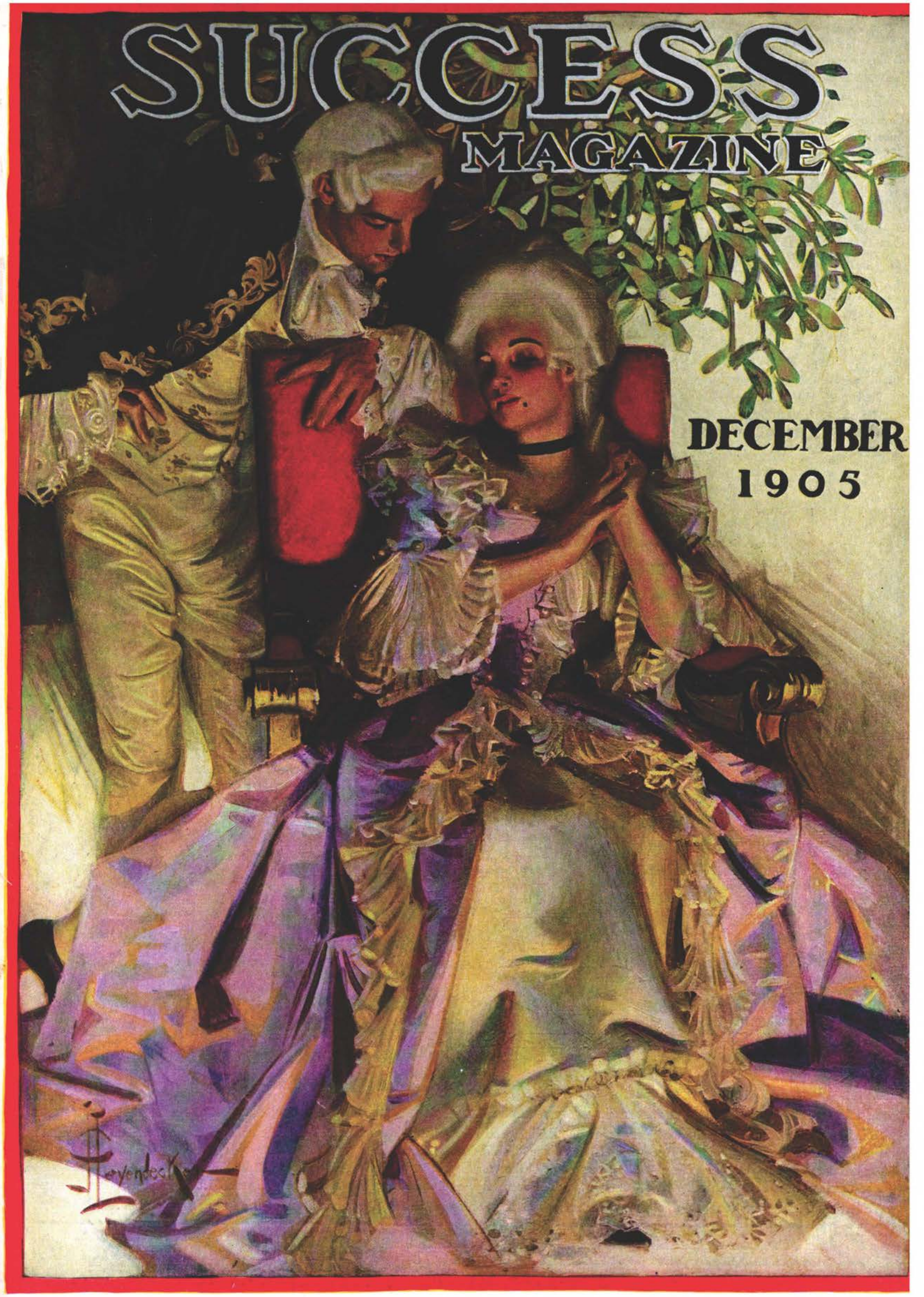
SUCCESS MAGAZINE



DECEMBER
1905

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* * * * *

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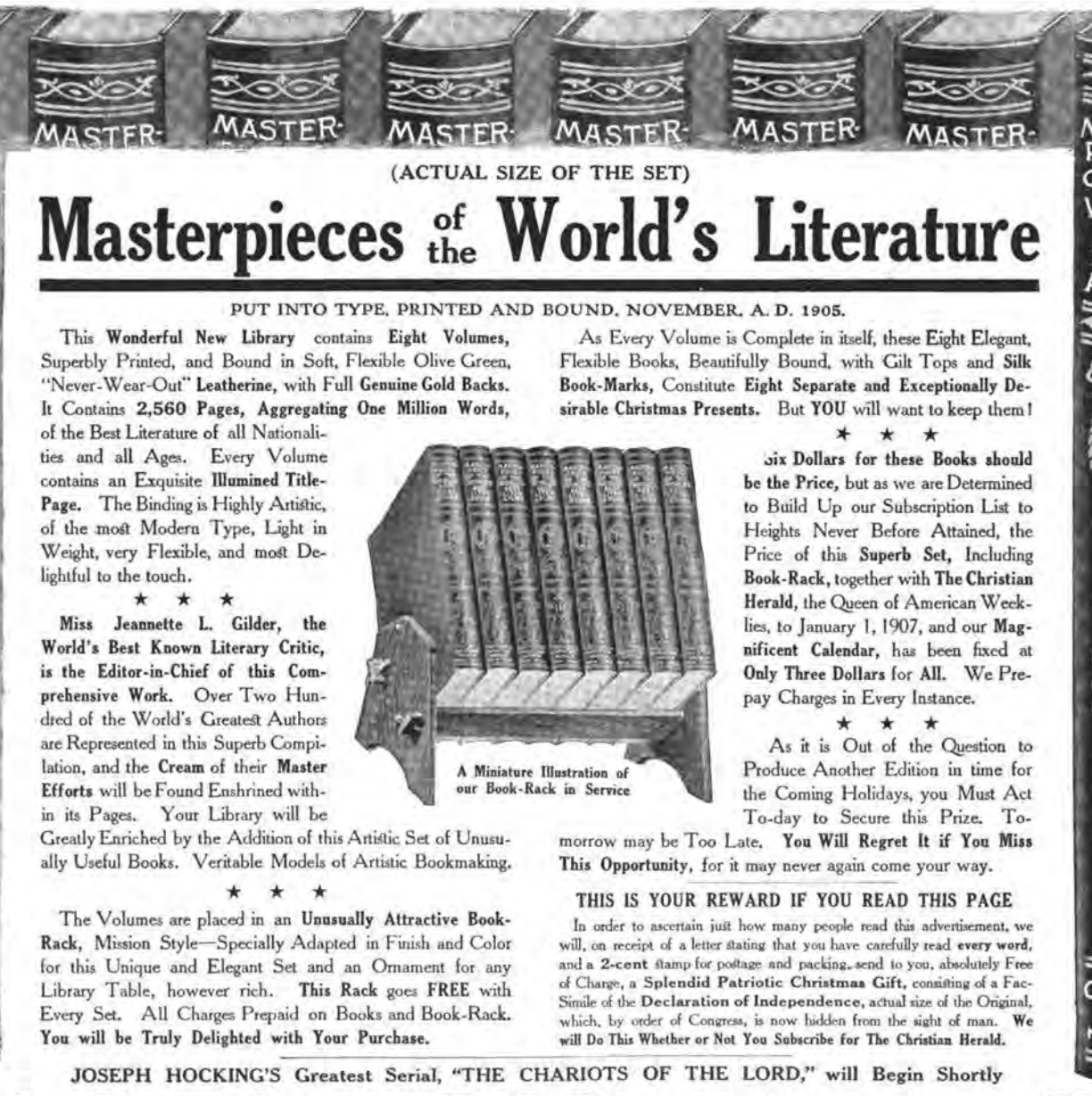

(ACTUAL SIZE OF THE SET)

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A Miniature Illustration of our Book-Rack in Service

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In order to ascertain just how many people read this advertisement, we will, on receipt of a letter stating that you have carefully read **every word,** and a **2-cent** stamp for postage and packing, send to you, absolutely Free of Charge, a **Splendid Patriotic Christmas Gift,** consisting of a Fac-Simile of the **Declaration of Independence,** actual size of the Original, which, by order of Congress, is now hidden from the sight of man. **We will Do This Whether or Not You Subscribe for The Christian Herald.**

JOSEPH HOCKING'S Greatest Serial, "THE CHARIOTS OF THE LORD," will Begin Shortly

Here Is Our Unequalled Proposition in a Nutshell

To Induce You to Subscribe to **The Christian Herald,** the Brightest and Best Family Magazine in the World—Published Every Wednesday, 52 Times a year—We will Send, **Charges Paid,** on Receipt of **Only $3, The Christian Herald,** from Date of Your Order to **Jan. 1, 1907,** our **Library of Masterpieces,** consisting of **Eight** Beautiful Vols., entitled, **"Masterpieces of the World's Literature,"** with Artistic **Book-Rack,** as described above; and our Lovely **"Home-Coming of the Bride" Calendar** for **1906.** For **The Christian Herald** and **Calendar** only, without Premium, send **$1.50.** Foreign Postage $1 Extra.

We **Refund Your Money Immediately** if your Order comes **Too Late,** or if you are **Not Altogether Pleased. No Need of Explanation. Act To-Day.**

THE LOVELIEST CALENDAR EVER PUBLISHED—FREE

The **"Home-Coming of the Bride"** Calendar for 1906, painted by Ogden and issued by **The Christian Herald,** is the Crowning Achievement in the Calendar line. It is Superbly Lithographed in **12 Colors,** and Covers 360 Square Inches. It is the King of all Calendars, and a **Superb Christmas Gift.** ☛ Sent **FREE** with Every **Christian Herald** Subscription.

The Christian Herald
200–220 Bible House, New York

Contents of the December Issue

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

OTHER FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In the United States, Canada, and Mexico, $1.00 a year. Ten Cents a Copy. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.00 a Year. Postage prepaid

Regular Staff Contributors

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ELIZABETH JORDAN

GEORGE B. McCUTCHEON

JEROME K. JEROME

WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

WALTER WELLMAN

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

The Success Magazine

Features that Cost Fortunes

This is a day of specialists. The time has gone by when a great magazine can be built up by occasional writers. The magazine of the future will be entirely the product of specialists. SUCCESS MAGAZINE is building up a staff of strong, vigorous specialists, each one of whom will make a study of some particular subject which is of vital interest to the people of this country. SUCCESS MAGAZINE aims to give its readers the best product of the best brains in the world; and it will spare no pains or expense to secure the most interesting material that ingenuity and money can procure. Some of the features which we have published in the past have cost five thousand dollars apiece. We shall give our readers better things in the future, for it is our policy always to give more than we promise.

W. J. Bryan on International Affairs

Mr. Bryan, who is on a two years' tour of the world, is making some very important investigations for SUCCESS MAGAZINE on certain questions which have lately assumed an international interest. He will spend considerable time in China, and will give this magazine a graphic account of the Chinese boycott of American goods and a resumé of the whole question of how America is likely to be affected in the future by the Chinese. He will also write for us his observations on the situation of foreign markets and international trade relations, and will make a special study of the communities which operate public utilities.

Samuel Merwin on Progress

It is doubtful whether any young writer has made greater strides in public favor during the last two years than Samuel Merwin, who has become a favorite with our readers by his forceful articles on industrial and financial topics. His "The Great Speed Trains of America," in our October issue, attracted such wide popular attention, and was so widely quoted and brought so many appreciative letters to this office, that the editor requested him to write a companion article showing the latest achievements in shipbuilding. Accordingly, Mr. Merwin took passage on the new giant steamship "Amerika," the largest and most palatial craft that ever sailed the seas, in order to study this latest triumph of ocean palaces. The safety, luxury and comfort that are afforded by the floating palace hotels that ply between America and the Old World are a part of modern advancement. Mr. Merwin also has several other important commissions from this magazine. He will interview noted men abroad on topics of vital interest.

Vance Thompson on Diplomatic Affairs

Many people regard Vance Thompson as the most fascinating of American writers. The tens of thousands of SUCCESS MAGAZINE readers who have been charmed during the last two years with his brilliant articles will be pleased to know that he is to contribute during the next year some of the most important work he has ever written. His long residence in Europe, his intimate knowledge of international politics, and his close acquaintanceship with such men as President Loubet of France, Sergius Witte, Lord Lansdowne, Von Bulow, King Leopold and other famous diplomats has given him entrée to those circles in which are settled the great disputes of nations. Mr. Thompson was the compiler of the celebrated De Blowitz letters. In the future he will be commissioned to write about all the important political and international affairs that, sooner or later, become "Diplomatic Mysteries."

Hosmer Whitfield on Foreign Captains of Industry

While owing to a difference in journalistic methods little has been heard of the captains of industry of Europe, they do exist and direct enormous industries. The interesting personalties of these men are scarcely known even to the European public. Hosmer Whitfield was specially commissioned by SUCCESS MAGAZINE to visit and investigate the great shipbuilders, metal workers, manufacturers and inventors of Europe and has secured some "stories" of surpassing interest.

The Shameful Misuse of Wealth

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Perhaps no series of articles ever printed in SUCCESS MAGAZINE has attracted such universal attention as Mr. Moffett's, "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth." It has brought to our office thousands of letters of commendation, and has opened the eyes of many people to the necessity of prevailing upon the rich to expend some small percentage of their wasted millions in bettering the condition of the poor. Mr. Moffett has spent a great deal of time and money preparing for this second series, which will begin in our January number, and which promises to be even more interesting than the first.

The Man of the Moment in Action

SUCCESS MAGAZINE will always make a specialty of the life-stories of men who have risen from poverty and have succeeded under great difficulties, because we believe these stories are very helpful to those who are trying to make their way in the world under similar conditions. There is nothing more inspiring than the romance of success under difficulties, the stories of men who have pushed their way to the front against all sorts of obstacles, and have triumphed where weaker souls would have succumbed. Our character sketches will be written by those who have the touch of a Plutarch, and will be thorough pictures, showing why and how the men written about rose and became prominent. In many cases we publish portraits of men whose careers are open to certain criticism. Our purpose is to portray the great world of progress—to present man of the moment in action.

Stories that Stand for Something

THE fiction stories that will appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE will be of a much higher standard than we have hitherto published. They will embrace many new fields of story-telling, for we have greatly broadened the scope of our literary effort, and we intend to give a better and more fascinating presentation of the most sparkling, gripping short stories by American and European writers than ever before. In fact, we intend to stand as the leading publication of high-grade fiction in the United States. Among those who will contribute to early numbers are:—

F. HOPKINSON SMITH
JEROME K. JEROME
DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS
GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
HAROLD MACGRATH
MAARTEN MAARTENS
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
FREDERICK TREVOR HILL
PORTER EMERSON BROWNE
ELIZABETH JORDAN
HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD
CHARLES F. MARTIN
HOWARD FEILDING
T. JENKINS HAINS
HOLMAN DAY
WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE
MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS
WILLIAM R. LIGHTON
ZONA GALE
ALVAH MILTON KERR

GEORGE ADE

Mr. Ade is America's greatest living humorist. He will tell our readers how he manages to make people laugh.

J. C. LEYENDECKER

WILL CRAWFORD

FLETCHER C. RANSOM

J. J. GOULD

E. M. ASHE

Writers on the World's Progress

Editorial Announcements for 1906

Our Art Department

TEN years ago it was not considered necessary to illustrate a magazine beyond a few pictures that might illumine the text. To-day it is an equal factor with clever literature in the "make-up" of any publication worthy of a standard rank. Good artists are more difficult to secure and demand more remuneration than ever before. Mechanical devices for the reproduction of high-grade work in half-tone and color have almost reached the acme of the inventor's art. We are taking advantage of all these conditions and have improved our art department to meet the demand of the time. Our cover designs, which have been so noted in the past, will be even more striking in the future. SUCCESS MAGAZINE probably pays the highest price of any magazine in America for its cover designs. J. C. Leyendecker, the best cover designer in America, is one of our staff of artists. A fine sample of his exquisite workmanship is shown in our Christmas issue. Guernsey Moore, one of the best artists in the United States, will furnish a number of cover designs during 1906. E. M. Ashe, Clyde O. De Land, H. G. Williarnson, Charles Sarka and other noted artists will also paint covers. The inside pages will be adorned with the best work of such artists as

E. M. ASHE
FLETCHER C. RANSOM
HORACE TAYLOR
WILL CRAWFORD
FREDERIC R. GRUGER
J. J. GOULD
ARTHUR G. DOVE
HERMANN HEYER — WILLIAM OBERHARDT
ROBERT J. WILDHACK
JOHN BOYD
SIGISMOND IVANOWSKI
MISS MAUD O. T. THURSTON
MRS. CELESTE GRISWOLD and
CHARLES J. POST

ETHEL BARRYMORE

An actress who is a credit to the stage. She will talk about its attractions in an article for SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

The Progress of America

The policy of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is to build up and not tear down. We shall publish during the coming year forcible and instructive articles which will mark the strides of progress and show the great possibilities of different sections of our country.

There is nothing which Americans are quite so proud of and so interested in, as the story of our progress as a people. The growth of America has been the most marvellous thing in all history. The story of its progress reads like romance. It is the romance of business conceived in the imagination, in the workshop, in the small corner store, on the farm, the home, and finally put into shape as the great steel plant or the factory, shipping its products to every corner of the globe.

During 1906 we shall present a series of articles illustrating what President Roosevelt termed, "our unexampled prosperity." These articles will be written around the industries that have made America the foremost mercantile country in world. The first article in the series will be entitled "Steel," and will be written by Frank Fayant, a journalist of great ability who has made a reputation for his reliability and great capacity of investigation.

Other articles embracing the great industries for which our country is noted will follow. In addition to Mr. Fayant, and other writers to be announced, we will mention the following contributors to this series :—William Jennings Bryan, David Graham Phillips, Hosmer Whitfield, Hartley Davis and Henry Harrison Lewis.

The Real John D. Rockefeller

By WALTER WELLMAN

Much has been written about this important man—the leading factor in the world of finance and commerce—a great, silent creature who says little and sees no one. In Mr. Wellman's article will be portrayed the true Rockefeller, the man.

Humor and Anecdote

A magazine that deals so strongly and strenuously with the affairs of the day must needs pay attention to the humorous side of life. For this reason we will extend the space allotted to mirth-provoking literature in the future. There will be humorous stories by Charles Battell Loomis. Ellis Parker Butler, Charles F. Martin, H. D. Varnum, Felix G. Pryme, Sy H. Perkins, James W. Foley and many other men who have made the world better for smiles. Then, too, we will publish a number of humorous poems by Wallace Irwin, whose clever work has already delighted our audience. Mr. Irwin is, perhaps, the greatest writer of humorous verse since W. S. Gilbert laid aside his pen. Nixon Waterman and Holman Day will also contribute humorous verses, from time to time.

News for the Family Circle

The home is the backbone of the nation, and we have no hesitation in saying that our Home Department will be the backbone of SUCCESS MAGAZINE during the year 1906. We will publish each month, a number of departments conducted by specialists in their various lines, which will be absolutely indispensable to all who wish to be a success in the full and true sense of the word. It does not matter whether the reader is a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, he or she will find in this section of the magazine reading matter that will be not only absorbingly interesting and entertaining, but really vital in its helpfulness—mentally, physically, and socially.

It will help the anxious mother, whose paramount thought is the proper care and training of her children. It will help the busy housewife who is anxious to make her home attractive, to lighten her labors by doing things in the best way, to give her husband and children the food that will tend to make their bodies sound and vigorous and their minds healthy and active. It will help the young man and young woman who want to know how to behave in society, or to act in difficult and delicate situations. It will help the girl who wants to select and wear her clothes to the best advantage, to adapt a limited wardrobe to many occasions, and to choose, or make for herself, the little but important accessories which will insure a successful *toilette*. It will help the young man who wants to be correctly dressed on all occasions without being extravagant or a "dude!" It will help the young man and young woman (and we find there are many of them,) who want to have questions answered in regard to any problem which they can not solve for themselves.

All the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, no matter what their age or sex, may come to our Home Department with perfect confidence that a personal interest will be taken in them, and that the conductors of this Department will do everything in their power to help them to a solution of their difficulties, whatever they may be.

A few of these specially and authoritatively conducted departments are given below, merely as an earnest of what SUCCESS MAGAZINE proposes to do in this direction.

Some of the noted women who will contribute to the Home Department are: Margaret Deland, Mary Stewart Cutting, Elizabeth Jordan, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Josephine Wright Chapman, Marion Harland, Martha McCulloch-Williams, Christine Terhune Herrick, Isabel Gordon Curtis, and Helen Campbell.

Some of the Regular Departments

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS - - - - by Dr. E. E. Walker
IF YOU ARE WELL BRED - - - - by Mrs. Burton Kingsland
THE WELL-DRESSED MAN - - - - by Alfred Stephen Bryan
WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO WEAR IT - by Martha Dean Hallam
USEFUL AND ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK - - - by Mary Le Mont
THE GIRL AND HER CLOTHES - - - by Grace Margaret Gould
ETIQUETTE BY PHOTOGRAPH - - by Jeanne Gordon Mattill

"How to Know and Appreciate Good Music," by James Huneker, will be an important series in 1906.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

VANCE THOMPSON

SAMUEL MERWIN

JAMES HUNEKER

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

SINCE the fall of 1900, when the first Success Magazine Clubbing Offers were made to the public, we have never been able to give to our readers the benefit of such extraordinary price contracts with leading American Magazines as we have made this year. Early in the fall we feared that these contracts would extend only until November 1st, or December 1st, at the latest, but by subsequent arrangements we are permitted to continue them for two months longer (until February 1st.) We earnestly advise our readers to act *immediately* and order,—as early in December as possible—their entire magazine list for the coming year. Those of our readers whose subscriptions to SUCCESS MAGAZINE do not expire until spring or summer may take advantage of these offers—their SUCCESS subscriptions to be extended one year from date of present expiration. Two-year, and even three-year subscriptions for clubs at present prices will also be accepted in December only.

General Combinations

Arranged Alphabetically for Convenience of Reference

		Regular Price	Our Price
Ainslee's Magazine	with Cosmopolitan and Success	$3.80	$3.00
	with Current Literature and Success	5.80	4.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.80	3.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.80	4.25
	with Outlook (new) and Success	5.80	4.75
	with 2 of A and Success	4.80	3.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.80	5.50
American Boy	with Pearson's and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Outing and Success	5.00	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Etude and Success	3.50	2.50
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
American Illustrated Magazine (For 30 years Leslie's Monthly)	with Suburban Life and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Appleton's Booklovers and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.75
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.50
	with Country Life and Success ($1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906.)	6.00	4.25
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.75
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.75
American Homes and Gardens	with Harper's Bazar and Success	$5.00	$3.50
	with Independent and Success	6.00	4.50
	with Review of Reviews and Success	7.00	4.00
	with World's Work and Success	7.00	4.75
	with Outlook (new) and Success	7.00	5.25
	with 2 of A and Success	6.00	4.00
	with 2 of B and Success	10.00	6.00
Appleton's Booklovers Magazine	with Woman's Home Comp. and Success	$5.00	$3.10
	with Ainslee's and Success	5.80	4.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	7.00	3.50
	with World's Work and Success	7.00	4.25
	with American Homes and Gardens and Success	7.00	4.50
	with 2 of A and Success	6.00	3.50
	with 2 of B and Success	10.00	5.50
Automobile Magazine	with Four Track News and Success	$4.00	$2.00
	with Outing and Success	6.00	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	6.00	3.00
	with World's Work and Success	6.00	3.25
	with Country Life and Success ($1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906.)	7.00	4.00
	with 2 of A and Success	5.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	9.00	4.50
Cosmopolitan Magazine	with Pictorial Review and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Metropolitan (2 yrs.) and Success	5.60	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Motor and Success	5.00	3.50
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
Country Life in America (Add $1.00 to all prices after Feb. 1, 1906.)	with Garden Magazine and Success	$6.00	$4.00
	with Outing and Success	8.00	5.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	8.00	4.50
	with World's Work and Success	8.00	5.00
	with Outlook (new) and Success	8.00	5.75
	with 2 of A and Success	7.00	4.50
	with 2 of B and Success	11.00	6 50
Current Literature	with Harper's Bazar and Success	$5.00	$3.00
	with Lippincott's and Success	6.50	4.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	7.00	3.50
	with World's Work and Success	7.00	4.25
	with American Homes and Gardens and Success	7.00	4.50
	with 2 of A and Success	6.00	3.50
	with 2 of B and Success	10.00	5.50
Etude	with American Boy and Success	$3.50	$2.50
	with Independent and Success	4.50	3.50
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.50	3.00
	with World's Work and Success	5.50	3.75
	with Outlook (new) and Success	5.50	4.25
	with 2 of A and Success	4.50	3.00
	with 2 of B and Success	8.50	5.00
Four Track News	with Leslie's Weekly (3 mos.) and Success	$3.25	$2.00
	with Outing and Success	5.00	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Motor and Success	5.00	3.50
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
Garden Magazine	with Pictorial Review and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Current Literature and Success	5.00	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with American Homes and Gardens and Success	5.00	3.50
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
Harper's Bazar	with Cosmopolitan and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Lippincott's and Success	4.50	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Country Life and Success ($1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906.)	6.00	4.00
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
Harper's Magazine or Harper's Weekly	with World To-Day and Success	$6.00	$4.85
	with Ainslee's and Success	6.80	5.85
	with Review of Reviews and Success	8.00	5.35
	with World's Work and Success	8.00	6.10
	with Outlook (new) and Success	8.00	6.60
	with 2 of A and Success	7.00	5.35
	with 2 of B and Success	11.00	7.35

Our Magazine List

	Regular Price
Success Magazine	$1.00
CLASS A	
Cosmopolitan Magazine	$1.00
Harper's Bazar	1.00
Pearson's Magazine	1.00
Woman's Home Companion, (add 10 cents to club price when used as substitute for Class A Magazine.)	1.00
American Illustrated Magazine (Leslie's Monthly). Add 25 cents to club price when used as a substitute for Class A Magazine. All subscriptions ordered before Jan. 1 1906, will include November and December, 1905, issues free.	1.00
Metropolitan Magazine. Add 25 cents to club price when used as substitute for Class A Magazine.	1.80
World To-Day	1.00
Garden Magazine	1.00
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
Little Folks (*new*)	1.00
Suburban Life	1.00
Automobile Magazine	2.00
Leslie's Weekly (3 months' subscription, 13 issues.)	1.25

Our Leading Offers

	Regular Price	Our Price
Success Magazine	$1.00	
Cosmopolitan	1.00	
	$2.00	**$1.50**
Harper's Bazar (Or any magazine of Class A)	$1.00	
Success Magazine	1.00	
Cosmopolitan (Or any magazine of Class A)	1.00	
	$3.00	**$2.00**
Success Magazine	$1.00	
Review of Reviews (Or Etude)	3.00	
Pearson's Magazine (Or any magazine of Class A)	1.00	
	$5.00	**Half-Price Offer $2.50**
Cosmopolitan	$1.00	
Review of Reviews	3.00	
Woman's Home Comp.	1.00	
Success Magazine	1.00	
	$6.00	**Half-Price Offer $3.00**
The Outlook (new)	$3.00	
Success Magazine	1.00	
	$4.00	**$3.25**
Success Magazine	$1.00	
World's Work	3.00	
Cosmopolitan (Or any magazine of Class A)	1.00	
	$5.00	**$3.25**

Notice Magazines ordered by subscribers may be sent to the same or different addresses, as desired. Subscriptions will commence with issues requested whenever possible to furnish copies; otherwise, with issues of the month following that in which the subscription is received.

Address all Orders to Desk 110 **THE SUCCESS COMPANY** **Washington Square New York**

AND BOOK OFFERS

ELSEWHERE in this issue (page 876) will be found the most extraordinary Book Offer which we have ever been able to make.

The Continental Encyclopedia—a strictly up-to-date and beautifully bound set of eight volumes,—may be ordered with any of the Clubs listed on this page by adding $1.95 to the Club price and *sending orders direct to The Success Company.* We have also a few sets left of our beautiful ten-volume "Library of American Fiction," offered by us last year, which may also be ordered (until edition is exhausted), with any of the Success Clubbing Offers by adding $1.95 to the Club price. *Both* sets of books may be ordered (at prices stated) if desired, but only in connection with SUCCESS or Success Magazine Offers. Express charges are paid by us in all cases, and books are sent carefully packed in neat boxes. Prompt and satisfactory service guaranteed, but orders must be placed before December 15th, if books are wanted for Christmas.

Our Magazine List

	Regular Price
The 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, (consolidated with Country Life in America).	
American Homes and Gardens (the Scientific American's new country magazine)	3.00
Motor (for automobile owners)	3.00
The Outlook (edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott and Hamilton W. Mabie)	3.00
Harper's Magazine	4.00
Harper's Weekly	4.00
Leslie's Weekly	5.00
The Etude (for music lovers)	1.50

CLASS B

	Regular Price
Outing Magazine	$3.00
Lippincott's Magazine	2.50
Current Literature	3.00
Appleton's Booklovers Magazine	3.00
The Independent	2.00
Ainslee's Magazine	1.80
Metropolitan Magazine (2 years' sub.)	3.60

Our Leading Offer

	Regular Price	Our Price
Success Magazine	$1.00	Half-Price Offer
Outing Magazine	3.00	$3.50
Or any magazine of Class B		
Review of Reviews	3.00	
	$7.00	
Success Magazine	$1.00	Half-Price Offer
Current Literature	3.00	$4.00
Or any magazine of Class B		
Review of Reviews	3.00	
Pictorial Review	1.00	
Or any magazine of Class A	$8.00	
World's Work	$3.00	
Review of Reviews	3.00	$4.25
American Boy	1.00	
Or any magazine of Class A		
Success Magazine	1.00	
	$8.00	
Success Magazine	$1.00	
American Homes and Gardens	3.00	$4.50
Or Motor		
Lippincott's Mag.	2.50	
Or any magazine of Class B	$6.50	
Success Magazine	$1.00	
Country Life in America	4.00	$5.00
$1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906		
World's Work	3.00	
	$8.00	

Postage The above prices cover postage on magazines and books in the United States and American possessions throughout the world, and in Canada, Mexico and Cuba. Foreign postage, $1.00 extra on SUCCESS and other *monthly* magazines in SUCCESS Offers; $1.75 extra on *weekly* periodicals.

General Combinations

Arranged Alphabetically for Convenience of Reference

		Regular Price	Our Price
Independent	with American Magazine and Success	$4.00	$3.25
	with Lippincott's and Success	5.50	4.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	6.00	3.50
	with World's Work and Success	6.00	4.25
	with Etude and Success	4.50	3.50
	with 2 of A and Success	5.00	3.50
	with 2 of B and Success	9.00	5.50
Leslie's Weekly	with Metropolitan and Success	$7.80	$4.75
	with Appleton's Booklovers and Success	9.00	5.50
	with Review of Reviews and Success	9.00	5.00
	with World's Work and Success	9.00	5.75
	with Country Life and Success ($1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906.)	10.00	6.50
	with 2 of A and Success	8.00	5.00
	with 2 of B and Success	12.00	7.00
Lippincott's Magazine	with Cosmopolitan and Success	$4.50	$3.00
	with Outing and Success	6.50	4.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	6.50	3.50
	with World's Work and Success	6.50	4.25
	with Etude and Success	5.00	3.50
	with 2 of A and Success	5.50	3.50
	with 2 of B and Success	9.50	5.50
Little Folks (New sub. only. For renewal add 50c. to prices quoted.)	with Woman's Home Comp. and Success	$3.00	$2.10
	with Current Literature and Success	5.00	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Etude and Success	3.50	2.50
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
Metropolitan Magazine	with Pearson's and Success	$3.80	$2.25
	with Ainslee's and Success	4.60	3.25
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.80	2.75
	with World's Work and Success	5.80	3.50
	with Motor and Success	5.80	3.75
	with 2 of A and Success	4.80	2.75
	with 2 of B and Success	8.80	4.75
Motor	with Automobile Magazine and Success	$6.00	$3.50
	with Outing and Success	7.00	4.50
	with Review of Reviews and Success	7.00	4.00
	with World's Work and Success	7.00	4.75
	with Country Life and Success ($1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906.)	8.00	5.50
	with 2 of A and Success	6.00	4.00
	with 2 of B and Success	10.00	6.00
Outing Magazine	with Cosmopolitan and Success	$5.00	$3.00
	with Current Literature and Success	7.00	4.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	7.00	3.50
	with World's Work and Success	7.00	4.25
	with American Homes and Gardens and Success	7.00	4.50
	with Outlook (new) and Success	7.00	4.75
	with 2 of A and Success	6.00	3.50
	with 2 of B and Success	10.00	5.50
Outlook (New sub. only. For renewal add 75 cents to prices quoted.)	with American Boy and Success	$5.00	$3.75
	with Lippincott's and Success	6.50	4.75
	with Review of Reviews and Success	7.00	4.25
	with World's Work and Success	7.00	5.00
	with Leslie's Weekly and Success	9.00	6.25
	with 2 of A and Success	6.00	4.25
	with 2 of B and Success	10.00	6.25
Pearson's Magazine	with Pictorial Review and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Outing and Success	5.00	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Country Life and Success ($1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906.)	6.00	4.00
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
Pictorial Review (With Pattern)	with Garden Magazine and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Appleton's Booklovers and Success	5.00	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Outlook (new) and Success	5.00	3.75
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
Review of Reviews	with Harper's Bazar and Success	$5.00	$2.50
	with Outing and Success	7.00	3.50
	with World's Work and Success	7.00	3.75
	with Country Life and Success ($1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906.)	8.00	4.50
	with 2 of A and Success	6.00	3.00
	with 2 of B and Success	10.00	5.00
Suburban Life	with World To-Day and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Independent and Success	4.00	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with American Homes and Gardens and Success	5.00	3.50
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
Woman's Home Companion	with Suburban Life and Success	$3.00	$2.10
	with Current Literature and Success	5.00	3.10
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.60
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.35
	with Outlook (new) and Success	5.00	3.85
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.60
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.60
World To-Day	with Four Track News and Success	$3.00	$2.00
	with Lippincott's and Success	4.50	3.00
	with Review of Reviews and Success	5.00	2.50
	with World's Work and Success	5.00	3.25
	with Motor and Success	5.00	3.50
	with 2 of A and Success	4.00	2.50
	with 2 of B and Success	8.00	4.50
World's Work	with Pictorial Review and Success	$5.00	$3.25
	with Outing and Success	7.00	4.25
	with Review of Reviews and Success	7.00	3.75
	with Outlook (new) and Success	7.00	5.00
	with 2 of A and Success	6.00	3.75
	with 2 of B and Success	10.00	5.75

Agents Wanted in every community for Success Magazine and Book Offers

THE OUTING MAGAZINE

1906 — EDITED BY CASPAR WHITNEY — 1906

What It Is *and* What It Stands For

THE OUTING MAGAZINE appeals to every lover of America—Our Country; Out-Door Life; Virile Fiction; Travel and Adventure in Remote Corners of the World; Manly and Womanly Sport; Country Life and Nature

A Remarkable Series of Articles

THE OUTING MAGAZINE has in preparation a series of articles of national interest and importance upon the growth and development of our country. These articles will be of the widest possible scope, dealing not only with our material prosperity and possibilities, but with the rank that the United States has taken among the family of nations. The series will be prepared by the most capable and forceful writers of the day, and will present, in concrete form, the rise of the nation and the possibilities that are still before us as they have not been presented before to this generation of readers. They will be of value and intense interest to every patriotic American man, woman and youth. No work so important or of so great a scope has ever been undertaken by an American magazine. THEY WILL SET FORTH THE CLEAN, WHITE SIDE AND NOT THE FOUL SPOTS.

The Great Lakes: The Great Rivers: The Great Mountains

By EMERSON HOUGH

Travel and Adventure

NO other magazine does such important work in the line of travel and adventure as THE OUTING MAGAZINE. Mr. Dillon Wallace is now in Labrador exclusively for THE OUTING MAGAZINE, and his articles and photographs from that almost wholly unknown land will appear in the spring and summer of 1906. Caspar Whitney will contribute a series of articles entitled "By Canoe and Mule," which will describe his travels and adventures in South America. This will be followed by another series entitled "Among the Yun-Yuns of the Congo," which will deal with wilderness wanderings and big game shooting in Africa. The Yun-Yuns are a cannibal tribe; the strangest and least known people of Africa.

FICTION FOR THE OUTING MAGAZINE

FICTION will not be a predominating feature, but each number will contain enough to leaven the more serious and vital matter, and it will be of the best. In evidence of this note that

JACK LONDON	**HENRY VAN DYKE**	**NORMAN DUNCAN**
CHARLES F. LUMMIS	**SEWALL FORD**	**JOHN LUTHER LONG**
STEWART EDWARD WHITE	**VANCE THOMPSON**	**CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS**
W. A. FRAZER	**ALFRED HENRY LEWIS**	**JOHN R. SPEARS**
RALPH D. PAINE	**GOUVERNEUR MORRIS**	**HARRY LEON WILSON**

are already engaged to furnish work for early issues. This fiction will be typically American—virile and of an out-of-door flavor

Illustrators for 1906

THE OUTING MAGAZINE will make a specialty of its illustrations during 1906, and the finest color work ever seen in a magazine will appear in its pages during the coming year. Among the illustrators who will contribute to THE OUTING MAGAZINE are:

F. E. SCHOONOVER	**WALTER APPLETON CLARK**	**J. N. MARCHAND**
HENRY S. WATSON	**LYNN BOGUE HUNT**	**FERNAND LUNGREN**
C. M. RUSSELL	**FREDERIC DORR STEELE**	**PHILIP R. GOODWIN**
CHARLES SARKA		**SYDNEY ADAMSON**

"How to Do Things"

THE OUTING MAGAZINE will contain articles on "how to do things," especially how to hunt, fish, camp, swim, sail, etc.; how to beautify your home at the minimum expense; how to know what to grow on an acre of land and how to grow the same; how to play any game with skill and sportsmanlike spirit. In short, "how" articles of play and work.

The Interpreter of Human Side of Outdoor Life

THE OUTING MAGAZINE is a full-blooded magazine and its editor, Caspar Whitney, is President of the Outdoor Republic. Its pages throb with drawings and photographs that talk. THE OUTING MAGAZINE is the offspring of high art and high workmanship.

Slums of the Cities of the World: The Jehus of the World's Cities; or How the World Sees its Cities

By VANCE THOMPSON

For the School and College Man

The School and College World, conducted by Ralph D. Paine, is designed primarily for college men. Attention is given to the work of college athletes in the West and South as well as in the East. Just notice a few of the subjects discussed in this department in recent issues: Beef vs. Skill in Football; The Importance of Cross-Country Running; Is the College Debater an Athlete?; The Winter Campaign of the Track Athlete; College Athletic Finances; Athletics as an Honest Livelihood. THE OUTING MAGAZINE always places the playing of a clean, manly game first, and makes victory only a secondary consideration.

For Women

THE OUTING MAGAZINE is of interest to that constantly increasing number of women who are in sympathy with outdoor life. It appeals strongly to mothers with children in nature study classes, who desire to supplement and enliven the class-room routine by outdoor work. THE OUTING MAGAZINE stands for everything which means better mental, moral and physical health for mother and child. It is a long time before a boy knows more than his mother if she reads THE OUTING MAGAZINE. There is no better influence for the home than a copy of THE OUTING MAGAZINE on the library table throughout the whole year, it is so full of the breath of the fields and the smell of the woods.

SPECIAL BULLETIN — North Pole Exploration — JUST RECEIVED

By Lieut. ROBERT E. PEARY

Something for Everyone and All of the Best

THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All three	**$3.00**
Automobile Magazine	2.00		
Bohemian Magazine	1.00		
	$6.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All four	**$3.00**
The Gray Goose	.50		
Home and Farm	.50		
Success Magazine	1.00		
	$5.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All three	**$3.25**
Metropolitan Magazine	1.80		
Success	1.00		
	$5.80		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All three	**$3.50**
Review of Reviews	3.00		
Success	1.00		
	$7.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All four	**$3.75**
Review of Reviews	3.00		
Beauty and Health	.50		
Pearson's Magazine	1.00		
	$7.50		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All four	**$4.00**
Review of Reviews	3.00		
Bohemian	1.00		
Success	1.00		
	$8.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All three	**$4.25**
World's Work	3.00		
Success	1.00		
	$7.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All three	**$4.50**
Country Calendar	3.00		
Bohemian	1.00		
	$7.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All three	**$4.75**
The Outlook	3.00		
Success	1.00		
	$7.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All four	**$5.00**
Review of Reviews	3.00		
Smart Set	3.00		
Success	1.00		
	$10.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All three	**$5.00**
Country Life in America	4.00		
Success	1.00		
($1.00 extra after Feb. 1, 1906)	$8.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All four	**$5.50**
Appleton's Booklovers Mag.	3.00		
Metropolitan Magazine (2 yrs.)	3.60		
Success	1.00		
	$10.60		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All four	**$6.00**
Review of Reviews	3.00		
Country Calendar	3.00		
Success	1.00		
	$10.00		
THE OUTING MAGAZINE	$3.00	All four	**$6.50**
World's Work	3.00		
Country Life in America	4.00		
Success	1.00		
	$11.00		

THE OUTING PUBLISHING CO.

239 Fifth Avenue, New York

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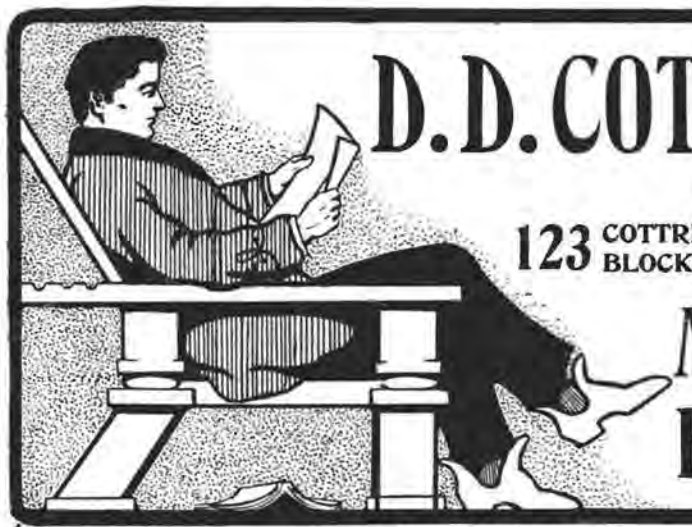

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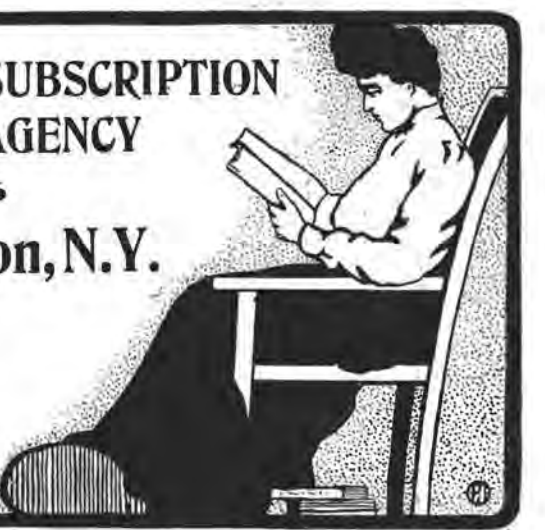

Magazine Bargains

One Magazine FREE

Send me three orders for any clubs (except Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post offer) and I will give you free and sent to any address desired any periodical mentioned in Classes 1 or 2 on this page. Your **OWN** Club and **TWO OTHER** clubs make the three.

I Meet or Beat All Prices

My catalog No. 41 is the most complete catalog of periodicals ever put out by any agency. It contains hundreds of the BIGGEST BARGAINS ever offered in subscriptions for newspapers and magazines, besides **WHOLESALE PRICES** on all the leading American and foreign periodicals. It is an encyclopedia of information and should be kept and used for reference by every magazine reader. **It is free—ask for it to-day.**

Periodicals in any club may be sent to same or different address. Get your friends to join you in making up a club, dividing up the cost.

Subscriptions may be either new or renewals except where otherwise specified.

Present subscribers for SUCCESS or any periodical may have their own subscriptions extended for one year or enter another subscription for some friend.

HALF PRICE OFFERS

Success Magazine	$1.00	
Review of Reviews	3.00	My Price $2.50
Or Musician (Or any one of Class 4)		
Cosmopolitan (Or any one of Class 2)	1.00	
	$5.00	

Metropolitan (Or any one in Class 3)	$1.80	
Review of Reviews (Or any one of Class 4)	3.00	My Price $2.90
Pearson's Magazine (Or any one of Class 2)	1.00	
	$5.80	

Success Magazine (Or any one of Class 2)	$1.00	
Review of Reviews (Or any one of Class 4)	3.00	
Harper's Bazar (Or any one of Class 2)	1.00	My Price $3.00
World To-Day (Or any one of Class 2)	1.00	
	$6.00	

Review of Reviews (Or any one in Class 4)	$3.00	
Outdoor Life (Or any one in Class 3)	1.50	
Garden Magazine (Or any one in Class 2)	1.00	My Price $3.25
Outdoors (Or any one of Class 2)	1.00	
	$6.50	

Cosmopolitan (Or any one of Class 2)	$1.00	
Pictorial Review (with free pattern) (Or any one of Class 2)	1.00	My Price $2.50
American Magazine	1.00	
Suburban Life	1.00	
	$4.00	

American Boy (Or any one of Class 2)	$1.00	
World's Work	3.00	My Price $3.00
Modern Priscilla (Or any one in Class 1)	.50	
	$4.50	

American Magazine (Or any one in Class 3)	$1.00	
Ladies' World (Or any one in Class 1)	.50	My Price $3.00
Etude (Or any one in Class 4)	1.50	
Cosmopolitan (Or any one in Class 2)	1.00	
	$4.00	

Pictorial Review (with free pattern) (Or any one of Class 2)	$1.00	
World's Work (Or Critic)	3.00	My Price $3.25
Cosmopolitan (Or any one of Class 2)	1.00	
	$5.00	

CLASS 1

Art Student	1 yr	$0.50
Boys & Girls	1 yr	.50
Beauty & Health	1 yr	.50
Boy's World	1 yr	.50
Farm News	1 yr	.50
Good Literature	1 yr	.85
Home Needlework Magazine	1 yr	.50
*Housekeeper	1 yr	.50
Ladies' World	1 yr	.50
*McCall's Magazine & Pattern	1 yr	.50
Modern Priscilla	1 yr	.50
Nickle Magazine	1 yr	.50
Reliable Poultry Journal	1 yr	.50
Star Monthly	1 yr	.50
Union Gospel News	1 yr	.50
World's Event's	1 yr	.50

Any three **$1.25**

Any one with one of Class 2 **$1.25**

Any two with one of Class 2 **$1.50**

CLASS 2

Am. Bird Magazine	1 yr	$1.00
American Boy	1 yr	1.00
American Inventor	1 yr	1.00
Automobile Magazine	1 yr	2.00
Boston Cooking School Mag	1 yr	1.00
Business Man's Magazine	1 yr	1.00
Camera Craft	1 yr	1.00
Children's Magazine	1 yr	1.00
Cosmopolitan	1 yr	1.00
Draftsman	1 yr	1.00
Four Track News	1 yr	1.00
Garden Magazine	1 yr	1.00
*Good Housekeeping	1 yr	1.00
Harper's Bazar	1 yr	1.00
Hints for Entertainments	1 yr	1.00
*House Beautiful	1 yr	2.00
Leslie's Weekly (3 months)	1 yr	1.25
Little Folks (new)	1 yr	1.00
Magazine of Fun	1 yr	1.00
National Magazine	1 yr	1.00
Pearson's Magazine	1 yr	1.00
Physical Culture	1 yr	1.00
Pictorial Review & Pattern	1 yr	1.00
Popular Mechanics	1 yr	1.00
Recreation	1 yr	1.00
Spirit of '76	1 yr	1.00
Suburban Life	1 yr	1.00
*Sunset Magazine	1 yr	1.00
Success Magazine	1 yr	1.00
Table Talk	1 yr	1.00
Ten Story Book	1 yr	1.00
Vim	1 yr	1.00
*Woman's Home Companion	1 yr	1.00
World To-Day	1 yr	1.00

Any two **$1.50**

Any three **$2.00**

Any four **$2.50**

Any one with one of Class 3 **$1.75**

Any two with one of Class 3 **$2.25**

Any two with two of Class 1 **$2.00**

Any one with one of Class 6 **$2.50**

Any two with one of Class 6 **$3.00**

*For each and every starred periodical in above classes included in any club add 10 cents to the club price.

CLASS 3

American Magazine (For 30 years Leslie's Monthly)	1 yr	$1.00
Automobile Review	1 yr	1.50
Junior Toilettes	1 yr	1.00
Little Chronicle	1 yr	1.50
Metropolitan Magazine	1 yr	1.80
Outdoor Life	1 yr	1.50
Perry Picture Magazine	1 yr	1.00
Photo American	1 yr	1.00
Red Book	1 yr	1.00
Sunday School Times	1 yr	1.00
Technical World	1 yr	1.00

Any two **$2.00**

Any three **$2.75**

Any one with one of Class 6 **$2.75**

CLASS 4

Am. Mag. & Suburban Life	1 yr	$2.00
Breeder's Gazette	1 yr	2.00
Country Gentleman	1 yr	1.50
Etude (for all Music Lovers)	1 yr	1.50
Musician	1 yr	1.50
Overland Monthly	1 yr	1.50
Ram's Horn	1 yr	1.50
Review of Reviews	1 yr	3.00
Searchlight	1 yr	2.00

Any two **$2.50**

Any one with two of Class 2 **$2.50**

CLASS 6

Aimslee's Magazine	1 yr	$1.80
‡Appleton's Booklovers	1 yr	3.00
‡Burr McIntosh	1 yr	3.00
†Critic	1 yr	2.00
‡Current Literature	1 yr	3.00
Forum	1 yr	2.00
‡Illustrated Outdoor News	1 yr	3.00
Independent	1 yr	2.00
Lippincott's Magazine	1 yr	2.50
*Metropolitan Magazine	2 yrs	3.60
†Outing Magazine	1 yr	3.00
Photo Era	1 yr	2.50
Smart Set	1 yr	2.50
Toilettes	1 yr	2.00
†World's Work	1 yr	3.00

Any two **$3.50**

Any three **$5.00**

Any one with two of Class 3 **$3.50**

SUCCESS and any two in Class 6 **$4.00**

*When Metropolitan 2 years is included in any club as one of this Class 6 the club price must never be less than half of the combined regular prices of periodicals in the club.

†When Worlds Work or Critic are included in any club as one of class 6, twenty-five cents for each must be added to the club price.

‡The club price of any Club including any of these periodicals must be at least $3.00.

I Furnish Beautifully Embossed and Engraved CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S CARDS

Periodicals make the best and cheapest holiday gifts. Each periodical in a club could be sent to a different friend, thus making a number of gifts for the one club price. Send me your gift subscriptions and I will mail to your friend, on any date you designate, a beautifully embossed and engraved presentation card in a sealed envelope stating you have ordered sent to him for one year the periodical you select as the gift. Enclose 5 cents extra for each card to partly cover cost and postage.

Outing Magazine (Or any one of Class 6)	$3.00	
Country Calendar (or Motor)	3.00	My Price $5.50
Review of Reviews (Or any one of Class 4)	3.00	
	$9.00	

Success Magazine (Or any one of Class 2)	$1.00	
World's Work	3.00	My Price $4.50
Review of Reviews (Or any one of Class 4)	3.00	
Red Book (Or any one of Class 3)	1.00	
	$8.00	

YOU MAY ADD TO THESE CLUBS

Ladies' Home Journal	$1.25
Saturday Evening Post	1.25
McClure's Magazine	1.00
Everybody's Magazine	1.50
St. Nicholas	2.65
Century	3.65
Harper's Magazine	3.35
Harper's Weekly	3.35
Scribner's Magazine	3.00
Munsey (or Argosy) After Dec. 31, 1905, $1.25 per year.	1.00

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TURNING CHILDREN INTO DOLLARS

By
JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

How the Sweat Shops and Factories Are Grinding Hope, Ambition and even Life out of Little Toilers

Frontispiece by John Boyd
Life sketches by William Oberhardt

LAST summer some Americans traveling in Italy stopped aghast at a sight that met them on the outskirts of Palestrina. A child of about six was plodding steadily between a small quarry and an unfinished house, with each trip bearing on her head a large stone for the builders. These stones averaged at least twenty-five pounds in weight, and the child could not lift them alone; one of the elders busy at the same task would poise the burden for her, and it would be taken off at the other end. The face under the stone was gravely uncomplaining: already the back showed a deep incurve. All the spring—the elasticity of growth,—seemed crushed out of the little figure. The Americans were horrified. They put questions, protested, and did what they could to get the burden lifted. Then they exclaimed to one another: "You do n't see such things in America!" "Thank God, a child can't be treated like that, at home!"

Not long ago a child of six walked down Avenue D, in New York City, carrying on her head a load of sweatshop "pants"—they are not trousers, at that price,—weighing not less than twenty-five pounds. She had to walk several blocks with it and climb four flights of stairs; and when it was removed her work was only just beginning, for the endless buttons—twelve to a pair,—were to be sewed on by the brown claws that gripped the bundle. She passed many Americans on her way, but no one noticed, and no one was horrified. Several times a week she has trudged over the same route under the same weight, in this land where "a child can't be treated like that," without arousing any public indignation. Do we have to go abroad before we can see? Pants on Avenue D are less picturesque than stones in Palestrina, but their dead weight is sagging the little back down just as effectually, and this is not an exceptional case. We have laws about children's work and men who enforce them. Yet, all through the tenement districts of New York, there are children who, in one way or another, carry stones.

