

FIGHTING THE TELEPHONE TRUST, By PAUL LATZKE

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY

1906





J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE CLUBBING OFFERS LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY



TO THE PUBLIC

We strongly recommend these special offers as the best which, in our many years' experience in the subscription business, we have ever been able to offer to the public. We hope that everyone reading this advertisement, especially our thousands of old customers throughout America, will take advantage of these Special Offers before they expire. Only a few can be shown here, but OUR COMPLETE 44-PAGE CATALOGUE, containing all subscription offers and much valuable information for magazine readers, will be sent FREE upon request. **BETTER WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.** It is sure to interest you. Yours sincerely, J. M. HANSON.

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Or Pictorial Review	
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Cosmopolitan (or Children's Magazine)	1.00
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Or Burr McIntosh	
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Any Three	\$2.00
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(The Greatest Woman's Magazine Published)

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\$2.50

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With World's Work and Outing	10.00	5.25
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With The Smart Set and Cosmopolitan	7.50	4.00
With any one in Class A and one in Class B	8.00	4.00
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With any one in Class A and two in Class B	11.00	5.75
With Century Magazine	8.00	5.50
With St. Nicholas	7.00	4.50
With Scribner's	7.00	5.00
With Four Track News	5.00	2.50
With Leslie's Weekly	9.00	5.00
With Appleton's Booklovers	7.00	3.50
With Burr McIntosh	7.00	3.50
With Harper's Magazine or Weekly	8.00	5.25

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Who cuts out and sends this slip at once to J. M. Hanson with \$1.75 for The Companion will receive the following:

All the issues of the Youth's Companion for the year 1906. The Thanksgiving and Christmas Double Numbers. The Companion "Minute Men" Calendar for 1906, printed in twelve colors and gold. Address all orders to J. M. Hanson's Magazine Agency, Lexington, Ky.

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We will Duplicate any Club Offer Advertised by any Agency or Publisher.

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My Price	\$1.25

Success Magazine	\$1.00
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My Price	\$1.25

Success Magazine	\$1.00
Housekeeper	.60
Or McCall's (with pattern)	
My Price	\$1.35

Success Magazine	\$1.00
Ladies' World	.50
Modern Priscilla	.50
Or Home Needlework	
My Price	\$1.50

Success Magazine	\$1.00
Cosmopolitan (or World To-day)	1.00
Or Pearson's (or Children's Magazine)	
Or any magazine of Class A	
My Price	\$1.50

Success Magazine	\$1.00
House Beautiful	2.00
Or Good Housekeeping	
Or Woman's Home Companion	
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Success Magazine	\$1.00
Harper's Bazar (or World To-day)	1.00
Or any magazine of Class A	
Garden Magazine	1.00
Or any magazine of Class A	
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Success Magazine	\$1.00
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Or Ainslee's Magazine	
My Price	\$2.50

Success Magazine	\$1.00
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Suburban Life	1.00
My Price	\$2.50

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American Boy (or World To-day)	1.00
Or any magazine of Class A	
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Success Magazine	\$1.00
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Or Pictorial Review	
My Price	\$3.25

Success Magazine	\$1.00
Scribner's Magazine	3.00
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Success Magazine	\$1.00
World's Work	3.00
Review of Reviews	3.00
Cosmopolitan (or Children's Magazine)	1.00
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Success Magazine	\$1.00
Etude	1.50
Review of Reviews	3.00
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The price of this offer after Feb. 1, 1906, will be \$5.50	
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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
Foreign Representative: Curtis Brown, 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England.

Where Moral Obligations Count

Fair Treatment and Guaranteed Success a Feature of Success Shorthand School

This Agreement, Made and entered into this _____ day of _____

A. D. 190____, by and between THE WALTON, JAMES & FORD SHORTHAND REPORTING SCHOOL, a corporation duly organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Illinois, of the city of Chicago, county of Cook and state of Illinois, party of the first part, and

_____ of _____
party of the second part, **Witnesseth:**

WHEREAS, The said second party is this day accepted as a student in the correspondence course in shorthand of the said first party; and

WHEREAS, It is desirable that the second party shall have full confidence in the ability of said first party to successfully teach said second party the art of shorthand by correspondence;

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS AGREED By said first party that if the said second party shall be dissatisfied with said course and shall, at the conclusion of the twelfth lesson (one-half the said course) desire to discontinue the study of said course because of such dissatisfaction, then and in that case said first party will return to said second party all money paid as tuition by said second party.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, Said first party has hereunto affixed its corporate seal, and has caused this agreement to be executed by its president and attested to by its secretary, the day and year first above written, in the city of Chicago, in said county and state.

SEAL

THE WALTON, JAMES & FORD SHORTHAND REPORTING SCHOOL

Attest: _____ By _____ President.

Secretary.

RIGHT at the beginning, we wish to inform the reader that this is an advertisement. Stop where you are, if you do not desire to read it, but if you are a young person, ambitious to succeed, you cannot afford to miss reading it.

Confession is good for the soul, and, aside from confessing that this is an advertisement, we will tell how it came to be written. Frankly, it is placed here in order to endeavor to get your interest in the merits of the SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL, of Chicago.

A few days before this advertisement was written, we had the pleasure of showing this institution very fully to Mr. Lynn S. Abbott, the advertising manager of SUCCESS. He was on a visit to Chicago and called on us and thoroughly investigated the merits of our institution. We showed him the manner in which we taught pupils the most advanced shorthand by correspondence; we showed him letters which were going out to those who had applied for enrollment in the school, and whose applications, because of lack of qualifications, were refused; we showed him our agreement to return money in case a student is dissatisfied at the conclusion of one-half the course; we showed him that our institution was not run by cheap help, but that the students' work is corrected by expert shorthand court reporters.

"Did anyone ever ask for his money back?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"Here is one case right now in this mail," was the reply. "This young man enrolled, paying the full tuition fee, proceeded with a portion of the course, was then informed by his physician that he would be compelled to live in the open air, because of a disease, and consequently shorthand would be of no use to him. Here is his letter, asking for a return of part of the tuition; here is a copy of our reply, in which we enclosed a check for the full amount paid us, and here is his answer which begins:

"I wish to state that your treatment of me has been even more than fair as I already had the first three lessons of the course. I have practiced shorthand for several years, but I have never had the insight or the interest in this study that I got out of these three lessons. I regret very much that my health is such that I am unable to continue this course at this time, and should I regain my health to such a degree that I can again take up this line of work, I will, without fail, complete 'your course of shorthand.'"

Mr. Abbott was shown other letters, one of which follows. It explains itself:

"It is with pleasure that I write this testimonial to the high moral character and standard of the personnel of the SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL. Some time ago, after some correspondence, my son, W. O.

McGillivray, took out a scholarship. A short time after he received his lessons, he was taken very ill and died suddenly. A week or ten days later, I wrote to the SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL asking if they would refund a portion of the tuition, keeping \$5.00 to reimburse them for their trouble and correspondence. To my surprise I immediately received a letter from the firm with the entire sum paid enclosed, they stating that as my son had received no benefit from the course, they returned the full amount paid in. Deeds speak louder than words. Let this incident be its own historian. Gratefully witnessed by

MRS. M. A. MCGILLIVRAY.
821 North Court St., Rockford, Ill.

"Why don't you publish those letters in your advertisements?" asked Mr. Abbott.

"For the reason, in the first instance, we have not the authority to do so, and do not desire to advertise the affliction of the gentleman; in the second instance, we did not ask Mrs. McGillivray for authority, although she gave it. We do not believe it becoming of an institution to prate of its honesty. We returned the money, not for advertising purposes, but because we believed that, were we in the same position as the writers of those letters, we would consider there was a moral obligation on the school or institution to do so. Were we to print the first letter without mentioning the name, no one would believe it, because we always print the names and addresses of those who give us testimonials."

"There is a prejudice against correspondence schools and the people should know your methods of doing business," answered Mr. Abbott.

And that is how this advertisement came to be written.

Not only was Mr. Abbott shown that our methods of doing business were such as to give people confidence in this school, but he was shown proof indisputable of the superiority of our shorthand. We proved to him that we could take one with no knowledge of shorthand and teach him by home study so that he could hold the most responsible positions, such as private secretary, court reporting, legal work and all branches of shorthand; we exhibited letters from old court reporters, of more than twenty years' experience, who had been perfected with this system, while performing their work each day in the court room; that we had taken the writers of systems, which do not have the standard basic principles, and make them expert writers; that graduates of this school are paid high salaries, some of them making as much as \$6,000 a year; that the proprietors of the SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL are at the head of the largest court reporting business of the world, and, consequently, are practical shorthand reporters.

With what result? Two days later the following

letter was received from Mr. Abbott, which speaks for itself:

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL,
79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—It is very rarely that I venture to give my commendation to an institution which advertises in our columns. The reason for this is that the fact that we permit them to come into our publication at all is, in itself, an indorsement.

But, what I have seen of you and your methods, and the manner in which you treat your students, prospective or otherwise, draws from me an expression of the highest compliment for your keen interest in the welfare of all who connect themselves with you. Your sense of moral obligation regarding them, which is so rare in an institution of your kind, and the universal gratification expressed by those who have received your instruction, leads me to do so.

I shall be pleased to confirm this at any time in a personal letter to anyone inquiring.

Yours very truly, LYNN S. ABBOTT,
Advertising Manager,
SUCCESS MAGAZINE.

We have taken Mr. Abbott at his word and have placed before the readers of SUCCESS the facts in regard to our school. The above is what we showed to Mr. Abbott. Now we propose to talk to you.

If you know nothing of shorthand, there are three things in regard to which you are interested. First, you wish to know the character of the institution which teaches you; second, you wish to know the character of the shorthand you will write after you receive instruction; third, you wish enlightenment as to what material benefit the best shorthand will be to you.

The first point is fully covered by the above. We satisfied Mr. Abbott as to our methods of doing business. If you enroll with this institution, you will do so with the full knowledge that in case you are accepted, you will have the qualifications necessary in order to become a good shorthand writer. Further, you can rest assured that you will be with an institution which will treat you just exactly in the same manner as its individual members would wish to be treated were they in your place.

Now, as to the kind of shorthand: We are practical court reporters and your work will be corrected by those who have not only been successful as such, but have succeeded to a greater extent than any other shorthand writers in the world. You will write the same shorthand with which they have succeeded, and with which other graduates have met with success; and the fact that we give the above agreement to all pupils, regardless of what they know of shorthand, the system written, and how long they have written it, should be proof conclusive that the system taught by us is the most practical in existence.

Of what material benefit will a knowledge of this system be to you? George L. Gray, an eighteen-year-old boy, in less than a year after he began the study of this system, was appointed reporter of the Fourth Judicial District of Iowa, a position worth from \$2,500 to \$3,500 a year; Ray Nyemaster, of Atalissa, Ia., was appointed private secretary to Congressman Dawson seven months after he took up the study of this system by correspondence. There are numberless instances such as these, which will be detailed to you if you will but fill out the coupon printed below and send it to us to-day.

Or, are you a stenographer, holding a mediocre position? Why not perfect yourself so that you can become expert and earn the large salaries which experts receive? You have absolutely no chance to lose because you are fully protected by our agreement to return your money. This institution is presided over by the most successful shorthand writers in the world. Write us to-day, and we will show you what we can do for you.

Or, are you a stenographer holding a responsible position? If you are, you know it is possible for you to write better shorthand. James A. Lord, the official reporter at Waco, Texas, had written shorthand nineteen years before he enrolled with us—sixteen years as a court reporter. He is now a much better reporter and writes this shorthand pure and simple. If we were able to help this expert, it is more than possible that we can be of material help to you. Fill out the coupon printed below and mail it to us at once. If a stenographer, state system and experience. This may be of great influence on your entire future. We will teach you at your home.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL,
Suite 32, 79 Clark St., Chicago.

Send your 48-page catalogue and full information in regard to your school to

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1906

NUMBER 141



FIGHTING THE TELEPHONE TRUST

The dramatic story of the fight of six thousand independent operating telephone companies in the United States to overpower the gigantic trust which operates two and a half million telephones.—How this contest is centralized in New York City, where it will result in the greatest industrial warfare of the age. The story of the Bell Company's rise to a power that is second

only to that of the Standard Oil Company.—The men who have made fortunes and who have been ruined in this era of telephones.—The betrayal of friends and associates, the sacrificing of great national characters and the desperate purpose of a fight that has been carried straight into the White House.—The waning of the power of the trust and the final triumph of the people.

By PAUL LATZKE

Illustrated by A. T. Crichton and Robert J. Wildhack

PART I.

NINETEEN years ago, before the supreme court at Washington, this dramatic forecast was made during the lawsuit over the Bell patents:—

"This whole business was cradled in fraud. Mr. Bell's attorneys had an underground railroad in operation, between their office and Examiner Wilber's room in the patent office, by which they were enabled to have unlawful and guilty knowledge of Gray's papers, as soon as they were filed in the patent office.

"If this court finds in favor of the American Bell Telephone Company, it will enable these plaintiffs to perpetuate the fruits of this fraud for many years, and to fasten on the necks of the American people a gouging monopoly, from which there will be no escape, even after this patent has expired; for, by that time, this corporation will have so wound its tentacles about the community that only an uprising of the people, such as is not conceivable, will be powerful enough to shake it off."

The court *did* find in favor of the Bell Telephone Company, and the effect of this finding was truly according to the prophecy. It fastened "a gouging monopoly" on the necks of the American people. But there stopped the foresight of the eloquent lawyer. The "uprising of the people," which he deemed inconceivable, has come to pass. The telephone monopoly has been shaken off. In spots, here and there, it still holds control; but, in the nation as a whole, it has been worsted. To-day it operates approximately two and one half million telephones, while the people (for the opposition companies are truly the people, and therein lies their strength,) have approximately three million.

New York City Has Been for Many Years the Greatest Stronghold of the Trust

There are over 6,000 separate independent operating companies, with something like 300,000 stockholders. Thousands of these companies are run on the mutual or coöperative plan, every subscriber being a stockholder. In many communities, the independent telephones outnumber the Bell six to one. In some, the ratio is as high as ten to one. The average, where the independents have a fair foothold, is easily three to one. That the national average is not higher is due to the fact that in many of the larger cities (especially in the East, where the Bell instruments are most numerous,) the independents are only beginning to get into action. In New York City, for example, the Bell has over 170,000 telephones. No independent company has succeeded, so far, in getting into the city, owing to the political protection the telephone trust has always enjoyed there. But now the independent forces are knocking at the gates of the metropolis with a \$50,000,000 corporation. They have unearthed a franchise which, some of the best lawyers in the country declare, will compel equal rights with the Bell, and they promise to have 225,000 telephones in operation on Manhattan Island inside of three years.

It will be tremendous work, this attack on the metropolis, for the Bell Company will fight here to the last ditch. New York is the keystone to its

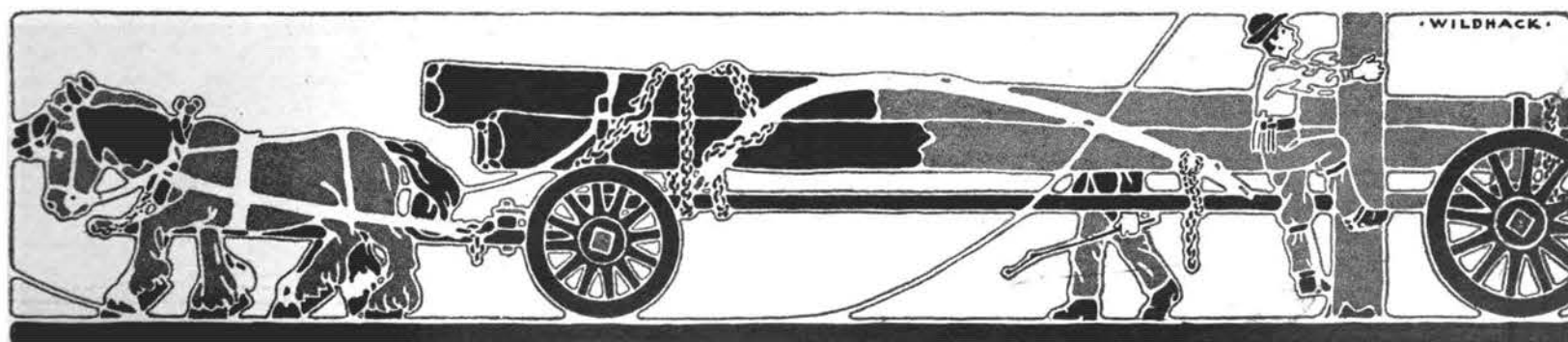
business arch. When this keystone is destroyed, or crumbled by competition, the whole arch will tremble. Hence the Bell people have made Manhattan Island their Gibraltar. Its defense will be a spectacle well worth watching. It will probably show us the greatest industrial battle of the age.

In the country at large, wherever the trust and the independents have come together, it has been hot campaigning, and many black chapters have been added to our industrial history. Courts have been manipulated, city councils corrupted, and the public press debased. There have been wholesale bribery, systematic wrecking, and, at times, violence, almost anarchy. Men who have stood highest in their communities have been induced by the reckless use of money to betray their friends and associates. Lying and chicanery and the basest deception have been employed so freely that they have grown almost commonplace. An army of spies has been in the field for years. National characters have been sacrificed. Twice the fight has been carried straight into the White House.

Altogether, it has been desperate business. But the independents, despite their manifest handicaps, lack of experience and lack of money, have always come out on top in the end. Their victories have been due, undoubtedly, to the fact that their fight is the people's fight. Their successes were probably the earliest manifestations of the general public uprising that came to a head on election day, last November. The bosses who met their Waterloo in all parts of the country, on that day, were always on the side of the Bell monopoly. They had fattened on its venal generosity for years; they were among its most ardent henchmen. Boss Cox, who fell in Cincinnati, has managed all these years to keep that city for the Bell Goliath, though the rest of Ohio is covered by the independents. Boss Murphy and Boss Croker and the other Tammany bosses managed to do the same for New York City, though elsewhere in the state—in Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, and scores of other cities, towns, and villages,—the field is admirably served by independent companies. In the office of "Little Tim" Sullivan, one of the most potent among Tammany bosses,—the boss who, until last November's election, was in absolute control of the New York board of aldermen,—there is brazenly in evidence a large tin box, like those one sees in lawyers' offices, labeled, "New York Telephone Company."

The Smothered Anger of the People First Broke Out into Flame in the Middle West

In many of the other great centers of population, the Bell has been equally well served by the bosses, so that we find the bare spots on the independents' map chiefly in the large cities. But gradually these bare spots are being filled in, and the monitory influence of the political upheaval of last November will probably cause the last of them to disappear within the next year or two. When this comes about, the average of about three independent telephones for every single Bell instrument, that



now prevails in the Middle West, will probably be nearly national.

It was in the Middle West that the "uprising of the people," speaking telephonically, had its inception; and, from that as its center, the movement has spread steadily. As a type of the general conditions there, the table printed on this page, representing "District No. 3 of the Ohio Independent Telephone Association," is fairly illustrative.

"District No. 3" represents one of the divisions of the associated organizations that the independent companies have formed in Ohio and many other states for the purpose of presenting a solid front against the Bell forces. As will be seen by studying the table, the district comprises twelve counties. In this territory the Bell people have 7,041 subscribers, while the independents have 20,551, or three for one. The independents have ninety-one exchanges; the Bell, twenty-four.

Not a single person who is financially interested in the Bell Company is to be found in these twelve counties, while the independents have 4,648 stockholders there, or one out of every five subscribers.

Is it difficult, in view of these figures, to understand why the Bell Company no longer exercises "a gouging monopoly?"

I have taken this table, or, rather, report, at random. Many other districts in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa make a much stronger showing. Few show a lower ratio.

In Iowa there are over 1,200 independent companies, with approximately 30,000 stockholders, and it is difficult to find a farmhouse without telephonic communication. When the question of installing an independent exchange in Council Bluffs was being opposed there by the usual Bell methods, some of the local merchants compiled figures that showed a situation in the surrounding territory astonishing even to the experts. It was found that, of twenty-one towns and villages, to which Council Bluffs could naturally look for trade, the Bell Company had exchanges in only eight, while the independents had exchanges in all. The total number of independent subscribers in these places was 3,721, as against 675 Bell.

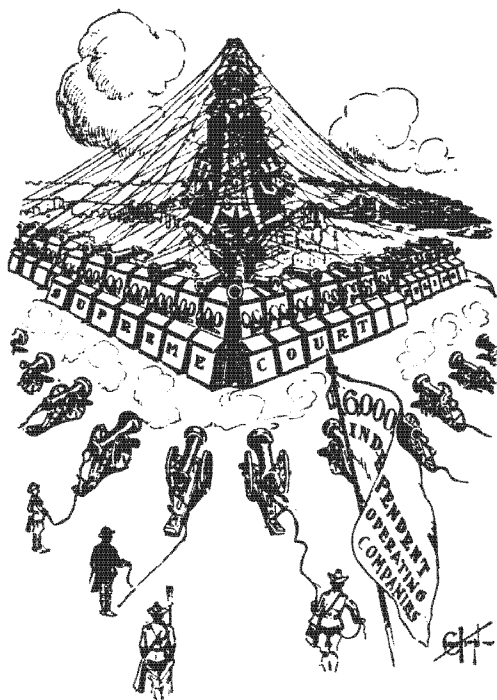
This was two years ago. Council Bluffs now has a flourishing, up-to-date independent plant. The politicians, who were blocking the franchise on behalf of the Bell people, were made to see that the trade of these twenty-one places and of dozens of others was drifting to Des Moines, where there has been an excellent independent plant for years.

The Fight Over the Telephone Has Been Unique in Our Industrial History

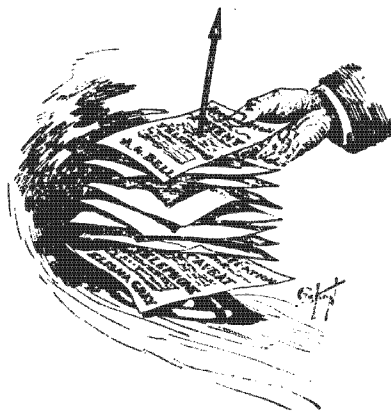
Trade, in the West, follows not the flag, but the wire. Hence the city or town that has no communication with the independent lines that lie like a network over the country soon finds that its business is slipping away. This is an economic argument that, in the end, must always win for the independents, when they find themselves opposed, at the gateways of the larger cities, by the money and political influence of the trust.

Figures are dry reading. I shall use them sparingly, and only in places where they seem indispensable. But the figures for Ohio and Iowa, and others that I shall give further along, merit careful study, because they show in the most graphic form the story of an industrial fight that stands unique in the world; for here we see a trust—the most perfectly organized trust in the world,—actually beaten by the people. This exceptional outcome makes this case the most important chapter in our industrial history,—a chapter that every citizen should read with interest, for it may give a clue to the solution of the entire trust problem.

STATISTICAL REPORT OF DISTRICT NO. 3 THE OHIO INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE ASSOCIATION					
J. B. RHODES, Vice President			H. W. McKEE, Secretary		
Counties	Subscribers Ind.	Exchanges Ind.	Toll Stations Ind.	Stockholders Ind.	Subscribers Bell
Athens, . . .	2,950	750	1	10	6
Belmont, . . .	2,379	1,125	16	5	10
Coshocton, . . .	1,635	550	6	4	15
Gallia, . . .	650	150	1	1	5
Guernsey, . . .	2,069	650	10	1	53
Meigs, . . .	3,225	0	17	0	10
Monroe, . . .	646	10	6	1	8
Morgan, . . .	1,300	0	2	0	9
Muskingum, . . .	2,743	2,306	18	8	22
Noble, . . .	1,237	0	9	0	27
Perry, . . .	410	460	2	1	4
Washington, . . .	1,307	1,040	3	2	5
Total, . . .	20,551	7,041	91	24	178
					79
					4,648



The Great Siege of Manhattan



*The Magic File.—
First Come, Last Served*

The beef trust still makes the price the western farmer can have for his cattle and the price the eastern workingman must pay for his food. The governing powers of the nation and of the states have shown themselves unable to cope with the combination.

The railroad trust is even now engaging the best attention of a president who has shown himself able to wrestle successfully with every other question. In his first encounter, with all the powers of a great government behind him, he was worsted. Only the most sanguine expect that he will succeed, finally, in exacting railroad rates that will be entirely fair to the people.

The coal trust, the lead trust, the tobacco trust, the leather trust, and all the other great industrial combinations have had their way with us, determining, with merciless inflexibility, what we shall receive for our products and pay for our necessities. The people have stood by, apparently helpless, until we have come to believe that the only hope of industrial salvation lies in absolute government control, if not government ownership.

It is here that the history of the fight against the telephone trust has such tremendous value, for it shows that, when the people will, they may. If ever opposition to a trust seemed helpless, it was against the telephone monopoly. The decision of the United States supreme court, sustaining the Bell patents, was handed down at Washington, in October, 1887, in actions brought by the Bell Company for infringement against half a dozen companies operating under the patents of Daniel Drawbaugh and others. This judgment of the court left the American Bell Company with a strangle-hold on the telephone business.

With the trusts in other industries it was, after all, purely a matter of money and methods. They had no legal control of the business they dominated. Any man who owned or leased an oil well might go into the oil business, if he were so minded. The Standard could cripple his markets, through unlawful combination with the railroads, or undersell him with the consumer; but, before the law, the smallest oil producer of the country was on a perfect plane of equality with the oil trust. He could not be stopped by injunction from producing or refining oil. So it has been with the other industries. But behind the telephone trust stood the whole power of the United States supreme court, and, therefore, the whole power of the nation. Under the decision which gave the Bell people the right to do as they pleased with the telephone, no man or company of men could go into the business except as outlaws. The whole force of the government was at the beck and call of the telephone combination to crush out any semblance of competition. It was almost as serious a matter to make and use telephones without the sanction of the trust as it was to make and use money without the sanction of the government.

The Decision Affirming the Bell Patent Was Carried by Only a Single Vote

The decision that made this condition possible was a most tragic thing. It meant hundreds of millions of dollars to a small group of men in Boston, and ruin to hundreds who had embarked in the telephone business under one or the other of the interfering patents. But, of far graver importance even than this, it meant the stifling and monopoly of a public utility that, under free competition, would have saved thousands of millions to the people of the United States.

Had the verdict of the court been anything like unanimous, thinking men might reconcile themselves to the incalculable damage done; but it was only by the slightest tilting of the scales of justice that the prize fell into the lap of Bell and his associates and the yoke was fastened to the necks of the American people. The court stood four to three. Justices Waite, Miller, Matthews, and Blatchford found for Bell; Justices Bradley, Field, and Harlan held that Bell's patent should be declared void on the evidence. Said these eminent

Iowa Towns	Telephone Stations Independent	Bell
Creston, . . .	630	15
Afton, . . .	105	0
Murray, . . .	88	0
Larimer, . . .	46	0
Osceola, . . .	162	0
Chariton, . . .	250	0
Indianola, . . .	240	120
Winterset, . . .	220	75
Greenfield, . . .	120	0
Stuart, . . .	117	0
Corning, . . .	300	25
Red Oak, . . .	300	300
Villisca, . . .	15	60
Mt. Ayr, . . .	100	5
Lenox, . . .	74	0
Gravity, . . .	45	0
Conway, . . .	25	0
Maryville, . . .	425	0
Hopkins, (Mo.), . . .	200	0
Bedford, . . .	225	75
Shannon, . . .	34	0
Total, . . .	3,721	675

judges, in giving their dissenting opinion:—

"The proof amounts to demonstration, from the testimony of Mr. Bell himself and that of his assistant, Watson, that he never transmitted an intelligible word until after his patent had been issued; while, for years before, Daniel Drawbaugh had talked through his, so that words and sentences had again and again been distinctly heard.

"The latter (Drawbaugh,) invented the telephone without appreciating the importance and completeness of his invention. Bell subsequently projected it on the basis of scientific inference, and took out a patent for it; but, as our laws do not award a patent to one who is not the first to make an invention, we think that Bell's patent is void by the anticipation of Drawbaugh."

Poor Drawbaugh! In all history is there a more pathetic figure than his? He was deprived, by the scanty margin of one vote out of seven, not only of a fortune, but also of what, to him, would have been of far greater importance,—fame before all the world, as "the inventor of the telephone." Bell's name is a household word in both hemispheres. How many of the million or more readers who see this have even heard of Drawbaugh?

A poor, tinkering, village mechanic; a genius, constantly inventing—electrical clocks, rotary measuring faucets, a hundred and one things, out of all of which he never made money enough to provide even the ordinary necessities of life, so that he and his faithful wife were put to it to keep a roof over their heads; nevertheless, he kept at his work constantly, hopefully, enthusiastically. An unlettered wonder-worker, his shop at Eberly's Mills, near the capital of Pennsylvania, was the chief show place of the little community. There, as far back as 1850, he experimented with an electrical device for the transmission of speech over a wire, and there to quote the three learned judges of the supreme court again:—

"As early as 1871, he reproduced articulate speech at a distance, by means of a current of electricity subjected by electrical induction to undulations corresponding to the vibrations of the voice in speaking,—a process substantially the same as that which is claimed in Mr. Bell's patent."

The Court Disregarded Completely Several Hundred of Drawbaugh's Witnesses

One hundred and forty-nine persons were introduced, at the famous trial, who testified that they actually saw the Drawbaugh telephone, anywhere from five to ten years before Bell, by his own admission, even thought of such a thing as electrical speech-transmission. Two hundred and twenty witnesses swore they had heard of the instruments or seen them at various times before June 2, 1875, the date of Bell's conception. This cloud of witnesses was swept aside by a majority of the court, on the ground that they could not have testified correctly, though all were of most respectable character. As they controverted Bell, they must be wrong.

"We do not doubt," held the four justices whose opinion controlled, "that Drawbaugh may have conceived the idea that speech could be transmitted to a distance by means of electricity, and that he was experimenting upon the subject, but to hold that he had discovered the art of doing it before Bell did would be to construe testimony without regard to 'the ordinary laws that govern human conduct.' Without pursuing the subject further, we decide that the Drawbaugh defense has not been made out."

Before proceeding with an account of the manner in which Bell

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PAUL LATZKE

Mr. Latzke, the author of this series of articles on the telephone trust, has been for many years one of the leading journalists of the New York daily and monthly press, and has made a specialty of industrial and economic subjects. At present he is one of the publishers of the "American Telephone Journal," and has made a deeper study of the telephone question than any other writer



have his help, after this is over, we could make our way against the Bell people in short order.

This Unfortunate Proposition to Judge Miller Probably Injured His Case

"So, finally, I went to him with this proposition: I pointed out that, for a man of his great legal attainments, the salary he is getting as a justice of the supreme court is farcical. He is, as you know, a poor man, and I told him he was certainly doing a great injustice to his family in remaining in his present position instead of going into the field. I showed him that, as matters stand, he will have nothing to leave his people when he dies; whereas, if he should go into practice, he would receive, probably, larger fees than any other lawyer in the world. I finally told him that we, ourselves, would give him a retainer of \$50,000 to look after our interests, as soon as he should be in a suitable position to accept it."

Mr. Hill's eyes were bulging big, by this time, but he managed to keep cool, and ask:—

"And what did Judge Miller say?"

"He did n't say anything," answered the other; "he simply looked at me."

"Did not say 'Yes,' or 'No?'"

"Neither."

"Well," burst out Hill, "you have made a mess of it. I felt certain, right along, that Judge Miller was on our side; now you have put him in a position where he can not do otherwise than decide against us. Besides, even if he were not in that position, you know we could not give him a retainer of \$50,000. You know our stockholders have given up the last money they [Concluded on pages 128 to 132]

came upon the telephone and of the uses that the Bell people made of the enormous power the decision of the supreme court gave into their keeping, it may be well to tell of an incident that has never before been put into print.

When Justices Waite, Miller, Matthews, and Blatchford held that they could not accept the testimony of the hundreds of witnesses with due regard to "the ordinary laws that govern human conduct," they had special reference to the facts, first, that Drawbaugh admitted on the witness stand that he had visited the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, where Bell's telephone was first shown, though he swore he had never seen the instrument; and, second, that Drawbaugh had never attempted to establish his claims until after the organization, in 1880, of the People's Telephone Company, of New York, with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000. This company had been formed to take over the Drawbaugh and other inventions, and for the purpose of going into the telephone field in opposition to the Bell Company, then already firmly established. One of the chief figures in the organization of the People's Company was Lysander Hill, who, with Senator George F. Edmunds and Don M. Dickinson, made the chief argument against the Bell patent. Mr. Hill was then a patent lawyer in Washington, but is now practicing in Chicago. Arguments were well under way before the supreme court when one of the men associated with Mr. Hill in the ownership of Drawbaugh's claims hunted up the lawyer, and said:—

"I have just come from an interview with Judge Miller."

"With Judge Miller?"

"Yes. I think he is the ablest lawyer in the world, to-day. I believe, if we could



"He would like to let go—but he does not know where he will land"

The Bell-Western Union struggle for the people's "dough bag"



"Listening to grand organ tones or the sweep of stringed instruments"

THE SHAMEFUL MISUSE OF WEALTH

Our Closed and Silent Churches

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

SECOND SERIES

Illustrated by Sigismund Ivanowski

NUMBER TWO

"And millions of people now languishing in miserable surroundings,—think of these dark, foul stairways,—should have as a right some pleasure after toil, something to cheer and uplift them, something more attractive than the saloon,—say, good music. Think of the noble organs in thousands of silent churches, untaxed churches that belong to the people, organs that might be playing evenings for the people if these things were thought about, organs that will, I fear, be playing *misereres* one of these days if these things are not thought about."—Cleveland Moffett, in SUCCESS MAGAZINE, May, 1905.

I SUPPOSE many readers will be startled and some offended, at least in their first impression, when they see our churches arraigned as misusers of wealth. How is that possible? they will protest. Are not our churches obviously and conspicuously devoted to the general good? Are they not guided by able and unselfish men who devote their lives to the spiritual needs of their fellow men? And is it not preposterous to charge them with misusing wealth, either shamefully or otherwise, when everyone knows that most of our churches are struggling under a burden of debt?

All that is true enough, yet the briefest consideration makes it clear that the hundred thousand churches in America (let us take that number for the sake of argument,) are trying to do their work under conditions that would be considered foolish and wasteful if they existed in any ordinary enterprise. Imagine a hundred thousand department stores doing active business only one day in seven and remaining closed for the other six days or, at best, doing a languid business on one or two odd afternoons! Imagine a hundred thousand theaters giving performances two or three evenings a week and then remaining closed and silent for four or five evenings! Imagine a hundred thousand factories working ten hours a day for a single day in seven and perhaps working five hours a day for two other days, and then letting their fine engines and machinery lie idle all the rest of the time! We should call it stupid and extravagant folly, we should expect such foolish factories, theaters and department stores to lose both in money and in general esteem and, if such conditions persisted, we should conclude either that the directors of these activities were hopelessly incompetent, or that there was a very small demand for what they were trying to furnish.

Of course we have grown up in the idea that it is the right and natural state of churches to be closed and silent most of the time, just why no one can say, but, being creatures of habit, we accept things as we find them. We expect our houses to be used *every day*, our barns to be used *every day*, our shops, libraries, hospitals, office buildings, all the structures on our soil we expect to be used every day, save only the churches which are the most costly and the most beautiful. These we expect to be used occasionally, less than half the time, probably not one third of the time, yet the churches represent a huge material investment based on infinite labor and saving, a value far greater than all the gold coin in the United States, a value, counting land and buildings, that certainly exceeds two thousand million dollars! On which the money interest at five per cent. would be two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a day! And the spiritual daily equivalent,—well that is beyond our reckoning but it should be very great and precious to offset so huge a sum. And most of the days it is wasted!



