction of popular reform," was made to read, "His career was to be thenceforward as the pith of marrow in the duration of popular reform."

This is one girl's partial record for one day. She left on the next, by the way. "Canterbury bells," were metamorphosed into "Counterberry balls," a most unusual print. "I will add up your account," came out, "I will do up your account," which was enough to alarm any honest debtor.

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"The deed shocked the nation to the heart-core," was what was said, and the typewriter evolved, "The dead shocked the notion to the hard car." "The site of the mansion" was the intention, and, "The sight of the mason," the result. "Bills of lading" were hardly recognizable as "balls of loading." "His heart was warmed by the glee," was rendered, "His heart was wormed by the glow." "The rumor was but transient, though," was hardly recognizable as "The rammer was trains end through." A rear-end collision was evidently in that girl's mind.

"As manna fed the Jews," was ingeniously tortured by another young woman into, "As mamma fed the jays." Yet she was a Sunday-school teacher.

When "The Battle of Waterloo," after going through the ordeal of the notebook and the machine, came out as "The bottle of water *l'eau*," the man, astonished, determined on tracing the mental processes by which the stenographer had "arrived." This is how she explained herself: "Well, the outline of 'battle' and 'bottle' *is* the same, you know, and I just made it out 'bottle;' and, of course, when I saw water after that, I was sure that bottle was right,—water and bottle, you know,—and then I come to the 'l' sign that was after the water, and I knew that there was a vowel there and I could n't make it out until I remembered that '*l*' with '*eau*' after it is French for water, and you know I learned French at high school, and so, as water was the word before, I thought for sure that you meant 'l' with the 'oo' for '*l'eau*,' the French for water, and so I just wrote it that way."

"But," said the man, "the sentence reads, 'The nearest historic parallel is to be found in the situation that immediately preceded the battle of Waterloo.' Now, in view of that sentence, ought n't your common sense to have told you that I could n't possibly have said 'bottle of water *l'eau?*'"

"I s'pose so," replied the high-school graduate, who had studied French, and that was all she could offer in the way of explanation or defense.

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"Kine, knee-deep in fragrant clover," was cryptically rendered, "Keen no dip in frogrent clever." The perpetrator was on the eve of entering one of the most famous of women's colleges in order to "complete her education." She attempted to condone the "keen, etc.," by explaining that she did not intend to become a professional stenographer, anyway.

"Plays, creeps, and laughs, the innocent," crooned the man, one day, mouthing the opening lines of some projected baby verses. When the typewriter tapped out, "Plays craps and, leaves the innocent," he scanned her visage closely.

He said, "The voice of Doctor Jocelyn was heard calling for assistance," and it came out, "The vice of

Doctor Josh Lane was hard killing four assistants."

As dictated it was, "The hollow droning of the mill wheel." As typewritten it was, "The hollow draining of the mile whale," which is a fairly big contrast, by the way.

When "But she held Jake too dearly for that, and so—passed on," was dictated, and it came out, "But she held Jacks, two, drawing for that and so passed, one," would it have been unjust to credit the girl at the machine with an elementary knowledge of gambling?

"Dennis, let him have the pass at cut rates," was transformed into, "Dennis, let him have the puss at cat rats." When the man asked her just what she meant by it, she frankly answered that she did n't know.

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Sometimes the stenographer adds a word to the language that is strikingly reminiscent of "Alice in Wonderland,"—thus: "A mess of brains spread like brown lace-work over the Klep-slap." That it should have been, "A mass of briars spread like brown lace over the cliff slope," is neither here nor there. A girl who could evoke "Klep-slap" is capable of great things. The man told her so when he discharged her, feeling, as he did so, that the universal-language people needed her badly.

The question of international alliances must have been humming in the ears of the girl above the keys when she caused "On account of this, Ethel's life was marred for all time," to appear, "On a Count of those, Ethel's love was married for ill times."

Occasionally a new beast or bird is discovered by the typewriter, thus: "The sea-quail was, etc.," the intention being "the sequel was, etc." This was in line with a blunder made by the same girl, who avowed that "a gull sunk the schooner," instead of "a gale." On another occasion she declared that a pair of lovers "hatched up a pretty squirrel," instead of their having "patched up a petty quarrel."

Having confessed that once upon a time she had been a waitress in a popular restaurant, the reason is clear why "Foist the males of the dynasty" was clicked out, "First, the meals of the dinnersty." This sounds like a "made-up," but it is fearful fact.

"The president was heard with acclaim," dictated the man. "The present was hard with a clam," was what the typewriter insisted that he had said, as she tearfully hunted for her notes.

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In some stenographic systems an arbitrary sign may stand for one, two, or even three words. Sometimes the mistranslation of one of these signs leads to funny results. For instance, it was toward the end of a love story, and the girl was expressing herself as tired of her narrow round of duties and wanting an opportunity in life. To this the so-far-undeclared youth ought to have replied, according to the dictation of the man, "Alice, let *me* be your opportunity!" But the grammalogue for "particular" and "opportunity" were the same in the system used by the man's stenographer, and so she made Edwin plead, "Alice, let *me* be your particular."

Because of the droll typewritten truth of the assertion that "He is the sawed-off man that one instinctively looks down upon," the departure from the original, which was, "He is the sort of man one instinctively looks down upon," was forgiven.