The Stunted Child Will Certainly Become an Indigent

With the sentimentalist, the protest against this fact spends itself in individual relief,—a few burdens lifted, and the system left untouched. But to the reformer the pathos is not so important as the frightful wastage. Every child stunted, mind, body, or soul, means a future citizen who will be a care or a menace—in both cases, an expense,—to the state. Every child denied schooling means an illiterate citizen, and every strained body means an adult who will be unable to earn his allotted cubic feet

An Italian girl, age fourteen years, who has spent six years in a factory.

of air. The philanthropist grieves over the child denied his birthright, while the reformer grieves for the state denied its full working capacity, and the consequent burdens thrown forward upon the poor of the generation to come: both views work together for good, even if their holders occasionally do not.

The New York law declares that no child under fourteen shall work for hire, and no child between fourteen and sixteen who can not read and write simple sentences in the English language, and show that he has attended school one hundred and thirty days during the previous year: he must be of normal height and development, and his day is limited to nine hours. It is a just law,—good for the present industrial conditions, however the future may improve on it. In the mills and factories it can be more or less rigorously enforced, but there is a vast field of child labor at home that this law does not and can not touch.

To understand this, follow the six-years-old pants-bearer and her mother—whose load is thrice as big,—up the four flights of their tenement, as I did. An offer to help the little girl with her pack was introduction enough, and a few stray words of Italian established friendship on the long journey up. They are dark stairs, a skeleton of stone and iron, with walls of lurid pink and green, smeared and blotched and broken, and the stale air reeks of indecent poverty. Half naked babies crawl out into the hall to peer through the banisters at us; a careworn little girl of about seven is sitting on a step rocking a shrieking child, her little shoulders strained with his weight, but her face maternally patient. "Hello, teacher!" calls a child of school years,—almost any woman visitor is addressed as "teacher" in the tenements. To the question, "Why are n't you at school?" she replies with a vague murmur about a sore finger, and a moment later she is vanishing with cautious speed down the stairs. At the same time a grimy little boy passes with a can that is obviously on its way to the saloon for beer,—two broken laws exhibited in the space of sixty seconds.

The Life of the Tenements Is a Sordid One,—"More or Less Measles and Pants"

The door of the apartment we are seeking stands open to the odors of the hall, and the owners, being Italians, smile shy welcome, setting out a chair, throne-like, in the middle of the main room, even while their hands are busy at the bundles; for they go to work at once, without so much as a preliminary stretch. Moments must be very precious in this household. The room is amazingly dirty. A battered, broken stove proclaims it to be the kitchen, though a disreputable cot and a scarecrow bureau make claims for it as a bedroom. One is conscious of the dirt of discouragement as well as the dirt of ignorance. The hands that designed that remarkable bureau cover of orange ribbon and pale green lace must once have been directed by an ideal of home brightness; they could not have suspected that their handiwork would one day be the resting place for a black iron soup kettle and a disreputable pair of boots. Fragments of a gay cover still adhere to the cushion in the company chair, and the woman, for all her hurry, steals a moment to thrust a grimy shirt under the cot. Decidedly there have been better days in this household.

The light is dim, for the only window opens on an air shaft, if air it may be called that comes from that foul well. Adjoining is another room, a dark hole entirely filled with a bed,—the inhabitants must get in over the foot. Lying on this, now, is a two-years-old, asleep, and a boy of about eleven with a flushed face and heavy eyes. It looks suspiciously like measles, and the little girl, recognizing the word, nods that that is probably the case; her miniature shrug adds that it can not be helped,—that life is all more or less measles and pants, and we must take what comes. The bundles are dropped on the bed beside the boy, and he curls up against them while his mother and sister fly to work, the mother at finishing, the little girl at the buttons. The child's hands are small, and the cloth is stiff, but she tugs at her needle with a patience far more touching than rebellion. She sits as close as possible to the meager window, but already her eyes show signs of strain. They are dull eyes, except for a momentary sweetness when she smiles. All the frail new growth of her age is being relentlessly pounded down, leaving arid vacancy. All her human possibilities are being exchanged for about ninety cents a week.

This boy longs for a chance to go to school

As things are, there is no help. So long as the law licenses the tenements for manufacture, and so allows the mother to bring the work home, the children will help her. Fifty thousand inspectors could not patrol the tenements sufficiently to prevent this: if it were tried, some small sentry would always sound the note of warning, and the official, on his arrival, would find only the mother working, while the little children would be playing innocently upon the floor.

Neither the mother nor little Giulia can speak English, so intercourse is limited until Maria comes home from school,—a middle-aged little girl who falls to work with incredible swiftness, and who can "finish" as neatly and quickly as her mother. My presence is explained in a ripple of Italian, and from her I learn the short and simple family annals. The father is out of work,—a faint shrug suggests that he is often out of work; the rent for the three rooms—for there is a still darker hole beyond occupied by two boarders,—is nine dollars a month; her mother usually begins at five in the morning, little Giulia sews seven or eight hours a day, and she herself works from school until bedtime, an hour that varies from nine until half past twelve,—good preparation for profiting by the day's lessons! The family income averages between six and seven dollars a week. Pietro, now on the bed, works, too, when he is not sick; but on this point she is reticent. What Pietro adds to the family income is not made clear just then.

The Boys and Girls of these Workshop Homes Never Have Time to be Young

Maria herself is thirteen, and can go to the factory next year,—she says it eagerly. She is undeveloped, heavy-eyed, nervously shrill at slight provocation, and her back has the tragic, elderly look of wizened youth. She has never had time to be a little girl. It is a discouraged, joyless household, and the baby tugging at her needle is as old as her mother. A little arithmetic shows that, after providing for the rent, from fifty to sixty-five cents a day remains for the living expenses of five people, irrespective of what the father and Pietro may occasionally contribute; and you will remember having read somewhere that the "economic efficiency" of five people can not be maintained in New York at a cost much less than two dollars a day; that is, they can not be nourished and housed for their proper welfare at a smaller expenditure. Looking at the tired faces and the undeveloped bodies of the children, you wish you had not done that sum; and how you wish that Pietro would remove his measled person from the pants!

When this latter wish is finally suggested to Maria, she confides to you that that is nothing,—that, when Mrs. Rosini on the floor below had smallpox, she went on making flower and feather ornaments for the hair just the same for a week, till she got so bad they had to tell the doctor, when he took her away. I could go down and ask her about it myself if I doubted it; they were lovely ornaments,—for ladies' hair.

I, too, in my day, had worn hair ornaments; it was a shuddery thought. Finding that the smallpox episode was eight months back, I do make a passing call upon Mrs. Rosini, Maria calling over the banisters that I am a friend of hers, for she can not stop work long enough to accompany me down and make the introduction.

Delivering sweat shop work in New York

Now there is a tale told rejoicingly among social workers of a writer who went, one early morning, notebook in hand, to one of the settlements, and asked to see the head. "I am going to write a book on the slums," she explained, briskly, "and I intend to devote this whole day to studying the subject. I want you to tell me just where to go!" Had this earnest student paused in the doorway of Mrs. Rosini's apartment, she would have seen a fairly clean, bright room, with holy pictures on the walls and a window that even let in a modest patch of sunlight; half a dozen little children at a table were fashioning petals into flowers,—surely as pretty and harmless an occupation as making paper dolls or scrapbooks; a kindly-looking woman was busy with a green wreath set with tiny brilliants. Nothing could be farther from the conventional idea of a sweatshop, and the student would go away wondering contemptuously at the cranks who are straining to abolish such innocuous occupations.

No one would be apt to tell her about the smallpox episode, so she will not know that work done in the

tenements is a constant menace to public health; that manufacturing of every sort, from wigs to baby clothes, is daily done in the same room with diphtheria, tuberculosis, pneumonia, and other contagious diseases, the door being kept locked and the work whisked out of sight at the coming of an inspector. She will not realize that the little girl of eight who is thrusting violet petals on a stamen sometimes works far into the night and all day Saturday and Sunday, and so is diminishing her power to make good use of her schooling. She is a gay-hearted little thing, entirely willing to work, and the child of four, who stands beside her smoothing petals with her stubby fingers, is proud of her part in the task and eager for the time when she, too, can toss finished violets upon the growing pile. It looks pretty and harmless; but with the school child it is done at the cost of exercise and play, and the world is realizing more clearly, every year, how absolutely essential these are to a child's development.

The Law Should Forbid Absolutely any Manufacturing Work in the Tenements

Worse than arrested development, out of the nervous strain of too much work in childhood come disorders, moral as well as physical. It has been said, with authority, "Idleness in young years is not so prolific of immoral and criminal leanings as is premature employment." Premature! This baby of four smoothing violet petals is already earning, perhaps, fifty cents a week; and they tell of an infant of eighteen months being found assisting at passementerie-making by splashing its little hands in a bowl of glue and beads, the mother fishing out the latter as they became properly coated; and there was published, recently, the story of a woman and six children under eleven years of age who lived in a basement and for four dark and filthy years kept body and soul imperfectly connected by folding paper bags,—from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand a week, and the price going steadily down from seven cents a thousand to four cents. She was at last discovered and given help, the children being sent to school; but who knows how many more women are toiling in the black holes of New York, helplessly feeding the bodies and souls of their children to the relentless wolf at the door?

Sewing on buttons in a sweat shop

There is a way to find out. According to Dr. A. S. Daniel, who has been for many years a worker among the East Side poor, the remedy must be drastic,—forbid the manufacturer to have any part of his work done in a tenement house. With all this manufacturing transferred to factories, which could be properly inspected, the child worker would necessarily be set free; school, day nursery, and public playground must attend to his case when the mother is obliged to go. And now comes the inevitable protest,—the poor widow who can not live without her children's earnings! She exists, without a doubt,—we have just seen her in the paper-bags family; but do you realize what also exists, a product of this child-labor system? It is the parasitic father.

It is an unlovely human attribute to let others do the hard work if they will. The labor of women and children, at first undertaken merely to help out, has bred a set of hulking loafers who make scarcely a pretense of working, and no pretense whatever of caring for their own. Make manufacture difficult for the women, and impossible for the children, by taking it out of the home, and a new crop of these parasites will not be forthcoming. The destitute widow must be provided for; but she is not so omnipresent as the charitable often believe. And the woman who spends the years of child-bearing bending over unwholesome work while the man idles and drinks is not only an object of pity; she is also a factor for harm, definitely crippling the future.

An average messenger boy who works in a hotbed of iniquity

Both of these homes, the miserable one on the fourth floor and the more cheerful one on the third, typify the evil done by child labor. Maria's father was earning good pay and doing well by his own until he fell ill, six years ago. To tide over, his wife took in sweatshop work, and thereby Pietro, Senior, learned the fatal lesson that it is easy for women and children to earn money, and that the streets offer more attractions than the soap factory, to a convivial spirit. At intervals he obtained jobs, but his skill in losing them was yearly increasing. His wife had given up remonstrating: it was more profitable to bend steadily over the work.

Mrs. Rosini's husband was made of better stuff and worked faithfully in a paper-box factory; but the evil of child labor was hampering him in another way,—that of competition in his shop, for it is an economic fact that the cheap labor of children reduces the wages of men. Dr. Felix Adler has spoken significantly on this point, as follows:—

> Economically it is brought home to us that the wages earned by children are not really an increase of the family earnings; that, where there is competition between children and men, the wages of the men are thereby reduced; so that a family in which man, woman and child are breadwinners may not earn more—sometimes earns less,—than the income gained by the man when the man alone is the breadwinner. * * * It is better for the state to furnish outright relief than to see the standard of living of whole sections of the population lowered by child competition.

Going home from the factory

The children of others were competing with Rosini, and so his children had to work. That sunny room, gay with artificial flowers, was as much part of an injurious system as the dark and dirty hole on the floor above.

A product of the system as unlovely as the parasitic father is the greedy mother, who sees her children primarily as assets. She is no myth of sentimentality, this grimly practical parent. Nor is she intentionally cruel. Now and then she is dissipated and hardened, but usually the fact that she has slaved all her days herself is for her a perfect reason why her children should do the same; she is too ignorant to realize what might be gained by a more liberal upbringing. An Italian woman was heard to say complacently, in regard to her rapidly increasing family: "Oh, yes, maka da babe now, maka da babe all a time; bimeby babe maka da mon, we go back to Italia!" She was simply providing for a comfortable future, which was to begin as soon as possible.

I know a boy of thirteen on whom rests the burden of his entire family: a loafer father, a mother who drinks, and two little children. Tim's face is heavy, unsmiling, and incapable of lighting up, though it can lower on provocation. He betrays not one glimmer of the thoughts within him, if thoughts there be. "Timmie's a good son; he helps his people," says his mother, in richly wavering accents. "He don't go on the street, neither. He's a good boy." Timmie stands dull and silent under the tribute; he looks neither gratified nor sarcastic. Forbidding manufacturing to the tenements would not help him, for he is in a factory and legally capable of working. Nothing can help him but two handsome Irish funerals. But the Timmies of the future,—something can help them. And that something is the great fist of public opinion, demanding and enforcing laws that shall gradually put the child out of the economic equation.

The Free Life of the Newsboy Does not always Bring Out His Best Qualities

Mrs. Rosini gave me the clue to Pietro of the measles. It seems that when he touches the street below he becomes Pete, an exceedingly active newsboy, licensed to sell papers outside of school hours, and usually earning at least fifty cents a day. Pete, who went to work at the age of seven, used to help his family with his earnings, turning over proudly his little handful of nickels and pennies. His smallness made up for his ignorance of business ways; for, if you will notice, patrons nearly always choose the younger boy to buy of; if he is so small that his presence on the street is absolutely inhuman, they are apt to bid him keep the change. It is the popular idea of kindness. Thus babyhood became a valuable business asset on the street, before the newsboy was obliged to carry a license and to prove his ten years. In point of fact it may still be found

[*Concluded on pages 859 and 860*]

"'While Saint Patrick is talking with his friends'"

A BLUE-LABEL SAINT

How Kriss Kringle, St. Patrick, and the Labor Union Delegates Got Mixed

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

"DUGAN!" called Mr. Fogarty.

Dugan was standing on the top step of a wabbly stepladder, nailing the eighth letter of the motto, "Peace On Earth, Good Will To Men," on the wall above the stage in Prendergast Hall. His mouth was full of wire nails, and the gilt cardboard letters, A, R, T, and H, were clasped between his shaking knees. He looked down and frowned.

"Phwat?" he asked.

"Come on down," said Fogarty. "Oi want a word wid ye."

Dugan was the janitor of Prendergast Hall and the boss of it, but Fogarty was the head of the Janitors' Union, so Dugan came down.

"Phwat is ut?" he asked. He still held his hammer in his hand, ready to go on with his job.

"Ye 're called out," said Fogarty. "Prendergast is havin' his kitchen whitewashed by th' nagur, Diggs, who is outside th' Whitewashers' an' Kalsominers' Union, an' th' Confederation has boycotted Prendergast. The Whitewashers' an' Kalsominers' Union requists every union man not t' work for Prendergast, an' in me capacity of Prisidint of th' Janitors' Union Oi order ye t' come out on strike. Will ye come?"

Dugan emptied the nails from his mouth and laid the hammer on a step of the ladder.

"Shure!" he said; "shure will Oi come."

He looked up at the uncompleted motto.

"But 't is too bad th' nagur got th' job just whin th' ladies of th' mission is in need of th' help of me!"

Miss Willis, who had been filling red mosquito netting stockings with candy, and Miss Jones, who had been tying strings around pink popcorn balls, saw that something was wrong and came over to where Dugan was standing.

"There 'll be no Christmas fer yez, this year, ma'm," said Dugan, "and do n't blame me,—'t is a nagur done ut. Oi 'm called out on strike, ma'm, an' th' hall will be shut up, fer there 's no wan t' janitor ut fer yez."

Miss Jones and Miss Willis looked at each other aghast. The North Star Mission Sunday School had been meeting in Prendergast Hall for years. There was no other auditorium in the South End available, and all the little mission scholars had been invited to the Christmas Eve exercises. There was to be a programme and singing, and then the beautiful Christmas ladder, evergreen-bedecked, and covered with candy and pop corn and presents, and Mr. Henley as Santa Claus to climb the ladder and make the joyous distribution.

Dugan rubbed his red hair sympathetically and frowned, while the ladies talked rapidly together.

"Go awn down," said Dugan to Fogarty; "Oi will pick up me tools an' be wid ye."

Fogarty went out.

"If only Mr. Henley was here!" said Miss Jones. "A man knows so much better what to do."

Mr. Henley was the mission's only man. He came because Miss Willis came.

"We might get him to janitor for us that one evening," suggested Miss Willis.

"And who would be our Santa Claus?" asked Miss Jones.

Miss Willis looked at Dugan. With his red whiskers he did not look much like the white-bearded Christmas saint, but neither did Mr. Henley. There was a mask and a wig to fix all that.

"Not me!" said Dugan, quickly, when he saw Miss Willis glance his way. "Oi 'm on strike!"

"But, Mr. Dugan,—" began Miss Willis. She was quite ready to cry, they had worked so hard and the thing had promised so well. The ladder was a great improvement over the ordinary Christmas tree. The year before they had had a bell, made of hoops covered with greens, and the children had enjoyed it so!

"But, Mr. Dugan,—" she pleaded from her heart.

"Of course," said Miss Jones, "we would n't ask you to do any janitor work. We would n't expect that, if you are striking. But you have the right to do other work, have n't you?"

"Not fer Prendergast," said Dugan.

"But it is n't for Prendergast," Miss Jones insisted; "it is for us."

"Oi 'm a union man," said Dugan, slowly, "an' no scab. An' 't is right Oi sh'u'd work, whin on strike, if ut 's work for a union man, an' not a scab job. But is th' mission a 'fair' shop, Oi dunno!"

Miss Jones's eyes sparkled.

"It belongs to a union," she said.

"Oi dunno that wan," said Dugan.

"It 's the Sunday School Union," said Miss Jones.

"An' kin Oi git a card in th' union, Oi dunno," said Dugan, doubtfully. "Widout a card Oi c'u'd not tek th' job. Thim is th' rules."

"We can get you a card," said Miss Jones; "we can get you a regular Sunday-school card and enroll your name on the membership list of the mission, which is a branch of the International Union."

Dugan rubbed his chin.

"Oi dunno, is there, mebby, a Santa Claus Union?" he said, slowly. "They be so hang manny unions, these days. Phwat is this Santa Claus loike, now? Phwat is th' job of him?"

"Well," said Miss Jones, cheerfully, "all you have to do is to wear the suit and go up the ladder and take down the toys and candy and pop corn and hand them to the children when they come to the foot of the ladder. I know you will like that, Mr. Dugan, the children are so happy when they get their presents. They all love Santa Claus. You know he was the good old children's patron saint, in Holland.—"

"Oh, ho!" said Dugan,—"Dutch, is he? An' Oi 'm t' be a Dutch-Irishman, am Oi? No, ma'm! Git some other Santa Claus. Niver was a Dugan a Dutchman, Miss Jones, an' niver will a Dugan be wan. Dom th' Dutch! Look how they be gittin' all th' janitor jobs, these days! Oi 'll be no Dutch saint fer yez. Sooner w'u'd Oi see a Dutchman be Saint Paterick!"

"All right!" said Miss Jones, promptly; "then you can be Saint Patrick. It does n't matter the least. We would quite as willingly have you be Saint Patrick."

"'Pass them back, Dugan. They be scab cigars'"

"That is more loike!" said Dugan, with satisfaction. "Saint Paterick Oi will be, an' gladly, ma'm, fer he was the grandest saint of all of thim, an' niver a Dutch saint was knee high t' him. Saint Paterick Oi will be."

"Of course," said Miss Jones, "we will pay you the regular Sunday School Union wages for Saint Patrick. They are a little less than for Santa Claus."

Her eyes twinkled as she said it, but Dugan received it soberly.

"Let be!" he said; "'t is

little enough did they pay double wages for a man t' pretend t' be a Dutch saint. 'T is a wonder annywan but a scab will tek th' job."

Miss Willis took from a basket the costume that had served long and well as a garb for Santa Claus. Dugan looked at it.

"Phwat 's thim?" he asked.

"You wear these when you are San—Saint Patrick," explained Miss Willis.

"Red!" said Dugan; "thim is no Saint Paterick uniform. Thim is th' duds of a dang Britisher. 'T was th' good ould green Saint Pat was afther wearin'! Hev ye no green wan?"

"No," said Miss Willis, hesitatingly. She looked at Miss Jones questioningly.

"We can make a green one," said Miss Jones, promptly. "If you will help us with the decorations of the hall we can make a green suit to-morrow morning, and then your wages will begin now."

Dugan thought a moment.

"Oi hate t' do ut," he said; "but 't will not matter, th' afthernoon."

He stooped down and picked up the loose red trousers and began to draw them on.

"What—" began Miss Willis, but Miss Jones put her finger on her lips. Dugan slipped into the stuffed red coat and buttoned it. He looked at the long white wig and the mask with its white beard, and hesitated.

"I do n't think you need wear the face, this afternoon," suggested Miss Jones; "you can see better without it."

"Where did Oi put th' hammer?" asked Dugan, "an' which wan af these letters goes up nixt?"

Fogarty came in as Dugan reached the top of the ladder.

"Tim," said Fogarty, and then he caught sight of Dugan's red rim of whiskers above the plumply padded red stomach of the Irish Santa Claus.

"Phwat th'—," he began, and as suddenly stopped because there were ladies present.

"Go awn down," said Dugan, "an' tell Prendergast Oi 'm sthriken', so he 'll know ut. Oi 've taken a timporary job, Fogarty, wid th' Union of Sunday School Missions, as Saint Paterick, an' this is me uniform."

Fogarty grinned.

"Yer a moighty red Saint Paterick, thin, Dugan," he said.

"Red?" said Dugan; "red, is ut? Shure, Oi know now phwy ye quit railroadin', Fogarty. Red? 'T is green, Fogarty,—grass green, ye see, but 't is color blind ye be."

The next evening Dugan was on hand early, and he put on the green suit with great pride. He could hardly sit still in the little dressing room off the stage while the earlier portion of the exercises was going on, he was so anxious to appear before the audience. Mr. Henley, little and bald and spectacled, was everywhere. At one moment he was poking the fire in the barrel stove, the next he was finding a seat for a late comer, and the next, opening or lowering a window.

There were Christmas carols by the whole mission, and a little talk by Miss Jones, and more carols by the mission collectively, individually, and in groups, but all the while the children restlessly awaited the lighting of the candles on the tall ladder, which was bright with its swathing of greens and pop-corn strings and glittering glass ornaments. It was exciting to hear the jingle of sleigh bells that came from the dressing room as Saint Patrick Dugan crossed his legs a different way, and once, when Dugan

"'Children,' he said, 'it 's all right; just remain seated'"

"He stopped because there were ladies present"

sneezed, there was such a jingling that Sadie Moriarty stopped right in the middle of the solo she was singing and had to begin at the beginning again.

"Now, children," said Miss Jones, when the last carol had been sung, "we are going to have the good Santa Claus—"

"Santa nawthin'," said a rich voice from the dressing room,—"'T is Saint Paterick."

Miss Jones looked anxiously in the direction of the voice.

"Children," she began again, "we who have charge of the mission have tried to give you this Christmas something a little different from the usual programme. You all know about the Christmas tree and what it signifies, but this year we have a Christmas ladder. Last year we had a bell, which signified, 'Ring out the glad tidings.' Our ladder and the motto above it mean that we should try to climb toward—" but that part of the little speech was dead words to the eager children. It passed over their heads until she came to the real business part of it.

"And we have another surprise for you," she said. "We will have no Santa Claus this year." She waited a moment to let the awful significance of this sink in, and then brought joy to the blank faces again.

"Instead," she said, gaily, "good Saint Patrick has come to take the presents from the ladder. As I call each little boy's and girl's name the little boy or girl whose name is called will come up and receive the present from the hands of Saint Patrick."

She turned, and Mr. Henley began briskly lighting the candles on the ladder, while the school sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The ladder sparkled with lights while they sang, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing!" and then Mr. Henley briskly extinguished the candles, and the good gray and plump Saint Patrick stalked forth to carry out his part of the programme.

"Gee!" cried an excited voice, "look at de green Santa Claus!" while Sadie Moriarty confided to her seatmate, "It ain't no real Saint Patrick; it 's only Mister Dugan rigged up."

Dugan rattled his bells and bowed low to the audience. On one arm he carried a basket, into which to put the gathered fruits of the ladder as he plucked them. There was a lively silence, slit by whispers and rustlings of garments, and Dugan turned and put his foot on the ladder.

At that moment three men arose in the rear of the hall, and one called authoritatively:—

"Dugan!"

Dugan stopped and looked around.

"Tst!" said the man, beckoning with his hand.

Dugan hesitated, started to climb the ladder, and thought better of it.

"Phwat is ut?" he asked in a loud whisper. "An', phwativer ut is, address me as Saint Paterick."

The men beckoned earnestly, but Dugan stood still. The whole mission was craning its necks to see who was holding communication with Saint Patrick, and Miss Jones and Miss Willis were standing amazed. Mr. Henley tripped briskly down the aisle to the three men and spoke with them quickly. Then he led them up the aisle to Dugan.

"Children," he said, "it is all right; just remain seated."

Two of the men were very large men, and one was small. Their countenances showed embarrassment, but firmness.

"I know what them is," said Sadie Moriarty; "them is the three wise men of the East. They had 'em once at the 'Piscopal Sunday School, up town."

Dugan came a few steps to meet them.

"Me name is Hogan," said one of the big men, "an' Oi mek you acquainted with Misther Larry Flannery an' Misther Moses Levinsky. You can't go up that ladder, Misther Dugan."

"Dang!" said Dugan, "an' phwy not? Is it a non-union ladder?"

"Oi dunno," said Mr. Hogan; "ut may be. Ut is Delancy's ladder, an' he is a union-shop carpenter, so belike th' ladder is good enough, but 't is not fer you t' be climbin' ut."

"Children," said Miss Jones, nervously, "we will sing 'Onward, Christian Soldiers!' again, while Mr.—while Saint Patrick is talking with his friends."

The gray-bearded saint laid his basket on the floor and peeled off his gloves.

"Who ye be, Misther Hogan," he said, roughly, "Oi do n't know, an' Oi do n't care, but no wan says Tim Dugan can not go up anny ladder that 's union made. Go awn out, an' whin Oi git troo wid me exercises Oi 'll come outside and bat th' whole face off af ye. No man says 'Dugan, do this!' or 'Dugan, do n't do ut!' t' Dugan."

"Second verse," said Miss Jones; "now, all together!"

"Oi 'll tell ye who we be," said Mr. Hogan, angrily, "an' mebby 't will shut th' abusive mouth of ye. We be a delegation of th' Hod Carriers' Local Union, Nummer One. That 's who we be, Misther Tim Dugan, an' come t' tell ye yer doin' a dirthy scab trick, takin' a job out of th' mouths of union men."

"Ho!" jeered Dugan,—"union men! D'ye think Oi was born yestiddy at ten o'clock? Union men! W'u'd ye be tellin' me there 's a Saint Paterick Union?"

"No," said Mr. Hogan; "there be not, but did ye iver hear tell of th' Hod Carriers' Union, Misther Timothy Smart-aleck Dugan? Did ye?"

"Oi hev!" said Dugan, shortly.

"Ye hev!" said Mr. Hogan. "Good fer ye, Misther Dugan! Well, sor, 't is t' warn ye 't is a hod-carriers' job ye 'v got, an' t' warn ye t' git off th' job immejiate or hev yer union card took away by th' Janitors' Union fer bein' a scab,

Misther Dugan." Dugan tried to rub his brow, and his hand met the smooth surface of the false-face.

"Third verse!" said Miss Jones, hopefully.

"D' ye see anny hod on me, Misther Hogan?" asked Dugan.

"'T is all th' same, hod or basket," said Mr. Hogan, "by th' rules of th' Hod Carriers' Union. Read th' rules t' Misther Dugan, Misther Levinsky."

Mr. Levinsky took the yellow-back pamphlet from his pocket.

"'Rule Te-venty-von,'" he read,—"'A hod-carrier shall pe any von who goes up ant town any latter or stairvay or odder t'ings, carrying bricks or mordar or odder t'ings in any hod or box or basket or any odder t'ings.'"

"Well," said Mr. Hogan, "is ut a ladder, Misther Dugan, and is ut a basket? Phwat? And is ut other things ye mane t' attimpt t' carry down th' ladder in th' basket?"

"T 'is no Saint Paterick job, then, that Santa Claus has," said Dugan, "but a hod-carriers' job!"

"'T is so!" said Mr. Flannery and Mr. Hogan.

"But, if 't is so," said Dugan, "phwat will th' kids do, an' th' poor things wid their mouths waterin' fer th' prisints an' as dry as a bone singin' thimsilves hoarse?"

"'T is a union man's job," said Mr. Hogan, coldly.

"Thin divil a bit will Oi Saint Paterick ut for thim, though they be all th' kids in Ameriky," said Dugan. "'T is a good union man Oi am, Misther Hogan, an' intindid no harm. Excuse me, sor, fer speakin' hard words t' ye. Oi beg yer pardon."

"Let be!" said Mr. Hogan. generously.

"Repeat first verse!" said Miss Jones, rather doubtfully.

"But Oi feel sorry fer th' kids," said Dugan, "an' thim so set on gettin' their prisints from th' hands of Saint Paterick."

"'T is all right!" Mr. Hogan assured him; 'we kem t' take th' job oursilves, Dugan. Wan of us will be Saint Paterick fer th' kids, an' 't will be betther fer thim t' git their prisints from a Union Saint Paterick than from a scab."

"Shure!" agreed Dugan, "come intil th' dressin' room an' put awn th' duds."

They reassured Mr. Henley, and Mr. Henley reassured Miss Jones, and Miss Jones reassured the audience and had it sing the second verse again.

In the dressing room Mr. Dugan shed the coat and Mr. Hogan tried to put it on. He could not so much as get his arms into it. Mr. Flannery, being larger than Mr. Hogan, did not attempt to wear it. They turned to Mr. Levinsky.

"Misther Levinsky," said Dugan, "get on th' duds, 'T is your job, an' good luck t' ye. But if iver anny wan had tould me Oi w'u'd live t' see th' day whin a Levinsky w'u'd be Saint Paterick for a Christmas Sunday school I 'd have soaked him a good wan in th' eye. Mebby th' leddys w'u'd be afther tellin' th' kids Saint Paterick had a call t' meet Santa Claus at th' club, an' passed on th' job t' Moses."

Levinsky did not fit the suit well. By turning the trousers up a foot at the bottom he was able to wear them, but the grace of his movements was destroyed by the rotund cotton-batting stomach of Santa Claus, which hung before his knees. He turned up the cuffs of the coat sleeves to let his hands have breath, but when he walked the artificial stomach knocked forward spasmodically with each step as his knees struck it. The mask and wig extinguished his head. Even Sadie Moriarty giggled when he walked into view, and as he climbed the ladder, carefully lifting the stomach out of his way before each step upward, Miss Jones had to put her eyes deep into a hymn book to hide her feelings.

Dugan, relieved of his duties, took his seat in the front row, with Hogan and Flannery on either side of him.

"'T is a good rule," he said to Hogan, "that rule twinty-wan of th' Hod Carriers,—'t is so widespread an' generous-like. Annything ye go up is a ladder, an' annything ye go down is a ladder, an' annything that will hold annything is a hod, an annything annything will hold while ye go up or down annything is a brick. Well, annyhow, Oi 'm glad ye did not let me break th' rule. Oi 'm a good union man, Christmas or anny other day. An' 't is plisint t' sit here an' see th' kids come grinnin' up fer their prisints, an' just as pleased with a Levinsky Moses as wid an Irish Saint Paterick or a Dutch Santa Claus. The unions is all roight, I can tell ye, Hogan."

"Mr. Dugan!" called Miss Jones,—"Mr. Timothy Dugan!"

"An' phwat is that, now?" said Dugan, surprised.

"'T is a prisint fer ye," said Hogan; "go awn up an' git ut."

"A prisint fer me?" Dugan asked, "look at that, now! Ain 't they th' daycent leddys, though, t' think of Tim Dugan?"

He walked the few feet to where Levinsky stood holding out a square parcel, and took it.

"Thank ye, Saint Paterick Moses," he said, and returned to his seat by Hogan.

"Open ut," said Hogan.

Dugan, grinning, opened the package. He half expected some hoax. It was a full box of fifty cigars.

"Dang!" said he, and tears of pleasure filled his eyes. "Ain't they th' daycent leddys?"

Hogan leaned over and took the box. He turned it over and handed it back.

"Pass thim back, Dugan," he commanded; "they hev no blue label. They be scab cigars, an' ye kin not tek thim. 'T would be ag'inst rule twinty-eight of th' union, an' unfair t' th' Cigar Makers' Union, t' smoke scab cigars. And, annyhow," he added, "they be Christmas cigars."

"Hang me if Oi do n't turn scab, thin!" growled, Dugan, grimly, "before Oi 'll pass wan of thim back to sich daycent leddys, bad suz t' rule twinty-eight,—w'ich is hereby suspindid!"

A Song for All the Living

By Mildred I. McNeal Sweeny

Be brave!
Thy cup will have
Much that thou dost not guess,—
Ecstacy and distress,—
Strange strains of good and ill;
But quaff it none the less,
And with a smile,
And let none ever say
"He feared,—and turned away."

II.

Keep thy heart sweet!
Love comes with happy feet
To where love lives, and takes
From the bright mouth that makes
Its happiness, that kiss
Which hath no peer,—
The first, most dear—
Life's sunny summit of bliss.

III.

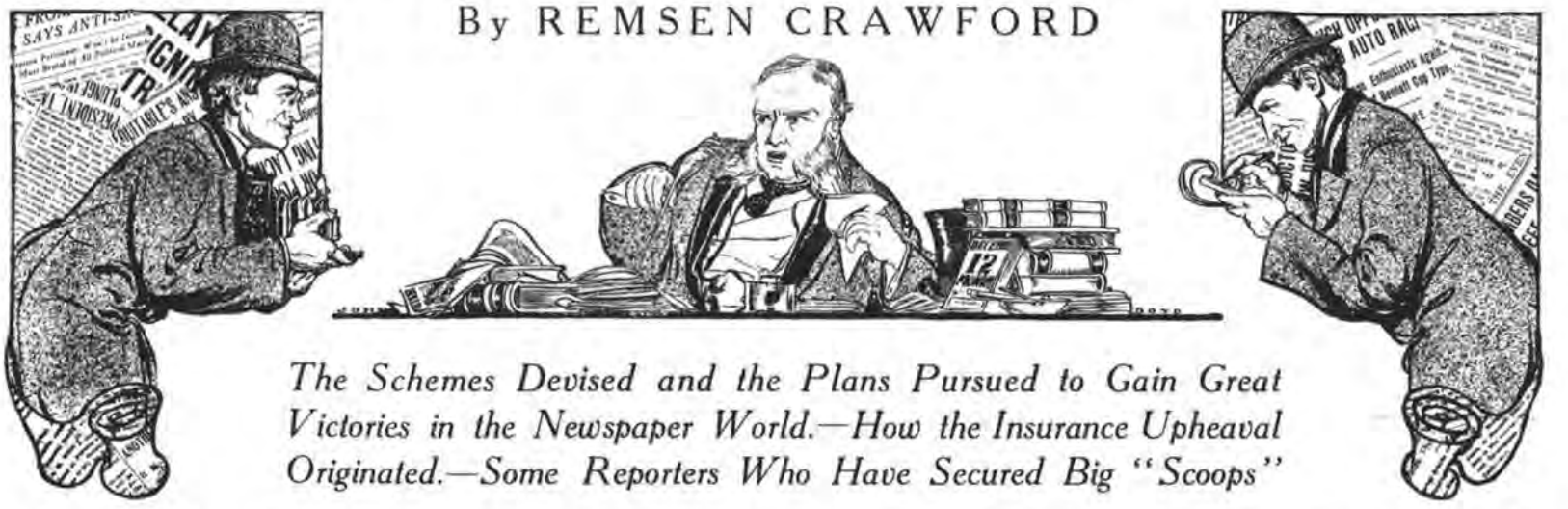
The whole world moves
Songlike, thenceforth, for him
Who hopefully loves
One other in the supreme,
Sweet way.
And for all those
Who long had fallen quite
Without his circle of delight,
His heart finds kindly room,
Even as the light of day
Generously makes bloom
The weed-flower and the rose.

IV.

Then keep a joyous face
Set toward the dawn!
She comes the earlier on
For him who faithfully stays
Watching before the gates
Of her dark citadel,
Not counting how he waits.
Be brave,—love well!
It is a simple creed
And leaves no unfilled need.

THE ROMANCE OF NEWSGATHERING

By REMSEN CRAWFORD



The Schemes Devised and the Plans Pursued to Gain Great Victories in the Newspaper World.—How the Insurance Upheaval Originated.—Some Reporters Who Have Secured Big "Scoops"

IF VARIETY be the spice of life, the newspaper reporter has a corner on condiments. To greet a president, probe a murder, and report a society ball, the same day, is, to him, but tame diversion. To be first at the scene of some terrible catastrophe, or view a battle and race with his fellows to give the earliest news of it to the world,—this sort of thing gives him more entertainment. To unlock political secrets at the national capital, or elsewhere; to expose "graft," the curse of republics; to resort to ingenious, almost Machiavelian methods in the investigation of crime,—these are the newer branches of reporting, most interesting of all.

What fascination and charm about a life so changeful! If he could only spare time from his strenuous life to nestle down in a cozy corner on a winter's evening, as other men do, slippered and robed, what thrilling tales of adventure the reporter might tell of his own exploits, apart from the stories he has put into print! What a world of romance might arise in his reveries if he only had time to think of himself and conjure up memories of the past!

But, to the reporter, there is no past. The word has been torn from his dictionary. So far as he is personally concerned, life holds no temptation, no charm, outside of something that now is, or something that is about to be. To tell one half the world what the other half is doing,—that 's his art and creed, and he makes fulfillment with a self-effacement that leaves him in oblivion. Nourished on excitement, and spurred by the pleasure of pursuit, his half-day, half-night existence consists in a rapid series of flights after that phantom-like something called news. To get it and give it to the world ahead of all others sends him into the chase with an impulse that thrills. Should there be some shrewd effort at concealment, the reporter will go about his task with heartier zest. A dog never bites a dead buck, and the reporter is chagrined when news "comes easy."

Richard Harding Davis

One of the most successful of American novelists, who began his career on the New York "Sun." He once disguised himself as a burglar in order to trap a gang of thieves.

What effect would Burchard's "rum, Romanism, and rebellion" have had on the Blaine campaign, had Franklin Fyles not been attending to his duty in reporting the meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel? These three ruinous words have been held responsible for the turning of a presidential election; and it was not Burchard who did it, but the reporter who told the country what Burchard had said. "I do n't care a snap about votes," said the late Governor Flower, and Walter L. Hawley, a reporter for the New York "Evening Sun," threw it *verbatim* at the men who voted. There would have been no investigation of the insurance companies had it not been for the recent disclosures made by David Ferguson, a reporter for the New York "World," who began by prodding the officers of the Equitable about James Hazen Hyde's Cambon dinner and other evidences of ruinous waste. At the outset, Ferguson was laughed at by the men he approached. Hyde and Alexander, the two heads of the Equitable, denied everything,—denied that there was any factional uprising in the Equitable, or the slightest unfriendliness between Mr. Hyde and Mr. Alexander. But the reporter kept on prodding and digging patiently until he gained the confidence of some one on the inside whose name will probably never be known. From that time on Ferguson had the situation in his own hands, and what followed is thoroughly known to the American public to-day, having resulted in the greatest upheaval ever known in the history of American finance. Compelled, by the persistent revelations Ferguson was making, to undertake an investigation, Francis Hendricks, superintendent of insurance for the state of New York, filed away a lengthy document containing the testimony he had taken; and it remained for Louis Seibold, another "World" reporter, to procure a copy of this secret report, which made the longest "story" ever "run" in a newspaper about a single incident,—112,000 words. It is still a matter of keenest speculation among the newspaper men of New York how Seibold obtained possession of a copy of a state document, and it will be, probably, a mystery forever. Reporters of Seibold's type never betray confidence. Were the secrets of Messrs. Ferguson and Seibold known concerning the great insurance exposure, they would, undoubtedly, make good reading, but these men made pledges of confidence for the public good, and it goes without saying that those pledges will die with them.

Louis Seibold *David Ferguson*

Messrs. Seibold and Ferguson, reporters for the New York "World," are directly responsible for the insurance investigations which are now startling the world. Mr. Ferguson first unearthed the troubles that existed in the Equitable, and Mr. Seibold secured the report of the Superintendent of Insurance.

The first real reporting in America about which hangs any considerable romance was the work done by the war correspondents during the conflict between the states. In the galaxy of journalistic stars then shining were Whitelaw Reid, of the Cincinnati "Gazette," now proprietor of the New York "Tribune" and ambassador to the Court of St. James; Henry Watterson, of the Chattanooga "Rebel," now editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal;" George W. Smalley, of the New York "Tribune," now American correspondent of the London "Times;" William F. G. Shanks, of the New York "Herald" and what was then the Associated Press, who now lives in Brooklyn; Joseph Howard, Jr., of the New York "Times," now correspondent of the Boston "Globe," and Edmund C. Stedman and George Alfred Townsend, of the "World." "Bull Run" Russell, of the London "Times," found restrictions so hard that he abandoned the field shortly after the first battle of Bull Run. Laws governing correspondents in the field were strict, indeed, in those days. Henry Villard and his associate correspondents for the New York "Herald" were early informed by General Don Carlos Buell that, if they published the plan of campaign against Nashville which he had submitted to General McClellan, and which General Grant afterwards executed, they would be treated as spies. Later, when General Sherman learned that Villard was trying to cross the lines and establish a "Herald" bureau in the South, he gave him notice that he would be shot, or hanged, if he persisted. Villard then quit Sherman's department, and announced in the Cincinnati "Commercial" that

General Sherman was insane.

As a war correspondent, Whitelaw Reid displayed wondrous activity and incontestable courage. He used the *nom de plume* "Agate," in writing for the Cincinnati "Gazette," and over this unpretentious signature he gave to the world at large the first full report of the battle of Shiloh, a "scoop" of the most pronounced type. George W. Smalley distinguished himself by giving the New York "Tribune" the first description of the battle of Antietam. When telling of his achievement, in recent years, he laughs at the extremities to which he was put in getting his "story" through to New York. After he had written it, he filed it with the telegraph company at a small station where the facilities were, indeed, poor. He sat watching the operator until the last word had been clicked off, and then it suddenly occurred to him that possibly, after all, his efforts to score a "beat" had been in vain, for the war department might delay his message, if not suppress it entirely. Impulsively, he sprang upon the back of a horse, rode thirty miles to the nearest railroad station, caught the first train bound north, wrote out his story again aboard the train, while traveling all the way to New York, and arrived in his office just as his delayed dispatch was beginning to come in, "doctored" by the censors of the war department. Mr. Smalley at once became one of the powers of the "Tribune," and, after the war, was sent to London to establish the first bureau of an American paper abroad.

One of the greatest journalistic feats of the Civil War was accomplished by the New York "Herald," in compiling a complete roster of the Confederate army. James Gordon Bennett, the first, was a great believer in giving "both sides,"—which is still one of the first rules of the "Herald." It was decided to establish a Confederate department in the "Herald" office, which would handle only such matters as related to the Confederate army. One feature of this work, as conceived by Frederick Hudson, then managing editor of the "Herald," was to gather all the Confederate local newspapers possible and such other records as might furnish the rosters of the various divisions of the Confederate army. When the "Herald" finally came out with a full roster of the followers of Lee, it raised great commotion. The northern newspapers cried "Collusion!" while the southern papers screamed "Spies!" The trick was easy enough, as is shown by a musty old pile of southern local newspapers now in the "Herald" office, giving the lists of soldiers from their respective neighborhoods.

The first newspaper man who ever went to a war and created the title of "war correspondent" in its full sense was William Howard Russell, who went to the Crimean War, in the early fifties, for the London "Times." He was not allowed to go with the British army, so he determined to follow the war on an independent plan. A ham cost him twenty-five dollars, a turkey the same, a glass of jelly one dollar, and he had to pay the equivalent of thirty dollars for a pair of boots while on the trail of war. At times he almost starved. No foreign correspondents were allowed with the French army, in the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, but Germany welcomed them from all countries. In those days, war correspondents could view a battle at close range; but, now that artillery and musketry have so much wider sweep, a correspondent is lucky if he is permitted to see the fighting at a distance of four miles, and, unless he is willing to risk his life, even at such chances, he would better stay at home with his mother.

Perhaps the most complete and the most significant "scoop" ever scored by a single newspaper over all the papers of the civilized world was accomplished by David Graham Phillips, now famed as a novelist and magazine writer, who got his start as a reporter for the "Sun" and the "World." It was on June 23, 1893, while Phillips was London correspondent of the "World," that he learned, from a diplomat who had visited the British marine office, that the "Victoria," the flagship of the British Mediterranean

Cleveland Moffett,
whose brilliant work as Paris correspondent of the New York "Herald" placed him in the front rank of vigorous journalistic workers

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

Lindsay Denison,
who, in the face of many obstacles, caught Agoncillo, the agent of Aguinaldo, for the New York "Sun," when he came to America

Whitelaw Reid,
who secured the first complete report of the Battle of Shiloh, one of the greatest journalistic feats of the days of the Civil War

Robert J. Wynne,
who, when a newspaper man, unearthed the famous postal scandals

squadron, had been sunk off Tripoli with all on board. The rumor was vague and was not credited at the marine office; but Phillips, with the instinct of the Yankee reporter, determined to take no chances. The London papers made some efforts to verify the report, as did all the other correspondents of foreign newspapers stationed in London, but they wasted their efforts in querying Tripoli, Africa, instead of Tripoli, an insignificant little seaport in Asia Minor. Phillips looked up the map, saw that there were two Tripolis, and determined to try them both. He knew of no one in Tripoli, Asia Minor, who might send him a report of the disaster; but, knowing how night editors in America frequently wire unknown telegraph operators in out-of-the-way places, in emergencies, to send them reports of things that have happened thereabouts, he decided to try this scheme upon the unknown telegraph agent at Tripoli.

To his utter dismay, he was informed by the general manager of the London office that the operator at Tripoli was a Turk and would never be able to send the report or even to decipher the message. "We 'll take the gambler's chance," said Phillips; "although it 's about a thousand to one, we 'll take the chance." Off went the following message:—

> Telegraph Agent, Tripoli, Syria. Will pay you $500 for a full account of the "Victoria" disaster. Hope you will send about 2,000 words. Please send as soon as possible.

Then came a long, tedious, nerve-racking delay. As the hours wore on, Phillips eagerly gathered in the London papers to see if they had obtained the news. Not a sign of it appeared in any of them. All night he sat up, waiting for a reply to his message, making frequent trips to the main office of the telegraph company. "It is hopeless," said the general manager; "I never dreamed you would hear anything in response." Suddenly the wires delivered this message:—

"Prepay telegraph tolls, or telegraph the money to pay. Will send account." This was signed "Pierre."

"Let us send him the money at once," shouted Phillips, grasping his hat. "It is useless," replied the general manager, shrugging his shoulders,—"perfectly useless. The money can go only to the end of our line. The Turkish government will not allow it to go any farther." Phillips decided to leave all to the mercy of "Pierre," and sent a message saying that it was impossible to telegraph money, and asking his unknown friend to borrow the money, relying upon his honesty.

Then came another long and weary siege of waiting, of scanning the London papers, and of querying the marine office. Not a word had been received anywhere; not a line in the papers told of the disaster. On the morning of the third day, while Phillips was trying to gulp down a cup of the abominable stuff they call coffee in London, a messenger boy ran into the restaurant with six sheets of the coveted story. "There 's more comin', sir," the lad said, and hurried back to the telegraph office, while Phillips sought the cable to New York. It was, indeed, a thrilling story,

Arthur Brisbane,
chief editorial writer for W. R. Hearst, who, when he was a newspaper reporter, found friendship a valuable asset in gathering news

Henry Watterson,
editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal," whose fame began when he was the Civil War correspondent of the Chattanooga "Rebel"

and "Pierre," the man of mystery, showed a wonderful familiarity with the English language, although many of the words were badly shattered by the Turkish operators. The story told how Admiral Tryon had given orders for the battle ship "Camperdown" to execute a maneuver, how the commander had signaled that the space between his ship and the "Victoria" was insufficient, how the admiral simply repeated his orders and the two ships collided, the "Victoria" going to the bottom, stern up, her propellers grinding to death five hundred of those aboard. The full story of the disaster reached New York at 7.30 P. M., Monday, June 26, and was immediately printed in an extra edition of the "Evening World." Next day, the morning "World" carried a more complete story, while all the papers in this country and in London stood by wondering whether it was reliable news or not. Not until the following day, or the sixth day after the disaster, did the London papers print the story, and they took it then from the "World's" account. "Pierre" turned out to be Dr. Ira Harris, the only American in all the countryside about Tripoli, Syria, and one of the five men there who could speak English. He happened, by the merest accident, to be in the telegraph office when the message arrived, and the Turk, instead of throwing it away, turned it over to Dr. Harris. He borrowed money to pay the telegraph tolls on the "special." It was necessary for him to spell each word, letter by letter, to the Turk who sent the dispatch, as the latter knew nothing of English and very little of French.

Lindsay Denison, of the "Sun," played the same game of chance at great odds as Phillips did, when he caught Agoncillo, the agent of Aguinaldo, when he came to this country, just prior to the outbreak in the Philippines. Agoncillo came here pretending to be the agent of Aguinaldo, delegated to treat with the president of the United State for concessions to the Filipinos; but, when the hostilities actually began in the Philippines, and it became the belief of the authorities at Washington that Agoncillo was nothing more than a spy sent here to get information to enable Aguinaldo to conduct his rebellion more satisfactorily, he decided to make a hasty escape to Canada. A "tip" came to the "Sun" office from Washington that Agoncillo had bought a ticket, at least as far as Baltimore. The city editor did not even know that the agent of Aguinaldo was coming to New York, but he was determined to get an explanation from him if he could be found here. Every hotel in the city was searched by "Sun" reporters. Finally, Denison hit upon the plan of keeping vigil at the railroad stations from which trains depart for Canada. He had no reason for doing this other than that it is better to be safe than sorry. He had no information that Agoncillo contemplated going to Canada, for it was not known even at Washington where he had gone when he left there. As a matter of fact, Agoncillo had been at the Manhattan Hotel in New York while the "Sun" reporters were looking for him; but, not having registered, he threw the scribes off his track. It just happened that Denison struck out upon the proper assumption. Calling up his city editor, he asked that another reporter be sent to the West Shore Station, Weehawken, saying that he would keep a lookout for his man at the Grand Central Station, these being the only two stations from which a passenger bound for Canada would be apt to leave. After several hours of waiting, Denison noticed a diminutive, dark-skinned fellow nervously pacing along toward the gates that lead to the trains for Montreal. He thought he recognized Agoncillo from the pictures which had appeared in the newspapers, but he was n't quite sure. He had never seen a Filipino, but he thought this little chap came about as near to the description of one as any human being could, so he stealthily went aboard the train and quietly sat down in the same car, having hurriedly purchased a ticket to Poughkeepsie, New York, and given a policeman a dollar to telephone his office that he thought he had his man.

The night editor of the "Sun" realized that Denison would probably land a great "beat," particularly coveted at that time, because secret service men were on the track of Agoncillo to arrest him as a spy; so he began to send telegrams to Denison aboard the train at various stations, saying, "Call him Jones in your dispatches, to prevent leakage of the news over the wires," and other such words of precaution. After the train was well out of New York City, and going at a swift clip, Denison nearly terrified the little Filipino to death by going over and sitting down beside him. He frightened him sufficiently to get an interview from him and information as to where he was going, which was the all-important thing at that time for the United States government, and the "Sun," next morning, was particularly interesting to the authorities at Washington. Denison had done what the combined force of secret service men had failed to do; but, having no power to arrest, he could only let Agoncillo go his way.

Enough has been said already to show that it requires eternal vigilance for a reporter to bag his game, leaving not a single chance for escape. It might be further said, however, that the element of luck does creep in now and then, either to a newspaper man's advantage or to his ruin. When Reginald Foster was one of the craft, he became famous as the luckiest of reporters. He was alert, energetic, and capable of writing an excellent story when he landed it, but seemed to have a mascot perennial and eternal. Wherever he went, he stumbled upon a "beat." He happened to be reporting a St. Patrick's Day parade, and went into the Windsor Hotel to telephone his office, when the fateful fire started in that hostelry, resulting in the horrible deaths of several hundred persons. Foster abandoned the parade, helped rescue the imprisoned patrons of the burning hotel, and that night wrote a graphic account of the fire from start to finish. He was the most available reporter in New York when the great Hoboken fire started, and, hiring a steamer in the name of his newspaper, he saved many lives before the firemen could render aid. When President McKinley was assassinated, at Buffalo, the first news came to all the papers in New York in the shape of a very brief bulletin. A group of newspaper men simultaneously asked of each other, "Where is Foster?" Somebody explained that he was then on his vacation at Narragansett Pier; but, even while he was speaking, a telegram to the city editor was received and torn open. It read thus: "I was right beside the President when he was shot, having come to the Buffalo Exposition to close my vacation. Will send full descriptive story to-night." It was Foster.