An attentive listener

Various explanations will be offered, various excuses made for this disuse of our churches, but the fact will not be denied, no one *can* deny it, that under towers and steeples this country has gathering places enough to accommodate say forty million people, gathering places admirably suited to pressing needs of the masses, gathering places, as things are, that more than half the time stand empty and unused, closed and silent! And it should be noted that these churches from which the people are thus excluded *belong absolutely to the people*, were built and paid for by the people, are maintained by popular contributions and are exempt from taxation by the people's favor!

Therefore it seems right and reasonable that these churches should be put to any proper use by the people, at such times in the week as they would otherwise be unused. Naturally this opens a wide field of discussion as to what uses of a church are proper and what uses are improper. I suppose that is for the people to decide after careful consideration and under the guidance of their spiritual leaders. But there must be *many* proper uses; in general one would say that anything tending to the betterment of the people or to promote their happiness or goodness must be such a use. And there is one particular thing that seems eminently suitable in our churches, one thing that would supply a great and constant need of the people, one thing that would throng these closed and silent gathering places with joyful multitudes. I mean popular concerts with fine music.

Some months ago this idea was presented in SUCCESS MAGAZINE and my readers may be glad to hear what important steps have been taken since then for its practical execution in New York City. Let us put aside the aggressive tone for a moment and consider in a helpful, constructive spirit one of our great municipal problems. I mean the lack of pleasure in the lives of poor people. And surely there is no more wholesome and widely appreciated pleasure than this of fine music.

As we hope that this movement for popular concerts in churches may extend to other cities, I will tell briefly what was done by SUCCESS MAGAZINE in organizing our first concert, possibly the first of its kind ever given in this country. It took place at the Church of the Ascension, Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street, New York City, on the evening of December 4, 1905, and let me say at once that this concert was in every way a splendid success and demonstrated beyond question that a fashionable church may open its doors and crowd its pews with tenement dwellers and suffer no harm in consequence.

Everything was done by a small committee of men and women (about a dozen,) who, in a few meetings, decided what was necessary, drew up the musical programme, arranged for the printing of tickets and the distribution of these among the people we wished to reach. That was really our chief problem, the distribution of tickets. How many people would come for a hundred tickets given away? Would half come? Would two thirds come? Would Roman Cath-



"What a revelation to many an embittered soul"

olics come to a Protestant church? Would Jews come? Would poor people come from a distance? From how great a distance?

We finally decided to give away fifteen hundred tickets, each bearing in plain black letters the words, "Admit Two," which meant three thousand possible comers to a church which at its utmost capacity could hold only fifteen hundred. We wanted to avoid the discouragement of empty pews and took the risk of over-crowding. As a matter of fact our estimate was fairly accurate, and, while every seat in the church was taken, there were not more than a hundred people obliged to stand nor more than a hundred turned away.

I must admit that the distribution of tickets seemed to some of us a formidable matter. Of course, we could divide them among the committee, each taking a hundred or so, and these could again be divided among willing friends. Still it was evident that, if we were to have the audience we wanted, fifteen hundred individuals of the tenement class must be sought out by someone and presented with tickets, and a brief explanation of what they were for, which seemed like a big task that might be accomplished once through the zeal of a first effort but could hardly be permanently counted on. And we were not striving for one concert but to establish a system by which many concerts should be given.

Fortunately these fears were groundless, and I wish to dwell on this point that, thanks to the machinery of churches, church guilds, settlements and charitable organizations, it is a perfectly easy thing to distribute tickets enough to fill any given church in any given locality. The manager of a Mills Hotel (where men find cheap lodgings,) took fifty tickets and asked for fifty more. An institution for the blind took twenty-five tickets. The Salvation Army took a number and several hundred were left at the Associated Charities Building to be distributed by the charity visitors on their regular rounds. I do not think that in the whole matter of distributing our fifteen hundred tickets any member of the committee was called upon to do more than two hours' work.

One thing I must mention that accounts in some measure, I am sure, for the large audience secured so easily: we printed on the backs of the tickets a programme of the concert so that people saw at once what they were going to hear. As it will interest many to know exactly what selections we gave at this "first popular concert," I reproduce herewith the programme as it appeared on the tickets:—

Programme

- | | |
|--|-------------|
| 1. Organ—March | Mendelssohn |
| 2. Chorus with Organ—from "Die Meistersinger" | Wagner |
| 3. Violin and Organ—from "Parsifal" | Wagner |
| 4. Chorus of Voices | Morley |
| 5. Soprano Solo with Organ and Violin, "Ave Maria" | Gounod |
| 6. Violin Solo—from "The Deluge" | Saint-Saëns |
| 7. Chorus and Organ—"Great is Jehovah" | Schubert |
| 8. Violin and Organ—"Largo" | Handel |

This is a popular concert with no religious service

It is evident that no one having the slightest love of music or familiarity with the great composers (and it is surprising how much poor people know about music,) could fail to recognize the excellence of this programme. Furthermore this simple arrangement saved a printing bill, for on the night of the concert we allowed the people to keep their tickets and use them as programmes.

Now a word as to the cost of the music. Of its *value* there is no question, we had one of the finest organists, one of the finest violinists (first violin in the New York Symphony,) one of the finest sopranos, and

one of the finest choirs (a splendidly trained chorus,) to be found anywhere in the country. I would mention names had I not been requested to withhold them lest there be some suggestion of advertising a good deed. This much is certain that no more beautiful music can be heard in New York City *at any price* than was *given* on this memorable night, literally given. What would certainly have cost a thousand dollars if sold for a price was gladly offered by these fine musicians to an audience that could pay only in appreciation. Yet even to the musicians there was no great task here, since from the very fact of their being fine artists they did what they did easily. I believe there was only one rehearsal and this at a regular choir meeting.

It may be objected that it is asking too much to expect artists like these to work without remuneration and without even the mention of their names; such an objection is perhaps well-founded, and in practice



"Where organ and violin make the very soul cry out"

it may prove best to pay some of the musicians,—those who really can not afford to give their services. But there will undoubtedly be artists of the first rank, great singers from the opera, great violinists, etc., (we have demonstrated this,) who, once this movement is established, will sing and play for the people *simply from their love of the people*. And others who must ask payment will doubtless ask as little as possible,—a merely nominal sum. Nor will there be any difficulty in finding the money for that and other expenses connected with these concerts. If any intelligent committee in any American city takes up this work,—and SUCCESS MAGAZINE hopes that many such committees will take it up,—they will find a ready and generous response from wealthy citizens who will begin sending in money *before it has been asked for*. At least that has been our experience. And it takes so very little money!

Coming to the night of the concert, our fears of a small attendance were dispelled by half past seven o'clock, and at eight, the hour set for beginning, it was a question whether the church would hold the people. In a steady stream they poured down the aisles, filling the last remotest corner upstairs and down. There were more women than men, there were some children, but not many; there were lame people, colored people, old people, Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews,—all sorts and conditions of tenement dwellers,—many, no doubt, who had never before been inside a church. And soon there was not a seat to be had, not even for the blind people who were led in, lifting helpless, happy faces, toward the pealing organ. That was a sight to be remembered and places were quickly offered these afflicted ones by others glad to stand in so touching a cause.

After the first two numbers there was silence, the pleasure of the people being felt rather than heard; I suppose the thought that they

were in a sacred building stayed their desire to applaud, but after the third number, that marvelous "Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal," where organ and violin make the very soul cry out, there was no restraining the eager hands, and a storm of applause, starting in the gallery, swept through the whole church. At which some persons looked their disapproval, but the rector, the Reverend Percy Grant—there is a man for you,—whispered: "Let them applaud. What harm can it do?" And after that they *did* applaud, every number heartily.

When it was all over, the Mendelssohn, the Wagner, the chorus of voices, the wailing of the violin, and that most inspiring "Ave Maria" by Gounod, with the marvelous soprano and the great sweep of organ tones, after all that, as the crowd was departing, I stood in the chancel beside Mr. Grant, there under the wings of St. Gaudens's angels and La Farge's heavenly host, I stood there looking after those hundreds of poor people going back to their tenements better and kinder and happier for that hour of music, and I asked him: "Is this church any less sacred than it was?" He was silent a moment, and then he said with feeling: "It's more sacred."

This concert demonstrated one thing about which some doubt had been expressed, namely, that tenement dwellers may be trusted to behave themselves in a church and to respect church property. A prominent rabbi of New York, Dr. Joseph Silverman of the rich and important Temple Emanu-El, while advancing no religious objection against the use of a synagogue in the way we proposed had expressed to me his fears that carpets and cushions might be injured and hymn books stolen. But nothing of the kind happened, the people came and went in an orderly, self-respecting way, nor was there anything in their presence or appearance that was in the least objectionable. They were poor, it is true, but they had been at pains to put on the best clothes, and after all we were giving the concert because they *were* poor. Rich people or well-to-do people would not have been admitted, since they would have had no tickets.

So much for this first popular concert which will be followed, we hope and believe, by many others. Already, with scarcely any effort, five New York churches have been offered for the work and, as to musical features, there is no doubt that the best attractions will be forthcoming. For our second concert to be held shortly in the Church of the Holy Communion, a stringed orchestra has been offered us; for our third, a number of brass instruments. And singers, organists and other artists are every day expressing their approval and desire to help.

It may be of interest here to mention that SUCCESS MAGAZINE, having asked the views of prominent New Yorkers on these concerts, has received from many sources most gratifying commendation with offers of assistance. Mayor McClellan writes:—"I do not see how anyone can withhold approval of this project, which seems bound to be productive of good." And former Mayor Seth Low says:—"I am cordially in sympathy with the project." And District Attorney William Travers Jerome says: "I have no doubt of the value of the plan you have on foot." And John H. Finley, President of the College of the City of New York says: "I heartily approve of the plan you have suggested." And Bishop Henry C. Potter says: "I shall rejoice to cooperate in any undertaking which seeks to open more widely the doors of our churches, and to give to those who may seek refuge in them from the noise and glare of a great city, wholesome and inspiring musical ministrations. Put me down for one hundred dollars for the scheme."

Lyman Abbott of "The Outlook" writes: "I think your idea of using the churches for weekly evening concerts to be attended by those unable to pay the prices of concerts of a fine quality, is an admirable one." And Richard Watson Gilder of the "Century" says: "The opening of the churches for music seems to me a delightful idea." And P. F. Collier of "Collier's Weekly" says: "I like your plan with regard to having some of our churches give musical evenings. You have my hearty cooperation and I will send a subscription." And Josiah Strong of the American Institute of Social Service says: "I congratulate you on the reception of your suggestion relative to utilizing our churches. I am glad it is being taken up, for the idea is a capital one."

And let me mention the views of Charles Sprague Smith, head of the People's Institute, a radical body numbering thousands of members, who assured us, while expressing keen interest in our plan, that our efforts would certainly fail, especially among the very poor, unless we made it clear that the movement was *absolutely non-sectarian* with no proselyting either open or concealed, no preaching or praying, nothing, in short, but a plan to provide pleasant and helpful musical evenings for those who would not otherwise be able to afford them. He also thought it important that the spirit of this movement be one of fraternity, not charity. This was seen to be wise and was unanimously agreed to by our committee.

We have also received encouraging letters from some of the richest and most prominent business men in New York. Thus Anson Phelps Stokes in sending a generous contribution says: "I cordially approve the musical evenings." And Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, says: "I can only say that this is a capital idea and if it is carried out it will be certain to be productive of much good directly and indirectly." And R. Fulton Cutting says: "I am quite in sympathy with your project

for utilizing churches on week-day evenings to provide musical entertainment for the people." And John J. Huyler says: "It does seem to me that this movement must work for great good among the people and I shall be most happy to help in any way that I can to this end."

As to the clergy of New York, we have received hearty encouragement from some and from others encouragement with reservations. Thus Dr. Morgan Dix of Trinity Church says: "I have no objection to allowing my name to be used in connection with the movement, but, as to the use of our churches in the manner proposed, it will require action in each instance by the corporation of Trinity Church, one of our standing rules being this: that no oratorio, concert, or musical performance can be held in any of the churches of the parish without the assent of the vestry nor without the appointment of a special committee of direction." Of course in this or any other case we should be glad to work with such a committee.

Dr. Richards of the Brick Presbyterian Church says: "I am glad to express my approval in general of the effort to make our church buildings of more use to the people and especially to the least favored classes among the people."

Dr. MacArthur of the Calvary Baptist Church "sympathizes with the plan and thinks you are moving in the right direction."

And Dr. Stires of St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, one of the richest and most conservative churches in New York says: "I beg you to count me as one who, with enthusiasm believes in your plan for giving musical evenings to poor people. Not only does the rector of St. Thomas's Church thoroughly believe in this but we would offer St. Thomas's Church for this purpose."

I must admit that we have talked with some ministers who have frankly opposed our project on the ground that churches are consecrated buildings and that it is unseemly to give popular concerts within their sacred precincts. One Baptist minister took this ground, one Episcopal minister, and one Roman Catholic priest. They suggested that we give our concerts in parish halls and offered their own halls for the purpose. But parish halls are not what we want, parish halls are bare, cheerless places, without architectural adornment or facilities for music. Parish halls are without pipe organs and the value of our scheme rests to great extent on the power and dignity of the organ. Imagine "Parsifal" thumped out on some rattle-trap piano in a dreary parish hall!

It seems as if such objections can be overcome among Protestant bodies, for many of them, as it is, use their churches for concerts and lectures. And why should any Episcopal minister withhold his approval from a cause already sanctioned by Bishop Potter? As to the Roman Catholics, I suppose the position taken by Father Ducey of St. Leo's Church, New York, would seem impregnable to most of them. Father Ducey, when we laid our plan before him, said that he did not think popular concerts would be allowed in Catholic churches. "We believe," he said, "in the real presence of Jesus Christ, and we priests, as guardians of the blessed Sacrament, are bound in conscience to see that the blessed Sacrament is treated with reverence and recognition."

In reply to which I submit that there is no disrespect to the blessed Sacrament in making poor people happy. And I believe that Jesus Christ, if really present in our sanctuaries, would say that we were doing Him better reverence by making His churches resound with noble strains for the sorrowful and needy than by leaving them silent and deserted.

So there is the idea, there, as I have said before, is a great field for the very best philanthropic effort, a new and interesting field, open to everybody in every city that has poor people in it and churches with organs. In such an effort all sects would feel on common ground, for there can be no argument as to the power and helpfulness of music in our daily lives. We all crave it; every city dweller knows how poor children crowd after a hand-organ and how wretched street wanderers seek the doubtful consolation of creaking phonographs, automatic music boxes and noisy banjos in saloons that strum when you drop a nickel in the slot. What a joy if this universal longing could be satisfied in a fine, big way, if these unfortunates could spend an evening now and then in a beautiful church,—think of the spiritual help from the mere architecture,—listening to grand organ tones or to the sweep of stringed instruments or to the voices of trained singers! What a revelation such music would bring to many an embittered soul of unsuspected virtues! What strength and hope would be brought into hard, dull lives! What crimes might be averted, what hatreds appeased! And how little it would cost; a few dollars for light and heat, some organizing by the committee, some work for the musicians who would count it labor of love, and then those hundreds of poor hearts gladdened, hundreds of dreary lives brightened and comforted! It would be worth it; so very well worth it!

In conclusion, SUCCESS MAGAZINE hopes that many people in many cities will realize this and will say to themselves,—"These churches of ours have been closed and silent long enough, now we will see that they are open, we will make them sing for those who need song, glad places for those who are sorrowful."

Mr. Moffett's next article in this series will appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for April.



"Strength and hope brought into hard, dull lives"



"Was this the monster who had so long darkened his own and his sister's life?"

The Humanizing of Van Ingen

A Chilly Paragon of Ancient Lineage Who Finally Found a Difference Between Dutch with "Vans" and Dutch without "Vans"

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Author of "The Queen vs. Billy," "Jones," "Baby Bullet," etc.

Illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom

CORNELIUS PAUL VAN INGEN was a tall, straight-backed, distinguished-looking man of sixty-five, with an aristocratic spareness of outline, and a curt, high-bred, high-nosed manner that instantly made you feel that you were in the presence of caste. The Van Ingens had been cultivating that manner for four hundred years, and patience and perseverance (as always,) had been correspondingly rewarded. He was one of those chilly paragons we sometimes see described thus, in curly, weather-beaten letters on old-fashioned tombstones: "An Exemplary Parent, A Devoted Brother, A Notable Benefactor of the Poor,"—who was usually "late of this Parish" in the year "Seventeen hundred and Two," or thereabouts. Having cornered all the virtues and the graces, they left us, their degenerate great-grandchildren, to shuffle on as best we could,—with here and there a solitary Van Ingen to remind us of the glories of the past.

He was rich, of course,—immensely rich. The manufacture of paper, undertaken originally with the assistance of two Muskrat Indians and a debtor slave, (who had been lent a hundred guilders, at ten per cent. a month, and then had had his wretched body foreclosed on,)—the manufacture of paper, thus inconspicuously begun, had grown with the centuries. The name of Van Ingen was watermarked in all the archives of the western world; and even to-day, as you apply your tongue to a postage stamp,

you are unconsciously paying homage to the Van Ingens. Your little bundle of "long green" likewise enshrines the history of this remarkable family. The chances are that your old love letters, if your sweetheart were a woman of refinement and taste, will show a faint "VI," on being held up to the light. Indeed, that "VI" underlies the history of our country; and, in an essentially paper age, ought we not to concede the first place to the man that makes it?—especially when that man is a Cornelius Paul Van Ingen!

Mr. Van Ingen lived in a great, cold, splendid house, on lower Fifth Avenue; went daily from there to a great, cold, splendid office, dropped in, on his way home, at a great, cold, splendid club,—and a great, cold, splendid family was alone needed to complete the magnificent circuit of his life. But, alas! he had drawn blanks from this very uncertain lottery, and the saddest hour of the day was when he put his latchkey in the door.

His wife had died many years before, leaving him two little children,—Fred and Katrina. Fred had proved a disappointment, from the start, and even at the early age of six it was evident he would never turn out a real Van Ingen. Perhaps he had too much heart, too much courage, and too high-spirited and democratic a nature. Governesses and tutors strove with Master Fred, but the pink-faced little rascal defied all their efforts. He slid down banisters,

traded his Fauntleroy collar for a cannon, fought battles in the street, and was altogether common and low,—so, at least, he seemed to Mr. Van Ingen, who confidently expected a miniature reproduction of himself, and who was shocked most of all by Freddy's utter lack of a religious instinct. Mr. Van Ingen was an ancestor-worshiper, a faith less restricted to China than one might think, and he was the leading member of a church called the Holland Society. But nothing could induce his materialistic child to turn his mind toward higher things,—and the older he grew the worse he became.

On his return from Harvard, a fine, manly fellow, with ruddy cheeks and broad shoulders and a mind that had been sharpened for the battle of life by courses in Polynesian Commercial Law, Biblical Archaeology, and Viticulture, besides a prolonged study of those invaluable foreign languages, Latin and Greek,—on his return from Harvard, young Fred, twenty-two years old, was bidden to his father's study to learn what had been arranged for his future.

"We have all done it," explained Mr. Van Ingen,— "myself, my father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather,—all went into the paper business at the bottom, and climbed up every rung of it. We have never allowed ourselves to become outsiders,—parasites,—mere pensioners. If necessary, like the founder of our house, I could begin to-morrow, with two Muskrat Indians and a debtor slave, and turn out a very respectable product in our back yard."

"What does it pay?" asked the practical-minded Fred.

"Six dollars a week," returned his father. "My dear son, you will see the impropriety of your drawing a larger salary—er,—than those with whom your lot will be temporarily cast."

"When may I expect to get more, sir?" inquired Fred. (He had always to call his father "sir." It was only a little word, but very effective in checking anything in the nature of familiarity or affection.) "When may I expect to get more, sir?"

"When you are worth it, Frederick," returned the exemplary parent, in a tone which seemed to imply a considerable delay. "Poverty is a great school,—the best there is for the development of character and energy. People like ourselves must get it artificially,—just as we exercise in gymnasia for the muscle the laboring man acquires naturally in the pursuit of his calling. I appreciate that you do not like the idea. Frankly, at your age, I did not like it myself. But to-day I am grateful for it. It has made me what I am."

With this, Mr. Van Ingen drew apart the tails of his faultless frock coat, and toasted himself before the fire. It was a movement rich in allegory. The intercepted blaze left Fred rather chilly, and he eyed his father sullenly from beneath his puckered brows. Of course, from long experience, he knew how useless it was to argue or to plead. But his heart swelled with bitterness as he sat there and said nothing. Mr. Van Ingen had looked for a scene, and this unexpected submission on the part of his son put him in a capital humor and inclined him to be generous.

"Besides your washing, I shall bear your dues for the Holland Society, the Association

of the Descendants of Wolfert Weber, the Winkyn Club, and the Sons of the Burgomasters."

"Thanks!" remarked Fred, absently.

"It's amongst these people I look to you to find your friends and form lifelong associations," went on Mr. Van Ingen. "You can invite as many of them here, and as often as you desire to, without doing more than submitting to me their names. Have as many covers as you please, Fred, and I can promise you a good cook, excellent cigars, and a cellar worthy of the family tradition."

Fred brightened up.

"I should like that," he exclaimed.

"But, of course, this indulgence is limited strictly to members of these societies," continued his father. "I do not wish a lot of raffish and nobodies carousing here and making way with my 1814 Madeira. I want that to be understood, Fred."

Fred's two cronies were Charlie Boardman and Billy Morris. He humbly entered a plea for them.

"Boardman!" exclaimed Mr. Van Ingen, "Boardman,—do not like the sound of Boardman,—who's his father?"

"Old Boardman," explained Fred.

"What's his business?"

"I think it's shipping, sir."

"No, I never heard of the man,—though, when I come to think of it, I do know another gentleman who bears that name, and approve of him very highly,—Clayton Van Rensselaer Boardman, vice chairman of the Old Dutch Wars Society. He has a nice family. Very good friends for you to make, Fred,—excellent friends,—yes, I approve of the Boardmans,—the Clayton Van Rensselaer Boardmans. But the others won't do. You must positively drop the others!"

Mr. Van Ingen spoke just as if Fred, yearning to know a Boardman, must be sure to pick out a good Boardman. It might have been a question of silk hats, and the right place to get the best.

"And Billy Morris, sir?" asked Fred, dismally.

Mr. Van Ingen, with a profoundly shocked expression, waved away Billy Morris as he might a fly. He had once met that young gentleman in his son's rooms at college,—a keen, clever, saturnine creature with a burning eye,—who had contradicted everything he had said.

"Frederick," he said, "I must really protest. This fellow struck me very unpleasantly. I can hardly remember ever having met a more intolerable young man,—and, apart from any personal prejudice against him,—dirty collar,—anarchistic sentiments,—an evident desire to shock,—I beg to remind you that you have a sister!"

"Billy won't hurt Katrina," said Fred.

"My boy," went on Mr. Van Ingen, "you must bring nobody to this house who is not, in every way, a suitable match for Katrina. You must regard every guest as a possible brother-in-law. I do not mean money,—you may ignore money,—but birth, breeding, and the qualities,—er,—well, the necessary qualities. Indeed, this is where I wish you to help us, for I confess that so far your aunt Johanna and I have lamentably failed. I do not know what is the matter, but the fact remains that eligible young men seem to avoid this house. They come once, and that's the end of them. I have allowed them to smoke in the drawing-room and done everything within the bounds of reason to make them feel at home,—billiards, cocktails, coon songs, and all the vulgarities of the day,—but they go off and contract those 'previous engagements' that prevent them from ever returning."

"You must let her make her own choice, sir." Fred spoke with spirit.

He was very devoted to his little sister; and the picture of these attempted gayeties, with guests who had been previously sifted like the

cook's flour, irritated him beyond all measure.

"Her own choice,—yes," said Mr. Van Ingen. "God forbid, Fred, that I should do otherwise; but, at the same time, I intend to let no man pass my door who is neither able nor likely to make her happy."

"It's a good idea, all right," said Fred, ironically. "The only trouble is that it does not seem to work."

He waited for his father to bark. Barking was the figurative expression—a metaphor almost oriental,—that his sister and he used to describe Mr. Van Ingen's occasional explosions of temper. But his father did not bark. With an expression of pained acquiescence he simply said: "Frederick, you must make it work."

Then, after a pause, he continued: "Fred, the old Dutch stock must stand together. We are the untitled nobility of this country. It is our sacred duty to keep up the bars,—and keep them up high!"

Fred, that young Dutch nobleman, smiled gloomily.

"I am afraid it's too late, father," he said. "You see, I happened to be born an American."

* * * * *

Fred hated the mill, the six dollars a week, the start at dawn, and the long, long day. But he had a knack of making himself socially comfortable wherever he was put, and he was too wise to vent his ill humor on his new companions. At first they received him with suspicion, made fun of him behind his back, and resented his appearance in their midst as a spy and interloper. But Fred's gayety and light-heartedness won them all. Young as he was, he had an instinct for popularity. Crusty old Jardine, his first foreman, who had been intrusted with the congenial task of putting the young master's nose to the grindstone, shortly recommended him for a raise in pay and almost embarrassed him with his uncouth homage. It was not sycophancy. That was left for the manager, assistant manager, and the people "higher up." Honest toil was ready and even willing to dislike young Fred cordially. Honest toil played some nasty little tricks on him, and guffawed at his discomfiture. But Fred was a high-spirited boy and no coward. At the end of a month there was but one opinion of him,—

"A bully feller!"

Fred made the best of the mill, just as he would have made the best of the penitentiary, had he been sent there,—or Siberia,—or a raft in mid-ocean. It was only on his return home that his pleasant, good-humored face took on a scowl, and a rankling sense of injustice, put by till that moment, began to burn in him as he walked up the brown sandstone steps. He would seek out his sister in the drawing-room, and declaim passionately against the life he was condemned to lead,—until, smoothed down, caressed, and petted, he would take up the fairy tale of their projected revolt and continue it for another chapter.

Katrina was a sweet, brainless little nonentity, with blue eyes and crisp, fair hair parted in the middle,—altogether the *jeune fille* of tradition bubbling over with the pussy cat, Bob, the bulldog, and the adventures encountered in a ride through the park,—lace collar, tender-hearted, clinging,—in character much the same as the lady who attracted Ben Bolt's sympathetic attention,—on whom an inordinate amount of money and care had been expended to keep her from developing an iota of self-reliance or individuality. At twenty she had the mind of a child of nine, and elderly gentlemen raved about her. The younger generation—those who had been properly sifted, of course,—those who had been weighed, and not found wanting,—reserved their admiration and voted her insipid.

But she certainly loved her big, splendid brother devotedly, and was prepared to follow him unquestioningly out into the world. Her

greatest sorrow was the thought of having to abandon the cat. The forsaking of Mr. Van Ingen, though it cost her a pang, was as nothing in comparison to the loss of Flossybite. And Bob, the bulldog? Alas, for ten thousand dollars' worth of education! On Katrina's snow-white soul there were flecks of crimson. One big fleck was the meditated theft of Bob; several little specks were the fibs she told about the hamper in which Bob was to take cabin passage into the unknown.

Fred and Katrina were determined to rebel. As the former put it, "What is the sense of being artificially poor at six dollars a week when you can get the real thing at fifteen?" Hand in hand they sat before the fire and dreamed of that wonderful future. At the start they would be very poor with two little rooms and rough, common clothes, but free, thank God! free,—with Charlie Boardman and Billy Morris dropping in to see them of an evening, not to speak of the new friends that were waiting and longing for them in that dazzling future now so near. Katrina did not know, until she listened to Fred, how ardently she desired this "liberty" that was so often on his lips. If left to herself she would have remained very contentedly in that great, dreary house, and chirruped like a little canary, never dreaming that it was a prison,—in awe of her father, of course, and fearful of Aunt Johanna, but happy with Flossybite and Bob, and shyly biding her time till a beautiful prince should arrive to carry her off to pink and lovely regions of perennial bliss.

At times it cost her some misgivings as to whether the beautiful prince would ever find her in those two cheap rooms Fred spoke of so enthusiastically. Indeed, in Fred's scheme of things, there was no beautiful prince at all. I am afraid his boyish egoism completely filled the picture with himself. When he saw his sister at all, it was as his little housekeeper, sewing on his buttons, cooking his meals, and adoring him demurely as the best and handsomest and noblest of men. This goes to show there was a strong strain of Van Ingen in Master Fred, and that, as a human being, his unconsidered little sister was possibly the best of the trio.

How little did Mr. Van Ingen realize, as he sat at the head of his faultless table, that on either side of him were a son and a daughter who were not long destined to draw their chairs beneath his stately mahogany,—he at the head, Fred on his right, Katrina on his left, Aunt Johanna at the foot,—all keeping a flickering conversation alive while the butler and two footmen noiselessly guided them through a six-course dinner. In his own eyes Mr. Van Ingen was a model father. Fred, though plainly a little sullen, was knuckling down creditably to the rôle of a model son, Katrina was quite beyond criticism as a model daughter, and Johanna was a choice example of an old-fashioned model maiden sister. Mr. Van Ingen, at his second glass of claret, shed an icy approval on so presentable and model a family. It stirred him to think that, in the all-pervading vulgarity of modern American life, there still existed a domestic altar such as his!

Then the day arrived when there was no Fred,—only a letter. It was a cruel, silly letter, full of boyish sarcasm, defiance, and self-pity. Mr. Van Ingen read it with bewilderment, and with increasing surprise and horror. Not only had Fred indignantly fled his father's roof, but had Parthianized him with a Gatling gun. Imagine the feelings of an ancestor-worshiper on reading such lines as these:—

And as for the Dutch, old and young, man, woman, and child,—big Dutch, little Dutch, she-Dutch, and baby Dutch,—Dutch with Vans, Dutch without Vans,—semi-demi, quarter-bred, half-bred, any old Dutch, in fact,—they may go, for all I care, collectively, individually, in sets of families, clans, tribes, clubs, or chartered organizations,—plump to hades! In proof

whereof I hereby give you notice that I have adopted the name of Smith! Yes, Frank V. Smith, now a fireman on a freight engine of the N. Y. C. & L. S. R. R., who is a thousand times happier, let me tell you, than he ever was while living with a Van Mummy in a mausoleum. Don't think it was only the six dollars a week, father, though that was cruel hard; or the work in the mills, which, under other circumstances, might have been endurable enough. But I could no longer stand a man who has no heart, no tenderness, no consideration, no capacity for friendship even for his own children. The only people you ever cared for were a lot of dead Dutch, and, for God's sake, go off and have a good time with them, either in this sphere or any other,—and leave out one who signs himself, for the last time, as

FREDERICK VAN INGEN.

Mr. Van Ingen trembled as he read these frightful insults. In his strange, cold way he loved his son dearly. He had been immensely proud of him. Within the limits of perfect good taste he had bragged of him incessantly. Why, as God knows, he had simply treated Fred as his own father had treated *him*. In five years he would have given him a share in the business, and twenty-five thousand a year. On his marriage he would have doubled it. The old man was more than hurt,—more than humiliated. He smarted all over like a whipped child. He locked himself in his room and sat for hours in an apathy of dejection. When at length he appeared, his sister and daughter were amazed at his calm. They had expected a storm, an outburst, Heaven knows what, and were unprepared for a tremulous and pathetic acquiescence.

"Fred has done a dreadful thing," he said. "He has gone away, changed his name, and wishes to have no more to do with us. It seems that he is very dissatisfied with—with me, and the things I—I,—was brought up to value and revere. It is a great disappointment to me,—a great shock. It is very hard to bear. He has not acted quite as a gentleman should,

—a gentleman of an old family,—of an old and honored name. But I'd rather not dwell on that. No, I do not wish to dwell on that. I

only want to inform you both, in case he communicates with you, that you should tell him that his father's door, or his father's purse, shall never be closed against him,—that it needs but an expression of regret on his part—the,—the amends one gentleman can make to another without any loss of dignity,—for him to resume his place here as if nothing has occurred."

Johanna broke out into a torrent of invective against Fred,—his ingratitude, his heartlessness, his violent, headstrong, and rebellious nature. She was gloatingly depicting his descent into a life of degradation and crime, when Mr. Van Ingen peremptorily stopped her.

"The matter is not to be mentioned again," he said. "No one, not even my sister, shall disparage my son to me."

Had Katrina been less of a little fool she might have written a description of this scene to her brother that would have brought the tears to his eyes and repentance to his sore and aching heart. But with her it took this form: "Papa is very cross, but he says you can come back if you want to." Fred ground his teeth, as he read it, and made some unprintable remarks about fathers, and aunts, and the Dutch generally, and how resolved he was to go his own way.

For about a week Mr. Van Ingen remained in this humor of wounded reasonableness,—the humor (as it appeared to him,) of a deeply injured man who was generous and magnanimous enough to make the prodigal's return an easy one and who has prepared to concede a great deal rather than widen the breach between himself and his only son. However much Fred had mis-

judged him and insulted him, he would surely see, in this *impasse*, that, after all, it was some-

[Concluded on pages 122 to 125]



"He never could talk to Katrina with less than one other person present"

Respect kin to reverence palsies my pen,
My ink trembles thin with humanity when
I mention those jurists of legal renown
Whose offices, high in a building down town,—
Mahogany woodwork, a plate on the door,—
Stretch down the arcades of a marble tenth floor,
Whose frowning reception rooms, finished in gray,
Show white busts of Webster and Lincoln and Clay.—
Knock lightly, my Muse, at the portals of awe
Of Slicker and Slicker, attorneys at law.

Hast entered, my Muse? (Thou art lucky, indeed,—
Thy bank account's small and thy robe's gone to seed.)
Just hear the quick patter of hall boys and clerks,
The clicking of typewriters over the works,
The rush of hushed business, furtive and still,
Like burglars or surgeons applying their skill,—
Come, peep in the sanctum,—you'd better be quick,
For Justice is turning a neat little trick
For a railroad or two, who are feeding the maw
Of Slicker and Slicker, attorneys at law.

There sits Slicker, Senior, who turns in his chair
And calls to a clerk, "Mr. Flunkeigh, take care,—
The C. O. D. Railroad has stolen a state
And asks for an *alibi*, proving the date
Was *non compos mentis*,—or any excuse

Slicker & Slicker

Attorneys at Law

By WALLACE IRWIN

"Any excuse
to foozle
the public"



Drawn by
Charles Sarka

To foozle the public. It might be of use
To speak to Judge Willing, (you know what I mean.)
Then turn on the Legal Injunction Machine.—
See Blackleg or Bribes, thus avoiding a flaw,
For Slicker and Slicker, attorneys at law."

There sits Slicker, Junior, an able young man,
Unfolding the coils of a feasible plan
To hold a dead franchise and block up a street
And prove that the people, by fraud and deceit,
Are robbing the railroads of lands which they got
Through honest corruption and legalized rot;
Young Slicker, like Satan in sulphurous zones,
Is quoting the Scriptures in God-fearing tones,
With the coo of a dove,—thus concealing the caw
Of Slicker and Slicker, attorneys at law.

And I said to the office boy, turning to leave,
"The robe of the law hath a wonderful sleeve
In which one accomplished like Hermann the Great
Can hide all the bribers and thieves in a state,
And bring them forth, *presto!* in perfect disguise,
As saints and philanthropists holy and wise.
Ah, blessed are the sleek, who, secure in their mirth,
Shall keep out of jail,—and inherit the earth!"
So saying I slunk from the portals of awe
Of Slicker and Slicker, attorneys at law.

Progress of American Playwrights

How they Have Battled for Recognition and the Standing they Have Won in the Dramatic World

By MONTROSE J. MOSES



CHARLES KLEIN

Author of "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse," two of the most successful plays of the last decade.