During a political campaign the man dictated, "The chattering policy of the party is of an amazing sort. Irresponsible talk seems to have taken the place of concerted action, so far as the leaders are concerned." But, according to the typewriter, he had declared, "The chattering Pollies of the party *is* of an amazing sort. Irresponsible tick seems to have taken the place of concerted coin, as far as the leaders are concerned." He had to admit that his employee had unknowingly written much truth.

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A bright-haired, bonnie-faced girl, with a whole stack of diplomas and references, held a position with the man for one day. Seventy times and seven, more or less, did he forgive her blunders during that day; but when, toward evening, he spake, "Fate creeps slowly along Time's corridors," and she made it appear "Feet creep slyly along Tom's car-doors," it was too much.

In another instance it was announced, in reference to some of the stars of a metropolitan dog show, that "The Italian greyhound is a dog of high degree." The man read that he had avowed that "The Italian greyhound is a Dago of high dagger." This, by the way, was an illustrative instance of the manner in which the indifferent stenographer blunders to a conclusion. Thus, "d—g" is the consonantal outline for dog, dago, and several other words. "D—gr" is the outline of degree, dagger, and lots of other things. Now, a moment's reflection in connection with the context would have given the clue to the words that the outlines represented. But she had been impressed with the word "Italian" in the sentence. Now, "dago" being, in the vernacular, an Italian, "d—g" was surely dago, and, as all dagos are supposed to carry daggers, why, "d—gr" was, of course, "dagger," and there you are.

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It is out of business hours, not in them, that men break down.

G. H. G.—Your pessimistic and discouraging letter, saying that you are tired of failure, that everything you take hold of seems to go wrong, that you think the good chances are all gone, that the young man who is poor to-day is likely to remain poor, and that you do not think it is any use for a young man to try to get up with so many odds against him, is at hand.

Almost in the same mail, we received a letter from a poor boy who has lost both arms, and he writes in the most hopeful and cheerful manner possible. He seems grateful that there are such good chances in this country even for a cripple, and he tells us of the marvelous things he is able to do without hands or arms,—just with his feet! There is not a discouraging note in this cripple's letter, and he believes that he is going to be able to make a splendid success of his life even without his hands.

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In a Connecticut town is a poor boy. He is very lame. One leg is shorter than the other. This town is so dead that a great many boys and young men are hanging around the streets and lounging about the stores and shops, talking about the dull times and deploring the fact that they can not get work. But this lame boy, with no influence, with nobody to push him and no pull, says he has more business than he can attend to. He is janitor of a school-house, carries the mail to the steamboat, does all sorts of errands in New London for the people who live in his town, besides a lot of other things, and he says he could do ten times as much if he only had the time.

In America, the land of opportunity, where the very climate is a tonic, where the vast, undeveloped resources are a constant stimulus to endeavor, where the poorest boy can climb to the highest position, where cripples and invalids succeed, where poor deaf, dumb, and blind boys and girls go to college, it is a disgrace for anyone with health and strength, with all of his faculties intact, to talk about there being no opportunity.

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There is a very poor opportunity for the boy who thinks he can not do anything, who believes the great opportunities are all in the past. There is no great opportunity for the boy who lacks energy and push, who has not faith enough in himself or in the land he lives in to prepare for his opportunity, and to enter into his life-work with all the energy and enthusiasm he can muster. There is no opportunity for the shiftless, the slovenly, the listless, the lazy youth.

To be plain with you, there is no chance for you while you hold your present ideas of life.

John Wanamaker's friends told him there was no chance whatever for him to succeed in New York, where A. T. Stewart's successors, with all his millions, were unable even to maintain the business which Stewart had built up from nothing. They told him that all the fine dry-goods business had gone up town, and that was one of the reasons why the business failed. They told him he would lose his money if he put it in there. But the boy who was willing to walk four miles to Philadelphia every day and work for one dollar and twenty-five cents a week, and who had the grit to deliver his own goods in a hand-cart, not only saw an opportunity, but a great success, as well, where others saw failures. Mr. Wanamaker has not only made a fortune in this location which others condemned, but is also building right beside it one of the largest stores in the world,—a store fourteen stories high and to occupy an entire block.

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While he has been doing all this, plenty of men around him in this locality have either failed, or have barely made a living in similar lines of business. He saw the opportunity where they saw only failure,—that is the difference.

The same is true of Marshall Field, in Chicago. When the great city was on fire, and the calamity howlers were predicting that Chicago had seen its best days, that there would be no more great fortunes built up there, while his old store was still smoking, he started business across the street in a little wooden shanty. He posted notices saying that the firm would go on the same as usual, and that the orders of even wholesale customers would be filled. The former employees were informed that they would be retained and their salaries continued without a break. The business did go on, and grew to what is regarded by some the largest in the world; but would have ended forever if Marshall Field had held such ideas as you express in your letter. There is nothing the matter with the times, nor is there lack of opportunity. It is only your own attitude that is wrong, your own blindness that prevents your seeing what others will see and take advantage of, if you do not.

Where Beecher Got His Sermons

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[*Concluded from page 734*]

extracted the meaning of everything that came within its range. Wherever he went, there was a great interrogation point before him. Everything he saw must give up its secret before he would let it go. He had a passion for knowledge; he yearned to know the meaning of things, the philosophy underlying the common, everyday occurrences.