The outside world little dreams of the money that is spent in gathering news. The average person would not believe that a reporter is sometimes backed by $25,000 or even $50,000 to get a single "beat" on other newspapers. One case of this kind, which resulted in the most exciting race for news, perhaps, in

[*Concluded on pages 861 to 864*]

David Graham Phillips,
who was first to secure the news of the wreck of the "Victoria"

Isaac D. White
won fame by identifying the man who tried to kill Russell Sage

"'Openin' ther jaws fer more and standin' on ther tails'"

The Skipper and the Cabin Boy

A Cheerless Tale of Christmas Confectionery

By WALLACE IRWIN

Author of "The Nautical Lays of a Landsman"

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. DEY

"RATTLE me a ditty," says the gentlemanly tripper,
"Rattle me a ditty of the northern polar sea."
"Aye!" says the cabin boy, and "aye!" says the skipper,
"Here's a reel adwenture, sir, what happened unto we."

"'T was on the eve o' Christmas," says the skipper to the tripper,
["Blow me," says the cabin boy, "but it were gittin' cold!"]
"Our course was nor'-to-starboard by the handle of the dipper,
Our vessel frozen solid from the jig-plank to the hold.

"Not a livin' creature could we see upon the ocean."
["*Skeercely*," says the cabin boy, "—except eleven whales."]
"Then, upon a sudden, ere we had the faintest notion,
Bang! we hit a cake of ice as big as New South Wales!

"'To keep me mind from freezin'"

"Through the air we shot fer fair as swift as flyin' pigeons."
["*Most* as swift," the cabin boy deliberately said.]
"*Biff!* we landed in the snow upon the polar regions,
Him a-standin' on his feet and me upon me head.

"Thar we sot atop the snows and watched the waves a-comin',
Crashin', dashin' on the ice with terrorizin' spunk,
Till our good ship 'Susan Snook,' (she allers *was* a rum 'un,)
Shrieked and squeaked and tore and swore,—then gurgled as she sunk.

"Thar we sot, I must repeat, with nary crumb nor cracker,
Feelin' jest as hungry and dejected as ye please,
Nothin' in our pockets, save an ounce o' plug tobacker
And a little cookbook called 'One Hundred Recipes.'

"I begins to whistle, and I tries to think o' suthin'
Christmas-like and pleasant, but no pleasant subjects came:
Settin' on an iceberg seven million miles from nothin'
Ain't so very jolly that you 'll notice of the same.

"I chawed plug tobacker to restrain meself from sneezin',
Hopin' as a warmer spell would hit us from the south."
["I," remarked the cabin boy, "to keep me mind from freezin',
Read 'One Hundred Recipes' and frosted at the mouth."]

"Suddenly we heard some bells a-janglin' and a-jinglin',
Then we seen a golden sleigh a-hikin' o'er the floe,—
There upon the forninst seat, (it set our pulses tinglin',)
Sat a jolly gentleman with beard as white as snow.

"'Santy Claus ahoy!' I yells, for sure enough I knowed him,
'Won't ye kindly resky us? We 're starvin,' him and me.'
'Goodness mercy, no!' he says, as if the thought had blowed him,
'Gosh all Christmas, holy smoke, and, likewise, jiminee!'

"'I'm jest startin' from the pole,' he says, not lookin pleasant,
'Bound fer Ireland, Portugal, and North Amerikee,—
Forty thousand million kids, and each expects a present;
Can 't ye see this ain't no time to be a-stoppin' me?

"'Christmas is me busy day, so I 'm a trifle worried,—
Can't ye wait a week or so, when, maybe, I 'll be back?
Here 's a little food fer ye,' he says, with gestures hurried,
As he whipped his reindeer up and throwed us off a sack.

"Last we seen o' Santy Claus we stood a-lookin' daffy,
Then we opened up the sack and felt undone complete,—
Nothin' there but candy canes and peppermint and taffy;
Mighty dinky vittles fer a hungry man to eat!

"Talk about the horrors of an arctic expedition!"
["Starvin'," says the cabin boy, "and eatin' candy canes!"]
"Popcorn balls fer Christmas is a splendid proposition,
But fer steady diet they is full o' aches and pains.

"O them weeks o' candy-ness and stickiness and sweetness!
Gumdrop breakfast, bonbon lunch, and caramels for tea;
Chilblains and confectionery frozen in completeness,—
Forty tons o' chocolate,—and much too much fer me!

"When a walrus came our way we fed him peanut brittles;
Now and then we handed maple kisses to the whales;
Polar bears et almond creams and seemed to like the vittles,
Openin' ther jaws fer more and standin' on ther tails.

"Spring came on and found us there upon the verge o' madness,
Candy, candy everywhar, and not a bite to eat!"
["Stranger," says the cabin boy, with looks akin to sadness,
"Think o' being shipwrecked on an isle o' sticky sweet!"]

"Oft we stood at eventide and gazed across the murky
Silence, and discoursed on turnips, mutton chops, and cheese."
["Also," says the cabin boy, "I spoke o' truffled turkey,
Mentioned as 'delicious' in 'One Hundred Recipes.'"]

—"Till at last a ship arrived, and with a boathook handy
We was dragged from off the ice,—ther wa'ant no time to lose:
When they found us we were stretched upon a bed o' candy,
Ragin' in delirium and eatin' of our shoes."

"I've had *some* adwentures," says the skipper to the tripper.
"I've been et by cannibals and swallered by a whale;
Me and him ain't timid, sir,—but by Old Neptune's slipper,
When we thinks o' Santy Claus we turns a trifle pale."

"'Mighty dinky vittles fer a hungry man to eat'"

HOW ROOSEVELT IS REGARDED ABROAD

By VANCE THOMPSON

Owing to the World-Wide Interest in President Roosevelt, SUCCESS MAGAZINE Commissioned the Greatest American Interviewer to Learn from European Statesmen Just How He Appears in Foreign Eyes

I.—The "Big Stick" and the Peace-Lord

THE ministry of foreign affairs is in the Quai d'Orsay. I went there, the other day, to see M. Rouvier; and, while I waited, I said casually to one of the secretaries,—a mere polite word to pass the time,—"What 's new in your Venezuela trouble?"

"Ah, we do n't know what to do," he exclaimed, with an outthrow of his hands; "I wish your President Roosevelt would give Venezuela a cut or two with the beeg steeck."

Perhaps his reference to Mr. Roosevelt was merely a polite phrase, like my question; but I am inclined to believe there was a sighing earnestness in it. Anyway, it shows how readily the French mind turns to the great American; and that, to one who knows how self-centered France is,—how little heed it has for the men who are illustrious otherwhere,—is significant. Of our modern presidents only two—Lincoln and Grant,—ever attracted French attention,—and the circumstance of war made them known. For Mr. Roosevelt the ink has flowed in torrents. Not only do the newspapers relate his exploits,—whether he kills a bear or goes down in a submarine boat,—but they are also avid of his opinions, and interviews with him (unfortunately, not always true,) are displayed with great prominence on the first pages of the big dailies.

Almost Every French Home Contains Some Book Written by or about Roosevelt

Pictures of Mr. Roosevelt as a rough rider, as a cowboy, or talking from the tail end of a Pullman, confront you everywhere in the European press. Nor should I like to say how many books have been written about him. "*Roosevelt Intime*," a work of three hundred pages, in which the story of his forceful life is graphically told, has reached all the reading homes of France; and his own books—notably "*La Vie Intense*,"—have followed. I know of no other book that has had so wide an influence in latter days. Young France, especially, is interested in the sudden and formidable upbuilding of her sister republic; and the cause of this growth she has sought, wisely enough, in Mr. Roosevelt's books, in those on the Far West, and especially in the one whose title I have quoted in French, "The Strenuous Life." So it comes to pass that two American writers are pretty close to the French schoolboy's heart,—Mr. Roosevelt and their old, familiar friend, "Mark Twain." In other words, the President is known in France. It did not require the epoch-making treaty of peace, which the world owes him, to make him one of the great figures of contemporary history.

His contemporaries were eminently aware of him.

But that vast event, with its far-reaching international consequences, brought him into the very focus of public thought. The mind of the French foreign office turns inevitably to the hopeful parables of the "beeg steeck."

When anything goes wrong in French public affairs, the publicists knock the government about the ears with that better president oversea. Here is a good illustration, for example:—

"If a man such as President Roosevelt came to live among us for three months as a private citizen, having to undergo all those accidental relations with the administration which daily life imposes on us, he would quickly refuse to believe in the existence of a republic in France, and would return to his country convinced that we are incapable of ever possessing real liberty."

From a stereograph copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, New York

President Roosevelt

This photograph of the president is one of the latest taken. It was "snapped" while he was delivering an address.

The President Stands in too Exalted a Position To Be Rewarded by Any Prize

In such words Monsieur Emile Danthesse expresses at once his opinion of Mr. Roosevelt and his patriotic discontent. Indeed, these are pleasant days in France for an American; go where he will, he hears a good word of his president, and, now and then, the complimentary "If we had such a man!" And, when men get together in Paris,—for what purpose it does not seem to matter greatly,—the first thing they do is to send a message of some sort to the White House. The other day it was a congress of physicians, studying tuberculosis; they telegraphed the "expression of their respectful and cordially sympathetic sentiments;" and then they set about their business. A like preliminary opened the Peace Congress at Luzerne.

By the way, I asked Monsieur Frédéric Passy about that,—him whose lifelong labors in the cause of peace were honored with a Nobel prize,—and he wrote me:—

"All the friends of peace owe a profound gratitude to President Roosevelt. He received many and heartfelt evidences of it in the telegrams sent to him from the Peace Congress on September 20 and 21. Every possible method should be taken of showing him the sentiments inspired by what he has done."

Then Monsieur Passy goes on to speak of the possibility of Mr. Roosevelt's candidature, in 1907,—since for 1906 it is too late,—for the Nobel prize to be awarded by the Norwegian parliament for eminent services to the cause of peace in the world; and he presents a view which is, so far as I know, quite a new one.

"It seems to me," he writes, "that, precisely on account of the grandeur of his situation and of his rôle, President Roosevelt should be one of those eminent personalities who are usually considered as being above such a competition; and that the Nobel prize should be reserved to those persons whose resources and whose influence would be strengthened by it, while, at the same time, it recompensed their services."

Mr. Roosevelt may not be of the same mind; but I quote the letter for two reasons: Monsieur Passy is the grand old man of peace,—a veteran in the war for arbitration,—and his appreciation of the young peace-lord is worth recording; in the second place, it is difficult to pay a man a finer compliment than that of telling him he stands above those whom one may properly reward.

There is in Paris a Street of Peace, the famous Rue de la Paix. Popular enthusiasm demanded, the other day, that its name should be changed to "Rue Roosevelt." Though that was not done, another street is to bear the President's name,—an honor already paid to Washington and Franklin.

Do you know what the protocol is? In the Old World it is all the pomp and

circumstance, the dignity and discretion, that hedge about a man in power, be he the king or the king's minister, the president or his premier. It is a form of etiquette shining stiff and implacable as a bar of steel. For instance, you wish to know President Loubet's opinion of Mr. Roosevelt. Now no one else is so amiable as M. Loubet; no one is more approachable. A year or so ago he wrote, at my request, an article for an American magazine,—and that is a sort of thing European rulers do not do readily. Should you speak with him, quite informally, he would tell you many a pleasant word he had in mind of Mr. Roosevelt; but the protocol—that inflexible law,—forbids one ruler to speak publicly of another. It is farcical, in a way; and yet, perhaps, it makes for peace. Personally, I know that M. Loubet has taken a keen interest in President Roosevelt's public career since 1900, and, doubtless, before. What Monsieur Loubet said in his telegram of congratulation, when President Roosevelt brought to an end the Russo-Japanese War, was merely the public expression of an admiration he had often made known to his intimate friends. Monsieur Rouvier, the minister of foreign affairs, is even more fastly tied to the protocol than his chief. A smiling man of the world, without enthusiasm—as he once said,—for greatness, even his own, his policy has been one of steady friendship for the United States.

II.—Statesmen and Ministers of State Do Talk!

I owe to Monsieur Paul Doumer, the president of the French parliament, a lesson in the gentle art of dodging the protocol. At present M. Doumer is the most formidable candidate for the presidency of the republic, for which the election will be held next year. More than any other it behooves him to walk circumspectly; but, on the other hand, he is one of Mr. Roosevelt's most pronounced admirers. When he meets an American, his first care is to add to his knowledge of the man who throws so big a shadow over international affairs. So, gliding round the protocol, he sent me his "lively regrets that his functions did not permit him to write what he thought of Mr. Roosevelt and to state publicly his real admiration for him."

I, too, regret it; for M. Doumer has meditated on the man he would fain praise.

In Belgium the protocol weighs not so heavily upon the world of state. Leopold the Second is a homely king; and, in spite of his chamberlain, is always glad to send a word of greeting to his "great and good friend oversea." In that pleasant Belgian land they all seem to be in a conspiracy to rival the king in amiability. I transmit a few official messages: the first is from his excellency, the minister of state. Monsieur Beernaert writes: "I said, recently,—to the applause of the interparliamentary congress,—that President Roosevelt is a man of grand character and lofty integrity; and I believe that, in these words, I characterized exactly his high and sympathetic personality."

From the president of the senate, Count de Mérode-Westerloo, came these words: "How could a Belgian, a citizen of a neutral and industrial country, be other than glad to render homage to those who work for the peace of the world? There is no one here who did not rejoice at the ending of the Russo-Japanese War. All of us have admired the action, so weighty in the matter, of President Roosevelt."

Belgian opinion is eloquently summed up by Senator Wiener, the cabinet minister, who says:—"A few weeks ago the interparliamentarian conference for peace and arbitration met in Brussels. Its first act was to salute the great citizen who, at that very moment, was just accomplishing a pacific work more real, more efficacious, and greater than all those which had been attempted up to that time by the pacifiers of the two worlds. The name of Roosevelt, who had just united on American soil the delegates of the two warring empires, was greeted with enthusiasm by all the representatives of all the nations. Whatever was to be the issue of the noble enterprise of the president, we applauded his courageous initiative. A few days later the conference held its closing session at Liége,—there we learned the end of the horrible war.

Roosevelt Is Creating a National Influence Which Will Affect All Europe

"When the president of the conference rose to thank Mr. Roosevelt, in the name of universal humanity, an immense acclamation drowned his words, and it seemed to us all that, behind these enthusiastic cheers, we heard the cries of joy and gratitude of all the mothers, of all the wives, and of all the children whose anguish your great citizen had stilled and whose tears he had dried.

"What is the glory, conquered in no matter what field of war or science, which can be compared to the eternal renown that the Peace of Portsmouth will give, in the memory of men, to President Roosevelt? What other man among all your great presidents ever gained in so short a time such worldwide popularity and recognition?

"I said, recently, to one of your compatriots:—'Roosevelt is the great President of Peace.' 'Yes,' he said, smiling, 'but he is also the President of battleships.'

"That is true. He is not only a pacifier,—rather he is the pacific statesman of a great country, who knows that real and durable peace is gained only by continual sacrifices, and that, since the world has been the world, the old saying has been true: '*Si vis pacem para bellum.*'

"In our free and laborious Belgium we follow with interest and admiration the prodigious expansion of your country. Led by a guide like Roosevelt, it will go on in the noble paths of justice and civilization."

It is extraordinary how the Rooseveltian idea of life has become an intimate part of French thought. The upcoming generation has a sterner and more strenuous attitude toward life than its predecessor has had. Especially is this true in the great middle classes,—the world of business and affairs. No little of this is due to the example—for his biography is a common property of youth,—of the man who came to the headship of the great transatlantic nation after taking so wide and stirring a career in civic life. Perhaps it is due to national pride; perhaps young France is tired of hearing Aristides called "The Just;" at all events there is a characteristic tendency toward a theory that Mr. Roosevelt did not quite invent the strenuous way of looking at things. A distinguished publicist, Monsieur Albert Savine, puts it for you in this way: "The ideas of Roosevelt are those of Montaigne, and the principles he lays down are those which were applied to Montaigne's education."

So the situation is saved and under the *ægis* of Montaigne the youth of France goes on being Rooseveltian.

Gaston Deschamps speaks for the academic world, and it is a pleasure to transcribe his appreciation of our chief of state. He writes: "Old Europe, mother of civilized nations, admires the actual President of the United States with the tenderness of a grandsire. Old Europe, which, by a series of emigrations, has poured out upon the New World the best of her blood and of her genius, is pleased to salute, in the person of Theodore Roosevelt, an accomplished example of certain diverse qualities that are less common here than once they were,—less common, at least, in one man. I mean a man of politics who is not a politician,—a man of action who is, at the same time, a man of thought,—a parliamentarian who does not waste his life in idle words, but writes beautiful books to preserve the joyous activity of his own mind,—in short, a new model, singularly rejuvenated and modernized, of what, in the seventeenth century, was expressively called "*l'honnête homme.*" I have not translated the phrase; it means more than "honest man;" what it strives to express is the upright man, the broadly reasonable man, who rounds up his life into a clean and equable whole; and it is in this age-old sense of the words that Deschamps applies them to the man he praises.

There is another side to the French judgment of Mr. Roosevelt; more than one statesman will tell you that their interest is in the empire-builder more than in the man. That swift, disconcerting move in Panama gave food for thought. Nor is it quite clear to them what future he is making. Victor Bérard, who is in France the highest authority on world-politics, has this prophecy for you:—

"Mr. Roosevelt made plain his national policy long before he delivered his presidential message; he did it by publishing a life of Cromwell. For him Cromwell was not, as for the land of Louis XVI., the first regicide; he was the founder of the British thalassocracy,—the author or signer of the 'navigation act' which gave to the English people the empire and the commerce of the seas. America, to-day, awaits her Cromwell, because the United States of the twentieth century is going to do again what England did in the seventeenth. One need not be a prophet to foresee that in Theodore Roosevelt that man has come." As you see, Monsieur Bérard makes a long cast at the future.

III.—Academic Appreciations and Diplomatic Wooing

Count Goblet d'Alviella, senator and member of the French Academy, said:—"We are at a turning-point in the history of the world. Nearly all the available part of the earth's crust is in the hands of people who intend to hold what they have. The growing and unavailable self-assertion of the yellow race is closing forever the prospects of white expansion in the Far East. Each power hastens to seize the few remaining openings. Under these circumstances, it is fortunate for the United States to have a man who has fully understood the need of securing for his fellow citizens the international situation due to the size and wealth of their country, especially when his country has still such a future for internal development. That Mr. Roosevelt's imperialism is not a danger for general peace, we have as witness his efforts to favor the better adjustment of international law and the extension of arbitration, at The Hague and elsewhere.

"If, last year, at the Interparliamentary Conference of Saint-Louis, after I had moved that the neutral powers should be requested to interfere amicably between the two belligerents in the Far East, I added that President Roosevelt seemed to me particularly fit for such an intervention, it was because I felt absolutely convinced that no European power would dare to undertake the task. He did it and has now won the name of having done practically for the cause of peace more than any other living man. In all justice, it is to him that the next Nobel Prize ought to go.

"President Roosevelt has done a good deal to bring the United States nearer to an alliance with England. There are some alliances that mean war and some that mean peace. I should consider an Anglo-American alliance, as much as I do an Anglo-French one, a great guarantee for the peace of the world, and it is not the understanding between Japan and England which will make me think the contrary. It is not only the international equilibrium that may before long need the support of a strong hand, but also the no less momentous question connected with the preservation of universal liberties, self-government and democracy. Liberal Europe may, some day, be glad to look toward a powerful America, which President Roosevelt will certainly have helped to build."

WANTED,—A DESPERADO

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

Author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire"

Illustrated by WILL CRAWFORD

"'Do you know what?' he suddenly asked"

I AM fond of studying my clients, and both of the members of the firm of Black and Roberts interested me. They own ranches and mines, are directors in banks and railroads, and wield financial and political influence in several western states. Roberts is a member of a state legislature, and Black has been in the national house of representatives and is slated for the senate.

The latter is a man whose language, tastes and poise proclaim birth and culture. You soon come to know that the mental predominates with Black. Roberts is of another type. I have never seen two men more nearly opposite physically and mentally. Black is short and stocky; Roberts is tall, lean, and wiry. Black is talkative almost to the point of garrulity; Roberts is solemn and taciturn. Black is aggressive in his declarations and conservative in his actions; Roberts is deliberate in planning, but a whirlwind in execution.

The more I studied these men the more I marveled that they were partners. The natural affinity of opposites is a well-known law, but here were combinations which seemingly required only the slightest friction to generate an explosion; yet they have worked in harmony for years, and I soon came to know that no event or combination of events could array one against the other.

The three of us were on an expedition so important in its nature that absolute secrecy was imperative. We therefore dispensed with guides, but Black and Roberts knew the trails. We camped, one night, well up the slope of a rambling foothill which opposed the last barrier to the range which was our goal. We smoked, in silence, after our evening meal was ended. I gazed at the elongated Roberts and then at the trim and well-poised Black, and for the hundredth time wondered at the loyalty which bound them. I am schooled to mind my own business, and I can not imagine what impelled me to violate this sensible practice.

"How did it happen," I asked, looking at Black, "that you and Roberts became partners?"

Black took the pipe from his mouth and looked at me. He is quick of speech, but his lips closed so suddenly that I knew I was on dangerous ground.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, and withdraw that question," I quickly said; "it is none of my business."

Black was on the point of saying something when Roberts broke the silence.

"Bill and I hitched up in double harness for what you lawyers call good and sufficient reasons," he said, "and suppose we let it go at that."

Black laughed, good-naturedly.

"We never have told that story," he said, turning from me to Roberts, "but there is no reason why we should n't confide it to our lawyer. Lawyers are paid to keep secrets."

"You can tell him," Roberts growled, after a pause.

"We 'll both tell him," declared Black. "It 's not much of a story to listen to, but it was rather exciting to live through, was n't it, Jack?"

"It surely was. Tell it, if you 're going to, Bill."

"I was the boy wonder of the New England town in which I was born," began Black. "I dashed through school, and was admitted to the practice of law when I was twenty years old. A year later I was elected to office. Then I applied all of my energy to drinking. I celebrated all victories and deadened all defeats in rum. I drank up my voice, my health, my reputation, my friends, and my mother.

"I had a sweetheart, and she stuck by me until it was a disgrace to have her name linked with mine. During an interval of sanity I realized the depth of my disgrace. She had faith in me. She loved me and would wait for me while I started life over again. I went West and began the practice of law in Denver. Success came,—and I drank to it. I wrote and told her of my fall, and the letter begging me to try again was stained with her tears.

"I became a cowboy, securing a position where, for months, I could not possibly obtain whisky. Life on the range worked a wonderful physical and mental change in me. My brain became clear, my hand steady, and it was a joy to live,—to live in hope for her. Six months passed and I wrote her a letter telling the good news and asking her to write to me at Laramie, stating that I would be in that town in a month. I did not tell her a secret which filled me with joy. I had discovered outcroppings of gold ore which promised a fortune beyond the dreams of a struggling lawyer. I had entirely recovered my egotism with my health. I honestly thought she would not care whether I had a million or a splinter, so I dismissed the subject by saying that I had saved up two hundred dollars and had finally knocked out old King Alcohol. I told her a lot of other things which I need not repeat, and I felt happy all over, thinking how pleased she would be.

"The days crawled by until, at length, I was ready for my trip to Laramie. For a month my thoughts were centered in a vain but fond attempt to guess what she would write to me. I shall never forget the moment when, from the crest of a hill, I caught my first glimpse of Laramie, that bright forenoon. There lay the field on which I would taste the sweets of a double victory. I would receive and read her dear letter, and I would demonstrate to myself and to the world that I had conquered my craving for liquor.

"My hard-earned money was in my pocket, the secret of the mine was safe in my breast, the blood of health flowed in my veins, the skies smiled down on me, and all nature applauded what I had done.

"My horse spurned the miles which lay between us and Laramie. I sang and yelled from pure excess of joy. I did not realize it, but I was already intoxicated, although the stimulation was a harmless one. On the edge of the town I saw an old beggar,—a worthless scoundrel, no doubt,—but I tossed him a silver dollar. I was not willing that any one should be unhappy on that, my day of triumph.

"I galloped recklessly through the streets, and dismounted in front of the post office. I strode in and demanded a letter for William H. Black. I fixed my eyes on that clerk as he pulled out the letters in the 'B' box, and watched him narrowly as he swiftly sorted them over. As he got near the bottom of the pile I felt something come up in my throat, but I choked it back. He looked at the last letter, pushed them together, and slid them into the pigeonhole.

" 'Nothing for you, to-day, Mr. Black,' he said. I think I was crazy from that moment.

" 'You 're a liar!' I shouted, with an oath. 'Look again!'

" 'I told you there was no letter for you,' he said, and he was good and mad. I shoved a pistol through the opening.

" 'Give me those letters!' I said, holding the gun full on him; " 'I 'm taking no chances of mistakes!'

" 'There 's no letter for you,' he said, as cool as could be; 'but, since you insist, you can look for yourself.'

"He handed me the bunch of letters, and I was so excited that I dropped the gun and grabbed them. He could have picked it up and shot me, if he had cared to, but I suppose he figured that I was drunk and irresponsible. Gentlemen, there was no letter for me!"

Black paused in his recital. It was deathly

"'I 'm taking no chances of mistakes'"

still as his voice ceased. The air was so motionless that the thin pillar of smoke from our campfire traced a straight blue line upward until it blended into the black of the star-studded sky. I did not dare interject a word, and a minute passed before he continued.

"I have often wondered if I would have gone out and got drunk if there had been a letter there from her," he finally said, more to himself than to us. "I 'm pretty sure I would n't; but, of course, there is no way to prove it. As it was, I did not hesitate a second. I figured that she was through with me, and very likely married to some one worthy of her. I could not blame her, but life had no more attraction for me. I thought of the gold mine and cursed it.

"It took me four days to drink up that two hundred dollars, and three days more to sleep off the effects in the town calaboose. When I searched my pockets I found that I had two or three dollars left. I thought the matter over as calmly as I could, and decided to commit suicide.

"I considered that suicide question as coolly as you would any simple detail of law or business. I had tried life and found it a failure. My father was dead, I had killed my mother by years of misconduct, I had brought disgrace on my relatives and friends, and deservedly had lost the love of the only woman on earth who had stuck by me until hope had died within her. There was not a single valid reason why I should remain alive.

"But I did not like to kill myself. I have always argued that it is a cowardly thing to do. I longed to die, but not by my own hand. I thought of hunting up a case of smallpox, and wondered if it were possible to contract pneumonia, but both of these expedients looked like beating the devil about the bush. It occurred to me that, perhaps, another drink might give me a better idea, and I proceeded to take one. My prodigality had formed a temporary *coterie* of acquaintances, and I mingled with them. I was sparing of my money, as I had sense enough left to know that I was likely to have use for it if I wished to die decently.

"From one of these boys—and they were not a bad lot of fellows,—I learned that a noted desperado and mankiller had struck town."

Roberts shifted uneasily and took his pipe from his mouth.

"I would n't put it that way, Bill," he interrupted, his face gaunt and ashen in the waning light of the campfire.

"I 'm only saying what I heard, Jack," said Black, placing his hand on the other's shoulder.

"I never shot a man who did n't start the trouble himself, and mighty few of them," insisted Roberts. "I do n't want our friend here to get the idea that I was a bad man, and if I had any such reputation it was n't comin' to me."

"Lord bless you, Jack, keep quiet, or you 'll ruin my story!" laughed Black. "As I was saying, the boys told me that Jack Roberts was in town, that he was a dead shot, and that any man who went up against him had better shoot first or forever hold his peace. As you can guess from the way Jack has interpolated with uncalled-for remarks of a defensive nature, he was the one indicated, and I was mightily pleased with his traits as they were described to me. Here was a chance to commit suicide like a gentleman."

"See here, Bill," declared Roberts, leaning forward, "I do n't pretend to be much of a story-teller, and I never told this to anybody, but it 's only fair that I should tell just what happened, because, on the square, about all you know about it is what I have told you."

"That 's right, Jack, and you can go ahead and tell it just as it happened," assented Black. "I 'm glad to get out of telling it, and every time I think of it I am ashamed."

"All right, and I 'll make it short and to the point, as they say," began Roberts, running his fingers through his mustache. "I never was much of a hand to drink, and never was what you might call 'under the influence' in my life, but on this day I happened to be standing up to the bar of the 'Cheyenne Queen,' talking with some friends of mine, when in comes a man named Brady, that I had met, and with him was a young fellow that he introduced as Bill Black. Brady said that his friend Black had heard of me and wished the honor of meeting me. I was young and a trifle vain, in those days, and this sort of made me feel important, so I shook hands with this Black, who had a good honest face and seemed sober as a judge.

"I was n't paying attention to anything at all, when this Bill Black tapped me on the shoulder.

"'I understand,' said he, his eyes looking mighty funny, 'that you are the only real bad man from up the gulch, and that the trail is humped up with the mounds where you have buried your dead.'

"Jack was watching me, but he never said a word"

"If it had n't been for his eyes I should have thought he was joking, but I began to suspect that he had been drinking more than he showed, so I answered him soft-like, and told him it was evident some one had been slandering me. He had a glass of beer in one hand, and the other hand was over the bar, so I did n't anticipate any harm.

"'Do you know what I think?' he suddenly asked, and I told him surely I could n't guess.

"'I think you are a cross between a prairie dog and a milk snake!' he yelled, and with that he threw the contents of his glass in my face."

Roberts paused, and the edges of his long mustache lifted in a sheepish grin.

"My going through that window, and landing on the sidewalk, sash and all, was nothing but an accident," he said, softly. "I know it looked as if I was headed for the door or window, but as a matter of fact my eyes were so full of liquor that I did not know where I was going, and it just happened that I struck that window. Bill knows that. But, leaving this aside, the fact remains that my one ambition, at that moment, was to get out of range, and I was amazed that the shooting did not begin. My pony was outside, and without waiting to solve any mysteries I just naturally jumped on his back, stuck spurs into him, and headed for the setting sun; and, if that do n't prove I was n't a bad man, I 'd like to know what it does prove. Now you can go on, Bill."

The three of us joined in a hearty laugh.

"It all seems very funny now, but there was no joke about it then," continued Black. "I realized at once that I had overplayed my hand, and that a man can't be expected to shoot straight with his eyes full of liquor. It dawned on me that I had done a mean trick to a stranger, and I tell you I felt pretty bad about it. Expecting and hoping to be killed, I was dazed for an instant when my intended executioner dove through that window. I started after him with the idea of making the proper sort of an explanation, but before I could get to the door he was on his pony and hoofing it toward the hills. My pony was across the street, and in my excitement I stumbled and fell. As I did so, one of Jack's friends took a shot at me and clipped a corner off my right ear. Such was the change in my views about the desire for death that I esteemed myself mighty lucky that the bullet went an inch or two wide.

"Jack was out of sight before I got well under way. I kept on until it was dark, but his pony was too fast. My one ambition then became to find Jack Roberts and explain to him that it was all a mistake. During the days that followed, while I hunted for some trace of the man I had wronged, I thought much of her, but there was nothing bitter or resentful in my sorrow. I had lost her, as I deserved, but I would show my respect for her wasted devotion.

"A week later I was in Medicine Bow. I had an idea that Jack was headed that way, and I had n't been in town ten minutes before I saw him across the street. I held both of my hands in the air, yelled, and walked straight toward him. Like lightning he whipped out his gun and covered me, but I knew he would n't shoot a man under such circumstances.

"'What do you want?' he said, lowering the muzzle of his gun a trifle. His face had a curious expression, half mad and half curious. I—"

"I thought he was crazy," interrupted Roberts; "but you can bet I was n't taking any chances after what had happened. When he told me he wanted to apologize, I did n't know what to think. It was the first time anybody had ever apologized to me, but we fixed it up all right."

"And then a funny thing happened," continued Black. "Jack asked me to have a drink, and I refused. I did n't say anything about never taking another drink as long as I lived, or make any promises to him, but I 've never taken a drink since, and that 's quite a span of years ago. We sat down and talked things over. I liked him, and he was willing to overlook what I had done; so we hooked up together and became partners without drawing up any legal papers, and we have n't drawn up any yet.

"Jack had business in Laramie, and I went with him. We rode into town and hitched our ponies in front of a drug store. We had not gone far down the street when we met a young man who looked sharply at me and then stepped in front of us. I did not recognize him, but he

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"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is still played by small companies in many sections of the country"

The Beginnings of the Drama in America

By DAVID BELASCO

Illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom and W. C. Rice

It is my purpose, in this article, to familiarize the public with the conditions that led to the formation of theatrical organizations in a country which is now offering more encouragement to the actor and the stage than any other on the globe.

For what knowledge we have of things theatrical we must depend wholly upon the manuscript journals and diaries left by the men who lived at the time and who were accustomed to set down in their private correspondence such things as were of unusual interest. As a consequence of the correspondence and diaries left as a heritage to the student of history, we are acquainted with many material things which, otherwise, would have been buried.

It is a fact that the first regular organized dramatic company in New York played there in 1732; but it is not known, however, whether the members were merely amateurs, or numbered among them professional players from England. John Moody speaks of having visited Jamaica in 1745 and having played an engagement there for the edification of the English colonists on the island. Moody afterwards became a celebrated London comedian. It is chronicled that "Otway's Orphan" was performed at a coffee house in King Street, in Boston, some time during the year 1750, by two young Englishmen, assisted by young men of the town.

Theatrical history in America may be said to have begun with the production of Addison's "Cato," in Philadelphia, in August, 1749. We have direct information on this point derived from a manuscript journal left by John Smith, dated August 22, 1749. "Joseph Morris and I happened in at Peacock Bigger's and drank tea there, and his daughter, being one of the company that was going to hear the tragedy, 'Cato,' acted, it occasioned some conversation, in which I expressed my sorrow that anything of the kind was encouraged."

The Common Council Endeavored to Suppress the Drama as a "Disorder"

This production led to a regular series of entertainments, as in the early part of 1750 Recorder, afterwards Chief Justice, William Allen reported to the common council that certain persons had taken it upon themselves to act plays, and he was informed that they were intending to make a practice of committing such mischievous acts, and he feared that such conduct would be attended with deleterious results, such as breeding indolence and other vices. The board unanimously requested the magistrates to take the most effectual measures for suppressing the "disorder," by sending for the actors and making them give bonds for their future good behavior.

Robert Venable, an aged negro, born in 1736, who died in 1844, related to a Mr. Waters an incident of the first play ever given in Philadelphia. According to his story, a company of gentlemen and ladies, players from England, aroused considerable interest with a play given at Plumstead's store. "The gentle ladies of the town were very much exorcised," he said, "by the attentions paid to the leading woman of the company by the young sparks of the city." Her name was Nancy Gouge, or George. It was recorded in the New York "Gazette" that she received a benefit in New York, in 1751, to which city she had come from Philadelphia, where the magistrates had placed a ban on theatrical performances. The first record of a performance in New York was of one given March 5, 1750. The heads of the enterprise were Messrs. Murray and Kean. Thomas Kean was the principal player, and upon him devolved the leading rôle, in both tragedy and comedy.

The First Shakespearean Production Took Place on Nassau Street, New York

Kean described himself as a journalist. Another member of the company was John Tremain, formerly a cabinetmaker, who was next in importance to Kean. The latter was the original "Richard III." in this country, as he was also the original "Captain Macheath," in the "Beggar's Opera."

The New York "Gazette," in the issue of February 26, 1750, announced as an important item of news that a company of comedians had arrived the previous week from Philadelphia, and had taken rooms formerly belonging to Ralph Van Dam, on Nassau Street, as a playhouse. The opening play was "Richard III.," with Kean in the title rôle. When the companies played in Philadelphia, they did not advertise in the papers, but did so in New York, and, as a consequence, the history of the drama is clearer and more coherent than is the case in the City of Brotherly Love.

New York claims the honor of the first Shakespearean production, by reason of this performance; but this is by no means certain, as it may have been the playing of "Richard III." that caused the actors to be bound

over in Philadelphia and resulted in their emigrating to New York. At any rate, this was the only Shakespearean play given that season. Evidently the season was not prosperous, for Kean, in writing to a friend, spoke of his financial straits by reason of poor patronage, and he feared that he must go back to journalism.

The second season opened September 13, 1750, with the "Recruiting Officer." "Cato" was first produced a week later, according to "The Postboy" of September 24. In this issue, mention was made that this play attracted the largest houses ever seen in New York. The editor further commented on this fact in a statement wherein he said it reflected well on the intelligence and taste of the public, as it showed that the people were inclined to encourage plays of sober thought. "Cato" was repeated soon after, with the addition of a pantomime. During the months of October, November, and December, 1750, new plays were added to the repertory. In summing up the strength of the attractions, it was found that the operas drew best. In order to increase interest between acts, songs and instrumental solos were rendered by different members of the company. The capacity of the theater was limited to one hundred and sixty-one seats in the pit, ten in the boxes, and one hundred and twenty-one in the gallery. At this capacity, one hundred and twenty-six dollars and seventy-five cents could be taken in, although it is related by one chronicler that, when the opera was produced, more persons had bought tickets than could be accommodated in the theater, which caused great dissatisfaction. A recurrence of this had much to do with the closing down of the theater, in 1751, and, besides, there were many who appealed to the governor to refrain from giving his consent to the carrying on of "Ye playes."

William Hallam Has often Been Called the "Father of the American Stage"

This was the end of Thomas Kean's connection with the stage in America, for, upon his partner Murray giving him a benefit, in which he played "Richard III." free of any house share, he gave up his half of any interest he was entitled to under the partnership agreement.

In the latter part of 1751, one Upton, having been sent to America as an advance representative of William Hallam, an English actor of repute and manager of standing in London, to pave the way for a company of players selected by Hallam as a permanent organization in the colonies, having little integrity and no regard for the interest of his employer, affiliated with Murray, and, having obtained consent of the governor, reopened the Nassau Street playhouse, on December 26, in "Othello," with Upton as the Moor. Tremain played "Iago," and Mrs. Upton "Desdemona." "The Provoked Husband" and the farce, "Lethe," followed soon after. The concluding play of this season's engagement was "The Fair Penitent," and evidently Mrs. Tremain here made her *début*, for the programme recites that she would attempt the part.

About this time Hallam, learning of the perfidy of his trusted agent, determined that his vengeance should take the form of business annihilation, gathered around him a strong force, and sailed for the new country. On landing here he began by addressing letters to the press assailing Upton in most forcible terms, calling the latter a pretender, and endeavoring to bring down ridicule on the manner of the productions and the character of the plays, at the same time reciting how glorious would be those offered by him when he should have arranged the necessary details, such as time and place. With the advent of Hallam, the stage assumed a more pretentious aspect as regards the interest it created and the influence it exerted.

William Hallam has been called the father of the American stage, a title he does not deserve, inasmuch as he was merely the backer of the enterprise that his brother Lewis was to manage. The same William Hallam was the manager of the Goodman Fields Theater, in London, where David Garrick made his *début*, in 1741. We are told that the American company was formed on the sharing plan. The number of shares was fixed at eighteen. There were twelve adult performers, including the manager, and each performer was allowed a share. Lewis Hallam had another share as manager, and a share was allowed to his three children, the remaining four shares being for the profit of the backer for the use of his money. A company willing to agree to the terms was enlisted, the plays were selected, and the parts were assigned. The pieces chosen were those that were most popular on the London stage, at that time, and many of them continued to be played by the American company from 1752 down to the Revolution. With this repertory and one pantomime, "Harlequin Collector, or the Miller Deceived," the adventurers set sail in the "Charming Sally," Captain Lee, early in May, 1752.

When the Upton-Murray Company disbanded in New York, at the close of the season there, in 1751, it was soon reorganized, and was playing in Virginia in the spring of 1752. Within a fortnight of Lewis Hallam's arrival at Yorktown, the "company of comedians from Virginia" reached Annapolis. This company had some kind of existence for more than twenty years. This goes to prove that the Hallam company was not the first regularly organized theatrical company in this country. Some writers have claimed that the theater in Annapolis was the first erected in the United States; but this is not true, for what was used as a theater was little better than a commercial warehouse.

Hallam found that the plays he brought with him from England had previously been acted by Upton and his company. This caused a falling off of interest, for the newspapers of the time strictured Hallam for not giving them something new.

Of all the Plays Produced by the Early Companies, Only Two Have Survived

At Williamsburg, in the Virginia colony, on September 5, 1752, Lewis Hallam produced, for the first time in America, "The Merchant of Venice." The building which was used for a theater was in the suburbs of the town, and it is said that it stood so near the woods that the manager often stood in his door and shot pigeons for dinner. It was destroyed by fire, some years later, and a new theater was built below the old capitol. There was no orchestra for this occasion, but Mr. Pelham, who gave lessons on the harpsichord in the town, was engaged with his instrument to supply the music. The performance began with a prologue. As it was the first composition that is preserved written for and addressed to an American audience, it is looked upon, to-day, as a curiosity. The only subsequent performance of the Williamsburg engagement that can be found anywhere is that of the ninth of November, 1752. Mention is made of this in the "Maryland Gazette" of November 17, and it is quite probable that this performance would have passed by without notice had not a lot of Indians visited the theater as the guests of the governor. On this occasion "Othello" and "Harlequin Collector" comprised the bill.

Hallam remained in Virginia eleven months, and went directly from Williamsburg to New York, where he arrived in June, 1753. His welcome was not very cordial, and permission to perform was at first denied. The old theater in Nassau Street was demolished, and a new one erected, and the bill for the evening of the opening night, as published in the New York "Gazette," was "The Conscious Lovers." The prices on the opening night were: box, eight shillings; pit, six shillings; gallery, four shillings. For the second night, they were reduced to: box, six shillings; pit, five shillings; gallery, three shillings. A month later there was a further reduction, the pit being put at four shillings and the gallery at two shillings. The days of performances were Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the season lasting from the seventeenth of September, 1753, to the eighteenth of March, 1754.

There were twenty-one distinct plays and twelve farces produced, which comprised only one third of the performances of a season of six months. These were given under circumstances that must have rendered the representations doubly difficult, and yet were always played with full casts and all parts acceptably filled, if we are to believe the chronicler of the period.

To the visitor to a theater of the present day, the work of this company must surely appear marvelous, aside from the arduous labor of presenting so many plays in such rapid succession, both plays and farces comprised in a list being capable of an exceedingly interesting analysis. They include not only the best works, in a dramatic sense, but also the purest plays the English stage had produced up to that time. The authors were men, with a few exceptions, whose fame will form a part of the glory of English dramatic literature until the world ceases to prize English letters. Their names as writers for the stage have a familiar sound; but, with the exception of Shakespeare's, their plays have disappeared from the boards. None of the farces or comedies survived, and only two of the tragedies—Moore's "Gamester" and a revamped version of Rowe's "Jane Shore,"—have been seen by this generation. That they should have been so completely forgotten is all the more remarkable because their authors are still

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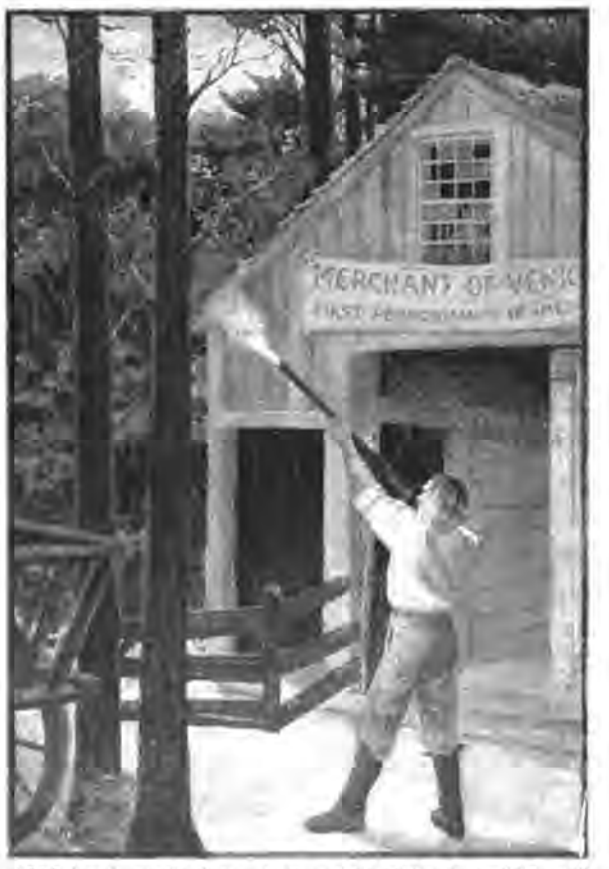


A little by-play at the first production of the "Merchant of Venice"

A BUSY MORNING

The Story of Two Wives, Two Husbands and the Advantages of a Telephone System

By
JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK

Illustrated by Herman Pfeifer

THE elevator soared upward swiftly. At the fifth floor it stopped, with a pensive, pneumatic sigh, and two men stepped out.

"Good!" exclaimed the older passenger, as they left the car, "I 'm glad we happened to reach the office together; it 's early, too,"—with a glance at the clock in the corridor,—"not yet half past eight. We 'll have time to run over the points in that railroad case and begin on those defective titles for the land company before Williamson's appointment at nine. And, I wanted to tell you, Markley has decided to retain us in his suit against the quarry people,—it will be a big thing if we win out. Then there 's that trolley scrap with the L., Y., and O., over the right of way,—Howland 'phoned me that he 'd be in on the 9:20. I suppose you have the papers in that bankruptcy case, Hadley?"

"Yes," replied the younger man; "I saw the parties last evening. They won't settle without a fight,—I told Morris we 'd see him here at eleven. Looks as if we 'd have a busy morning. I suppose Miss Barry has the mail."

Passing through the anteroom and entering the spacious inner office, Hadley, the junior member of the firm, tossed a sheaf of papers, tightly embraced by a rubber band, upon his perfectly appointed mahogany desk, and, with a single movement, flung his broad shoulders out of his heavy overcoat.

"I tell you, Hollister," he said, "a cold bath—really *cold*, you know,—is the greatest thing in the world! There 's nothing like a breathless plunge and a brisk rub to shock one's faculties awake. We played bridge last night at the Dysart's till one o'clock, and had champagne and a 'chafe' afterwards; very good sport, and all very well for the care-free single, but it spells dissipation for the married toiler,—how the women stand it I don 't know!"

"Sounds gay!" remarked the older man, with a half note of envy in his voice. "My wife won't play bridge,—prefers chess with me or one of those deadly moral games, 'flin' or 'pitch,' with the youngsters, and, as for champagne,—well! ! "

The clock in the corridor struck the half hour sonorously as Hadley seated himself at his desk and snapped the elastic from the pile of folded papers.

"Why, what on earth!" he exclaimed, surprisedly, as he took up and unfolded the topmost document.

Its appearance was distinctly un-legal. The paper was thick and creamy and its faint, blossomy odor breathed forth unmistakable femininity. A much contorted silver monogram writhed across the upper corner. Before he had deciphered a word of its contents, which were penciled and bore a hurried look, the telephone bell rang.

"That 's probably Pennock," called Hollister, from his desk in his own special sanctum. "He rang me up before breakfast. He 's worried about that judgment,—just tell him that we 'll be busy all the morning, but if he can drop in after lunch we 'll examine into the matter."

Hadley took down the receiver.

"Hello!—Yes, this is their office.—Yes, I said so, Hollister and Hadley. Is that you, Pennock?—*Hello!* is that Mr. Pennock?" A lengthened, throbbing pause ensued, and Hadley called again, impatiently, "Hello, central! who rang Hollister and Hadley, just now?"

"Is that Mr. Hadley?" came in suavest accents from the exchange. "A lady—Mrs. Hadley, I think,—wanted you; but I guess she 'hung up;' she 'll probably call you later."

Hadley replaced the receiver and went back to his desk.

"It was n't Pennock," he said, as he passed Hollister's door. "My wife wished to speak to me; that 's all. Can you go over these bankruptcy papers now, Phil?"

"Yes, or—in a minute; I 'm in the middle of this railroad *data;* I say, Horace, before you sit down, just dictate a reply to this letter of Alston's; Miss Barry can take it now; it should be mailed at once."

Hadley took the letter and entered the wide-windowed alcove, where a typewriter was clicking busily.

He had progressed as far as "Dear Sir:—" when the telephone pealed again.

Hollister answered it this time.

"Hello!—Yes, this is Hollister and Hadley. Is that Jim Pennock?—Oh, beg pardon, Mrs. Hadley,—yes, he 's here; I 'll call him.—Busy?—no, not very; he 'll be right here."

He left the receiver swinging and went into the alcove.

"Your wife wants you, Hadley. Give me Alston's letter; I 'll finish it."

"Hello, Clara!" called Hadley.—"Yes, it 's I. You rang me before, did n't you? Anything wrong?—Oh,—who brought the note?—Speak up a little!—I can 't hear you,—Willie Gleason; well, what of it?—Oh, you just hung up the receiver till you 'd read it.—Yes, I understand; that 's all right; but go on, Clara,—what do you want now?—

"List, what list?—No, I did n't find any list.—You slipped it under the rubber band round my papers?—Well, I did n't see it; you must be mistaken.—Oh, hold on, though,—I believe I did find it, after all,—written on your go-to-meeting stationery, was n't it?—but I had n't time to read it. What is it and what 's to be done with it, anyhow?—Oh, the list of partners for the new series of your whist club!—How many typewritten copies?—Twenty?—Yes, I suppose she can; not before lunch, though, for she 's rushed, this morning.—Well, I 'll see,—perhaps,—she can crowd them in, I guess.—Yes, I can bring them home with me at noon.—No, I won't forget to order the flowers, and I 'll stop at Mrs. Barker's for the score sheets. Anything else?—*What?*—Speak up a little, Clara!—Rain?—No, I do n't think it 's going to rain; good-by."

Hadley, standing with his back to the door, had scarcely embarked upon the waves of this conversation when he was acutely aware that some one had entered the room behind him and had passed on into Hollister's office.

He hung up the 'phone, and, going to his desk, began a hurried search for the feminine, cream-tinted sheet that had puzzled his momentary glance earlier in the morning.

It appeared that Mrs. Hadley, "lest she forget," had tucked it under the elastic band confining the bankruptcy papers, intending to explain its purport before he went downtown; but, in the nervous distraction resulting from late hours the night before and the heavy responsibility of entertaining the Woman's Whist Club, that afternoon, she had characteristically neglected to mention it.

Hadley hunted wildly, but it was several minutes before the errant list of gaming ladies was finally run to earth in the wastebasket, where it had significantly drifted.

Seizing the penciled missive, he took it to Miss Barry and hastily instructed her to strike off a score of copies, "at odd moments," during the forenoon. For some reason the stenographer appeared to develop an unusual obtuseness in the matter of comprehending his directions, and required details and explanations, not to mention several translations of the illegibly written names.

Hollister was giving grave attention to the individual who had entered while Hadley was talking, and, as the latter left the alcove, his partner signed to him to join the conference. The man was a prominent merchant from a neighboring town, and the case which he had brought for their consideration was of considerable importance.

Hadley's instructions to Miss Barry regarding the list of whist players had been plainly audible, and, in view of his recent conversation at the 'phone, he felt uneasily that the new client must look upon him as an essentially light-minded junior partner.

Assuming his most sage expression, he listened attentively to the merchant's statement of his difficulty, but Mr. March persistently talked straight at Hollister, and it was with a feeling of relief that Hadley heard the peremptory summons of the 'phone.

He left the room to answer it.

"Hello!—Yes, this is the office.—No, this is Mr. Hadley talking.—Oh, is it you, Mrs. Hollister?—No, not particularly busy. Hold the 'phone a moment and I 'll call him."

He summoned his partner and went back to the litigating merchant, who refused absolutely to go on with his tale and sat in stony silence waiting for Hollister's return.

"We-e-ell, Augusta, what is it?—The missionary meeting, next week?—Yes, I know you have to read a paper.—*Whose* name?—The missionary who spoke in church?—No, I do n't

remember his name.—No, I have n't his address.—What 's that, Augusta?—*the cannibals ate him*!—Good gracious, Gussie!—Oh, *Hannabals*!—Yes, I remember; the Hannabals had him for tea,—sounds pretty much like the same thing, does n't it?—All right, I won't joke.—Yes, they 'd probably know where he lives. I 'll stop there on my way home and get the address. Anything else?—A pound of creamery butter? All right; I 'll bring it with me. Good-by, Gussie!"

The clock in the hall had sounded nine five minutes since, and Williamson, with whom the firm was associated in an important lawsuit, appeared.

At his entrance Mr. March got up, and, rather lukewarmly making an appointment for the morrow, abruptly took his leave.

Twenty minutes passed and the three men were deeply absorbed in the fascinating entanglements of a knotty legal problem, when the bell of destiny rang again.

Hollister threw a supplicating look at his partner and went on talking with great rapidity. But Hadley's eyes were glued to the rug at his feet and his brows were bent in the frown of complete mental abstraction.

The 'phone spoke once more, in the imperative mood.

Hollister seized a pen and plunged it into the ink.

"You see, Williamson, it 's like this: first we have—is n't that the telephone, Hadley?"

As he took down the receiver the exchange called a third time, and the interrupted bell castanetted at Hadley's ear with an irritating rattle.