WE are free in our use of the term, "American drama;" we are even freer in our hasty assertions that no American drama exists; and, what is more to the point, we find it hard to define what is exactly the dominant note that stamps a play as American.

Within a few years we have seen clearly how far removed some of the imported plays have been from our own standards and how worthless and unwholesome some of the

motives have been that are behind the ideas of most foreign dramatists. We live in America and we have within us every characteristic that is human; we care not whether our story be laid in the United States or in Germany, provided it is a good story; it matters not who the dramatist is, if he is sincere in his purpose. What the theater-goer is after, primarily, is an absorbing play; he will not abide dullness; this is his one determined stand regarding the theater. To this every other interest is but secondary.

The term, "American drama," is, after all, relative; it limits locality, perhaps, authorship, and viewpoint; that is, it must occur in the United States, be written by an American, and approach the problem from our angle of national vision. There is, too, the essential mark of language to be included.

The views of the American dramatists on this point are practically the same. Bronson Howard, who stands as dean of the playwrights, says: "By the term I should mean any play that is written by an American, or in America, by a foreign resident, that is produced here, and that deals with any subject,—using America in the sense of the United States. The phrase, American drama, if extended to a full description, would be: 'Plays written in the United States, chiefly in the English language.' So far as they are in English, the American drama is merely a subdivision of the English drama, using the word 'English' in reference to the language only." But, as to the general characteristics stamping this drama, Mr. Howard recognizes none, thereby inferring that humanity is universal, whether garbed in a cowpuncher's outfit or a king's uniform.

Augustus Thomas limits his definition by its terseness. "Plays written by Americans upon American subjects" is what he writes us, and such plays, he adds, are usually stamped with rare humor and distinct character-drawing. Elsewhere he has asserted: "There are very few good lines in a play that go to waste, and, with the education of the audience—or, let us say, its growth,—in this direction, there is a disposition to disregard the authority of the author. A good line by anybody of whatever standing secures immediate recognition in the American theater." Herein we detect an element of encouragement for the young playwright: the essential requirement is the good line, whoever the author may be. But this is not all, for where Mr. Thomas himself fails as a dramatist is in the fact that in most of his plays, "De Lancey," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," and "The Other Girl," wit and sharp lines predominate in lieu of any strong idea.

"Heretofore," writes Channing Pollock, who has dramatized "The Pit" and "In the Bishop's Carriage," "our American life has not been reproduced; it has been distorted. But it seems to me, after all, that good work knows no nationality."

The American Drama Has not Yet Crystallized into a Real Distinctive Form

It seems to be the general idea that humanity must come within the focus of our own opera glasses: it is Clyde Fitch's method, as it is the conviction of Charles Klein, who wrote "The Music Master." Old World themes should not be debarred, if set in our own environment, thinks Willis Steele; and the plays should be interpreted by native actors, contends J. I. C. Clarke, whose dramatization of Lew Wallace's "The Prince of India" is on the eve of presentation, and whose endeavors toward establishing a national theater have recently attracted public attention.

There is only one among those who have answered our numerous questions who places a more rigorous demand upon "American drama." He is Harry B. Smith, who has a long list of comic operas to his credit, beginning with "Robin Hood" and continuing through this season's "Dolly

Dollars" and "The White Cat." "I have a great ambition to write plays," he says,—"*real* plays. . . . I do not think we have an American drama in the sense that there is a French drama or an English drama. Our plays are clever, run a season or two, and then are relegated to the top shelf. There will be no American drama until plays are written that endure and take their places as literature."

"In fact," Rupert Hughes writes us, "local conditions alone give a literature that mannerism which we call national. The big universal heart must throb back of every success."

Managers Are Looking for Good Plays and Are Ready to Welcome New Authors

Within the past few years the American playwright has been heard from oftener than before. Besides Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas, new names have confronted those who claim that a young playwright stands no chance. True it is that this same new name may have been knocking at the doors for years, but the success came finally because of a good play, and the manager answered the knock because, from a business standpoint, he saw in the manuscript the possibilities of a good play. Paul Armstrong, with his "Heir to the Hoorah," C. M. S. McLellan, with his "Leah Kleschna," Rupert Hughes, with "What Will the People Do?" William C. De Mille, son of Henry De Mille, who wrote "Lord Chumley," with "Strongheart," Willis Steele, with "The Firm of Cunningham" and "Wolfville," and Milton Royle, with one of the successes of this season, "The Squaw Man," have illustrated this.

We are as rash in our statements that the would-be dramatic author has no chance as we are in our declarations concerning the native drama. It is well for us to heed this message of Mr. Howard:—

"The placing of my first play was a very difficult matter; four years elapsed before my first was read, or, rather, my second, for the first was never read. It was the third play that was mounted. As to the attitude of the manager toward the young playwright, meaning the one who has never had a play produced, there is no attitude at all, for the manager does not know that such an individual exists. The great difficulty in getting a manuscript read is that every producing manager has such a huge pile of manuscripts before him that it is almost a physical impossibility—even with a salaried reader,—to read them."

Then follows Mr. Howard's practical suggestion regarding a young author's sending at the outset a brief but concise typewritten *resumé*—from 1,500 to 2,000 words,—to the manager for consideration. Thus the matter may be taken up promptly and definitely settled. "If a manager likes the subject and the story, his own interests will lead him to open a correspondence.

But no preconceived attitude exists."

Still, Mr. Thomas found difficulty with the first three of his plays; now that popularity has crowned his efforts, he looks back with emphatic support of the manager's aloofness. "In my opinion," so he writes, "the attitude of the manager toward the young playwright is one of very well justified doubt and mistrust; there is only about one out of a hundred of the applicants who shows sufficient ability to warrant any production."

J. I. C. Clarke states his opinion in much the same way, though in his case the manager accepted his first attempt almost immediately. The young dramatist must fight for position on the strength of his material; he must face buffeting; he must "suffer if he is determined to succeed."

Mr. Pollock, Mr. Steele, Mr. De Mille, and Mr. Smith found no difficulty, though, in most cases, their apprenticeship was arduous; from their point of view, pessimism is only an exaggeration to frighten the novice. Mr. De Mille was met with kind treatment and consideration, courteous and immediate, for the manager is, after all, he writes us, "looking for a good play, and he does not care who has written it." Still, the insistence must be placed upon the word "good."

"The first play I offered to a mana-



AUGUSTUS THOMAS

Twelve years ago he wrote "Alabama," which quickly established his reputation. Since then he has written a number of successes which have been well received in Great Britain.



MARTHA MORTON

Author of the American plays, "Her Lord and Master" and "A Bachelor's Romance."

ger," says Mr. Pollock, who now represents one of the largest theatrical organizations of the country, "got no consideration, and it was worth none," and the sum total of his opinion is that a beginner usually shows crudity, artificiality, and lack of color. "Differ with me as you please," he has written elsewhere, "it is a reasonably sure thing that the unknown dramatist is the dramatist who has no claim to being known."

The Theater Has Lost its Old Illusion, and Audiences Are Harder to Please

To secure the sympathetic attention of the manager was a comparatively easy task for Mr. Steele, "but the next step, a contract, was hard to take. In the case of my 'The Firm of Cunningham,' which ran last year and was practically my first play to be produced in New York City, it was accepted a week after the copy had come to me from the typewriter,—set down for production a month later, and finally produced six months afterwards,—giving me plenty of time to fear it had been shelved." Looking at the matter purely from the practical side, Mr. Smith thinks that the manager is only too ready to greet the new playwright, since with him the financial demands are not so exacting, and, besides, the public is attracted by the personal novelty. But the man must be an experienced craftsman, and the army which cries against the injustice of the commercial manager and his indifference consists of those who write worthless plays and expect the managers to buy them. In much the same vein, Mr. Hughes would not lay blame upon the producer, even though it is hard to place a drama; a success means much, but a failure carries with it a tremendous loss.

In the meantime, while the manager is thus pictured as on the lookout for native talent, there are theaters to be supplied and audiences to be entertained. Material has to be drawn from every source, and it is met with so much criticism that, in consequence, our American drama is in danger. "Why should we despair?" ask Mr. Howard and Mr. Thomas, in one breath, while David Belasco, with hands upraised, deplures the commercialism and the sordid frivolity of the theater of the present day.

Mr. Pollock can detect naught but a healthy outlook, and Mr. De Mille, with the enthusiasm of youthful success, exclaims: "I wish I could help you out. I am an optimist, but I know denunciations look better in print." Mr. Clarke believes that, while every day shows some betterment, a national theater alone will establish a standard worthy of a national drama, and that the realization of the best is only safeguarded by judicious criticism on the one hand, and the good sense of an educated public on the other.

But it is this very public, Mr. Steele claims, which, by its refusal of the serious, inflicts us with a deluge of the superficial. It condemns a play with deep content as stupid; and, as soon as it is stamped as "literary," this public seems to forget where the box-office is. Mr. Smith enters a little more at length upon the same matter, emphasizing thus his opinion as to why musical comedy has been a necessity:—

"Audiences formerly accepted the illusion of the theater. A playwright like Boucicault and a company of melodramatic actors could work upon the imagination of an audience as a fairy story does upon the imagination of a child. There is no illusion about the theater now. That is why so many people prefer musical comedy which merely entertains. Audiences that go to serious plays are blasé, cynical, and skeptical. A play has to be absolutely great to please them. A play considered fine twenty years ago would be ridiculed now. People to-day have less heart and more brains. The cause of Bernard Shaw's success is that his cynicism—real or affected,—is akin to that of his audience."

Whether all this is entirely applicable or not remains to be seen; it was the heart element in "Sunday," together with its western atmosphere and the personal appeal of Ethel Barrymore, that made it passably successful: it is the heart element in "Her Great Match" that keeps it before the

public; for, in point of dialogue and construction, Mr. Fitch has been more original. What is detected in our audiences is an increase in their demands for certain marked traits in character. "If I were asked what distinctive characteristics stamp our drama," says Mr. Hughes, in his letter, "I should turn to the motive in one of my own plays, to be produced, probably, this season, wherein there is a bit of Americanism, fundamental to the plot,—that is, the refusal of the hero to live on his wife's money,—his preference of any other suffering before that degradation of his manhood. In any other country but this, I think my hero would be considered a blithering fanatic."

Call it, as you will, a melodramatic pose, it has still the essential ring of

the "square deal," and that is what an American audience desires. Milton Royle infused this spirit into "The Squaw Man,"—in large strokes of self-sacrifice of one brother for another; and, though he resorts to the conventional method of ending it, he makes the hero assert a stand for clean morality, even though his wife is but a red man's daughter. It is the large heart rather than the subtle one, the direct deed rather than the evasive thought, and the terse answer rather than the veiled meaning, that compel sympathetic interest. Most of our dramatists have learned this directness by going out into the world. Mr. Howard, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Ade, Mr. Clarke and Mr. Pollock have served as newspaper men. In truth, all the world's a stage, and a would-be dramatist must study. There have been three men at work upon one novel, to dramatize it. Alfred Henry Lewis, with his experience of western life, wrote "Wolfville," and it succeeded in the reading. Clyde Fitch and Willis Steele, with the assistance of Mr. Lewis, whose opinions

concerning drama are determined, have constructed a play from it. Here technical skill and dramatic insight are brought to bear. If failure results, the focus of the three will not have been strong enough, for the book is replete with dramatic situations. A playwright must not fumble with his tools. So, while the play's the thing, the dramatists, as we have seen, acknowledge that the dramatist alone is responsible for the execution.

Paul Armstrong, author of "The Heir to the Hoorah," says:—

"The American drama is the dream of realism,—homely, if you like, but a drama of real, living people, somewhat primitive, perhaps, in that few of them are perverted, but a drama of healthy, ideal motives. There is always uplift in the American drama. It sticks close to the good old ten commandments.

"Its most distinctive characteristics are optimism and humor, and there is no such thing as class or caste or convention when a deed is to be done or a reward given. Might I say, 'a square deal?'"

"One of the chief dangers confronting the present-day drama is the decadence of the art of reading and acting, because of the alleged stage director. The stage director does not call upon the intelligence of the actor, but attempts to make him an automaton. An actor without sufficient experience is pushed into an important part on account of pull or fad or money, or because

he will do as he is told. Hence the actor who wishes to use his intelligence, or who is without pull or money or mannerism, is declined. The incentive to work is being strangled.

"The continual temptation put before the playwright to write a one-part play—for some alleged star,—is a menace to our drama. The play is bound to be weak unless one part dominates naturally,—not because the others are strangled.

"The domination of the playwright by the manager and the commercial mind is a growing evil. The manager wants to copy that which has succeeded and flees from originality as from a pestilence."

The Right to Rise above Environment is the Basis of American Sentiment

To be an American means to have an indisputable right to rise above environment. Democracy knows but one level, and that is the equity of justice; democracy gives out the great privilege of drawing no distinctions and of raising no barriers. The American is placed upon the high-road of life, and there comes to him, in the face of fate, the American note, "It's up to you." There it is in a nutshell and in the popular language. This is the distinctive character of the literature we are seeking and of the drama we shall demand.

The American is clean and healthy; to him the home means a great deal; his temper is quick to renounce abandon; his directness is not sympathetic toward what the faddist is pleased to call subtlety. The dominant feature of the American character is action; so is it the distinctive feature of drama. The material and the form are thus at hand.

The indisputable right to rise above environment,—is that our fundamental note? It excludes the idea of tragedy as the Greeks conceived it, and, in truth, we are not deeply moved by what Sophocles or Ibsen would



GEORGE ADE

One of the keenest sketchers of American characters. In "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow," Mr. Ade shows a greater ability to portray the funny side of some of our national institutions than any other living dramatist.



MADELEINE LUCETTE RYLEY

whose first success was "Christopher, Jr.," which was written for John Drew. Mrs. Ryley also wrote "The American Citizen," "Mysterious Mr. Bugle," and twenty-four other plays.



CHANNING POLLOCK

who successfully dramatized the two popular novels, "The Pit" and "In the Bishop's Carriage."

call the inevitable. Someone has written:—

In defeat, the American sows the seeds of victory; . . . for there is no event, not the worst, but God is of and in it. And for *Œdipus*, in his remorse, and *Oswald*, in his imbecility, there is infinite certainty of good. . . . Paradoxical as it is, the fact is clear that, in the heart of a Georgia mob, in Whittier's verse, and in the cow-puncher's respect for a woman, there lives the same spirit whose largeness and delicacy, whose tenderness and unconquerable daring, made American life the most vital in the world.

We applaud this nobleness, wheresoever it is to be found; we claim it as our own. There is a largeness in the fight,—a force that will come, it may be, with the sweep of melodrama, but healthfully active and full of promise.

In "The Virginian," Owen Wister says:

All America is divided into two classes,—the quality and the equality. The latter will always recognize the former when mistaken for it. Both will be with us until our women bear nothing but kings.

It was through the Declaration of Independence that we Americans acknowledged the *eternal inequality* of man, for we abolished a cut-and-dried aristocracy. We had seen little men artificially held up in high places, and great men artificially held down in low places, and our own justice-loving hearts abhorred this violence to human nature. Therefore, we decreed that every man should thenceforth have equal liberty to find his own level. By this very decree we acknowledged and gave freedom to true aristocracy, saying, "Let the best man win, whoever he is." Let the best man win! That is America's word. That is true democracy.

The strength of our national life lies in a marked companionship of the American people. We like it in books; we applaud it on the stage. This is why "The Virginian," poor as it was as a play, drew so persistently. Its quiet dignity, its pictures of western life where cattle-steal-



DAVID BELASCO

He began his career as a "super" in a San Francisco theater. To-day he is universally recognized as the most artistic producer of plays in the world.



CLYDE FITCH

The author of nearly thirty of the most modern successful plays.



WILLIAM DE MILLE

"Strongheart," his first play, is based on football and Indian advancement, and is American to the core. His father was David Belasco's collaborator.

ing is punished with the quick decision of a rope-end, and where love, deep, rugged, and sincere, is active in the shadow of a catastrophe, imminent, but not inevitable, with that fearless facing of the future, carrying a laugh of pleasurable excitement, rather than a scorn of death,—to such elements as these the American public always responds. Witness "John Ermine of the Yellowstone," "Sunday," and "The Squaw Man," dramas of western life with the tang of elemental passion.

Speaking of his hero and heroine in "The Gentleman from Indiana," which failed

so signally as a play because of its faulty dramatization, Booth Tarkington has said: "The genius of the American is adaptability, and both were sprung from pioneers whose mean life depended on that quality." But in this momentary acceptance of environment lies the infinite source of action. Later on, through the mind of Harkless, the hero, runs the definition of success: "To accept the worst that fate can deal, and to write courage from it instead of despair." This is the dominant note in our American life, and we seek it in our drama.

There is a speech in "Strongheart," a sincere and vigorous, if not vital play, where an Indian is denied his love for a white girl, because he is a red man; yet, in the strength of his sentiment, he claims his infinite right of chance. "You have taken the land of my fathers," he cries; "yet, when I live by your laws, you will not call me brother. I am the son of a chief. In what way am

[Concluded on page 127]

Building the Fastest Railroad in the World

How German Engineers Attained a Speed of 130 Miles an Hour

By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

FOR some time engineers have agreed that, with our present methods, the practical limit of speed with steam, both on land and water, has been reached. The problem, therefore, has been to devise new methods or to render practicable, in a high degree, some new power of propulsion, such as electricity, as a rival and successor of steam. The latter of these alternatives has proved the more easily solved, and, with the achievement of a speed of one hundred and thirty-one miles an hour on the military road, Berlin-Zossen, Germany, a little over a year ago, a new era in traffic may be said to have been ushered in. Were it otherwise, and were this achievement but an isolated example of phenomenal speed under ideal conditions, without practical application to existing problems, it would possess only the interest of the extraordinary. As a matter of fact, however, these speed trials in Germany possess the highest practical value and may be said to have established the conditions of further progress along this line. A normal speed of one hundred and twenty-five, or even of one hundred and fifty miles an hour, is no longer an idle dream, but has come within the realm of the immediately probable. Certain conditions, it is true, remain to be fulfilled, but to the present age, accustomed to the achievement of things almost impossible, the overcoming of difficulties of detail presents no serious problem. Certainly, to-day we are nearer a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour than the world of 1830 was to one of thirty miles an hour.

The conception of the speed trials on the Berlin-Zossen road is picturesque and interesting. It came about in a simple and informal manner, contrary to German custom. One day, in 1899, Geheimer Baurat Rathenau, general director, or, as we should say, president of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-gesellschaft, and Director Schwegler, of the well-known firm of Siemens and Halske, were traveling together, and conversation naturally turned upon the present limits of speed by steam and the availability of electricity as a substitute. Would it not be of value to institute a series of trials under ideal conditions for the sake of establishing the practicability of electricity as a motive power for long-distance hauling? The question was no sooner propounded than it was answered in the affirmative, and a short time thereafter the so-called

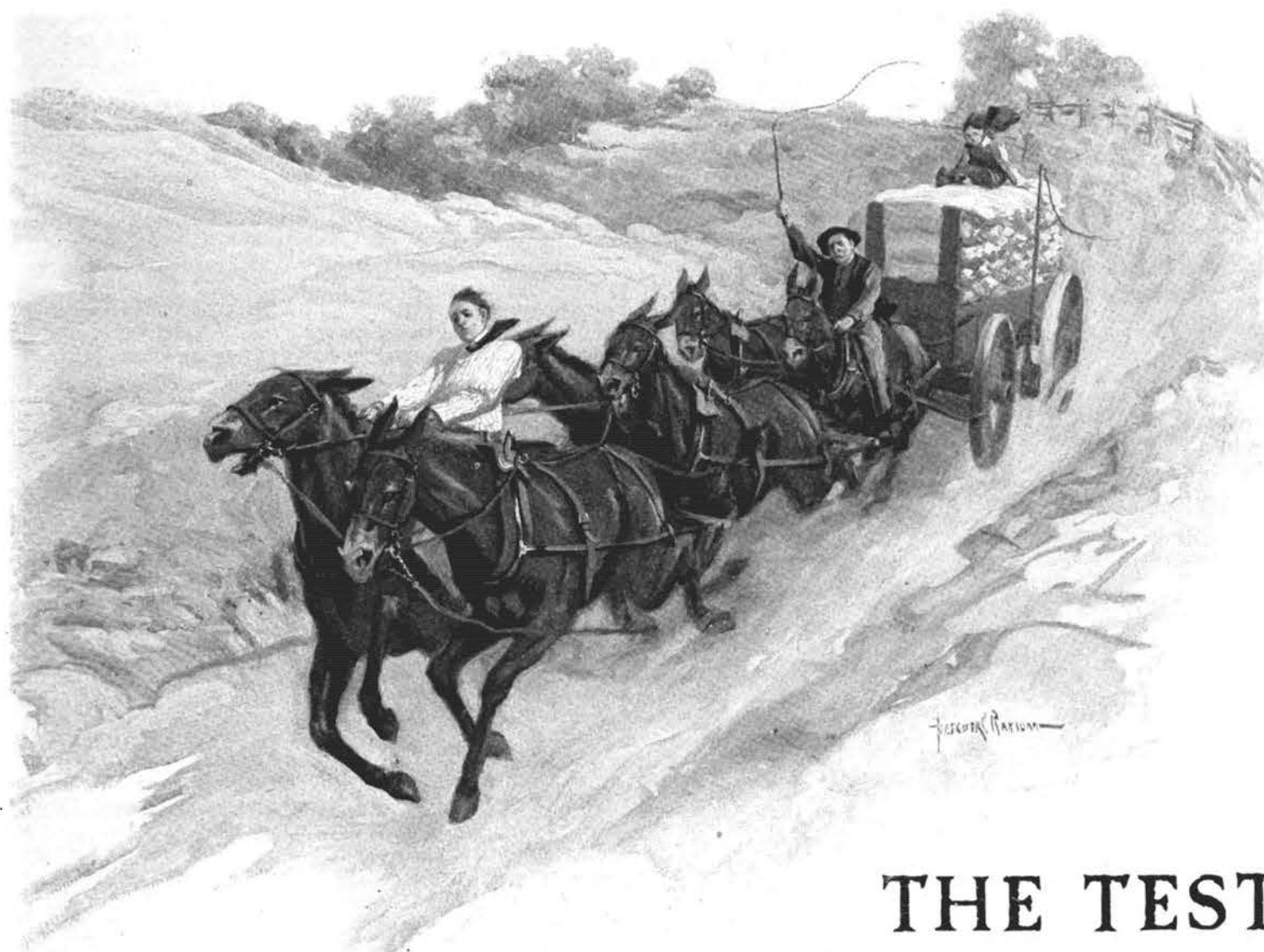
Studiengesellschaft was called into existence for carrying out the experiment. This company was formed from members of the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-gesellschaft and of the firm of Siemens and Halske, and also, as regards the financial side, from representatives of the Deutsche Bank. Its sole purpose was scientific; namely, to conduct experiments with electrically driven cars, not to operate as a commercial, money-making company. The attitude of the government toward the undertaking was actively beneficent, rendering it possible to conduct the experiments on the little military railroad connecting Berlin and Zossen. This road is thirty-three kilometers, or something over twenty miles, in length, and, save for a single unimportant curve, it is straight throughout its entire length and free of grade.

Until experience had shown the error, it was believed that the railroad, as it stood, would be serviceable for the series of experiments. But, although the road, as it was thought, was ready to hand, the problem of constructing the cars was unsolved. This, it will be readily perceived, was the chief difficulty,—in fact, the only engineering problem of moment,—the strengthening of the road presenting no new problem in mechanics. For the all-important task of designing the cars, two engineers of eminence were selected and commissioned to furnish plans along independent lines. One of these was Dr. Reichel, at that time connected with Siemens and Halske, but at present professor in the Charlottenburg Polytechnikum, and the other Oscar Lasche, a man only thirty-five years of age, but who already bears the title of "director" in the Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-gesellschaft. Although working independently, the similarity of result, at least superficially, is apparent from a glance at the two cars. Each weighs ninety-three thousand kilograms and is driven by three electric currents of fourteen thousand volts each, and in each the conducting medium in the controller is water-strengthened by an addition of sodium. In this manner an ideal medium, neither too active nor too sluggish, has been obtained.

In 1901 the first experiments with the new cars were conducted, under the personal management of their designers, and at that time a maximum speed of one

hundred and sixty kilometers, or approximately one hundred miles an hour, was obtained. At this point it was discovered that the roadbed and rails were too light to render a higher rate of speed safe, and the experiments were discontinued until the necessary steps could be taken for strengthening the road. This resulted in a practical cessation of the trials during 1902, which was devoted to rebuilding the road, the ties especially being increased in number and weight, and guard rails being laid throughout the entire length. The following summer the experiments were renewed, this time with brilliant success, a speed of one hundred and thirty-one miles an hour being obtained. It is stated that a glass full of water, which was placed on a window ledge of the car during the trial, remained unspilled.

Little was done, during the year 1904, by the Studiengesellschaft, in the way of experiments, but this by no means indicates a permanent cessation of activity. In fact, it is but the pause before an extension of the experiments to the field of practical utility in connection with greater distances. The difficulty with which the company now finds itself confronted is no longer scientific, but financial: where are the funds to come from for the construction of an entirely new network of railroads throughout the country, since, evidently, it will be impracticable to maintain a speed of one hundred and twenty-five or one hundred and fifty miles an hour on the present lines, in conjunction with freight traffic. The solution of the difficulty will lie in the abandonment of the existing lines to local and freight traffic and the construction of a new series of lines for electrically propelled cars. That this is only a question of a short time is rendered doubly certain by considerations of military utility. In the event of a war with France, let us say, it is conceivable that the question of victory or defeat might be decided by the rapidity with which troops could be transported to the boundary. A military country, such as Germany, can allow no question of expense to interfere with its progress along military lines, and we may therefore look forward, during the present year, to a renewal of the endeavor to render high rates of speed not alone possible, but also practicable. A good working speed of a hundred miles and upward an hour will put a new meaning on life.



“Lie low, and hold fast!”

THE TEST

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom

PAP RANSOM, driving the foremost wheat wagon, was in very good humor with himself and the world. He sat, slouched the least bit, in the saddle upon the nigh wheeler's back, letting the single rein that ran to the leader's bit lie slack and easy, but keeping the six mules well in hand by snappings and crackings of his long wagon whip. The black teamsters behind him were past masters of the whip, as of all the arts and mysteries of road wagoning, but admitted readily enough that they could not quite come up to Ole Marse Pap,—partly from diplomacy, partly from regard for fact.

Pap was a countryside notability, squat, square, grizzled, with powerful shoulders, a compelling jaw, and a pair of the very shrewdest eyes, with a kindly twinkle at bottom. Just now the twinkle was very much in evidence,—and for the very best of reasons. He had withstood his wife and his neighbors in the matter of selling his wheat at threshing time, when eighty-five cents was the outside price. To-day he was delivering the last of his seven thousand bushels at a flat rate of a dollar, fifteen. The money, of course, meant something. He dearly loved a good bargain. But it was as nothing compared with the satisfaction of finding his own sagacious foresight thus powerfully justified. Add that the wheat, in spite of lying six weeks in a dry, airy granary, was weighing out sixty-two pounds to the bushel, and there was a farther reason for the owner's complacency. He had a joy almost artistic in big crops and fine ones. He had, too, a fine stubborn pride in keeping his land in good heart and tilth and in having the best possible tools, especially the best possible teams. Consequently the three now on the road stood for a very pretty penny. They were each six-strong, of mare mules, in the pink of condition, true-pulling, exactly matched, and easily the hand-

somest beasts of their sort anywhere in the county.

Pap glanced back at those behind, chuckling hard. “I could come cheaper in one o’ them autymobiles,” he said, half aloud, nodding toward a gate a little way ahead. He meant to stop at the gate, leave his team standing, and go inside and surprise his son and daughter. The gate led into the college campus,—Jack and Molly had been there three weeks, the first time either had ever been so long away from home. Their mother had taken them to college and had made all preliminary arrangements. Pap glanced down at his rusty shoes and frayed trousers, looked at his faded shirt sleeves, and inspected his battered slouch hat, then laughed outright, as he thought of the contrast between him and his wife,—she had gone to see the college president in her shiny new rubber-tired barouche, wearing her best silk frock and a span new bonnet. He would not have had her go otherwise,—he had in no way stinted her in fitting out the young people. But now he was bent on seeing for himself what the college—especially the president,—was like, and what together they were doing for the boy and girl intrusted to their care.

A touch of the line and a long, quavering crescendo flourish of the whip brought the team up standing in the shade of the big oak just inside the college gate. The college lay rather more than a mile from the county town, upon the main turnpike. It was a fresh-water institution that, after fifty years of precarious existence, had veered to coeducation and was feeling its way dimly toward athletics. Rushton, the new president, had come there a stranger. He was going slowly in the hope, at last, of going surely and far.

Pap got down, leaned both arms on the saddle, and shouted to the other wagoners: “You all go

on to the mill,—and tell Zack Rollins to cheat jest as little as nature ’ll let him, in weighin’ yer loads. I won’t be long behind,—but, ef ye should git unloaded before I come, take yer mules ter water, first thing,—it’s turned so hot they’re as thirsty as any old toppers.”

Motionless he watched the teams whirl past, keeping his hand on his own line so as to check, at the outset, any vagrant impulse of his own team to follow. Five of the mules stood lamb-like,—only Beck, the nigh member of the pair beside the chain, minced and fretted a bit, whimpering after her vanishing mates. Pap slapped her rump, then stroked her a little, murmuring soothingly. As soon as she was still, he coiled the line-end about the whipstock, then stuck it scientifically through its ring in the saddle, and walked to the gate. As he moved he showed as lithe as a boy to the knees. Below, a stiff ankle, memento of a reckless fox chase, made him halt a bit in his gait.

The campus was so big and shady that it was hard to tell from the front piazza what manner of man had come through the gate. It was likewise none too easy to identify any one of a dozen lads who were scurrying down one side of the grounds. Still Pap thought he recognized Jack in the foremost one, and was tempted to shout at him with all the strength of his lungs; but, before his mind was fully made up, Molly was upon him,—Molly, in a washed-out muslin frock, with a rumpled blue gingham sunbonnet, all awry, on her brown head, clinging about his neck, clutching his hand, and crying, breathlessly: “Daddy! Daddy! I said you’d come to-day,—been watchin’ for you ever since breakfast, and I won’t let you go home unless you promise to take me with you,—even if you say I must walk back to school.”

“Why! I reckon the mistis would n’t lemme

say that, Molly," Pap said, putting her gently away from him: "remember I'm strange to all these folks. They'll be scandalized,—seein' you kissin' and huggin' sech an old tramp."

"Let 'em be; they'll mighty soon find out their mistake," Molly said, with a toss of the head. "You come right along,—I want to show you to Mr. Rushton,—and have you tell him you're goin' to take me home till Monday."

"I'm 'fraid I sp'ilt you so, Molly, you won't never git over it," Pap said, with a fond smile; then, his look clouding,—“What you wearin' that old frock for? Ain't you got plenty o' better?”

"Heaps,—lots and cords," Molly said: "more'n 'most any other girl. But I love this one,—'cause it makes me think of home—and you." The last word came shyly. "Then I do n't love to dress up for shucks,—except sometimes."

Pap chuckled,—this time inaudibly, but said, seriously: "Daughter, I want you to quit talkin' that way. Do n't say 'for shucks' and the like o' that,—not here. These folks may think you do n't know any better. I'm doin' without ye, and Lord knows it's hard,—ter have you learn things,—things I never had the chance ter know. I'm glad to find college ain't goin' to turn ye foolish,—that's the thing I was most afraid of. Now let's toddle along and find that president man,—I've got a little something to say to him, too."

"He's comin' to find us,—look!" Molly said, nodding toward a slim man in spectacles who came hurrying down the walk. As he approached them Pap whispered in Molly's ear: "He's got the wool pulled over yer ma's eyes fer fair. Tell me, daughter,—do you think he's a man?"

"Sorter so-so," Molly whispered back,—then she added, with quick contrition: "It ain't his fault, I reckon,—he's had to mind books all his life,—but he could n't hitch up a horse, nor milk a cow, to save his life,—I do n't even believe he could take off a settin' hen,—but Jack thinks he's great."

"Does,—eh?" Pap said, with a grunt. He could say no more,—the president was in front of them, saying, as he reached for Pap's hand: "What apology have you to offer, Mr. Ransom, for not coming earlier to see what I was doing with your children?"

"Oh, the mistis was satisfied,—and said I oughter be," Pap answered, with a grip that made Rushton wince. "I would n't 'a' dared to bother ye now," he went on, "only I had a bargain to keep. Molly knows what it is,—Molly, tell your president I think you children ain't much worse'n average, still ye'll bear watchin'—"

"Daddy! Are you goin' to buy us watches?" Molly almost squealed, in her delight. "He said he would, if wheat went up," she explained to the mystified Rushton. "I know just the one I want,—it's little and green, with diamonds in the middle, outside,—and the cunnin'est pin!—"

"And the cunnin'est price, too, I reckon," Pap interrupted, mimicking her tone,—then he said, turning to the president: "With yer leave, sir, I'll take my cubs along with me,—and deliver 'em back to ye, safe and sound, some time Monday mornin'."

"That must be as you say, sir," Rushton answered; "still,—I wish you'd make it next Saturday,—or, say, Friday afternoon. Your son, Jack, has developed into a phenomenal tennis player,—there is a match on, this afternoon,—and nobody can take his place."

"Well, I reckon the disappointment won't kill ner cripple nobody," Pap said, jauntily.

Molly looked down. "I'll run and call Jack," she said, quickly. "He's practicing now, in the far court,—and would n't hear Gabriel's trumpet,

on the last day, if it blew before he got done."

"I'll go with ye," Pap said; "hit strikes me I'd sorter like to see what the game is like. Ef Jack's any good at it, I wanter know it,—he shorely never was good for much else."

"Now you shut up, dad!" Molly said, impertinently, patting her father's hand as she spoke. "Jack's bound to be some good,—he's so like mother. He ought to have been your girl, and me your boy."

The tennis field lay in the level bottom of a very broad and shallow earthen cup. On one side, sheltering it from the main building, was the orchard,—on beyond lay the big kitchen garden. A few forest trees grew about the edges of it, one or two halfway up the boundary ramp. There were half a dozen courts marked out on the short, smooth, thick turf. All were in use, with twenty reserve players scattered about the benches underneath the trees. Jack played against a slim, pretty girl in the court nearest the orchard,—thus Pap and Molly came upon him all unaware. The father stopped short, at sight of his son, bareheaded, tightly belted, with sleeves rolled high above the elbows, leaping, darting,



"That cain't be my son,—that popinjay in the pink shirt!"

running back and forth, bending, reaching, and wheeling like lightning, all to play uncanny tricks with a little white ball, which was forever dancing back and forth across the net barrier. There was such disproportion between effort and achievement, Pap could not help laughing aloud. As Jack turned, at sound of the laugh, Pap put both hands, trumpet-wise, to his mouth, shouting: "Ransom! Jack Ransom! Whar's Jacky Ransom? That cain't be my son,—that popinjay in the pink shirt!"

Unctuous humor dripped from the first words,—the last came rough with savage anger, for there, under his father's eye, almost face to face with him, Jack had got very white, thrown away his racket, and made as if to dart out of sight, then stood still, folded his arms, and glared at his father, his cheeks flushed to a deep, defiant red. Half a minute they faced each other thus, then Pap strode down the ramp, caught his son by the shoulder, and said: "Come with me, sir; I want ye. I need a hand badly to help unload my wagon,—and work on through wheat-sowin', next month. You're jest the size and build fer the job,—sech fine muscle as ye're showin' cain't no ways be let go to waste."