Ruskin says: "Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see."

While visiting Luther Burbank, the wizard horticulturist, in his famous garden, recently, I was much impressed by his marvelous power of seeing things. He has observed the habits of fruits and flowers to such purpose that he has performed miracles in the fields of floriculture and horticulture. Stunted and ugly flowers and fruits, under the eye of this miracle worker, become marvels of beauty, richness, and size.

Postmaster-general Cortelyou was a stenographer not long ago. Many people thought he would remain a stenographer, but he always kept his eyes open. He was after an opportunity. Promotion was always staring him in the face. He was always looking for the next step above him. He was a shrewd observer. But for this power of seeing things quickly, of absorbing knowledge, he would never have become McKinley's secretary. There he saw the opportunity to go higher.

The youth who would get on must keep his eyes open, his ears open, his mind open. He must be quick, alert, ready.

The majority of people do not *see* things; they just *look* at them. The power of keen observation is indicative of a superior mentality; for it is the mind, not the optic nerve, that really sees.

Most people are too lazy, mentally, to see things carefully. Close observation is a powerful mental process. The mind is all the time working over the material which the eye brings it, considering, forming opinions, estimating, weighing, balancing, calculating.

Careless, indifferent observation does not go back of the eye. If the mind is not focused, the image is not clean-cut, and is not carried with force and distinctness enough to the brain to enable it to get at the truth and draw accurate conclusions.

The observing faculty is particularly susceptible to culture, and is capable of becoming a mighty power. Few people realize what a tremendous success and happiness is possible through the medium of the eye.

The telegraph, the sewing machine, the telephone, the telescope, the miracles of electricity, in fact, every great invention of the past or present, every triumph of modern labor-saving machinery, every discovery in science and art, is due to the trained power of seeing things.

The whole secret of a richly stored mind is alertness, sharp, keen attention, and thoughtfulness. Indifference, apathy, mental lassitude and laziness are fatal to all effective observation.

It does not take long to develop a habit of attention that seizes the salient points of things.

It is a splendid drill for children, to send them out on the street, or out of doors anywhere, just for the purpose of finding out how many things they can see in a certain given time, and how closely they can observe them. Just the effort to try to see how much they can remember and bring back is a splendid drill. Children often become passionately fond of this exercise, and it becomes of inestimable value in their lives.

To grow old in usefulness and honor is the sweetest reward that life can claim.

On the Way Up

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK

Neither Politics nor Pull Has Helped the First Assistant Postmaster General

NEITHER politics nor pull has been of any material aid to Frank H. Hitchcock in an upward climb that has lifted him, at the age of thirty-eight, to the high place of first assistant postmaster general of the United States. The chief factor in his advancement has been a joy in work that has impelled him to do much better work, and more of it, than is to the credit of the great majority of men of his years. Mr. Hitchcock was born at Amherst, Ohio, but moved to Boston at an early age. When he entered Harvard, in 1887, the managers of athletics there were eager to have him practice for the football and baseball teams, as he had made something of a record in athletics while attending the public schools. He decided, however, that there was more for him in being a successful student than a successful athlete; so he overcame what was a strong temptation, and concentrated himself upon study, with long walks as his principal form of exercise.

FRANK H. HITCHCOCK

After his graduation from Harvard, in 1891, he obtained a place as chief clerk under the superintendent of construction of the present post office building in Washington. The prospects not satisfying his ambitions, he determined to study law, and attended the late afternoon session of the law school of the George Washington University, at the same time supporting himself as an assistant in the biological bureau of the Agricultural Department. About a year afterwards he was transferred to the division of foreign markets, and three years later was appointed chief of the division. He did not solicit this position. The only influence in his favor was his record of work that had been performed with great conscientiousness and thoroughness.

The foreign markets division of the agricultural service was in a condition bordering on the moribund when Mr. Hitchcock took hold. Its reports were perfunctory, and laden down with statistics that were neither interesting nor important. Here was the young chief's first big opportunity, and he made the most of it. He at once began to institute investigations and make reports that had so direct and timely a bearing upon questions before the government that they received attention in congress and elsewhere, and Mr. Hitchcock began to be regarded as an authority on these matters. The trouble with Spain brought to the fore numerous serious problems as to foreign trade relations, for which the division was ready. It had been developed to a point where it could handle them effectively, with the result that the government was supplied with a great deal of valuable information, and the reputation of Mr. Hitchcock was firmly established.

Several years before this, at the commencement exercises of the George Washington University, at which Mr. Hitchcock received his law degree, George B. Cortelyou, who was present, was attracted by the young man's general bearing and his great popularity with his classmates. Believing that magnetism as well as ability is essential to a high degree of success, Mr. Cortelyou picked Hitchcock as a coming man. In the years that followed he watched his progress in the department of agriculture, and when Mr. Cortelyou was appointed secretary of commerce and labor, his first duty was to appoint Mr. Hitchcock chief clerk.

Two years ago he was made chairman of a joint commission to establish methods of procedure in the execution of certain laws, chiefly those relating to customs and navigation, administered by officers who are subject, in certain respects, to the jurisdiction of both departments. There was a tangle of complications here, which Mr. Hitchcock straightened out to the satisfaction of all concerned.