"Hello!—Hello!—*Hello!*" he called, through the clatter, "who is it?—Oh, it 's *you*, Clara! Well, what?—*Provoked?* No, I 'm not provoked,—not at all,—just go ahead, Clara,—what is it?—Yes, she 's working on them now; I 'll bring them home at noon. I said I would, did n't I?—Is that all? Good-b——*Yes*,—well, I 'm waiting; I thought you were through.—Yes, I can hear you.—Who can 't come?—Mrs. Mapleson?—Yes; all right; I 'll ask her.—Who?—Oh, Mrs. Beecham,—she 's to play with Mrs. Beecham.—Yes, I 'll urge her.—Splitting headache? Too bad! I 'm sorry,—can 't you take something?—Yes, I 'll attend to it and let you know right away. Good-by!"

Hadley hung up the receiver and strode across the room to the opposite wall, where, in nickely newness, glittered the recently-installed, less-used telephone of a competing company.

"Hello! Please give me Mrs. Arthur Jennings's residence."

"Is that Mrs. Jennings? This is Mr. Hadley talking.—*Hadley*,—Mr. Horace Hadley. My wife would like to have you attend the whist club meeting, this afternoon. It would be a great favor; Mrs. Mapleson can 't be present, it seems, and Clara will be awfully obliged if you will take her place. She could n't 'phone you herself, as we have the other line in the house. Your partner will be Mrs. Bee——— What did you say?—A mistake?—You do n't play whist?—Why, Mrs. Jennings, surely,—What?—Your daughter-in-law?—Oh, you are Mrs. *Albert* Jennings; I asked for Mrs. *Arthur*. Pray excuse me, Mrs. Jennings! Sorry to have troubled you!—Thanks! yes, it 's a gloomy morning, very. Good-by!"

"*Hello!* Is that Mrs. Arthur Jennings? I called a moment ago and they gave me your mother-in-law, by mistake.—Yes, they do blunder dreadfully. Clara wants to know if you will kindly substitute for Mrs. Mapleson at the 'whist,' this afternoon.—It 's at our house, you know. We have the other 'phone and so she could n't ask you herself. You 'll come, won 't you?—What 's that—? *What*——? I can 't hear you.—Oh, *I say*, central, what 's wrong?"

The smooth tones of Mrs. Jennings had unexpectedly changed to a croaking crackle with an undertone resembling a subdued roar. The new 'phone choked distressfully, and gulped and strangled in a spasm of asphyxiated sound. Hadley shook it viciously. Suddenly, with startling loudness, the wandering voice returned. "Yes.—Of course.—I understand.—Something cut us off.—All right, now, though; then I 'll tell my wife that you 'll be on hand.—What?—Oh, did n't I tell you?—Your partner will be Mrs. Beecham? She 's one of the best players in the club.—What did you say?—*You won't play with her!*—Why not?—O-h,—she did, did she? Oh, well, Mrs. Jennings, I do n't think she meant anything. You 'd better consider.—No?—Yes, of course, I 'll explain to Clara, if you insist, but it 's rather a mistake, I think.—Oh, *certainly*, you should know best, but,—well, good-by!"

"'I'm a single man to the end of my days'"

The sound of Hadley's polite farewell to Mrs. Jennings blended discordantly with Hollister's brusque "Hello!" at the other 'phone.

"Hello! Is that you, Augusta?—Yes, it 's *me*. Do be as quick as you can, please; we 're rushed to death.—

"Pencil and paper? All right,—I 've got 'em; go on.—The bakery won't answer? Why won't it?—Oh, they 've taken out this 'phone! Well, never mind; I 'll order the things,—four dozen apple macaroons.—What,—Oh, *almond!*—all right, they 're down; go on. Four dozen lady-fingers, *fresh* ones. Two dozen cocoanut kisses and three quarts of chocolate ice cream to be charged to the church and sent to me.—Well, that 's what you said, Augusta.—All right; I 've fixed it,—at seven o'clock, this evening, for the Christian Legion Social. Is that all?—No, I won't forget.—I 'll order them at once.—What?—No, I 'm not hoarse.—My cold 's all right.—Yes, I 've quinine in my pocket.—Good-by!"

"Oh, *hang* it! Hollister," said Hadley's voice, behind him, in an undertone that vibrated with impatience, "do hurry up with that Christian banquet and let the world, the flesh, and the gaming table have a chance at the 'phone;" and, plucking the receiver from his partner's hand, he rang with whirring emphasis.

In the moment which elapsed before his call was answered a knock at the door and a sound of footsteps caused him to turn his head a trifle and throw a sidelong glance over his shoulder.

Hollister was following two men into the inner room. He could not see who they were, and just then his wife's voice smote his ear.

"I say, Clara, Mrs. Jennings is very sorry, but she says she must de—What?—Can 't you hear me?—There, is that better? Well, Mrs. Jennings says she can 't possibly come this afternoon. She says she 'll *never play again with Mrs. Beecham anywhere.* It seems Mrs. B. pitched into her before everybody at the last meeting,—criticised her trump lead or something,—and they have n't spoken since. I must say, Clara, this whist club of yours is an eye-opener on character! I 'd never have supposed those two women were so spitefully narrow-minded.—Yes, you 'll have to find someone else; only, for pity's sake, Clara, let it be a woman who 's got this 'phone.—No, I won't forget the lists or the score sheets; I 've a memorandum pinned to my coat lapel.—Good-by!"

With a sigh of thankfulness, Hadley hung up the receiver and entered the other room.

A stricken silence greeted him. Hollister was fumbling fussily in a drawer, seemingly in search of something that was hard to find. Williamson, a cold-blooded bachelor, eyed him commiseratingly and was plainly trying not to laugh.

The tall, thin man with the black beard and the crimson countenance was Mr. Jennings. The little, round man with eyeglasses and a nervous manner was Mr. Beecham.

Rooted to the spot stood Hadley, the accusing echo of his last impulsive words ringing dizzily in his ears.

But the thrilling tension could not last; Williamson relieved it by breaking into open laughter.

"Gentlemen," he said, rising to take his leave, "I 've had doubts, at times, about the wisdom of remaining unmarried, but my visit here this morning has removed them forevermore.—I 'm a single man to the end of my days," and he went his way, bound straight—as the others were uncomfortably aware,—to his club, to relate, with what piquant embellishments they could only imagine, his chuckling tale!

Hadley repaired the tattered situation as best he could. He turned red, stammered, apologized, and tried to laugh it off; but, as the door closed behind the offended backs of Messrs. Jennings and Beecham, he said to himself, between his teeth, "There go two influential votes against me when I announce myself for state's attorney, next month!"

The entrance of Howland, the trolley magnate, put an end to his somber reflections, and for half an hour business buzzed. Then—"Whir-r-r!" shrieked the fateful bell.

"Miss Barry," said Hollister, quietly, "will you please answer that call and take the message? Say we 're very much engaged and can 't

be disturbed for an hour, at the very least."

Miss Barry was gone some time. She had closed the door between the rooms, and her low voice was quite inaudible to the busy men.

When she came back, her face wore a puzzled expression.

"I 'm very sorry, Mr. Hollister, but there seems to be a misunderstanding. Mrs. Hollister wanted you to ring up the bakery—Wilson's bakery,—immediately, on the other 'phone, and tell them not to send the things to the church this evening,—the social is postponed. I thought I could tell the bakery, but they say they did n't get any order, so I—"

"That 's right! they did n't," rejoined Hollister, laconically, "because I forgot to give it. Please go back and tell them it 's all right; the order was a mistake,—they 're not to send anything anywhere under any circumstances whatever! You were saying, Mr. Howland,—"

At eleven the bankrupt, Morris, arrived. The partners were still busily engaged with the trolley matter, and he was politely requested to wait in Hadley's room until the termination of Howland's interview. Several minutes passed. Morris waited patiently. Suddenly the 'phone bell rang.

Not a sound came from the other room. With an accent of sardonic glee, it rang again.

Morris rose obligingly. "Never mind!" he called, through the shut panels, "I 'll answer it."

As he hung up the receiver the closed door opened. Howland was taking his departure.

"It was one of your wives," said Morris, addressing the firm jointly. "I do n't know which one it was,—but, anyway, when she found it was n't either of you at the 'phone she said to tell her husband to please stop at the academy, this afternoon, for the children, and take them to your mother's for dinner. She 's having a party or something, and there are just enough places for the guests. She 's got such a headache, she says, that she 's afraid she 'll forget to tell you when you come home to lunch. And I was to remind you not to forget a list of flowers, and some kind of—sheets, I think it was. Of course I 'd have found out who she was if central had n't cut us off."

"Much obliged, Morris! It was *my* wife," said Hadley, curtly. "We 're ready for you now,—wait,—I 'll get those papers at once."

The elevator sank downward swiftly. At the marble-floored entrance hall it stopped, and Hollister and Hadley stepped out together.

Whiz!—Clang!—A trolley car rocked past the high-arched doorway. They flew to catch it. When they were seated, after a breathless scramble, and were well on their way uptown, Hadley unbuttoned his overcoat to find his fare, and a fragment of white paper caught his eye, attached to his coat lapel. He unpinned it, and examined it curiously.

"Look here, Hollister," he said, exhibiting the scribbled slip; "I 'm a guilty man!—I forgot 'em all!" He read, "'Whist lists,'—fiendish sound, is n't it? 'Five dozen pink and white carnations,' 'Score sheets,—Barkers.'—They live a mile and a half t' other end of town.—'Take children, dinner, mother's.'—Thank heaven, I can still do that! Do stop laughing, Phil. There 's no occasion for such ribald mirth! And,—er,—by the way, are n't we partners in crime?—What about that bakery order and that missionary address?—And was n't there a pound of butter?"

BOOKS AS DOCTORS

Just What to Read for Relief When You Are Suffering from Any Ordinary Ailment.—A Systematic Literary Treatment

By RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Author of "How to Get the Best Out of Books"

Illustrated by Maud O. T. Thurston

THE medicinal properties of books have long been known to the learned, and they are a favorite topic of old philosophers and students. That quaint old specialist on melancholy, Robert Burton, in his famous "Anatomy of Melancholy," extols reading as of all remedies the most efficacious. "'T is," says he, "the best nepenthe, surest cordial, sweetest alterative, presentest diverter," and he gathers together, in his quaint way, the testimonials of all manner of men, kings and saints and poets, telling us how Cardan calls a library "the physick of the soul," how Ferdinand and Alphonsus, kings of Aragon and Sicily, "were both cured by reading the history, one of Curtius, the other of Livy, when no prescribed physick" was of avail, and so on.

Good Literature now Takes the Place of Doctors for Thousands of People

The Scriptures he compares to "an apothecary's shop, wherein are remedies for all infirmities, purgatives, cordials, alteratives, corroboratives, lenitives;" this only being required,—"that the sick man take the potion which God hath already tempered." The medical efficacy of sacred writings, whether or not we regard the belief as superstitious, has been practically believed in and acted upon in all times and among all peoples. A text suspended round the neck has seemed more than equal to a bottle of medicine, and it would not, perhaps, be fantastic to ascribe a large share in the vigorous health of our forefathers to their constant reading of the Bible. In our day there is a certain book which, perhaps more than any other in any time, illustrates humanity's deep faith in the curative properties of literature. It takes the place of doctors for thousands and tens of thousands of apparently intelligent people. Who of us suffering from some ailment has not among his acquaintances a friend who, hearing of his trouble, will confidently place in his hand a slim book in flexible morocco binding, saying, "Read this, and you will need no medicine." Such is the touching faith of, I suppose, millions of people in the gospel according to Mary B. C. Eddy. But, evidently, it is no part of my business to throw discredit on that conviction. Rather is it my wish to extend the application of that principle to other—and, dare I say it? better,—literature. The fundamental tenet of Christian Science is, I understand, that all disease exists only in the mind, and Christian Science, therefore, quite appropriately, one might say necessarily, brings the cure in the form of a book. We have not waited, of course, for Christian Science to teach us the power of the mind over the body, though, in specializing that truth, it has given a motive of achievement to a useful principle. What shall minister to a mind diseased, if not the food and physic of the mind,—literature? For mental sickness, mental healing; and, if all sickness be mental, obviously the shortest way to a cure is through the mind. If gout, for example, is merely the physical expression of some mental disorder, it is surely better to attack it at its source in the mind, rather than at its remote extension in the great toe. The aim, therefore, of the literary doctor, in such a case, would be to discover the initial trouble in the mind of the sufferer and apply to it the appropriate literary remedies. I am not aware that any doctor has as yet undertaken the systematic literary treatment of disease, but I am convinced, and, indeed, it is easy to see, that such treatment is not only feasible, but likely, with the advance of mental science, to take an important place among those methods for the alleviation of human suffering of which we can not have too many. When the science, for which I merely throw out a few suggestions, shall have become definitely organized, the library will take the place of the dispensary, and, instead of giving us prescriptions composed of nauseous drugs, the physician will write down the titles of delightful books,—books tonic or narcotic, stimulating or sedative, as our need may be.

"The Honeyed Cordials of Charming Books"

It's the mind,—not the toe!

Such a Cure, Instead of Being an Ordeal, Will Be Looked for with Pleasure

Thus, at the outset, illness will be robbed of half its misery,—the customary disagreeable processes of getting well. Instead of painful surgery, or evil-tasting doses of ugly-looking drugs, we shall be indulged with the energizing essences, or the honeyed cordials, of great and charming books, and, when medicine time comes round, instead of tablespoon and phial,

and "the mixture as before," the dainty nurse will seat herself at one's bedside, volume in hand, with an eagerly anticipated "Now it is time for another chapter;" or "I think it is time for your poetry, Mr. So and So;" and the doctor's visit, instead of being an ordeal, will be looked forward to as a pleasant exchange of literary confidences. That doctor, by the way, will, more often than at present, be a lady; for one incidental outcome of the establishment of literary medicine will be an increase in the number of lady doctors, the feminine mind being more receptive to literary influences than the masculine, and more ready to welcome literary originality and innovation, as we have seen in the case of Browning and Meredith and Ibsen, prophets whose first vogue was largely due to women.

Half-hourly doses of Keats or Shelley

Much observation and experiment will necessarily have to be undertaken before literary therapeutics can be established on any such firm basis as the more familiar methods of medical science, but it is not difficult to forecast the main lines upon which it will proceed, and it is easy for anyone to make simple experiments upon himself or his friends. I would certainly hesitate to do more than indicate a few possible principles for general application. Difficult ailments would of necessity need complex and experienced treatment, for the new literary medicine will be no slapdash quackery, pretending to cure all the complicated ills of man with one uniform bolus. By no means! On the contrary, it will be the most subtly adjusted treatment imaginable, based on the most minute and painstaking study of the patient's mental and spiritual as well as physical condition.

Gout Would Probably Be of all our Bodily Ills the Most Difficult to Remedy

The broad principles underlying this course will be subject to as many variations and niceties of application as there are patients, and it is easy to see what delicate skill will be needed by one whose field of operation is the terribly sensitive nerve matter of the mind, rather than the coarser fiber of the body. Think of the risk, in a dangerous case, of prescribing the wrong author! Suppose, in that case of gout, for example, an inexperienced young literary doctor should prescribe for an irascible old colonel half-hourly doses of Keats or Shelley! Imagine the immediate rise in the patient's temperature and the perilously accelerated action of the heart! The doctor might count himself lucky if apoplexy did not supervene. Gout, in any case, would be a difficult disease to treat, chiefly from that irascibility which is, perhaps, its best-known symptom. From that point of view, light, amusing books would, of course, be advisable, or books dealing with hunting or any other form of sport. The novels of J. G. Whyte Melville and Captain Hawley Smart have often proved invaluable, in such cases. But here we come upon one of the difficulties of the new science, for too exclusive use of such books would be highly inadvisable, for the reason that while, indeed, they divert the patient from his troubles and keep him in good temper, they at the same time are filling his mind with pictures of that full-blooded jolly life from whch his troubles have arisen, and are thus nourishing at its very center the mental roots of his disease. What our gout patient really needs is literature that will break up rather than continue his mental habits,—literature that will de-materialize him, and clarify his blood with austere and spiritualizing nutriment,—literature, in short, that will make him entirely forget his stomach and remember only his soul.

But how to reconcile him to such a diet! Such nutriment is not easily disguised, and to administer such an ethereal tonic in the capsule of a sporting novel seems hardly feasible. Probably the best general treatment for such a case would be a course of Shakespeare, for in Shakespeare the combination of humanity with ideal poetry is so successful that the gouty colonel, while laughing at Falstaff, would, at the same time, without being uncomfortably conscious of it, be breathing in that crystalline air that blows about the peaks of the masterpieces.

At the opposite pole from our gout patient one can imagine similar difficulties of treatment to arise. Here, say, we have a consumptive, anæmic patient, who is already ethereal enough and needs to be fed on the beef and brawn of literature. But for such literature the patient has no taste. On the contrary, he languishes for Maeterlinck and the poets of moonshine, whereas the food he needs for his all too sidereal brains is such earthly human writers as Fielding, Dickens, and Balzac. Here, again, Shakespeare may be recommended as the divine compromise. There is another great writer who, in all cases of doubtful treatment, may unfailingly be resorted to,—Alexandre Dumas, who comes nearest of all writers to being a literary cure-all. He is incomparably the most useful writer for all nervous diseases, but indeed there is no form of sickness to which he may not be applied. A set of Dumas is as indispensable in a sick room as a nurse or pure air. In all cases likely to prove serious or long, the doctor should immediately send in a set of Dumas, whatever subsequent finesse of treatment may prove necessary. The reason is evident. One of the first necessities of the successful treatment of disease, and particularly so when the treatment is mental, is the distraction of the patient's mind from his complaint. Now, of all writers, Dumas has the power of thus taking us out of ourselves. So great, indeed, is his power, in this respect, that I can imagine painful operations being performed with no other anæsthetic than a chapter or two from the lines of D'Artagnan, or from that equally fascinating hero, Bussy D'Amboise. Of all books ever written, "The Three Musketeers" and "Madame De Monsareau" have most of this magic gift; and a greater boon to suffering humanity than such enchanted oblivion can not be named. No other such treasure of self-forgetfulness has ever been bestowed upon mankind as the novels of Alexandre Dumas. And the happy thing, too, is that they are practically inexhaustible, for so gloriously voluminous are they that, by the time one has read them all through, he is sufficiently remote from the first read to be able to start in and read them all over again. When Dumas was born insomnia lost its terrors; for, so long as one has a volume of his for company, he can easily face the most sleepless night without fear, and when at last he falls asleep it is with the contented weariness of a mind healthily fatigued with exhilarating exercise. Dickens and Balzac run this author close, in this respect, but both need a greater mental effort than Dumas, whose dashing narrative seems to run sparkling into our minds,—almost, indeed quite, without our consciousness of reading. Nor must we forget Tolstoi,—in his earlier books,—among the great masters of forgetfulness. I have known a case of asthma of years standing all but cured by "Peace and War," the long-drawn delight of the cure being nicely apportioned to the long-drawn distress of the disease. I have also found Victor Hugo useful in cases of asthma. Among moderns, Mark Twain may be mentioned as a universal specific, though, owing to a certain tendency in him to provoke fits of laughter, he is to be read with great caution in all pulmonary or bronchial complaints, as in such cases those fits of laughter are apt to provoke dangerous fits of coughing. But, generally speaking, humorous books are of all books the most useful in literary treatment. Laughter is the most spontaneous and health-giving of all our emotions, and the man who can make us laugh in a large, wholehearted way is, perhaps, the most important benefactor of the race. In this respect no modern has equaled Dickens, and it must be confessed that the literary dispensary is more poorly furnished in books of laughter than in any other kind. Real big laughter seems a lost art in literature, at the moment. A new brand of "pills to purge melancholy" would be sure of a wide welcome.

When Dumas was born insomnia lost its terrors

Serious-Minded Patients, Who Take their Pleasures Sadly, Need Serious Reading

But here, as always, the individual patient must be carefully considered. There are some patients who resent with shrill irritation books that make it their evident business to amuse or otherwise entertain,—serious-minded patients who find humor childish and fiction frivolous,—who take their pleasures sadly and can only be diverted by books of solid purpose or useful information. As there is no lack of such books in every library, the physician will find it easy to prescribe, in such cases, but I may suggest for his guidance that he should by no means overlook the somewhat curious efficacy of sermons. For a numerous class of patients volumes of epigrammatic homilies provide a distracting excitement which no other form of literature can give; for such Dumas and Dickens are not to be mentioned with T. De Witt Talmage. One has always to remember that amusement and distraction are relative things. There are not a few people, and not the least human, to whom games of any sort are the dreariest of all serious things. The games seem consciously and desperately set to divert us, so for such people a hard day's work at the office is vastly more amusing than a hand at cards or a game of chess. Pleasure is an exceedingly personal matter, and other people's pleasures are among the deep mysteries of life; but thus much is sure,—there is no use in our offering them ours. One danger, therefore, which but slightly applies to other forms of therapeutics, the literary physician will need to be on his guard against,—the prescribing of a medicine because he happens to like it himself. He may have a private weakness for George Meredith or Walter Pater or Henry James, and be very much tempted to indulge himself by making a curative fad of such writers, as occasionally one finds an ordinary doctor making a habit of prescribing some fashionable drug under all possible and even impossible circumstances. No, the literary physician must sink his own personal predilections, and, if it seems likely that the patient will be benefited, say by doses of Marie Corelli, he must prescribe the distasteful mixture without flinching.

One may note here, as a side issue of the practice of literary medicine, what a new and lucrative field it will open up for the writer, inaugurating quite a new demand for his books, and, incidentally, a vast new area of adver-

[*Concluded on page 865*]

MADAME ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, who has contributed the article on "Studying for Grand Opera" for this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, has shown in her life that eminence in a profession does not necessarily destroy a woman's capacity as a home-maker. Artistic achievement and all the triumphs of a splendid professional career have never displaced in her affections the more humble interests of her home and family. No other artist on the operatic stage has so endeared herself to the American people as has this greatest of living contraltos. When she came to this country, under the direction of Maurice Grau, a few years ago, she at once became his most popular star, and the Metropolitan Opera House was crowded whenever she appeared.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, *née* Roessler, is a native of Austria. She was born at Lisbon, a small town near Prague, where her father was commandant of the military post. She was a heedless child, with a great propensity for playing tricks, and her parents finally sent her to a convent school, at Prague, where the strict discipline might tame her. The nuns discovered that the wild child committed to their care possessed a wonderful voice. Opportunity was given for development, and, when she was seventeen years old, she made a public appearance at Dresden, where she sang *Azucena* in "Il Trovatore." She made a brilliant success, and began therewith her operatic career, which has included appearances in more than one hundred comic and more than two hundred grand operas, in some of which she has appeared as many as one hundred and twenty times.

After her appearance at the Wagner Festival at Baireuth, in 1896, she was acclaimed one of the most powerful contraltos ever known. Her fame since then has been world-wide. It is probable that no woman ever enjoyed a greater uninterrupted series of successes.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's greatest rôles have been *Carmen* in Bizet's opera; *Ortud*, in Wagner's "Lohengrin;" *Brunhild*, in Wagner's "Tannhäuser;" *Fides*, in Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète;" and the witch, in Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel." In each of these she has scored a distinct success. After the exhibition of her tragic powers as *Fides*, in "Le Prophète," it was said that she had done more for grand opera than any other woman on the stage.

Her favorite among the great composers is Wagner, and her favorite rôle, *Ortud*, in "Lohengrin." She has, indeed, created more Wagnerian rôles than all other prima donnas together.

Amid all these triumphs, she never lost the naturalness and freshness of her native character. Her life is a constant protest against pessimism. On the back of a photograph given this magazine she wrote, "My advice to most people is, 'don't take life too seriously.'"

Madame Schumann-Heink and seven of her eight children. This remarkable woman has made a double success of her life, in a domestic way as the mother of a large family, and in public as an opera singer of rare accomplishments

STUDYING FOR GRAND OPERA

By MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

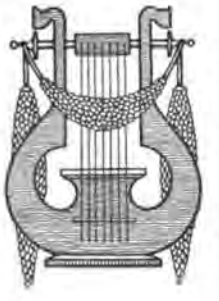
FEW singers there are now who may truly be called great, for the world has changed much in the last twenty years, and those who would be singers are, for the most part, spoiled, pampered, and effeminated. They have not the reserve energy of their predecessors, and, above all else, they lack the sacred, honest, true enthusiasm for their art that formerly was characteristic of aspirants for the opera and the concert stage.

All beginners wish to be looked upon as "high priestesses of song." There is none who is willing to climb arduously to that pinnacle by "serving." As it is in the commercial world, where the watchword is "Get rich quick," no matter how, so it has become in art, where "idealism and true art" and the gradual, sure stepping-stones to fame and fortune have been cast aside.

Study should begin when one is between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Only after three months of regular practice with a first-class instructor is it possible for the teacher to say whether or not the voice in question is capable of development and cultivation to a great degree. The greatest talent requires a given time to be tested. The beginning is made with the scales and "sol-fas." The notes may be made interesting with Italian text-words, and color may be given to the voice by exercise in the singing of the vowels. Delivery should be taught with single words. Expression should be practiced by the singing of the scales, and all the emotions of humankind may be thus pictured,—death, love, joy, exaltation, despair, and grief. So, also, may the student be benefited by the exercise of certain given words in their relative meaning.

After two years of constant exercise in expression, diction, delivery, and, chief of all, proper breathing, a beginning is made with small songs. Let these not be shallow, transitory compositions, but, rather, selections from the works of such composers as Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann. Coincident with the learning of these songs, a slow and careful study of small rôles is, to my mind, advisable.

Let me remark here that a contralto with great range should not attempt to sing mezzo soprano rôles, for the proper field for her voice is sufficiently ample, and, by avoiding the mezzo field, she will conserve her voice to a great age, as witness Amalia Joachim, Germany's late foremost concert contralto. Let me here, for the first time, contradict the oft-repeated statement that Wagner is ruinous to the voice. I, myself, began my career as a grand opera singer at the age of seventeen. I have been before the public for the past twenty-seven years, and in that time have undergone all the hardships of poverty and have fought my way upward against overwhelming odds. Fifteen years of my career were spent in Hamburg, where I sang grand opera, comic opera, and musical farce; where I sang in concerts; where I played straight comedy, or dramatic or tragic rôles; and where, besides, want put me to the necessity of giving vocal instruction to eke out my existence and provide for my numerous dependents. During the past seventeen years I have sung the great rôles of Wagner,—no one more so than myself,—and my voice, to-day, is better than it ever was before.



But, I ask, will a tender plant endure and thrive in ground that nature has not meant for it? Certainly not. So, also, has nature put bounds to the voice, and he or she who fails to recognize those boundaries must suffer for it. No voice that is founded on proper principles and that is possessed by one who really "knows how to sing" need fear injury within its proper limits, be the composer Wagner or anybody else.

I have frequently been asked to undertake one or another of the soprano rôles, and have invariably refused. *Brunhild*, in "Die Walküre" is a rôle thoroughly within my range. So, also, are *Isolde* and many of the other Wagnerian soprano parts. But to sing them constantly would mean the loss of my voice, without any doubt.

Another example of the point I am making is Aloysiz Krebs-Michalesi, a contemporary of Schröder-Devrient, who was my instructor and coach, and who sang to her seventieth year to the wonder of everyone. Marianna Brandt is another. She is still singing, to-day, and teaching. These artists prove that a good school and earnest, honest purpose and a true appreciation of art maintain the voice and permit it to flourish and its possessor to prosper.

Together with the instruction in singing, I should require a careful schooling in dramatic work, step by step, gradually and thoroughly, under the guidance of a professional actor. I should seek my first engagement at a small theater and begin with the smallest rôles, though it might be only to light a lamp or place a chair upon the stage, and I should always remember that I was treading on sacred ground.

I have never lost sight of the fact that the stage is sacred ground, although I am now appearing in "light opera," and the disappointments are more numerous than on the grand opera stage, while good support is a rare thing and much is expected of the "star." Still this is beside the point. I must say, however, that, even in light opera in this country, higher art might be fostered if there were less indolence and more regard for the public, and if the public would support more faithfully true artists, and refuse to countenance mediocre and unworthy performances.

The first essential to success in an operatic career is a willingness to work; great energy and will power are absolutely necessary.

Work, and the opportunity will come, sooner or later, especially if one is prepared always. It was after six long, weary years of waiting that my opportunity came at last. It was the true prima donna airs of a colleague that gave me my opportunity. She had thought to embarrass the management by refusing to go on as *Fides* in "Le Prophète," and, later, as *Carmen*. The former rôle I was compelled to get ready by reviewing my previous schooling, without rest or sleep from Friday morning until Sunday evening,—without any rehearsal, and with a Saturday performance of my own.

SUCCESS WITH A FLAW

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

JUST now the American people are receiving some painful lessons in practical ethics," said President Nicholas Murray Butler, in his opening address at Columbia University this year. "They are having brought home to them, with severe emphasis, the distinction between character and reputation . . . . Of late we have been watching reputations melt away like snow before the sun. . . . . Put bluntly, the situation which confronts the American people to-day is due to the lack of moral principle."

President Roosevelt says: "No crime calls for sterner reprobation than that of the corruptionist in public life. Freedom is not a gift that will tarry long in the hands of the dishonest, or of those so foolish as to tolerate dishonesty in their public servants."

Never before in the history of our country have the American people received a greater shock to their faith in human nature than during the last year, by the exposure of the diabolical methods practised by men in high places upon an admiring and unsuspecting people.

Every little while the public press throws X-rays upon the characters of men who have long stood high and spotless in the public eye, and have been looked up to as models of manhood, men of honorable achievement—revealing great ugly stains of dishonor, which, like the blood spot on Lady Macbeth's hands, all the oceans of the globe can not wash out.

A tiny flaw sometimes cuts the value of an otherwise thousand-dollar diamond down to fifty dollars or less. The defect is not noticeable to the average person. It is only the fatal magnifying glass that will detect it, and yet its presence is a perpetual menace to the commercial value of the stone.

A great many human diamonds which, a little while ago, were thought to be flawless brilliants of the first water, and which dazzled the financial and social world, when the microscope of official scrutiny was turned upon them, were found to contain great ugly flaws.

A United States senator, seventy years of age, was recently sentenced to serve a term in prison, besides paying a fine, for his connection with great land frauds. Still another senator and several representatives have been indicted for crooked work in connection with their exalted positions. Congressmen have been convicted of land frauds and army officers of peculation. The exposure of post-office contracts and the notorious "cotton statistics leak," not long ago, showed that minor officials had sold themselves to manufacturers and Wall Street brokers.

Think of the men at the head of great public trusts juggling with sacred funds, not only taking for themselves, from the hard-earned savings of the poor, salaries two or three times as great as that of the President of the United States, but also giving enormous salaries to a large number of their relatives out of these same sacred funds of those who have struggled for years to make possible a better condition for those who should survive them. Think of their paying out hundreds of thousands of dollars for secret services of a suspicious nature, and using trust funds to effect stock manipulations for private gain.

Was there ever before such a shameful story spread before Americans? Were people ever before so mercilessly betrayed by men they looked up to, admired, and implicitly trusted? Never before has there been such colossal stealing carried on so brazenly and openly by men in high positions.

Some of these men, when they appeared in public a year ago, were applauded to the echo. Wherever they went they were followed by admiring crowds. Some months ago I saw one of them, a man who has been for many years a great public favorite, at a reception in the White House. He was pointed out by guests, and seemed to attract almost as much attention as the President himself. People seemed to regard it as a great honor to be introduced to him. Now he would hardly dare to appear before an audience for fear of being hissed.

What a humiliation for those whose names have been household words for a quarter of a century or more to be asked to withdraw from trusteeships or directorships in institutions which perhaps worked for years to secure them on account of their great influence and high reputations.

What is there left worth living for when a man has lost the finest, the most sacred thing in him, and when he has forfeited the confidence and respect of his fellow men? Is there any quality which inheres in dollars that can compensate for such a loss? Is there anything which ought to be held more precious than honor or more sacred than the esteem and confidence of friends and acquaintances?

The man who has nothing which he holds dearer than money or some material advantage is not a man. The brute has not been educated out of him. The abler a man and the more money he has, the more we despise him if he has gotten that money dishonestly, because of the tremendous contrast between what he has done and what he might have done.

What the world demands of you, whatever your career, whether you make money or lose it, whether you are rich or poor, is that you be a man. It is the man that gives value to achievement. You can not afford success with a flaw in it. You can not afford to have people say of you, "Mr. Blank has made money, but there is a stain on it. It is smirched. It has cost him too much. He exchanged his manhood for it."

Every human being has it within his power to keep the foundation under him—his manhood,—absolutely secure under all circumstances Nothing can shake that but himself. The citadel can never be taken until he himself surrenders the keys. Calumny, detraction, slander, or monetary failure can not touch this sacred thing.

Every man, whether in private or public life, should so carry himself before the world that he will show in his very face and manner that there is something within him not for sale,—something so sacred that he would regard the slightest attempt to debauch it as an unpardonable insult. He should so carry himself that no one would even dare to suggest that he could be bought or bribed.

Who was so corrupt during the Civil War that he would have dared to attempt to bribe Abraham Lincoln? There was something in that face that would have cowed the hardest character. Who would be bold enough to presume to bribe our present President?

Many a one has failed because he was not a man before he was a merchant, or a lawyer, or a manufacturer, or a statesman,—because character was not the dominating influence in his life. If you are not a man first,—if there is not a man behind your book, behind your sermon, behind your law brief, or your business transaction,—if you are not larger than the money you make, the world will expose and despise your pretense and discount your success; history will cover up your memory no matter how much money you may leave.

That is the lesson of the startling disclosures of late. These men whose reputations have melted away so rapidly,—men who have had such a drop in the public regard,—were not real men to start with. There were flaws in their character foundations, and the superstructures of their achievement have fallen before the flood of public indignation. Those criminals in high places are beginning to realize that no smartness, brilliancy, genius, scheming, long-headed cunning, bluffing, or pretense can take the place of manhood or be a substitute for personal integrity.

There are men in New York, to-day, whose names have been a power, who would give every dollar they have for a clean record,—if they could wipe off all their underhanded, questionable methods from the slate and start anew; but there is no way to buy a good name. It is above riches, and beyond the price of rubies.

How many men there are, to-day, in high positions who are in perpetual terror lest something should happen to expose the real facts of their lives,—something which would pierce their masks and reveal them in their true light. How must a man feel who is conscious that he is walking all the time on the thin crust of a volcano which is liable to open at any moment and swallow him?

There is one thing no money or influence can buy; that is the heart's approval of a wrong deed or a questionable transaction. It will be bobbing up all along the future to remind you of your theft, of your dishonesty, or of your unfair advantage. It will take the edge off your enjoyment. It will appear, like Banquo's ghost, at every feast to which you sit down.

Methinks that some of the men who have been exposed recently must have had strange dreams and horrid nightmares during their sleep, when the ghosts of the poor people whom they have wronged appeared to them and haunted their rest. Methinks they must have had strange visions as these sacred dollars intended for widows and orphans slipped through their fingers for luxuries and amusements,—dollars which had been wrung out of the lives of those who trusted them.

What a pitiable picture those great financial giants made under investigation in courts of inquiry, squirming, ducking, dodging, and resorting to all sorts of ingenuity to avoid telling the exact truth,—to keep from uncovering their tracks or exposing their crooked methods.

No man has a right to put himself in a position where he has to cover up anything or where he must be afraid of the truth. Every man should live so that he can hold up his head, look his kind in the face, without wincing, and defy the world.

A man went to President Roosevelt, before the last presidential election, and told him that someone had unearthed a letter of his which would be extremely damaging to his canvass were it made public, and that, with a little diplomacy, the damaging part of the letter could be suppressed. After listening to the man, the great President said, "I have never written a letter which I am afraid to have published. Let them print the letter, the whole of it. I have nothing to conceal. I am not afraid to face anything I have ever done."

How many of our public men dare take that attitude?

Is n't it a disgrace to this fair land that there are men in our senate and house of representatives and in almost every legislature whose votes and influence can be bought, and upon whose honor there is a price?

If there is anything which a man in a responsible position ought to prize, it is the esteem of the young men who look up to him as their

[*Concluded on page 866*]

"There was Eddie across the main boom, where he had been washed by the sea"

HOW COLEMAN GOT HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Author of "The Deep Sea's Toll"

Illustrated by E. M. Ashe

THE little man had come down to the dock, that morning, in an ugly humor. Once in a great while—their friends well knew it,—he and Maggie had to have a falling out. Two souls were they that dearly loved an argument, meaning no harm thereby,—merely true fighting blood they had, instinctively seeking to keep itself in trim.

Now a real man and a true woman, when both are quick-tempered and vigorous, sometimes say things to each other; more particularly the woman, impelled by the force of hereditary ages to ease the strain that way. Maggie could lightly die for her husband, but to give up the last word!—Mother in Heaven, was a woman a woman, or was she a wax figure?

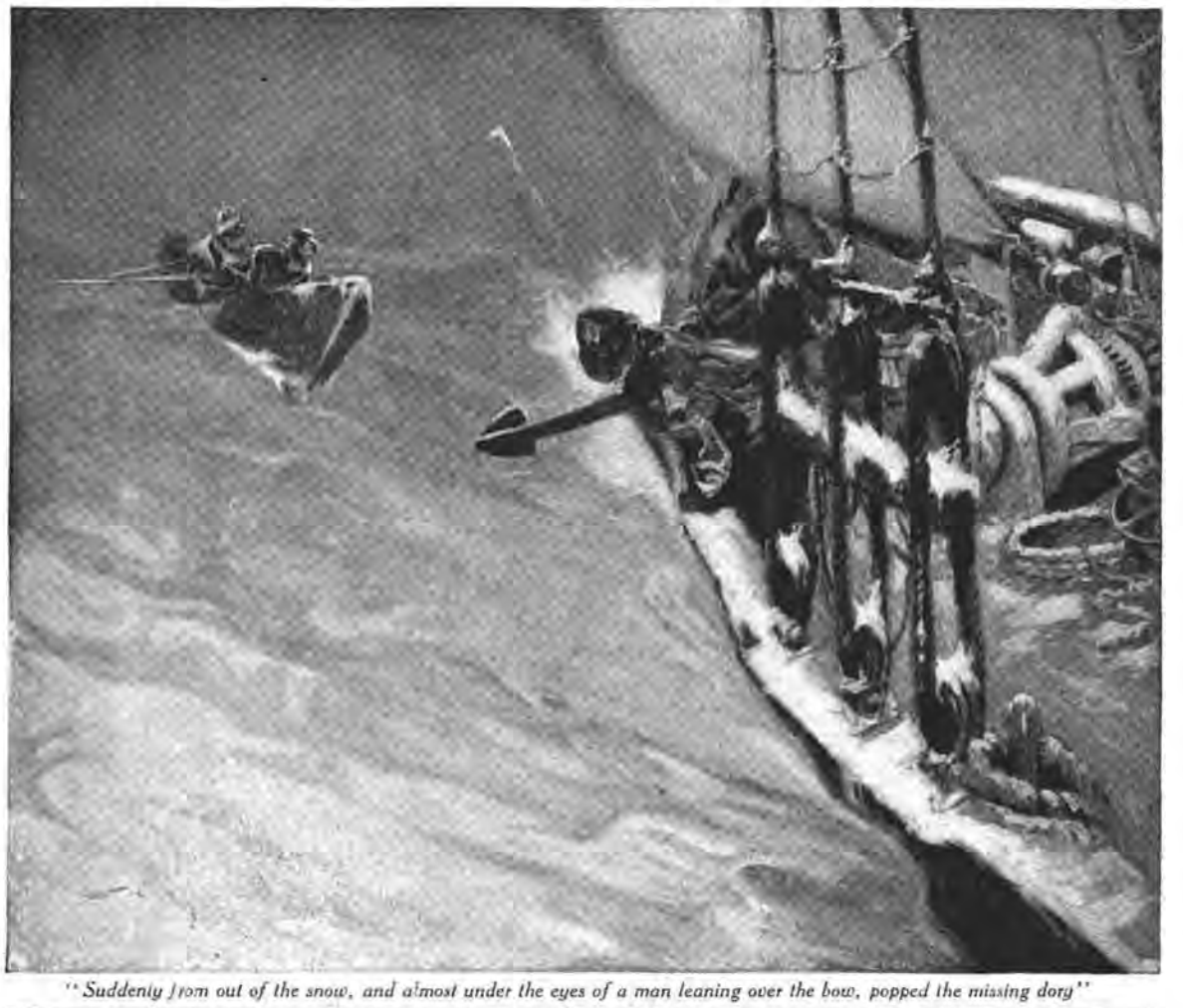
Pouted like a baby did Coleman and nursed his sensitive soul and took another drink before sailing; and by that the barkeeper, an *emeritus* professor in human nature, knew that something had gone wrong and advised a friend who sailed on the "Maggie" to stay ashore that trip.

"And why stay ashore this trip, any more than any other?" naturally inquired the friend, who happened to be Eddie Bligh.

"Never mind why. Somebody or something 'll ketch the devil, I 'm telling you." Further than that he would not explain. His secrets were professional, possibly, or perhaps he knew that, if he should say anything, somebody would surely pass it along to Captain Joyce; and then—he saw the picture clearly,—no fear of the police or his own superior bulk would prevent the little man from reaching across the bar and dragging him around the sanded floor by the ears.

"Put out," said Captain Joyce, and took note of the weather,—a cold day and a gale blowing. "Let ye hoist the jibs,"—and he leaped from the wharf to the deck of his vessel without so much as putting hand to the rigging on the way. "And what 's wrong with *you?*" he demanded of big Jerry Connors, all flying, like a man who fears he 'll never catch up with his work again.

"Nothing wrong with me, but a whole lot wrong with the compass. Somebody must 've been tryin' to pull it through the binnacle, last night,



"Suddenly from out of the snow, and almost under the eyes of a man leaning over the bow, popped the missing dory"

and the water, or alcohol, or whatever kind of spirit 't is the needle floats around in, is 'most all spilled."

"There it is," exploded Coleman. "We pay a man two dollars and a half to watch this vessel of a night, and he goes up the street and yarns, when 't is the vessel he should be lookin' after. But we can 't be waiting at the dock because a watchman do n't tend to his business. Let ye loose yer fores'l. We 'll stop his wages."

"And how 'll we know her course by it?"

"Coorse, is it? Do y' need to know the coorse goin' down the harbor?"

"But when we 're clear of the harbor?"

"Wait till we 're clear. I 'll lay her coorse, then."

This he did. He shot her through Hypocrite Channel, she drawing fifteen feet, at low tide; and then, with a hand to the wind and an eye to the compass, he asked, "Who says this compass is n't all right?—the wind 's nor'west, that 's sure, and there it is."

"Oh, it 's all right now, but wait a minute and see it hop three or four points."

"Sure, and won't it hop back again? And what harm so long 's we 'll be able to see Cape Cod goin' by? In this breeze 't will be easy enough after that,—a child could handle her,—run yer mainsheet to the knot and let her go,—and heave the lead when ye 're not quite sure."

This was how the "Maggie" made a great run of it to Georges,—to the North Shoal before the December gale,—and then, sheets in and all she wanted, tearing down to her old favorite spot as if she knew the way, which Coleman always maintained she did. "Sure, and she does. P'int her the way ye want her to go in the beginning, then let her be, and she 'll go the rest of the way herself."

But after they were on the grounds it was five days before they could put a dory over the side, which meant that it was fairly rough, for whoever sailed with Coleman Joyce learned to quail before no small spats of seas. Then came a chance for one two-tub set, after which there were four days more of laying-to, this time for a northeaster, with snow to smother them. Four days more, then, of a northwester, during which the ice made as fast as they could chop it,—which was n't a matter of much concern so long as there was time to chop it. Winter fishing calls for chopping ice pretty regularly.

Tough weather it was, but the mood of it beautifully suited Coleman, still pouting and still nursing his wrath. "Ice!" he burst out,—"what the divil 's a little ice? Some of ye talk as if a little ice on the deck was all in the world to trouble a man."

"And what 's the matter with himself?" inquired one after another of the crew. "Did y' ever know him this way before, Jerry?"

"I have. Leave him be. Once in a very great while he 's this way. No harm! We 'll ketch the divil for a few days and then 't will be over with, and he sweet as a laughing child."

Sixteen days out they were and a beautiful day it was, such a day as comes even to the storm-tossed Georges in winter, when the "Hiawatha" rounded to under the "Maggie's" quarter. To windward at the time and stretched out in a five-mile string, all tossing gently on the wonderful sea, were the little dories of the "Maggie," with the nearest dory so handy that the little man could see the changing expression on the face of Jerry Connors when he hauled in the fish. A fine haddock came, and Jerry looked pleased; a fine cod, and he smiled; a ravenous dogfish, and he glowered and beat him testily over the nose with the gobstick, ere he cast him into the sea again.

The sea gulls circled and drooped, the flakes of clouds floated hither and thither, and the sea rose and fell, and on its low white crests the little dories gently sank and lifted.

"Beau-ti-ful!" murmured Coleman; "no man ashore ever sees the like of this. A beautiful day, God be praised!" and he looked the length of the string, picking up with his keen eyes one dory after another until he had accounted for the whole ten, even to Peter Kane's, all of seven miles away.

At the wheel of the "Hiawatha" was Dan Shea. On the wheelbox of the "Maggie" sat Coleman. Both men, masters of craft, touched the spokes delicately, with eyes roving aloft or far about for the signs of wind, or sea, or the men in the riding dories. A breeze that was like wine to a sick man played over the sea. It was a great day altogether, thought Dan Shea, for a little confidential chat.

"Coleman!"

"Well?"

"Do you know what day it is?"

"What day is it?" The little man pondered laboriously,—overlaboriously, indeed,—so that Dan Shea had to smother a young smile. "Why, of coorse,—a Chuesday."

"I do n't mean that, and blessed well you know I do n't. What day of the month is it?"

"What day is it yerself?—I 'm no callen-der."

"Well, it 's the twenty-third. And what 's to-morrow night?"

"What is it, you?"

"Well, it 's Christmas Eve."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Are you goin' to be home for Christmas?"

"If I 'm filled up,—maybe. Are you?"

"'Less something happens to-day, I will."

"Whether you fill up or no?"

"If she was dry as a spar-yard, yes. I would n't miss bein' home Christmas for forty loads of fish,—nor would you."

"The divil I would n't. Who 's tellin' you all that?"

"Oh, I know. Now, Coleman, what 's a word spoken in heat? Man, Maggie could kiss the wet frozen deck under your feet, and little Dannie"—Shea looked over at his sister's husband,—"and little Dannie, I say,—"

Coleman put the wheel down another spoke, took a look at the luff of his mainsail, and put it up one.

Shea waited. He knew well this sensitive, loving child of a brother-in-law, with whom there was always the danger of saying the one word too much. So he waited a bit, and began again his message. "Little Dannie ran over to the house, the morning I was leavin' for the dock, and says—'woogh, woogh-h,—'"

"You ought to take something for that cold, Dan." The little man grinned at his shot.

"And maybe I would,—if 't was no more than a cold, Coleman. But Dannie, the tears in his little blue eyes, puts his head in my bosom and cries, cries, and could n't speak for so long, the poor little creature, as if 't was his heart's blood was chokin' him, and says,"—Shea stood erect and gazed far to leeward. "Is that my dory or yours off to the wind'ard there, Coleman?"

"Blast whose dory 't is!—what did he say?"

"What did little Dannie say? He says, 'Uncle Dan, if you see grandpa out on Georges, tell him he never came in to see me before he went away.'"

Coleman, wriggling on his box, put the wheel down a spoke, then

another spoke,—one more, and her mainsail shivered; another, and her reef points began to beat a tattoo; yet another, and the "Maggie" began to back down on the "Hiawatha;" and Coleman kept her slowly backing till the two vessels were so close that to bring them closer would be dangerous.

Shea, with not so much as a pretense that he was observing his brother-in-law's maneuvers, continued. "'Maybe you were asleep, Dannie,' I says, 'and your grandpa did n't want to wake you.' 'No, no, no, I war n't, Uncle Dan,' he says, 'and he never did that before.' And it 's true for him, Coleman. It 's the first time since he was old enough for you to set your finger between his little teeth, or him to put his hand to your beard and pull it, that you did n't come around to toss him up and down before you put out to sea,—and give him change to put in his little bank. Yes, you 've been spoiling him all his life and then you treat him like he was a stranger's child you hated. And he cried and cried, the poor little creature, and me an hour late to the dock tryin' to comfort him. And he told his mother how he wanted to tell you he 'd sent a letter to Santa Claus to get him a train of cars,—"

"Oh, the little lad!" Coleman walked to the rail of the "Maggie" and gazed out on the eternal ocean,—gazed, and gazed, and gazed,—and went back and resumed the wheel.

"And Maggie, Dan,—what did Maggie have to say?"

"Maggie, Coleman, is my own sister,—and a woman."

"She 's all that, Dan. For thirty-odd year now she 's been proving it to me. She never wanted a tongue, Dan."

"Nor a heart, Coleman. And she could kiss the deck under your feet. 'Tell him, if you see him, Dannie,' she says,—'tell Colie, if you see him out there on the wild Georges, that he must n't be minding a word too much in heat. A woman has her bad days, too, only she can 't run to sea, maybe, and fight winter storms and forget her troubles. Tell him, Dannie, that 't will be the dreary Christmas without him.'"

Coleman put the wheel up, and up, and yet up. While still Dan was in doubt as to his brother-in-law's intentions the "Maggie" was around on her heel. She swept in a short circle and came tripping under the "Hiawatha's" stern. "And she said that, Dan?"

"As I hope to be buried ashore, Coleman,—and cried in her apron when she said it. 'Tell Colie,' she says,—"

Dan waited.—"Will I report you comin', Coleman?"

Coleman made no answer, only waved his hand and bore away. Dan watched him, saw him hoist his hauling signal to the peak, heard him hail Jerry Connors in the nearest dory, and thereat, his own vessel running down the string, he smiled to the immortal heavens. "He 'll soon be himself again. Soon be himself again, and then—and then all hell won't stop him."

When the dories had put off from the vessel, that morning, Peter Kane, in charge of one, thought he saw a great chance to improve on his instructions. "Set to the east'ard," the skipper had said. Yet Peter and his dory-mate, in what they considered an inspired moment, had set to the west'ard,—and gone far astray. And so, at eleven o'clock that morning, when, in response to the signal at the peak, the other nine dories were aboard, there was no sign of Peter's dory. At high noon the crew dropped everything and went into the rigging to look for it. During all that afternoon they searched. At dark, when a snowstorm set in, they were still searching. They kept the foghorn going, the anxious skipper meanwhile walking the deck like a caged animal. Suddenly, from out of the snow, and almost directly under the astonished eyes of a man leaning over the bow, up popped the missing dory.

"Here they are, skipper!"

"Where? Glory be, where? Thanks be to Heaven, so it is." Then he lit into them. Peter's dory-mate, a Frenchman, was just telling all hands what a wonderful ear Peter had,—as soon as he heard the foghorn he knew just where it came from,—a wonderful ear—

"And what kind of an ear did he have, this morning, when I told him to set to the east'ard? What kind of an ear, hah? Where is he?"

Men who have been astray for ten hours in a dory on a winter's day generally get a fairly warm welcome when they come alongside,—not so much in words as in hearty helpings over the rail and kindly glances,—but here was the skipper ready to scalp them, almost; a man, too, who was famous for the feeling he could put into a few words at other times. "God save you, Dinnie!" or Tommie, or whatever it was, "but I 'm glad to see you again," and with a look that would warm the heart of a squid. But now!

"Is it you or me, Peter Kane, is master of this vessel? Is it you or me, do y' think, lays out the work and has to keep track of a string of ten dories on thick days in winter, is it? And a storm makin', is it? Here we 've been laying for hours and now a dead beat agin' a no'theaster to get off the bank. 'T would make a saint in heaven swear, it would. Go for'ard, now, and help gripe the dories. Bottom up and into the hatches with 'em,—double-gripe 'em so bimeby they won't be washin' over the rail. And hurry, then, and shake out the reef in the mains'l."

To the man at the wheel he added, "Jibe her over, now, and time it is, too,—but be easy on her till the fish is dressed, or you 'll have fish and men over the rail." To the men dressing the fish he said, "Hurry, now, b'ys,—no time for skylarkin'." To the forward watch he commanded, "Tommie, lad, when next we tack, do you have a little blue eye out for the handliners,—we 'll be in the thick of them by then."

Through the scattered riding lights of the handlining fleet the "Maggie" worked her way, while down in the cabin the skipper, his wrath against Peter gradually spluttering out, laid himself flat on the floor and marked out short courses for the "Maggie." A forefinger was on a much-dreaded spot. "I 'm thinkin' that, with the wind haulin' as 't is, I could cut a corner, maybe, off the North Shoal." He set a thumb in deep water. "Maybe,—maybe,—if the wind keeps haulin'." He gave a few

hurried puffs, then, to keep his pipe from going out, and went on, "Nice and handy, yes," and he maneuvered the parallels delicately to the west'ard, breathing heavily the while. "If 't was workin' to the north'ard the wind was, I could n't, but with it workin' to the s'uth'ard 't will be safe. A fine notion, that,—to cut a little corner off the North Shoal!" He climbed up on deck to consider. "How 's the compass actin', Jerry?"

"She 's not so bad, skipper. Hops once in a while, but gen'rally points ahead."

"Yes, it 's that way,—all right when the vessel 's close hauled or runnin'. I 've been studyin' her the two weeks past. But, when the wind 's abeam, she 's the divil. But it won't be abeam till mornin', Jerry. So let her go nor'west, for the next three hours."

"Wow!" said Jerry.

"And what are you 'wowing' about?"

"Me tooth give a jump."