"You mean—I must leave school?" Jack

asked, very low. Pap nodded,—he dared not trust himself to speak. Jack swung on his heel, glanced down at his tennis flannels, then said, trying to speak indifferently:—

"Then—I had better get on my other clothes." "No, you do n't, sir! Come along,—jest as ye are," Pap roared. Jack picked up his discarded racket, sent it sailing over the courts, then wheeled, and said, through set teeth: "Very good, sir! You'll find me waiting—at the gate."

As he vanished down a short cut through the shrubbery, Molly drew Pap away, saying, all in a huddle: "Daddy! Daddy! You must n't mean what you say. Jack must come back. Let me stay at home. I'll give you my watch money,—and all you owe me for my calves and my colt into the bargain. He—he did n't mean to be ashamed of you,—but, comin' on him that way, when he knew they were all laughin' at you, too,—he—he just could n't help it."

"The hound! He did n't want to help. You were n't ashamed," Pap said, hurrying forward. Molly almost cried to see how haste made him halt. The two had been comrades ever since she was born, and any hurt to him touched her nearly. She said no more,—only guided him insensibly along the smoothest footing. They found the gate open and empty, when they came to it, but Jack was at the wagon, busy with the team. "Beck got hold of the line and has chewed it halfway through,—do you think it will hold till we get to the mill?" he asked, without turning his head, as Pap walked up to him. Pap was already mounting,—in normal temper he would certainly have looked to the damage. Now, in his blind rage, he was reckless. Settling himself ponderously in the saddle, he said, gruffly: "It'll hold home and back,—unless ye skeer the critters with sight of that shirt o' yours. Up there with your sister, sir! I've wasted too much time already,—but, maybe, it's well I did,—it may save my wastin' a heap o' money."

Obediently Jack scrambled up beside Molly, who sat enthroned on the highest wheat sack. Pap hardly waited for him to be seated before sending the mules away with a jouncing flourish. The road ran for half a mile down a long, gentle slant. It crossed a tiny river valley, going over the stream proper upon a stout wooden bridge. There was a ford below the bridge,—the road to it left the turnpike by a sharp sidewise slant. Only unladen wagons crossed the ford, stopping there to water. The pull either side was trying even to Ransom teams.

It was a warm, still, late-September day, with a mottled sky that rather held the sun-warmth and softened it. By the time the mules were well in trot they began to sweat freely, but the pace did not slacken in the least. There was just slant enough to make the wagon move almost of its own momentum,—all the mules had to do was to keep out of its way. Still Pap knew it was hazardous to go so fast,—especially with passengers up aloft. Once he made a motion as if to rein them in; but, after a keen look at the chewed place in the line, he let them go their gait.

All might have been well but for the automobile. It was a rare and fearsome sight, all red and black and brass, with a chugging voice, a trail of ill-smelling vapor, and a horn whose screech was ear-splitting. More than all that, it was the only one in the county,—Beck and her compeers had never before seen such a thing. What wonder that, when it darted past them, filling the still fields with its unearthly clamor, they bolted, set their teeth on the bits, and ran down the hard white road!

Pap rose in his stirrups, plying his whip like lightning, and drawing with all his strength

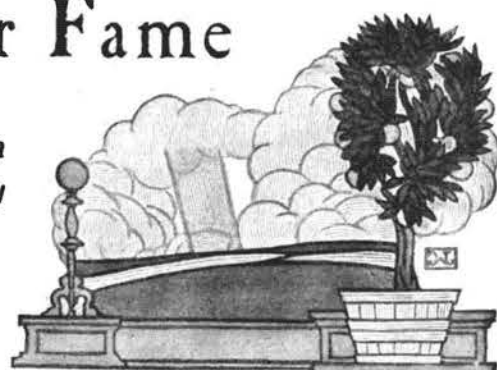
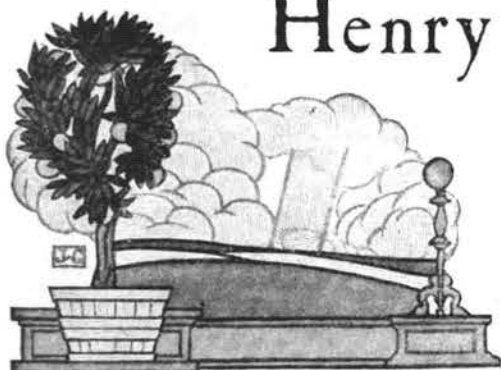
[Concluded on pages 133 and 134]

Henry Irving's Fight for Fame

*He Overcame Many Obstacles, but when
He Won Art Meant More than Money*

By BRAM STOKER

*Personal Representative of
Henry Irving Since 1878*



IN the endowment of Henry Irving for his life-work was one supremely dominant quality which, in any age, at any place, is absolutely necessary to worthy success,—tenacity of purpose. That he had great gifts in the way of histrionic ability, of thoughtfulness, of reasoning powers and all those forces which naturally lead from causes to effects,—of literary grace, of sympathy, and of understanding of character,—has been well proved by his work of forty-nine years upon the stage; and, inferentially, by the labor of those antecedent years which helped to fit him for his later work,—for, be it always remembered, it is in youth that the real battle of success is fought, when many roads seem to lie open; when the blood is red and pleasure woos with claimant voice,—howsoever sweet it may be. But all those later-mentioned personal gifts fix only the direction of force; they do not and can not supply it. It is dogged tenacity of purpose which, in the end, prevails; which urges and forces into action the various powers and gifts which go to make up one's individual equipment. It is this quality which sustains the shrinking heart, which forces the trembling nerves, which restores the wearied brain and muscle, which conquers sleep, and which makes halcyon pleasures seem rather the sport of the butterfly than the worthy pursuit of manhood.

He Showed a Wonderful Talent for Impersonation when a Very Young Boy

Even in his boyhood Irving showed a taste for acting which gave him preëminence amongst the young cousins with whom he was brought up in Cornwall. When, as a boy of thirteen, he began the life of a London city clerk, his taste had ripened and his mind became fixed upon the stage as his objective. He did not neglect the business which he had undertaken,—through all his life no one ever knew Henry Irving to do that; but all his leisure was given to the study and practice of his chosen art. He was not content with imagining; he was always on the search for character impersonation. An old school friend of his, Charles Dyll, afterwards director of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, writing of him thirty years afterwards, told a story of how, when, in his early days in Manchester, he had been given a part in one of John Brougham's comedies,—that of a youth who wished to appear a man, but was unable to repress his boyish ways and habits,—he invited a young son of an actor comrade to his rooms and later on "took him off" to the life in his part. I have seen him, myself, on a voyage to Calais, "study" an eccentric individual all the rough journey—and it was rough,—from Dover. Any one who saw him play *Digby Grant*, in Albery's comedy, "Two Roses," could never forget the perfection of his bearing, appearance, and manner of dress in the part of a man, schooled in poverty and poverty's littlenesses, who had suddenly come into the possession of wealth. Years afterwards I met the prototype,—the late Chevalier Wikoff, originally from Philadelphia and a close companion of Edwin Forrest in his early days. Every detail of the original, from his tasseled smoking cap and faded dressing gown up to his magnificent self-assertion and the cunning with which he disguised his weaknesses and the imperfections of old age, was there. And yet Wikoff had not been so old a man when Irving had studied him. His knowledge of the character was basic and elementary; the man grew old in reality as he had grown old in the actor's mind.

In his young days Irving at least paved the way for his later triumphs. He studied earnestly, and whatever he undertook to do he tried with all his might to do well. No one ever knew him sloppy or indeterminate in any part he took in amateur theatricals, in any piece he recited. Thus it was that, whilst the energies of others, during the moments of supreme endeavor, were given to recalling the words of the text, he was putting all his strength into the expression of them. It was little wonder that, when, amidst a fairly typical gathering of young men and hobbledohs who formed what was shortly afterwards called "the City Elocution Class,"

the boy of fifteen was allowed, in a tolerant way, to make his effort. He won instant success. He fairly electrified all by his force and passion in his declaiming of "The Uncle." At this period he was described as rather tall for his age; his face was very handsome and was set in a mass of black hair, and his eyes were bright and flashing. It was the same youth grown to the prime of manhood when, at the Lyceum, thirty-one years afterwards, the commanding force of his passion in the play scene of "Hamlet" swept the audience like a storm.

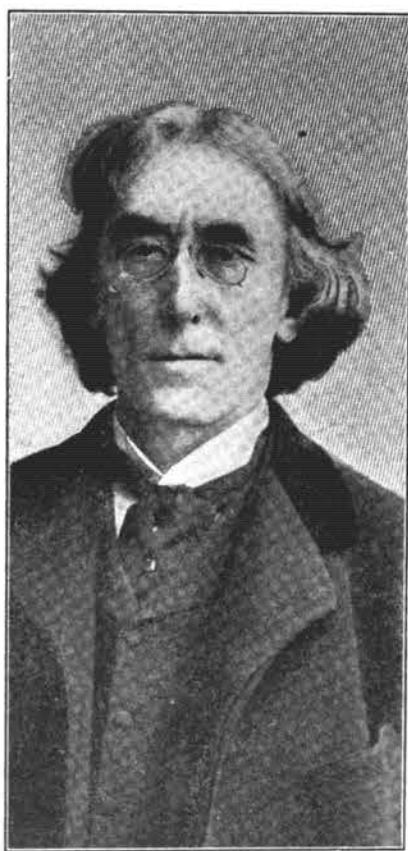
In His Earliest Acting Days He Began to Study the Philosophy of His Art

But not only in those early years did Henry Irving develop his own powers. The work which he did then—the slow laborious toil of early mornings and late nights,—aided much in his work when he became an actor in reality. Before he took an engagement he had made himself letter-perfect in a vast number of characters. He knew all the small parts in those plays of Shakespeare which were commonly acted, and in many that were acted but rarely, if at all. But he did not content himself with letter-perfection. He knew almost instinctively—with that instinct which is the result of conscious thought running freely,—that acting is not merely the delivery of words, but that situations have to be studied, as also the relations of any one actor to all the others on the stage. Thus he had in his own mind some concrete idea not only of the bearing of the character and of the expression of the acts and moods set down for him by the dramatist, but also of his special purpose in the general scheme of the play. Doubtless he altered an infinity of detail in these matters when he came to gain experience and to understand the rules of his craft.

Those rules of old, discovered, not devised,
Are nature still,—but nature modernized.

Still later, when he became a producer of plays,—when he had to understand for himself so that he might teach others all that belonged to the play and to every character, situation, development, and dominant idea in it,—he began to realize more fully the philosophy of his chosen art. With this philosophy it is impossible to deal within the scope of an article, but I have in hand a book of my "Reminiscences of Henry Irving," and in it I hope to be privileged to say something of this subject gained from a rare intimacy of twenty-seven years. Be it sufficient to remember here

that, when he entered on the active life of a player, he felt the full value of his previous thought and study. In the "fifties" stage matters were much cruder than they are now. The old "stock" system was based on an almost nightly change of the bill, and this required from young actors the perpetual study of new parts. Sometimes as many as six or seven had to be studied in a single week, and with the added difficulty that the "parts" were few and often imperfect. In stage parlance a "part" is that portion of the text which contains the lines allotted to the character, together with the necessary cues,—the last words of each preceding speech. It is not hard to see what a vast help to a young player it must have been to know already and to *understand* the lines he had to speak. In such cases he could spend the time, necessarily given to the text by those not equally well prepared, on dress and concomitant matters. At this stage of theatrical evolution dress was an important element in the perplexities of the young actor. The "wardrobe" was usually limited, and priority of claim was a rigid rule. The "Tragedian," the "First Old Man," the "Heavy Father," the "Jeune Premier,"—or "Juvenile Lead,"—and the seconds and thirds of all these cults had choice in sequence of their importance,—an importance fairly well expressed by the place toward the head of the salary list. Thus, when the "young men" came to be clothed, they had to be content with the leavings of the others. It was not a bad symbol of his having his "marshal's baton in his knapsack," that Irving had prepared himself for his task by other ways than by skill in the use of his sword. He had also



THE LATE HENRY IRVING

attended to what might be called the commissariat department. He had spent with infinite pains and endless thought somewhere about a hundred pounds sterling on dress, wigs, and property,—all those little means of giving finishing touches to appearance which belong to the equipment of an actor's craft. It is not too much to say that the consciousness of being properly, if not well, dressed is an assistance to any artist. It was not merely for self-pleasure that Rubens donned his best clothes when he took in hand his brush and palette and maul-stick.

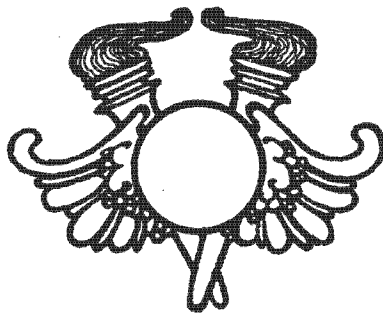
The same care and foresight marked Irving's work on the stage, and for the stage, all through his long and strenuous life. He never left anything to chance. He never grudged or shirked work in any possible way. As an actor he always came to rehearsal—even to the first, whereat custom allows certain laxity,—admirably prepared; letter-perfect in words, and with distinct ideas as to how every word should be spoken and every movement and action carried out consistently. His dress had been carefully thought out, made, and fitted not only to look well, but also to move in with ease. As a manager he had literally thought of everything. When he came to discuss scenery with the scene painters, he could tell them offhand not only about entrances and exits, not only of the picturesque effects which he wished to produce so as to heighten and aid the imagination of the spectators, but even of the suggested *sentiment* of the scene. This he would himself heighten later on by his lighting, for no one else could light a scene like Irving. I do not believe that any one before his time tried properly to do so. Since he showed the way, others, of course, have followed, but when he began there was no such practice as he evolved, as that of using together all sorts of different lights in different ways at the same time. The development of the use of colored lights for stage purposes was altogether his own doing.

Completeness of Detail and Artistic Finish, rather than Gain, Were His Aim

When he undertook a play he not only obtained the best expert archaeological experience possible, but he himself studied the subject in his own way, always with an eye to stage effect and its bearing on the development of the play. He was so earnest in his work that other great artists were willing to help him,—to devote their own talents and experience to the work he had in hand,—and the fees which he paid for such services were frequently very great indeed. It might be truly said that all the arts rallied round him at his call. Such painters as Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Seymour Lucas, R.A., Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., Keeley Halsewell, and Charles Cattermole,—such musicians as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Julius Benedict, and Edward German,—all were eager contributors to the general effect. In addition were the scene painters who did the actual work,—great men, these, in their own art: Hawes Craven, William Telbin, Joseph Harper, and Walter Hann. There was also the regular staff of various artists who were employed by him all the year round.

It is not too much to say that Henry Irving devoted his life to Art. He never wearied in her service; he never faltered or hesitated at any sacrifice necessary in her cause. For her he spent the fortune which he made; for her he exhausted the great strength of brain and body with which he was gifted. I worked for him and with him for seven and twenty years,—ever since he took into his own hands the management of a theater and a company. In all that long time I never knew him to scamp or skimp anything. The artistic result and completeness were what he sought for, and nothing else would satisfy him. He did not aim at making money. I do not believe that ever, during his whole life, did he consider the ultimate substantial gain to arise from any work he took in hand. Money came and went; with him it was always only a means to an end. I have myself received for him, and passed through my hands in the expenditure incidental to his work, more than ten million dollars. His personal wants were simple, so that all he made was available for further work.

Devotion like this to an art could not fail of great achievement. The public was quick to acknowledge it, and the acknowledgment of the



public is not only a stimulus, but also a means to further and loftier endeavor. In 1878, when he took over the management of the Lyceum Theater, he was known as a great actor. When he left it, in 1899, having transferred his rights to a company, the Lyceum had become known all over the world as the foremost theater anywhere,—the home of the loftiest ideals and of the most thoughtful and artistic productions. His management was the most revered and respected of theatrical enterprises. The assistance and encouragement given to him by the great American public all through the vast continent from Maine to California, from the Great Lakes

to the Gulf of Mexico, aided and encouraged him further in his work from 1883, when he paid his first visit, till 1904, when he left its hospitable shores—for ever. The feeling of the nation for the man, or of the man for the nation, never changed, never lessened, but grew, and grew, and grew.

Of course no man can climb so high as he did into public esteem without being now and again assailed by the shafts of jealousy and envy, but throughout his long artistic life he always won the love and good will of his fellows. By them he was accorded not only the first place, but a place which had no second. When her late majesty, Queen Victoria, conferred on him the honor of knighthood, his fellow players presented him with an address set in a wondrous casket of gold and crystal which alone would cap the honor of any career. It was signed by every actor in the Britannic Kingdom, and is in itself a monument of affection and respect. No man could seek such an honor; few could deserve it. It stands alone in the annals of histrionic craft.

Henry Irving had, in an eminent degree, what has been called the courage of his own convictions. He always knew what he wanted and made his mind up for himself. His time for listening to advice was *before* an event, when he was gathering *data* for the formation of his own opinion. I never knew any other man—especially any other artist,—who was so anxious to know how other men before him had acted the same part that he was about to essay: of what value they regarded particular readings of various portions of the text; how they led the intelligence of the audience from one point to another; what effects they produced, and how. And yet, when his time came for playing the part himself, it seemed like a new creation. He was always grateful when anyone could recall from memory of the past distinctive visions of detail: how any one was dressed; how or where on the stage he stood at given times, and the particular modulation or expression of voice with which certain passages were given; and he was being proportionately amazed with an ever fresh amazement at how little of such things he could ever find recalled, for it is an odd thing that very few persons—even actors themselves,—can recall the detail of things they have seen and heard,—nay, more, even of their own work. He used often, when he talked of such things, to instance that past master of stage knowledge, Dion Boucicault, who could recall nothing of one of the most famous parts of his early life on the stage, except that he "wore a white hat."

There Is Always some Element in the Smaller Nature which Will Pesent Help

It is, I have noticed, always with great artists, and with them alone, that there is toleration and respect for the work of predecessors. Little people always want to do it all for themselves. There is some fierce streak of vanity or egoism in the smaller nature which resents help,—even from the dead! This is, indeed, the supersublime of folly, and every young artist should bear it in mind,—whether the instrument of his skill be the pen, the brush, the pencil, the chisel, the string, or bow, or that most gracious of all instruments, the body, with all its graces and powers which God has given him and which he has labored to make perfect to artistic use. Nothing in the whole scheme of creation is independent. Every atom, every vitalized cell, every created entity, is dependent on other matter,—on other force. All things are interdependent, and, unless one realizes this early in the life of artistic effort, he is apt to find his inner eyes so full of his own identity that there is neither time, place, nor opportunity for seeking for the great thoughts that precede great doings, or for recognizing them as great when, without his seeking, they float across his intellectual vision.

[Concluded on page 126]

BELIEVE - By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN

Believe, and make the world believe, your jaw is set to win;
Believe (belief's contagious,) that your ship is coming in;
Believe that every failure's brought about by lack of grit;
Believe that work's a pleasure if you buckle in to it;
Believe there's help in hoping, if your hope is backed with will;
Believe the prospect's fairer from the summit of the hill;
Believe, with all your power, that you're sure of winning out;
Believe; keep on believing: they are brothers,—Death and Doubt.

Believe,—not as the dreamer, with his listless hands a-swing,—
Believe, with muscles rigid and life's battle flag a-fling;
Believe God does n't always wait until we cry to Him,
But blesses oftener the hand that's fighting with a vim;
Believe, with him of old, that all things come to them that wait,
Then, while you're waiting, hustle at a doubly strenuous rate;
Believe that, in this life, we get our sternly just deserts;
Believe the world is partial to the man that hides his hurts.

Believe the clouds have only veiled—not blotted out,—the sky;
Believe there's sweeter sunshine for the blessed by-and-by;
Believe the blackest dark proclaims the speedy dawn of day;
Believe your joy's but waiting till you drive the dumps away;
Believe the nights are nothing to the days that lie between;
Believe there's much that's better than you've ever heard or seen;
Believe that—not alone your sin,—your good will find you out;
Believe; keep on believing: they are brothers,—Death and Doubt.

Princely Storekeeping as a Trade Magnet

Why an ordinary twelve-foot stairway became a store with a million square feet of floor space.—How the merchants with modern ideas are driving their old-fashioned competitors to the wall.—The many ingenious methods of getting customers and making quick deliveries

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

Illustrated by Maud Thurston



Ready to start home

men who had occasion to welcome an American cousin to their hospitable shores, ten or a dozen years ago. The joke was generally launched the third or fourth day of the visitor's stay, and was sandwiched in between visits to Westminster Abbey and to the Tower.

"Aw!" the Englishman would usually say, with an anticipatory twinkle in his bare eye, "aw! I think I will go shopping, this morning. I want—aw!—to buy a package of tobacco and an elephant. We will go to Whiteley's."

If the American visitor understood his cue, he would look surprised and highly amused, and then would listen, open-mouthed, to a description of London's famous department store, or "shop," where everything, from a paper of needles to a sacred city, is supposed to be on sale. A visit to the heterogeneous collection of shops known as "Whiteley's" would follow, and the American would have an opportunity to gaze upon the pioneer of the stupendous retail commercial enterprises scattered throughout his own country.

The Shoppers of To-day Like to Patronize the Most Luxurious Places

Whiteley's, to-day, is only the pioneer. It has been double-discounted in almost every large city of the United States. In fact, there is not a community of any size in the country that does not boast of its aggregation of many businesses brought together through a combination of capital and brains, for the purpose of supplying under one roof all that is necessary for the welfare and creature comforts of the average man and woman.

The modern department store, as you can understand, is a direct evolution of the old-time dry-goods store. This evolution was simple enough. It really represents the survival of the fittest. That element in human nature which leads the average woman—and the average man, also,—to frequent the most luxurious places in which are displayed the most attractive articles of need is the direct cause of the present-day department store.

The first proprietor who enlarged his store and offered for sale in one building gowns and dress goods, millinery and shoes, writing paper and furniture, sounded the death knell of the old-time dry-goods shop. From that hour date the present systematic efforts on the part of retail department stores to provide every possible convenience for their customers, and to erect, at enormous cost, stupendous structures covering acres of ground, in which are collected the arts and treasures, the fruits of the loom, and the innumerable articles of barter and sale from all the world, while the stores themselves are veritable palaces.

It is interesting to the last degree to study the marvelous growth of some of these great stores. There is one enormous shop in Chicago, for instance, now occupying almost a million square feet of floor space, that had its origin in a narrow stairway. Think of it! An ordinary, unused stairway, not more than twelve feet across and twenty feet deep, in a State Street building, that a keen-eyed man chanced to spy while walking the streets in search of a place to locate a sidewalk stand or a push cart! Fancy such a beginning for a business now capitalized in the millions!

One can see the poverty-stricken proprietor, aghast at his own temerity in undertaking the responsibility of a real store at a monthly rental of ten dollars. It is easy to realize his careful buying of the few odds and ends constituting his first stock, and the welcome he extended to his first customer.

This progressive merchant did not carry any particular line of goods. He sold anything that would sell, from flower pots to tack hammers. His was a notion store, and, as it grew, he added dry goods and shoes, and, finally, surprised the neighbors by knocking out a partition and over-

AMERICAN globe-trotters of extended experience will recall the ancient standing joke of most English-

flowing into the adjacent room. He knew how to buy goods, how to sell goods, how to display goods, and how to advertise; and he also knew that essential secret of the successful retail merchant, how to train his employees into the same knowledge.

It seemed as if such things as walls and floors could not check the flood of his expansion, and in time this whilom push-cart peddler found himself to be one of the largest retail merchants in the country, a pioneer in the little army of department-store promoters. The story of his success is the story of many prototypes not only in Chicago, but also in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

In one of the larger western cities is a well-known and prosperous department store that had its origin in the failure of a certain man to find household utensils in the principal shop of the town. At that time the man in question was in the paint business, and doing indifferently well. While walking to his office, one day, he stopped at the principal store to order some tinware for his wife. His request was met with the curt reply:—

"We don't keep kitchen things. If you want any pots and pans, why do n't you go to the junk shop down the street?"

"But you keep other things,—in fact, almost everything else,"—expostulated the paint merchant. "Why do n't you keep biscuit pans?"

"Because we do n't want to. We must draw the line somewhere."

"Well, it's time there was a store that's not so particular," retorted the paint merchant. "I think I will start one, and right here in this same block, too."

The paint merchant sold out his own business, interested the capital of his friends, and opened what was then known as "The Universal Provider." It changed its name, in time, but it is the largest department store between Chicago and San Francisco, to-day. It sells biscuit pans, too.

The department stores of the United States can be grouped into three classes: the conservative, that claim quality in their goods, ask the highest prices, and attract the patronage of people of wealth and taste; the freely-advertising stores, that are not so particular about their class of customers, or so slow in adding new features; and the concerns that pride themselves on appealing to the masses, put on no frills, invite everybody to come in whether a purchase is made or not, and which will sell anything,—be it a dog or a snake, an automobile or a baby carriage, dried peas or hay,—provided it promises a profit. This third enterprise is the department-store idea worked out boldly to its limit. But there is method in its boldness, or it would fail.

A thoroughly up-to-date department store is almost a trust. Within the past few years some of the principal enterprises of this nature have gone beyond their home organization and have



"I wonder if it was marked down!"



The patient salesman and the "purchaser" who is always trying to match something

established regular chains of stores in the larger cities. One department-store promoter, for instance, has recently inaugurated his third store, and now controls colossal retail marts in New York, Chicago, and Boston. This capitalist, when questioned, not long ago, about the possibility of a genuine trust in department stores, replied:—

"It is absolutely out of the question, for the business is colossal, and no combination of capital could control it." He hesitated, then added, with a smile, "But there may be such a thing as a financing arrangement, you know, to reduce and simplify accounts."

There is no doubting the enormous amount of capital invested in the enterprises, or the vast importance of the business as a business. In New York City alone are almost a score, with a total investment approximating one hundred million dollars. Each working day even the smallest of these stores welcomes and cares for a multitude of visitors exceeding the population of a city of 100,000 inhabitants. This in itself proves the great magnitude of the business of modern department-store-keeping.

It may not be generally known that the average department store is not the result of one company's investment, or of one man's capital. Most of the great stores consist of one or more buildings, in which are frequently collected dozens of different departments, some of which may belong to outsiders. In every case, however, the main firm controls and supervises the entire aggregation of departments.

The Modern Department Store is a Complicated Machine of Endless Details

There is a store in Brooklyn, for instance, which has, in addition to its regular department of ready-made clothing, a merchant-tailoring department. The ready-made clothing belongs to the main firm, but the custom-tailoring end is divided. A large clothing and woolen house of New York City supplies the cloth on commission and maintains a cutter at its own expense, but the salesmen are engaged and paid by the main firm. In this same store the entire basement is leased to various concerns selling household utensils, sporting goods, etc.

It can readily be understood that such an enormous establishment as a modern department store can be successfully conducted only on a thoroughly planned system. The business is one of endless and relentless details. It concerns a greater number of people than almost any other kind of enterprise, and the whole vast machine is one requiring commercial acumen and financial training of the highest kind.

A story is told of an English visitor to this country who stopped at Chicago during his wanderings, and who, after being conducted through the packing district, exclaimed:—

"By Jove! you may kill more pigs than we do, but we can top you on our big shops, do n't you know?"

His guide immediately escorted him to Marshall Field's establishment, on State Street. When the amazed Britisher had finished his inspection, he found the following items in his diary:—

"Total floor area, more than a million square feet, or about twenty-three acres. The shop personnel runs from 8,000 to 10,000 employees, varying with the season, and reaching its maximum at the holiday times. More than one hundred thousand persons a day enter the shop, and on busy days the number will exceed two hundred thousand, the record day being four hundred and fifty thousand. Fourteen entrances admit the people, and fifty-three elevators carry them to the upper floors. There are one hundred and eighty separate departments, each department exceeding in size and value the ordinary shop in vogue twenty years ago. The real estate value alone exceeds three million dollars, and the stock in hand is worth almost as much more. The proprietor, Marshall Field, began life as a farm boy, became a dry-goods clerk in a small Massachusetts town, at seventeen years of age, and, eight years later, found himself the junior partner in the stupendous business he now owns."

To those of us who remember the modest shops of our childhood, when an entire business was conducted by, at most, twoscore employees, and each particular shop had its particular line of goods, a visit to one of the enormous modern marts of trade is a revelation. To-day every city has its emporium and its selected quarter of the town, where retail selling is done from early Monday to late Saturday.

These great shops are little different, one from another. It is only a question of the quality of goods handled and the clientele. The arrangement



"When you two girls get through talking—?"

room, where paper and envelopes bearing the monogram of the establishment and pens and ink galore await those who find it inconvenient to attend to correspondence at home.

All large stores are equipped with first-class restaurants, where food is served on the same economical plan practiced in other departments. The menus are extensive, and the prices partake of the bargain-counter flavor, being arranged in odd cents, such as "coffee, four cents,"—"with whipped cream and a dainty roll, nine cents."

The manager of a great store on Sixth Avenue, New York, told me that ordinary restaurant prices were charged when the firm first established its dining room, but it was not long before the complaint box was filled to the cover with strenuous objections to paying such even sums as ten cents or thirty cents.

"We soon found that food was regarded by our feminine customers in the same manner as ribbons and perfumes and lingerie," he said. "We even contemplated, for a while, the bargain-counter idea of having special sales, on certain days, of ham and eggs, coffee cake, or lamb chops, but it did not get down to that, thank goodness!"

In each store is an emergency hospital, where a salaried physician and trained nurses give aid to those who may feel faint or indisposed. The doctor is one of the busiest men in the building. Every morning the employees who are ill call upon him for examination and medicine.

In addition to these conveniences there will be found, in the majority of the large shops, telephone booths, telegraph offices, and even savings banks. The last are well patronized by customers, and some of the banking departments have deposits as large as many outside banks. The bank connected with Macy's is used in lieu of a credit system. This store, as is well known, sells entirely for cash. There are no credit accounts like those generally utilized, but any customer can deposit money in the bank, which allows the usual four per cent. interest, and pay for goods purchased with the credit checks issued by the firm.

The Desire of Some Stores to Please Customers is Often Taken Advantage of

To show the length to which the large department stores go in pleasing their customers, one of the principal rules is that permitting the exchange of undamaged goods, and even the repayment of the purchase price. Abraham and Straus, of Brooklyn, for instance, will refund money even after the article purchased has been held by the customer for a period of weeks. If the article is returned undamaged, no questions are asked. This is the acme of consideration. It is only natural,

apparently, that such a hospitable privilege should be abused in some cases. In fact, stories are told of customers who, feeling the need of a new opera cloak or a costly trimmed bonnet for some function, have bought the article for one night only. A certain New York store probably holds the record in this line.

Several months ago, two certain sales were recorded in the store, one of a complete wedding outfit consisting of frock suit, shoes, hat, gloves, shirt, underwear, and even a cane, and the other a wedding outfit consisting of gown, bonnet, lingerie, and all that is considered necessary in the correct trousseau. Ten days later the man, whom we will call Mr. Jones, returned his purchases with a request for a cash credit. The same afternoon, the woman, whom we will call Miss Brown, returned her outfit with a similar request; but here is where the fatal mistake was made. Although the woman made her

[Concluded on pages 120 and 121]



The stylish delivery team starts out



Going! Going! Almost gone!!



FRED OPPEP,
of the "New York American"



A. B. FROST,
The Whistler of Farm Work



C. G. BUSH,
of the New York "World"

Illustrators and Cartoonists of the Present Day

THE American illustrator, no less than the American cartoonist, occupies an important place in the world of letters no less than in the world of art. Gripping, biting, effective political cartoons drawn by such men as Homer Davenport and Fred Oppen have often impressed the people far more than if the space the drawings occupied had been given over to writing. This branch of illustrating has become such an important factor in American journalism that it has often drawn swords in legislative combat, as in the case of the governor of Pennsylvania, who, taking umbrage at the rapier thrusts of the newspaper cartoons of his state, endeavored to pass a bill making the publication of such illustrations illegal. The cartoonist's place is an important one in our national compound, and no newspaper of any circulation can afford to be without one. The men who illustrate the great magazines and the hundreds of fine books of fiction that are turned out every year are, also, important factors in the matter of publishing. With the advance in machinery for reproducing and printing fine art work, the illustrators can command prices that would not be sneezed at by men in positions of great responsibility. Mr. J. S. Anderson, the artist who made the sketches of the men who appear in these pages, had no easy task when he set about to undertake his work. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to get an artist to pose. Though always seeking models, he is a poor one himself. After Mr. Anderson had finished his own drawings, he took his original sketches to the men whom he had sketched, and requested them to draw in some of their own handiwork. Several of the designs are rather novel and interesting, especially Mr. Charles



HOMER DAVENPORT,
of the "Evening Mail"



W. A. ROGERS,
of "Harper's Weekly"

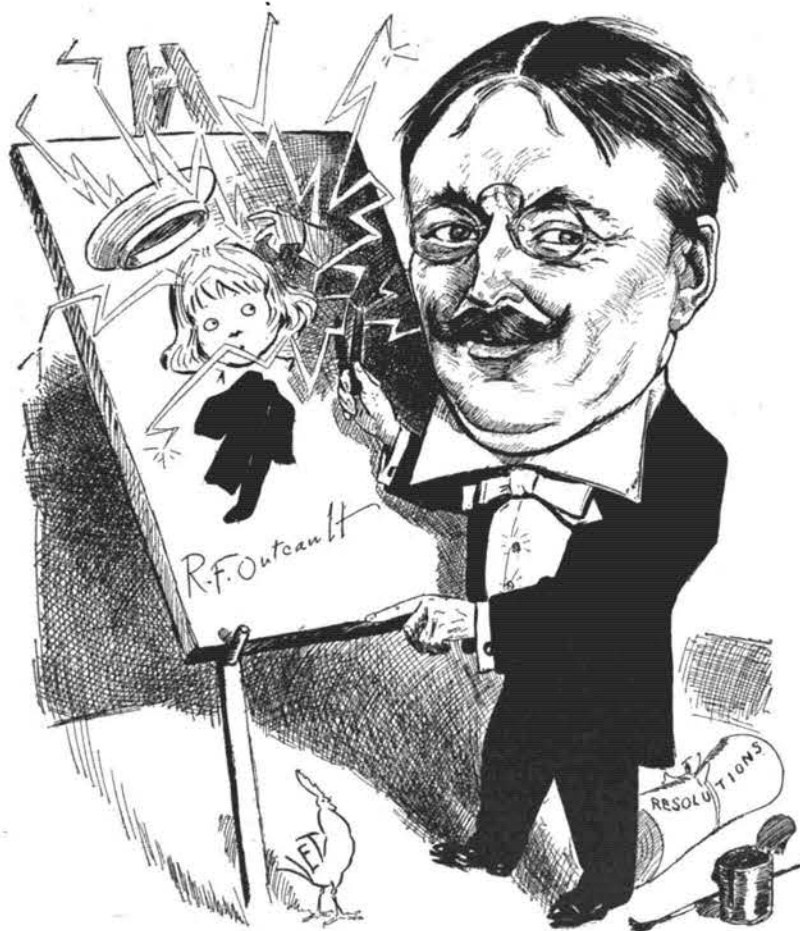
A series of pictures of some of the leaders of the pen and brush, drawn for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by J. S. ANDERSON, known as "VET," and one of the cleverest of American humorist artists. On each of these originals by Mr. Anderson, the artist who posed has drawn with his own hand some of the characters that have made him famous. These sketches, combined with Mr. Anderson's life-like drawings, form a collection that is novel and unusual.—Something about the men sketched and the place they hold in the publishing world.—How American artists have helped literature.