At the request of Mr. Cortelyou, when the latter became chairman of the Republican National Committee, Mr. Hitchcock left the department of commerce and labor to act as the chairman's chief assistant, and in March of this year he was made first assistant postmaster-general. The President has, within a few months, appointed him a member of the recently organized commission to investigate departmental business methods.

▲ ▲

MISS BERYL H. CLARKE

A Talk with the Only Blind Librarian in the United States

TO GO THROUGH life with the black handicap of blindness, yet with a buoyant spirit and an ever-present determination not to be helpless, but helpful, bespeaks a rare kind of heroism. This is why it is

inspiring to visit the blind department of a public library in the borough of Brooklyn, New York, and to talk with a young woman there who has a far greater obstacle to surmount than have the great majority of her sister workers, and yet who is rising triumphantly above it.

A girl with delicately rounded features who is sitting at a desk, handling cards with deft fingers, turns her head in your direction as you enter. When you introduce yourself she smiles, holds out her hand, and seems to look at you. But in her soft brown eyes there is no sight.

This is Beryl H. Clarke, the only blind librarian in the country, a girl who has felt her way to success through darkness; who, though denied the sunlight, has brought light into the lives of others and herself through earnest effort.

"I do n't regret being blind," she said to me, "although there were times in the past when I did, when I used to cry out in anguish of soul for the ability to see and be like other people. Not having been born blind, but having become so when a child of five, I had seen just enough of the light of the sky to cause me to desire it with a passionate longing. But that was before I realized that I could be useful in the world. I have discovered since then that life has a great law of compensation. I have found a niche of service, and am content.

"At an institution for the blind in New York City I learned to read and write, to embroider, to sew by hand and on the machine, and to do other things which I have since taught to others who are struggling against the darkness. Three days a week I visit homes of those who have lost their sight, and teach them to read and write, and I devote the other three working days to work here in the library, suggesting to those who can not see what they may read, providing books for them, and cataloging and attending to many details. I have a typewriter, which I use almost constantly. Wednesday afternoons Mr. Aza Dickinson, to whose work and influence the existence of the blind department in this library is chiefly due, comes here and reads to us from books which have not yet been printed in the blind alphabet.

"We have delightful times, and I am continually busy, so you see that there is plenty to keep me from discontentment. Even though I can not see, I am in love with living. Through the four senses that have been given me, I receive a multiplicity of pleasant impressions. Because I form vivid ideas of each new environment that I am in, no one is fonder of travel than I am. Just now my heart is set upon a visit to Washington, D.C.

"Some years ago I joined the International Sunshine Society, remembering the sunshine, and picturing it as a glorious thing. In this way I became very well acquainted with Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, the president-general, and when she established the Blind Babies' Home, in Brooklyn, a year ago, I was appointed its secretary. I did the best I could for the babies and adult sightless persons with whom I was brought in contact, and on the strength of this, I suppose, I was made librarian here. All my friends are very considerate of me, and it is only from reading that I know of a selfish and heartless side to human nature. The longer I live the more I am convinced of the operation of the great law of compensation, and of the truth that happiness lies not at all in externals, but in the working out of helpful purposes."

▲ ▲

FRANK H. BELLIN

What a Young Russian Emigrant Has Done since His Arrival in America

FEW young men have achieved position under conditions so difficult as those which confronted Frank H. Bellin, who came to the United States, with his family, as an immigrant from Southern Russia, and is now, at the age of twenty-eight, a judge of the Probate Court in Providence, Rhode Island. Because the section of Russia in which the Bellin family lived was infested with bands of nomadic robbers, whose raids incessantly endangered life and property, the father of Judge Bellin decided to migrate to a country where the proceeds of industry were secure, and in 1886 landed with his family at Castle Garden.

FRANK H. BELLIN

Within a year he had established himself in the grocery business in New Haven, with Frank, his ten-year-old son, as his chief assistant. The boy endeavored to go to school, but was so indispensable to his father, that his school career had to be entirely abandoned shortly after he began to study at the high school. He did not propose, however, to allow the counter to hold him down, and studied to such good purpose in odd moments, after his long hours at the store, that he had advanced far enough with his education when he was eighteen to take up the study of law. The store still demanded nearly his whole day; but he continued his practice of snatching the moments between sales for reading, and, in 1897, was admitted to the Rhode

Island bar. Two years later he was admitted to practice in the United States District court, and applying to his professional work the same zeal with which he had concentrated himself upon his study, soon built up a varied and lucrative practice. The rapidity with which he acquired a solid standing in Providence is indicated by the fact that, in 1902, he was elected a member of the City Council, and in 1903 was reëlected without opposition. The Republicans and Democrats of Providence united upon a common set of candidates in 1904, one of whom was Mr. Bellin, who was thus elected a city councilman for a third term. Within a few months, however, he was made judge of the probate court. He is proud of being numbered among the immigrants who came to America to escape Russian tyranny and oppression.

"The foreigner," he said to the writer, "looks toward the United States as a panacea for all ills. For centuries this country has been the haven of the oppressed. We can not afford to close our doors to those who come here with high hopes and a determination to better their condition. From a humanitarian point of view alone, our attitude can not be antagonistic to this population. If it were, we should incline to stagnation and decay. Discretion will dictate a policy which will exclude the parasite, the pauper, the criminal, and the unsound, but we can not afford to lose the aid and stimulus which is introduced into the body politic by the right kind of aliens."