"Yer tooth, is it? Yer heart, ye mean. Ye think she 's cuttin' too close?"

"Twenty fathom of water,—and suppose the wind comes the wrong way?"

"Man alive, have I been thirty-seven winters to Georges for nothing? 'T won't come the wrong way."

It was as the skipper said. The gale worked to the southward in increasing volume, and until seven in the morning they were tearing off the rapid miles of white water from the easterly bank of the North Shoal. Came the word, then, for the home course, "West, nor'west, and keep her goin', boy!"

The "Maggie" was then a joyful sight for Coleman or whoever else loved to see a vessel in a breeze of wind.

Clear from her knightheads to her taffrail it was nothing but water racing by as if the storm devils were driving it. All her lee dories were buried; and the lee half of her house was not merely awash, but clean buried under it. Where it surged between house and rail it was a wild torrent throwing up boiling foam. Could a tall man have gone down into the lee scuppers of her waist and held his feet, he would have been up to his neck in solid water. To keep the rush of water from below, the hatches were drawn over the forec'sle companionway; but by way of the binnacle box, [This had, of course, to be left uncovered.] which, in the "Maggie," was exactly amidships, with its under edge more than a foot above deck, a steady stream of water was pouring into the cabin.

An hour later, when Peter Kane went on watch, she was taking the gale fair astern, with her lee rail buried beyond all the laws of equilibrium and a twenty-foot belt of white sea flattened out from her side. Peter had to set the upper board into the cabin companionway, which was well to windward, on this, the port, tack, of the center of the vessel's deck,—to keep the flood of water from rushing into the cabin by way of the companion stairs.

Lashed to the wheel, then, with the clear water, no mere swash, to his waist, stood Tom Lenoir, better known as Tom Black, who, from out of his French patois was trying to find words to fit the airs that were suggested to him as the water swept up to his body, then rushed past the wheelbox and away over the taffrail behind him. From the French coast of Newfoundland was Tom, and they used to say of him that, since somebody stove his head in with an ax, about a year before this, he had never been right. Peter was supposed to be standing watch while Tom steered, but all that could be seen of Peter was a head under the fore boom. The rest of him was made fast to the bow-gripes of the windward dories, where he considered that he was doing pretty well because of managing matters so that he was not washed overboard.

It is in such hours that these men with poetry in their souls create hymns which would live on to immortality were only the men of the conservatories within hearing and sufficiently at ease to use their specially-trained faculties. Peter was ridding himself of the storings of a thousand melancholy nights, and there was a swelling note in Tom's chant. A man could have gauged the rise of the water around their bodies by the height of the note in their storm songs. "They 're both crazy," said one, poking his head above the cabin hatch for a moment. "They 'll lose the vessel, yet." Aloud, one shouted, "You wild man from Bonne Bay, why do n't you ease off that mainsheet afore you blow it off, or capsize us, or something?"

"Ease the sheet? Me? No, no, Peter, not me, an' bimeby have skipper say, if we no get home to-night, 'Blast that Frenchie!—on'y for heem we mak' a fine pas-sage. He lose hees nerve an' ease off the sheet.' No, no, Peter. Skipper say, 'Kip her going, and I kippin' her going, by gar!"

"Why, of course we kept swinging her off," said Peter, when, below and his watch done, he was wringing his mitts out by the cabin stove, "but 't was Tom was making all the noise. Every time she rolled down he 'd holler, wild-like. Man, but there 's some water on her deck now. And her foresheets are like iron with the strain on 'em. If ever they go! Blessed lucky thing, I say, we rove a brand-new foresheet afore we came out, this trip,—blessed lucky, war n't it, skipper?"

"Yes, Peter, lucky enough. No danger of it parting and delayin' us on the way. How 's the compass?"

"Jumpin'-like. One time nor'west and again due west. Once in a while, though, it makes a crazy leap to straight no'th and again to south."

"But she 's going along herself?"

"Man, like a message to heaven, if we only knew just which way to call it,—west or nor'west."

"Oh, well, we 'll strike an average and call it west, nor'west."

Just then arrived one who was soon to go on watch. He was new to the vessel and to the skipper. Apparently to Peter Kane, but wishing really to get the skipper's ear, he gave voice to his opinion. "Comin' forward now and lookin' at her, it was scand'lous. Water on her deck to frighten a man, and gettin' worse. Worth a man's life, now, to throw his life line off for a minute. Scand'lous, I call it."

The skipper, whittling a little model of a fisherman, eyed him sidewise. "Scand'lous, hah? And what 's it you fear,—she 'll capsize, eh? Well, have no fear,—this one won't capsize,—the spars 'll come out of her first."

"But," gasped the man, "spars out of her on a lee shore and a day like this,—where 'd she fetch up? I 've a fam'ly,—wife and children."

"And that 's the amazin' thing," exclaimed the skipper,—"a fam'ly and no hurry to get home! It 's because I 've a wife and children—and grandchildren,—that I 'm drivin' this one now. Christmas Eve, man,—surely you 'd like to be home for Christmas? Surely! Well, then, trust to me,—I know the 'Maggie,' and 't is this kind of weather she was built for. I 've seen plenty could beat her driftin', and a few outfoot her in a fresh breeze; but on a day like this! Believe me, b'y, the vessel of her tonnage was never launched to outsmash her,—not when she 's goin' home, anyway. And she 's goin' home, now,—goin' home." He tossed a shaving into the fire,—"and to-night, barrin' what no man can foresee, you 'll be buyin' monkey-jacks up on Washington Street to put in your children's stockings,—yes. And I 'll be home this night and fill little Dannie's stocking. But I think I 'll go for'ard and have a mug of coffee." He set his unfinished model on the whetstone that lay on the floor to windward of the stove. "Do n't any of ye dare touch that," he said.

Jerry Connors watched his legs disappear. "There 's a man, now, and to see him at the head of the dock leadin' his little grandson by the hand, stuffing his little fist full of pennies and his pockets full of candy, you 'd say there never was a more harmless man born. Yes, sir, the most harmless man alive, you 'd say; but Lord help the nervous man who thinks so and then ships with him!"

In the swash of water pouring through the binnacle box various small articles were floating about the floor, which nobody minded much until Eddie Bligh, returning from the forec's'le, let in a hogshead or more of loose water before he could draw the slide.

"Man alive, have n't we enough water already?"

"Water? Where? Here? Sure, you 're fine and dry here. It 's for'ard y' ought to be. Some water there,—a steady stream comin' down by the pawl-post, another stream by the stove, and a ton of water by way of the hatch every time anybody goes on deck, and her wind'ard planks opening up under the strain of the sail on her so that the sea is comin' through her and driving everybody out of the bunks on that side."

"And a few loose drops on the floor, I s'pose?"

"Oh, no more than up to your knees in it,—every body wearin' rubber boots."

An extra heavy surge came through the binnacle box, and Eddie, standing carelessly beneath, whooped with the suddenness of it and was appeased only by the sight of Jerry chasing across the cabin after his slipshods, which had floated from the windward lockers over to the lee lockers, where they filled and sank. "Stand over by the stove, Eddie, and dry yourself," said Peter, who had been washed out of his own after lee bunk, hours ago, and Eddie came to windward, which brought him directly under the broken skylight. She gave a real good roll and a barrel or so of cold sea water landed on Eddie's back. He hopped about and swore, it was again so sudden, but everybody else laughed prodigiously.

They had to cut up to forget their discomfort. Those who owned windward bunks were moderately happy, for they were fairly dry and had only to brace themselves and lie there. All others caught it. Various schemes were devised to stay in one spot. Peter Kane, jamming his back in the corner of the cabin where locker and bulkhead met, with a becket for his feet, hung fast for five minutes, to his glory. Most of them braced their backs square to the windward lockers and thrust their feet straight out on the floor, with covers removed from the lockers, elbows hooked down inside, and so made out pretty well. But the floor of the cabin was a steep jumping place! Sometimes the vessel would sizzle along beautifully for perhaps two minutes and everybody would relax, when whoop-p! a good sea would get under her and up she 'd jump, and down she 'd roll, and away would go the sitters, skidding beautifully across the cabin floor, while those standing would be shot flying down and across, yelling as they went and slapping resoundingly the bare boards with their palms as they fetched up suddenly on the other side. At such times the snug gentlemen in the windward bunks would laugh uproariously, and say delightfully funny but unappreciated things between their shrieks of glee.

The skipper, returning from the forec's'le, at once got out his long sharp knife and began to whet it on

the leg of his jackboot. "And what are they talking about for'ard, skipper?"

"Oh, one thing and another,—the cook complainin' of broken mugs, but the gang talkin' of Christmas and sail-carryin', mostly. There 's two wild men in upper bunks and 't is comical to see them,—one in the top peak bunk and the other in the top after bunk,—and with the noise of the water rushin' under her bows they have to howl like banshees to make themselves heard. Talkin' about sail-carryin' they were. 'I was with this one,' says the one, 'when she made such a passage,' and 'I was with that one,' says the other, 'when she made such a passage.'

"Sail-carryin'?" resumed the skipper, after a pause, and he cast an eye about as if in search of something, —"sail-carryin'! half of 'em do n't know what it is."

"You 've carried some sail, yourself, in your time, skipper?"

"Well, I do n't know. Let a man begin to talk of what sail he 's carried and he begins to boast, and, sure as fate, something happens. But I suppose, if I was put to it, I 'd carry with the next. But I never was put to it; though, in thirty-seven winters from Georges, I 've yet to heave-to makin' a passage, though as to that, again, maybe it never came rough enough to give cause to heave-to; and yet, in thirty-seven winters, a man sees some blue times comin' home from Georges. Yes, sir,"—he cast anxious eyes about the cabin floor, —"yes, sir, in thirty-seven—where in the divil 's that little boat? Did none of ye have an eye to it while I was for'ard? I left it dryin' by the stove,—the little boat I was makin' for Dannie's stockin', to-night. Did none of ye see it?"

"That little block of wood, skipper? The time my slipshods went floatin' off I saw that little block of wood go floatin' off toward your room, skipper."

And so they found it sailing around in the skipper's stateroom. Grief was writ in the skipper's face as he held it up.

"Look, now, soakin' wet,—the little boat I thought to have ready by the time we got in. Why, Dannie 'd set more store by one little boat I 'd make him than a whole fleet of them queer-painted traps they sell in the shops. Yes, indeed," and dolefully he regarded the unwhittleable block of wood. Why, I would n't—Lord in heaven!"

They all felt the terrible shock. As suddenly as a sea could overtake her and strike, it came. From out of a windward bunk came Oscar Neilsen, hurled through space, touching nothing till his side struck the top of the stove. Down she went,—quick as that, and just as quickly as that the little skipper took his two strides to the companionway. With one yank of his hand the usually stubborn slide was driven back. Tons of water came in as he went out. At one glance he had the situation measured. He sprang onto the house and onto the rail, the only part of her that was out of water aft, and ran along the high rail like a cat to the rigging. One instant he poised there for balance and then leaped for the saddle of the mainmast. Then he sprang along the boom and out to where the great sail lay bellied in the water. Cut-t! slash-h! cut-t!—with the knife he had been whetting for little Dannie's boat. It was the heaviest of canvas and soaked in brine, but the little man's nervous arm made waxed paper of it.

She was fairly hove down, her spars all but flat out on the water. They watched her, a dozen men now on deck, to see if she would settle, and, in the end, turn bottom up. That was what it might mean. Because the heavy seas pounded her as she lay, that danger was probable. Many vessels would have sunk then and there. Even some fishermen would have gone down in a few minutes. But all that the skipper had boasted of the "Maggie" seemed to be in the way of proof.

"Like an intelligent horse that is thrown, she is trying to rise. Look at her! She 'll come out of it all right," said Coleman, but he watched her anxiously, nevertheless.

Gradually she came up, the skipper eying her all the time. "Beau-ti-ful! Beau-ti-ful!" he murmured.

After she righted herself, they furled the hacked mainsail, put the main boom in the chock, and got out the trysail. Soft-spoken, calm-eyed men were these, the little skipper in the van, who balanced themselves in her stern, crawled out on her footropes, and, while the big seas bade fair to overpower them, swiftly set things to rights.

Back in the cabin again the skipper took note of the time and sighed. "Eye-ah, a good hour lost! Who was at the wheel? Fred? Sure, and he must 've been careless to get her caught like that. But we 'll make it, yet, Glory be—a fair wind, and we 'll make it yet!"

On her way again the "Maggie," now with the huge mainsail off her, would have waltzed down the line like a lady were it not that the wind increased. It was not enough that it blew a living gale in the morning, but it must come a tornado now. Even the skipper thought it time to look after things above, but hardly more than a look. "Just a bit of the foresheet to take in, b'ys, and she 'll be all right."

Up they climbed on deck and gathered in groups till the helmsman would ease her. Looking out on the waters, then, the vessel seemed like something rushing about the base of great, shifting hills,—dirty-green, white-trimmed, over-curling hills of water, hill succeeding hill, with the presumptuous little vessel dodging away into the valleys. There was Jimmie Curran, who, with Frenchie and Peter Kane, was standing on the break as the ship was brought into the wind. There came a little sea, nothing to notice. To Jimmie it looked no bigger than a dory on the side of the mountain of water off which it broke. "That 's not going to bother anybody here," was Jimmie's mental comment. But even old fishermen are fooled, sometimes. Frenchie and Peter Kane were safe enough,—handy to the dory tackle were they when it struck,—but Jimmie went floating down to leeward. He was buried in it. As he rolled over and over in it he put out his arms to grab something. He did grab something. Jerry Connors it was, also overturned by the same deceptive little sea. "Well, if I go I get a chum," murmured Jimmie. As it turned out Jimmie did not go that time, for Jerry, the able man, caught hold of the dory-gripes on the lee side and clung to them desperately, and from there the others, when they had done laughing, rescued them.

The "Maggie" could not go along in that breeze without various things happening. Jerry, having returned to the cabin, had not done putting salve to his lip, which, he averred, had been split by Curran's fist in the mix-up on deck, when a great scurry of boot heels was heard overhead, and a great yelling. A moment later, Fred Jones, the forward watch, slid back the cabin hatch and leaped into the companionway, all in one motion, as it were, and yelling at the same time, "Here comes the jeesliest sea,—clear white and high as the masthead!" and to his mate at the wheel, "Hang on, Ed.,—hang on!"—here he drew the hatch.

"Aye, hang on, Eddie,—hang on, Eddie!" yelled the cabin gang, bracing themselves for the shock, and already shrieking with glee to think of Eddie at the wheel watching the big sea coming on.

It came and hit the side of the vessel such a clip as a fast-traveling mountain of water can. Over rolled the "Maggie." Men in the windward bunks looked down perpendicularly at the lee bunks. "No stove for me this time," piped Oscar, and he spread himself across his mattress as a cat, with spreading claws, clings to a window grating from which she fears to be torn. Down, down!—"Mother o' God, will she never stop?" exclaimed Curran; but a deluge of water poured through a slit in the hatch,—"Jones, you omadhoun,—Jones, you scallawag, the curse of Crom'll on you! why did n't you draw that hatch?" yelled half a dozen others.

She hung for a time in the balance, and then—at such times a few seconds is a long time,—up she came and threw everybody the other way. Jones jumped on deck again. Instantly he broke into a roar, and the others crowded after him. They had to laugh, too, for there was Eddie spread across the mainboom, where he had been washed by the sea. Standing on deck the boom must have been more than a foot above his head, which meant that it must have been a good able sea to cast him there.

Eddie was hauled down and stood on his feet. "And a blessed lucky thing you had a good stout life line around you, Eddie, boy," commented one of the rescuers.

"That 's all right,—no harm done,—but who were the crazy fools who hollered out, 'Hang on, Eddie,—hang on!' What did y' think?—I was going to jump overboard? 'Hang on!'—W-ugh! I 'll be coughin' up salt for a week. Where 's the skipper,—gone below? Then blast this carryin' sail, I say! That barkeeper was right when he told me to stay ashore this trip. Lord, I 'll bet there war n't a foot of her wind'ard rail out of water when she rolled down."

When Eddie came off watch he reported it thicker than ever above, so thick a man could n't see the length of the vessel ahead. "And I 'm thinkin', skipper, we ought to be gettin' handy to Cape Cod."

"Not yet awhile. But you 're the third man to hint at that, and, Lord knows, I do n't want the name of a reckless man; so, if it will ease ye any, you might tell the watch to heave her to and sound,—but do n't waste any time at it. But I 'll tell you, afore you go, you 'll find no bottom."

When they came down and reported no bottom, the skipper only said, "Bide by me and I 'll tell ye when it 'll be time to sound." This he did when, three quarters of an hour later, he hailed out: "Now let ye heave the lead and ye 'll get seventy fathom and gray sand, and ye 'll find Cape Cod Light, if it 's clear,—which it is n't, ye tell me,—'ll be bearing three miles south by west."

They found the predicted depth and bottom, but no sight of the light, it was so thick. "And what 'll we do now, skipper,—keep her goin' as she is?"

"How 's the compass actin'?"

"Still jumpin',—just like the weather-vane atop of a fire-engine house on a squally day."

"That so?" He left his bunk, stuck his head out of the companionway, took a sniff, then another, and then said: "'T is sou' sou'west,—this breeze. Keep it fair abeam as you can and let her go,—that 'll be west, nor'west,—and at five o'clock, ye let her alone, and nothing gets in her way, she 'll poke Minot's Light with the end of her bowsprit."

Below he came, then, with a fresh light in his eyes. "Cape Cod, eh? Getting near, getting near,"—and he began to hum lively little jigs to himself, particularly those wherein, to interpret them properly, you want to take a little boy on your knee and jog him merrily up and down. Up on deck, about that time,

the wind was of such force that the men on watch were unable to face it, and "Will he ease her, d' y' think, if we speak to him?" one was asking of another.

"Ease her? Him? Did n't y' see him, and hear him, when you came up?"

"'How many miles to Dublin town?'
'Threescore and ten, sir.'
'Will I be there by candlelight?'
'Yes, and back again, sir.'

"Will he ease her? He 'll welt hell out of her now,—that 's what he 'll do. He 's in the humor to give the first stranger he meets his bank book, or the shirt off his back to his worst enemy; but take a square inch of canvas off her,—he would n't do it for his hope of heaven."

Coming across the bay, and it yet blowing so hard that the men on watch could n't bear to look to windward,—just the drops of water blowing off the tops of the seas cut their eyeballs, and it was so thick that the man at the wheel could not see his mate between the dories. Still the word was, "Keep her goin'!" The watch, peering into the wild gloom, only prayed that nothing would get in her way.

Nothing did get in the way. The number of Minot's Ledge flashed out almost to the tick of 5.30, just as the wonderful little man had predicted, which the crew took as a matter of course. Could it come any other way? They followed their wonderful skipper on deck to prepare for the short cuts up the harbor.

"Will I be there by candlelight?"—he was in rare humor as he shot for the Narrows, that Christmas Eve. No lonesome Christmas dinner on Georges, this trip! No, sir. But they were not home yet. Just entering the Narrows they were, when the wind jumped, as quickly as a man may twirl his thumb, to northwest,—dead in their teeth. The skipper swore softly to himself. A northwest gale, and of hurricane strength! Well, they had to meet it, and he went forward to pick a road for her in the dark.

Lying flat out on the knightheads he gave his orders to the bunch of men in the waist, who in turn passed them on to the wheel, where now were two men. "Hard a-lee!"—across the shriek of a gale so loud that the gang in the waist had to roar in unison to make it carry to where the helmsmen were tugging to keep her from running amuck.

The harbor was crowded with outward-bound craft, held up by the gale. The sight of them, cold-bloodedly preparing to go to sea the day before Christmas, provoked some of the crew to expressions of the deepest disgust. "The heathens! they 'll make their money if they have to crucify Christ over again."

"But they have their schedules to make."

"Well, who makes the schedules that makes vessels sail the day before Christmas?—who but men who care more for a dollar than a hundred Christmas Days?"

"Hard-a-lee!" roared the skipper, and across she shot till her bowsprit was all but into the dark side of some kind of craft at anchor,—and again, "Hard-a-lee!"—and yet again, just as all began to think she was going to pile up on the rocks on the other side of the channel. "Hard-a-lee!"—now for a big collier,—"Hard-a-lee!"—now an ocean liner,—"Hard-a-lee!"—a tramp with swinging stern, so close that men on her deck hailed out profane protests. "Oh, wait till you 're hit," hurled back the "Maggie's" crew, as round she came, and off on the other tack she shot. "Hard-a-lee! Hard-a-lee!"—the skipper flat out on the knightheads, the gang in the waist, and the two straining men at the wheel, and the "Maggie" shooting from one side to the other of the narrow channel in the blackness of the night.

She was through the worst of it at last, and no sooner through than the squalls ceased, the wind let down, and the stars came out. "Now, would n't that kill you?" exploded the gang. "When you 've won out, everything comes your way!"

Through the inner harbor she tacked,—the inner harbor that was ever crowded; but 't was a chance for a vessel that could sail and was handled right, and both were true of the "Maggie," now well loosened after her passage. She was yet awaking some little discussions, as she picked her way through the inner harbor. Again and again she seemed about to board some craft on the road; but always, before it was too late, she slid by or went off on her heel. The more wrathful the ejaculations, the sweeter the skipper smiled. With every word he was nearing home, and, besides, he was at the wheel himself, now, and the kind of enjoyment that little boys get out of sailing toy yachts across frog ponds was his in sailing the "Maggie" through the overcrowded harbor.

He brought her to the dock himself, not lowering a sail until he was almost into the slip, nor letting go the wheel until he had given the last shoot that sent her all but up Atlantic Avenue, that would have sent the end of her bowsprit through the rear of an oyster-dealer's shack at the head of the slip only for the active men that leaped flying aboard the nearest of the vessels and checked her speed with quick-hitched lines. It was the kind of performance not often seen in these days of cheap tows, and nobody to see it then but the watchman. And he, when he had verified the vessel, took no further note of it beyond, "Coleman down to a trys'l!"—and casually, a moment later, to Peter Kane—"Must 've been blowin' some outside!"

"So it was; but no trys'l," indignantly returned Peter, "only we busted our mains'l."

After she was docked, Coleman only stopped long enough on the "Maggie" to make an examination of Nielsen, who had convinced himself during the day that some ribs had been broken the time he was thrown from his bunk and laid across the stove. "Look, skipper, she 's all black and blue,"—and he showed his bared side in proof. So he was, poor man! but not too much sympathy did the little man give him. "Just bein' black and blue do n't mean they 're broken. Man, I 've been that way forty times. Put on your shirt and go home and stuff your grandchildren's stockin's."

"Gran'children, skipper. Why, I haf no gran'-children,—not efen children."

"You poor, unfortunate creature! And what matter how your ribs are, then? Lock the cabin when you leave," answered Coleman, and he hurried onto the dock.

Up on the street he boarded the first red trolley car going his way, and, knowing he had a half-hour's ride before him, dropped into a corner seat and tried to act the patient man. But the snow lay on the ground, and riding was slow work, and, absent-mindedly, he took his pipe from his coat pocket. Only when the conductor fixed on him a glittering eye did he bethink himself and put it back. The car turned one corner, turned another corner, made a long straight run of it, and was about to shoot around a third corner, when a wagon butted in on the track, and, the rails being slippery under the fresh snow, there was a collision. It was not a violent shock,—no more than to throw most of the passengers from their seats. Coleman held his,—it seemed as natural as a heaving deck, but the old lady across the way bounced into his lap. Coleman set her back on the cushions. "My soul!" she piped, "who 'd ever think you was so strong? But ain't it dangerous traveling on these 'lectric cars!"

"Terrible dangerous, ma'am," agreed Coleman, and, that being his corner, he got up to get off.

"I can 't say I blame you, nowise," called the old lady, as he went out the door,—"the dangers of traveling, these times!"

Coleman took himself to a toy store on a broad, lighted street. He 'd had the place in his eye for weeks. The girl behind the counter seemed rather to like his looks. "Something for the children?" she insinuated. "Wheelbarrows, letter blocks, gas balls, skates, sled—"

"A train of cars, first,—a fine long train with smoke all ready to come out the ingine, if you have 'em that way."

"Well, not quite that way, but here 's one can be made to imitate steam."

"That the best?"

"Well, here 's one a little more expensive."

"The best, is it?"

"The best we 've got in stock"—she looked doubtfully at the unshaven little man,—"is sixteen dollars."

"That 's what I want, and give me a wheelbarrow, and a sled, and a gas balloon,—a blue one,—a pair of skates,—a little boy's size,—four years old but big as a boy of six. I dunno could he learn to skate at his age, but the little divil he 'll try. And a football." He surveyed the shelves. "Have ye anny little boats? That? M-m,—I do n't believe much in a sloop rig, myself, but maybe Dannie 'll like it, and that one won't be too big for a bath tub,—if he do n't drive her too hard. I had a fine little boat all but whittled for him, comin' home, but it got so wet—fine soft pine it was, too,—that it would n't cut anny more,—a bit wet, d' y' see?"

"In a ship? I see,—the water splashed up?"

"That 's it,—and wet me toes,"—the sly smile of Coleman!

"Too bad!" To herself she said, "Such a simple man!" and to Coleman, "Here 's your change, sir: twenty-three, forty, out of twenty-five,—one, sixty."

Coleman pushed it back, and in her ear whispered, "Buy things, dear,—candy animals, elephants, camels, giraffes,—for your little brothers to home. How 'd I know you had little brothers? Sure a girl with your face has always little brothers,"—and he was out the door with his bundles.

Coleman bought some candy himself,—four or five bags of it,—and a few other odds and ends he had n't thought of in the toy store. Then it was a straight course, for home. "Glory be, no shoals to bother!" Two tacks and he was there, standing on the sidewalk and gazing at the lighted windows. He could not see within, because of the drawn blinds, but he could see the shadows,—slim and stout shadows, tall and little people's.

"That 's Maggie, and,—oo-rah!—little Dannie," and, with a hand to the bell,—"but, no, the back door 'll be open, to-night; I 'll steal in," and around he went by the side alley.

He crept up the back stairs, across the porch, and through the outer door. The inner door was closed, but unbolted. Through that, softly, and across the kitchen floor yet more softly came the voice that had mellowed thirty years of life for him.

"Maggie!" whispered Coleman.

Another spoke,—a child's voice.

"Dannie!" and he halted no longer, but strode down the hall. In the large room they heard the steps and the jingling of the train of cars. "Who 's that?" they called.

"Who 's that, indeed? Who would it be?"
"Arrah, Colie!—Colie, darlin'!"
"Maggie!—Maggie!—"
"Gran'pa!—gran'pa!"
"Oo-rah, Dannie!—O my little Dannie!" The unheeded packages clattered to the floor.

One arm went to his wife's neck and one arm around the little boy, lifting him off his feet. They bore him down at last and he took a chair. He looked around. "And how are you all? What 's it, Maggie?—Was it rough, did ye ask? Divil a rough!—smooth as butter, the whole fortnight, and the finest and fairest breeze, comin' home. Did we catch lots of fish, is it, Dannie? Well, I 've caught bigger trips in my time, Dannie,—but we caught enough. Jump you up? 'Deed, and I will,—

"'How many miles to Dublin town?'
'Threescore and ten, sir.'
'Will I get there by candlelight?'
'Yes, and back again, sir.'

"'Jump, jump, jump again,—
Jump, jump again, sir!'

"And I must look at the Christmas tree? 'Deed, and I will, and all the fine presents with it."

Down on the floor he sat and examined everything. He helped decorate the tree, and scorched his fingers and hopped around and said 't was awful,—the danger men run ashore, what with Christmas trees and lighted candles. "But you 're not afraid, Dannie,—are you, boy? 'Deed, you 're not. Put out your chest, now. till I see how much you 've grown since I left. Oh, the big boy he 's gettin' to be!"

Two hours of rapture passed before Maggie saw the sure signs. "And now, lad, to bed, your mother says. O yes, boy; good little boys goes to bed when their grandmother says so. And you 're the good little boy now, Dannie? 'Deed, and you are. And some day 't is the fine big man you 'll grow to be if you 're a good boy now. And scared of nobody? No, indeed. And fight all the bad peoples? Indeed, and you will that same,—and bate the heads off them, Dannie, boy. And now, lad,—glory be, but he 's asleep already, the little man!"

Coleman bent his head to catch the light breathing. He never listened to it but his throat tightened. "God keep you, Dannie!"—and he touched softly the little curls, patted the little hand outside the coverlet, and tiptoed away. Then, drawing his chair beside Maggie's, he took out his pipe and lit it, stretched his feet toward the stove, and smoked blissfully. So they sat side by side, and neither of them spoke for a long time.

It was Maggie who broke the silence, at last. "And you hurried home, Colie?"

"Oh, I jogged her a bit."

"But Dan got in at five o'clock, three hours before you."

"And left ten hours ahead, and did n't have to beat up the channel."

"No?"

"Yes. That foolish man, Peter Kane, had to go astray."

"Small wonder!—he never had too much sense. Then you drove her, Colie?"

Coleman smiled after the smoke he blew to the ceiling. "A little, dear."

"For me, Colie,—for an old woman like—"

"Old, is it? And how old, now? Fifty-two? Arrah, no! On my soul, Maggie, but if you did n't say it yourself, or if it were n't in little Dannie to prove it, it is n't fifty-two, nor forty-two, either, that I 'd be sayin'. With the cheeks of you that rosy and the two blue eyes of you and the soft little bud-rose of a mouth,—why, Maggie Shea, if I was a stranger lookin' in the frosted window, now, 't is thirty-two I 'd say."

When Coleman smiled like that, the light of the battling sea giving way to the mounting tenderness, why, no mere Adonis had ever a shadow of his charm,—Maggie fell into his arms.

"But the temper of me, Colie, dear,—'t is a sore trial to me, that same temper."

"Temper, Maggie? Sure, and I 'd not like you half so well without that same. 'T is just the sign of the fire in you, dear."

"But my temper hurried you off, that morning?"

"Divil a hurry of me for anything ever you said, you foolish woman!"

"And if Dan had n't spoken you, would you have come home?—would you, now?"

"Come home, is it? Come home for Christmas Eve? For that,"—and he pointed to the tree,—"for that, and the little child in his little bed,—and"—as his hand sought hers,—"for you, mavourneen? Why, Maggie, the sun will never rise on the day when I would n't—"

"Would n't what, Colie?"

"Oh, never mind, dear! It 's just talkin' I am. But, Maggie asthore, if you want to know how good it is to be home when people—when people you care for,—are waitin' for you, then you need to be worryin' a little on the way, wonderin' will the wind hold for you to be home in time or no. But glory be, it held this day, and 't was pure j'y, pure j'y, that passage!"

When You Strike the Hardest Knot

By ROY FARRELL GREENE

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram, "don't, for pity's sake, look glum,
An' don't set tight your lips as if they speechless were, an' dumb,
When some hard task 's before you, for, though laboring like a Turk,
The happiest fellow 's he who sings or whistles at his work.
A lesson from the buzz saw learn, that rings with honest glee
While into lumber it converts the trunk of stoutest tree,
That hums a low-toned melody when easiest 's its lot,
An' always sings the loudest when it strikes the hardest knot.

"To make of every task a joy you 'll find 's an art worth while;
The hardest problems of the world are solved by those who smile!
Abe Lincoln, when affairs of state perplexed him, deigned to chaff,
Well knowing fogs would lift before the sunshine of a laugh!
He joked when those about him stood in woe and gloom profound,
Yet 't was *his* laughter-wrinkled brow that fame undying crowned!
He smiled, or likely chuckled, through each problem's softest spot,
But shook with hearty laughter when he struck the hardest knot.

"An' so," said Uncle Hiram, "be it lowly task or great
You 're called t' do, remember, you 're an architect of Fate,
An' the future generations are dependin' on your skill,
Your 'I know how to do it in the right way, an' *I will!*'
But start t' sing or whistle, lad, ere you the task commence,—
The work will seem lots harder if your lips are set and tense!
The ringin' buzz saw keep in mind, that varies not a jot,
But always sings the loudest when it strikes the hardest knot."

HUMOR AND ANECDOTE

Superior Clay

THE late Eugene Field, while on one of his lecturing tours, entered Philadelphia one bright spring morning after that city had endured a three days' rainstorm.

There was some delay at the bridge over the Schuylkill River, and the humorist's attention was attracted by the turgid, coffee-colored stream flowing underneath. "It reminded me so much of my own dear Chicago River," he afterwards explained.

Farther up the river his eye caught a glimpse of the sunlight striking upon the shafts and mortuary columns of an imposing cemetery crowning the heights that overlook the river. He placed a detaining hand on the arm of the colored porter, who was passing at the time, and inquired, in his languid tone, if he were a resident of the Quaker City.

"Yassir!" replied that important functionary, "I was bo'n an' raised yere. Yassir!"

"Don't you people get your drinking water from this stream?" queried Field.

"Yassir! Ain't got no yuther place to git it frum 'cept th' Delaweah, an' dat 's des' a lil' mo' soupy dan disyer wattah. Yassir!"

"Is it filtered before you drink it?"

"No, sah, not as I evah hea'd tell of!"

"I should think," said the humorist, "that you would be afraid to drink such water; especially as the seepage from that cemetery I see on the hill must drain directly into the river and pollute it."

"D' ye mean dat big bu'yin' groun' up yander by de tu'n ob de ribber?" inquired the son of Ham. "I reckon yo' all doan' know Philadelphy ve'y well, sah, aw yo'd know dat 's Lau'el Hill Cemete'y!"

"Well, what of that?" asked Field, somewhat puzzled at this unlooked for rejoinder.

"Dat wattah doan' hu't us Philaydelphians none, sah," replied the native son, with an air of pride. "W'y mos' all ob de folkses bu'ied theah aw f'om ouah ve'y best fam'lies!"

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He Rescued the Most Valuable

BLISS CARMAN, the poet, tells of the extraordinary coolness and self-possession exhibited by a Boston man who lives in a hotel that was recently damaged to a considerable extent by fire.

The guest slept through a greater part of the dangerous time, and it was only by the greatest difficulty that he could be awakened and rescued from his perilous plight. When the firemen had got him into the corridor, he insisted upon going back to his room "just for a moment" in order to get certain important papers. Against their earnest protestations he did so. When he returned he waved a few sheets of paper triumphantly in the faces of the firemen.

"I could n't find them all," exclaimed he, "but at least I 've rescued the list of books I 've read this year!"

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Frivolous, but full of Truths

A COMPETITIVE examination for applicants for certain semi-clerical positions in the Boston Public Library was held recently. One of the candidates was, no doubt, soon convinced of his inability to pass, and expecting no favorable outcome of his examination, he displayed a frivolity in his answers that was a severe jolt to the sense of propriety of the sedate person who conducted the examinations.

In part the candidate's paper read as follows:—

Q.—How may the races of mankind be chiefly divided? A.—Into losers and winners.

Q.—What does the Indo-Germanic family include? A.—Indians and Germans; but in Kansas the combination is not an entire success.

Q.—Name in chronological order the various peoples that have inhabited England. A.—England has been inhabited by English only. Various foreign people arrived, but immediately became English.

Q.—What does the present British Empire include? A.—Everything it has been able to grab, except the United States, Ireland, and a few of the surrounding planets.

Q.—What, in a few words, are transcendentalism, epicureanism and utilitarianism? A.—The first means thinking on the roof while living in the basement; the second means living high on ten dollars a week; the third is the study of how to do so.

Q.—Describe a feasible course for the circumnavigation of the globe, mentioning all bodies of water which would be passed through. A.—In a balloon. No waters would be passed through.

Q.—Why is piracy now practically extinct? A.—Through change of name. Except in the book business, it is now called "diplomacy," "trusteeship," etc.

▲ ▲

Could n't Smell Anything Wrong

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, in company with the gentleman who used to manage his lecture tours, was once examining a hall in a town in Ohio where it was proposed Mr. Riley should give a reading.

The two men had as their guide a colored janitor who was quite talkative. Mr. Riley observed that the janitor made use of long words of whose meaning he was ignorant. So the poet determined to have a little fun with him.

All at once Mr. Riley began to sniff the atmosphere critically. "It seems to me, Jim," he said sternly, "that the acoustics in this place are pretty bad."

"Why, boss," said the janitor reproachfully, "Yo' shore must be mistaken; I do n't smell anything."

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Where There 's a Will There 's a Way

A PROMINENT Boston physician tells of the many ridiculous requests that were received by investigators in connection with the Roentgen rays when the experiments were first taken up in that city. Hundreds of applications were received from various parts of New England from individuals who had, or imagined they had, bullets and sundry other foreign substances in the different portions of their anatomies. One investigator received a most remarkable request from a man living in Haverhill, Mass. His communication was couched in something like the following form:—

"I have had a bullet in my thorax for nigh onto ten years, and, as I am too busily engaged all day to come to Boston, I trust that you will find it convenient to come here and locate the bullet. I am positive the case would well repay your coming. But if you can not come yourself, then send your apparatus and I 'll get one of our local doctors to use it."

The medical man to whom this letter was addressed being of a humorous turn, his reply was as follows :—

"To my regret I shall be unable to visit you; nor can I send you the apparatus. But, in the event that you should find it absolutely impossible to visit Boston, if you will send me your thorax, I assure you that I will do the best I can for you."

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Mrs. Roosevelt's Thoughtfulness

WHEN President Roosevelt is at his summer home at Oyster Bay two secret service men sit all night under a big tree near the house. It is only on very stormy nights that they desert the tree and take refuge on the veranda, and are thus protected from the

rain, but not from the north wind that sometimes sweeps in from Long Island Sound. During a storm late last summer, the wind, moaning through the trees, drove the rain in sheets upon the veranda, and the most sheltered place the secret service men could find was wet and chill.

Within the house all was silent. Apparently everybody had gone to bed. But suddenly the side door creaked, and a feminine voice called out: "Come here, won't you, please." The secret service men lost no time in responding, for they recognized the voice.

"I've been worrying about you men out in this awful night," said Mrs. Roosevelt, "and thought that some hot coffee would do you good. Come in and drink it. It was too late to call the cook, so I made it myself. I hope that it is all right."

"It seemed to me to be the finest coffee I had ever tasted," remarked the secret service man, when he told this little story of the ever present thoughtfulness of Mrs. Roosevelt for those around her.

▲ ▲

John Hay Sized Up a Fool

ONE day the late Mr. Hay was waited on at his official residence at Washington by a young man who came bearing letters of introduction that insured him an interview and welcome. The cause of the call was his—the youth's,—desire to enter journalism, and he told as much to the secretary of state. He also, with the divine egotism of untried youth, related what he knew or thought he knew about journalism, its current defects, his plans for correcting the same, his opinions regarding the shining lights of the profession, his beliefs and theories, and much more of the same.

"Well," said Mr. Hay, when he had a chance to speak, "you think you know all this and more, do you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well," was the reply, in a sort of soothing, fatherly tone, "you 'll know better when you 're a little older. You 'll know better."

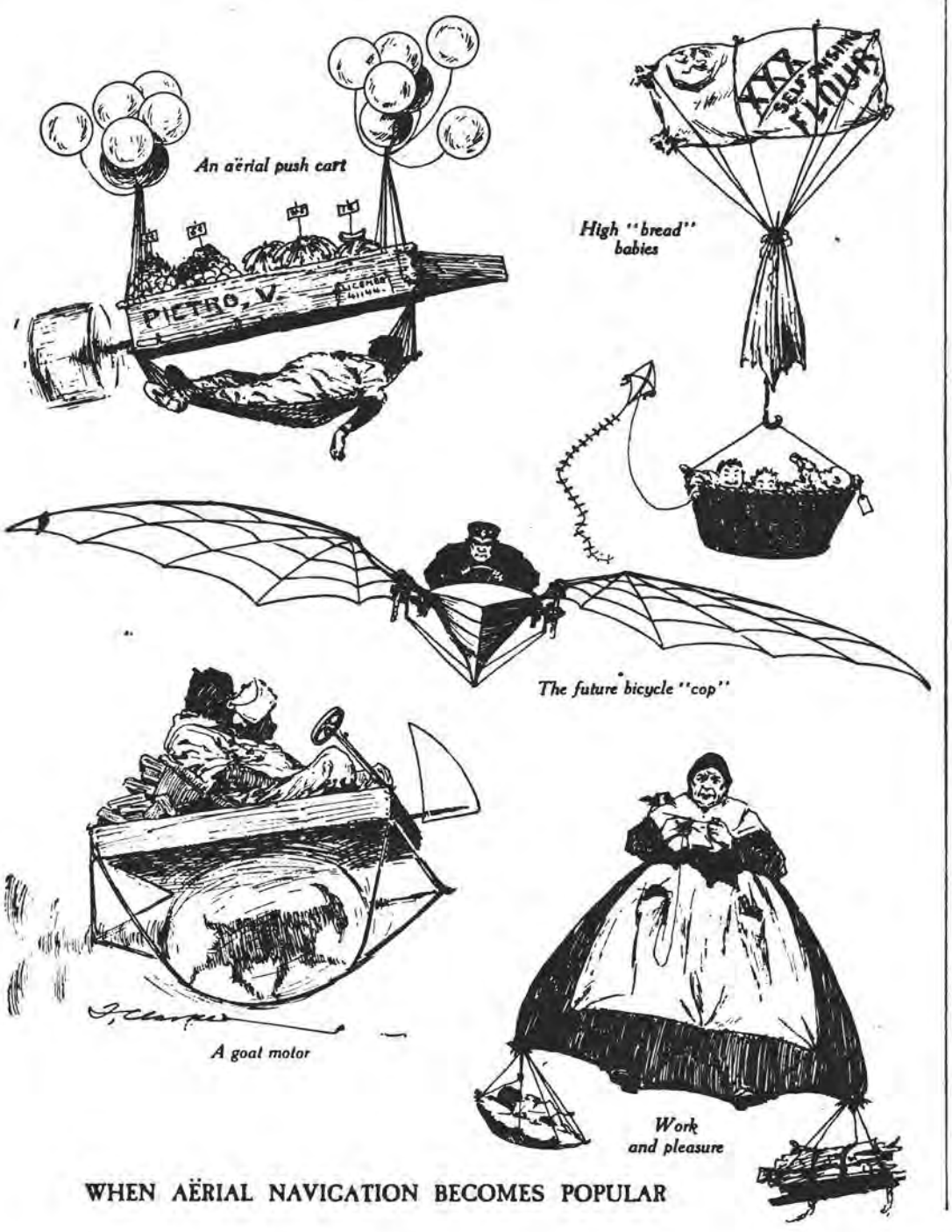
On another occasion Mr. Hay was notified that one of his youthful appointees at Washington had got himself into a serious scrape. After inquiring into the facts of the case, he sent for the unfortunate young man and addressed him thus:—

"You will tender your resignation to Mr. —— of your department this afternoon and start for home. I have written your father, stating the facts of the case, but have asked him not to punish you further on the ground that you are not to blame for being born a fool, but that I am at fault for being such a fool as not to have seen in the first place that you are the fool that you are."

▲ ▲

Mr. Hill's Attention to Details

JAMES J. HILL who has at different times occupied the center of the railroad stage, has a marvelous head for detail. He expresses himself methodically, and impresses one with his absolute authority. His speech is accurate and consecutive. In fact, if what he said were reported literally, it would require almost no editing. If you ask him about the wheat situation and he deems it proper to give information, he will take from a drawer in his desk a table of minute statistics to guide him as he talks. There is not a spot along the line of his railways that is not regularly reported by his agents. Each agent keeps in communication with the farmers of his locality and can accurately determine the condition of the crops at any time. These reports are tabulated at the general offices and sent to Mr. Hill at frequent intervals, so that he may be said to be wholly conversant with everything that pertains to the interests of his great company. On account of his remarkably accurate prognostications Mr. Hill has been called a prophet. He 's not;—a prophet sometime errs: he 's a mathematician.



WHEN AËRIAL NAVIGATION BECOMES POPULAR

The Art of Christmas Giving

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Illustrated by D. C. Hutchison

As Christmas draws near, the ever-recurrent question is uppermost: "What shall I give, and to whom?" The fact is, that giving is by no means the simple thing which it seems to many,—not even Christmas giving. To give where no need exists is an injury; to give where no desire exists is worse, almost an insult, since it implies that the wishes of the recipient have not been in the least studied. Merely to hand over to another from one's abundance is not in the truest sense giving at all. There is true giving only when the gift fills a need and confers genuine joy of possession.

Giving Christmas gifts is almost a science. It is certainly a study for one who really wishes to give, and not distress and embarrass. No one is more helpless than the woman who receives an utterly useless and undesired gift. She is fairly forced into falsehood, and is obliged to express gratitude which she does not feel. The woman who has a green parlor, and receives a blue rug, or the woman who has a blue dining-room, and receives a set of doylies embroidered with purple violets, or the woman with a sallow complexion who is given a delicate pink shawl, is actually made to sin against truth. She feels, if she is of a naturally grateful and tender disposition, that she must express thanks which she does not feel. Then, ten chances to one, if it is not a struggle for her not to pass along those useless gifts, next Christmas, and fairly involve herself in a mesh of deceit, she goes about terrified lest, by any unforeseen chance, the first giver should discover the gift in the hands of the second recipient. Often people are so deluged by useless gifts, that memory fails them concerning the givers. Such mistakes are likely to occur, and petty, and absurd, but no less lasting feuds, are the consequence. Hannah searches among her store of laid-by Christmas gifts, and congratulates herself upon the slight expenditure which she will have to make this year; but, alas, when Sarah shall see the silk work bag which she gave Hannah in the possession of Ada, who is an intimate friend of both parties, and when Sarah, possibly, receives back her own centerpiece, which Hannah has quite forgotten was embroidered by her with so much pains, and for which she has no use, since she already had so many! Sometimes Christmas giving partakes more of the nature of forcing nauseous medicine into the mouths of children than anything else. Only it is worse, because the wry face and sob of remonstrance must be suppressed, and smiles, as if the palate were tickled with the most delicious sweet, must take their places, and the bitterness of deceit must rankle in the very soul.

"Searches among her store of laid-by Christmas gifts"

I am not by any means decrying the joys of Christmas and Christmas giving. I consider that it is the sweetest and holiest holiday of the year; but I do think it has gradually acquired, among a certain number, a strenuous, almost forcible, nature which detracts from its real glory. People give because other people have presented them, the preceding Christmas, with things for which they had no manner of desire, and sometimes, when the gift has really delighted them in one way, it has placed them under a painful obligation. It almost amounts to a blow on the other cheek to an insult given and returned, rather than a gift,—that is, of course, in some cases. Christmas is still Christmas to many honest souls, who study the needs of those whom they love, and give and deny themselves for the love of them and the love of Christ, which is, after all, the true essence of all giving. The gift which is because of the Great Gift, and in memory of it, rather than because of even human love itself, is the truest; but many lose sight of that.

Mrs. G. gives to Mrs. C., because Mrs. C. gave her something which she did not want, the year before, and she feels that she must return the gift with one of equal value. She is burdened and bored, and angry, but give she must. She struggles amidst the sharp elbows of the shopping crowd. She fairly fights her way to bargain counters. She feels in her inmost heart that she is forfeiting her position as a gentlewoman; she loathes herself. She is angry and ungrateful, but give to Mrs. C. she must, because Mrs. C. gave to her. As Christmas Day draws near, she is in actual terror lest some new Mrs. D. or E. or F. should give something to her. Her husband's income is limited, and there are the children, who must have their Christmas, and she will need to stint in the quarter where she loves the most, and she is glad when the day is over. All summer, the anticipation of Christmas is, with her, not as a pleasant and joyful thought, but one of dire necessity. She has the eye of an eagle for some cheap article which she can pick up on her summer trip, the value of which, in dollars and cents, Mrs. C. and Mrs. H. can not possibly know, and all the time she feels her self-respect dwindling,—but what can she do? She is a grateful soul, and, moreover, a proud soul,—and, when she accepts, she must give. She laments the passing or partial passing of Santa Claus, when Christmas involved little more than the row of stockings beside the fireplace, and the presents which the old saint was supposed to bring down the chimney, pausing in his gleeful career over the housetops with his toy-laden sleigh and reindeer.

All the blame could then be put upon Santa Claus, and who dared, especially a child, to blame a saint coming way from the North Pole on an errand of love? Mrs. G. would so much rather have Santa Claus as a giver of Christmas gifts than Mrs. C. Passing from the realms of fancy into the actual does involve a good deal, although it may produce a more straight-laced truth.

Now Mrs. C.'s children go over to thank Mrs. G. for Christmas presents, when formerly they would have thanked Santa Claus in their pious little souls, and would not have questioned his choice at all. They do question Mrs. G.'s choice, sometimes quite openly, in spite of home training, and strict injunctions to be polite. Deceit is not an easy lesson for all children to learn, nor is gratitude readily assumed when none is felt in the heart. "Mamma sent me over to thank you for my beautiful doll, Mrs. G.," says little Katie. Then she adds: "I had five other dolls on the tree, and one was a baby doll. I have always wanted a baby doll. I had one just like yours last Christmas, that Mrs. H. gave me, and she is just as good as ever she was. I don't play with dolls very much. I like games better."

It is horribly rude and ungrateful, but it is honest, and if Mrs. G. had inquired into the state of little Katie's doll family, it might have been avoided. Also little Katie might not have been guilty of saying, when the doll was given into her arms from the tree, that she did n't want another old doll, and been thereupon spanked by a mother who believed in the rigorous bringing up of children and due chastisement for spiritual sins, and in consequence shed real tears on Christmas Eve, which was a pity. The vigor of Mrs. C.'s blows might, too, have been unconsciously accentuated by the fact that she, herself, had received two new pairs of crocheted slippers, when she had three left over from last year, and never wore crocheted slippers, anyway.

There was once a devoted Sunday-school teacher whose class was made up mostly of poor children. There was a Christmas tree in the church, one year, and she was pleased and touched to receive gifts from every one of her class, even the poorest of them all, a forlorn little scion of a disreputable family. The gift was a very fine handkerchief with her initial embroidered in the corner. It was evidently imported. She dis-

played it to her mother when she went home. "Poor little Angelica gave me this," she said. "I do believe the poor child earned the money to buy it picking huckleberries. It could not have cost a cent less than a dollar. Dear little thing, I could cry when I look at it! To think of the self-denial, and her poor little coat is so thin! I am going to give her a thick one for a New Year's present. I really can not have such a child going cold to give me a present. Just see how very fine it is, and the initial is hand work."

The teacher's mother, who was not given to sentimentalism, examined the handkerchief closely. Then she looked at her pretty and enthusiastic daughter with a queer expression, as if she hesitated to say what she thought.

"Christmas involved little more than the row of stockings by the fireplace"

"What is it, mamma?" asked the teacher." Why do you look at me so?"

"Nothing," said her mother, only—"

"Only what?"

"Well, dear, do n't you see that this handkerchief is of exactly the same pattern, as to the embroidery and the fineness, as those you bought when you were in Paris, last summer?"

The teacher's face clouded, but she was still en thusiastic, and believing. "So it is," she said, "and it must have cost much more here. I paid a dollar for those I bought in Paris. Poor, dear little thing! I should n't wonder if she picked berries all summer to earn the money to buy this, and went without candy, and things,—and showed such refined taste, too. Angelica has something refined about her in spite of her poverty and her surroundings. I always thought so." The teacher almost wept.

"How many of those handkerchiefs did you buy in Paris, dear?" asked the unsentimental mother.

"A dozen and a half; why?"

"Where are they?"

"In the guest chamber, in the top drawer of the dresser. I have not had occasion to use them yet. I thought I would finish my old ones first. I had such a supply already that I felt rather extravagant when I bought them, but they were so fine, that I was tempted."

"Suppose you go and count them, dear."

"Mamma!"

"Never mind; just go. I dare say I am wrong."

"Mamma, I am ashamed of you," said the Sunday-school teacher; but she went, and, when she returned, it was with a crestfallen face.

"Well?" said her mother, interrogatively.

"There is one missing," admitted the daughter, unwillingly. "I counted them over three times, and I am sure. One is missing, and I am positive I have not taken one out myself."

"When you had your Sunday-school class to supper, week before last," said her mother, rather pitilessly, though her eyes were twinkling, "you remember the children used the guest chamber for a dressing room."

"Oh, mamma, I can 't believe—"

"It looks suspicious," said her mother.

"I can 't and won't believe," began her daughter; then she stopped suddenly. "Hush, mamma," she said; "here is Angelica coming, now,—to thank me for her Christmas present, I suppose. She is so grateful, poor child, and it is almost dark, and so cold, she has such a long way to go home, and her coat is so thin!"

The loving young teacher ran to the door, and ushered in a shivering little girl with a delicate face.

"Thank you for my present, teacher!" she said.

The teacher kissed her, and drew her up to the fire.

"Thank you for your present to me, dear!" she said.

The little girl looked at her teacher, and smiled,—a delicate smile, without the slightest suggestion of guile in it. But the teacher's mother interposed.

"Angelica," said she.

"Oh, mamma, do n't!" cried her daughter.

"When did you get that handkerchief?" she asked.

"The day I was at teacher's party," replied Angelica, without the slightest hesitation. "I went in the room when nobody saw me."

"You do n't mean to say,—" gasped the young teacher, but the little girl continued to regard her with loving, innocent eyes.

"I did n't have anything to hang on the tree for you," she said, simply.

There was no excuse in her voice, only love. She had taken and returned to her dear teacher her own.

"She did n't,—" said the teacher, brokenly; then she bent down and kissed the little face again, the face of the little unconscious sinner and giver for love's sake.

She always wondered if she did right, and if she should not have reproved, rather than kissed her,—but she had not detracted from her merry Christmas.