Dana Gibson's portrait of himself; Mr. Outcault's "Buster Brown;" Mr. A. B. Frost's galaxy of domestic animals; Mr. Oppen's universally known "Happy Hooligan," "Alphonse and Gaston," the nimble "Maud," and the quartette of eminent politicians who adorn Mr. C. G. Bush's picture. Mr. James Swinnerton is a funny man who has created some of the best known characters of the comic papers, the indiscreet "Mr. Jack," "Little Jimmie," and the laughable "Sam." He is also noted for his humorous bears, whose antics are well known to all lovers of fun. He came to New York from California, with Homer Davenport, when Mr. Hearst purchased the New York "Journal." Mr. Davenport has since left the Hearst forces, and is the political cartoonist of the "Evening Mail."

Most everyone in the United States is acquainted with the pranks of "Buster Brown," whom Mr. R. F. Outcault created some years ago. This very up-to-date youngster seems to fit so many boys, that interest in him shows no diminution. He has proven a very valuable asset to his creator, who is worth to-day a small fortune. Mr. Dan Smith is well known as a painter of Western life. He has spent a long time in the frontier, and, while an illustrator of ability, he has, also, painted some very acceptable canvases. Mr. W. A. Rogers is, perhaps, one of the cleverest cartoon men. His work is incisive, keen, and deep cutting. Some of it has had a marvelous effect in political times. In the campaign of 1901, his work helped greatly to defeat the Tammany Hall forces in the municipal elections of New York City. Mr. Dorgan, like many other humorists, is, also, from California. The fine work of Mr. Oliver Herford, who has amused the American people so often with



CHARLES DANA GIBSON,
and Mr. Gibson portrait of himself



R. F. OUTCAULT,
and his ever-green idea of the mischievous American boy, "Buster Brown"

his quaint drawings and verses, has given him a foremost and lasting place in journalistic art circles. Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, Mr. Harrison Fisher and Mr. A. B. Wenzell are three of the best known illustrators of the American girl, perhaps, the three most distinguished illustrators since Mr. Charles Dana Gibson left for Spain to study painting. Of course, lack of space prevents every one of the great legion of clever American artists having a place in this collection. Mr. Anderson selected those who are representative of their several classes. Twenty-five years ago, a famous English writer announced that America would never produce an artist worthy of the name. To-day, the two leading portrait painters of Europe, E. A. Abbey and J. Singer



A. B. WENZELL

Mr. Wenzell was one of the first men to find the American girl a rare subject for an artist. He has illustrated many of the leading stories of the past decade, and his dashing heroines have blended well with his other fine scheme of drawing.



T. A. DORGAN, "TAD"

Street urchins and sports have formed the themes that brought fame to "Tad." His exaggerated sketches bear a strong resemblance to the original. He is a quick worker and, therefore, his services are in demand by the evening newspapers of the metropolis.



JAMES SWINNERTON

Mr. Swinnerton is one of the youngest funny men in journalism. He is the creator of "Mr. Jack," "Little Jimmie," "And Her Name Was Maud," "Little Katy" and many other quaint folks of the funny columns who have brought smiles to millions of people.

Sargent, are Americans, while, in the matter of magazine and book illustrating and newspaper cartoons, no country has ever produced men whose work has been so fine in finish and so powerful in its story-telling qualities. Recently the Society of Illustrators gave a dinner

The cartoonist of "The Evening World," New York, is a man of keen, penetrating insight into the foibles of the money fools of "high finance."

Mr. Cory spent a long time in the Far West studying the Indian and the broncho, but he is needed to probe shams so he has little time for other realms of art.



J. CAMPBELL CORY

Dan Smith both draws and paints. His forte is the portrayal of the buffalo and all phases of frontier life. At present he does illustrating for many of the leading eastern publications. Several of his fine cover designs have appeared in SUCCESS MAGAZINE.



DAN SMITH

Oliver Herford is a humorist whose work largely appears in "Harper's" and "The Metropolitan." He has a quaint, original style and has made a great success with his funny animals. In nearly every instance his drawings illustrate his own writings.



OLIVER HERFORD

in New York City in honor of "Mark Twain." One of the speakers was Sir Purdon Clarke who has come from England to assume the office of director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. In a speech at the close of the dinner, Sir Purdon said that in a great many



HARRISON FISHER,

who has devoted his talent to picturing the American girl



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY,

who is seen creating one of his popular types

cases the illustrator did not present the idea of the man whose book he was illustrating. Of course, Sir Purdon referred mostly to the artists of his country. We can safely say, and we think that most editors will agree with us, that the illustrators on this side of the water have in many cases given not only careful but exact presentations of the authors' characters and have helped to spread good literature over a wide range of territory. They have not only made literature interesting, but they have also aided readers in forming better and more lasting pictures. In this respect the responsibility upon the artist is very great, for a few lines depicting a character will often leave a greater impression for better or worse upon the reader than pages of description.

GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"I WOULD not give a fig," says Andrew Carnegie, "for the young man in business who does not already see himself a partner or at the head of an important firm. Do not rest for a moment in your thoughts as a head clerk, a foreman, or general manager in any concern, no matter how extensive. Say to yourself, 'My place is at the top.' Be king in your dreams. Vow that you will reach that position with untarnished reputation, and make no other vows to distract your attention."

It is well known that long-continued employment in the service of others often cripples originality and individuality. That resourcefulness and inventiveness which come from perpetual stretching of the mind to meet emergencies, or from adjustment of means to ends, is seldom developed to its utmost in those who work for others. There is not the same compelling motive to expand, to reach out, to take risks, or to plan for oneself, when the programme is made for him by another.

Our self-made men, who refused to remain employees or subordinates, are the backbone of the nation. They are the sinews of our country's life. They got their power as the northern oak gets its strength, by fighting every inch of its way up from the acorn with storm and tempest. It is the hard schooling that the self-made man gets in his struggles to elevate and make a place for himself in the world that develops him.

As a rule men who have worked a long time for others shrink from great responsibility, because they have always had others to advise with and lean upon. They become so used to working to order—to carrying out the plans of other men,—that they dare not trust their own powers to plan and think. Many of them, after a while, unless they are in very responsible positions, sink into mere automatons. They become more or less helpless, and dependent upon others, because they have never developed their own self-reliance.

The greatest strength of character must be developed with a free mind, absolutely untrammelled by orders from others or by others' programmes. The mind can never reach out so far into new, untried fields—never touches its limit of possible reach,—until absolutely free to act without restraint and with independence and boldness. Self-reliance is a powerful man-developer.

Some employees have a pride in working for a great institution. Their identity with it pleases them. But, is not even a small business of your own, which gives you freedom and scope to develop your individuality and to be yourself, better than being a perpetual clerk in a large institution, where you are merely one cog in a wheel of a vast machine?

The very struggle to keep one's head above water and guard against failure, hard times, or panics, the constant effort to stretch a little capital over a large business and adjust means to ends, develops managing ability, leadership, staying power, stamina, and grit which no amount of working for others in an ordinary situation could ever produce. It is the spur of necessity constantly pushing us on, putting our powers to the test, and calling upon all our ingenuity and inventiveness and originality—it is the situation that forces us to a perpetual effort to do our utmost to bring things out right—that develops power. We grow most in a situation that forces us to think, study, and plan ways and means of engineering our business or enterprise.

A young man entering business with little capital, in these days of giant combinations, like a soldier in battle who is reduced to his last few cartridges, must be doubly careful in his aim and doubly zealous in his endeavor, for everything is at stake. He must call into action every bit of judgment, courage, sagacity, resourcefulness, ingenuity, and originality he can muster. He must make every shot tell,—every dollar count.

What is the result? The young man begins to grow; he feels his master-purpose prodding him to do his best; his mind is constantly being stretched over difficult problems; his ingenuity is taxed to make both ends meet, to provide for the coming bills, to pay pressing notes, to tide over a dull season, or to pull his business through hard times or a panic. This is like playing a great life game of chess where everything depends upon a single move, and where the final result is success or failure. He can not afford to make a bad move; a misstep might be fatal. He can not afford to be careless, indifferent, or lazy. It will not do for him to be caught napping. He must be on the alert, watching for every advantage, and looking out for the success enemies that would trip him.

When working for another, his ambition may have been to climb to the highest position possible to him; but now he feels a new and powerful motive tugging away within him and impelling him to exert himself to his utmost, that he may show the world that he is made of winning material. The desire to take his place among men, and stand for something in his community, is a most laudable one, and this, too, is an additional prod to endeavor. The schooling which the young man gets in the struggle to establish himself in his chosen career can never be had in the same degree and force while working for salary alone.

The sense of personal responsibility is, in itself, a great educator, a powerful schoolmaster. Sometimes young women who have been brought up in luxury, and who have known nothing of work, when sud-

denly thrown upon their own resources by the loss of property, or compelled even to support their once wealthy parents, develop remarkable strength and personal power. Young men, too, sometimes surprise everybody when suddenly left to carry on their fathers' business unaided. They develop force and power which no one dreamed they possessed.

We never know what we can do until we are put to the test by some great emergency or tremendous responsibility. When we feel that we are cut off from outside resources and must depend absolutely upon ourselves, we can fight with all the force of desperation.

I know a man in New York who worked for others until he was thirty years of age and never received but a small salary. It always chafed him to think that he must be dependent on the will of another, although he had never made any very great exhibition of power or executive ability while in a subordinate position. But the moment he started out for himself he seemed to grow by leaps and bounds, and in a comparatively few years he has become a giant in the business world. He has developed a tremendous passion and ability for doing things; his executive ability comes into play when he makes his own programme; he is also strong in carrying out his own ideas, whereas he was comparatively weak in trying to fit his individuality into another's programme.

The trouble with working for others is the cramping of the individuality,—the lack of opportunity to expand along original and progressive lines,—because fear of making a mistake and apprehension lest we take too great risks are constantly hampering the executive, the creative, the original faculties.

But, you will say, "We can not all be employers; we can not all be in business for ourselves." What if your employer had said the same thing, and decided that he would better work for somebody else all his life? Have not you as much right to absolute independence as he, and is it not your duty to put yourself in a position where you will develop the largest possible man or woman? Where was the obligation born that compels you to work for somebody else all your life?

But you will tell me that there are plenty of managers and superintendents, and all sorts of employees, who could not do any better if they were working for themselves. I know perfectly well that there are tens of thousands of employees who are absolutely conscientious, and think they are doing their level best, who apparently could not do better if they were working for themselves; but let one of these faithful employees get a start for himself, and he will find that his ambition is touched as never before, and a new power is born within him. He will feel a new motive working within him which will take the drudgery out of his task as nothing ever before did. When he is conscious that he has no one to lean upon, or to make his programme for him, but must do his own thinking and planning, he will find himself expanding. He will feel a new power, because he will be exercising, more than ever before, his self-reliance. No one else will be furnishing the capital. He alone will be piloting his ship through panics, through dull seasons, and through hard times. His own resourcefulness will be touched as never before and called into larger action. He will find that his motives run down deeper into his nature than he had dreamed. While working for another his desire was to render efficient and honest service,—perhaps even to earn much more than he found in his pay envelope,—but when in business for himself he feels every power and faculty in him called upon to give up its best. His pride is at stake; he has committed himself; he has said to the world, "Now, watch me and see what I can do for myself," and he calls on all the resources in him to make good.

A man sees himself through carrying out his own plans, as he never can in any other situation. The money or reputation he makes himself seems to be an enlargement of himself,—an expansion of his personality. He lives in the children of his brain, his work.

It is true that not every person has the executive ability or strength of mind, the qualities of leadership, the moral stamina, or the push to conduct a business successfully for himself and stand his ground. There are, of course, many instances of young men who have others dependent upon them, and who are not in a position to take the risks of going into business for themselves. A great many, however, work for others merely because they do not dare to take the risk of starting on their own responsibility. They lack the courage to branch out. The fear of possible failure deters them. Moreover, a great many start as boys in certain occupations, work up to a fairly good salary, and, though they may be ambitious to be independent, yet the distrust of their own powers and the advice of others, to "let well enough alone," hold them back until the habit of doing the same thing year in and year out becomes so fixed that it is very difficult to wrench themselves out of their environment.

Again, a great many people prefer a small certainty to a big uncertainty. There is no disposition to hazard, no desire to take risks, in their make-up. They do not want to assume large responsibilities. They prefer steady employment and certainty that every Saturday night they

will find fixed sums in their pay envelopes to the great risks, responsibilities, and uncertainties of a business of their own.

You may not have the ambition, the desire, or the inclination to take responsibility. You may prefer to have an easier life, and to let somebody else worry about the payment of notes and debts, the hard times, the dull seasons, and the panics. But, if you expect to bring out the greatest possibilities in you,—if growth, with the largest possible expansion of your powers, is your goal,—you can not realize your ambition in the *fullest* and *completest* sense while merely trying to carry out somebody else's programme and letting him furnish the ideas.

I do not believe that a leased man can ever be as great as an independent man. Yet, practically, for the consideration of freedom from responsibility, with so many dollars in an envelope every Saturday night, thousands of people barter away their liberty of speech,—their freedom to express their unbiased opinions,—their right to independent thought. They lease their individuality,—their right of growth,—their chance of independence,—everything that man should most prize, for their salaries. Is there a more pitiable thing in the world than to see a man, born to dominate, to do things, to achieve, and to be independent and self-reliant, put himself in a position where he must always carry out another man's ideas or plans, and is not expected to express an untrammelled opinion or to say his soul is his own?

Can a man ever give God his greatest opportunity in him and express the fullest, the largest, the completest manhood as long as he practically leases himself for a stated amount of salary during all his most productive years?

I believe that the Creator intended every human being to be individual, to develop along his own planning, and to make his own pro-

gramme, not to let somebody else make it for him. It would be very silly for you to say that because, in the present order of things, the great majority of people must work for others, you should not start out for yourself. Let those who are not ambitious enough, or who are not willing to pay the price for independence,—let those who prefer to work for others do so, and not you, if you feel that you have ability and stamina, and are not afraid of hard work and responsibility.

It is true that some people lack initiative, leadership, and executive ability sufficient to enable them to go into business for themselves wherein they must employ others; but there are a great many things which even these people can do which will not require the employment of others, which would give them the ineffable boon of independence.

It is the locked-up forces within, that lie deep in our natures, not those which are on the surface, that test our mettle. It is within everybody's power to call out these hidden forces, to be somebody, and to do something worth while in the world, and the man who does not do it is violating his sacred birthright.

Every man or woman who goes through the world with great continents of undiscovered possibilities locked up in him commits a sin against himself and that which borders on a crime against civilization.

Do not be afraid to trust yourself. Have faith in your own ability to think along original lines. If there is anything in you, self-reliance will bring it out.

Whatever you do, cultivate a spirit of manly independence in doing it. Let your work express yourself. Do not be a mere cog in a machine. Do your own thinking and carry out your own ideas, as far as possible, even though working for another.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FOR a long time we have been looking for a great American novel,—one written by an American, with American surroundings, and dealing with some subject that lies deep-rooted at the heart of American life. We believe that we have found it. Therefore we take pleasure in announcing that we will begin publishing, in an early issue,

David Graham Phillips's New Novel

"THE SECOND GENERATION"

This is the most powerful novel that Mr. Phillips has yet written.

He has just returned from France, where he went particularly to complete this great story for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It represents two years of literary labor.

"The Second Generation" is one of the strongest presentations ever made of the evils of inherited wealth,—a matter of vital interest to our country. Finance and industry are interwoven with a love story of powerful interest. Mr. Phillips needs no introduction to our readers. Two of his most successful novels, "The Master Rogue" ("The Confession of a Croesus") and "The Plum Tree," originally appeared in these columns. "The Second Generation" will be illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom.

Photograph by Puch, N. Y.



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

The Czar He Whistled a Lively Air

By RICHARD LE CALLIENNE

Just before the signing of to-day's ukase abolishing the civil powers of the administration and appointing General Trepoff to be governor general, his majesty was whistling a lively air in his apartments of the

palace. The reigning empress is described as equally brave and supremely indifferent, all her interest being wrapped up in the imperial baby, whom both parents positively adore.—*Daily Paper.*

The people came with a humble prayer,—
They asked for little except the air;
Free air to breathe, free tongues to say
An inoffensive "yea" or "nay."
And the Cossacks answered their humble prayer,
And the czar he whistled a lively air.

Chinless, brainless, mannikin czar,
We know you now for what you are,—
Woman and water, coward, too,
Better "Old Nick" than a fool like you.
The Cossacks are granting the people's prayer,
Czar, whistle—for courage,—a lively air!

He took his baby on his knee,—
The epileptic czar to be,—
Unmoved "the situation" scanned,
A fool of blood and "iron hand."
For the Cossacks were answering the people's prayer,—
So the czar he whistled a lively air.

Nero could play the violin,—
Emperor and gentleman of sin,—
But you, with sick, ophthalmic eyes,
Can only whistle while Russia dies.
A Cossack is more a man, I swear,
Than his czar,—who whistles a lively air.

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"After each selection we were deluged with applause"

A YANKEE IN THE SOUTH SEAS

Written and Illustrated by Charles Sarka

THE morning dawned with a crystal clearness; the little schooner, "Nestlerode," sailed on the broad waters of the Pacific. We were bound for Suva, the chief port in the Fiji Islands. "We" consisted of the captain and crew and myself, Tobias Hammer, sometime artist, bookkeeper, and musician, the solitary passenger.

The "Nestlerode," I had been told, had sailed the ocean for fifteen years, had breasted many an angry sea, and had always made port in safety, but baffling breezes, or rude currents, or trade winds, or some of those other things dear to a sailor, carried us off our track, and, one dark night, all the winds of the universe concentrated to blow us into perdition,—and they partly accomplished their desire. The "Nestlerode," I remember, gave a lunge and a plunge, and landed on some hard commodity, which, when daylight appeared, proved to be a coral reef at Tahiti. John Goodman, her captain, Yah Tow, her cook, [It is a remarkable thing about sea disasters that the cook is always saved.] and myself greeted each other, on the roof of the cabin, with the first flush of dawn.

The "Nestlerode" was about as long as three ordinary express wagons, and a little wider than one. She carried a crew of five, which included the captain, his mate, and the cook. When she left Portland, Oregon, she was laden with lumber, so heavily that, whenever she leaned over in the breeze, even in the calmest of seas, the water swept her gunwales, and burst over the lumber in a rain of spray. I always referred to the lumber as lumber, but Captain Goodman, a little bearded college graduate from Maine, insisted on calling it "the deck load." Why, I could never understand, for it filled not only the deck, but the hull, the forecabin, and part of the cabin as well. Indeed, it was impossible to make the companionway without first climbing down a precipitous stairway made by the jutting ends of planks. Often it seemed to me that we were nothing more than a floating bundle of planks into which had been stuck some masts; for, whenever a squall struck us, we found it necessary to lash the tackle to the cargo.

The schooner was not overburdened with modern conveniences. Her cabin was about as long as an ordinary closet, and the mainmast, which ran through it, seemed to occupy most of the room. Around this mast was built a table, and two small stools screwed to the floor, on the port side, served as seats for her skipper and me. On the starboard side were two shelves built against

the walls and covered with curtains that once were red. These shelves were beds, or bunks. The mattresses must have served their purpose and their lawful period on earth sometime during the earliest years of the Quaternary Age, and they were the habitat of as fine a collection of cockroaches and other insects as ever peopled a ship. That the cockroaches were as large as birds is not quite a myth,—the crew called them Tahiti canaries.

The first night at sea I retired rather early,—say, about 3.00 P.M. I can remember that I was standing beside the man at the wheel. Now and then he would glance skyward, with a soulful expression on his face, not unlike that of the left-hand cherub leaning over the frame of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna." I wondered what he was looking at, but did not dare to ask him, for the first thing that the skipper told me was that I must not talk to the man at the wheel. But I kept glancing skyward, whenever he did, and all I could see was the tall spars describing almost a complete semicircle as the vessel rolled from side to side. Every few moments he would glance upward, and then my eyes would follow his. "What can he see?" I asked myself. Was there a raven perched in the rigging? Was he offering up prayers, believing that we were to be shipwrecked? Was he suffering from some uncontrollable affliction of the membranes of the neck, or was he an astronomer who had been forced to take to the sea through misfortune and had seen some phenomenon in the sky which only he could appreciate? All these queries jumped about in my brain until I became seasick with anguish and took to my bed. I learned, later, that he looked up merely to see if the sails were full,—full of wind.

That first night at sea will never leave me as long as memory is a potent factor of the human make-up.

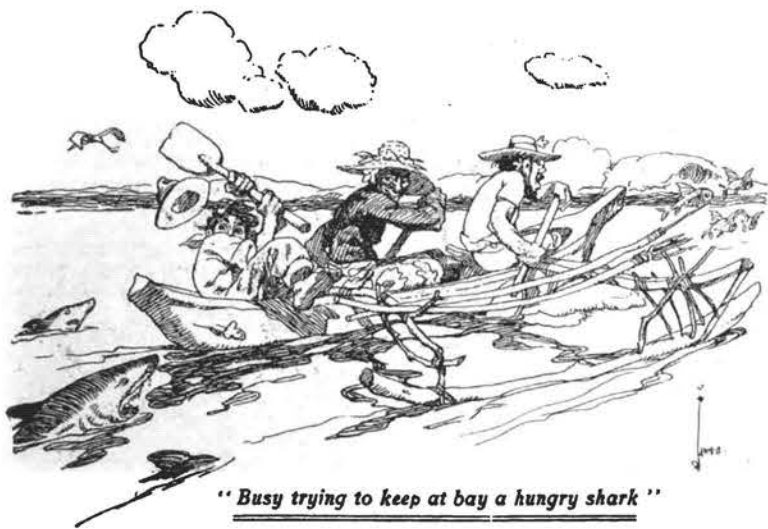
Remorse, animosity, sorrow, despair, hopelessness, disaster, unbelief and loathsomeness inharmoniously filled my soul. I was the allegory of an epileptic fit.

Now and then I would peer through the curtain. Night had fallen, and the cabin was illuminated by a small lamp suspended from the wall. On the starboard wall was a clock, the monotonous tick of which was the only noise I heard. The lamp looked like a bleared Cyclopean eye. I thought that the crew must have deserted me and gone ashore somewhere,—but I did not have the courage to go on deck and find out. I drew the red curtain and fell asleep.

I was awakened suddenly by somebody entering my bed. I reached



"The queen sat on her throne,—a kitchen chair"



"Busy trying to keep at bay a hungry shark"

for my pistol, intending to give the intruder the fight of his life. Roughly I tore the red curtain aside, and, by the light of the lamp, beheld—a rat! He was sitting on the foot of the bunk, eating a piece of bread, and the sight of the pistol had absolutely no effect on him,—neither had the expression of anger which filled my face. He simply finished his bread and scampered away. I stretched out again, but was soon awakened by a dozen or more cockroaches playing tag up and down the bunk. It seemed to be a game which fascinated them in a peculiar way, for those who were to be caught hid in my hair, and those who were "it" pretended not to see them, but ran, hither and yon, over my form, and pirouetted and gamboled in the acme of unsurpassed gayety. I rudely disturbed them and jumped to the floor, and, in doing so, bumped my head against the ceiling of my bunk with such terrific force as to impair the safety of the deck load. Then I enjoyed the uncanny sensation of stepping on Captain Goodman's left hand, which was lying outside his bunk. He occupied the one below me. Thinking that I had disturbed some other member of the ship's menagerie, for Goodman pulled his hand in with lightning-like activity, I jumped backward, just as the "Nestlerode" was listing to port. Before I could arrest my trajectory I had collided with the wall with such force that the dishes, which even the rolling of the vessel could not dislodge, crashed down upon me in a veritable rainstorm of crockery. Then I sat down on one of the stools, but another lurch sent me to the floor, and I lay there wondering how anyone could eat at that table if it took both hands to keep from being shipped to the floor. I thought I would make for the deck; but, just as I had reached the companionway, a huge wave met me and drenched me to the marrow. I went back, cold and shivering, and sat on one of the stools again, but soon found that I was in no humor to practice contortion specialties; so, disgruntled, dejected, and disheartened, I crawled back to my bunk. There I lay for a few hours, wondering—as thousands of other young men who have gone to sea have wondered,—why I had left a good and happy home.

When daylight came I was somewhat cheered by the smiling countenance of Captain Goodman, who was standing in the center of the cabin floor, his face one beam of cheerfulness and his temperament akin to that of the fairy princess who lives on dandelion petals and tints the butterflies' wings.

"How did you sleep, last night?" he asked; "I never slept better in my life."

He emphasized the pronoun "I" in a way that led me to believe that, while he was enjoying the repose of peace, he knew that I was being tortured. It seemed to me to be a touching bit of irony.

When I told him of that night of sleepless anguish, of the hungry rats, of the scattered dishes, and of the shower bath of the sea, he simply smiled, and said:—

"My boy, you must n't mind little things like those."

When I got my "sea legs" our days were often filled with tranquillity. I remember that I studied navigation under Captain Goodman's able tutelage; but, when I tried to work out our position on the

glance, and the five men who sailed the "Nestlerode" were certainly slaves to discipline. The Chinese cook, however, could not be made to believe that he did not own the ship, and as a *chef* he had certainly missed his vocation. One day Captain Goodman went into the galley and ordered him to make apple pies. He answered that he had not been employed to make apple pies, and that, if the ship's fare was not sufficient without them, we could go ashore. Goodman deftly poked his hand into a kit of brine and extracted therefrom, by its tail, a salt mackerel. He smote Yah Tow, lustily, several times. We had the apple pies, and the cook had his revenge by enticing the crew to mutiny, for which he was put in irons. The mate commanded a sailor to act as cook, and the poor fellow did the best he could. The captain told him that we would have salt salmon, beans, and potted mutton for dinner, and he cooked them all in one pot with potatoes, onions, bread, hair, burned matches, and tarred rope added. When it was served up, Goodman ordered it taken away. I ran to the deck with it to throw it overboard, but I did n't know the leeward from the windward side of the ship, and naturally threw it to the windward. It all came back as if on the wings of a bird, and landed squarely in my face. This made me go to the captain and plead for Yah Tow, and, when he promised absolute obedience, he was released and returned to his duties. At a certain hour, every night, Captain Goodman would invariably command me to go below with him and play euchre, a game of which I knew as little as I did about the dark side of the moon,—and cared less. I would sit with him from four to eight bells, under the dingy old lamp, manipulating the right bower and the left bower and the detestable trumps which

he dealt from a pack that must have been made by the man who invented playing cards. Every night he would lock them up in his strong box, as if they were so many hundred-dollar bills. I often wanted to ask him how long he had had them in his possession, but I was afraid that he did not remember. Once I said to him, when the ship gave a lurch that made me groan, "Captain, if you were as brilliant on the main deck as you are on the euchre deck, we'd be making better time."

He was insulted,—grossly and deeply insulted. He never referred to the game, after that. The morning of the tenth day out, I awoke some-



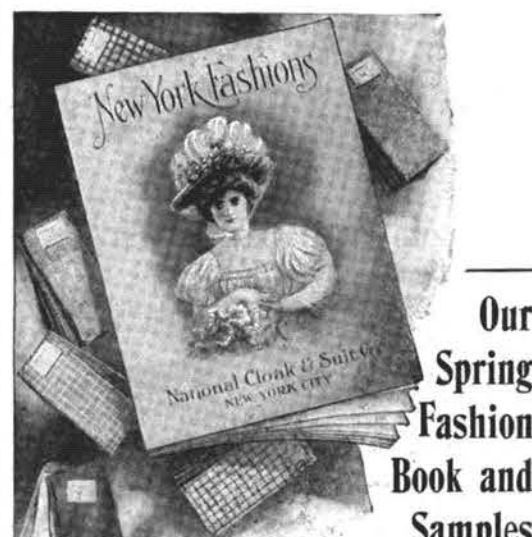
"He kept tab on the birthday presents"



"I began to make sketches of him"

chart, and located it, one day, on the south coast of Greenland, and another day in Denver, Colorado, I gave it up as a hopeless task. I would declare that my computations were right, and the kind hearted Goodman did agree that my Denver calculation was "only fourteen hundred miles incorrect." How a man can leave one port and steer a ship safely into another is still a mystery to me. I regard such a man as standing great with the presidents, the inventors, and the artists of our time. Too little importance is placed on his head.

Being what marine writers call "an old sea dog," Captain Goodman had gathered around him a good crew. He could tell an obedient, pains-taking, sober sailor at a



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what startled. Instead of the usual roll and pitch of the craft, we were as motionless as a hotel. The inevitable tossing which I had learned to love like an old sea dog was no more, and my first thought was that we had dropped anchor during the night.

"Where are we?" I asked Captain Goodman.

"In the doldrums," he answered, from the bunk beneath.

"Where's that?" I queried further.

He did not answer. I hastened on deck, expecting to find that we were in port. But, no; we were only becalmed. We were in the desert of the ocean. Not a breath of air stirred the atmosphere,—not even enough to fan the petal of a rose. To make a long story short, we stood stock still in that self-same spot for eleven days!

One evening, during this time, my friend, the skipper, suddenly clapped his hand on my back and blithely announced that to-morrow would be his birthday.

"And, gee whiz!" he continued, "we must have some 'spotted dog.'"

This is always considered a rare treat, aboard ship. Just why it is so regarded is as rare as a hen's tooth. "Spotted dog" is a sailor's term for plum pudding. In my wanderings around the world I have seen it served scores of times to celebrate some great event, and taken from the table untouched. Mayhap some young woman who is learning to cook would like the recipe, so here goes:—

SPOTTED DOG; FOR TEN PERSONS

Take about three-fourths of a bushel of flour in a large dish pan and add sufficient water to make a pasty dough. Do not knead it thoroughly, and do not add any yeast for fear it may rise when baking. When you have finished kneading, place the pan containing the dough against the wall, and step back about five paces. Take several heaping handfuls of dried currants and throw them with all your might and main at the dough. Those that hit the dough will give it a freckled appearance,—hence its name. Place in a slow oven. If any of the currants miss fire, sweep them up and add while baking, as they give the dish a peculiar piquancy and zest.

I never knew a special occasion aboard a sailing ship when this concoction was not served as the *pièce de résistance*. I have known passengers to fast for days and pass by every other offering on the table in order to whet their appetite for it, but I never knew one to eat it when it was set before him. Of all the edibles of a ship's cuisine, it is the most unpalatable. It might be replaced by *lignum-vita*, or cobblestones.

All this has nothing to do with our arrival at Tahiti; it merely gives one the idea of a few pleasant happenings on the way. Natives came out in canoes and rescued us. Yah Tow was taken ashore first, and the skipper and I followed. He kept calling to me to see the flying fish that were sporting at our bow, but I was too busy trying to keep at bay a hungry shark. When once ashore we started to make acquaintances. Everyone was glad to see us. There was no haughtiness; it was just like coming back to the bosom of one's family. The first friendship that we cemented was that of a tattooed man. He said that he was famous because he had figured in one of Robert Louis Stevenson's novels. I began to make sketches of him and his surroundings, and he condescended to look at them upside down, remarking that it was beyond his skill to make them. But, he said, he was a wonderful wood carver,—he made clubs. He was greatly pleased when we called him an artist, and sent for another bunch of bananas and a dozen coconuts.



"Fell into the hands of a native barber"

Being shipwrecked sailors, we naturally sought the hospitality of our consul. He agreed to put us up for the night, after giving us a fine supper of Boston beans. Congress has not made an appropriation for homeless sailors in tropical isles, and, there not being any surplus of government blankets in the place, we were obliged to bunk on the floor and cover ourselves with some old American flags. I spent the night dreaming of being prepared for burial at sea.

Early the next day we thanked the consul and started on a tour of the island. We had hardly left the boundaries of the town of Papéti, when we collided with a missionary. This species is generally found in the South Seas riding an apology of a horse, which some shipwrecked crew has left behind. We inquired of the missionary where we might find work.

"Where did you come from?" he asked.

"The United States," we answered, in great glee, proud of our ancestry.

"And you have come to a South Sea island to look for work!" he continued, with considerable irony in the tone of his voice and the expression of his face.

"Well," he said, further, before we had time to explain our predicament, "the queen of Mongia, about ten miles up here, is looking for some help." Then he explained that the queen had just been giving a birthday party, and had received presents, among them being a cow from New Zealand.

We thanked him and wended our way onward. Just as the afternoon was beginning to wane we arrived at the district of Mongia, and were met at the gateway of the queen's cocoa-thatched home by her secretary. He was a vain man, in a Prince Albert coat and a straw hat. He kept tab on the birthday presents that his queen received from the Tahitian royalty. He ushered us before the queen, who sat on her throne,—a kitchen chair surrounded by pillows and bolts of cloth. She was eating cake and drinking from a coconut, while the ladies of her suite danced or ate *poi-poi*. Goodman and I received a royal welcome.



"Riding an apology of a horse"



"We were obliged to bunk on the floor"

We were told to make ourselves at home, which we proceeded to do without delay. In no time we were introduced to the queen's cow, and were duly installed as royal milkers and butter makers. Neither of us knew a blessed iota about either, but the job was too good to lose. The queen's cow was the first that had ever come to Tahiti. I grew to know the animal intimately. She was the color of crushed raspberry, had undaunted courage, and gave milk frequently. To a man who did not fear death in any form she would have been a great blessing. As to her pedigree she seemed to be one fourth Shorthorn and three fourths coyote. Her name was Rose. We made her very much attached to her home with a stay chain.

Well, they got to calling Goodman "Ruoo," which means "old one," but one day he fell into the hands of a native barber and "Ruoo" was separated from his Rip Van Winkle hirsute appendages, and after that they called him "Apii," which means "youth." I was known as "Marite Tane," (the American man,) and, as we both played the harmonicon, and as Goodman, who had once served in a minstrel troupe, was a master with the bones, we were commanded, when not cajoling with Rose to be milked, to furnish amusement for the queen and her neighbors. The bones and the harmonicon were instruments of wonder to them. We were quickly styled "the queen's own band,"—royalty knows its own, even on a faraway isle. Goodman's gymnastics, when manipulating the bones, produced inspired awe, and after each selection we were deluged with applause. To stop at ten or twelve pieces was out of the question, and nothing brought us rest until we were overcome with sheer exhaustion. They fairly reveled in "Hiawatha." When we played it they would dance like mad gazelles. The native boys picked it up and kept us awake nights rehearsing it before our shack.

How Lincoln Chose a Secretary

[William O. Stoddard, in an interview with a representative of SUCCESS MAGAZINE]

WHEN I was editor of a weekly paper in Illinois, in the late fifties, I felt a great interest in a Springfield lawyer and ex-congressman named Abraham Lincoln. I had heard him speak several times. There was something in the man that commanded instant attention, and every time you saw or heard him your respect increased.

Everybody was talking about the coming nomination for the presidency, and one day I dashed off a little editorial suggesting that Mr. Lincoln had had experience at Washington as a representative, was able and fearless, and would be a good man to lead the nation in the crisis that we all could see impending. On reading what I had written, before giving it to the printer, I felt that the idea was such a good one as to be worth circulating beyond the confines of the rather limited clientele of my own paper. I had two hundred and fifty proofs pulled, one of which I sent to each of the papers in Illinois. Many of them printed it when I did, and thus we started the presidential boom of Mr. Lincoln.

During the campaign I supported him with all the strength of my pen and tongue, but had received no recognition from him; and, when I dropped in to see him, at Springfield, to pay my respects after his election, I had no confidence that he would know anything about me. He put out his long arm and gave me a pump-handle shake, exclaiming:—

"I'm glad to see you, young man. I rather suspect that you are one of my good friends. Is n't it so?" I assured him that it was.

"Why, of course it is," he said, heartily. "I know that, perhaps, better than you guess. How would you like to go to Washington?"

The suddenness of this proposal took my breath away. "Why, why, I am pretty well satisfied where I am, Mr. Lincoln," I answered, hesitatingly; "but, if I could go on your personal staff, I—"

"Now, that's a compliment," he interrupted, laughing, "but it happens to be just what I was thinking of. Go home and write me a letter, so that we can get this thing down in black and white."