ALFORD W. COOLEY

How a Young Lawyer Has Overcome Many Seemingly Insuperable Obstacles

A YOUNG man whose public spirit has lifted him to a high place is Alford W. Cooley, who is doing important work as a United States civil service commissioner. Since boyhood Mr. Cooley has been greatly interested in the greater affairs of the nation and his state, and, after being graduated from Harvard University in 1895, he attended political meetings and party caucuses in his native town, West Chester, New York. During this period he made a study of the public school system of New York City, and, in 1896, when only twenty-three years old, he was appointed inspector of common schools by Mayor Strong. This was an honorary position, but it involved considerable work, which Mr. Cooley performed with enthusiasm. In 1897 he became absorbed in organizing the Citizens' Union in his legislative district, and in working for the election of Seth Low in the mayoralty campaign of that year. General Benjamin F. Tracy being the Republican candidate, he was read out of the party on account of his activity for Mr. Low, but the passage of the primary law, in the spring of 1898, enabled him to go into the party caucuses again, and with a number of others he made a fight for the control of the party organization in his district. He was defeated in that contest, but, the next year, his element elected its candidates to the Republican county committee.

ALFORD W. COOLEY

During this time Mr. Cooley had been taking a course at the Columbia Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1898. On the strength of his success in political organization, he was nominated for the legislature in 1899, and was elected by one hundred and fifty votes in a poll of about twelve thousand.

After a second term he took the position of clerk of the surrogate's court in Westchester County, where he remained for a year and a half, at the same time practicing law. When President Roosevelt began to look about for the best men for his civil service commission, concerning the *personnel* of which he was very particular, he remembered the unusual ability and energy of Alford Cooley whom he had known in New York and Albany, and in June, 1903, honored him with the appointment of United States civil service commissioner. In regard to success, Mr. Cooley says: "Every man must work out his own salvation, and use to the best possible advantage whatever ability has been given him. I think that there are excellent opportunities for satisfactory careers in the civil service. For exceptional men it may be made the stepping-stone to eminence."

Bigotry is egotism run mad.

A life that has been rightly trained will extract sweetness from everything; it will see beauty everywhere.

The American people are a nervous lot—excited, exhausted, anxious, tired, played out,—because they do not know how to stop the vitality leaks.

Our Christmas Number

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E. M. ASHE J. B. CONNOLLY

THE Christmas issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be the largest and most attractive from a literary and artistic standpoint that we have yet published. There will be a number of good stories,—everybody likes fiction around the holidays,—among them being "How Coleman Got Home for Christmas," by James B. Connolly, the celebrated sea writer; "Wanted,—a Desperado," by Frederick Upham Adams; "A Busy Morning at the Office," a story of rare humor, by Jesse Betts Hartswick, and a new humorous story by one of the princes of fun makers, Ellis Parker Butler. There will be other short stories by Marten Maartens, Zona Gale, Charles H. Thomas and others. The special articles will include the first in a new and important series, "Turning Lives into Dollars," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, a probe into the horrors of child labor; "How Roosevelt Is Regarded Abroad,"—personal interviews with crowned heads of Europe on our President's foreign popularity,—by Vance Thompson; the first of Cleveland Moffett's second series in "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth;" "The Beginnings of the Drama in America," by David Belasco," and "The Real Method of Becoming an Opera Singer," by Madam Schumann-Heink. We will also publish a humorous Christmas poem, written specially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by Wallace Irwin. These are only a few of the subjects appearing in the table of contents. The cover is a beautiful design by J. C. Leyendecker. E. M. Ashe will illustrate Mr. Connolly's sea story, and Herman Pfeifer, Will Crawford, John Boyd, Robert J. Wildhack, H. G. Williamson, Louis Fleming, Fletcher Ransom, H. E. Dey and other noted illustrators are also busy with the artistic side of this production.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN DER WEYDE

J. C. LEYENDECKER
WHO HAS PAINTED THE COVER OF THE CHRISTMAS SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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McClure's Magazine	1.00	Everybody's Magazine	1.50
All Story Magazine	1.00	St. Nicholas	2.65
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REFERENCES: The Bradstreet Agency, R. G. Dun & Co., Phœnix National Bank, Lexington, Ky.; all Publishers

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INVEST $10 In a Business That Last Year Earned a Clear Profit of $216,897.85

A little over two years ago I offered the readers of "Success" stock in a big manufacturing concern—a thoroughly solid business. I said I was certain the investment would prove profitable.

I was right. It has.

Those who did follow my advice have during the past two years received dividends of 29 per cent. on their investment.

These people are my clients.

I now offer another valuable stock—even better than the manufacturing concern. I say this with the confidence born of experience, for I know the possibilities of the business from A to Z. It is my own.

I want you to be my partner.

If you can make a small investment, even though it is no more than $10 per month, for a few months, you can share in the proceeds of my business, which in the past year earned me a clear profit of $216,897.85.

My business—you have all heard of it—was established just seven years ago in a single room, in a small building on a side street. That year I cleared $1,735.13. Profits have jumped by leaps and bounds each year since.