MONEY-MAKING AT HOME

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Illustrations by Maud O. T. Thurston

THE woman who must earn money, yet can not leave her roof-tree! She lives by the hundred in large cities, by the score in towns, and by the dozen in hamlets. She is not working for pin-money, but to meet the monthly demands of butcher, baker, and landlord.

Sometimes there is a bright son or daughter to be sent to college. Sometimes a willing husband and father is staggering under a load of doctor's bills. Sometimes, alas, she must meet the hardest debt of all to pay,—the last sad offices performed for some loved one. So the busy wife, mother, or sister writes to the editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, and asks,—"How can I turn my spare moments at home into cash?"

"Painting blotters for a fashionable stationer"

If she is a good household manager, these spare moments may run into hours whose energies, properly directed, can not fail to bring forth pecuniary results. Further, nearly every woman possesses some latent talent, which, if unearthed and rubbed diligently, will shine like Aladdin's lamp, and in time grant her wish to aid the family fortunes. On the other hand, the wife and mother who must divide her energies between household duties and baking for the Women's Exchange, or the daughter who must alternate the duties of a trained nurse to an invalid mother with painting blotters and plate cards for a fashionable stationer, can not expect to compete in the amount of her earnings with the woman who works down-town in shop or office. In time she may feel justified in placing a competent maid in her kitchen or in employing a trained nurse to take her place; but she must work up to that point and not assume too much expense at the beginning of her career as a home money-maker.

The first lesson for the home money-maker to learn is the value of small beginnings. A dollar earned the first week means two the second, provided her work has given satisfaction to her first patron. In a day when every one is anxious to make money hard and fast, incompetency is so common that news of a competent worker travels rapidly. The second lesson is to keep up to date and offer either wares or services that are marketable. She must bear in mind that she will not earn money merely because her friends are sorry for her and know she needs the help, but also because she has something to offer which they want. She is just as much a business woman as her sister-worker who sells goods across a counter or acts as cashier at a restaurant. Therefore she must appeal to one of two classes of patrons, the busy, practical person, or the rich, luxury-loving woman.

Oddly enough, there is one line of home work which appeals to both classes of patrons, and that is the gentle art of beautifying members of her own sex. Some very able writers have declared that the American woman has gone beauty-mad, that she has her face and her hair treated until she loses her individuality and all women look alike, thanks to the indefatigable beauty doctor who irons out all facial expression along with the wrinkles. Be that as it may, the fact remains that women were never so well-groomed, so careful about the little niceties of the person as they are to-day, and this opens a profitable field for the home-worker. Here are two instances of women who are working quietly along these lines:—

A Detroit girl had hands which were the envy of her young women friends, and which she always explained were the result of her own careful manicuring. Her friends, sometimes in jest, sometimes in earnest, suggested her opening a little manicure shop for their accommodation, but it was her first season "out" and she was occupied with a round of gaieties. But there came a day when financial storms swept over their home, and the girl faced stern realities with a few hundred dollars and an invalid mother on her hands. Summer was approaching. To keep the mother in town during the hot weather was impossible, so she could not consider a position in office or store. Then suddenly she remembered the compliments her manicuring had received. She made a flying trip to a fashionable summer resort, and conferred with the proprietor of a hotel around which were clustered a number of small cottages or annexes. When the season opened, she and the invalid mother were located in the tiniest of the cottages, with a sign tacked to the porch and a manicuring table set forth in a shady corner. She advertised in the village paper and had her cards distributed at all the other hotels. Her venture more than paid their summer expenses. When she returned to the city, she realized that the gentle mother was failing and could not endure the strain of turning their tiny drawing-room into a manicuring parlor, so the girl solicited house-to-house patronage. Her well-to-do patrons do not desire her services before 10 A. M., so she makes the little mother comfortable before leaving home and is always with her evenings. Friends have urged her to open a shop, but she says, "Wait. Five years from now I may have a fashionable shop, but I know that then I can not have my mother."

One evening a hard-worked stenographer who commands a good salary was dining with an equally busy married friend, the mother of three little people. Said the stenographer as she leaned back in an easy chair after the babies had been tucked into bed:—"I really ought to go right home and wash my hair, but it is such a tiresome task when I do it myself, and I hate to go to a hairdresser after night. They rush you through as if they were tired, too."

"Let me do it for you," suggested her hostess, "I have learned to do it for the babies, you know."

"A manicuring table set in a shady corner"

Her gentle manipulation of shampoo, towels, and brushes, was a revelation to the tired stenographer who wound up luxuriously before the open fire, with a new magazine to read during the final drying process. A few days later, she came back to see her friend with the proposition that she take a few evening customers among the stenographer's office companions. The little mother hesitated. She really needed the money. Rent and butcher's bills had both been advanced, but her husband's salary had not. Finally she compromised. She would do the work, but only on those evenings when her husband, who was a retail clerk, was obliged to work at the store. Such was the beginning. To-day she has a larger house with double parlors. The rear room she uses for shampooing and hairdressing, and the front room she rents to a manicurist.

"But," cries the woman in a small town, "these women lived in large cities. What

can I do in a town of five or ten thousand inhabitants?"

Suppose you try. Women are very much the same, in small towns and in large, and in the smaller place there is less competition. For instance, away out in Colorado is a rough town, nestled among rich mines. The better class of women living there are the wives of mine superintendents, experts, engineers, and assayers,—as a rule women who have been raised in gentle surroundings. The wife of a superintendent had just returned from a visit with New York friends, and she remarked that she missed very sadly the offices of the manicurist who had taken charge of her hands while she was in the East. The remark was dropped in the presence of a house-to-house cleaner, a general worker, mind you, whose husband had been injured in a mine accident, and who thought she could do better things than scrub floors and polish windows. She said to her patron:—"If I go to Denver and learn manicuring, do you think I could secure enough work here to keep me busy?"

"A magazine to read during the drying process"

Her patron was not sure.

"Well," persisted the little woman, "will you promise me your trade if I come back with a real knowledge of the work?"

The superintendent's wife said she certainly would. The miner's wife took part of the money her husband had received for damages, went to Denver, studied manicuring, came back, and started her work in her own little cottage, where people knew her. She makes home pleasant for her husband who, though crippled for life, is now employed as a watchman, and she has a good trade among the women for whom she formerly did the roughest of house-work for a mere pittance.

To study manicuring, go to the best parlor in your own city, and pay so much per lesson. In first-class shops, two dollars a lesson is charged and the learner must furnish her own subjects. That is, she is not permitted to practice on the hands of regular customers, but must bring with her some relative or friend who does not object to serving as a subject. One lesson of this sort a week, with constant practice each day, and six lessons in all, should be sufficient for the ordinarily bright and deft-fingered woman. This method is much better than taking a three or four months' course in a school, where you give your services all day as part payment for your training and pick up a smattering of all lines, shampooing, hairdressing, chiropody, in addition to the manicuring, yet learn nothing thoroughly. Patient practice at home is the surest road to proficiency and there are father's hands, the neglected fingers of the half-grown brother, and perhaps the ugly little hands of a younger sister, with nails bitten to the quick, all excellent fields for the beginner to work in. In the meantime, let your friends know what you are doing. Never hide your light under a bushel, through false shame. Be proud that you are trying to help out the family finances. Be sure to tell your family physician of your ambitions, and your acquaintances in dressmaking and millinery shops. You never know when the opportunity will come for them to send you a customer. Keep your own hands in the pink of condition and your general appearance should be immaculate. That is the best advertisement for your work. For five dollars, you can secure a complete manicuring outfit, including buffers, scissors, files, polishers, orange-sticks, creams, towels, bowls, and the inevitable pillow. In fitting up your manicuring corner in your home, bear in mind that the woman customer who is particular about her appearance likes to be served in dainty and sanitary surroundings. Not long ago a New York woman told the writer that she had entered and left three manicuring parlors in succession because the pillow on which her hand would have rested was soiled and the water bowls were grimy. Have your table of white enameled wood or of plain pine covered with snowy oilcloth. Over this lay a plain white towel or linen scarf. For the pillow on which your customer's hand will rest, have plenty of white

"The remark was dropped in the presence of a house cleaner"

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

Your Fortune Is in Yourself

"It is not what a man gets," says Henry Ward Beecher, "but what a man is, that he should think of." It does not matter how well you are buttressed by the accident of birth, or wealth, or "pull," or social influence,—or all of these,—you will never succeed to any great extent if you have not in yourself that which makes you independent of props and crutches.

There is no open door to the temple of success. Every man who enters forges his own key. He can not effect an entrance for any one else. Not even his own children can pass where he passes. The key that will unlock your great opportunity to you must be forged by yourself. No outside power—no help from influential friends or relations,—can fashion it.

"Oh, I 'll study and get ready, and then, maybe, the chance will come," said young Lincoln, when the good Mrs. Crawford laughed at his joking suggestion that he might some day be president. Would any power on earth, think you, have opened the door to the White House to the poor, awkward backwoods boy, if he had not drilled his powers, and developed to the utmost those qualities which make men leaders?

As a rule, the youth who unlocks the door of opportunity and makes his mark in the world fights his way up to his own leaf. What others do for him does not amount to much in comparison with what he does for himself. The pampered youth, who is brought up in luxury, and not obliged to work, whose strength is never called upon, rarely discovers what there is in him. It is the boys who are bound out, crowded out, and even kicked out, that often "turn out;" while those who are pampered fail to "come out."

You can not keep a determined, gritty youth from success. Put stumbling-blocks in his way and he takes them for stepping-stones. Take away his money, and he will make spurs of his poverty. Put him in a log cabin in the wilderness, and we may still find him in the White House.

If you are made of the stuff that wins, —it does not matter whether you were born in a hovel or in a mansion, —you will find your opportunity,—or make it. You will not wait around for chance or luck to aid you. You will not think that you must have a complete outfit of the finest tools before you can attempt to do anything. The men who accomplish great things in the past did not wait for paraphernalia or fine tools. Men who are doing great things to-day did not wait for somebody or something to smooth the way and remove all difficulties before they began their work. No; they simply did the thing they set out to do with whatever tools they could get hold of.

What if young Faraday, when he was working in an apothecary's shop and dreaming of scientific experiments, should have said to himself, "If I only had a well-equipped laboratory, what wonderful things I could do!" But no, he did not waste his time in idly wishing. He went, instead, into the attic above the drug store and experimented with a glass vial, an old pan, and a few other simple articles. With his crude apparatus he performed such marvelous experiments and made such headway that he attracted the attention of Sir Humphry Davy. If the apothecary's apprentice had waited for a lot of paraphernalia, think you that Davy, when asked what he regarded as his greatest scientific discovery, would have been able to reply, "Michael Faraday?"

There was yet another Michael,—the great Angelo,—who found opportunity to make his wonderful statue of David out of a piece of marble which other artists had discarded as useless.

The poor blacksmith boy, Elihu Burritt, did not wait until he could go abroad, or until he could engage teachers at home, to study foreign languages. By utilizing every spare moment and using the tools he found at hand, he became master of many tongues.

No, it is not fine tools or splendid opportunities or influential friends or great riches that make great men. The greatness is in the man or nowhere. The golden opportunity you are seeking is in yourself. It is not in your environment. It is not in luck, or chance, or the help of others. It is in yourself alone. If it is there, no one can keep you down. If it is not, nobody can help you much. It *is* there, however, for the Creator has put the opportunity in every normal human being. But one must find for himself the key that opens its portal.

Doing Nothing Wrong

Strong characters are not built up simply by not doing anything wrong. Some of the most namby-pamby, backboneless apologies for men I ever have seen were extremely careful never to do anything wrong. They never touched a card, never went to a race track, never saw the inside of a saloon, did not know the taste of liquors, never used tobacco, always attended church, and never went fishing or sailing on Sunday. Profanity would shock them. They never danced, and never attended theaters. In fact, their characters seemed to be made up of the things they did not do. Yet their lives were so insipid —so negative,—that they never amounted to anything. They were known merely as men who never did anything wrong.

I know a man in New York who has not a single bad habit, and yet he does not amount to anything, for his whole character is negative. He has not a particle of initiative. He is a fine-appearing man, a fascinating conversationalist, and yet he is absolutely dependent upon others. He can not set himself to work; and he can not continue in it unless guided and supported, —everything about him is of a negative character. He can not create anything. His greatest virtue seems to be in not doing questionable things.

How often we hear parents congratulating themselves because their children do not do a bad thing! A little while ago I heard a mother boast that her son did not drink, or smoke, or play cards, or do anything bad; and yet he was about as shiftless and insipid a boy as I have ever met. There seemed to be no life in him. He lacked push and progressive spirit.

I would not lose sight of the fact that the youth who does not do bad things is saved from dissipation and habits that would weaken him, and I by no means recommend boys to do bad things for the sake of doing something; but I would emphasize the fact that a strong manhood requires sturdy and vigorous doing of things and accomplishing results; that it means action, and that character can not be built up on negatives. A boy may not do a single bad

thing, and yet he may be a bad boy when compared with what he might be. It is the boy who does not do something when there is a tremendous temptation to do it, and who does the right thing when the wrong appeals to him very strongly, that builds character.

Character is a positive quality. Stamina is a necessary part of a robust character. There must be something done. A creative quality is necessary. A character made up of negatives is the weakest thing in the world. It never accomplishes anything; it never stands for anything.

A student might as well expect to become strong intellectually by refusing to read bad books or bad literature. It is reading good, strong, beautiful, inspiring literature that makes an intelligent man,—not refusing to read bad things.

A great trouble with many instructors of youth is that their teaching is largely negative. They are continually telling the boys and girls not to do this, and not to do that. This does not go far enough. Taking away a thing leaves only a vacancy. We should displace the lower by the higher,—the positive must take the place of the negative,—the creative, the place of the destructive.

The sooner that a young man learns that merely letting bad things alone will not make a man of him, the better. He must not only avoid the bad, but he must also choose to do the good. If he would become strong, he must do noble things, not merely avoid doing ignoble things. The best way to let bad things alone is to be so busy and preoccupied doing the good things that we have no desire to do the others. There is a tremendous expulsive power in the ambition that dominates at the time. The greater affection drives out the lesser.

If instructors would teach this principle more, and not give the impression that merely avoiding bad things will make a man of a boy, they would do a great deal more good.

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"Made It All By Hollerin"

THIS was the reply of a street fruit vendor to a lady who asked him how he had made his money,—"Made it all by hollerin'." "You 've got to holler," he said, "if you want to do business. Now there was a feller sellin' blackberries; his father was a sort of gen'leman, and Dan'l he sort of felt 'bove his occupation. He sneaked 'round the alleys sayin' 'Blackberries!'(imitating the boy in a little quavering whisper.) Dan'l thought it was very gen'lemanly to say it that way, and mebbe it was, but he did n't sell no blackberries until he got to hollerin' 'Bla-ck-ber-ries!' like the rest of us. Yes, ma'am, you 've got to holler your way through the world if you want to make anything, you just bet!"

This is a "hollerin'," advertising age. A patent-medicine maker says that, if he were given ten thousand dollars to start with, he could bottle ordinary water so attractively and, under an impressive name, push it so persistently as a remedy for certain diseases that, in a short time, he would make a fortune, and also a great reputation for his "remedy." People seeing it advertised long and persistently would come, he said, to associate with it powerful medicinal qualities which it never possessed, but the thought acting on the mind would produce such beneficial results that he could easily obtain scores of testimonials for marvelous cures.

Whether this statement is entirely reliable or not, there is certainly the basis of a great truth in it. The influence of keeping persistently before the eyes and holding before the mind the name and qualities of an article is bound to make an impression more or less permanent, so that, when the person thus impressed wants anything in the line of the article he has so long seen advertised, he will, by the law of association, be more likely to get that one which has made such a strong impression on his mind than something with which he is less familiar.

The experienced advertiser knows that the great majority of people are imitators or followers. The tobacconist who advertises that he has sold a million cigars of a certain brand knows very well, whether his statement is true or not, that thousands of people will follow the suggestion he has implanted in their minds and do what others have done, reasoning that what so many others have bought must have merit. The same is true of the grocer, the dry goods merchant, the druggist,—of all those who have anything to sell. They appeal to the imagination and to the natural credulity of the people, as well as to their instinct to imitate and follow.

In the days of primitive advertising a large representative dealer in drugs would hire people to go around to drug stores to inquire for a certain article. This fictitious demand would induce druggists to buy the particular article, in order to fill what they thought a real and normal demand. Then, having the thing on hand, they would recommend it to customers, who, hearing its merits extolled, would, in their turn, be induced to buy. The same result is now obtained through advertising in newspapers, magazines, and the other ordinary channels of to-day.

There are a great many inferior articles on the market which have an enormous sale because of ingenious and extensive advertising, while superior articles, for lack of such advertising, remain unsold. Whatever is kept in the background, no matter how

good it may be, is distrusted by the masses. Many of us think that we are not influenced by advertising; but, unconsciously, we are. Advertisers know this. They know that the majority of people will call for that which they see extensively advertised. They realize that the widely heralded and "seen everywhere" article will appeal to the average man and woman.

Thousands of people read a particular book, not because it is the best they can find, but because they have seen it so widely advertised and have heard so much talk about it. They take it for granted that a book which has created a demand for so many editions must be the proper thing to read, although it may be nothing but trash compared with other books that have never been even mentioned in the newspapers.

It is conspicuous, persistent advertising that sells. If quality can be combined with effective advertising, success is assured for almost any product. The best toilet soap in the world would probably never obtain a large sale if it were not advertised, whereas a very inferior article, extensively advertised and pushed on every side by posters and ingenious devices, will make its proprietor a millionaire.

If put up in an attractive manner in artistic boxes, tied with dainty ribbons, exposed for sale in handsome stores, and extensively advertised, the quality of ordinary confectionery will be enhanced a hundredfold in the minds of the people, because they will associate its quality with its surroundings.

In these "push or be pushed" days, when wares are thrust in your face at the breakfast table, in the newspapers, when all kinds of devices are used to force your attention to every kind of merchandise, at a time when people are too busy to examine into the real merits of an article, it is necessary to force your goods to the front, or they will remain unsold, even if of a superior quality.

In the early history of the country, superiority alone would force an article forward. The name of George Washington on a barrel of flour, the name of Ames on a plow or a shovel, or that of Maydole on a hammer, was sufficient to force these articles into popularity; but to-day it would take more than a name, no matter if it did stand for integrity and was a synonym for superiority, to accomplish such a result.

In this electrical age, the man who sells merchandise of any description, unless he has practically a monopoly, must urge his wares upon the market by a progressive and persistent publicity, or he must step out of the procession and let others pass by him.

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A Successful Invalid

I KNOW a lady who has been confined to her couch in a small room for years, and can see only the tops of trees from her resting-place, yet she is so cheerful and hopeful that people go to her with their troubles and always go away comforted and encouraged.

"Oh, is n't the spring beautiful!" (or summer, autumn, or winter, as the case may be,) is her exclamation to callers, even when her body is quivering with pain. Her eyes are always smiling. A light shines through them which was never seen on land or sea.

Will anyone say that this woman, who has brought light and cheer to all who know her, is poor, or a failure simply because she has been confined to that little room all these years? No; she is a greater success than many a rich woman. She has the wealth that is worth while,—the wealth that survives pain, sorrow, and disasters of all kinds,—that does not burn up,—which floods or droughts can not affect,—the inexhaustible wealth of a sunny, cheerful soul.

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Right Thinking, Right Life

WE TEND to become, and we grow more and more like that which we cherish, harbor, and constantly long for, and tend to lose or become unlike that which we hate, despise, and habitually deny. The latter gradually loses its grip upon our lives, releases its hold upon character, and finally vanishes.

The persistent denial of the theory that we are poor, miserable worms of the dust, victims of limitation, of weakness, of darkness, and of discord, and the stout affirmation of the dominance of truth and beauty, bring out marvelous beauties of character. That which is constantly and persistently denied will ultimately fade out of the consciousness and go out of the life.

A tremendous power permeates the life and solidifies the character from holding perpetually the life-thought, the truth-thought, the cheerful-thought, and the beauty-thought. The one who has the secret takes hold of the very fundamental principles of the universe, gets down to the verity of things, excludes all kinds of errors, and lives in reality itself. A sense of security, of power, of calmness, and of repose comes to the life that is conscious of being enveloped in the very center of truth and reality which can never come to those who live on the surface of things.

It is impossible to estimate the value of the quality of our everyday habits of thought. It makes all the difference in the world whether these habits are healthful or morbid, and whether they lead to soundness or to rottenness. The quality of the thought fixes the quality of the ideal. The ideal can not be high

if the thought is low. It is worth everything to face life with the right outlook,—a healthful, cheerful, optimistic outlook,—with hope that has sunshine in it.

It is easy to gauge the quality of a man's outlook upon life the first time we meet him. We can tell whether there are traces of pessimism in it, whether he is soured by his unfortunate experiences, disheartened by his discouragement, and whether he looks upon everybody with suspicion, or sees and believes in the best in everybody. If he tells us he believes every man has his price, we know there is something wrong with his outlook; but, if he is bright, cheerful, and hopeful, if he believes the race is pointing upward toward the millenium, if he congratulates himself because he was born in the nick of time and in the very best part of the world,—if he believes in his fellow men, we know that he has a healthful outlook, and that he faces the right way. If he faces toward the light and follows the sun, he will never be in darkness. The shadows will always fall behind him.

We believe in the man who believes in the best in his race; who thinks that all wrong is on the way to its suicide; who considers that discord is simply the absence of harmony, and has no real existence; who understands that darkness is only the absence of light; and who perceives that health is reality and disease is unreality.

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Hints to Young Writers

IV.—Health and Authorship

In an interview with President Roosevelt, he told the writer that he owes everything to his active life and vigorous outdoor exercise. He said that his present career would be absolutely impossible without this training, that he owes everything to his experience as a cowboy in the West, and that he believes thoroughly in building up the body in every possible way, not especially in order to become an athlete, but rather to become strong for the sake of the reflex influence upon the mind. The President said that he never did anything well in the athletic line, except, possibly, wrestling.

A strong mind must be backed up by a strong physique,—by an overflow of animal spirits. Great things must be done easily. The straining of a weak, low vitality to do great things is not effective. The tracks of effort—the evidences of strain and stress,—must not be in it.

You may be sure that your weakness, whatever it is, will crop out in your writing. The best writing that you will ever do will be done by your vital or healthy side. No amount of will power can compensate for a fagged mind in a weak body. A vigorous pen must be guided by a vigorous nature. Weak, bloodless composition will never stir a reader. There must be a great, strong pulse back of it all. If you have not the grit in yourself it will not flow from your pen. If you do not have that robustness of health, you can not inject bounding vitality into your composition.

No one likes to read the vaporings of a feeble thinker. The average reader can tell very quickly whether a writer is in strong, vigorous condition, or jaded from dissipation, overwork, or a weak constitution. The public is merciless; it demands that a man be ever at the top of his condition. Readers do not take any excuse that you were out late nights, that you overloaded your stomach at a banquet, or that you have some physical weakness.

Many writers do not appreciate the great fact that readers will draw out of every book just what the writer put into it,—his moods, his physical condition, his mental and moral status, his melancholy or his mirth, his joy or his sorrow, his uplifting optimism or his blackening pessimism, the tonic of his courage, or the depressment of his despair. Each reader has the same feeling which the author had; that is, if he is tired and jaded,—if his brain is fagged when he writes,—no matter how weighty his words or how brilliant his thought, the reader has the tired feeling too. In other words we have no power to communicate anything except what we feel ourselves. We radiate our own feelings. Others about us feel what we are,—not what we pretend to be, but the truth about us.

The moment the mind begins to tire, and you feel your faculties begin to lag, stop. Freshness, spontaneity and vigor are absolutely essential to all good composition. Learn to express yourself forcibly, so that you will get a firm grip on every reader. You may never have had a chance at him before. Hold on to him. Let him feel, when he strikes a thought of yours in a book or an article, that there is a gripping power back of it. Let him feel the sentences bite.

People who heard Webster in the greatest speech ever delivered on the American continent said that they felt a reserve power back of all he said, infinitely greater than his words; that there was a greater speech between the words than he actually spoke. So it is with a writer. If you feel, when reading a book, that the author has said the greatest thing possible to him, you will not be impressed with his power; but if it comes so naturally and so easily that it suggests something infinitely greater back of it all, then you feel the power of the man back of the pen; but if you can not feel this power back of the book, it is not a great book and will not live.

This suggestion of reserve power is a characteristic of all greatness. We never heard Beecher, even in his supreme efforts, but we felt that there was something

greater back of it all that he could say, and would say, should occasion call for it.

No one ever heard Phillips Brooks without feeling that there was a marvelous man who was never seen, but was always suggested back of the Brooks he did see,—that, standing in his shadow, there was a man almost divine.

This suggestive power back of the writer is a composite man, into which must enter a number of rich experiences. A great self-mastery—a powerful concentration,—a great life-focusing ability,—must be back of it all, and there are a hundred elements which go to make up this reserve.

No amount of ability or learning in an author can take the place of freshness or spontaneity. There must be a crispness, or freshness, together with the vigor of thought which fascinates and holds the reader, or he will lose interest.

Many an author fails because his writings lack this essential freshness. Many of the best books ever written lie on the shelves unread because they are labored or heavy. There is an indescribable atmosphere about a book which is not in the words, but in that which one feels. The greatest book is written between the lines. It does not inhere in the printed words.

There is an indescribable something in every author's writings which eludes analysis, but which the reader feels, the same as he feels an indescribable something from the presence of a man with whom he is conversing. We get an impression from meeting a person which is independent of the words he speaks,—a subtle something which seems to radiate from his person, his manner, and his character. It is said that people who saw Lincoln, even though they did not hear him speak or know who he was, felt somehow that they were in the presence of a great man.

If this personality is to be felt in its maximum force, the person must be at his best physically. A tired, jaded, weak, exhausted man does not radiate force or power. Neither he nor his work will make a deep or lasting impression.

We do not believe in the "midnight oil" business for writers. The man who, with a wet towel about his head, forces himself to produce thoughts for a book or an article must expect the reader to resort to the same means to keep himself awake while reading it.

The Soul's Sunshine

THE cold, chilling atmosphere which sometimes pervades a reception or other social gathering is often entirely dissipated by the hearty, ringing laughter of some simple, genuine soul who is bubbling over with fun. The stiffness and constraint which a minute before embarrassed the whole company are relieved as if by magic.

There is something in genuine, spontaneous humor which removes all restraint, scatters embarrassment, relieves tension and welds souls together as no introduction or conversation can. It puts the shy at ease, dissipates prejudice, gives confidence to the timid, and reassures the shrinking soul. The cheery smile, or the spontaneous laugh, awakens sympathy and arouses feelings of friendliness. It seems to melt all barriers.

Oh, what riches live in a sunny soul! What a blessed heritage is a sunny face, to be able to fling out sunshine wherever one goes, to be able to scatter the shadows and to lighten sorrow-laden hearts, to have power to send cheer into despairing souls through a sunny and a radiant heart! And if, haply, this heritage is combined with a superb manner and exquisite personality, no money wealth can compare with its value.

This blessing is not very difficult of acquisition, for a sunny face is but a reflection of a warm, generous heart. The sunshine does not appear first upon the face, but in the soul. The glad smile that makes the face radiant is but a glimpse of the soul's sunshine.

The Art of Pleasing

THE secret of many a man's success is an affable manner, which makes everybody feel easy in his presence, dispels fear and timidity, and calls out the finest qualities in one's nature.

Comparatively few people have the delightful faculty of being able to get at the best in others, and of so drawing them out of their shell of reserve or shyness that they will appear to the best advantage.

It is a wonderful gift to be able to reach the heart of a man and to help him to develop powers and qualities of attraction which he did not know he possessed. Such a gift has sealed great friendships for life, and has caused a man to be sought after in business as well as in social circles.

By taking a large-hearted interest in every one we meet, by trying to pierce through the mask of the outer man or woman, to his inmost core, and by cultivating kindly feelings toward every one we meet, it is possible to acquire this inestimable gift. It is really only the development of our own finest qualities that enables us to understand and draw out what is fine and noble in others. Nothing will pay one better than the acquisition of the power to make others feel at ease, happy, and satisfied with themselves. Nothing else will make one more popular and sought after.

A Word to Strikers

By ELBERT HUBBARD

[Editor of "The Philistine"]

OVER the desk of William Morris there used to hang a motto, the words carved on wood, and the words were these: HE THAT ENDURETH TO THE END SHALL BE SAVED.

Patience,—that is the theme.

I am not sure that William Morris was the most patient man I ever saw; had he been patient by nature, he would never have thought to have had that sign constantly before him.

But it is well to realize that it is the patient man who wins. To do your work and not be anxious about results is wisdom of the highest order. This does not mean that you are to sell yourself as a slave,—if your present position does not give you an opportunity to grow, and you know of a better place, why, go to the better place, by all means. The point I make is simply this: if you care to remain in a place, you can never better your position there by striking for higher wages or favors of any kind.

▲ ▲

An employee who drives a sharp bargain and is fearful that he will not get all he earns never will. There are men who are set on a hair trigger,—always ready to make demands when there is a rush of work, and they threaten to walk out if their demands are not acceded to.

The demands may be acceded to, but this kind of help is always marked on the time-book for dismissal when work shall get scarce and business dull.

Such men are out of employment about half the time; and, the curious part of it is, they never know why.

As a matter of pure worldly wisdom,—just cold-blooded expediency,—if I were an employee I would never mention wages. I would focus right on my work and do it.

The man that endures is the one who wins. I never would harass my employer by inopportune propositions,—I would give him peace, and I would lighten his burden. Personally, I would never be in evidence, unless it were positively necessary,—my work should tell its own story.

▲ ▲

A cheerful worker who goes ahead and makes himself a necessity to a business—never adding to the burden of his superiors,—will sooner or later get all that is his due, and more. He will not only get pay for his work, but he will also get a bonus for his patience and another for his good cheer.

A man who makes a strike to have his wages raised from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week may get the raise, and then his wages will stay there. Had he kept quiet and just been intent on making himself a five-thousand-dollar man, he might have gravitated straight to a five-thousand-dollar desk.

I would not risk spoiling my chances for a big promotion by asking for a little one, and it is but a trite truism to say that no man ever received a big promotion because he demanded it,—he got it because he was worthy, and for no other reason.

Ask the man who receives a ten-thousand-dollars-a-year salary how he managed to obtain it, and he will tell you that he simply did his work as well as he could. Never did such a man go on a strike. The most successful strike is a defeat; and, had the man been a striker by nature, sudden and quick in quarrel, and jealous of his rights, things would have conspired to keep him down and under. I do not care how clever he may be, or how well educated, his salary would have been eighteen a week at the farthest, with a very tenuous hold upon his job.

"He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

▲ ▲

At a hotel, the man who complains is the man against whom the servants are ever in league; and the man who complains most is always the man who has least at home.

If you are defamed, let time vindicate you,—silence is a thousand times better than explanations.

Explanations do not explain. Let your life be its own excuse for being,—cease all explanations and all apologies, and just live your life.

By minding your own business you give other folks an opportunity to mind theirs; and, depend upon it, the great souls will appreciate you for this very thing.

I am not sure that absolute, perfect justice comes to everybody in this world; but I do know that the best way to get justice is not to be too anxious about it. As love goes to those who do not lie in wait for it, so does the big reward gravitate to the patient man.

"He that endureth to the end shall be saved."

▲ ▲

No theorizing, no beautiful exploitation of epigrammatic proverbs, is going to enable dishonest, worthless individuals to produce elevated and reputable governments.

IF YOU ARE WELL-BRED

Receptions and Calls

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Our invitations were for a "Poverty Luncheon" at the home of our dear nappy-go-lucky friend, familiarly known among us as "Chatterbox." The apartment-house in which was her modest domicile was so far uptown that in mentioning the street, the residents left off the hundred prefix and spoke of 'Fifty Seventh Street.

"It gives us quite a fashionable feeling," Chatterbox had explained merrily,—"and the natives understand each other."

As there was no elevator, we were pantingly conscious of having mounted many stairs, but the door stood hospitably open—and our hostess met us with the warmest cordiality.

"Welcome to my sky parlor," she exclaimed, embracing us, and Madame Heartsease whispered audibly!—"One would know by her sunshiny face that he lived very near heaven." When our little party had assembled Chatterbox led the way to the dining room, where we found a table at which Santa Claus himself might have presided as host. Our hostess was so pleased with it herself that when one exclaimed, "How lovely!" she laughed like a happy child, exclaiming:—

"If young men come in they are oblivious of everyone else"

"Yes, is n't it! Jack and I had such fun doing it."

This was quite a new social atmosphere. Every face smiled at her ingenuousness, and realized how superior was simple naturalness to the fashionable pose of decrying everything that one has.

Above the round table the chandelier was wreathed with greenery, and from it hung strings of pop corn, which fell over the edge of the table between our places, giving quite a bower-like effect. Around the centerpiece—a mound of holly,—the tablecloth was covered to within two feet of the table-edge with sheets of fine cotton-batting, sprinkled with mica dust, to give it the appearance of snow. This was edged with a wreath of holly, and small dishes of lady apples, and of walnuts, were placed upon it at intervals.

These last, we found later, had been opened, a Christmas motto inserted in each, and the shells held together again with a few drops of mucilage. Mine contained the following:—

All joie and jollitie
Wait on thy holiday;
True love and friendliness
Hallow thy happiness.—Old Carol.

My neighbors read from theirs:—

Our content is our best having.
Shakespeare.

Make the best of everything
Think the best of everybody
Hope the best for yourself.
George Stephenson.

Some of your griefs you have cured
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived.
Emerson.

"Jack chose them," Chatterbox explained with wifely pride, "one evening when we were reading."

The *menu* consisted of chicken *bouillon*, creamed codfish, served in little brown earthenware pots,—"cost, five cents apiece," volunteered our hostess when someone admired them. Chicken patties followed in which bits of celery acceptably replaced mushrooms, then slices of tongue, with green peppers filled with vegetable salad. Ice cream, in the form of snowballs, and black coffee completed the little feast.

When rallied upon "the pride that apes humility" in calling hers a "poverty" luncheon, our hostess confided that its cost was at poverty prices. The *bouillon* was but the water in which the chicken for the patties was boiled, thickened with a little cream. The patty-forms cost three cents apiece at a neighboring baker's, and the ice cream was homemade, moulded with a big spoon into balls, and rolled in powdered cocoanut.

"This is the most 'Christmas-sy' thing I have enjoyed," said Madame Crœsus, when someone alluded to the table. "I confess with shame that I hate Christmas,—it means such hard work! I have *shopped for* forty presents, and I live in dread that someone will give me something for whom I have provided nothing."

"Blessed be nothing!" laughed Chatterbox. "I think the proverb applicable. Who would want presents given in that spirit?"

"I begin my Christmas shopping," said Madame Heartsease, "the day after Christmas, and all through the year gather or make the trifles, out of which I get as much pleasure as I hope to give. I have a superstition that I must give gladly to insure pleasure to the recipient."

"Very likely," sighed Madame Crœsus. "I feel as if my friends had suddenly turned into creditors. I thought that I could scarcely spare the time to come here to-day with a nightmare of presents—yet unprovided,—haunting me, but a quiet little luncheon with you was too alluring to be resisted."

"Men are very witty at the expense of our luncheons, thinking them gossipy affairs. But that is not my experience," I said. "I never love my sex so much as after such a little cozy reunion as this."

"Women's luncheon parties are distinctively American," said Rose Madden. "As an art student in Paris, after my graduation, I of course saw little or nothing of fashionable life, but I think we are alone in having entertainments exclusively feminine. In France a *déjeuner* at noon is likely to include both sexes, and a woman guest who would wear her hat at a friend's table would be ostracized!"

"Being the inventors of the form of entertainment, we may impose our own laws of etiquette I suppose, then," said I.

"I carefully wrote answers to all the invitations"

"Oh, etiquette!" exclaimed Chatterbox. "What a ghost that is never laid, that is, to us poor country folk! When I first came to New York to live, mindful of my dear mother's maxim that the golden rule would be sufficient guide, I carefully and politely wrote answers to all the invitations to teas and receptions that I received, instead of taking no notice of them and sending my card when the day came, if I could not get up my courage to go, or was otherwise prevented."

"Why, my dear," said Madame Crœsus gently, "what was there to embarrass you? You had only to leave your card on the hall table, remove your wrap if you chose in a room up-stairs or even in the hall, shake hands with your hostess at the drawing-room entrance, and pass on. It seems so simple."

"Yes," exclaimed Chatterbox, excitedly, "but it is the 'passing on' that made my knees give way under me when I gazed about the room and saw only stranger faces. I managed later to

walk straight through the room as if aiming for somebody at its far end, and so into the dining room where some angelic being without a hat offered me tea or an ice, and I then sometimes confessed to her that I was a stranger in a strange land, and my lorn condition led her to present me to one or two persons near by."

"All beings without hats at receptions are not angelic," interposed Rose. "They are supposed to be the assistants and representatives of the hostess, but I find them generally absorbed in talking with their own friends, and, if young men come in, they are oblivious of everyone else. Excuse me. Such remarks are symptoms of 'old-maidism' I suppose, but I do not see why girls do not moderate their manner a little at the appearance of a man."

"It is a great pity," said Madame Heartsease, "that one should feel self-conscious and uncomfortable in a crowd. There is so much to see and enjoy,—the bright, animated faces, the pretty toilets, sometimes beautiful music,—all that the hostess has been at pains to provide. And one may be pretty sure that people are interested in themselves and each other and scarcely notice a stranger,—unless exceptionally beautiful or smart in dress. Besides, it has always been considered correct, I think, to address any fellow guest."

"I am the president of a certain society," said my neighbor, Gladys; "am I not privileged, at our receptions, to speak to any and every one?"

"Certainly, the official position entitles you to act as if you were receiving your friends at your own house," I replied.

"In France, the saying is that 'the roof is an introduction,'" remarked Rose. "The names are announced upon the entrance of guests, and after that everyone is supposed to be acquainted and no further introductions are made."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Gladys.

"I do not know why it is, but I get all mixed up in making introductions. What *is* the exact rule, Madame Crœsus? You are our society leader."

"Heaven forbid! I deny all claim to such a title, but the little I know is at your service. When introducing two women of different ages, or an unmarried woman to a matron, the name of the elder or of the married one is mentioned first, as: 'Mrs. Black, will you allow me to present Miss White?' Of course, a man is presented to a woman in the same way, as though asking her permission. Often the names are merely mentioned, in which case it does not matter which is spoken first; but the woman or the person of greatest distinction is the one addressed, her attention being directed to the other."

"Jack chose them one evening when we were reading"

"Should not one always rise when a person is introduced?" asked Rose.

"When a woman is brought to you for presentation, you should rise at once and offer your hand, but it is not done when a general introduction is made, as often happens at a luncheon, as each guest arrives and is made acquainted with those already assembled. Each woman bows as her name is mentioned, and the lady presented smiles and bows in a manner that includes the whole circle. When a man is presented to a woman, she remains seated and does not offer her hand,—unless she is a hostess,—though her manner should be very cordial. But how absurd for me to tell *you* these details!"

There was a chorus of protest, and then Chatterbox took the floor.

"Now, since we are on the subject of conventions, I should like to ask whether you do not think it a senseless custom for a woman to leave her husband's cards with her own, when everybody knows that he is not going the rounds making afternoon visits with her."

"Not at all," answered Madame Crœsus. "No one is deceived. It is merely a custom to give the husband social recognition with his wife. In Europe men do call with their wives more than in America, but our men are too busy. Besides, it is not strictly necessary, except at the first calls of the season or after some hospitality that has included the husband."

"How many of his cards does she leave?" asked Rose.

"Some women leave a card for the lady of the house and one for its master, ignoring any unmarried women of the household, as they are not expected to receive the calls of married men. Others leave one card for them all, inclusive. Mothers frequently leave the cards of their sons, and sisters those of their brothers. It merely acknowledges their existence and good intentions, and when an entertainment is to be given, the guests are recruited from the list of those whose cards have been left.

"My country friends have rather primitive ideas about cards," said Chatterbox. "Some of them have them printed, others write them very neatly in ink. They do not know that they may economize in their food if they will,—but not in cards."

"That one must not economize one's politeness is held as a principle in society," said Madame Crœsus.

NEW IDEAS

Contributed By Our Readers

[SUCCESS MAGAZINE will pay its readers one dollar for every item accepted for this department. If you are a housewife, tell us of any practical new idea that has come to you in regard to your household work. If you have discovered an improved way of doing a common task, be it house cleaning, cooking, washing, ironing, making or putting up preserves, storing away apples, pears, vegetables—no matter what it is, let us hear about it. If you are a handy man or woman in the home, tell us of any new and proved method you have discovered for cleaning clothes, polishing silver, destroying insects, painting, gardening, papering, carpentering, or any of the thousand and one things that are to be done in the garden and in the home. If you are a business or professional man or women, and have found some simple and better method of doing any ordinary thing in the line of your business or profession, whatever it may be, pass the good news on to SUCCESS and have the satisfaction of helping others as well as of earning something for yourself. If you are a boy or girl at school or in college, and have found some improved method of making things, or a new way of earning money to help you get an education; if you have an improved plan for study or reading; if you have anything original and helpful to communicate in regard to work, or sport, or study, we shall be glad to hear from you. Illustrations need *not* accompany contributions. Address, New Ideas Editor, Success Magazine, New York City.]

Removing Putty from Old Sashes

The simplest and neatest way to remove hard putty is to give it two or three coats of ordinary paraffine oil, allowing half an hour between coats. The petroleum will penetrate the putty and dissolve the hardened linseed oil, making the putty plastic in a short time, and in an hour or two it can be readily removed. FRED J. GEHSKE.

A Moth Preventive

A small piece of paper or linen moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or dresser drawers, for a single day or two, will keep moths out. MRS. W. E. MOODY.

For Picking up Scissors and Needles

Have a horseshoe magnet, to which is attached a long cord, or ribbon, in your work basket; it will pick up needles or scissors when they fall on the floor. This is especially useful for invalids and elderly ladies. K. E. J.

If K. E. J. will send name and address to the editor of "New Ideas," he (or she) will receive a dollar for the above item.

A Hint to the Wise

In a conversation with a house furnisher, I was informed that, at certain seasons of the year, it was impossible to get enough men to lay mattings, hang shades, or drape *portières*,—and my own experience in housekeeping bears out the statement. In New Orleans three cents per yard is paid for laying mattings, and it is clean and rapid work; one dollar per pair is charged for draping *portières*. This is something that can be done on Saturdays and in the afternoons, and can be easily learned by any intelligent man or youth, and would materially aid in paying college expenses. The student could hire himself to a store which dealt in such things. S. S. HUFFMAN.

Sealing Tomato Cans with Putty

Two or three years ago we experienced trouble with our sealing-wax, which ran down into the cans and spoiled our tomatoes. Since that time we have used putty, and have had no further trouble. The putty is bought ready mixed, and a little working with the hands is all that is necessary.

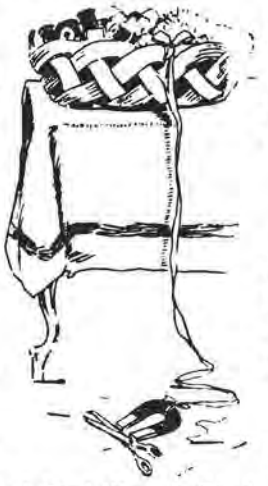
When using Mason jars, it is well to place a cloth dampened in alcohol over the top of the fruit, and outside the lid tie a cloth dipped in paraffin.

MRS. J. B. MCALLISTER.

Paint-spattered Windows

A friend, who purchased an old, long-vacant house, was dismayed to find the windows so spattered with hardened paint that it was almost impossible to clean them. At a painter's suggestion she rubbed a ten-cent piece over the panes, which so loosened the paint that the glass could then be easily washed.

MRS. A. B. MORRILL.



A Tired Woman's Friend

For Cleaning Windows

Economy in the Garden

Having a small garden, we utilize space in the following manner, which probably few have thought of doing:

After the first plowing of the potatoes, we plant sweet corn between the potato rows to take the place of the earlier corn. Also, between the potato rows we set celery, which does very nicely.

Between the hills of potatoes, not every hill, sunflower seeds are planted, which make excellent food for chickens, hastening the moulting season and getting them in condition for winter laying. The foregoing method does not injure the potato crop in the least. After the early peas and beans, late cabbage is set out.

Radishes are put in the beet row, as they can be taken out for table use before they crowd the beets.

The garden is planted in rows so that all can be cultivated with the plow as much as possible. Herbs are set about the garden fence, also rhubarb and horse-radish. MRS. LULA GOSHORN.

A Good Way to Pack Apples

When storing the winter supply of apples in the cellar, wrap each apple in a bit of newspaper, then pack them in barrels, or boxes. Last year we kept two barrels till the middle of May, and found them in good condition. They were placed in the cellar in October, and had not been sorted over all winter.

AILEEN M. EBERMAN.

A Hint for Chrysanthemum Growers

Eben L. Rexford, in his care of chrysanthemums, pots the new sprouts in the spring, thinking it deleterious to plant out and lift again in the fall. My method, will, I think, insure more blooms and of as satisfactory a quality. I cut from the plant, when brought out of the cellar in the spring, a block of sprouts, and plant them in the ground, giving good cultivation and plenty of water, and pinching back the strong shoots and removing the weak ones. In August, before the buds appear, I have a thrifty, shocky plant, with innumerable heads for bloom. This I lift carefully, saturating with water the night before, put in good size pots, and leave out of doors until danger from frost. The plants are not retarded in any manner by this treatment, and are thriftier, with less labor than if kept in pots all summer. Of course, if one has a gardener, or abundance of time, it makes little difference as to the method, as long as results are satisfactory. But, for the busy woman who wants her blossoms, there is labor saved by this method and as good results obtained.

KATE E. THEW.

To Launder Lace Curtains

Get the exact dimensions of the curtains. Shake out the dust and rinse them in cold water. Drop in a boiler of water to which has been added one half bar of shaved soap, three tablespoonfuls of turpentine, and three tablespoonfuls of ammonia. Boil thoroughly. Rinse and starch slightly. Measure off a plat of grassy ground the dimensions of the cur-

tain. Stretch the curtains over this, sticking a toothpick through each scallop, well into the ground. Two or more curtains may be stretched over the same toothpicks. When dry, *lift off* of the toothpicks. Experience will teach one to be dexterous, and it will prove a much quicker method than using stretchers, and not so hard on the fingers.

MRS. L. T. MONNETT.

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A Novel Invalid's Wrap

This is a new idea for something warm and cosy for an invalid to slip across her shoulders when sitting up in bed. It is in the form of a nightingale, and is made of fine cheese cloth, white sheet wadding, and pale blue, or pink, single berlin wool. The cheese cloth should be a yard wide.

Fig 1

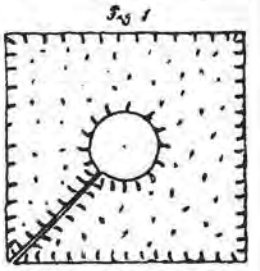

Fig 2

An Invalid's Wrap

Take two square yards of the cloth; place one thickness of wadding between; baste together so as to hold firmly; then, using the wool, tuft the whole here and there, as our grandmothers did the "comforters" of old. From one point, diagonally across, cut to the middle of the square, at which place cut a round hole large enough for the neck. Around the four edges of the square, up both sides of the opening and around the neck, work, with wool, the blanket or buttonhole stitch. About eight inches from the points that fall over the arms, tack the edges together to form sleeves. At the neck sew on two blue (or pink) ribbons, or cord and tassels made from the wool, to tie snugly, and you have a dainty, inexpensive present for some friend.

MISS E. MILLS.

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Renovating Feather Pillows

One of the easiest and best ways to renovate feather pillows is to hang them out in very cold weather, the colder the better, and let them freeze. Then transfer the feathers to clean ticking, and they will be found fresh and sweet. MRS. B.

Keep Salt Dry

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To Keep Salt Dry in Shakers

Keep a glass tumbler turned over the salt shaker. You will find that it will keep the salt dry, and that you will have no trouble to get it out of the shaker.

ELLA GARRIS.

▲ ▲

For Cleansing Floors

One pound of common wash soda and one pound of quicklime, mixed with one gallon of boiling water, will remove all paint or grease spots, and restore the color of the floor. Saturate the floor with the solution, sprinkle clean sharp sand over it, and scrub with soap and water. This will clean and bleach the floor perfectly, and it may then be waxed. MRS. D. GEHRKE.

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How to Keep Your Tie Down

To keep your necktie from running up your collar sew a short strip of kid glove to the tie, so that the rough side will come next the collar. It will stick like glue.

▲ ▲

How To Keep Lemons Fresh and Juicy

I have discovered a most effective way to keep lemons fresh and juicy. If they are placed in a bowl of cold water, and put aside in a cool place, they will keep in perfect condition for any length of time. Do not pack too closely, but allow plenty of room for the lemons to float easily in the bowl. The water has no deteriorating effect on them at all. MRS. K. C.

To Keep Lemons Fresh

▲ ▲

To Preserve Eggs

Fresh eggs, oiled paper, such as we use for wrapping butter, and shoe-boxes are the necessary articles. Any small box will answer. Wrap each egg first in oil paper, then in newspaper,—old book leaves will do nicely,—pack as close as may be in the boxes, and fill spaces with sawdust, bran, or anything else that is perfectly dry.

Tie on the box top—and keep the box cool, but do n't let it *freeze*. Turn your boxes every two weeks entirely over,—on a cellar shelf is a good place to keep them; and it is very little trouble, and quite satisfactory. When eggs are selling for sixty cents per dozen, yours are costing you fifteen cents and a little trouble. Date each box, using the oldest first.

MRS. ROBERT BOWLES.

Removing Ink Stains

When a wash garment gets stained with ink, before putting it in water cover the stain with salty grease well rubbed in, and let it stand for twelve hours or more before washing. MISS GLENTWORTH RUBINS.

An Improved Tag for Marking Plants

Take a strip of sheet zinc, 1 x 4 inches, (or the most convenient size,) soak in vinegar ten minutes, then write the name of the plant, tree, or whatever you wish to mark, with a common lead pencil, and allow it to dry. Punch a hole in one end, and fasten on with small brass wire. I have used these tags for over seven years in the open air and buried under ground, and they are as plain as ever. M. E. H.

For Marking Plants

Renovating Rag Carpets

First sprinkle the carpet with salt, then give it a good sweeping, after which wash with ammonia water. (I use about half a cup of liquid ammonia to a small pail of water.) Then dissolve dyes of the different shades used in the stripe of the carpet, and with a small paint brush go over each stripe with its color of dye and paint it. You will be surprised at the result. This process makes the carpet look like new, if the work is thoroughly done. MISS K. J. MCKENZIE.

A Cheap Dark Lantern

An excellent dark lantern can be made by anyone for eighteen cents. Procure an empty starch box and remove the cover. Purchase a candle and a piece of ruby glass which will fit exactly in the grooves made for the cover. These two articles will cost eighteen cents. Bore or cut a large hole in the top or end of the box and air holes near the base; light the candle and place it inside of the box; insert the glass in the grooves, and the dark lantern is ready for use. Care should be taken to prevent any light from shining through the air holes. W. A. CAMPBELL.

New Uses for a Meat Chopper

So many people think that the uses of a meat-chopper or grinder are entirely covered by its name, but here are a few other uses. When making Chili sauce, pare the onions and tomatoes and remove stems and seeds from the peppers; then, using the medium knife, put them through the chopper, onions and peppers first. The tomatoes will remove any odor left by the first two, and a pie tin or basin on the floor will catch any drip from the chopper and protect the floor.

For chopped pickle, the same medium knife will save much tedious chopping in a bowl, and do the work more evenly beside; the same is true in mince-meat making.


The Handy Meat Chopper

MRS. A. H. WILLETT.

An Aid to Memory

I have found it most helpful when a name slips my memory, to begin at the beginning of the alphabet and say each letter over slowly in the mind; and when you come to the letter that begins the word you are trying to think of, the word itself is almost invariably suggested. I have used this plan in business for years,—for proper names, names of streets, anything. Try it. E. D. ALLING.

Mounting Vacation Pictures

Kodak pictures can be easily and artistically grouped and mounted on a piece of blue-print paper laid out smoothly across an ordinary bread board. Fasten the films on the paper by sticking common pins in each corner, pinning down one end first, and taking care that the film is smoothed out so as to lie close to the paper before pinning down the opposite end, and slant the pins so that the film will not slide up. They need only to be pressed into the bread board a little way to hold perfectly. Place between, or else around the pictures, according to taste, some autumn leaves, (small maple leaves will be found the best for this purpose,) the leaves being pinned down in the same manner as the pictures, care being taken to have everything at hand

before commencing work, so that it can be accomplished as quickly as possible. Take care also not to place the board where the sun can strike it until the design is completed. Then expose to the sun for a sufficient time to print, after which, remove the films, leaves, etc., and immerse the paper in water until the pictures stand out in bold relief. Hang up until almost dry, then smooth out with a regular flat iron; afterward you can write anything under the pictures with white ink. A handsome reminder and record of the happenings of a summer vacation can be made, and when framed will make a striking picture.

F. B. MALLORY.

A Hint for Preserving Time

To those sisters who are up to their eyes in pickling and preserving, and who cling to the time-honored custom of heating the glass jars thoroughly before filling, I would say: "Rinse the jars out thoroughly in *cold* water, but do not wipe them; then bottle as always to overflowing. Try it *once*, and you will never be the slave to a hot jar again." Out of hundreds done in this way, not one ever cracked in the process, and the saving of time and labor ought to count in this busy season. This was an accidental discovery.