I went home and wrote the letter, and, in a day or two, received Mr. Lincoln's reply appointing me one of his private secretaries. In this offhand way he reshaped my life.

The Usual Division

A DAY or two before the recent gubernatorial election in Ohio, a number of politicians in Washington were discussing the probable results, when some one asked Representative John Williams, leader of the minority in the house, how the situation appeared to him.

"Well," said Williams, with a smile, "it seems to me that there is the usual division:—those pledged to the Herrick faction, those pledged to the administration's choice, those pledged to the democracy, and those pledged to all three."

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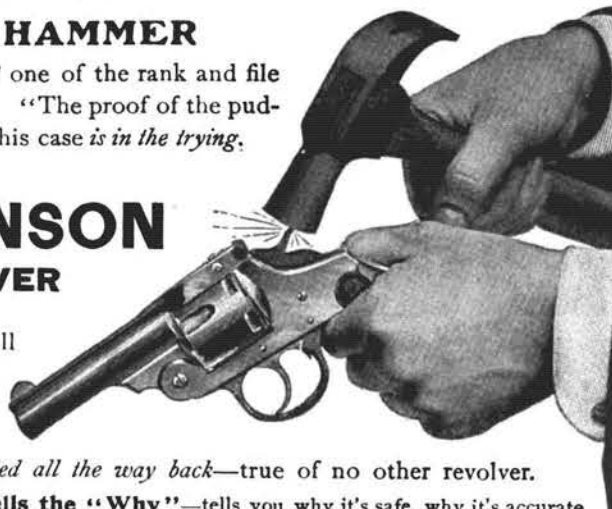
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A charming hostess makes afternoon tea a delight to all her callers. The gentlemen who are invited should assist the hostess in passing the cups and plates and in seeing that nobody feels neglected.

THE PROPER THING, By Jeanne Gordon Mattill

"God made man and man made manners."
This, in substance, is said (or thought,) by many, who sneer at "society polish," and deride the small, sweet courtesies of daily life as fit only for fops and fools. "A man's a man for a' that," they quote exultingly, and they point to "Nature's noblemen," to "diamonds in the rough," and to various other sorts of God-made men, who shine without any man-made polish.

They are right, so far as they go. If they would go one step farther, they would see that inherent manliness must, of necessity, exercise itself, outwardly, in kindly action toward others. The more vigorous the exercise, the more sure will be the rounding of rough corners of conduct, and the smoothing away of ungainly awkwardness in manners, speech, and behavior. Man may have made manners, but the first reason for the making was the God-implanted impulse which, in every man, eternally urges him to progress.

In every man—either openly acknowledged, or half-covered over,—is a heart-wish to be a gentleman. In women, of course, the longing for graceful, gracious manners is part of their very womanhood. Alike in men and women, there comes a time, when the desire is born always to know the proper thing to do and say. This time marks the starting-point of true courtesy. From this point, men and women go forward or backward,—to attain the best breeding, or become hopeless bores. It is often the turning-point in their careers.

When a vague wish to know the proper thing begins to take definite shape, that much-abused phrase, "good form," takes on its rightful value. Good form is simply courtesy crystallized along the graceful lines of speech and action, toward which courtesy naturally tends.

Throughout this growing nation, are thousands of persons, young and old, who feel their lack of, and own their wish for a proper knowledge of social culture. For these, the editors of this magazine have prepared this series of short papers. In simple language, and

through clear illustration, the rules and regulations that govern good society will be plainly and correctly explained. Any perplexing social questions arising in any individual reader's mind will be answered through a personal letter if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is sent.

People must, of necessity, rub up against one another in the close contact of every-day life. A knowledge of good form will lessen the resulting friction, and daily living for everyone will be easier and pleasanter when freed by courtesy from jostle and jar.

It is in the little meetings of everyday life, even more than on special social occasions, that men and women make their good-breeding or ill-breeding manifest. True courtesy is something which can not be put on and off, like party gowns and evening dress-suits. Whether inborn or acquired, it must be part of one's real nature. If one is careful about the little courtesies he has daily opportunity of showing, he will rarely feel greatly perplexed or embarrassed over more serious "questions of etiquette."

In different sections of the country, there are different opinions concerning the matter of social calls. In some sections, a lady waits for a gentleman to ask her permission to call. In others, the gentleman must wait until the lady or her mother shall indicate a wish to have him call. The first-named custom is more prevalent in smaller towns and in quiet country neighborhoods. In large cities,—not in all of them, however,—social etiquette requires that a young lady, or her acknowledged chaperon, must invite a gentleman to call if she desires the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance with him after the first formal presentation.

It is well, in all such matters, to follow the customs which are observed in the community where one resides. Even the strictest social rulings may be modified and adapted occasionally to fit in with the varying circumstances. There is seldom any difficulty in learning which of the calling customs referred to is the custom in the locality where



When the father of the family brings a young man home with him to dinner, the lady of the house greets the guest with cordiality, and, afterwards, presents him at once to her daughter.

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PUSHING TO THE FRONT



Life Sketches of Ambitious Young Men and Women



MARY ELIZABETH'S PLAN

The Unique Success of a Young Woman Who Put Her Faith in the People's Honor

By MARY ANNABLE FANTON

IF you were to ask a successful business man what he considered the cornerstone of modern commercial enterprise, he would be pretty apt to tell you that it was "hustling," or advertising, or "saying nothing," or keeping on the hurricane deck. There is not one chance in a thousand that he would suggest confidence in the public, or trusting the world or putting people on their honor. That is where Mary Elizabeth, the young candy merchant of Syracuse, New York, is proving herself distinctly original in the methods she

were suddenly left very poor, with nothing but mortgages and appetites. She started in business at once, with all the family to help,—a tiny grocery shop with "M. E. Evans" over the door. But poor little M. E. Evans found it difficult to launch a grocery shop without any capital, and was about to go into bankruptcy, when just in time one dreary day some old friends of her mother's heard that the little store sold delicious candies made by the Evans children and superintended by Mary Elizabeth. That day some of "Mary Elizabeth's candies" were ordered, and her career as a candy merchant was begun. The children had long known that no one made such good candies as Mary Elizabeth, and in a short time Syracuse society women knew it, and now it is known all over the United States.

There were some terrific struggles and deprivations; but a never failing courage, a willingness to work, and a firm unshakable confidence in public honesty and goodness.

Elbert Hubbard heard about Mary Elizabeth's candy, and went over to call on her the other day. Then he wrote something about her in "The Philistine."

"If love writes all the good books," remarked Mr. Hubbard, "sings all the songs, covers the canvas with harmonious color, and liberates beauty from the marble block, why may it not make candy and do business! I think it can and does."

Here lies the secret of the whole success of this interesting candy factory, the candy is all made with loving interest. The whole firm,—that is every member of the family,—work with affectionate conscientiousness. They care about every copper kettle, every box, every bottle of flavoring in the shop.

They like that shop. They actually enjoy being in it. There are views of hills and rivers from white-draped windows, and the workrooms are artistically beautiful and the whole place exquisitely, fragrantly clean.

Mary Elizabeth's factory is now three stories high, and employs twenty-five helpers, sweet-looking girls all in white, and the building is all white and yellow shellacked pine, and there are some high-backed settles and white low tables and graceful chairs, and mullioned windows, all designed and made by the brother of the firm, with a little help from a town carpenter. Some day Mary Elizabeth intends to run her factory on a cooperative basis with a divided revenue for her helpers, and to build cottages for them.

Mary Elizabeth wants to be good to people because the world is good to her. Fancy a successful merchant and an idealist! Yet this idealist sometimes works ten hours a day superintending the factory and organizing most extensive new business efforts, and just at the age when most pink-cheeked, blue-eyed girls are being a belle or a valedictorian.

She is an expression of Americanism that gives us a fresh sense of national pride.

FIRST TO ARRIVE: LAST TO GO

Walter W. Lee Tells how He Became Vice President of a Bank at Thirty-one

By J. HERBERT WELCH

"I know plenty of young men who have more brains than I have. That I have made more headway than most of them is due to the fact that I have worked harder. During busy times, for instance, I have thought nothing of staying here at the office till midnight, and, on several occasions, have worked away until six in the morning, when I have gone to a Turkish bath for a couple of hours of rest, and have started in again at nine. Even



Walter W. Lee

when there is no special rush of business I usually arrive in the morning before the office-boys and am the last to leave. Ever since I started out, I have made it a rule to let nothing interfere with my work, and to stick to it till that for the day is done."

This was how Walter W. Lee explained his elevation, at the age of thirty-one, to the vice presidency of the National Bank of North America, one of the strongest financial institutions in New York City. Within fourteen years he has risen to this position from that of errand boy. He was seventeen when he was graduated from the College of the City of New York and made his beginning, in the business world, in the Madison Square National Bank. A bookkeeper there, taking advantage of his youth and innocence, imposed upon him. Mainly on that account he determined to leave, and on his last day at the bank he said to the bookkeeper:—

"I will get much farther in the banking business than you ever will. Some day when you are out of a job, come to me, and I will see what I can do for you." Mr. Lee smiled when he told me this. "I was a self-confident youngster, as every boy ought to be, if he does n't go too far and become egotistical and self-assertive. These, of course, are repulsive qualities, but a man must have a reasonable appreciation of his own ability in order to properly impress others and make the most of his opportunities."

After leaving the Madison Square Bank, the young man found a place as clerk in the Gallatin National Bank. One day the president, Frederick Tappan, wanted an important statement prepared in a hurry. The man whose business it was to make up such statements was away, and, when other clerks were asked if they could do the work, they shook their heads doubtfully. "I should like to try it," spoke up a blond youth who had escaped the president's notice. He was given the opportunity, and in a short time presented to President Tappan a statement which was so satisfactory to him that he complimented the junior clerk before the others, and, when an opening occurred, saw to it personally that he was advanced. When he was a loan clerk, six years ago, he heard that the City Trust Company was about to be organized, and applied for the position of assistant secretary.

"What influential friends have you? Who is backing you?" inquired the managers.

"Nobody," replied the young man; "my record is my only backing." He got the place. When the City Trust Company was absorbed by the North American Trust Company, Mr. Lee was made manager of the latter's Wall Street branch. One morning a man came in and asked him for a position, and he obtained it, because he was the bookkeeper to whom the errand boy, in the old days, had spoken the parting words of prophecy. Last fall the directors of the National Bank of North America unanimously elected the young man to the vice presidency.

"The banking business is supposed to be one of slow promotions," he said, "but the conditions as to this are the same as in any other calling. The man who has the right kind of stuff in him will rise."

When Senator Burkett Dug Potatoes

WHEN Senator E. J. Burkett, of Nebraska, began life on a farm in Iowa, he lived the usual life of the farmer boy. Then, in 1887, he went to Tabor College. His boyhood friends like to tell a joke touching upon his entrance into the scholastic life. It seems that one hot September day his father set him at digging potatoes. He took no joy in the work. The sun beat down upon his back. He found the potato patch lonely and uninspiring. Then and there he made up his mind not to spend his life at digging, and a few weeks afterwards arrived at Tabor. He made it known that he would like to find work to help him pay expenses, and in a day or two one of the teachers informed the young man he could have half a day's work if he would call at the teacher's house that afternoon. He called, and was put to digging potatoes.

The life of the college and the town was regulated in those days by the ringing of a bell that hung in the belfry of the old chapel building. The bell announced when it was time to get up in the morning, and when to go to bed at night. It proclaimed chapel prayers and class hours. Not long after Elmer Burkett's arrival at Tabor he was given an opportunity to earn a very small but much needed income by doing janitor work about the college building. It was he who pulled the rope that caused the iron-tongued mentor in the belfry to inform the community of its duties. For three years this was part of his work, and during all that time, whether in the summer or winter, day or night, he never missed this task.

The young man had resolved to be a lawyer, but lacked funds to continue his studies after his graduation from Tabor College, and for this reason began to earn his living and save a little money as a school-teacher. After two years' service as principal of a public school in Leigh, Nebraska, he entered the state university law school at Lincoln. He compressed two years' work into one, and, in 1893, was admitted to the Nebraska bar. He had plenty of spare time on his hands in his law office in Lincoln for another two years, and utilized this by continuing his university studies.

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The mattresses are all full double-bed size, 4 feet 6 inches wide, 6 feet 4 inches long, in two parts, with round corners, five-inch inseamed borders, and French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration.

The filling is especially selected Ostermoor sheets, all hand-laid, and closed within ticking entirely by hand sewing. Mattresses weigh 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular, and are far softer and much more luxuriously comfortable than regular.

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We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the United States.
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Terms of sale: Cash in advance; none sent C. O. D.
Order direct of us or through your Ostermoor dealer.

Note:—Ostermoor Mattresses, regular stock, same size, two parts, cost \$15.50 each. They have four-inch border, weigh 45 lbs., and are covered with A. C. A. Ticking. These French Mattresses cost \$30.00 each, finish fully two inches thicker, weigh 15 lbs. more, have round corners—soft Rolled Edges—close diamond tufts—and beautiful high-grade fine quality coverings, and are much softer and far more resilient. Even if you do not wish a mattress now you should know all about the "Ostermoor" and its superiority to hair in health, comfort and economy. Send your name on a postal for our free descriptive book, "The Test of Time," a veritable work of art, 136 pages in two colors, profusely illustrated; it's well worth while.

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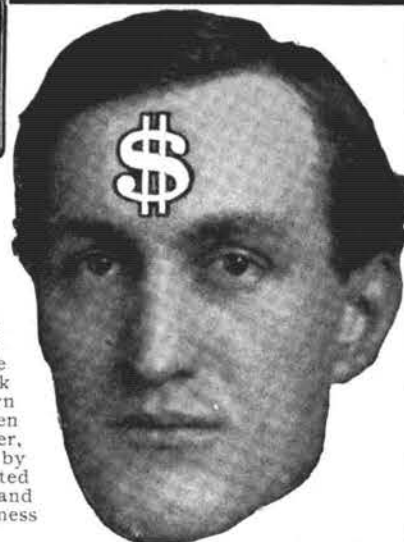
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finish. Beautiful effect at small cost.
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tive booklet describing the many uses for JAP-A-LAC.

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tour, Italy to England. Highest class (or moderate)
accommodations, expert guidance and chaperonage.
Partial itineraries allowed; details on application.



THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

Buncoed Again

THE manager of a New York theater tells the follow-
ing story: During a performance of "Rip Van
Winkle," by the late Joseph Jefferson, the manager,
who was standing in the lobby, observed a countryman
hovering about the entrance in an uncertain way. Finally,
as with a determination to go the limit, the countryman
bought a ticket and entered the house. A little while
after, the manager happened to be in the lobby again,
when the countryman came out with an expression of in-
tense disgust upon his face.

"Well, how do you like the
show?" the manager in-
quired, with secret amuse-
ment.

The irate farmer grew con-
fidential.

"Say, mister," he replied,
"I'm a-goin' tew have a
mighty hard time splainin'
ter Marandy what I done
with them tew dollars, but you kin bet I won't tell her
I paid it tew see an old feller fill up on licker an' go ter
sleep, when I could a-gone up ter ther tavern at ther
Corners an' a-seen old Bill Hardtree dew it fer nothin'!"

Ready to Capitulate

It is said that Bishop Potter possesses infinite tact
when it becomes necessary in conversation to
avoid a difficult question.

On one occasion, so runs the story, a prominent
woman's rights advocate was rather insistent in her
efforts to obtain a statement of the Bishop's attitude
towards the question of female suffrage. "Now,
Bishop," said she, "I am not to be put off by gener-
alities. You must tell me what you think of the propo-
sition."

"My dear madam," replied the Bishop, in his most
urbane manner, "really I have got quite beyond the
question as you put it. At present I endeavor to make
the best terms possible with the sex."

But He Swung His Lantern

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS tells a tale
of the days when he was counsel for a railway
line in one of the Southern States.

It appears that, at one point on its
line, the company had stationed an
old negro watchman, whose duties
consisted in warning travelers down a
highway crossing the tracks when
a train approached. One night, a



COLONEL WASP:—Well! of all
the new inventions! Here, old
Spider has, at last, perfected the
telephone.



"I could a-gone up
ter ther tavern"

wagon belonging to a farmer was struck, resulting in a
bad accident. The company was, of course, sued for
damages, and, at the trial, the old darkey was the prin-
cipal witness for his employers. He replied to the
questions put to him in a clear, direct fashion. Among
these questions, was one as to whether he was sure that
he had swung his lantern across the road when he per-
ceived the train approach. The negro replied:—

"I shorely did, sah!"

The trial resulted in a verdict for the company, and
Mr. Williams, as counsel, took early occasion to com-
pliment the aged negro on his excellent testimony.
To which the latter replied:—

"Thankee, Marse John, but I was shorely skeered
when dat lawyer man begin to ask me about de lantern.
I was afeard, for a minute, dat he was goin' to ask me
if it was lit or not. De oil done give out some time
befo' de accident!"

Might Have Helped Some

REVEREND SAM JONES, the noted Georgia revivalist
preacher, was, at all times, to say the least, force-
ful in his language. Above all things he objects to a

pretense of supersaint-
liness, his religion being
something on the "shirt-
sleeves" order. On one
occasion, he had taken
for his text: "Vanity,"
and, to point his moral,
said:—

"Now, if there is a
woman in the congrega-
tion this morning, who
did n't look into the mir-
ror before coming to the
meeting, I want to see
her; I want her to stand
up!"

A single woman arose,
and stood with meekly
downcast eyes. To describe her in a kindly way, one
would say "homely." The Reverend Jones rested his
earnest eyes upon her.

"Well, God bless you, sister," he said. "It certainly
is a pity that you did n't!"

Took Advantage of His Absence

THERE is in Washington a lad of seven years, who
cherishes an admiration bordering on idolatry
for his uncle, an officer of the army.

Once the little fellow was engaged in a history lesson,
when he made some inquiry of his
mother touching the events of the
War of 1812. She gave him such in-
formation as she could respecting the
burning by the British forces of the
Capitol and the White House. The
boy's eyes widened in wonder.



MR. B. TUL:—That's a beauti-
ful diamond that old Waterbug
bought for Miss Firefly.

MISS ROACHE:—Yes; but it is n't
genuine. She throws the light
through it to make it shine.



MR. BUGG:—Well, I guess Pres-
ident Roosevelt is n't the only man
in America who can take a sub-
marine trip.

THE LATEST HAPPENINGS IN BUCVILLE

"Was n't Uncle Bill there?" he asked somewhat suddenly.

"No, dear," said the mother; "Remember, what I have been telling you about happened a long, long while ago."

The lad was silent for a moment. Then he added:—"I'll bet anything those Britishers knew Uncle Bill was in the Philippines."

Twelve Minutes to Write a Popular Song

EVERYONE who saw Raymond Hitchcock in "Easy Dawson," has hummed or whistled that catchy song, "And the World Goes On." The way in which it was written is truly remarkable. Its author is Jean Lenox, a young lady of Charleston, S. C. She was occupied one day with the tedious duty of combing her hair, when, suddenly, the telephone bell rang.

"Well," said Miss Lenox. "Who is this? Oh, Harry Sutton? Yes. Good morning, Mr. Sutton."

"Henry W. Savage wants a song for Mr. Hitchcock. Wants it bad. Does n't care about the theme. Anything that will go. Can you write some verses for me to set to music?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Now."

"When shall I send for them?"

"Start your boy. By the time he gets here, they will be written."

"Thank you."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Miss Lenox resumed the combing of her hair, and, out of the vast vacuum came the following:—

"It is sad to contemplate,
And it's sadder to relate,"

(striving to unravel some knotty problem in her hair,)

"How this good old world forgets you when you're broke."

Then, completing the arrangement of her hair, she muttered to herself the chorus:—

"And the world goes on just the same,
And the problem is to find out who is to blame,
For there ain't much sense in whining
When you're forced to give up dining,—
And the world goes on."

Then came the last stanza, scribbled on an envelope from her morning's mail, and the telephone bell rang again.

"Well?"

"There's a boy here from a music publishing house."

"Send him up."

Just twelve minutes after the first telephone message, the words were on their way to the composer, Mr. Sutton, who completed his part of the contract with like dispatch.

The Year's Lover

By I. Newton Greene

I love the May, I love the June
I love the soft September,
I also love October's blush,
And business-like November.
I love July's warm, scented breath,
And August's gentle graces,
I love December's loud, gruff voice,
And wild March as he races;
I love the February chill,
And I love the April rain,
And January bringing forth
A year of work and gain.

He Wasn't in Either Class

ON a certain occasion, when the late P. T. Barnum was living at one of the large uptown hotels in New York, Mrs. Barnum gave an afternoon reception to a number of their city friends. An editor of one of the Brooklyn papers and Joel Benton were among them, while Mark Twain, who had often visited Mr. Barnum, merely happened at this time to be at the hotel as a guest. Mr. Benton, and one or two guests, who left the company temporarily, discovered Mark Twain playing billiards.

Mr. Benton at once asked him why he did not put in an appearance at the Barnum reception.

"What is Barnum receiving?" said Twain,—"animals or poets?" "Something like that," said Benton.

"Why were you not there?"

"Well—" drawled out Twain, "because I don't belong in either category."

A Reciprocal Sacrifice

JOHN DREW, the actor, not long ago met a friend, formerly a player in his company, but now engaged in business. Mr. Drew had heard a rumor to the effect that the former player was about to wed the widow of his deceased partner, so he genially remarked:—

"Ah, my boy! I understand that you are to marry the old man's widow! Furthermore, it is whispered that she has effected a great reform in you,—that you have given up many little enjoyments of which you used to be so fond, smoking, for instance."

"Yes," replied the ex-player, she gives up her weeds, and I give up mine."

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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

What Harm Our Thoughts May Do

WE should be appalled if we could see pass before us in vivid panorama, the wrecks caused in a lifetime by cruel thought. A stab here, a thrust there, a malicious sarcasm, bitter irony, ungenerous criticism, a jealous, envious, or revengeful thought, hatred and anger are all going out constantly from many a mind on deadly missions.

Servants have actually been made dishonest by other persons perpetually holding the suspicion that they were dishonest. This thought suggests dishonesty to the suspected perhaps for the first time, and being constantly held takes root and grows, and bears the fruit of theft. The old proverb, "If you have the name, you might as well have the game" is put into action many times. It is simply cruel to hold a suspicious thought of another until you have positive proof. That other person's mind is sacred; you have no right to invade it with your miserable thoughts and pictures of suspicion. You should keep your wicked thoughts at home, but, if this seems impossible, you should not indulge in them, any more than you would allow yourself to hold thoughts of blacker sin or crime. Many a being has been made wretched and miserable for years, has been depressed, despondent, and borne down, by the uncharitable, wicked thoughts of others.

Many people scatter fear thoughts, doubt thoughts, failure thoughts wherever they go; and these take root in minds that might otherwise be free from them and therefore happy, confident, and successful.

Be sure that when you hold an evil, unhealthy, discordant, deadly thought toward another, something is wrong in your mind. You should call "Halt: about face;" look toward the sunlight; determine that, if you can not do any good in the world, you will not scatter seeds of poison, the venom of malice and hatred.

Always hold magnanimous, loving thoughts toward everybody; then you will not depress and hinder them, but will scatter sunshine and gladness, and help to encourage, instead of discourage.

Always radiate successful, joyful, helpful thoughts; scatter sunshine wherever you go. People from whom such thoughts emanate are helpers of the world, the lighteners of burdens, who ease the jolts of life, and soothe the wounded and give solace to the discouraged.

Learn to radiate joy, not stingily, not meanly, but generously. Fling out your gladness without reserve. Shed it in the home, on the street, on the car, in the store, everywhere, as the rose sheds its beauty and gives out its fragrance. When we learn that love thoughts heal, that they carry balm to wounds; that thoughts of harmony, of beauty, and of truth always uplift and ennoble; that the opposite carry death and destruction and blight everywhere, we shall learn the secret of right living.

The Tonic of a Creating Vocation

IF YOU want to be contented and happy, if you want to experience a perpetual satisfaction as you go along, choose a creative vocation. A routine life where there is nothing new, nothing special to be learned, is discouraging, paralyzing to ambition; but creative work, which makes a perpetual call upon originality and individuality, is a constant tonic. Nothing gives greater satisfaction than the daily feeling that you have created, that you have brought something new into the world from your brain,—something which has taxed your ingenuity and which makes you feel that you have added to the real wealth of the world; that you have not been merely working over what somebody else started or created, but that you have brought something out of the mysterious realm of mind, made it tangible, and effective, and started a new impulse in the world.

Your creations are your own children. You are not merely a nurse for somebody else's ideas; you are a parent, a creator of something new. Everybody who thinks, who can focus his mind and concentrate his mentality with power, is a creator.

We get closer to nature when we are creating, whether in art, in literature, in invention, or in working at new and progressive ideas. We can feel our mind reach out into infinity and grasp and bring back something fresh, new, something never seen on this earth before. It is a perpetual delight and a consummate satisfaction.

This is why brain-workers are longer lived than other people. Creations keep the creator always young, since we are perpetually in contact with the new, the youthful, when we are creating. When we are stretching the mind into the unknown and calling out some-

thing new, we seem to touch hands with the Creator Himself.

A creator, in whatever line, feels that his creations are his children. He feels a friendship, a fellowship, an infinite pride in them which no words can express.

The greatest souls have felt that their lives and their creations were too great and too sacred to be sold, but they must give themselves royally to the world.

The very thought of exchanging the children of their brains for money, for any material consideration, has ever been repellant to them.

This is why the greatest treasures in art, in music, in literature, could never be bought with money. There is something so sacred, so grand about them that money looks unattractive, and even contemptible, beside them. It was this love for his creations, this fascination for the children of his brain, that made Michael Angelo beg the Pope not to remunerate him for his great creations in the Vatican; for he said that he feared that the very thought of money would taint his brush and dim his ideal.

People who never think or do anything original,—mere automatons, cogs in the wheels of the great world's machinery, the mere routinists, do not know the exhilaration which comes from the consciousness of creating something new and fresh every day. The creator feels that he is accomplishing something worth while, that he is doing something which the world needs, which will make it a little better place to live in, and the very newness, the novelty, the mystery of creation, makes it the most fascinating thing in the world.

It is this which holds the artist to his easel, day and night almost, and keeps him from feeling tired. It drives away the weary feeling. It is this exhilaration from creation which keeps the composer from his sleep, from his holiday; which enchains the writer to his pen, which fascinates him so that he dreads to lay it down even for his meals and sleep. It is this fascination of creation which holds the inventor to his idea, so that he can not even hear the call of want, or hunger. He must obey that voice which bids him on, the hidden hand which beckons him, because he feels that his trolley is on the wire which transmits infinite power, and he can not bear to pull it off lest he lose the current forever. The thrill of power which came to him as a medium between the Creator and his fellows enchains him, and he can not bear to let it go, even for the necessities of life.

It was this divine exhilaration which held Archimedes to his mathematical problem, even when the enemy which attacked his city were about to slay him. Without the slightest fear or perturbation, he asked them to wait until he had finished the problem he was working on and given it to the world. Then he was content to go.

Trampling on the Daisies

"In reaching for rhododendrons," Marion Harland says, "we trample down the daisies."

We often see great, coarse persons trampling the violets and other pretty little flowers under their feet, in the country, as they march through the meadows and over the hills, when on their vacations, never once looking at the things which, if they lived the normal life—the life worth while,—would entrance them with their beauty, fragrance, and suggestiveness of divine meaning. They do not appreciate them because only their animal faculties have been developed. They have lived down among them so long that nothing fine has been called out of their lives to respond to the fine, the beautiful in nature. They do not see nature as a perpetual, living, breathing idea of God, appealing to them with all the power of symbolism. They are dead to all these finer meanings.

What these unappreciative bores do literally, many of us do figuratively. In our mad rush for wealth and for position, the mania to do something that will attract the world's attention and applause, in straining and striving to reach the unusual, we trample upon love and beauty. We neglect our families, we abandon our friendships, not intentionally, but because we think we have not time to attend to them. We must rush on at a breakneck speed; we cannot stop to pick the daisies by the way or to scatter the flowers of kindness.

Foreigners who come to this country are shocked at our insane rushing, pushing, and driving all the time, running as if we were trying to catch a train. It is impossible to lead such a life without trampling upon all the finer graces, crushing the finer instincts, strangling the nobler aspirations.

Oh, how thoughtlessly we trample down the daisies in the home, in our friendships, in our business! We have not time to cultivate them. We must strain every nerve and reach out with desperate greed to grasp the almighty dollar. Oh, what beautiful things we trample

under foot and never see! The delicate violets of sentiment, the roses of friendship, which ought to ravish us with their beauty and delicious fragrance,—we have no time for such trivial things.

We think that, by and by, when we get a little more money, we will be surrounded with them; but, alas! in our eagerness to get the wherewithal to enjoy them we kill the capacity for enjoyment.

Is n't it pitiable to see a man approaching old age with a large part of his higher brain-cells out of business, with all that is best crushed out of his life, strangled, starved, blighted, dead from neglect, trying to enjoy things which, though they meant much to him in his young days, are now meaningless and dead? Their suggestiveness only mocks him because he has no capacity left for enjoying them. His burned-out life is like some huge sky-scraper, gutted by fire and left standing against the sky, a mere skeleton of what it once was, stripped of all the furnishings that decorated and made it beautiful.

Most of us voluntarily cultivate the coarse qualities and develop the harder side of life, instead of trying to make ourselves attractive, beautiful, and true. We should make a rich personality our great aim, instead of a fat pocketbook. If the aim is directed towards the pocketbook the head will suffer, the heart will starve, and the life will deteriorate.

Young men who leave school or college with high aims and responsive natures, open to all that is good and best in life, are astonished to see how, in a few years, they have lost their taste for such things, and have developed a passion for money-making. This is because the direction of the ideal has been changed. They have been looking down instead of up, and the life follows the direction of the gaze, the ambition.

No man has ever yet been strong enough and great enough to develop the finest and the noblest within him while his whole life has been absorbed by the passion for wealth. Where the treasure is, there the heart is also. The direction of the longing, of the yearning, fixes the direction of the life development. We can not aspire while we look down. With the eye fixed on the sordid wealth, the higher ideal fades, becomes dimmer and dimmer as the material becomes brighter and more attractive. We can not go in opposite directions. The life must follow the ideal.

She Studied the Situation and Remembered Her Customers

I KNOW of a girl who entered a store three years ago, when she had been in America only six months. She was not attractive, but she developed the remarkable ability of remembering everybody who came up to her counter, and often managed to get their names. They were surprised when they came up, to hear her call them by name. She not only remembered their names and faces, but she also studied their peculiar tastes, and remembered what they liked and what they disliked.

The clerks who had been there a long time made fun of this girl, and expressed their surprise that an immigrant should be taken into the store. Some of the best customers at first refused to allow her to wait on them.

Her unattractiveness, and the consciousness that she was a newcomer, that she had been in this country only a few months, seemed to spur her on; and, while the other clerks were idling, joking, and laughing with customers, she was studying the situation, watching everybody, getting every bit of information she could, and she resolved to lift herself to a position where the others would admire rather than criticize her.

In one year from the time she entered the store, this young lady was receiving the largest salary in her department, had charge of one of the stocks, and was even entrusted with part of the buying. In one year, this girl put to shame the American girls who had been in the establishment for years. While others were complaining that there was "no chance" to get up, that the heads were chosen by favoritism, this young immigrant was finding her opportunity at her first counter.

Good Music Is a Character-builder

Good music is a powerful tonic to many people, especially those suffering from *melancholia*. It lifts them out of their solemn moods, dispels gloom and despondency, kills discouraged feelings, and gives new hope, new life, and new vigor. It seems to put a great many people into proper tune. It gives them the keynote of truth and beauty, strikes the chords of harmony, dispels discord from the life, scatters clouds, and brings sunshine.

All good music is a character-builder, because its constant suggestion of harmony, order, and beauty puts the mind into a normal attitude. Music clears the cobwebs out of many minds, so that they can think better, act better, and live better. Some writers are dependent upon music for their inspiration and their moods. Somehow it brings the muse to them. It adds brilliancy to the brain, and facility to the pen, which they can not seem to get in any other way.

Good music seems to give us a touch of the divine, and to put us in contact with divinity. It drives out evil thoughts, making us ashamed of them. It lifts us above petty annoyances and little worries of life, and gives us a glimpse of the ideal which the actual is constantly obscuring.

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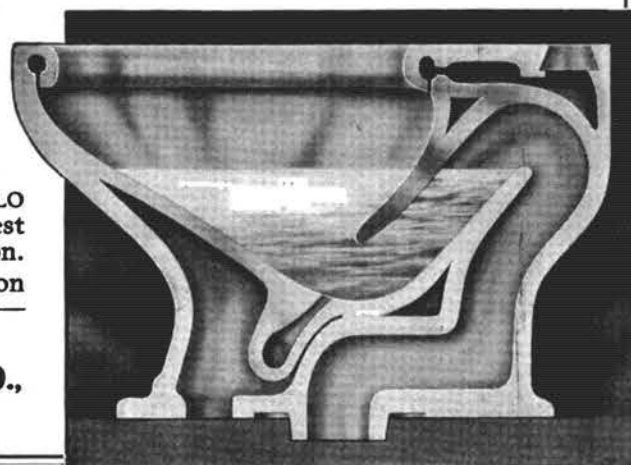
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The Simple Art of Conversation

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Illustrated by R. Emmett Owen

THE modest, pretty home of Madame Heartsease was the next to welcome our little luncheon club,—if so dignified a name could be applied to so small a coterie, having for an object merely "the gentle art of enjoying ourselves."

The house seemed the proper setting for the woman,—everything was simple, restful, a little old-fashioned, but with an air of unmistakable gentility. The dining-room, with rows of potted plants in the sunny windows, a wood fire, the severely simple table—all seemed in harmony, as did the luncheon itself.

I thought it in very good taste that, instead of giving us a variation of the usual luncheon menu of the day, our hostess, profiting by the excuse of the nearness of Washington's Birthday, offered us a facsimile of a midday meal of our Colonial ancestors,—so old as to be new."

The mahogany table was polished like a mirror, the china was white and gold. Plates of wafer-thin bread and butter,—spread on the loaf,—pound cake, jumbles, and damson preserves were on the table, and a large silver castor occupied its center.

Clam broth was served in pewter porringers, "chicken pot-pie" did duty for an entrée,—the nearest approach to such dishes known to our grandmothers. Cold boiled ham from Virginia, cooked to perfection, with a vegetable salad, came next, and the meal concluded with "Pandowdy,"—a sort of glorified apple pudding, or deep pie, with delicate potato crust, and eaten with a rich sauce made with cream and wine. The recipe for this was a family heirloom.

"I feel as though we were removed miles and ages from New York and the present date," said Madame Crœsus, with a sigh of restful content. "It really seems to savor of the leisurely days of our forebears, when women meet in this friendly fashion. All my acquaintances do nothing else but play bridge. It seems quite ideal that we are not to try to win anything from one another,—money or prizes,—and can chat comfortably."

I volunteered, upon this, a story I had heard of two little friends who, when playing in the park last spring, had, to their great delight, spied a nestful of young birds, which, with gaping mouths, appeared very hungry to the tender-hearted youngsters.

"I wonder where the mamma-bird is?" said one, with great sympathy.

"Oh, I guess she is off somewhere playing bridge!" returned the other in disgust.

"I feel as though I must know that boy's mother, I am so familiar with the type," laughed Madame Crœsus.

"Conversation will soon become a lost art among us, if women meet only to play cards," said Heartsease. "There is no opportunity for any interchange of thought or of sympathy. We learn nothing from one another. There is no longer the pleasure of strengthening friendship by discovering unexpected depths and heights in each other through the self-revelation that comes naturally by conversation."