The present success of the business is due to seven years of hard, earnest work. To-day the business is one of the most notable of mail-order successes and is as solid as granite.

My offices occupy the entire 14th floor of the big North American Building in Philadelphia. I employ over 100 people. And the business is growing every day.

A Financial Statement

Have you ever read of and wondered at the tremendous profits being made in the mail-order business?

Haven't you often wished that you might get into something of the kind?

Have you ever speculated on the extent of my own success?

Here is what my business did last year:

RECEIPTS

April 1, 1904, to April 1, 1905.

Gross Earnings, Real Estate Department	$225,648.68
Gross Earnings, Investment Department	220,295.17
	$445,943.85

EXPENSES

Advertising	$98,443.19
Rent	8,226.67
Salaries and Commission	65,086.74
Printing and Stationery	13,826.21
Postage	13,821.86
All other expenses	29,651.33
	$229,046.00
Net profit, year ending April 1, 1905	$216,897.85

Don't you think this is a mighty good business to be in?

What I Want to Do

I have a number of ideas that I want to put in speedy operation, and which will, I am sure, increase the business five fold.

In order to carry out my plans I must have at least 1,000 associates or partners located in all parts of the United States.

So it was decided to incorporate.

The Incorporation

W. M. OSTRANDER (INCORPORATED) was born on July 1st, 1905, being incorporated under the laws of New Jersey and capitalized for $2,000,000, with shares of $100 each, full paid and non-assessable.

You see that on this capitalization, the business during its last fiscal year, earned a profit equal to nearly 11 per cent. on the entire capital stock, or, to be exact, the profit amounted to 10 4-5 per cent.

Dividends

The Company proposes to pay 2 per cent. quarterly dividends on January 1st, April 1st, July 1st, and October 1st, a total of 8 per cent. per annum. Extra dividends will be paid from time to time as the profits warrant. If the business grows in the future only as rapidly as it has in the past, you can rely on very large profits.

All money received prior to any dividend date will share in that dividend.

Directors

The Directors of the Company are: W. M. OSTRANDER, President; WALTER MOULTHROP, Vice-President; HARRY G. HOLMES, Secretary and Treasurer; AMBROSE HIGGINS, General Counsel, and H. M. BEACH. These men have been associated with the business for a number of years and understand it thoroughly.

What the Business Will Do

I believe I am the most widely known real estate broker in America.

As an investment broker I am known almost as well.

W. M. OSTRANDER (INCORPORATED) will carry out this work of selling High Grade Investment Securities, Stocks, Bonds and Real Estate.

We shall offer nothing that is not absolutely secure and reasonably profitable.

My wide acquaintance and extensive advertising bring me in touch with every good investment opportunity that is offered. We shall always give our shareholders first chance on these propositions. There will be an unlimited opportunity for money making.

We shall not content ourselves with the United States but shall go to the European countries for business.

In short the business will be broadened and extended in every possible way.

And as I have said the possibilities are boundless.

Will You Join Me?

Shares in W. M. OSTRANDER (INC.) are $100 each.

You need not pay cash for them unless you desire.

You may pay as little as $10 down per share and settle the balance in nine equal monthly payments.

Will you become one of my partners?

I don't care whether you invest $10 a month or $100 a month, I want you to join me and co-operate to whatever extent you can.

If you want further information before investing write to me about it. Address your letter to me personally. I will give it immediate attention.

But, in order to be sure, sign the coupon below and enclose $10 to clinch your holding.

Then you can investigate thoroughly and at your leisure.

You will find it the best investment you ever made.

W. M. OSTRANDER,
President.

Free Life Insurance

One very unusual and particularly desirable feature in the buying of W. M. OSTRANDER (INCORPORATED) stock, is our insurance clause. If you should die before making all payments, your holdings will be transferred to your wife, children or estate without a single additional payment on their part. This is the best kind of life insurance with no medical examination required. You can get it in force at once. The moment you deposit $10 in the mails your life is insured for the value of the stock and the $10 will begin to earn profits on the full investment.

Your money will begin to share in the profits of our business the minute it is received. A quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. was paid in October. Other dividends, in all probability larger, will follow in each succeeding January, April, July and October. You cannot make a safer or surer investment.

What Clients Say

Our best references are our satisfied clients. Here is what some of them say. We can also refer by permission to National banks in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. To protect our clients from unnecessary annoyance and to avoid their being flooded with investment literature of all kinds, we give only State addresses in these testimonials. Full address of any particular ones will be given on application.

I write to say that I am more than pleased with my investment purchased through you. I own ten shares of this stock and would not sell it for less than $200 per share.
G. G. C. LAUGHEAD, Kansas.

I have been very much pleased with the results of my investment. I wish I owned ten times as much stock as I do.
THOMAS E. N. EATON, Ph.D., California.

My investment has proven wholly satisfactory. This means that being satisfied with having my own money in it, I am not afraid to recommend it to others.—A. H. HULL, Maryland.

I am well pleased with my investment, believing it to be one of the best investments a man can make. It is a living, growing business and is sure to bring returns.—ALEX. SMITH, Ontario.

Some months ago I saw your ad. It seemed to state a good thing in such fair terms that I began to investigate and finally sent one of your own townsmen to see if what you stated was true. I received a good report and then bought a few shares of stock. My dividends are promptly paid and all is perfectly satisfactory.—CLARK JONES, Michigan.