K. H. WADSWORTH.

How to Arrange Clippings for an Invalid

I have saved the humorous articles clipped from the papers and magazines,—the things that have made me laugh, and I am fixing them in the following way, to pass on to some other invalid, for the effect of laughter upon health and disease is incalculable.

Instead of the regulation scrapbook, I use cardboard of different sizes to paste my clippings on. This cardboard can be purchased very cheaply in packages of from twenty to fifty. They are much easier to hold in one's hand, than a cumbrous scrapbook, and neater looking.

Pictures and poetry may be utilized in the same way.

AN INVALID.

Advantageous Poultry Perches

For perches in the poultry house, get poles and suspend them from the roof with wire, not over two feet from the ground, or less if your fowls are heavy. Bind together by two boards, (one at each end,) with nails driven through just to fit the poles, one on each side of each end of each pole. This leaves no place for lice to gather that is not accessible to crude oil, which is the best lice exterminator we have found. Clean up the droppings each morning, and do not forget to give the poultry lawn clippings, either green or dried.

E. A. L.

Expeditious Corn Popping

In popping corn for a large number of people, a quick and satisfactory way is to take a tablespoonful of lard, place it in a deep kettle, (an iron one is preferable,) set it over the fire, and let it get smoking hot; then add a cupful or more of pop corn. Place a cover on the kettle, and, when the corn starts to pop, stir it with a large spoon, so that it will not burn, and soon you will have a large kettle of corn which has taken only a few minutes to prepare. MRS. ROSE LAWBAUGH.

Limewater Used in Canning Tomatoes

When canning tomatoes, add three tablespoonfuls of limewater to each quart while they are cooking. With this precaution, you will never lose a can of tomatoes. The limewater may be made very cheaply at home by putting a lump of slacked lime, about the size of a goose egg, in a quart jar, and filling the jar with water. Stir this, and when the liquid has settled it is ready for use. Water may be added until the lime is all dissolved. MRS. J. E. GAUNT.

A Good Use for a Bellows

During a residence in Ireland, I found the small bellows to be had in every hardware store most useful for blowing the dust out of tufted upholstered furniture. I have not been able to get the bellows here, but have discovered that a bicycle pump makes an excellent substitute. MRS. HARRIET W. ASHLEY.

Shrinking Lace and Embroidery

The writer has recently discovered a very simple method of shrinking lace and embroidery, so much of which is now used. Fold the material, lay it on a plate in a steamer and let it steam half an hour. Remove, let it dry as folded, iron on the wrong side, and your lace or embroidery is as handsome as before, and, —which is very desirable,—will not shrink away from the goods. MRS. ACHSAH L. WILEY.

Keeping Irish Potatoes in Winter

When the potatoes are dry, put them away in a dry cellar. Place first a layer of potatoes and sift over them lightly air-slacked lime, then another layer of potatoes and more lime until the bin is full.

This has proven a success in countries where it was thought impossible to keep potatoes through the winter. GERTRUDE MURPHY.

Shall We Give Presents at Christmas?

A HOST of replies have been received to this question, the majority in the affirmative. Those writing on the negative side have made up in force, however, for what they lacked in number. The answers receiving the prizes are printed below.

AFFIRMATIVE.—By M. H., Washington, D. C.

Common-sense Christmas giving is the charity cloak that covers a year's remissness. Giving is "a generous virtue of a vigorous kind." Liberality is the manifestation of sentiment: generosity is the measure of sacrifice. The Christmas spirit is self-effacement,—an enjoyment in consulting the tastes and happiness of others.

"Christmas is a dour day," complained a testy old Scotchman; "my family beggars me giving me things I can't use, and I make mysel' poorer giving them things they do n't want." The doom of reciprocity!

Apply business system to Christmas-giving. Be prodigal with time and profit by hints from the year; give to the needy first; to friends afterwards. Be generous, gracious, careful. Gifts must not savor of silver. Let bounteousness and beneficence hold carnival! Give the shut-in a book; the artist a flower; the invalid a visit; the craftsman tools; the distant friend a bulky, breezy letter; the loved one something worthy. Accompany each gift with a note, a rhyme, or a generous encouraging word. Give according to your strength and income. Give joyously, without hope of reward.

Your delight will be boundless when the Christmas spirit sings the anthem of self-sacrifice: "IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

NEGATIVE.—By A. A. Boyee, Barre, Vermont

Judged by its results, the custom of making gifts at Christmas should not exist. First, because the giving has to be done at a particular time, which fact robs the occasion of the spontaneity which should accompany all gift-making.

Christmas comes during a season when living expenses are high; therefore, with many, it is the most difficult time in which to find money for a special purpose. Many gifts are chiefly useful for the purpose of proving to the recipients that they are remembered.

Because so many find it impossible to make their list of presents so large as their circle of relatives and friends, and because of the disappointment occasioned by failure to receive presents expected, and also the embarrassment caused by receiving gifts from sources where it has not been thought necessary, or been found possible, to bestow them, a large part of the pleasure produced by Christmas giving is offset.

The exchange of letters, cards, or tokens of no money value would be a good substitute for the present custom with its abuses.

Weddings, special occasions, birthday and other anniversaries furnish enough opportunity for gift-making without the disagreeable features that make Christmas giving a burden.

What Do You Think of Success Magazine?

THE editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE wishes to thank the very large number of his readers who replied to the appended questions when they appeared in the October issue. He is not satisfied, however, and wants to hear from *every* reader. What he asks is a frank expression of opinion as to the excellence and defects of the magazine. Kindly write as promptly as possible. Following is the list of questions:—

1.—What department or class of articles in SUCCESS MAGAZINE pleases you most, and why?

2.—What department or class of articles in SUCCESS MAGAZINE pleases you least, and why?

3.—Leaving SUCCESS MAGAZINE out of consideration, what is your favorite among the periodicals of large general circulation?

4.—What is the particular quality of your favorite, as nearly as you can define it, which appeals most strongly to you?

5.—What addition to SUCCESS MAGAZINE in the way of a department or class of articles would, in your opinion, tend to improve the magazine to the greatest extent?

6.—If you have been a reader for more than a year, tell us whether or not you feel that within this period the magazine has gone forward in its value and attractiveness, and why?

True criticism is what is wanted, and special prizes will be awarded for the most helpful letters and any suggestions that the editors can carry out.

Address: The Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York.

A Review of New Books

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

THE autumn books include a number of biographies deserving sérious consideration. Aside from Thomas Wentworth Higginson's exceedingly interesting volume of reminiscences. "Part of a Man's Life," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,) these have to do largely with prominent historical personages of other days than ours. John Knox and the subject of so much of his sermonizing—fair and frail Queen Mary,—are once more discussed pro and con by zealous investigators. Professor Edward von Wertheimer has given us an interesting and careful account of the life and career of Napoleon's ill-fated son, "The Duke of Reichstadt." (John Lane Company.) Professor G. M. Wrong has produced in "The Earl of Elgin" (Methuen & Co.,) the most satisfactory biography yet written of England's distinguished pro-consul. Christopher Hare's "Dante" (Charles Scribner's Sons,) is a sympathetic, informative, and readable portrayal of the author of the "Divina Commedia." Dr. Van Dyke, in "Renascence Portraits," (Charles Scribner's Sons,) deals mainly with Thomas Cromwell, Maximilian I, and the Venetian *littérateur*, Pietro Aretino, and in a way that enlarges our knowledge both of the Renascence and of these three figures who responded so keenly to its influence. With Professor Dowden's "Montaigne, "(J. B. Lippincott Co.,) a new series—"French Men of Letters,"—is well begun. Augustine Birrell's "Andrew Marvell" (The Macmillan Company,) makes us better acquainted with the personality and writings of this Parliamentarian poet of seventeenth-century England. Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Bronté," (Charles Scribner's Sons,) if weak as a biography, contains much new material that should be welcomed by all Bronté enthusiasts. Finally, in D. S. Margoliouth's "Mohammed," (G. P. Putnam's Sons,) we have a most startlingly original "Life" of the immortal founder of Islamism.

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Mr. Margoliouth has, of course, availed himself of the researches of Nöldeke, Wellhausen, Goldziher, and other learned Orientalists, but he has also dipped deeply into works not commonly utilized as aids to the elucidation of the Prophet's development and achievements,—I. W. Riley's "A Psychological Study of Joseph Smith, Jr.," James P. Beckwourth's astounding "Autobiography," and Frank Podmore's "Modern Spiritualism." The influence of these is strikingly manifest in his point of view. He has no hesitation whatever in classing Mohammed, not only with the founder of Mormonism, but also with such spiritualistic "mediums" as D. D. Home and the Reverend W. Stainton Moses, and in grouping all as tricksters who resorted to identically similar devices to further their pretensions. To be sure, he grants Mohammed credit for real statesmanship in the welding together of the mutually jealous Arab tribes and the establishment of a great empire, but insists that he, "while regularly profiting by other men's scruples, allowed no scruples to stand between him and success." Clearly, the principal, the fatal objection to this presentation is that it necessitates the assumption that Mohammed was on a plane, on the one hand, with the operators of the darkened room, and, on the other, with such famous empire builders as Pitt and Bismarck,—an unthinkable combination of mental characteristics. Apart from this, Mr. Margoliouth's book is of unquestionable value, and particularly to the student of the migration and the conquest, the facts concerning which are set forth lucidly and with critical caution.

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Books of an historical character continue to appear in abundance. One that is quite out of the ordinary is "Corporations: Their Origin and Development," (G. P. Putnam's Sons,) a two-volume work by the late John P. Davis. Dr. Davis had planned to write a history which should cover the development of corporations from the earliest to the latest times, but ill-health prevented the completion of his task, and what would probably have been the most interesting portion—the study of the great business combinations of to-day,—remains unwritten. Enough was finished, however, to stamp the incomplete work a substantial contribution to political science. Not only does it exhibit, with an amazing wealth of detail, the evolution of the corporative movement in all the social domains affected thereby, but it is also of the greatest assistance in clarifying our ideas concerning the exact nature, the usefulness, and the limitations of the corporation. Another helpful addition to political literature is a new volume in Dr. Dunning's "History of Political Theories." (The Macmillan Company.) In this the subject is carried from the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century; that is to say, from

the influence exercised on political thought by the Reformation to the political philosophy formulated by Montesquieu. As before, Dr. Dunning takes the distinctive political writers of each country and generation, analyzes their work, and estimates their place in the evolution of political theory. As will readily be understood, the book is not adapted to after-dinner recreation; but the student will find it clear, thoughtful, impartial, and authoritative.

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American history is represented by additional volumes in "The American Nation" series, (Harper Brothers,) "The History of North America," (George Barrie & Sons,) and "A History of All Nations," (Lea Brothers & Co.,) and by a new volume of Woodbury Lowery's, "The Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) This covers the years 1562-1574, is concerned solely with the settlements in South Carolina and Florida, and is solidly based on original research. The main interest inevitably centers in the doings and personality of Menendez, the author of the massacre of the Huguenot settlers at Fort Caroline, and founder of the Spanish colony at St. Augustine. It is pleasing to find that Mr. Lowery takes a broad and judicial stand, in no wise apologizing for the foul deed perpetrated at Matanzas Inlet, but bringing into the necessary relief the achievements so often neglected by historians, but essential to a correct appreciation of Menendez's character. Another striking feature is the deftness with which he guides the reader through the labyrinth of the New World diplomacy of the courts of Elizabeth, Philip, and Catherine de' Medici. Curiously enough, he attributes England's backwardness in discovery and colonization to political causes chiefly, thus losing all that goes with the truer view that the principal factors were social and economic. His exposition of the mooted de Gourgues incident is also rather unsatisfactory.

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Another study from original sources, but one calling for a far less favorable verdict, is Henry Parker Willis's "Our Philippine Problem." (Henry Holt & Co.) Dr. Willis has long been of the belief that the policy adopted by the United States in respect to the Philippines is hopelessly wrong, and a journey through the islands has convinced him that from almost every, if not from every standpoint, their affairs are shockingly mismanaged. Healthy and helpful criticism is one thing, but unreasoning abuse is quite another, and it is to be feared that his comments fall under the latter category. When, for instance, in discussing the control of public opinion through the Philippine press, he remarks: "In some cases lucrative employment has been given by the Commission to native journalists or to the owners of native newspapers, seemingly to keep them quiet," he makes but one of many insinuations which thoughtful readers must instantly reject as incompatable with the character of the men entrusted by Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt with the administration of the Philippines. His apparent determination to see but one side of every question is never more luminously illustrated than in the arguments advanced in support of the contention that the "ladrones" have native public opinion behind them. "The fact," he observes, "is unquestioned that the natives in general will not complain or testify, save under practical compulsion, against those who have in this way laid their property under contribution. In other words the provincial population as a whole is in strong sympathy with the 'ladrone' leaders." Another writer might suggest that reluctance to testify was due to a healthy dread of reprisals, but this idea would seem not to have occurred to the author. It can not be denied that there is room for criticism of the administration of the Philippines, just as there is room for criticism of the administration of all dependencies, and some questions raised by Dr. Willis demand immediate attention. But viewed in the large, his book must be pronounced unfair.

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In "Heretics," (John Lane Company,) Gilbert K. Chesterton undertakes to solve with his usual ease and dispatch no less momentous a problem than that involved in the question whether or not the world is growing better. In Mr. Chesterton's the reverse of humble opinion, the world, instead of growing better, is actually growing worse,—is, indeed, in a sorrier plight than it was in the good old days when its inhabitants systematically barbecued one another and vowed that the earth was flat. For then people had convictions, and could and did generalize freely; now they wander in a maze of particulars and lose themselves in negatives. Having delivered himself of which, Mr. Chesterton proceeds to amble through two hundred-odd pages of observations on an astonishing variety of topics, and with a discursiveness which none but Mr. Chesterton would venture to affect. Some profess to find in these observations a defense of Christianity. For my part, I find in them nothing but Mr. Chesterton,—at his best or at his worst, whichever you prefer. There is more than the usual gladsome irrelevance, reckless irresponsibility, verbal pyrotechnics, and hysterical paradox. Somebody has called Mr. Chesterton a "smarty." A gentleman who refuses to take himself

seriously is assuredly not a "smarty;" and I trust that Mr. Chesterton refuses to take himself seriously.

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Doctor Arthur Mahler's "Paintings of the Louvre: Italian and Spanish" (Doubleday, Page & Co.,) is a combination guide book, and critical handbook that should find a ready welcome, not only among all who contemplate visiting that rich repository of art treasures, but also among those desirous of making a stay-at-home acquaintance with the work of some of the greatest of the old masters. The author, or rather the authors, for Charles Blacker and William A. Slater have collaborated with Doctor Mahler in the production of this useful little book, have carefully avoided technical terms that would perplex the uninitiated, and, without adventuring far into criticism, have succeeded in fixing the salient quality of both the artists and their paintings.

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Frank Wiborg is an American business man, who is convinced that the time has come for the United States to cultivate closer trade relations with the Latin-American republics to the south of us. This conviction he voices emphatically in a book entitled "A Commercial Traveller in South America," (McClure, Phillips & Co.,) which is, in part, an account of a recent journey made by the author to Peru, Chile, Argentina, and other South American countries, and, in part, a handbook to the proper methods to be followed in order to secure South American trade. As a book of travel, it is, while gossipy and pleasantly personal, sadly unoriginal, adding practically nothing to our knowledge of the region. But, in its second phase, it may be cordially recommended, for it contains a number of practical suggestions which manufacturers having, or projecting, relations with South American importers might study to advantage.

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Verse of more than ordinary merit is contained in the collection which Charles J. Bayne has brought together under the title of "Perdita and other Poems." (Cole Book Company.) In the main these are poems of love and youth, and are characterized by light-hearted tunefulness, felicity of expression, and a world of atmosphere. It would seem impossible for Mr. Bayne to take other than a roseate view of life, and his optimism, fortunately, is infectious. Wherefore, "Perdita" should make many lasting friends.

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Among the novels of the autumn, primacy must undoubtedly be accorded to Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth," (Charles Scribner's Sons,) that trenchant study which provoked so much discussion during its appearance in serial form. In some respects disappointing as a story, there can be no question that, in the vitality and reality of its characters, and in its description of the Vanity Fair of modern New York society, it is altogether the most powerful piece of work that Mrs. Wharton has done. Another strong study is Mrs. Thurston's "The Gambler," (Harper & Bros.,) which will, in all probability, rival in popularity its immediate predecessor, "The Masquerader." As in "The Masquerader," however, Mrs. Thurston has paid a great deal more attention to plot than to workmanship, and, from the artistic standpoint, "The Gambler" is open to criticism as crude and unpolished. Nor can its tone be called wholesome, although in this respect,— and, for that matter, in almost all respects,— it is greatly superior to the Baroness von Hutten's "He and Hecuba," (D. Appleton & Co.,)—a story which might well have been left unwritten; and to "The Trident and the Net," (Harper & Bros.,) by the anonymous author of the "Martyrdom of an Empress." "The Trident and the Net" is a "first novel," and is the more disappointing because of the high expectations aroused by the beautiful word pictures and the idealistic tone of its opening chapters. How it could degenerate, as it ultimately does, into a cheap, melodramatic and unhealthy production is a mystery which must be left to the author to solve.

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In refreshing contrast, we have Mr. Wells's "Kipps." (Charles Scribner's Sons.) When I say that "Kipps" is closely akin to, and, in some ways, better than "Love and Mr. Lewisham," readers familiar with Mr. Wells's work will understand that here he reveals himself at his best, as a humorist of high order, as a keen student of, and sympathizer with, human nature, and as a story-teller of rare ability. Other wholly delightful stories are Harry Leon Wilson's "The Boss of Little Arcady," (Lothrop Publishing Co.,) A. T. Quiller-Couch's "The Mayor of Troy," (Charles Scribner's Sons,) and Florence Morse Kingsley's "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia," (Dodd, Mead & Co.,) each of which appeal to all who appreciate fine characterization and the sanely entertaining in fiction. Mr. Wilson's book is particularly forceful, abounding in truths well uttered, and mirroring with fidelity the life of the small mid-western town where is decided the fate of his hero and heroine,—a winsome daughter of the South with an even more sympathy-compelling mother.

Memory can be strengthened only by exercise. We do not remember without distinct attention.

Popular Science

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

Exploring the Aërial Ocean

With Balloons and Kites a Great Work Is Being Done in Searching the Mysteries of the Upper Air

ONE of the most promising of the new lines of scientific research, which may have great practical value for mankind, is the exploration of the upper air now being conducted simultaneously in America and Europe, and which, as soon as proper arrangements can be made, will be undertaken over the Atlantic and the Pacific.

At first sight it may seem that such exploration is needless, since the atmosphere is so transparent that we can look directly through it except when it is filled with clouds. One might be tempted to say that it would be as reasonable to talk of "exploring" a room with glass sides, through which the eye could range in every direction without detecting anything. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the transparent spell of atmosphere enveloping the earth is full of secrets which require investigation because of their connection with the climate and the weather, and which can not be properly investigated unless man can manage either to ascend, himself, several miles above the ground, or to send up self-recording instruments to make observations for him.

These discoveries, and others like them, are gradually bringing about a revolution in the science of meteorology, the end of which will probably see the art of forecasting the weather brought to a degree of perfection not to be thought of at the present time. The laws governing storms and cyclones, once regarded as fixed and certain, are being upset and reformed in the light of the knowledge, now attainable, of what occurs from five to ten miles above our heads.

The study of clouds, their forms, their origin, their diverse nature, and their motions is now prosecuted with the aid of photography, which has made almost as many revelations in this field as it has in astronomy. But the work of real aërial exploration is done with the aid of kites and free balloons. One who has not kept track of recent progress in this direction would be amazed if he could catch a bird's-eye view of the atmosphere above the United States and the leading European nations on any day that the weather conditions are suitable for sending up the mechanical scouts which science now employs.

The elevations occasionally attained by balloons charged with self-recording instruments, which bring back trustworthy information about temperatures, degrees of humidity, electrical conditions, and the density of the air at various heights above the ground, are simply astonishing. Recently such a balloon sent up from Strasburg reached an altitude of more than fifteen miles, or three times the height of the loftiest mountain in the world! Another, sent up in Russia, rose more than twelve miles above the earth, while elevations of seven or eight miles are quite common.

Is the Sun Shooting at Us?

Certain Magnetic Disturbances on the Earth May Be Caused by an Electrical Bombardment

AMONG the many attempts to account for the apparent connection between spots on the sun and magnetic disturbances on the earth none is more interesting than the theory recently developed by E. Walter Maunder, a well-known English astronomer. His idea is that our planet is occasionally subjected to a bombardment with electrified particles shot forth with tremendous velocity from certain centers of activity on the sun, which might be likened to so many batteries of machine guns discharging streams of projectiles into surrounding space. As the particles strike our atmosphere they set up magnetic disturbances, which are sometimes sufficiently violent to put the telegraph and cable lines out of commission over half the earth. It is believed by many that these disturbances also have an important influence over the character of the weather, although the precise nature of this influence has not yet been determined.

One of the most remarkable results of Mr. Maunder's investigation is the showing that there are particular places on the sun where the explosive forces seem to concentrate, and from which the streams of electrified particles are shot forth in radial lines. A stream of this kind may or may not strike the earth, according to the position of the latter at the time when the explosion occurs. But, even if it misses, it may produce a magnetic disturbance by induction, and Mr. Maunder suggests that the "characteristic sharp twitch" of the magnetic needle, which occurs instantaneously over the

whole earth at the beginning of a great magnetic storm, may be regarded as denoting an actual collision with the solar stream line, while the more sluggish disturbances observed at other times indicate that the stream is passing either above or below the earth.

It has also been observed that the supposed projectile streams from the sun continue for long periods, and, as the sun revolves on its axis like a rotating turret, the streams sweep round with it, encountering the earth again and again once in every twenty-seven days, which is the mean synodic period of the sun's rotation in the latitudes where the greatest spots break out. During total eclipses vast beams are visible about the sun like the searchlights of a battleship, and Mr. Maunder thinks that these indicate the stream lines of the projected particles. Sometimes they dart straight away from the sun in radial lines, and sometimes they appear to be almost tangential to the sun's edge. Upon the whole they show a tendency to concentrate toward the plane of the solar equator, and this has the effect of bringing the earth more within the average line of fire, since the earth's orbit is so situated that our planet passes alternately above and below the solar equator.

As to the sunspots themselves, it is evident that, while they generally accompany the outbreak of a projectile stream, yet the activity of the latter begins before any spots appear and may continue after the spots have vanished, so that the latter can only be regarded as visible symptoms of the disturbance on the sun, but not as active causes of it. They may thus be said to resemble the smoke that gathers about a battery of artillery in action.

Imitating Nature's Best

The Rarest of Gems Is in Danger of Being Cheapened by the Achievements of the Chemist

THE most costly of all precious stones, and consequently, from the standpoint of human valuation, Nature's masterpiece in jewel making, is a perfect ruby. When of the largest size, such a gem is ten times more valuable than a "first water" diamond of equal weight. It is not surprising, therefore, that chemists have long been seeking a way to make artificial rubies that might pass for natural stones. Lately notable progress has been achieved in this direction, although the owners of rare specimens of the genuine oriental ruby have as yet no reason to fear a collapse in the market value of their jewels. But the fact that science can now make a ruby possessing all the qualities and beauties of the natural gem is, in itself, highly interesting.

At first sight it would seem not very difficult for a chemist, commanding the immense resources of a modern laboratory, to turn out a ruby, which is nothing in the world but a bit of crystallized oxide of aluminum. The metal aluminum has long ceased to have anything mysterious about it. But nature practices many queer tricks and turns of the hand, and none more difficult to detect and follow than those she employs when imprisoning the spirit of pure beauty in a rare crystal.

Many years ago Gaudin, a French chemist, by fusing various mixtures of alum obtained little globules possessing the composition of the ruby. In 1886, Charles Friedel made similar imitations of the gem, of little value. Some imitations made by a secret process were put upon the market under the name of "Geneva rubies." Nobody would have a "Geneva ruby" who could afford a genuine one. Lately M. A. Verneuil, another well-known French chemist, has improved the process so far that the gems produced by him are as large as a quarter of a karat in weight, and can not be distinguished by their chemical, physical, or optical properties from natural rubies. These artificial stones are often more clearly transparent than the products of nature, which are very seldom perfect in that respect. Verneuil's rubies are full of bubbles and imperfections however, whenever they exceed the very narrow limit of size mentioned above.

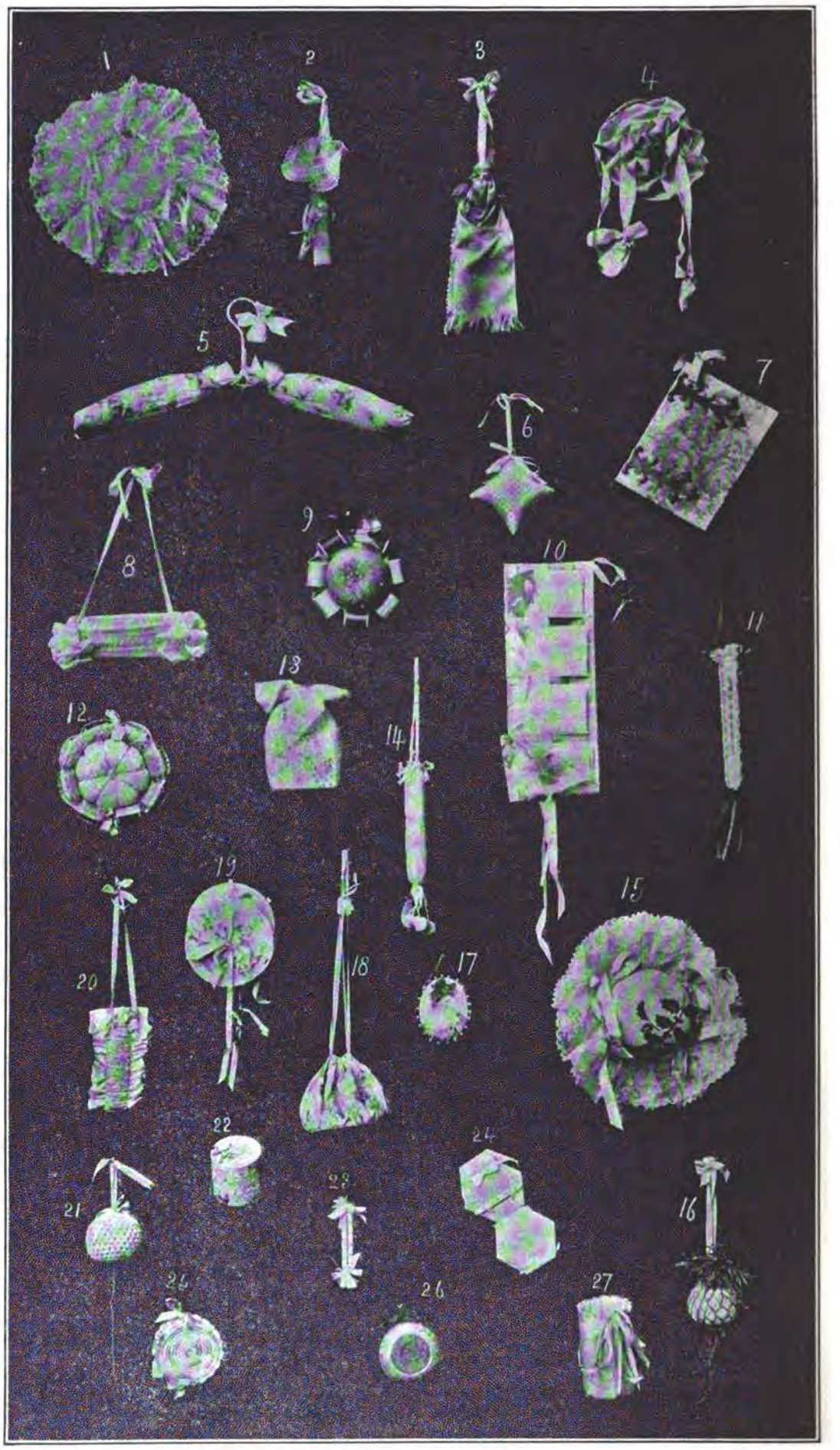
The home of the most perfect rubies in the world is Burma; except for the temporary advantage of somebody's pocket, nothing would be gained by transferring it to Paris. But science is as indifferent to consequences as Nature herself, and no doubt, if she can succeed in making a jewel as large and beautiful as the superb ruby that glitters in the crown of King Edward, she will not stay her hand simply because the queen of gems may be dethroned.

He Wasn't Afraid to Try

C. W. RAYMOND, chief justice of the United States court of appeals of Indian Territory, was a factory hand at Onarga, Illinois, at ninety cents a day, twenty-five years ago. He resolved to become a lawyer, and made application to Henry A. Butzow, the county clerk of his county, for employment. The clerk wrote him that at that time he did not need any further assistance, but that the future might bring a demand for additional help. He closed his letter as follows: "Our work is adding, adding, adding, all day long. Did you ever try it?"

Young Raymond was equal to the occasion, and answered the clerk on a postal card as follows: "No, I have never tried adding, adding, adding, all day long, but I can try, try, try, and I won't fail."

No monument erected to the dead can make sweet and lasting the memory of those who have not builded their own monuments in the hearts of the people.



1.—Cushion, covered with Honiton lattice and silk spiderweb. 2.—Hat-pin holder, of shaded pink crochet, like a flower. 3.—Doll, with flannel leaves for safety-pins under the dress. 4.—Raffia basket, with satin workbag attached. 5.—Coat hanger, covered with ribbon. 6.—White and blue baby ribbon, braided into a cushion cover. 7.—Tapestry book cover, with brass clamps and gilt gimp. 8.—Cover, with pin book inside. 9.—Cushion of silk apple, on two embroidered linen circles caught together with spools laced between them. 10.—Sash ribbon, made into a book for cards of baby ribbon. 11.—Bottle, covered with lace and ribbon, for hat pins. 12.—Two linen circles, embroidered in blue, with spools laced between the edges, and blue silk tomato pin-cushion sewed in the center. 13.—Cone-shaped pin-cushion, covered with ribbon. 14.—Hat-pin holder, covered with flowered ribbon. 15.—Cushion, covered and ruffled with China silk and draped with lace; center of embroidered linen. 16.—String ball, in holder of knotted raffia. 17.—Flat cushion, painted in miniature style with pearl pins in the edge. 18.—Silk bag, with inside pockets for tape, buttons, cotton, etc. 19.—Pin-cushion circles, with two bolts of ribbon between them. 20.—Bottle, covered with shirred satin ribbon, for holding hat pins. 21.—Ball of string, in a crocheted holder. 22.—Wooden box, hand painted, with string ball inside and end through hole in the top. 23.—Little holder for bodkins. 24.—Housewife, with spools, needlebook, and bodkin holders. 25.—Two crocheted mats, with flannel leaves for needles between. 26.—Bottomless basket, with string ball fitted into it. 27.—Hat-pin jar, covered with sash ribbon.

Useful and Pretty Christmas Gifts, by Mary Le Mont

A HOMEMADE Christmas gift is always regarded with a pleasure and feeling of sentiment which a gift procured in a shop rarely ever imparts, and so, and as one is not always in a place where dainty Christmas gifts can be readily purchased, the practice of making souvenirs of remembrance and affection for the holiday season is one never likely to be abandoned.

People like practical gifts. A pretty little practical gift, accompanied by an inexpensive card, often gives more enjoyment to the recipient than an expensive present.

Now that women wear hat pins to suit nearly every hat and gown, the question of holders for them becomes interesting. Long narrow bottles, such as can be had at drug stores, make good holders. These are covered and trimmed with ribbon and hung beside the mirror. Some have a crocheted cover with the top very round and full to simulate an open flower; others have two strips of lace sewed together, and beading run through the sides with baby ribbon rosettes and loops; others still, are covered with fancy silk ribbon fringed at the top, and tied so as to make a decorative upper portion. Fancy will suggest many pretty ways of trimming these bottles, or of decorating deep, narrow tin cans or jars, which will serve the same purposes, if weighted in the bottom, covered with lace across the top, and placed on the dressing table. Pasteboard and wood also form these decorative hatpin jars.

A Crinkled Silk Scarf

The cushion in Figure I shows a dainty cover in which Honiton braid has been sewed in a lattice over a muslin piece and coarse embroidery silk made in spiderwebs inside each square of the lattice. The ruffle of lace is over one of pink silk,—with which the cushion is covered,—and the silk ruffle has pinked edges.

An extremely useful gift, now that practically all underwear is run through with ribbons, is a book of baby ribbon, with scissors and bodkins attached. The book is made of a long strip of wide, flowered sash ribbon with one side folded over for about three inches upon the wider portion. This folded edge is feather-stitched to the other at intervals of over three inches, forming five or six pockets into which are tucked flat cards wrapped around with pink and white satin ribbon. Enough space is left between the pockets to enable one to fold over the ribbon into a book. A narrow ribbon ties it together on the outside, and from a bow in one corner hangs a pair of little scissors, while into small ribbon straps are run two sizes of bodkins, tied to the case by little ends and bows of ribbon.

A Crocheted Shawl

A pretty holder for bodkins is made of a roll of cotton as long and not as wide as one's middle finger. This is covered with ribbon, rippled at each end and tied with baby ribbons and bows. Across each side of the little roll are long herring-bone stitches, in coarse embroidery silk, and a bodkin is run through these stitches on each side of the dainty holder. This is hung in the work basket or beside the dressing table.

The use of baby ribbon is so universal that rolls of it are a necessity, and one very pretty way in which to keep these is shown in Figure 19. Two double circles of cardboard are padded in between and covered with fancy silk. Pins are stuck in the edges. A hole in the center allows a ribbon to be run through, and this passes through the center of two rolls of baby ribbon,—white and blue,—and ties in bows outside the covers. Loops of ribbon hold a pair of little scissors, and straps

Satin Belts Embroidered in Gold

of ribbon on one cover keep in place two sizes of bodkins.

A charming little spool-case for a traveler or a woman who attends sewing societies is made of two double hexagonal pieces of cardboard. Each of the six sides is a little longer than a spool of silk. Six spools are laced between the pieces, which are prettily covered. As these are double, pins are run around the edges, thus forming a pincushion of each cover, while an extra cover is sewed to the top with a bow and can be lifted, disclosing leaves of flannel for needles underneath. On the outside, the ribbon used for lacing in the spools holds down bodkins of different sizes, so that although simple and easily made, this housewife is very compact and complete.

The book of pins, an ever-present necessity upon a dressing table, is made a thing of beauty by means of the dainty holders now made for them. Two cardboard leaves, a bit larger than the pin book, are covered with ribbon, which is laid in plaits along the outer side. The corners are finished with rosettes, and a ribbon is arranged with which to hang up the book. This pretty thing must match the color scheme of the dressing table and is quite an addition to its prettiness.

Scarfs and shawls will be so much worn this winter that a gift of one of these is always acceptable. Crinkled silk, in lovely stripes of color, or of white and gold, can be purchased and the ends finished with a fringe or border for a scarf. Cashmere can be treated in the same fashion and *crepe de Chine* may be trimmed with a deep knotted fringe. Light-weight wools crochet and knit up into charming and useful scarfs, and silk, too, is employed in that fashion this season. Now that knitting and crocheting are in vogue again, one need not be at a loss for some article which can be made at home to brighten the Christmas of a friend.

The Accessories of the Fashionable Wardrobe

By MARTHA DEAN HALLAM

ARTISTS tell us that perfection is attained by accuracy of detail, and we everyday people know that it is the little things which make up the happiness or misery of human life. As these almost invisible trifles play such an important part in the final whole, so the innumerable accessories of woman's wear give her appearance the proper style and completeness. Let the cut and finish of her tailor gown be ever so correct, if it

6414.—Ladies' Surplice Waist. Sizes: 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

6415.—Ladies' Circular Skirt. Sizes: 20 to 30 inches, waist measure.

lacks these dainty fixings, it is sure to lack the touch of feminine individuality. There is no end of these little things in the way of collars, cuffs, undersleeves, chemisettes, guimpes, belts, and flowing scarfs which are distinctly a part of the season's modes, and yet not so extravagant as to be beyond the ability of the woman at home.

Never was there a fad for such a sensible accomplish-

rapper. Sizes: 32 to 42 inches, bust

t vogue for fine needlework. The
of the present generation would
r eyes in astonishment could they
:wear, embroidered and decorated
ilk scarfs for winter wear, *jabots* of
:misettes and guimpes of fine lawn,
1 hemstitched, which their great-
orking over with such happy results.
erns are to be had, and such beauti-
shed out of the bargain trays, that
ıy be had at a trifling cost.
s are unsuitable for the days when
w is now a notion of the past. The
ıull and lace are quite too fetching
ıoft climes and sunny skies. The
ınd deep mitten cuffs, which form
t of fashionable house gowns, are
lenciennes lace, basted on a paper

ıirt-waist. Sizes: 32 to 42 inches,

6384.—Ladies' French Corset Cover. Sizes: 32 to 46 inches, bust measure.

6385.—Ladies' Five-Gored Petticoat.

pattern and sewed together, or of finely tucked mull inset with lace or elaborated with drawn work. Very charming ones are made of Teneriffe lace, in wheel or all-over design. This delicate lace may be purchased very reasonably of the industrious Italian vender, or may be made at home of cream-color or white thread. The daintiest effects in chemisettes and cuffs are realized by the employment of batiste showing the English openwork embroidery.

An excellent way to attach the separate sleeves is by means of snap fasteners. By using these they can be put into a dress much more quickly than by the customary basting, and changed from one gown to another without difficulty.

Another charming feature of miladi's gowning is found in the broad collars of fanciful design made from the sheerest of mull, Swiss, or batiste, and daintily embroidered or beautified with insertion and edging of lace. Such a collar may be worn with any waist of sufficient simplicity to allow of more adornment, and completely transforms a simple silk shirt-waist into a dressy waist for afternoons. These collars put vast possibilities in the way of the woman who can afford but few clothes, as they are very adorning, easily made and a joy to clean. The one sketched is made of a sheer Swiss, with insertion and edging of Italian lace.

4740.—Misses' Dressing Sack. Sizes: 12, 14, 16 years

Another suggestion, Lady Fair. In making your new gown with surplice fronts, do not forget the fetching collars of linen or mull, embroidered in openwork design, which are so modish and set off so daintily the edges of the surplice. With these are worn narrow turn-back cuffs of the same, either as a finish for an elbow sleeve or at the wrist. They are serviceable not only as an attractive feature of a new gown, but also as a magic rejuvenator of the frock whose newness is somewhat worn off. Fine linen, batiste, or mull may serve as material. These little cuffs are far newer than the frill of lace, which is taking its departure as quickly and quietly as grace will permit.

6445.—Ladies' Fancy Collars and Cuffs. Sizes: small, medium, and large.

4738.—Girls' Dress. In five sizes: 4 to 12 years.
4001.—Boys' Suit. In five sizes: 2 to 6 years.

Another exquisite newcomer is the *jabot* of lace, which has been trying for some time to gain favor with that most fickle old lady, Dame Grundy. It comes with the lace *chou* which adorns the elbow sleeve, the flowing scarfs to be draped gracefully low about the shoulders, the cascade trimmings for waist and skirt, and a host of others closely allied in effect.

NOTICE

[For the convenience of our readers, we will undertake to receive and forward to the manufacturers orders for patterns of any of the designs on pages 854 to 857 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.]

A Word on Housekeeping Allowances

IS THE HABIT of giving a housekeeping allowance to a woman growing or decreasing? The only way in which a woman can keep house, with any justice to herself or to her husband, is by knowing exactly what she can spend each week. It is impossible to dictate a fixed amount, as a matter of course, not only because prices vary in different towns and states, but because circumstances do so much to alter cases. In one household there is no way of supplementing the household allowances. Another family has a garden which supplies summer vegetables, and even a few winter supplies. Sometimes a dozen hens make a difference in the amount expended for eggs and poultry, or a cow reduces the milk and butter bill.

All these things must be considered in determining the sum that may be devoted to housekeeping; but, when once it is settled upon, the wife may put up a petition that it shall be promptly paid. The man who would scorn to keep his bookkeeper or clerk waiting for his salary, will often commit the wife of his bosom to much begging before he will find it convenient to hand her the allowance he has promised her for housekeeping. I have heard there were women who did not mind asking their husbands for money; but I have never met one. Even if a man can not understand this eccentricity of the sex he is willing to concede is the weaker, may he not consider her prejudices and spare her what the poor creature finds a trial? A man does not like to dun a just creditor, and there are still women who have a lingering sensation that they are their husbands' beneficiaries. A promptly paid allowance is an easily granted comfort.

His Choice

A MISSIONARY calling at a lawyer's residence was interested in the repartee of the four-year-old son of the house.

"When you grow up," said the missionary, "are you going to be a lawyer, like papa?"

"No," the child answered promptly.

"How would you like to be a doctor, like Uncle John?"

"I would n't like it," answered the little one.

"How would you like to be a missionary like me, and work for God?"

"I'd rather be God," answered the child decidedly.

Once in a while, a bit of slang is so expressive that it becomes incorporated into the language as an allowable idiom. One of the most striking of these is "making good." It has come to have not simply a general, but a specific, meaning. It illustrates the idea of competition; it indicates that under intense modern methods it is only he who succeeds that can, in the long run, win recognition. Recommendations, testimonials, requests from eminent men, all fall before the stern decree that you must "make good."

Wanted,—A Desperado

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

[*Concluded from page 812*]

was my old friend, the clerk of the post office.

"'There is a letter in the office for you, Mr. Black,' he said, polite as if I had never shown him any antagonism. I looked blankly at him, and then tore down the street. There was a young lady at the window, and a row of people was standing in line. I thought my turn would never come, but it did, and I recognized her handwriting before that letter was in my hand. I walked out into the street, the letter still unopened. It was minutes before I could summon up the nerve to break the seal of that white envelope. Jack was watching me, but he never said a word. We walked over to a hotel and I sat in a chair in front of it, Jack making some excuse so as to leave me alone.

"Inside the hotel some one was playing on a melodeon, and I can almost hear it now as the notes of 'The vilest sinner may return' came to my ears. There was something helpful and hopeful in the old tune, and I opened that letter. I know every word of it by heart, and this is the way it started: 'My dearest William: your letter has made me the happiest girl in New England. Sweetheart, I knew you better than you did yourself; I knew that the man in you would triumph in the end, and I bless God that He has given you the victory.'

"She went on to say some things I need not repeat, but they were the things which lift a man as near to heaven as he can hope to get while on this earth. She explained that she had been away on a visit, and that she had only just received my letter, and she closed by saying that any time I was ready to send for her she was ready to come.

"Jack loaned me five hundred dollars, and three weeks later she met me in Cheyenne and we were married, Jack acting as best man. And that 's how Jack and I became business partners, and we have never been sorry for it."

"Not for one minute," said Roberts.

Stamina *versus* Bluff

By Strickland W. Gillilan

Once I knew a brilliant laddie,—you have known the very kind,—
Who began at such a pace he left the other lads behind;
Problems he could solve *instanter* made us others groan and sweat,
And in envy he was labeled, "teacher's precious little pet:"
But, in later life, the figure that he cut was sad to see,
For he soon was far to rearward e'en of stupid you and me.
'T seemed the talents we had envied lacked the lasting sort of stuff,
And he did n't have the stamina to follow up his bluff.

Brilliant starts are far more common than a brilliant finish is;
Rockets roar,—the falling handles make a faint and feeble fizz;
Deer, when flushed, do feats of running that would take a fellow's breath,
Yet the man who knows his quarry simply walks the deer to death.
Pluck and never-ending courage are the things that help us most,
And the winner 's oft the one who did n't waste his breath to boast.
Plod and pray, but plod while praying, be the roadway smooth or rough;
Thus you cultivate the stamina to follow up your bluff.

Turning Children Into Dollars

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

[*Concluded from page 801*]

doing a brisk business and dodging an occasional inspector.

Pete felt the family responsibilities so keenly that, one wet night, when luck had been against him and the rent was due, he counted his unsold papers under a lamp-post with a sob of discouragement. A kind soul, passing, paused, asked a few careless questions, bought out the stock of papers, and set Pete running joyously for home. The next time business was slack Pete managed to sob again, with gratifying results. The third time he tried it he was seized and informally spanked by a big policeman, with an abrupt order to "quit that rot." Several kind ladies sent in complaints of the policeman and followed up the sniffling Pete with coins and sympathy; but the system had received a check. Next Pete learned to run along just under a man's elbow,—especially when there was a woman with him,—keeping up a falsetto whine of family misfortune,—"Me mother, no bread,—the baby,"—until he extracted a coin or an exasperated shove. Neither gift fostered good qualities: the alert, self-respecting little Pietro of seven had become a tough and hangdog Pete at ten.

His earnings increased, but his mother saw less and less of them, for one of the first lessons of the street is to gamble, and Pete needed all of his money for craps. Home life began to grow irksome; complaints were directed at him, and the eternal work was always going on, cluttering the furniture and keeping the lamp lit when his eyes ached for sleep. No, decidedly, home was not a congenial spot; and so Pete got into the way of putting up at the club,—in other words, sleeping at a newsboys' home. It was a cheerful place, offering freedom and companionship, and it very quickly stripped from Pete what little remnants of decency the streets had left him. The things he heard there, and the things he learned to do, are not for these pages, but in the criminal records of the future they will be written in clear text.

The boys who gathered there were not, for the most part, homeless; but their homes were crowded and uncomfortable, confused with work and crying babies, boarders and illness, and they preferred a bachelor life even when it meant sleeping in an alley like a stray puppy. It is a natural choice, perhaps, but a very bad one, for in the tenements there are, proportionally, as many good homes as among the rich, if love and guardianship are what make a home good, and a little boy needs just those two protections more than he needs any other gift on earth. No benevolent association can replace his mother. Cruel, foolish, and abusive parents do exist in the slums, but the great majority of mothers there and everywhere else love their children, and love is the greatest bond to righteousness that a child may have.

For the waif, the newsboys' home is the only resource; but it is interesting to note that, out of one thousand newsboys investigated in Chicago, eight hundred and three had both parents living, and only twenty-six were orphans. Moreover, only four of these were from families sufficiently poor to have received direct aid from the Charity Organization Society. The little newsboy is occasionally the chief support of his home, but more often he contributes little or nothing. The rush and excitement of his life, the early and late hours, wear on his nerves and stunt his growth. He is tempted into truancy from school, into hypocrisy, begging, gambling, and stealing, and into evils which his moral nature can not survive. That he often resists part or all of these temptations is infinitely to his credit, but the risk he runs is too great.

A street business that is even more disastrous in its results is that of the messenger boy. He can not legally be employed under fourteen, but it is to be feared that he sometimes is. The newsboy gets at least some knowledge of business enterprise: energy and enthusiasm are essential to his success; but the messenger's work does not include one useful lesson. Even regularity is denied him, for one day he begins work at eight and the next day at nine, and so on into night work, then back into day. When he is not loafing with the other boys or reading cheap literature, he is going about the city on errands that demand nothing of his faculties,—that give intelligence no chance. He may go quickly, or he may loiter on the way with his dime novel; that is the only measure of his efficiency.

His first lesson is in overcharging. Few people know or take the trouble to look up the messenger rates when they send for a boy. He learns to size up his patron and overcharge him anywhere from twenty-five to thirty-five cents, according to his apparent credulity or carelessness. Presently he is getting small bribes, generally "not to tell," and it is small wonder that his point of view is soon corrupted with this daily experience of untruth and unfaithfulness. There is a law specifying the places to which a young person under sixteen may not be sent, but this excepts the messenger, whose business is supposed to stop at the door. Unhappily, it does not always end there, and it is often at

these doors that decency is lost forever. These boys know the Tenderloin as a country boy knows the home pasture; presents and bribes put them on friendly terms with its easy-going inhabitants, and it is a common saying that "a messenger will do anything on earth for fifty cents." There are two thousand messenger and telegraph boys employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York City, and that uniform is a brand,—the brand of a loafer, a grafter, a moral imbecile. There are good boys in the two thousand, and all honor to them! but, if you are trying to get a boy a position, do n't, out of your mistaken kindness, set him running about the streets of New York on the errands of anyone who has the money to pay.

We can not do without newsboys and messengers? That is always the first cry, at any proposed change. A few years ago the New York streets were full of little bootblacks with their boxes, and we supposed we could not do without those. Then the bootblacking stand, in charge of a man, crowded out the small boy, and the incessant "Shine, sir?" is heard no more. A few boys will be found in the public squares; but the business, as a whole, is put on a regular, organized basis, and no one feels any lack. In the same way the news stand may, in time, force the small boy back into the childhood he is so ready to give up. No change is effected without some suffering; but the world's experience says that it is not good, economically or morally, for children to be financially independent, and the good of the whole matters more than the struggles of the few. The cases where their help is invaluable to the home are scarce beside the corrupt lives and ruined morals of the children of the street. As for how the messengers are to be replaced, a doctor who labors among the West Side poor has suggested that their work is best suited to feeble-minded men,—"and I can supply all they need," he adds. Grown men would not be subject to the same dangers and temptations, and it does seem probable that New York could furnish two thousand whose intellects were not above the work. But, no matter who carries the messages or whether they are carried at all, it must be the earnest wish of everyone who has come close to this subject to liberate the growing boys.

It is true that the millionaire says in his heart, "I went to work at seven, I had little or no schooling, I passed through the temptations of the street, and look at me now! It 's all nonsense, this fuss about child labor." But the millionaire forgets the hosts of boys who went to work when he did, and have not been heard of since,—at least, not to their credit, and he does not realize the vast changes that the past forty or fifty years have made in our civilization. The newsboy of to-day has far less chance to become the magnate of to-morrow than he had a generation or two ago, before the inrush of foreigners changed the character of the street and crowded back the individual. What was "good enough" for the poor boy of the past is not good enough for the poor boy of to-day, if he is to be of value to the future.

What we need—citizens and parents both,—is a better conception of what a child is for. The premature use of the child is, inevitably, the abuse of the citizen. Just as a plain business proposition, a parent could get far more out of his child by giving it a chance for normal development first than he can by forcing it into wage-earning. Those who can not wait for this period must be helped in other ways: studious children in New York have been given scholarships, equivalent to what they would earn in a factory, that they might continue in school,—as wise and harmless a mode of help as could be devised. Those who will not wait should be compelled to by law,—the enforcing of the laws that exist, and, when that is accomplished, but not before, the gradual making of new laws. It is not sentimentality, this cry of "Free the children!" that is heard more clearly with every year; it is the command of sanity, refusing to see the children used up and thrown aside before their real hour has come.

[The above is the first in a series of two articles which Juliet Wilbor Tompkins has written specially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. The second article will appear in our January issue.—THE EDITOR.]

Is the Universe Infinite?

THIS question, which has been asked and answered many times, is decided by Prof. Simon Newcomb in favor of the view that the group of bodies that we view from our earth is limited in extent. He even believes that it is not a rash attempt to estimate the size of the group, and states his own belief that its boundary is about two hundred million times as far from us as the sun is,—a distance over which light would be about three thousand, three hundred years in traveling. Possibly, however, the group may be much larger than this, and its border, he thinks, may be, perhaps, twice as far distant. That there are as many more of its stars outside the limits of vision as there are within it, he thinks probable; but these invisible stars are unseen simply because, owing to their distance, their light is too faint to affect the eye, even when gathered to a focus by a powerful lens, and not because it is intercepted by any obstructing medium in space.

"The way to resume," said Horace Greeley, "is to resume." The way to secure honesty and efficiency in municipal and state and national affairs is for each individual to do his best to be an honest citizen.

The Romance of News-gathering

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

[*Concluded from page 807*]

the history of American journalism came about when the world was shocked by the eruption of Mont Pelee. There came a bulletin to the Associated Press that the eruption was in progress, and that thousands had been scalded by the boiling lava or drowned in the sea. Any newspaper man knows what such a bulletin means when it strikes the desk of the night editor of a great daily. A mere flimsy little strip of paper, with about ten lines of typewritten "stuff," it scatters consternation and excitement like a bombshell on the hurricane deck of a giant vessel. Instantly, the night editor is out of his chair, with about a dozen reporters and office boys around him, spreading out maps, studying railroad or steamship schedules, figuring the quickest possible way to get reporters on the scene of the catastrophe.

We must take it for granted that this electrical strip of paper reached the "Herald" and the "World" about the same time, as it went out from the Associated Press simultaneously to all the New York papers. Before the night editor of the "World" went home, that night, arrangements had been perfected to send Louis Seibold, the correspondent, a photographer, a stenographer, and a sketch artist on the first boat for Porto Rico, this being the route to the scene of the catastrophe. When the ship sailed for San Juan, next day, Seibold and his little *coterie* were aboard. He was congratulating himself upon having found a way to get at least as far as Porto Rico on the way, ahead of all others, when, looking around, he saw Hamilton Pells, of the "Herald," a foeman worthy of his steel; and Pells also had a photographer, a sketch artist, and one or two assistants. Now we have them starting on a race for news on the same ship. This ship only goes as far as Porto Rico. Absolutely nothing is known about the facilities for getting from Porto Rico to Mont Pelee, and the two correspondents are leaping into perfect darkness, with instructions to await orders at San Juan.