"Mere talking is not conversation, I suppose," said Chatterbox, looking preternaturally solemn.

"Why not?" asked Gladys, cheerfully. "No one wants 'rounded periods' and fine phrases nowadays. I think the pleasantest conversation is that which seems the perfectly natural vent to what interests the speaker."

"There is no doubt that, to interest others, we have to be interested ourselves in what we are saying. Making conversation is the dreariest occupation, and bores both parties," said Madame Crœsus.

"Do you remember the famous definition of a bore?" I asked. "It is the one who

talks about himself,—when we want to talk about ourselves."

"And how much people *do* talk about themselves!" exclaimed Madame Crœsus. "Nobody cares to know the particulars of one's own affairs. When we ask, with tender interest, 'How are you?' we want the answer in the fewest possible words."

"I once heard of a woman whose conversation was said to be within narrow limits,—bounded on the north by her servants, on the east by her children, on the south by her ailments, and on the west by her clothes!" Rose Madden made this contribution.

"But," said Chatterbox, who had been unusually silent, "people who are not 'well read,' who do not go much in society or to operas and theaters, and who are not especially clever, have not much to talk about, and, as Gladys says, we want to talk about what interests us."

"One does not have to be well-read to have enjoyed some bright book of the day, for instance," said Heartsease gently. "Now, when speaking of it, if one can quote some clever or amusing bits from it, one proves oneself above the average talker, for most persons say merely that a

book mentioned is 'awfully good' or 'awfully stupid,' and occasionally express admiration or dislike of some particular character. I have a friend who memorizes all the bright sayings, helpful or interesting things, that she comes across in her reading, marking them at the time, and returning to them, after finishing the book. It is a kindly thing to do to pass on anything that has helped or cheered oneself."

"A hobby is a good thing to have as a help to conversation," said I, "provided we do not force the subject upon people who are not interested, or talk too long of it to those who are."

"Ah, that is important!" returned Heartsease. "One must be sensitive to one's audience, observant of the response in their faces or the lack of it. I think that the moral qualities are as important as the mental in an agreeable talker. Tact, sympathy, adaptability, and, I might add, modesty, are all essentials."

Madame Crœsus here exclaimed with unction, "Did you ever hear people talk, talk, talk, and really never say anything? They have a copious 'flow of language,' but seem to be educated above their intelligence."

"What are people to do who have nothing to say?" here asked Rose Madden.

"Listen sympathetically, kindly, giving their undivided attention and interest

to what others are saying," said Heartsease. "Such persons are an inspiration to the talkers, and, little by little, they will accumulate a store of entertaining matter, which they can, in their turn, contribute to others. Good listeners, courteous and appreciative, are far rarer than good talkers,—and always more popular. I might add, conversation should be like a game of ball, each person conceding a turn as by right. Fluent talkers are apt to be over-eager to say what they have in mind, and, by the time they come to a full stop, their hearers have forgotten what they intended to say, suggested by what was related earlier, and so lose the chance of making a contribution to the conversation. No one likes to be overshadowed. It hurts one's self-love."

"On the other hand, it is a satisfaction to have one's say out," said Chatterbox.

"I have met people who look as though they were thinking what they should say next, their eyes blank or far away, scarcely hearing my brilliant remarks, and others who almost trip on the heels of my sentences in their anxiety to tell something."

"I know a woman," said Madame Crœsus, "who is



"Mere talking is not conversation"



"I guess she is off somewhere playing bridge"



always more than welcome wherever she goes. For dinners, luncheons, and especially for house-parties or summer frolics and yachting, she is much in demand, and it is simply because she has a fund of stories on hand, which she tells with sparkle and animation. She does not wait for the subject of conversation to come around, so as to give her the opportunity, but just says simply: "Oh, I heard a good story the other day," or makes some such introduction. Every one is too glad of a laugh to be over-critical of the *apropos* of the story, and one can almost always count upon that pleasure. She told me frankly that, when she heard or read a joke, anecdote, or witticism that she had enjoyed and laughed over, she wrote it in a blank book and learned it by heart.

"She had a new book each year, as a safeguard against telling 'chestnuts,' for 'humor,' she says, 'is dependent upon freshness;—some emotions won't bear warming over.' She is not witty, but is thought to be, though she only cheerily repeats the witticisms of others."

"But," objected Chatterbox, "every one can not tell a story well. I am always in such a hurry to get to the point, that I am warranted to spoil the best possible story,—but even that is preferable, I think, to the over-deliberate manner that lets you go to sleep,—because you sometimes wake up a little too late to catch the point of the joke. How *can* one learn to relate a story entertainingly?"

"Practice on your family," here broke in Gladys. "I think my brother one of the most entertaining persons I ever knew, and Society, with a big S, seems to agree with me. He was most devoted always to our mother, and treasured everything that he read and heard to interest and amuse her when he was quite a boy. He has never thought it unnecessary to exert himself to be entertaining at the home table, and the constant practice there through the years has given him facility in expression and confidence in himself, and has cultivated his memory. He says that when he reads anything that interests or pleases him, he almost unconsciously pauses and puts it into conversational form before pigeonholing it in his memory. He is not a mere surface talker. He studies profoundly one or two new subjects each year, but all his information is readily accessible and he gives it with a light touch. He does not lecture or parade what he knows."

"Yes, conversation, like an income, should have fund-values to depend upon, but one wants to use it as current coin," said Heartsease.

"I wonder why it is," chimed in Chatterbox, "that I always like the people with whom I have been at my best. If I have held my own in a conversation, I think the others so agreeable!"

We all laughed, but confessed to a like weakness. Madame Croesus then said:—

"There is one form of conversation that is undeservedly popular,—not scandal, not gossip,—all that has really gone out of fashion and nobody nowadays says a word against any one else without the preface of a profuse apology. What I notice, and laugh at in my sleeve,—as we all do, is the way people drag in the names of their 'smart' acquaintances. It does not add to their importance, rather does it betray their lack of desirable friends, since they are at such pains to advertise those which they have."

"Anything artificial, done for effect, rings like false coin," said Heartsease. "It deceives no one. We all see through it. I think that we might say with truth that no conversation is even agreeable that has not in it simplicity and sincerity. I do not believe that we half realize what a power for good, what an influence for inspiring one another, conversation is,—not 'preachy talk,'—heaven forbid!"

I interrupted her here to reach my hand over the table to press hers warmly. She knew that I meant by it to acknowledge just such a debt to her,—which so embarrassed the dear woman, that she hastily proposed that we take our coffee in the library,—to which pleasant "homey" apartment we then adjourned.

Wanted to Know too Much

RECENTLY there was a series of burglaries committed in the fashionable section of Baltimore. So anxious were the police authorities to apprehend the culprits that instructions were issued to the roundsmen to exercise extraordinary vigilance during their tours of inspection.

On one occasion, just after midnight, an officer saw emerging noiselessly from a house in Eutaw Place a young man, who hastily darted down the street. The officer made after him as rapidly as possible. When he had stopped the young man, he said:—

"Did n't you come out of the corner house just now?"

The young fellow, though of quite a respectable air, seemed ill at ease. "I did," he answered, with some confusion.

"Do you live in that house?" sternly demanded the officer.

"That's an impertinent question," replied the young man, in a tone of great indignation. "I do n't see what business of yours it is, so long as her father does n't object."

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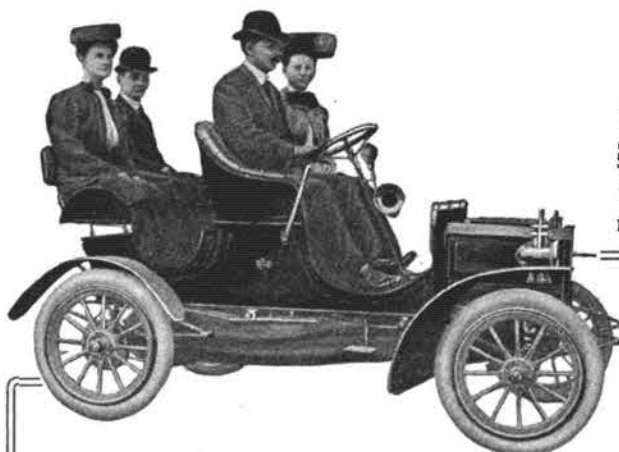
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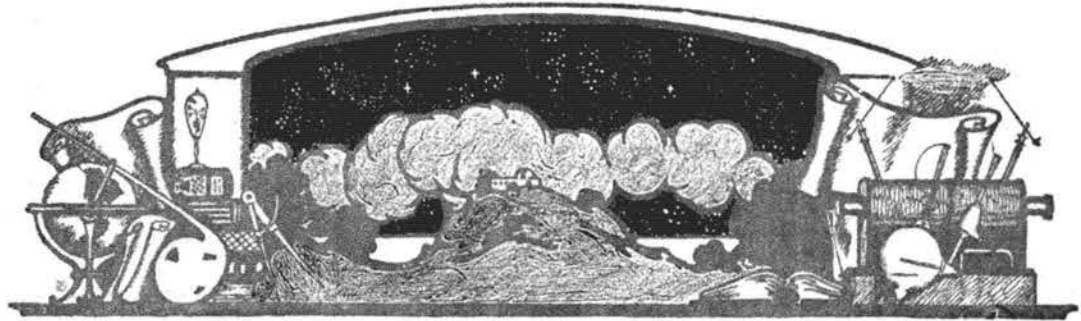
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A Help for Busy Mothers

The mother who is her own housemaid, as well as her children's nurse, often finds it almost impossible to go to baby as soon as he awakens, and when fretful with teething, he is apt to get in a bad humor if left too long. I have found it a good plan to suspend some of his playthings in front of him, where they will catch his eye upon awaking, and amuse him long enough for me to finish whatever work is at hand. For this purpose, two yards of garter elastic is serviceable. Sew a loop in each end to slip over opposite corners of the bed posts, over chair posts on either side of crib, or in any way to bring it to the right height, then loop or pin the playthings to the elastic. With his rubber ring hung within reach he will grasp it and set a rattle ringing or a bright ball or rubber doll dancing, that are hung out of reach. In the country, where trees are plentiful, if a branch filled with green leaves be thus suspended, baby seems never to tire of pulling the elastic and watching and listening to the resultant dancing and rustling of the leaves; but great care should be taken to place the bough so far out of reach that no leaves can find their way to the little hands.—B.



To amuse baby

A Safe Way to Pack Eggs

Put a newspaper in the bottom of a box or basket, place upon this a layer of eggs packed as closely together as possible, so there will be no room for them to roll around. Place two thicknesses of newspaper over this layer of eggs, and upon this paper another layer of eggs, and so continue. Upon the top, or last layer of eggs, place a covering of a little more weight, a lap robe or an old shawl will answer this purpose. In this way the writer has filled large clothes-baskets with eggs, and taken them in a lumber wagon, over rough roads, to a market six miles distant, without breaking an egg.

This method of packing eggs is much superior to packing in oats, bran, etc. Try it, and you will be convinced.—MRS. IDA A. LONG.

Shelling Beans

To shell beans easily and rapidly, take a common wash-wringer and run the pods through it. This forces the bean from the shell and does not harm it in the least. The tighter and more firm the rolls, the better. It is not difficult for a man to shell fifteen bushels in this manner.—RIDGLEY C. CLARK.

How to Keep Lettuce and Other Vegetables Fresh

Lettuce, endive, and other vegetables of similar nature may be kept indefinitely if they are first sprinkled with water and then inclosed in a tightly-covered pail.—C. A.

Homemade Shoe-trees

Take a pair of thick stockings or socks that fit the feet, fill with nice fine sawdust, and sew them up at the top so that the sawdust will not come out. When you remove your shoes put them on these shoe-trees, and the sawdust will absorb the perspiration and keep the shoes in perfect shape. Of course the sawdust can be changed when necessary. These shoe-trees are easily made and are great aids in preserving one's shoes.—MRS. B. H. WEAR.



A rapid bean-sheller



An excellent shoe-tree

To Clean Steel or Silver Seals

To restore monogram and initial seals to usefulness, after they have begun to stick to the wax, first remove the dried wax as much as possible from the lines of the design. Then soak the design in a moderately strong solution of oxalic acid, using a stiff brush to get at the fine lines, and remove the loosened particles which formerly adhered. When the design is thoroughly cleaned and bright, rub well with a cloth dampened with sweet oil, to neutralize further action of the acid and prevent the wax from again sticking. Either steel or silver seals can be so treated successfully.

—MYRTLE E. AKIN.

A Novel Bread Pan

Take a round tin can,—a coffee can is best. With a can opener cut around the top just below the rim, as smoothly as possible, and you have a bread pan that will bake a nice round loaf which is especially good for sandwiches. A can of any size may be used, but I use a round coffee can in preference to any other, as it bakes a longer loaf and is just about four inches in diameter. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and it was through necessity that I invented this novel bread pan, with which I am so well pleased that I bake a loaf in it every time I bake light bread.—MRS. W. A. DAVIS.

How to Whip Cream Quickly

One way in which a fruit jar may be utilized with gratifying and satisfactory results, is for preparing whipped cream. The desired quantity of cream for coffee, cake, or fruit may be placed in a fruit jar and shaken, when it will thicken much more rapidly than when beaten with a fork, spoon, or egg-beater. If the cream is too warm or too cold the defect is easily remedied by plunging the jar into cold or warm water, as the case may require. A friend of mine churns small quantities of butter by shaking cream in a large two-quart fruit jar.—MARY ALDEN CARVER.

How to Increase One's Vocabulary

My husband and I were constantly regretting the limitations of our vocabulary, and I resolved to enlarge it, if possible, without taking any special time for the work. I read considerably, and my plan is to jot down any new word or specially apt phrase that I come across during the day. Then I pin this little slip just above the dining table where it is sure to catch the eye as we sit at meals, and we try to bring into our conversation at table the words and phrases on the list. With a new list each day, it is surprising what progress one makes. It is a spur to look up derivations and accurate meanings of words, which before we used quite loosely. It is regular study and practice that count, and nothing, you know, comes with greater regularity than meals.—MRS. M. J. GILBERT.

When to Take Plants Indoors

Plants that are to be kept for beauty through the winter will do much better if brought into the house before the first frost, and when the weather will allow the doors and windows to be open. The change of temperature will then be more gradual, whereas, if allowed to

remain outside until frost, and then placed in a room with close atmosphere, the change will be so sudden that the leaves will turn yellow and many drop off.—E. A. LEE.

How to Have Healthy Ferns

If you want healthy-looking ferns this winter, give them a steam bath occasionally. Fill a tub with enough boiling water to almost come to the tops of the pots and leave it until the water gets cold. This treatment will prevent the tips of the fronds from becoming dry and yellow.—MRS. A. GLEDHILL.



A fern bath

A Sanitary Floor "Filling"

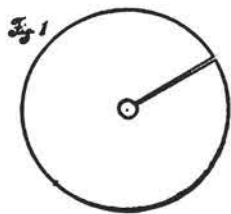
Linoleum in solid colors is a very satisfactory substitute for the "filling" generally employed on bedroom floors where rugs are used. The chief advantage of this covering is that it may be easily kept free from dust.—CORA ATKINSON.

One Hundred Pounds of Soap for a Dollar

Take of potash, six pounds; lard, four pounds; and powdered resin, four ounces. Mix all together and set aside for four or five days; then put the whole into a cask containing ten gallons of warm water. Stir twice daily for ten days, and your soap is ready for use.—JACOB COHEN.

A Vaccination Shield

Here is a diagram of a temporary vaccination shield which I have found practical, cheap, and quickly made. From ordinary zinc oxide adhesive plaster (two-inch



roll) cut a square of two inches in length and breadth. Then shape a circle and cut a slit from the center to the outer edge. (Figure 1.) Overlap the cut surfaces and you have a highly satisfactory shield, (Figure 2,) to be used only until the virus has dried.—B. F. METCALFE



A needed protection

To Prevent Pumps from Freezing

Take out the lower valve in the fall, and drive a tack under it, projecting in such a way that it can not quite close. The water will then leak back into the well or

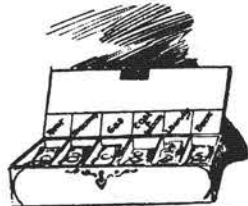
cistern, while the working qualities will not be injured.—MRS. B. H. WEAR.

To Brighten Carpet

Slightly moisten salt with kerosene. Sprinkle the carpet and sweep thoroughly. The dust will not rise but will be thoroughly taken up by the mixture. The kerosene will leave no greasy effect, the odor will soon pass off, and the carpet will be wonderfully freshened. Corn meal may be substituted for salt. The treatment may be applied to matting with equally good results.—EPHA M. BROWNLEE.

Systematic Saving

I have a box with six separate places for money, as follows: rent, groceries, gas, coal and wood, laundry, and bank. From my weekly salary I deposit in each compartment the amount required for the week, and the balance I have for a surplus. I have found this a good scheme for, when the bills come due, I have the money in their respective compartments.—W. A. CHADWICK.



Have the money ready

A Pretty Plant Stand

Take a common step-ladder, paint it green, and screw on small casters, so that it can be moved easily. Stand the pots on the steps. Mine has a basket of running vines on the top step which hang down the sides. I put the small slips on the low back step. The stand can readily be moved to the different windows.—MRS. A. E. SMITH.



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9176 Hebrew Vaudeville Specialty . . . Julian Rose	9188 Yankee Boogie . . . Billy Murray
9177 Lights Out March . . . Edison Military Band	9189 A Gay Gossamer—Banjo Solo . . . Osmand
9178 Miss Mary . . . Gillette	9190 Take Me to Your Heart Again . . . Barrow
9179 The Load That Father Carried . . . Roberts	9191 Barnyard Serenade . . . Spencer and Holt
9180 Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour . . . Anthony and Harrison	9192 The Jolly Blacksmiths. Edison Male Quartette
9181 Forget-Me-Not. Edison Symphony Orchestra	9193 Fol-the-rol-lol Medley. Edison Military Band



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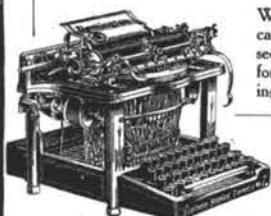
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Princely Storekeeping as a Trade Magnet

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

[Concluded from page 90]

purchases under the name of Miss Brown, she returned them under the name of Mrs. Jones. The cat was out of the bag. It is unnecessary to say that Jones and Brown were unsuccessful in their little scheme to make a department store furnish their wedding outfits without cost.

Joke writers have for years made much capital out of what they are pleased to call the "modern towers of Babel," but this humorous reference does not slur the great department-store enterprises. Each is literally a city under one roof, and one has only to inspect such a wonderful combination of cleverness and capital as Wanamaker's, Siegel and Cooper's, Jordan and Marsh's, or Marshall Field's, to appreciate the fact. From the lowest sub-basement to the roof there are marvels innumerable.

In the former will be found a colossal battery of boilers, a score of dynamos, and a great switchboard, by which the wonderfully intricate electrical apparatus in the building is controlled. Here it is that power is generated and applied for the half-hundred passenger and freight elevators and the thousands of electric lights. The telephone batteries are supplied with current, the carpenters and machinists assisted in their work of repairing, and even such machines as butter churns and coffee mills operated.

On the roof, which, in the old days, was entirely unused, are encountered great conservatories, with tiers of flowers and potted plants, white azaleas, gorgeous tulips, graceful pinks, stately roses, and immaculate Easter lilies, all showing a riot of color very graceful to the eye wearied by the sights and scenes below. Up there, where the light is good, the photograph seeker finds a charmingly appointed gallery, where he can secure the best class of work.

Between the roof and the sub-basement are many floors—ten, twelve, or sixteen of them,—filled with all classes and degrees of articles, from shoes to garden rakes. There are great spaces devoted to art and plain furniture; well-equipped picture galleries, where paintings valued at many thousands of dollars are on exhibition; a floor devoted to the sale of groceries, meats, and even fish, where the average daily purchases exceed the entire consumption of a town, and incidental departments where are shoes and hats, goldfish, squirrels, monkeys, dogs, cats, rabbits, china and glass ware, gloves, perfumes, drugs, candy, soda water, harnesses, and even horses, silks, cottons, leather goods, trunks, automobiles, carriages, paints, hardware, and town lots. In these great emporiums, a wealthy man can enter the door with a list of his particular wants, and can emerge many thousand dollars poorer in his bank account, but with everything necessary to insure his comfort and welfare in life.

It is not the display of a multitude of articles that would interest the casual visitor whose memory of the tiny shops of his childhood is keen, but the manner in which these colossal emporiums are conducted. What of the business end,—the highly systematized receiving and delivery of goods and the training and management of the army of employees? The visitor realizes that a vast gulf separates the methods utilized in controlling the modest outposts of his early days and those found essential by the proprietors and managers of the modern department store, but he does not appreciate the actual width of the gulf until he inspects one of the newer stores.

The hiring and training of employees is a task of the first magnitude. The stores noted for efficient service give all of their inexperienced salespeople some training. After appointments are made from a carefully selected list of available persons, the newcomers are taken in charge by a floor manager and a regular school session is held. The manager instructs them in the handling of the various sales tickets and tags. The business methods of the store are explained to them, and its policies and customs. Addresses are also delivered on courtesy, energy, salesmanship, observation, and even general arguments and the best manner of handling dissatisfied customers.

The welfare of employees is not neglected. Some stores—in fact, the majority,—have a regular department of welfare. Six months' service entitles a clerk or salesman to a week's vacation. In case of sickness half a week's salary is paid. One of the largest of the New York stores maintains a cottage at the seaside for the benefit of its employees during the summer months. This is not entirely benevolence; it is good business. Consideration and fair treatment make satisfied employees.

Almost every store has its employees' association, to which one per cent. of the salary is paid each month. In return for this, the employee receives medical attendance, and, in an emergency, could obtain a loan from the treasury, returnable in small installments. Burial expenses are paid, when necessary. It is very often the case that the expenses incurred by the association exceed the receipts. The deficit is made up through the

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We have been established seven years—have hundreds of pupils from eight years of age to seventy. Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our free booklet and tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 4A, 19 Union Square, New York City.

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The "O.K." has the advantage of a piercing point, which penetrates every sheet, and holds them together with a bull-dog grip. They are handsome, compact, strong, always ready for use, require no machine for putting them on or taking them off, and they always work.

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We must place in your hands about \$2.00 worth of watch by ordinary standards, for we promise to hand every responsible person a stem winding, stem setting watch fully guaranteed by the New Haven Clock Co. (capital \$1,000,000.00) printed guarantee in back of case.

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But the stem of a Dollar Yale is no dummy. No air-ee! It has a double motion—turn it back and forth a few times and the watch is wound for 24 hours.

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**New System Which May be
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We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is different in principle from all other systems. The first radical improvement in shorthand since 1839. It is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading, as in other systems. No long list of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men may now learn shorthand for their own use. Thousands of business and professional men and women find their shorthand a great advantage. By learning the Boyd Syllabic System, speeches, lectures, conversations, ideas, contracts, memoranda, etc., may be committed to paper with lightning speed. The Boyd System is the only system suited to home study. Our graduates hold lucrative, high grade positions everywhere. Send today for free booklets, testimonials, guarantee offer, and full description of this new Syllabic shorthand system. Address

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Automatic Cash Book

A system for keeping accurate record of personal and household accounts, investments and returns therefrom. Occasional fortunes are made by successful ventures but the great majority result from judiciously invested savings.

Systematic saving is possible only where expenditures are carefully guarded.

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The **AUTOMATIC CASH BOOK** will save many times its cost the first month.

A loose leaf book, neat, compact and complete. Additional sheets 25 cents per dozen. May be inserted as desired.

Send \$2.00 for an **AUTOMATIC CASH BOOK**, charges prepaid, and if not satisfactory we refund your money.

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Never Soils or Spoils

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It's the paste that sticks, but doesn't leave a sticky look. It's always ready in our Handy Paste Jar, for Office or Home or Photos. Pasting is a pleasure when done so easily, cleanly and well.

Sample Sent Free

Have your dealer get Day's. 25c jar, 15c jar, or in bulk.

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\$1.00 AN HOUR MALE OR FEMALE
Introducing Dr. Hull's Electric
Cure. Samples Free to Agents.
C.B. HORNER CO., 1477 Penn Ave., PITTSBURGH, Pa.

medium of an annual ball, and, in many cases, by checks from the firm.

It can readily be understood that one of the most important items of expense connected with the successful conduct of a great store is that scheduled under the general term of advertising. This expense ranges from a quarter of a million to half a million dollars annually. A regular advertising staff is maintained, whose duty it is to present to the public the most attractive descriptions of goods sold by the store.

Calkins and Holden, in their book, "Modern Advertising," give the following interesting details:—

"Preparing the advertising of a large department store is almost as complex as the work of issuing a daily newspaper. Department stores advertise every day, or almost every day, concentrating their large advertising on the day preceding the principal shopping day of the week in that town. In small towns, that day is usually Saturday, because Saturday is the pay day in most small towns, and because those towns have no Sunday newspapers. In a large city, such as New York, Monday is the leading shopping day, and the heaviest advertising is done in the Sunday papers. Some stores, either for reasons of principle or of policy, do not advertise on Sunday, contenting themselves with Saturday night and Monday morning. The Wanamaker advertisements, for instance, do not appear in the Sunday papers. But the fact that the great bulk of department-store advertising appears on Sunday has made Monday the great shopping day.

"Friday was, for years, the duller day in the shopping week. The stores fell gradually into the habit of making offers for Friday only, to attract a crowd of shoppers on that day. This has been so successful that the shopping woman has been educated to shop on Friday, until that day is the next heaviest day of the week. On these two days the crowd is so great that the department stores are now seriously considering the possibility of switching some of the business over to other days, by lessening their bargain advertising for the two days in question and increasing it for the other days. It is a fact that a great number of women living in or near New York City have changed their regular wash day from Monday to Tuesday, in order to take advantage of the bargains advertised in Sunday papers."

Progress in what might appropriately be called the science of shopkeeping has not been restricted to the great department stores. Growth almost equally important and far-reaching can be observed in other business enterprises. This is particularly noticeable in such specialties as drugs, food products, leather goods, and jewelry.

Take Tiffany's, for instance. The description of the firm's new building on upper Fifth Avenue reads like a page of fiction. The structure crowns Murray Hill, one of the most fashionable districts of New York, and, with its shining *façades* of marble, presents a most imposing sight. When the firm, which had become famous on Union Square, decided to build further up town, years were spent in ransacking all Europe for a suitable model. At last it was decided to copy the *façade* of the Palazzo Grimani, an edifice on the Grand Canal, in Venice, noted for its magnificence and its interesting history.

The shell of the Tiffany building is fireproof, being constructed of marble, steel, and *terra cotta*. The window casings, vestibules, shutters and much other metal work throughout the building are of bronze. To further safeguard the firm's enormously valuable stock, a part of the sub-basement is devoted to safe-deposit vaults and storerooms. Massive silvered iron bars surround this department, and the walls are lined with Pavonazza marble.

It seems particularly fitting that diamonds and other precious stones, as well as precious metal work from the hands of the most cunning craftsmen in the world, should be displayed amid palatial environments, but it does appear almost beyond belief to read such a description as this:—

"Gray, foggy tones—'gris-de-perle,'—have been used almost exclusively in the decorative scheme. The coffered classical ceiling is supported by columns of purplish-gray Formosa marble with composite capitals. The woodwork is of close-grained, hard, Philippine teak, treated with a soft, silver finish, and is inlaid with borders of polished steel and brass. The floor, also of teak, is laid in fifteen-inch widths, and bordered with brass strips and marble slabs. The artificial lighting is from silvered chandeliers. The walls are divided into panels of polished Terrazzo of a speckled texture. The elevators are the finest pieces of artistic steel work in this country, and place our metal workers on a level with the great smiths and forgers of the German Renaissance."

It is said that the site upon which the new Tiffany Building stands cost four million dollars. The building itself adds almost as much more. Seven or eight millions for a single shop! In the old days—you and I remember them well,—all the real estate, buildings and stock added together in our town did not equal one half of that figure. Does n't that represent the progress of shopkeeping?

It is human nature to despise those over whom victory is easily gained.

Failure is the final test of persistence and of an iron will; it either crushes a life, or solidifies it.

5% AND SAFETY

No. 3

Your money might just as well be earning 5 per cent. as 3 or 4.

This Company has been in business 11 years—It is strong, conservative, aggressive—It is not only paying 5 per cent. interest to its depositors, but is making money itself—growing bigger and stronger, every day.

You can open an account for any amount from \$5 up.

Your money draws interest from the day you deposit it until you withdraw it—You can withdraw at any time without notice.

*The booklet will tell you
all about it—write to-day*


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guarantees best work and
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If you are at all inclined toward the stage and are energetic, I will teach you the art or profession thoroughly by mail, so you will be well qualified to go at once on the stage. My course is complete and embraces every branch of knowledge necessary to become a successful actor. Some of those most prominent on the American stage have taken my course of instruction.

Send For My FREE Beautifully Illustrated Book and full information which explains thoroughly my method of teaching this art, also pictures and scenes of plays composed of Actors and Actresses, who have become efficient through my course—all mailed FREE on receipt of your name and address.

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Young men desiring to fit themselves for paying positions as Architectural Draftsmen should fill out and send this advertisement to us to-day and receive our 200 page handbook (FREE) describing our **Architectural Drafting Course** and over 60 others including Electrical, Mechanical, Steam and Civil Engineering, Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing, Architecture, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy Textiles, etc.

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Arthur E. Sweet, Royal Insurance Bldg., Dept. 10 Chicago.

The Humanizing of Van Ingen By LLOYD OSBOURNE

[Concluded from page 81]

thing to have a father who was, in every sense, what people called a gentleman of the old school. Fred would find that birth and high breeding are not empty names, but stand for beautiful qualities, and that the test of them is in just such difficulties as this. There was no cutting him off with a shilling, no going about denouncing him to his friends, no intemperate willingness to see him dead in his coffin. No, a gentleman of the old school condescended to no such exhibitions. He waited only for a few words of apology, a manly retraction such as any gentleman could make to any other gentleman,—and all would be forgiven and forgotten.

But when the week had passed and Fred still remained obdurate, Mr. Van Ingen's mood began to change. He turned morose and savage. The gentleman of the old school became very much like any other infuriated old man, and the beautiful qualities that spring from birth and breeding had completely disappeared. With his third glass of wine Mr. Van Ingen would rail bitterly against his son, no matter who was present, or where, at the time, he himself might be. His flushed and frowning face, his shaking hand closing convulsively on the glass, the fire in his sunken eyes,—all were signals for tirades that no social artifices could stem or avert. He usually began by a quotation from that dreadful letter; and, taking a portion of it as a sort of text, he would proceed, quite regardless of everyone's embarrassment, to lash himself into a passion of resentment.

"That's my son," he would declaim. "My son wrote that,—the idol of my old heart, sir. That's how he writes to me,—that's how he casts me off. Ha, ha! the modern young man,—and yet they say the times have improved. If my father had been a pirate captain,—yes, sir,—if my father had been Legree himself, in that well-known work by Mrs. Stowe,—I would have respected him, I would have looked up to him, and I would have taken his side against the world. But I am old. We do n't do that, nowadays. Bygone ideas, sir,—bygone ideas,—chivalrous and silly, no doubt, but what my generation would have died for! The family relation was very sacred to us. I'd have cut off my hand before I would have written a letter like that. Listen to this, now! No, I'd like you to hear it,—positively, you must hear it. Incredible, is it not? Had I not been a man of very strict principles,—a Christian, sir,—I should have been tempted to get out my father's pistols,—his dueling pistols,—and put a bullet through my old head. Ha, ha! but my time will come fast enough as it is. I hardly care to live any more. Our illusions are ourselves, and when they break we break also."

It was a disconcerting monologue to listen to, especially as it was delivered with a sort of harsh humor, so that anyone out of earshot might have thought it a funny story of the interminable kind affected by gentlemen of the old school. The proper way to receive it was in silence, with now and then an ejaculation. Any attempt at peacemaking provoked an explosion that almost brought down the roof. It was then that Mr. Van Ingen's ten millions stood him in good stead, for a poorer man would indubitably have been bidden the door. But ten millions are privileged to raise a considerable little Cain without rebuke. And, besides, in this instance, there were a general sympathy for the old fellow and an inclination, almost a conspiracy, to screen his social nakedness. But he was a good deal of an infliction, nevertheless, and those who could get out of his way and buffered themselves with the unwary.

All this while there was never a word from Fred, except half a dozen lines he sent Katrina a few days after his flight. In it he told her briefly that their daydream of living together could never be realized. "You will have to stick to father," he wrote, "for this kind of life would n't do for you at all. It is too rough, too grimy, and too lonesome, though I make out well enough myself and even like it. You ought to see the muscles I am raising. Yet I'd give ten years of my life to have a father like other people's,—a real father, and not this frozen imitation,—and, even as it is, there are times when I wish I was back. Write to me, little girl, and tell me how it all is."

The "little girl" answered this rather wistful communication with six pages about Flossybite, two more about Bob, two more about Helen having gone lame, and their having come home in a street car,—and so a second chance of reconciliation went by the board. It seemed likely to be the last, for Fred wrote no more, and his addle-headed little sister was soon too busy with a new adventure to bother very much more about him. The family had gone to its country place at Grimwood,—and,—yes,—positively, yes,—in the unexpected way these things happen, and in the unlikely places,—had bumped straight into the beautiful prince.

Mr. Van Ingen and Aunt Johanna did not know he was a beautiful prince. They would have given him short shrift, if they had. They only knew him by the less assuming appellation of Rev. Hugo Trotter, the curate who had been sublet their souls at starvation wages during the two months' holiday of the regular incumbent, Rev. J. W. Stuyvesant Van Sneezzer. He was a genial, timid little man, with red hair, and, at the crown, not overmuch of that, giving rise to the charge, often freely made, that he was bald. This,

together with the fact that he was forty-five and a widower with six small children, permitted him, after a very cursory examination, to be labeled "safe." Indeed, had Katrina been brought up in a sane, wholesome manner, he would not only have been "safe," but the probabilities are that she would never have absorbed even an impression of him. There are millions of people we float through, so to speak, and individually do not see. Of these Rev. Hugo Trotter was preeminently one. They fill street cars, subways, the theaters, baseball grounds, etc., and we only know them in the mass,—like grass or trees or mountains.

Rev. Hugo Trotter was a magnificent example of the absolutely commonplace. He was as much a triumph of standardization as the American locomotive or the American steel bridge. The nut of any Trotter you might select could be trusted to take the thread of any other Trotter-bolt. His principles, his ideals, his tastes, his pastimes,—all were standardized, and you had the impression that he could be duplicated at any time from the factory,—not that I am saying this to his dispraise. On the contrary, he was a harmless, pleasant creature with whom one could have made out very well on a desert island; a good man, in his way, kind and modest and unassuming, liked by his neighbors and adored by his children.

Although he was voted "safe," it must not be thought that no watch was kept upon him by Johanna Van Ingen. That thin, hawk-nosed old watchdog took no chances, and, when there were signs of his tucking himself away in a corner with the daughter of the house, a loud "yap" was sure to drive him into the open,—to pass round the tea, whisk muffins, and breathe those agreeable inanities with which a conscientious man pays for his hospitality. The fierce light that beats upon a throne was as nothing to the calcium beneath which Mr. Trotter conducted his wooing. He never could talk to Katrina with less than one other person present, and the general average was six. But once he pressed her finger-tips beneath a saucer; and on another occasion, in discovering that she, too, loved Tennyson, he impulsively remarked that he might have guessed it,—with such a warmth in his pale blue eyes that, had his glance been intercepted by Aunt Johanna (who, fortunately, at the moment, was talking about the weather to Mrs. Van Vye-Schuyler,) he would assuredly have been chased out into the street, then and there.