The stock I bought through you is one of the best investments I ever made. The company is as safe as any bank. I would not sell my stock to-day for $150 per share.
WM. P. STARLING, Michigan.

About one year ago I purchased through Mr. Ostrander, 25 shares of stock and have received quarterly dividends of three per cent since that time. I consider my investment well worth double its par value and feel safe in buying it through a world-wide known man as Mr. Ostrander is.
GEO. E. ARNOLD, Pennsylvania.

I know so well, from long experience, the possibilities of this business, that I am certain the stock will be selling at big premium—say $150—within a year.

If the business only increases in the future as rapidly as it has in the past, it will be but a short time before we are paying 20 per cent.

I regard this advance as certain.

W. M. Ostrander, *President.*

Additional Testimony

One year ago you personally advised me to purchase some shares of stock, for which I am more than grateful. I do not believe there is a safer or better investment offered anyone than this. The large dividends with easy terms you offer, convince me I cannot do better than dispose of other securities and reinvest my money through you.—GEO. P. WALL, Ont., Canada.

I saw your ad. in McClure's Magazine offering some stock for sale. As I already had a high opinion of your honesty and business methods, I concluded to invest some spare cash and subscribe for ten shares. Since then I have received quarterly dividends of three per cent. I would not sell my stock to-day for less than $150.—WILLIAM POMEROY, Florida.

Last spring I subscribed through you for several shares of stock, and up to date have been well satisfied with my investment. All your claims have been more than made good.
CLARENCE SHEAR, New York.

I am more than satisfied with my investment. The Company has paid dividends promptly, always paying the guaranteed per cent. with an occasional extra per cent. My only regret is that I am not able to own more stock.—FRANCES WHITNER COOK, New York.

The stock I purchased through you has proved satisfactory. Your statements have been verified.—JOHN A. PHELPS, Vice-President and Director National Bank, Connecticut.

Send this Coupon To-day

Although we have been selling W. M. OSTRANDER (INCORPORATED) stock for only a few weeks, over $115,000 of it has been subscribed. The amount still to be sold is limited as Mr. Ostrander will always keep the control of the business in his own hands. You must act promptly. Send $10 for each share you wish to buy at once and be sure of your stock. Then you can make any investigation you see fit and if we have misrepresented in any way your money will be promptly returned. Isn't this fair? Sit down right now, fill out this coupon and send it with the full amount of your first payment. It will be the best investment you ever made.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TO US TO-DAY

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Enclosed find _____ *Dollars as* _____ *payment on* _____ *shares in W. M. OSTRANDER Incorporated). I agree to pay the balance in nine equal monthly payments.*

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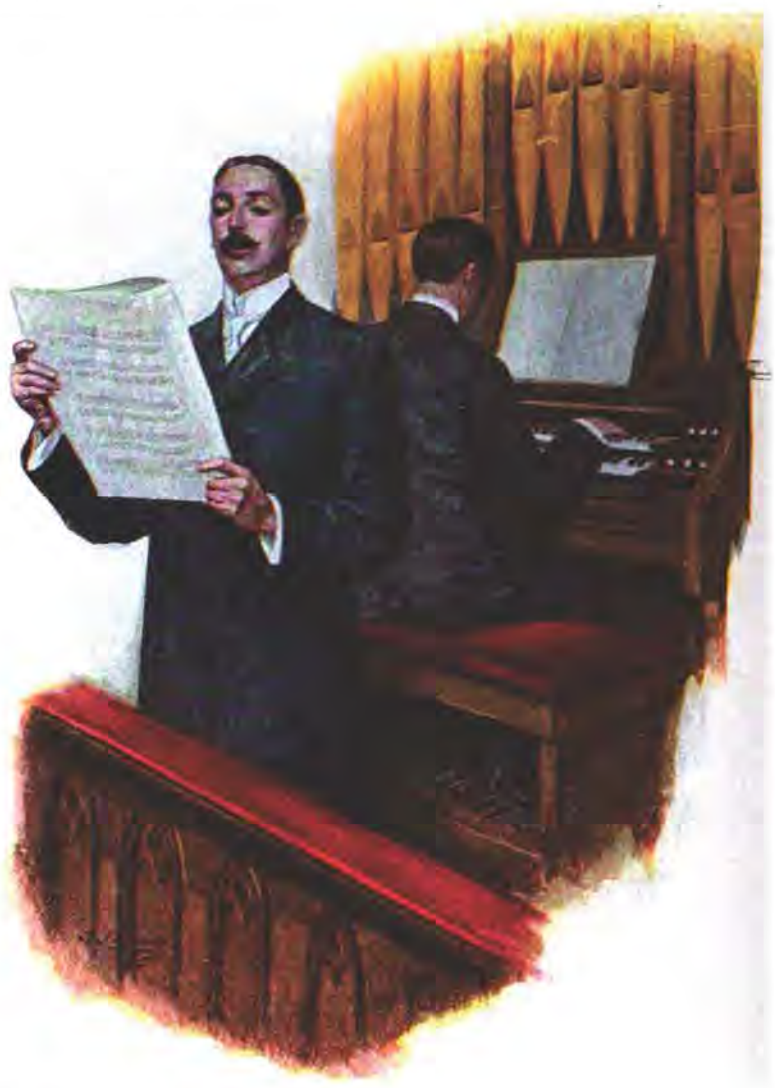

New Victor Records

At Dealers' November 1st

A few of these are sacred music—a large list of other sacred selections is in the Victor Record catalogue, to be had of dealers or of us.