Meanwhile, James Gordon Bennett cabled the "Herald" to send a large ocean-going tug from Norfolk, stocked with provisions, medicines, and clothing, and to dispatch aboard her several surgeons and reporters. The tug was to make a hurried trip to San Juan, there pick up Pells, who was to have charge of the entire mission, and hasten directly to Mont Pelee. Of course, this was kept secret in the "Herald" office, and the "World" men knew nothing about it. But Joseph Pulitzer, wherever he was at the time, had been advised of the affair, and was told that Seibold was on his way to Porto Rico. Mr. Pulitzer acts like lightning. No sooner had he received word of the situation than he cabled the United States authorities at San Juan to charter a steamer at any cost and send it out to meet the vessel on which Seibold was traveling. The plan was to take Seibold off before he ever reached San Juan, and hurry him on to Mont Pelee. This plan worked admirably, not a hitch interfering with the programme. The steamship "Longfellow," with a crew of thirty-one, was chartered at a cost of many thousand dollars, and Seibold stepped from the liner to his own ship, in the harbor of San Juan, and proceeded under full steam toward the scene of the holocaust. Pells awaited his tug at San Juan, and then went on. After Seibold had been ashore and visited the scenes of devastation, his photographer taking pictures everywhere, for a whole day, and was about to proceed to the nearest cable station, the "Herald" man arrived. This race was significant, because it brought into a contest Bennett and

Pulitzer, veritable kings of modern journalism.

The conclusion should not be drawn that reporters are always in clover like this, or that they usually succeed half so well as the incidents recounted show in these particular events. There are a great many failures, a great many tedious sowings without reaping, and a great deal of time and energy wasted. Nothing could serve to illustrate this phase of reporting better than the fruitless search made in Canada for Martin Thorne, the suspect in the Guldensuppe murder case. The New York "Journal" learned from its correspondent in Montreal that the police of that city had captured a man who answered in every particular the descriptions of Martin Thorne. Immediately, Walter Howard, one of the most energetic reporters, who scored a "beat" with his report of the naval battle at Santiago, and who literally worked himself to death, a few years later, was put on the train with a barber who knew Thorne, and sent hurrying to Montreal to make the identification. Arthur Greaves, now city editor of the New York "Times," was sent to Montreal on the same tip, but was discouraged at the thought that he had slim chance of making the identification. He had never seen Thorne and did n't know him from Adam's house cat. At the Grand Central Station he passed a comrade, who whispered, "I 've just seen Howard, of the 'Journal,' with a barber, going to identify that Canada man." That was enough for Greaves. He was determined that, if Howard's man should identify the prisoner, he would get the benefit of it. He telegraphed his paper, from the train, at some way station, to wire its Montreal correspondent to have the chief of police meet the train and take charge of the barber's plan of identification. Meanwhile, the "Journal" had wired its Montreal correspondent to get the police to have the identification private, so that the "Journal" might have the credit of making it positive. When the train arrived at Montreal, two rival reporters and a barber alighted and confronted two rival local correspondents and half the police force of the town, all ready for a free-for-all fight. It turned out that the man was not Thorne at all, and all this time and money and energy and anger might have been spared.

The original and *bona fide* Sherlock Holmes of newspaperdom is Isaac D. White, known to criminals, to police, to detectives, to society people, and to millionaires as "Ike" White. The story of how he took a button from the clothing of the man who threw the bomb at Russell Sage, traced it to its manufacturer and the clothing merchant, and finally identified the bomb-thrower as Norcross, is known wherever the feats of reporters have been narrated. With unrelenting, merciless probing, White has many a time put to shame the efforts of the shrewdest detectives in running down murder cases. But some of his best work has been done in rescuing captives from oyster pirates on Chesapeake Bay, and bringing back from Yucatan dozens of men who were shanghaied aboard steamers and taken there in practical slavery. The Yucatan affair was particularly interesting. White learned that a man named Fitzgerald, better known along the water front of New York City as "Liverpool Jack," had been sending laborers off to Yucatan. He would give them glowing descriptions of the country, tell them how delightful was the climate, how they could sleep under the cooling palm trees most of the day and only work in the cool of the evening, and in other ways make them believe they were going to a land of enchantment. When they arrived at Yucatan, they were put in practical slavery and made to work about the piers with little or no pay. Many of them starved to death, others died of fever, and White arrived on the scene in time to secure the release of forty or fifty of them, whom he brought back with him to New York. He was himself arrested by the Pooh-Bah of the town, but was let ut on pa-

role through the instrumentality of the American consul in Merida.

Richard Harding Davis turned some clever tricks as a detective-reporter, when he was younger. While he was working on a Philadelphia paper, he disguised himself as a burglar and went to live with thieves for a time. He pretended that he was a "second-story man" from New York, whom Superintendent Thomas Byrnes, then of the Central Office, would be glad to make a captive, and managed to make the burglars believe it. After he had been taken into their counsel, he caused the arrest of eight of them, five of whom were convicted. Subsequently, while Davis was sitting in his father's house, "all dressed up," one of the burglars entered. He thrust out his hand to greet Davis, and congratulated him upon what he called his "make-up," still believing him to be a burglar who had entered the house with fine clothes on,—a gentleman burglar, so to speak. This visitor had entered the Davis house to steal something; but, of course, that was impossible when he unexpectedly met Davis in his own home. Mr. Davis politely bade the burglar good-by, and made no attempt to arrest his former "pal" and chum.

Friend-making is one of the essentials of good reporting, and Arthur Brisbane, now chief editorial writer for William R. Hearst, had this art to perfection. While he was London correspondent of the New York "Sun," he won the friendship of John L. Sullivan so completely that the latter refused absolutely to box before the Prince of Wales, unless Brisbane, whom he called "my friend," was admitted also to the presence of his royal highness. In this way, Brisbane scored a signal "beat" on all other papers by reporting the prize fight that had been arranged specially for the prince.

Enterprise and originality meet quicker rewards in the newspaper business, perhaps, than in any other line of work. William C. Reick, who is now president of the New York Herald Publishing Company, and who holds his hand on the pulse of its great American newspaper without taking active power in the making of it, was once a reporter on a small paper in Newark, New Jersey. He sent the "Herald" every day all the neighborhood news of the New Jersey city, and occasionally wrote a special "Sunday story," and in this way managed to make a living. One day a mad dog terrified Newark and bit seven or eight little children. Reick wrote several articles about the affair, and became so interested that he raised a fund to send the children to Paris to be treated at the Pasteur Institute. This attracted the attention of James Gordon Bennett, owner of the "Herald," and he immediately sent for Reick to come to New York and take a responsible place on his staff.

No other reportorial feat of modern times has attracted such widespread comment as Karl Decker's rescue of *Señorita* Evangelina Cisneros from a Spanish prison in Cuba. The girl's father had been made a political prisoner on the Isle of Pines. The governor of the island forced his attentions upon the young woman in a way that caused several Cubans to deal with him rather roughly. He reported to General Weyler, the Spanish ruler of Cuba, that the girl had caused the trouble, and she was ordered to be imprisoned at Havana. The case attracted the attention of the civilized world. The mother of President McKinley and many other American women sent a petition to the queen of Spain for the girl's freedom. She was, nevertheless, held captive until Karl Decker was sent to Cuba for the New York "American" to rescue her. He rented a house close to the prison and employed three men to help him. They worked two nights with a file and finally sawed away the bars of the prison, took the girl from the cell, and put her aboard a ship bound for New York. Two days later Decker made his escape from Havana while Spanish spies and police-

men were eagerly looking for him all over Cuba.

Cleveland Moffett won a place on the European staff of the New York "Herald," and a big reputation at the same time, by a series of remarkable exploits.

He was only twenty-three, running around Paris, getting interviews for a newspaper syndicate. One day the Emperor of Brazil gave a reception to the members of the French Academy. Moffett saw the crowd, inquired the cause, and decided that he would attend. He was promptly "thrown out" by the flunkies at the door, but managed to get in by another entrance. He fell into line and made his way in fear and trembling up to the distinguished host. To his immense surprise, the Emperor greeted him in English, asked him about his work, and, while he held up the line of the Immortals for about five minutes, told him to announce to the American people his great admiration for them and their splendid achievements. Then he shook hands with the bewildered young writer. The publication of this interview caused a sensation, and the manner of getting it an even greater one.

A little later, when James G. Blaine was in Europe, all the correspondents were making an eager search for him. No one knew where he was, though he was expected in Paris in a few days. Moffett concluded that if Mr. Blaine was coming to the city in a few days, he must have already written or telegraphed some hotel for rooms. So he began a round of the Paris hotels. Sure enough, at the Hotel Vendôme he was shown a telegram sent by Mr. Blaine only a few days before from Geneva. Now that he had found him, how could he reach him? Mr. Blaine was to arrive in Paris the next day. Moffett hastily caught an express for Dijon, eight hours distant from Paris, where all trains from Geneva made connection. He searched the trains that came through that night and awoke every passenger on board. Finally, he found Mr. Blaine, accosted him just as the train was starting, contrived, in the confusion, to get into the same compartment with his distinguished victim, and there was the eight hours' run straight to Paris before him! The account of this trip, printed on Moffett's own responsibility, as Mr. Blaine refused to authorize an interview, created a furore, was copied all over this country and Europe, called forth a vindictive statement from Mr. Blaine, and finally provoked a personal encounter with another correspondent. James Gordon Bennett heard of this, sent for Moffett and appointed him on his European staff.

When Mr. Gladstone came home from one of his trips, Moffett electrified the English press by securing for the "Herald" the only interview given out by the great statesman. He obtained this by climbing upon the locomotive of the special train and clambering down into Mr. Gladstone's own car while the train was under way. The audacity and daring of the act so touched Mr. Gladstone's fancy that he granted a very satisfactory interview.

Robert J. Wynne, now United States Consul-General at London, was, a few years ago, the Washington correspondent of the New York "Press." At a dinner of the Gridiron Club one night, Postmaster-General Henry C. Payne, was speaking of the resignation of his assistant, when a fellow-member suggested a newspaper man as the next appointee, and called his attention to "that man Wynne over there." The result of this casual remark was that Wynne became first assistant postmaster-general. Certain information that he had gained as a correspondent had already convinced him that there was corruption in the post office department, and the subsequent investigation and uncovering of tremendous frauds was the direct result of his work, first as a newspaper man, and afterwards as a public official. Mr. Wynne was the first Washington correspondent to be honored with a cabinet portfolio.

The Beginnings of the Drama

[*Concluded from page 814*]

acknowledged as the masters of English dramatic writing, and Mr. Hallam's list comprised only the masterpieces of the masters. To begin with, the initial production, "The Conscious Lovers," was not only Steele's best play, but also the most moral play produced since the Restoration, and in itself was a protest against stage immorality.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is, perhaps, the most thoroughly representative American play. Ever since it was announced to run in the old "Era Magazine," which paid Harriet Beecher Stowe three hundred dollars for the serial rights, it has been regarded as a valuable piece of dramatic property. It was dramatized in the United States without the author's knowledge, in August, 1852, and in September of the same year it was the attraction at the Royal Victoria and the Grand National Standard, London theaters. In its day it was considered the most widely read book in the world, next to the Bible, and thousands of people rushed to see it on the stage. To-day it has lost little of its drawing powers, and it is still played by small companies in many sections of the country, wherever there is a town hall or other building of ample proportions that can be transformed into a temporary theater.

Books as Doctors

[*Concluded from page 818*]

tisement. Books, then, in addition to their circulation merely as literature, will enjoy, also, the broadcast publication of patent medicines, and be advertised accordingly. In the publishers' columns, the press notices of a certain book will contain not only the opinions of the literary critics, but the testimonials, also, of the highest medical authorities. The question asked of a new book then will be not merely how well it is written, but also for what complaint it is the latest remedy. Chronic invalids will scan the literary columns in hope of a new rostrum. Writers, too, who fall short somewhat of the high literary qualities may find consolation in this medical usefulness. Mr. So and So's style may with justice be described as atrocious, but then,—as a specific for lumbago and sciatica, he has no equal. "Try Mr. Smith's great liver novel!"—"Can 't you sleep at night? —Read Mr. Piper's new poems: highly recommended by the faculty; at all drug stores!"—"The ingredients of Mrs. Truelove's great rheumatism romance analyzed by the Society of Analytical Chemists," and so on. Such are the advertisements we may expect to see, when the medical efficacy of literature has come to be recognized and the new school of literary therapeutics which I have foreshadowed is an accomplished fact.

To return, for a final word, to the more serious side of the subject,—there will, at all events, be one branch of the healing science in which literary therapeutics will surpass all others,—the art of alleviating what it can not cure. For those sad ones who may never hope to be cured in this world the ordinary doctor can be of little avail. His medicines can bring neither peace nor patience, nor has he the secret of any balm or nepenthe for such enduring affliction. But here the literary pharmacopœia is rich, indeed, and the books of courage and consolation and good cheer are, perhaps, more numerous than any others, so invincible is the instinctive faith and hope in the heart of man; and, while the literary physician no more than any other can ward off that last initiatory sickness of our dissolution, he can at least do more than any other to sweeten its bitterness and to prepare the soul to meet the great physician, Death, with a firm heart and calm eyes.

Success with a Flaw

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[*Concluded from page 820*]

idol or hero. Is it strange, when our youth find their idols smashed, and their heroes betraying them, that their ideals should become blurred and twisted? Is it strange that they should ignore the old-fashioned methods of slow fortune-making when they see the smooth, oily, diplomatic schemers getting rich in a few months, and young men who were mere clerks a year ago, now riding in costly automobiles, giving expensive entertainments, and living in fine houses? Why should they not catch the spirit, and try to do the same thing themselves?

You wrongdoers in high places, if you should live as long as Methuselah, should devote every minute of the balance of your lives to doing good, and should give every farthing of your wealth to charity, you could not repair the damage you have done in crushing the ideals of these tens of thousands of youths who have looked up to you as their models of successful men. How can you escape responsibility for the crookedness which may be repeated in their lives when they shall come to fill these high positions which you now hold? They thought that square dealing, honesty and integrity had been the secrets of your success, and now they see that it was won by your smooth, oily, cunning dishonesty,—your ability to deceive, to cover your tracks, and to live a double life. Who but yourselves will be responsible for the cracks in their characters which may come from the terrible shaking of their confidence in humanity?

▲ ▲

Young men, do n't lose your faith in humanity,—do n't let your fallen idols shake your faith in your fellow men,—for the great majority of people are honest. Let these terrible examples that have recently been held up to you make you all the more determined to build your own superstructure on the eternal rock of right and justice. Let the man in you stand out so boldly in every transaction that the deed, or task you do, however great, will look insignificant in comparison. Get what you can and keep your own good name,—not a penny more. A dollar more than that would make your whole fortune valueless.

If there is a pitiable sight in the world, it is that of a man with the executive ability, sagacity, and foresight, to make a clean fortune, yet using his energies and abilities in making a dirty one,—a fortunes which denounces and condemns him, and is a perpetual disgrace to himself and his family.

The right ought to thunder so loudly in a man's ears, no matter what the business or transaction in which he is engaged, that he can not hear the wrong or baser suggestion.

Men have two kinds of ambition,—one for dollar-making, the other for life-making. Some turn all their ability, education, health, and energy toward the first of these—dollar-making,—and call the result success. Others turn them toward the second,—into character, usefulness, helpfuness,—life-making,—and the world sometimes calls them failures; but history calls them successes. No price is too great to pay for an untarnished name.

The highest service you can ever render the world, the greatest thing you can ever do, is to make yourself the largest, completest, and squarest man possible. There is no other fame like that,—no achievement like that.

He Did His Best

By HENRY COYLE

Before God 's footstool, to confess
A poor soul knelt, and bowed his head.
"I failed!" he cried. The Master said:
"Thou didst thy best,—that is success!"

Suggested by Our Mail

GEORGE F. B.—You say that you are not popular, and you do not know why, that this fact is keeping you back, and that you try to overcome it but can not. You say that you are not invited to many places where others are invited, and that when you do go into society you are a wallflower; that if you force yourself into the center of interest you quickly gravitate to the wall again; that there seems to be a centrifugal force in you which is ever whirling you out from the social center, no matter how hard you try to keep in it.

Now, we judge from your letter that you are extremely sensitive, that you are easily piqued, exaggerating the importance of not being especially noticed; that you are always thinking that people are slighting you when they are merely indifferent or thinking about themselves, and that you imagine you are the subject of observation when others rarely think of you in this connection,—they are too busy wondering what others will think of them.

Self-consciousness is one of the greatest enemies to popularity. Many people are so conscious of their awkwardness and lack of experience, that they shrink from everybody and are unable to get into "the society swim," so to speak. They always stay on the edge, try to get the back seats, and keep out of sight as much as possible.

▲ ▲

The second, and, perhaps, the principal reason why you are unpopular is your selfishness. It stands out all through your letter. You are thinking of yourself all the time. Selfish people are never popular. The most popular people are the most unselfish. They are always trying to do something for others,—trying to help and encourage others. They do not tell of their own griefs. They are trying to help others bear their burdens. They do not burden you with their aches and pains, their misfortunes, or their losses. They try to interest themselves in others and forget themselves.

You say that nobody seems to miss you when you are away from any social gathering, or is very much interested when you are present. The next time you go to a social gathering, just forget yourself. See how entertaining, how helpful, and how encouraging and sunny you can be. Try to interest yourself in others, and endeavor to enter into their lives. Do not talk about yourself all the time. Try to find out what interests others. Never mind the things which you like and always want to talk about. Just enter with your whole soul into the lives of others and see how much you can draw out. Hunt up the wallflowers,—the shy, timid people. Reassure them, make them feel at home, and introduce them to somebody else, not a selfish person, but someone who will feel a real interest in them. Spend the entire evening trying to interest everybody present. You will go home with a glimpse of a way to make yourself popular.

The moment you begin to forget yourself and interest yourself in others you will begin to be popular, but not before. The way to be popular is to be helpful. People who go into society just to see what they can get out of it usually have to get out themselves, and that very soon. We can not get very much in this world without giving. The one-sided game does not pass in society. People who go there for polish, and to get its advantages, without giving anything in return, are usually weeded out very quickly. You must be a help to others if you expect them to like you. To be admired, you must make yourself lovable, respected and looked up to.

▲ ▲

We know a man who tries very hard to be popular, but can not. Everybody who has ever met him knows that he is always trying to get a chance to talk about himself and to tell of the wonderful things he has done and is doing, and the great people he has met and with whom he is on intimate terms. He never tries to enter into the lives of others and see what will interest them. It is true that he is a remarkable man; but people do not admire him, because he is such a colossal egotist. He does not care for anybody unless he can use him. He takes no real interest in you unless you can in some way further his plans. No matter who starts a conversation in a company, he will turn it to himself just as soon as he can. If you want to see him on business, no matter how brief your visit, or how imperative your errand, he will begin to tell you what a tremendously busy man he is, and how he is sought after by the rich and the powerful, and he will continue to tell you the marvelous story of his doings until you are nauseated. His nature is so totally wanting in all that is delicate that he will keep boring you with his own story even after you have hinted that your time is precious and you must go. The result is that this man, who has ability enough to do wonderful things, and who ought to be a tremendous power in the land, is very circumscribed in his influence, because everybody despises his colossal selfishness. The honors which come to him come because of his ability, not because he is beloved or admired.

Another reason for your unpopularity may be that you are not cheerful. We should judge this from your letter. Nobody likes a long, gloomy, sad face. It is the bright, cheerful, optimistic, encouraging, sunny person who is universally admired. Everybody likes sunshine, and hates darkness and gloom.

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

By ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

Editor of "The Haberdasher"

WITH December, the social season is well aswing, and dinners, dances, and other formal functions tread closely upon one another. Men dress more punctiliously when they are to undergo the scrutiny of searching eyes, and choosing the proper collar, the right cravat, and the other articles of dress becomes a matter of moment. We have happily reached a stage where dress is esteemed at its true worth. The cheap jibes and shallow sneers leveled at the man who dresses carefully, who concedes something to the proprieties of life and social intercourse, who strives to make his manner of dress conform to time, occasion, and circumstance, fall pointless and harmless. The habitual railer at fashion should be clad in a "Mother Hubbard" and relegated to the attic, with a parrot and a spinning wheel as companions. He is out of tune with the times and out of step with his generation. Spreading culture and widening appreciation of the niceties of living have raised dress to its rightful plane in the scheme of things, and invested it with the dignity and importance that are its due.

* * *

In nothing else does the average man show taste or the want of it so clearly as in the choice of his fancy waistcoat. Here no hard-and-tight rules hedge him, and consequently the temptation to embrace the odd and startling is strong. Men whose taste in dress is otherwise impeccable will sometimes wear beflowered and bedotted waistcoats which might become a hoodlum out on a holiday, but which have no place in the wardrobe of a gentleman. The very fancy waistcoat is "out of it" this season, and the plainer the cut and the simpler the pattern, the better the garment accords with fashion and fitness. Day waistcoats have broad, low-lying lapels, cut with a bit of a peak, and may be single or double-breasted. Flannel is particularly favored for morning and lounge wear, and neat stripes, and indeterminate checks are always effective patterns. Waistcoats with taped or braided edges have been so overdone that the inevitable reaction against them has come.

* * *

Plain linen handkerchiefs are now preferred to silk-and-linens, which enjoyed a fugitive vogue. I regard the simple linen affair as in better taste than showier ones, and notwithstanding the whimsicalities of fashion, the plain white linen handkerchief, with the wearer's monogram embroidered in white, will always be used. While I am on the subject of monograms, let me say that a monogram is now put upon virtually every article that a gentleman wears. You will find it on shirts, handkerchiefs, mufflers, gloves, waistcoats, hose, undersuits, pajamas, lounging jackets, dressing gowns, bath slippers, bath robes, bath mats, and so on. A monogram should be inconspicuous and should have the attitude of usefulness, serving as a means of identification. Monograms so large and flaunting that they resemble the initialing on the back of a motor car betoken a vulgarian. Just where the monogram habit ought to end is hard to say, but, kept within limits, it is in good form. Every man who dresses, and not merely hangs clothes upon himself, likes to have his personality accentuated, and this the monogram accomplishes.

* * *

Fur overcoats are in good form every winter, though their high cost is prohibited to general wear. Unless the fur be of the best quality, it is better to dispense with an overcoat of this kind. Nothing could be in worse taste than make-believe furs, intended to trick the eye into believing them to be what they are not. Coats are lined with mink, Persian lamb, sable, seal, unplucked land otter, sea otter, black genet, and beaver. A cheap fur overcoat is always to be avoided, because it looks what it is and does not last.

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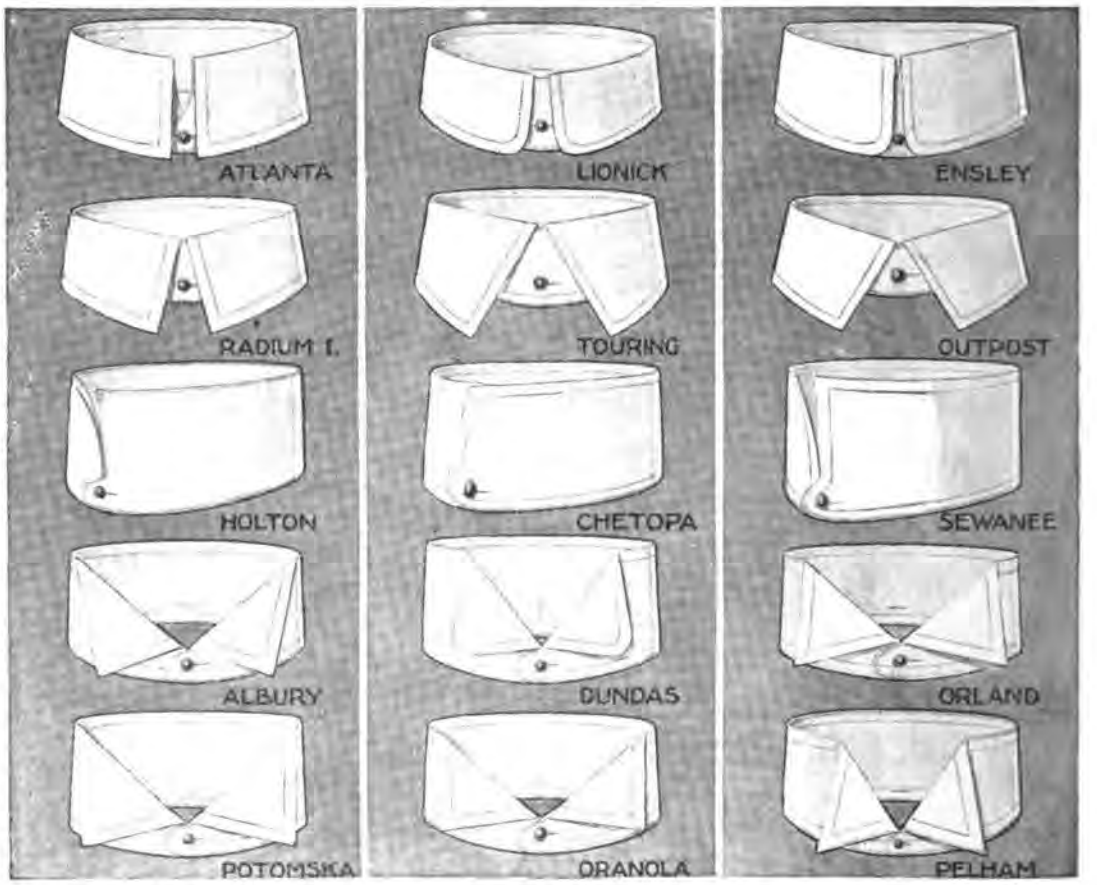
It may sound incongruous to speak of belts at this time, for they are associated by most persons with



In publishing this chart of the different styles in men's collars, we hope to supply a long-felt want. A great many of our readers have written to this department asking about the different styles and shapes in collars. By this illustration we are able to guide them sufficiently so that they will know what to ask for in making purchases. The two top rows represent the six most popular shapes in what is commonly known as the "turned-down" collar. Those represented in the middle row are commonly known as the "poke" and straight standing collars, and are worn principally with evening dress. The two bottom rows are "wing" collars, and are given in sufficient variety to warrant any man making a choice. These styles were not manufactured by any particular house, but were selected at random from various New York collar manufacturers.

purely summer dress. Yet in the university towns of New Haven, Cambridge, Princeton, and Ithaca, the college men are firmly addicted to the belt habit, the effect of their athletic training. Belts are worn the year round by many men, black calf being used for day dress, and patent leather to accompany evening clothes. A man's physical conformation has much to do with wearing a belt comfortably. Some men absolutely can not forswear suspenders. It takes a man broad of hip and trim of waist to make a belt "stay put." But he who can wear a belt with comfort would not return to the tyranny of suspenders for a king's ransom. Sashes were introduced a few years ago to take the place of belts, but they never won countenance. Their day was short, for they had no practical value. There is a suggestion of effeminacy about the sash that renders it wholly unacceptable to the man of the period.

Correct Gloves for Winter

* * *

Overslippers made of stockinette cloth are worn over patent-leather shoes to prevent them from getting soiled on muddy nights. In going to a social function after dark, which demands evening clothes and patent-leather shoes, these overslippers are put on to keep the shoes clean and the feet dry. They are inexpensive, (twenty cents a pair,) and may be discarded after one wearing.

* * *

Dress ties are tolerably wide, but excessive width tends to clumsiness and is, therefore, to be avoided. Linens are preferred to lawns as in better form and firmer for knotting. The best width for the evening tie is two inches, and it is cut with square ends as hitherto. Corded and figured weaves are particularly favored this season instead of the "plain." Great latitude is allowed in the evening jacket tie, which may be black or gray, have square or pointed ends and be plain, spotted, or figured. The ties with satin center stripes are notably smart this season. With full evening dress, either white or black may be worn, but with a "Tuxedo" the white tie only is the accepted form.

The New Non-bulging Full Dress Shirt

* * *

Dress Hints and Helps

It is odd, but true, that the average man knows nothing of a multiplicity of little dress helps and accessories that would simplify his task. These helps, while, perhaps, unimportant in themselves, become important as fitting parts of an harmonious whole. It is a truism that regard for detail makes a man well-dressed,—the incidentals are almost as important as the essentials. Do you know, for instance:—

That the best dress-suit cases have plain, slightly rounded corners and are made of one solid piece of sole leather, and that "capped" corners, are frequently intended to hide the pasted edges found on sheepskin cases?

That there are such things as "glove trees," which perform for gloves the same duty that "boot trees" perform for boots?

That riding and polo leggings are made of calf, pigskin, ooze leather and box cloth, and that spiral puttee leggings come with or without spats?

That folding rubber bathtubs are an English idea for the traveler who may get far from the refinements of civilization?

That Shetland, hand-knit half-mitts, as their name implies, cover only the palm

A Square Muffler

A Full Dress Protector

of the hand and leave the fingers free to handle the golf club in frosty weather?

That sporting watch chains come in pigskin and Russia leather, mounted in silver, and are mightily handy for field work?

That "trees" are used for stretching and preserving the shape of riding breeches, and that they are necessities for the purpose?

That the man who follows each winding of the mode possesses a dozen different cuff links, each matching in color the shirt worn?

That monograms of sterling silver in any combination of two letters from A to Z are kept in stock at some shops and mounted, while you wait, on such leather articles as pocketbooks, match safes, leather-backed hair, hat and clothes brushes, and the like?

That traveling rugs and shawls are made of vicuna and wool in plain colors with plaid backs, fancy Scotch effects on both sides, or black and white for mourning?

That leather-backed hair, clothes, and hat brushes are much lighter and handier than wooden-backed brushes and are preferred by the well-groomed man?

That flat collar and cuff cases are made of pigskin, will accomodate a dozen collars, bend with the motion of the collars, and take up little room in the traveling bag?

That leather razor rolls hold from two to seven razors, are reindeer-lined, and may be rolled up and fastened with a buckle?

That men's bottle cases for the toilet table or for traveling are made of pigskin or heavy bridle leather, and hold from one to six bottles?

That leather has replaced the precious metals to a great extent for articles of purely personal use, and that its demand is steadily increasing?

That washable gloves are largely used by military men, golfers, motorists, and cyclists, and are capitally suited to the field games?

The New Automobiling Muffler

That fishing hats are made rain-proof and with or without fly-hook rims?

That combination puttee legging riding boots fasten with ankle lacings and spiral leg straps?

That military hair brushes are the only kind of hair brushes acceptable to well-dressed men?

That canes and switches, riding whips, crops and twigs are offered plain or gold or silver mounted?

That true comfort is a stranger to the man who does n't own a dressing gown or room suit of some soft fabric?

That bath robes, bath mats, bath wraps, and bath

mitts are all made to conform to one dainty color scheme?

That many men habitually do without the little personal conveniences whose cost is trifling, but which add appreciably to one's enjoyment of the creature comforts?

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.]

J. W. G.—The bridegroom and the best man dress alike. They wear black or gray frock coats, waistcoats of white linen duck, cut double-breasted, white shirts with cuffs attached, and poke or lap-front collars. The cravats are of delicate pearl or *suède* gray, tied in the ascot or once-over form, and fastened with a pearl or opal pin. The boots are buttoned patent-leather or varnished calfskin, and the gloves are light gray *suède* or white duck, to match the cravat. The hats are silk, and they are carried in the right hand. It is customary for the ushers to dress as much like the bridegroom and best man as is possible. Ushers wear gloves while performing their duties. If the bridegroom wears new boots, it is well to have the soles blacked, as they will show when he kneels. The bridegroom fees the clergyman. Five dollars is the minimum and twenty-five dollars is the maximum amount for this purpose. He also fees the sexton, if the church be used for rehearsal, and provides the marriage ring, the bride's boquet, and the boquets of the bridesmaids. He also presents to his best man and ushers either cravat pins or cuff buttons as keepsakes. The carriages for the ushers, as well as the one used by himself and his best man, are provided by the bridegroom, and he also secures the carriage in which he and his bride are to drive away.

* * *

A. T. B.—It is allowable to wear the Tuxedo Jacket to the theater. but it is bad form to wear it to a dance

The Latest Overcoat for Young Men

A Device for Keeping Linen Collars Clean

or for an evening call when women are to be met. Remember, the evening jacket is purely a lounging garment. The waistcoat to accompany the "Tuxedo" is of light gray linen, has three or four buttons, and either a U-shaped or a V-shaped opening in front.

* * *

J. C. C.—Gold studs and cuff links go with the "Tuxedo" jacket, and pearl studs and links accompany the evening suit. This rule is unvarying.

* * *

LEDYARD.—For taking spots out of cloth it is best to have at hand the necessary materials, as it is much easier to remove spots when they are new than when they become old and dry. Benzine, gasoline, and naphtha are good. A little piece of plain white flannel or some very fast dye cloth is best with which to apply a cleaning preparation.

* * *

BARRISTER.—If a fifteen and a half collar is too large for a fifteen shirt band and a fifteen collar is too small, try size fifteen and a quarter. Collars are now made in quarter as well as in half sizes, so that fitting the collar to the shirt is an easy matter.

* * *

H. C. B.—Either a white or a colored handkerchief may be carried with business dress. White is always good form for any occasion, morning, afternoon, and evening. A silk handkerchief is allowable with evening clothes, but we prefer the plain white linen affair with or without self cords and having the wearer's monogram embroidered in white. If you carry a silk handkerchief, let it be of fine Japanese pongee.

The Opera Muffler

* * *

F. B. M.—It is bad form to wear the "Tuxedo" jacket when women are present. It is a lounging garment altogether, only one degree removed from a smoking or house jacket. It is permissible to wear the "Tuxedo" at a stag, where, of course, only men are present, and also, perhaps, at an at-home dinner which only the close members of one's family attend. The "opera" hat is worn to the play, and also, possibly to evening functions, where there is apt to be a crush of people; but, generally speaking, the silk hat is the only correct head covering for formal evening use.

* * *

SUNDAY.—Silk waistcoats can only be laundered by the so-called dry-cleaning process, which requires special machinery. We advise you not to try to launder the waistcoat at home, as the novice can ruin a garment by his experiments.

* * *

P. R. V.—A new and useful novelty is a device for protecting linen collars from crock caused by the velvet collars of overcoats. It consists of a piece of black silk sewed over the velvet inside of the collar, or by the use of a white lining with white back or black silk covering, which is fastened by buttons and which can be detached and washed when soiled.

* * *

LAWYER.—You can not wear tan shoes with a silk hat. It is an abomination.

The "Gold Bond" *A "Dunlap"*

The "Youmans"

MORE NEW WINTER HATS

The Gospel of Laughter

By Alfred J. Waterhouse

Gospel of laughter, he preached it to me,
Man who once troubled and wearied himself.
Keep the world smiling and glad, said he;
Mirth is a helpful, benevolent elf.
Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ho ho ho ho!
Never keep worry and bother about;
Smile at your trouble, it 's likely to go,—
Laughter's spontaneous; tears are squeezed out.

Gospel of laughter: World wants to laugh,—
So said my teacher, and he ought to know,—
Rather o'erfed on adversity's chaff;
Wishes its risibles given a show.
Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ho ho ho ho!
This is the creed that sets trouble to rout,
Makes us forget the cares that we know,—
Laughter's spontaneous; tears are squeezed out.

Gospel of laughter: World has a song;
Tune your soul to it, it's easy to catch.
Better go cheery and smiling along;
Dimples of laughter find thousands to match.
Ha ha ha! ha ha ha! ho ho ho ho!
Fling a defiance,—ha ha ha!—to doubt;
Never give worry—ho ho ho!—a show,—
Laughter's spontaneous; tears are squeezed out.

What System Will Do

It will produce more work and of a better quality.

It will clear the mind of cobwebs and of brain-ash.

It will increase your business and decrease your expenses.

It will increase effectiveness, lengthen life, and make it worth living.

It will foster the habits of promptness, thoroughness, and decision.

It will increase the respect of your employees and your popularity with them.

It will enable the mediocre man to accomplish more than others of much greater ability.

It will make you happier, because your life will be more orderly and more harmonious.

It will increase your efficiency, because it will increase your self-confidence and self-respect.

It will simplify a mass of perplexing details and give you freedom for larger, creative work.

It will save the results of your labor, so that you will not have to do things over and over again.

It will increase your self-respect, self-faith, and hence will increase others' respect and confidence in you.

It will increase others' confidence in you, because everybody believes in the man of system and of order.

It will enable you to make better use of your experience, and save you from pitfalls and business disasters.

It will enable you to find anything you want immediately, instead of losing valuable time hunting for it.

It will create the habit of doing things to a finish, instead of the slipshod, slovenly habit of half-doing things.

It will make you presentable at all times, because the systematic man is never slipshod or slovenly in his person or dress.

It will act as a great encourager, because there is no tonic like the consciousness of being master of what one undertakes.

It will have a broadening influence upon your mind, increasing the creative faculty, so that you can think better, plan better, and reason more clearly.

It will make leisure. A man of organizing ability has time to see his friends, to go to amusements, to travel, because his system is working for him.

It makes a splendid substitute for capital because it increases confidence. Everybody believes in the man who can make a programme and carry it out.

It will make you a more agreeable man, because mental confusion fags the brain, increases nervousness and tends to make one melancholy and pessimistic.

It will promote health by eliminating worry and that petty anxiety which comes from not feeling the absolute ability to clear the atmosphere about you of little, vexing, harassing details.

It will make a man better balanced, better poised mentally, and more optimistic, and the future will not terrorize him, because he will feel that he is equal to any emergency which may arise in his affairs.

A good system shortens the road to the goal, and relieves the mind of a thousand and one perplexities and anxieties, besides detail and drudgery through which the orderless man goes. The systemless man never learns the magic of management. The mind can not work effectively and economically without a programme. The secret of success, especially in a large enterprise, lies with the man who can make the programme, and the man who has the ability to multiply himself in others.—O. S. M.

Baron Rosen's Straw Hat

By J. HERBERT WELCH

THE platform of the railroad station at Oyster Bay is the happy hunting ground of newspaper reporters and photographers who desire to interview and make pictures of the personages who journey to the little Long Island village to see President Roosevelt when he is ensconced in his summer home on Sagamore Hill. The distinguished visitor whom Julius, the presidential coachman, drives down from "the hill" hardly ever makes a connection with his train that is close enough to enable him to avoid at least a minute or two on the platform, and in this brief interval the reportorial group, who lie in wait, frequently draw from him statements or hints that become, the next morning, breakfast table talk throughout the land. It is here also that knights of the camera obtain snapshots that cause the great public to wonder at the unimpressive appearance of many great men.

Shortly before the convening of the peace commission at Portsmouth, Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador, who had just returned from an interview with the President, stood with his back to the station, pleasantly trying to say nothing to the newspaper men. A young man behind a camera, who had been hovering around the outskirts of the group, suddenly raised his voice and said:

"Excuse me, Baron, but I am very anxious to take a picture of you. Will you other gentlemen please step aside for a few seconds?"

"Wait a moment, wait a moment!" exclaimed the Baron, in alarm. "You must not do it. I can not allow it."

"But, but, why not, Baron?" inquired the photographer, surprised at the ambassador's apparent agitation over so everyday a matter as a snapshot.

"Why," cried the latter, "do n't you see that I am wearing a straw hat with my frock coat? The hot weather is my excuse for not wearing a silk one, but what would the world say, what would the sticklers in St. Petersburg say if they should know that I had called on the President in the execrable combination of a frock coat and a straw hat?"

The Baron seemed to think that this disposed of the matter of the photograph, but the camera man said, smilingly:—

"Please allow me to suggest, Baron, that you take off your straw hat and let the young man beside you hold it for a moment. It will not appear in the picture."

The Baron laughed with the others at his defeat, and, with the straw hat out of sight, assumed a statesman-like attitude as the youth with the camera pressed the button.

Christmas

By Agnes M. Matthews

The stars are shining as once, long ago,
They shone upon the world's Messiah King;
Across the darkness falls a radiance,—
'T is midnight, and again the angels sing.

Again the glory of that distant day
Breaks through the face of night upon our eyes,
And lo! the light that through the centuries shines
Is burst with morning's splendor in the skies.

Again, though ages bow their silvery heads,
God smiles on all the world in visions mild,
To lead us on to where wide heaven lies
Within the cradle of a new-born child.

O, souls of men, awake and thrill anew!
O, love, upon the earth thy mantle fling!
And joy and peace, reign everywhere, to-day,
For still, within our hearts, the angels sing.

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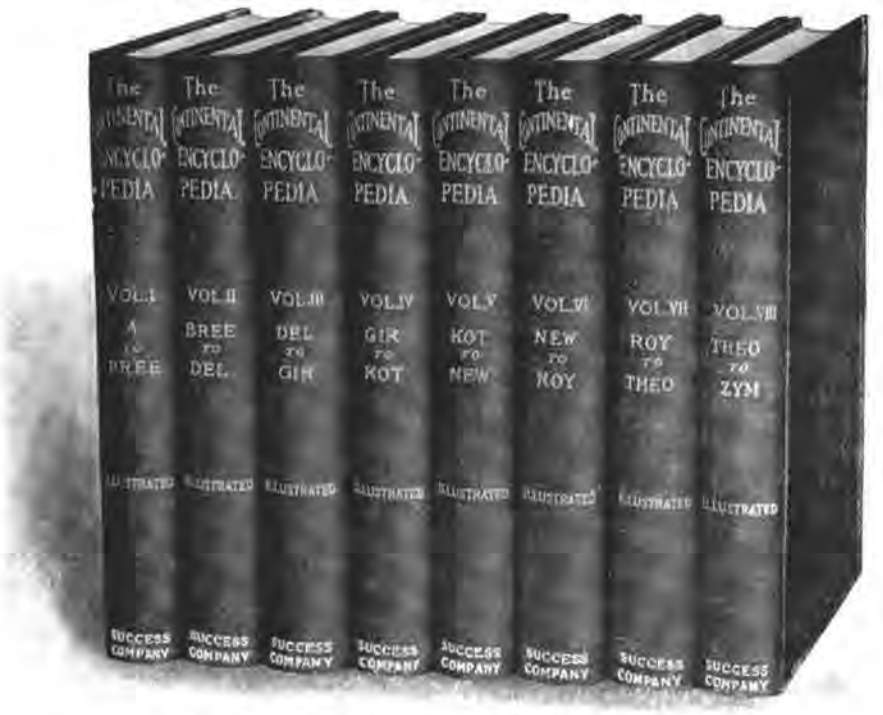

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Overland Monthly	1 yr	1.50
Ram's Horn	1 yr	1.50
Review of Reviews	1 yr	3.00
Searchlight	1 yr	2.00
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Donohoes Magazine	1 yr	2.00
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Out West	1 yr	2.00
Photo Era	1 yr	2.50
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Smart Set	1 yr	2.50
Toilettes	1 yr	2.00
Trained Nurse	1 yr	2.00
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Any one with two of Class 3 **$3.50**

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Harper's Bazar 1.00
Or **Cosmopolitan**
Or **Pictorial Review**
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Review of Reviews $3.00
Success Magazine 1.00
Cosmopolitan 1.00
My Price $2.50

Woman's Home Companion . . $1.00
Success Magazine 1.00
Review of Reviews 3.00
Cosmopolitan 1.00
My Price $3.00

Outing Magazine $3.00
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Or **Burr McIntosh**
Success Magazine 1.00
World To-day 1.00
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Success Magazine $1.00
Review of Reviews 3.00
Harper's Bazar 1.00
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Or **Outing Magazine**
Or **Burr McIntosh**
My Price $3.50

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World's Work 3.00
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CLASS A

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Cosmopolitan	1 "	1.00
Four Track News	1 "	1.00
Garden Magazine	1 "	1.00
***Good Housekeeping**	1 "	1.00
Harper's Bazar	1 "	1.00
***House Beautiful**	1 "	2.00
Hints (Entertainments)	1 "	1.00
Magazine of Fun	1 "	1.00
Men and Women	1 "	1.00
National Magazine	1 "	1.00
Pearson's	1 "	1.00
Philistine	1 "	1.00
Pictorial Review (with free pattern)	1 "	1.00
Suburban Life	1 "	1.00
SUCCESS MAGAZINE	1 "	1.00
Vim	1 "	1.00
***Woman's Home Companion**	1 "	1.00
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The Independent	1 "	2.00
Lippincott's	1 "	2.50
Outing Magazine	1 "	3.00
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With Outing and Woman's Home Companion	8.00	4.10
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Suburban Life 1.00
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Outing 3.00
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American Boy (or **Vim**) 1.00
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CAMULOS

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DEL MONTE

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THE BIG TREES OF SANTA CRUZ

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Next you halt at San Jose, in the Santa Clara Valley, that sea of blossoms, where six million trees in bloom make the cherry blossoms of Japan look like a pea patch. Here, with the Hotel Vendome as headquarters you visit Santa Clara, with its relic-stored Mission, and that tomb among the clouds—

THE LICK OBSERVATORY

Like a castle from the goblin book mother read, the Lick Observatory shines white and clear on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, from which can be seen the mosaic panorama of the Santa Clara Valley; the rugged peaks of the Santa Cruz mountains; the bay of San Francisco; the restless Pacific far beyond; the San Joaquin Valley and the snow-capped summits of the Sierras.

From San Jose to San Francisco the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company is a myriad of surprises until you reach Palo Alto, the home of that great educational monument,

THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY

a work of love in which thirty millions of dollars have been devoted to completing the grandest temple of learning ever erected. The Moorish architecture of the early California Missions, the perfectly equipped buildings, each a college in itself, are alone worth hours of study. The Memorial Chapel, calls you back again and again to marvel at the mosaic covered walls, the memorial windows of stained glass, the altar of pure white Carrara, the pulpit of stone and priceless bronze lectern. The glory of the coloring as the golden sun gives startling life to all these masterpieces of the Old World, holds you spellbound and thoughtful, and when you step quietly away it is with the greatest reverence in the heart for those who have blessed the world with such an edifice.

SAN FRANCISCO

the gateway to the Orient, the key of commerce to come, the most fascinating metropolis of this or any other age, commands you to forget there is such a thing as time, and invites you to dwell within her gates, and see those sights which make of her the Naples, the Rome, the Paris, the Budapest, of America.

With the famous Palace Hotel or the luxurious St. Francis as a center, a different trip can be taken every day in the year and some of the nights, in seeing the Golden Gate with its tropical park; the Presidio, where Uncle Sam guards the harbor; Alcatraz Island, the military prison of the Pacific; Fort Winfield Scott; Fort Mason; the Navy Yard on Mare Island; Mt. Tamalpais; the Cliff House, Seal Rocks and Sutro Heights, not forgetting Chinatown with all its mystery and superstition.

From San Francisco the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company carries you directly northward through the picturesque Sacramento Valley, to the stage on which was played the first act in the drama of '49.

SACRAMENTO

To those who love the history of their land, the capital of California is an inexhaustible archive, a city of landmarks, the most important of which is the Fort of General Sutter, the place to which John Marshall brought the news of the first discovery of gold. Sutter's Fort is now a veritable museum of the days of '49.

The Crocker Art Gallery of the capital city, adds an extra attraction for lovers of rare old art, its walls being covered with the finest collection of Dutch and Flemish treasures in America.

North from Sacramento this wonderful road of the Southern Pacific Company lies through a Garden of Eden. Every town holds something of interest—Yuba City, Marysville, Chico, Vina, Red Bluff, Redding, all extending an inviting hand to the sight-seeker, the hunter, the fisherman, the investor. At

CHICO

Uncle Sam has established his Plant Introduction Station, where marvelous experiments are carried on the year round in the culture of flowers, fruits, nuts and vegetables for the benefit of mankind. From here the "Road of a Thousand Wonders" climbs through the beautiful canyon of the Sacramento, winding, turning, twisting, tunneling with every caprice of the gold-laden river, parallel with rugged crags, peaks and tablelands until the eyes shut in sheer bewilderment to open in amazement at the most eerie of all queer rock formations, Castle Crags. Cold and grey and impregnable, they stand 4,000 feet high, a splintered heap, serrated like the fangs of some great mastodon, guarding the lake behind it, where floats an army of ravenous, silvery trout. Next on the time table is that superlative of all mountain resorts,

SHASTA SPRINGS

situated on a plateau amid an endless succession of mountains, forests, streams, cascades, wonderful water-falls and mineral springs—the fount of Shasta Water, that sparkling, bubbling, snapping drink of health, syphoned in all its purity from the heart of Shasta.

Over the mountains and under the mountains, too, you go to Sisson, and from the plaza of that famous inn of California history, Sisson's Tavern, now modernized into a charming resort hotel, you worship this white-crowned monarch of the mountains, this glacier-capped rival of the Matterhorn—Mt. Shasta—14,444 feet above the sea.

Leaving Sisson really seems like bidding goodbye to civilization. Dashing into the wilds of the Siskiyou Range, around and around Mt. Shasta, seeing it from every point of view, with Castle Crags and Black Buttes rivaling each other for second place, you enter a region where railroad engineering reaches the climax of its daring. Clinging to the very sides of many a precipice, over dizzy heights, doubling, looping, skirting this cliff and that, creeping along the canyon edge, but ever climbing until the summit is reached at Siskiyou, the hunting grounds of old-time tribes, where game still trails in wait for the white man. Here is the domain of the hunter, where deer and bear, geese, ducks, snipe and pheasants can be had within gunshot of the track. And so it continues to the very threshold of

PORTLAND ORGEON

a city that exemplifies the true American spirit; that challenges any one to find another environment of such, beautiful rivers, lofty mountains, placid lakes, and silent forests; that represents the end or beginning as you wish, of "The Road of a Thousand Wonders"—the COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the Southern Pacific Company.

For those who contemplate the Pacific Coast,—California and Oregon,—and are interested in seeing this great country to the best advantage, a beautifully illustrated book is now on press. It will be mailed complimentary to all making application to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, 920 Merchants Exchange, San Francisco, California, who will also answer every question regarding time, cost, itinerary and trains.

Summit of Mt. Shasta, California

Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, California

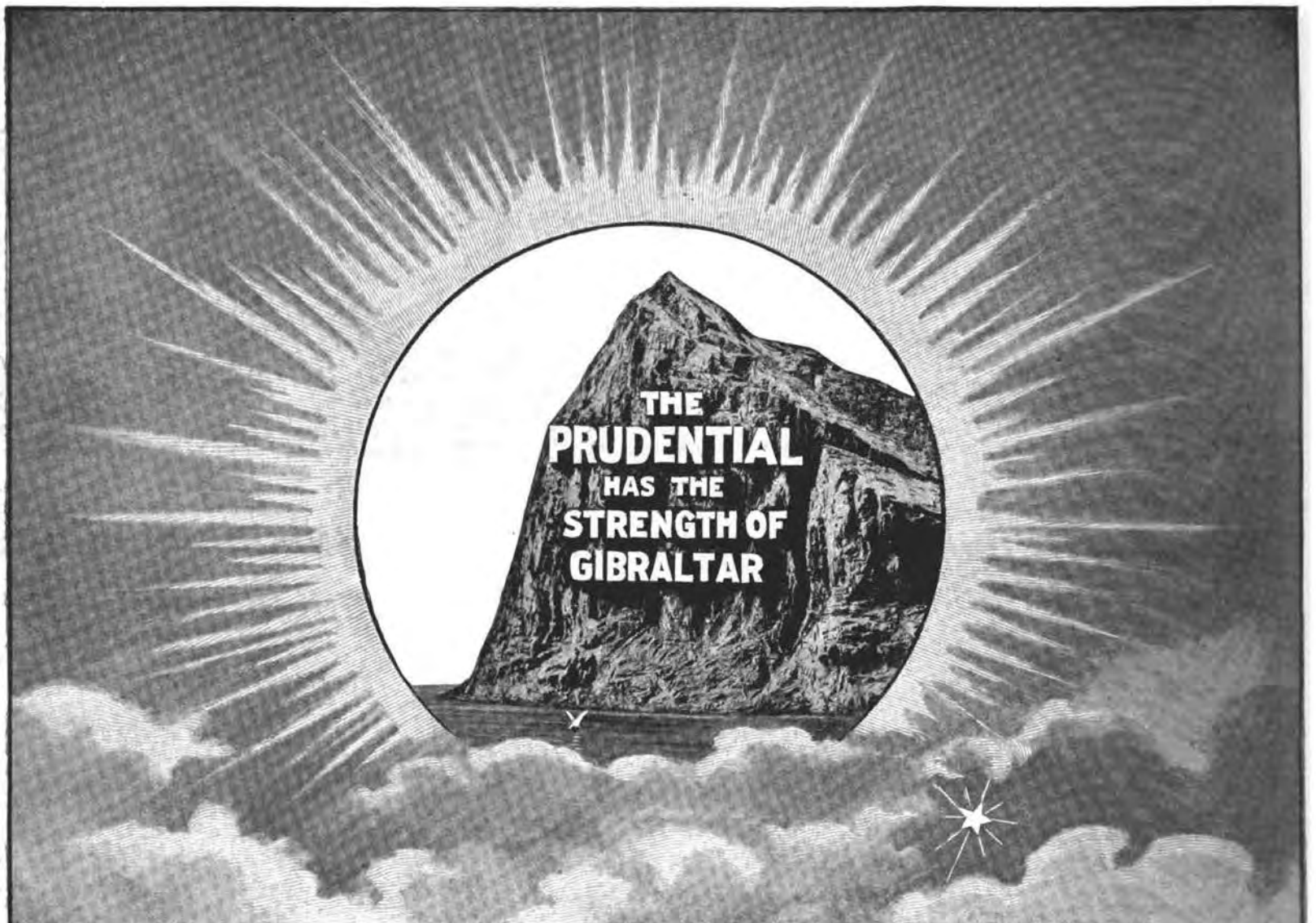
The Golden Gate, San Francisco, California

San Carlos Mission, Carmel, California

Hotel Del Monte, California

Midway Point, Monterey, California

Paso Robles Hot Springs Hotel, California



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