Numbers beginning with 4 and 61 are in 10-inch size, $1.00 each; $10.00 per dozen; Numbers beginning with 31 and 71 are in 12-inch size, $1.50 each; $15.00 per dozen.

Sousa's Band

31447. "Orpheus in Hades" . . . . . Offenbach
31448. "Reminiscences of Tosti" . . . . . Godfrey
31449. "Vienna Bon Bons Waltz" (Weiner Bon Bons) . . . . . Strauss
31450. "Blue Danube Waltz" . . . . . Strauss
31451. "Priest's War March"—Athalie . . . . . Mendelssohn
31452. "Ruy Blas Overture" . . . . . Mendelssohn
31453. "Queen of Sheba March" . . . . . Gounod
31454. "Breeze of the Night Waltz" (Brise des Nuits) . . . . . Lamothe

Arthur Pryor's Band

4477. "Call of the Wild March" . . . . . Losey

Life Guards Military Band

61152. "Departure of a Man of War" . . . . . Russell Hunting

Pryor's Orchestra

4476. "Song of the Gondolier" . . . . . Mazzacabo

Mandolin Solo by Valentine Abt (orch. acc.)

4495. "Angel's Serenade" . . . . . Braga

Tenor Solo by Harry Macdonough (orch. acc.)

4499. "Honeymoon Hall" . . . . . Bratton

Contralto Solo by Miss Corinne Morgan (orch. acc.)

4493. "Lullaby from Erminie" . . . . . Jacobowski

By Frank C. Stanley

4479. "Near the Cross" . . . . . Doane
4480. "He Leadeth Me" . . . . . Bradbury

By Macdonough and Stanley

4481. "Let the Lower Lights be Burning" . . . . . Bliss

Duets by Collins and Harlan (orch. acc.)

4484. "Central, Give Me Back My Dime" . . . . . Howard
4485. "Hey, Mr. Joshua!" . . . . . Kemble

Vaudeville Specialty by Spencer and Jones (orch. acc.)

4491. "Every Little Bit Helps" . . . . .

Baritone Solos in Spanish by Emilio de Gogorza (orch. acc.)

4496. "José Marie" . . . . . Hernandez
4497. "Los dos Princesas" (Son los bailes de Mascara) . . . . . Caballero
4498. "El Capitan de Lanceros" (Sevillana) . . . . . Hernandez

Soprano Solos by Mme. A. Michailowa

61139. "Lullaby—Jocelyn" (violin obligato) . . . . . Godard
61140. "Oh, Sing to Me" . . . . . Dlusski
61141. "Dearest Name" (Caro Nome), Rigoletto . . . . . Verdi
61144. "Serenade" (flute obligato) . . . . . Gounod

Duets by Mmes. Michailowa and Tugarinoff

61142. "Russian Folk Song" . . . . . Dorrgomyschki
61143. "The Sea Gull's Cry" . . . . . Grodski

Tenor Solo by Byron G. Harlan (orch. acc.)

4494. "The Message of the Old Church Bell" . . . . Leighton

Bass Solo by Frank C. Stanley (orch. acc.)

4487. "The Skippers of St. Ives" Roeckel

Songs by Billy Murray (orch. acc.)

4483. "I've Sweethearts in Every Port" . . . . . Keith
4486. Parody on "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" . . .
4488. "The Whole Damm Family" . . . . . Von Tilzer

Ballads by Haydn Quartette (orch. acc.)

4500. When the Evening Breeze is Sighing "Home, Sweet Home" . . . . . Solman
4501. Two Little Girls Loved One Little Boy . . . . . Mullen

Coon Song by Bob Roberts (orch. acc.)

4492. "Dat Ain't Nothin' but Talk". Smith

Favorite Hymns by Harry Macdonough (organ acc.)

4482. "The Lamb is the Light Thereof" . . . . . Stebbins

Tenor Solo in Italian by Aristide Rota (chorus and mandolin orch.)

61149. "Funicoli Funicola" (Canzone Napoletana) . . . Denza

Tenor Solo in German by Erik Schmedes (k. k. Kammersanger with chorus)

61150. "Arie des Dalibor aus 'Dalibor'"

Baritone Solo in German by Robert Leonhardt (orch. acc.)

61151. "Die Musik kommt" (The Music Comes) . . .

Soprano Solo in German by Gertrude Runge (orch. acc.)

71027. "Arie der Titania aus Mignon" (Titania s Song from Mignon) Thomas

Sea Chanties sung by the Minster Singers

61145. Sea Chanties No. 1
(1) "The Capstan Bar"
61146. Sea Chanties Nos. 2 and 3
(2) "Blow My Bully Boys"
(3) "Sally Brown"
61147. Sea Chanties Nos. 4 and 5
(4) "Whisky Johnny"
(5) "Shenandoah"
61148. Sea Chanties Nos. 6 and 7
(6) "Rio Grande"
(7) "Blow the Man Down"

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