Emboldened by these two successes, Mr. Trotter determined to put all to the hazard and risk a declaration. For three visits he carried a red-hot little note in his vest pocket, but was never lucky enough to find an opportunity to slip it stealthily into Katrina's hand. As for speaking openly,—he was nearly as helpless as a street beggar being "moved on" by the police. In regard to her niece Aunt Johanna was a past mistress in the art of "moving on" the ineligible. As on the boulevards of Paris, it was ever: "*Circulez, circulez, messieurs*,"—and Lothario himself would have been daunted long before the little curate and would have thrown up the game in despair.

But at length Mr. Trotter's moment came; or, at least, he snatched it from the malign fates, with the courage born of desperation. It was at an evening party, as Miss Katrina was getting through a very indifferent rendering of "Robin Adair." A young man was turning over her music. Suddenly his face wore the contorted expression of one about to sneeze. Mr. Trotter edged in, tense and breathless, like a little Indian from behind a thicket. His opportunity came as the paleface fell aside. Mr. Trotter seized his place, caught the music from an unresisting hand, squeezed himself in front of that sneeze, and discovered, to his joy, that there were still two more stanzas left of that enervating ballad.

"I love you!" he gasped, and then waited, trembling, for something awful to happen.

Katrina's head sank a little lower.

"R-R-Robin A-A-Adair," she quavered; "oh, R-R-Robin A-A-Adair!"

"Passionately!" ejaculated Mr. Trotter.

The pretty girlish head sank a little lower.

"This is my only chance to say it,—will you marry me?"

"R-R-Robin A-A-Adair,—yes," sang Miss Van Ingen.

"Meet me at your gate to-morrow, at ten o'clock, and we'll fix it,—license, everything, my darling,—trust it all to me!"

This was how, the next day, Miss Van Ingen became the runaway bride of Rev. Hugo Trotter.

When the news was broken to Mr. Van Ingen he was so stunned that he could say nothing. He laid his beautiful, aristocratic old head between his hands in a misery—a humiliation,—so acute and terrible that the loss of his whole fortune would have been as nothing to it. Any man of rank and position, let alone an ancestor-worshiper, would have felt it bitterly to see his only daughter throw herself away on a red-headed little curate of forty-five; a pitiful mediocrity of neither name nor family, who was grateful for a condescending toleration and had to grin and fawn and flatter for his meager subsistence. This view was rather unfair to Mr. Trotter, who was a decent little fellow and not half as much a toady as his bishop; but, at such a moment,

his good qualities were temporarily obscured by the inkiness of his crime.

Mr. Van Ingen roused himself and behaved as an outraged parent should, valiantly assisted by an outraged sister and aunt. He went to the bishop, and represented the matter in such a light, and laid down so black a dossier compiled by that venerable she-Marcier, Johanna Van Ingen, that our Rev. Hugo Dreyfus found himself at Devil's Island in no time,—if, at least, by that expression we may figuratively describe the sundering of Mr. Trotter's connection with his church and his bread and butter. His credentials were taken away, his character blasted, and, in the hollow square of organized Episcopalianism, his poor, shabby black coat was torn from his back, and he was commanded, amid the roll of drums and the blast of trumpets,—to get out and starve.

This he did meekly enough, together with Katrina and the six small children, to pick up a precarious living on the literary outskirts. He compiled; he translated; he wrote those snippets that nobody ever reads in the papers and magazines; he contributed melancholy jokes, at "a dollar per," to humorous weeklies, and did rebuses and puzzles for the juveniles. There are lots of crumbs to be picked up by those not too proud to look for them, and of the aggregate small loaves can be made by the poor and needy. So, after a fashion, our ex-curate managed to scratch a living; he loved his girl wife and she loved him; and, rich in the treasures of the humble,—good nature, kindness, and acquiescence, he was less to be pitied than many might think.

Mr. Van Ingen returned his daughter's letters unopened and forbade her name to be mentioned in his presence. He grew silent and morose, no longer railing openly at fate, but inwardly, in bitter revolt, and consumed with an inplacable resentment. At his office, with unlimited powers to lash and torture, he betrayed a ferocity that would have done justice to Robespierre, and there was not a day when the oldest and most trusted employee could count himself secure. A trifling disagreement, the unfounded complaint of some inconsiderable customer, the infraction of some fussy rule,—and the servant of twenty years was summarily told that his services were dispensed with.


On his committees, too, Mr. Van Ingen similarly (in the slang phrase,) looked for trouble,—and always found it. In this imperfect world there is nothing that is absolutely beyond criticism and a cantankerous old man can start a tornado almost anywhere,—especially a ten-million-dollar old man who never took any exercise, suffered from insomnia, and had had two terrible disappointments settle on his liver. In fact, Mr. Van Ingen went about like a roaring lion, sparing neither age nor sex,—but all this so consistently within the limits of the social law that it was idle to do anything but run. This, the last resort of a free people, was abundantly taken advantage of; and, colloquially speaking, it became a general case of "all from under."

The big, splendid Fifth Avenue house grew more and more to be avoided. It was a tomb in which two old people lived in gloomy and sepulchral seclusion, separated even from each other by ceremony and ritual. Johanna Van Ingen, with no business associates to harass, and no outside world to terrorize, began, in the sheer desperation of *ennui*, to take thought of a reconciliation with "the children." This old woman, who had not scrupled to inflame her brother's anger with all the lies her scanty imagination could conceive of, was now a little conscience-stricken at her own success (or what she thought was her success,) and would have been glad to undo her evil. But her brother's inflexible will was proof against her timid hints and artifices. She had thrown her weight in the scale against the children at a time—the only time,—when her interference was likely to sway Van Ingen in the smallest particular. Of course she might have gone to him with the truth, and said that she had lied about the little curate. But such venerable saints are not capable of taking bulls by the horns in this daring manner. Perhaps, to herself, she never made such naked admissions; perhaps, too, her influence over her brother had been less, much less, than she had fancied. But her gnarled and withered old heart was not altogether stone, and a little cheap photograph of Katrina and her baby boy had found in it a melting place.

There was another of these photographs addressed to Van Ingen himself. It was laid on the entrance table together with the day's mail; and, as the time drew near for her brother's return, Miss Van Ingen hovered about the hall, waiting, watching, hoping, and, whenever she heard a step, shrinking back into the shadow of the tapestries. At length there was the rattle of his key in the door, the draught, as he opened it, and the swelling noises of the street, heard and then shut out. How deliberate he was in taking off his overcoat, in putting his silk hat on its accustomed peg, and in finding a place for his umbrella! Stiffness, formality, and precision,—all, somehow, daunting, at that moment, where there was a heart to be reached beneath this triple brass! Such stout armor to be penetrated by that little square of double cardboard! So trifling an arrow; so redoubtable, grim, and well-cased a warrior!

He took up a couple of the letters, glanced at them, and slipped them into his pocket. Then his eyes fell on the little packet, which was addressed in an unfamiliar hand, causing him to examine it rather intently before breaking it open. This he did in his quick, fretful way, snapping the strings with a jerk. Miss Van Ingen,

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half hidden at the turn of the great stairway, saw his sudden pallor; his start, as if he had touched a toad; heard the little photograph rip as he tore it across and across and tossed the scraps into the waste-paper basket. So much for the arrow! The warrior, after making short work of it, walked stiffly up the stairs, in a preoccupation so blind, so fierce, and so tumultuous that he brushed past his sister without seeing her.

Word came down from his study that he wished to be excused from dinner. He was tired and desired to be alone. Charles might bring him up a tray. She was not to be worried. He was tired, that's all,—only tired. A questioning of Charles elicited the fact that "the master seemed very much upset about something." He was, so Charles said, "taking on terrible." Charles, with the privileged familiarity of an ancient retainer, ventured to think it boded no good to "Miss Katrina or young Mr. Fred,"—supporting the assertion by the news that Mr. Cracroft, the lawyer, was to come on the morrow at nine. Charles was sincerely depressed. He had been a witness to Mr. Van Ingen's burning his will, and the sight of ten millions flaring up the chimney had lowered his spirits to zero. "A bad business!" he said,—a bad business,—and he gazed helplessly at Miss Van Ingen, as if realizing that she, also, was, as utterly powerless as himself.

She suffered the ordeal of the long, solemn, stately dinner that followed, sitting solitary and impatient as the elaborate rites proceeded. A cook, an assistant cook, a butler, and two footmen spent an hour in feeding an old lady who was so little hungry that the food seemed to choke her. A very miserable old lady, indeed, who, a million years ago, had been a young lady, with a romance that had come to nothing, leaving her but the usual miniature and some letters in faded ink. She, willingly enough, at the time, had been sacrificed on the family altar, and young Williams had finally settled the matter for all time by getting shot at Chickamauga. Now, under the stress of that photograph, her own stifled motherhood seemed to rise up and accuse her; and, in a strange commingling of mental pictures, she saw Rev. Hugo Trotter, in the uniform of a second lieutenant, falling at the head of his men, and asked herself if, after all, Katrina's had not been the better choice.

After dinner her first thought was to seek her room and bring a very sad day to an early end. But, on reconsideration, she decided this to be unwise. Like some committee of public safety, sitting in perpetual session, she felt the necessity of being on hand, dressed, alert, and ready for what such parlous times might bring,—gold *pince-nez*, toupee, lace mitts,—all prepared to answer the suddenest of calls, without delay or hesitation. So she seated herself in the great empty drawing-room, and crocheted and crocheted, while memories of Tom Williams passed through her dim old mind, and Katrina and her baby were seen and lost and seen again in the coils of the fire.

It was after nine when the door opened and Charles appeared on the threshold. He lacked some of his usual impassivity; and, instead of coming over to her with his message, he called it out in a low, frightened voice.

"The young master's coming up the stairs!" he cried. Miss Van Ingen ran out and met Fred coming up, three steps at a time. At least, she took Charles's word for its being Fred, for he was in overalls, just as he had left his engine at the roundhouse, and so grimy and soiled and greasy and unfamiliar that his aunt uttered a cry at the sight of him,—a burly fireman, with his cap a little tilted over his chestnut curls, and his handsome face dark with grime,—and darker still, beneath, with a passionate anger.

"Do n't you try to stop me," he cried. "He's in the study, and I'm bound I'll see him. I'm not going to let my sister die of misery and neglect,—not for twenty fathers!"

"Fred, Fred!" she pleaded. But he pushed her roughly from him. "Has anything happened? Oh, Fred, is she ill?" "Starving,—that's all," snapped Fred; "and, if I throw him out of the window, you'll know why."

With that he was pounding up the stairs again, at a white heat, and with one sinewy hand clinching the banister rail as if to demonstrate what he meant to do to his father.

He gave one big rap at the door and tramped in. "Fred!" cried Mr. Van Ingen, rising agitatedly from the table where he had been sitting, and for a moment hardly able to believe his eyes.

"Fred!"

There was a note of such appeal in his father's voice, and so unexpected a tenderness, of so thrilling and poignant a quality that Fred's outburst died upon his lips. He bent his head, unable to speak at all. For a year he had been living with common people, amid coarse surroundings, his finer nature blunted, his finer perceptions calloused like his hands. All the while he had been nursing a hatred of his father that had gradually obliterated every redeeming side of the old man's character. Now, as he stood before him, he was suddenly conscious of a wild revulsion. The sensitive, clean-cut face, worn, thin, and noble; the simple dignity; the brave old eyes; the voice that seemed to strike against his heart,—was this the monster that had so long darkened his own and his sister's life? Was this the enemy he was determined to beard and crush?

Then, as he stood there, almost wondering at him-



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self, he perceived on his father's table a photograph of himself, and beside it, laboriously pieced together in little squares, one of Katrina and her baby. One needed to be no deep student of human nature to see what had occurred. The whole story was there. The broken old man, sitting in that empty room, had been reproaching himself for the son he had alienated and for the daughter he had cast off,—his pride humbled, his white head bowed in the dust. Fred took a step forward and met his father halfway. The old man enfolded him in his arms and laid his head on his shoulder in an agony of affection, while the burly son, crying like a child, incoherently asked his "dad" to forgive him. He had not used that boyish word for fifteen years,—had not known, till then, that he needed any forgiveness. But that year had brought to both many things previously undreamed of, and the most wonderful of all was that they had always loved each other but had never known it until that night.

"My boy, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Van Ingen, wiping his eyes.

"Dad, old fellow!" said Fred, brokenly.

Arm in arm they both went down the stairs to ring up a carriage to take them to Katrina's.

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IN THE STUDY

By Burges Johnson

Nicest place in all the house
Is my poppa's study chair;
Just as quiet as a mouse
I go creeping there,
An' he gives a little smile,
Writing, writing, all the while.
There's at least a million books
Up and down and round the wall.
I guess, from the way it looks,
I can't read them all!
If I did, I'm sure I'd be
Just as wise and big as he.

The Devotion of a Faithful Servant

WHILE Governor Robert B. Glenn of North Carolina was on a recent speaking tour of New England, he addressed a large crowd at Concord, New Hampshire. He was speaking of the relations between the races in North Carolina, of his feeling toward the negro, as governor and as citizen, and told this personal incident:—

"When the war began, there was a citizen of our state, who had canvassed the section for the Union and had voted against secession, but when President Lincoln called for troops, demanding of North Carolina her quota, to march against our sister states,—our own kith and kin,—this citizen, like all other good and true men of the South, decided to stand with his own section and relations, and volunteered among the first to maintain what they deemed right, and to stand between the South and her advancing foes.

"This man became captain of Company I, 13th Regiment, North Carolina Volunteers, and, leaving behind him his wife and three little boys, with his faithful body-servant Matt, he marched to the front in the defence of his country. On the morning of September 14, 1862, just before the commencement of the battle of South Mountain, Maryland, this captain called his servant to his side, and said: "Matt, I have a presentiment that I shall be killed to-day. Here is a letter to your mistress,—with three hundred and ninety dollars, and my watch and jewels. Watch me during the battle, and when you see me fall, bury my body, and then go home and give these things to your mistress, and take upon yourself the sacred duty that I now give you, of watching over my little boys. All day long as the battle raged, from behind rocks, crags and fences, faithful Matt watched his beloved master.

"Late in the afternoon, just as the sun was sinking, he saw his master fall in the very forefront of the fight. Unmindful of danger to himself, he rushed to his master's side and took his head on his breast, only to receive a sweet, sad smile, as the wounded man's eyes closed in death.

"With the aid of privates Matt laid the body to rest,—digging a grave with bayonets. No coffin encased the soldier, save his mantle wrapped around him by loving hands; no monument marked his grave, save the towering monument of South Mountain, casting its shadows over the spot. Then Matt commenced his homeward journey. Footsore and weary, fording and wading rivers, begging bread,—for he would not spend a cent from the sum with which his master had entrusted him,—he tramped hundreds of miles, and gave the letter, watch, money, and all to his heart-broken mistress, and then took upon himself the care of those three little boys, over whom he faithfully watched until eight months afterwards, when he died.

"My friends and countrymen, that captain was my father. I was one of the little boys over whom Uncle Matt watched. As governor of North Carolina, could I be unkind to the race to which Matt belonged?"

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Henry Irving's Fight for Fame

By BRAM STOKER

[Concluded from page 88]

In his early days on the stage Irving's qualities of resolution and endurance must have been pretty well tried. Fifty years ago the salaries of actors were poor and work was long and hard. The young men of to-day who stroll to rehearsal in the afternoon, if at all, and who draw salaries varying from twenty dollars to two hundred, would probably consider themselves aggrieved if they had to attend a long rehearsal every day in the week, as well as to play, perhaps, several parts at night, and to live on a salary of from five to ten dollars a week. Irving had achieved a large measure of success as an actor after ten years of honest work, and was, in addition, manager of a popular London theater, when he was able to draw a weekly wage of forty dollars. In those days, too, there was little to cheer or enliven an actor's life. He had, practically, no social position at all. Such friends as he had, in addition to his own fellows, were the result of happy chance. Such pleasures as were his, outside his own calling, were walks on lonely hillsides, or late evenings in noisy taverns. The doubtful joys of the latter style of amusement had to be heavily paid for in many ways. It was not a matter of chance that the young, ambitious, self-reliant, resolute boy avoided, when possible, such pitfalls. His pleasures were of the hillside, when obtainable. During the two and one half years of his life in Edinburgh, where he went after a few preliminary months in Sunderland, he made it a practice to walk every day round Arthur's Seat, the mountain which towers picturesquely to the eastern side of the city. In these walks he studied the parts which he had to play at night or on coming nights, and thus contrived to mingle work with pleasure in a healthy way.

There was one special act in Irving's young life on the stage that has a lesson for all young artists. When, in 1859, having then had three full years of experience as a player, he got a three years' engagement in London and made his appearance at the Princess's, he came to the conclusion that his work was not yet good enough for metropolitan favor. So he resolutely bent himself to the task before him, and, with the reluctant consent of his manager, canceled his engagement. He went back to the weary routine and labor and hardship of the provinces, till the time should come for a more worthy effort. When we remember that a London engagement was, and is, the goal of an ambitious actor's hopes, and that it means regular work and regular pay and an ever increasing opportunity for distinguishing oneself, we can understand that his self-denying resolution was little less than heroic. When, however, he did come again, seven years later, he had his reward. He came to stay. He knew his work then, and knew that he knew it. His record from that on was an unbroken one of success and honor. His fight was won.

Thenceforward his success was that of the stage of his time. He won a place for acting, and the stage had only to act worthily to hold it. It might almost be said of his relation to the stage of his time, "He found it brick and left it marble."

The honors which crowned the later years of his life were many. He was given honorary degrees in three great universities, in the three nations of the kingdom of Britain. Dublin led the way, in 1892, with the degree of doctor of letters,—Litt. D. Cambridge followed, in 1898, with the same degree, and Glasgow, in 1899, added that of doctor of laws,—LL. D. In 1895, he was knighted by Queen Victoria, the first time that this honor or anything of the same kind was conferred on an actor in any country. This officially removed a long-standing grievance on the part of players; up to the second decade of last century their calling was classed amongst others in the vagabond statutes.

And now he has been given the supreme honor which can only come after the end of life. He was accorded a public funeral and burial in Westminster Abbey. He lies in Poet's Corner, to the east of the south nave of the cathedral. His grave lies between those of Charles Dickens and David Garrick, and where he would have lain, I am right sure, had he been granted his choice,—at the foot of the monument of Shakespeare.

How Kites May Help Geologists

KITE-PHOTOGRAPHY, first successfully essayed in France, about six years ago, bids fair to become an aid in scientific investigation, notably in the study of certain geological problems. A camera is attached to a kite and sent up to a height of several hundred feet, from which a photograph is taken of the country below, the shutter being controlled electrically from the ground. It has been found that such photographs will throw interesting light on the mode of formation of sand dunes. A single photograph shows clearly a considerable stretch of beach with the adjoining country, with the ridges and hillocks as clear-cut as in a geological model made with the greatest precision. Prof. Meunier, of the Paris Museum, predicts that a camera-equipped kite will hereafter be one of the geologist's most valued tools.

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Fighting the Telephone Trust, By Paul Latzke

[Concluded from page 75]

are willing to contribute to this fight, and that we were
just about able to raise funds enough to print our briefs
and carry the case into the supreme court. How did
you propose to raise this \$50,000?"

"I do n't know; I thought we could raise it some-
how."

"Well, we can not, and the only thing you can do is
to go and tell Judge Miller that you have made a terrible
mistake; explain our position to him, and tell him
frankly that we could not raise \$50,000 if our lives de-
pended upon it."

The man hurried off at once to the residence of the
judge, and reported afterwards that he had done as Mr.
Hill suggested; but, as before, he said Judge Miller
received his statement in perfect silence.

Judge Miller was considered by most practitioners to
be the ablest man on the supreme bench, at that time.
He was revered and respected by all, and his probity and
uprightness were never questioned. How much in-
fluence, if any, this remarkable interview had, in rang-
ing the judge on the side of the majority of the court, no
one will ever know. It may have added another to the
many strange, almost fateful, incidents that landed the
control of the world's telephone industry in the hands of
the small company of men who had taken up the ex-
ploitation of the Bell patents. This chain of incidents
dated back almost a quarter of a century before Bell had
even dreamed of electrical speech-transmission. The
first link in the chain was forged in 1854, when Bell was
only seven years old. On August 26 of that year, the
idea of the telephone was first made public by Charles
Bourseul, a French *savant*, who had devoted much time
to electrical experiments. Writing in "*L'Illustration*,"
the well-known French journal, of the "electric tele-
graph," Bourseul said, among other things:—

"I have asked myself, for example, if the spoken word
itself could not be transmitted by electricity; in a word,
if what was spoken in Vienna may not be heard in Paris?
The thing is practicable in this way."

The writer then proceeded to explain how this marvel
might possibly be accomplished, and, in many respects,
he described an apparatus that differs only in detail
from the "telephone" of to-day. He wound up his
article by saying:—

"It need not be said that numerous applications of the
highest importance will immediately arise from the
transmission of speech by electricity. Anyone who is
not deaf and dumb may use this mode of transmission,
which would require no apparatus except an electric
battery, two vibrating disks, and a wire. In many
cases, as, for example, in large establishments, orders
might be transmitted in this way, although transmission
thus will not be used while it is necessary to transmit
letter by letter, and to make use of telegraphs which re-
quire use and apprenticeship. However this may be,
it is certain that, in a more or less distant future, speech
will be transmitted by electricity. I have made some
experiments in this direction. They are delicate and
demand time and patience, but the approximations ob-
tained promise a favorable result."

Bourseul never accomplished anything practical with
his experiments, but he pointed a clear path, which was
followed later, independently, by Philipp Reis, of Fried-
richsburg, near Frankfort, Germany. The latter, before
he finished, actually built and sold telephones commer-
cially,—not the telephone as we know it to-day, but a very
fair instrument for "laboratory purposes." It was he,
moreover, who coined the word "telephone." Reis's
instrument was demonstrated before the Physical So-
ciety, of Frankfort, in 1860 and 1861. In a paper read
before that society, he introduces his subject by saying:—

"By the name 'telephone' the author designates the
following apparatus of his own construction, by means
of which, with the help of the galvanic current, he is en-
abled 'to reproduce at a distance the tones of instru-
ments, and even, to a certain degree, the human voice.'"

On a number of occasions Reis gave "long-distance"
concerts over his telephone before distinguished audi-
ences; but, somehow, he never could transmit speech.
Musical sounds and individual letters passed freely and
distinctly enough; but, when the letters were grouped
into words, the sound transmitted was an unintelligible
jumble. Try as he might, the scientist was never able
to overcome this difficulty. It was another of the many
pathetic failures in this search for the wonderful "elec-
tric speech-transmitter," for nothing stood between
Philipp Reis and success except the turn of a screw.
Seventeen years later the screw was turned, and the mod-
ern transmitter, practically as we have it to-day, was born.

What was it that had kept Reis just outside the goal
where fame and fortune lay? He always proceeded on
the theory that the telephone current must be of the
"make and break" order; that is, that the electricity
must be turned on and shut off. To-day the whole sci-
entific world knows that the electrical current must be
continuous to make talking over a telephone possible.
There is no "make and break." The transmitting ap-
paratus is in continuous contact with the line. The
variations of sound that produce spoken words are
produced, accordingly, as the sound waves strike the dia-
phragm with increasing or diminishing force. By
simply giving one additional turn to the screw that held
the diaphragm in his transmitter, Reis would have had

this continuous contact. One of his telephones was
exhibited at the trial of the Bell patent cases, and the
"miracle" was actually performed. The instrument
that had remained dumb under all his coaxing came
to life and talked.

On another occasion, during a hearing in one of the
lower courts, the thing was done by accident. A Reis
telephone, brought in as an exhibit by the Bell Company,
had been so carelessly packed that the diaphragm was
jammed against the electrodes, making a "constant con-
tact." When it was "connected up" in court it talked
with a glibness which brought consternation to the Bell
attorneys, who had hard work to explain to the judge
the accidental nature of the demonstration.

Poor Reis! Only his native village, in all the
world, does his memory honor. There he lies in the
quiet churchyard under a monument which proclaims
him the inventor of the telephone,—

"Der Erfinder des Telephons."

A sorry reward, the world would probably say, is this
epitaph in the poor little churchyard. Yet it is doubtful
if Reis himself would complain. He was, above all else,
a scientist, and cared less for the world and its rewards
than for the conviction that he had done his duty and
helped mankind. This no one can deny him, for one
of the instruments he made and sold "for laboratory
purposes," in order, as he quaintly expressed it in one of
his letters, "to give to others, also, the facility of ex-
perimenting," helped lay the foundation for the vast
telephone systems of to-day.

The Reis telephone was first brought to America by
Dr. Philip H. Vanderwyde, and exhibited by him before
the Polytechnic Association of the American Institute,
at Cooper Union, New York, in 1868. This exhibition
aroused the liveliest scientific interest, and, not long after-
wards, the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington,
secured an example for permanent exhibition. Here it
fell under Bell's observation in a most interesting way.
He had been experimenting for some time with a view
to perfecting a harmonic or multiple-telegraph apparatus
designed to transmit several messages at once over the
same wire. While pursuing this line of work, about
1874, he came across Bourseul's publication in "*L'Illustration*." Young, imaginative, and ambitious, the
idea of speech-transmission by electricity immediately
took hold of him,—and he was started on the work that
ultimately brought not alone the commercial telephone,
but also fastened "a gouging monopoly" on the necks
of the American people; but, for a time, it looked
as if the chain of circumstances would stop here. Bell
was poor, barely able to keep his head above water.
His condition at that time was thus described, ten years
later, with dramatic coloring, by J. J. Storrow, the
chief counsel for the American Bell Telephone Com-
pany, before the United States supreme court:—

"He was in great trouble financially and in some
other ways. He pawned his watch and borrowed of his
friends, and was heartbroken for other reasons. He
was in no condition to go into elaborate experimenting."

In these circumstances, his ardor for electrical speech-
transmission soon cooled, and he went back again to
his main work on the multiple-telegraph apparatus,
work in which he had the moral and financial support of
his father-in-law, Gardiner G. Hubbard, who was in the
telegraph business. But the idea was there, and his
determination was revived by an interview with Prof.
Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution. Bell had
gone to Washington for data for his telegraph work, and
called on Prof. Henry as an authority on the subject.
The incidents that followed, leading him back, in the
end, to the telephone, are partly set forth in a most in-
teresting letter that Bell wrote to his parents concerning
this interview.

"I felt so much encouraged by his (Henry's,) inter-
est," he told them, "that I determined to ask his advice
about the apparatus I have designed for the transmis-
sion of the human voice by telegraph. I explained the
idea, and said, 'What would you advise me to do; publish
it and let others work it out, or attempt to solve the
problem myself?' He said that he thought it was the
germ of a great invention, and advised me to work at it
myself, instead of publishing it. I said that I recog-
nized the fact that there were mechanical difficulties in
the way that rendered the plan impracticable at the
present time. I added that I felt that I had not the
electrical knowledge necessary to overcome the difficul-
ties. His laconic answer was, 'GET IT.'"

"I can not tell you how much those two words have
encouraged me. I live too much in an atmosphere of
discouragement for scientific pursuits. Good — is
unfortunately one of the *cui bono* people, and is too
much in the habit of looking at the dark side of things.
Such a chimerical idea as telegraphing vocal sounds
would, indeed, to most minds, seem scarcely feasible
enough to spend time in working over. I believe, how-
ever, that it is feasible, and that I have got the clue to
the solution of the problem."

The "clue to the solution of the problem" was un-
doubtedly contained in the Reis telephone, which Prof.
Henry showed to the young inventor and explained in de-
tail. It fired anew his ambition to go into the sub-
ject of "transmitting the human voice by telegraph."
Unfortunately, his enthusiasm was again dampened.
"Good —" was Mr. Hubbard. This gentleman,
being in the business, could appreciate the wisdom of

devoting time and money to experiments that might lead to making one telegraph line do the work of three or four. But, naturally, "such a chimerical idea as telegraphing vocal sounds" would not appeal to him. So Bell went back, with his assistant, Watson, to his harmonic telegraph. But again fate intervened.

On the afternoon of June 2, 1875, three months after his talk with Prof. Henry, Bell was experimenting with two springs or reeds which were vibrated in front of an electro-magnet. It was humdrum, commonplace work enough. The surroundings were as commonplace as the work,—a bare room only half lighted, a network of wires, and all sorts of oily scraps and tools lying about in disorder. Both Bell and Watson were dirty and tired and half discouraged. It was the last scene in the world in which to expect "the birth of the speaking telephone" and the beginning of an enterprise that was to girdle the earth, making out of its magic hundreds of millions for men who, until then, had barely earned their salt; an enterprise that was to keep the greatest judges and lawyers in the land busy for years, and eat up over \$5,000,000 in legal fees.

Here, surely, was a titanic moment; and, to intensify its dramatic interest, it was precipitated by an accident. Watson, in passing one of the reeds, chanced to strike it with his hand. The other reed responded, vibrating in unison with the first and giving out a faint humming sound. Instantly Bell was all attention. The ordinary man would have passed the incident by. The trained inventor saw in it an important phenomenon. The reed was struck again, and it responded again. For two hours the experiment was continued under all sorts of varying conditions, but with unvarying success. Then Bell plunged headlong into the matter, nor would he be again diverted. He caused his first telephone to be built. It would not talk, but still he hung to it. On February 14 of the following year, 1876, he filed his application for a patent. There was not then in existence a Bell telephone that *would* talk, but his patent was granted, nevertheless. His opponents afterwards alleged that this patent was granted improperly, as he patented a principle, or theory, and not the mechanical device for its application. They alleged, also, that the patent never would have been granted except for the peculiar influence possessed by Bell's Washington attorney, Pollock, who "had the underground railroad leading to Examiner Wilber's room in the patent office" and who had served him in the matter of his multiple-telegraph inventions. The patent was frequently attacked, on the ground that Bell had nothing to patent but a process when he was given his papers, but the courts always sustained his claims. The question was squarely met, on the final argument before the supreme court, by Bell's counsel, Mr. Storow, who declared: "If Bell had died the moment after he wrote the specification, without even trying the experiment again, and that specification had gone to the world as a publication, the world would have had a speaking telephone. It would have had a rule by which to make all speaking telephones. No one, after such a publication, could ever have taken a patent as the first inventor of the speaking telephone."

Mr. Storow admitted that the Bell instruments as they stood at the time of the patent, "never yielded an intelligible word," but "so firmly was the inventor impressed with the soundness of his theory that he determined to run the risk of taking out a patent on the process." Here was another link in the remarkable chain of circumstances that led Bell to fame and fortune. Had he not felt certain of his theories,—had he waited before applying for a patent until he actually perfected an instrument that would operate,—Elisha Gray would be known, to-day, as "the father of the telephone," and Prof. Bell's reputation would probably be confined to a small circle as the exponent of an advanced method of teaching the deaf and dumb. Never did fate play a stranger prank; for, on the same day that Bell's application came into the patent office, there came also a *caveat* from Elisha Gray, of Chicago. A *caveat* is an instrument giving public notice that the applicant is at work on an invention which he has not yet perfected, and is fully as protective, under the law, as an application for a patent.

"It is the object of my invention," declared Gray, in his *caveat*, "to transmit the tones of the human voice through a telegraphic circuit, and reproduce them at the receiving end of the line, so that actual conversations can be carried on by persons at long distances apart."

"To attain the objects of my invention, I devised an instrument capable of vibrating responsively to all the tones of the human voice, and by which they are rendered audible."

"In the accompanying drawings, I have shown an apparatus embodying my improvements in the best way now known to me, but I contemplate various other applications, and also changes in the details of construction of the apparatus, some of which would obviously suggest themselves to a skillful electrician, or to a person versed in the science of acoustics, on seeing this application."

Here was the same thing as Bell's, though the form was different. If anything, Gray's *caveat* was more specific than Bell's application, for it spoke distinctly of "actual conversations" to be "carried on by persons at long distances apart." Bell's broadest claim, number five in the application, a claim afterwards made famous throughout the world because of its legal completeness, set forth that the inventor held all rights to any "appa-



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ratus for transmitting vocal or other sounds telegraphically, as herein described, by causing electrical undulations similar in form to the vibrations of air accompanying the said vocal or other sounds, substantially as set forth." It was on this claim that all subsequent inventors who tried to perfect a telephone along lines other than Bell's came to grief. The courts invariably held that it covered every form of speech-transmission by electricity. Bell's friends and attorneys declared, from first to last, that every word in this claim was the inventor's own, that he had drawn the patent in its entirety, and that there had been practically no change in his draught. There is another story, however, to the effect that Marcellus Bailey, the most adroit patent lawyer of this or any other time, drew the claim. Bailey, this story declares, was given the commission to graft on to the patent specification, as Bell had prepared it, a claim that should bar all other inventions for speech-transmission. He retired into the Adirondack wilderness, and nothing was heard of him for two weeks. Then he reappeared with this five-line claim, for which he was paid a fee of \$5,000. Prof. Bell has met this story with the laconic statement that \$5,000 fees were about as plentiful in those early struggling days, as snowballs in July.

However that may be, and no matter who drew claim number five, the simultaneous appearance in the patent office of the Bell application and the Gray *caveat* precipitated a conflict that has not yet been satisfactorily settled, although Prof. Gray is dead and Prof. Bell has retired from the telephone business, holding, as he has publicly declared, only one share of Bell Telephone Company stock. The Bell people claimed priority, because they could prove by Wilber, the examiner, that their paper had reached the patent office early in the morning of February 14, and was entered first in the records. The Gray answer to this was that the very fact that Bell's application appeared on the books ahead of Gray's proved that Gray's had arrived in the office first. They showed that all such papers, applications and *caveats* alike, were speared on a spindle as fast as they were received. This would leave the papers to arrive first nearest the bottom of the spindle; but, on entering for record, the papers nearest the top were necessarily taken off first, so that the first paper to be speared on the spindle would appear last on the book of record.

The controversy on this point waged furiously for years, in and out of court; but, when the final hearing was had on the Bell patents, its significance was blotted out in a most sensational manner by Lysander Hill. To the amazement of the court, the lawyers on the other side, and the world at large, Mr. Hill, in the midst of his argument, suddenly waived aside the question of priority as to the hour of filing, and injected, instead, a far graver question. He declared that Bell's attorneys, Pollock and Bailey, had deliberately stolen out of Gray's *caveat* the most important claim, that covering a liquid battery transmitter. Mr. Hill produced a copy of Mr. Bell's specifications for his English patents sent abroad on January 25, 1876, less than three weeks before the American application was filed. These showed no reference whatever to any form of transmitter, except a magneto-transmitter, an amplification, in fact, of the original apparatus, in which Mr. Bell worked entirely with electro-magnets.

"How did the liquid transmitter suddenly appear, full blown, in the American patent?" demanded Mr. Hill. Then he proceeded at great length, and with much circumstantial detail, to make out his charge. In effect, he said that, thanks to their "underground railroad," Pollock and Bailey were notified by Examiner Wilber of the Gray *caveat*, a supposedly secret document, immediately upon its filing. When they found, upon examining it, that it contained a liquid-transmitter claim, they appropriated this idea for their own. The Bell application, according to Mr. Hill, was surreptitiously withdrawn, the next day, altered by Mr. Pollock, or under his direction, so as to cover the liquid, as well as the magneto-transmitter, and then returned to the patent office files. A careful reading of all the facts presented by Mr. Hill certainly makes a startling presentation; but the attorneys on the other side met the allegations with equally strong proof the other way, and the court, after carefully reviewing the allegations, declared:—

"We, therefore, have no hesitation in rejecting the argument."

The question was never tried in court. Gray, in after years, tried to bring it before a jury, but failed. Had he succeeded and made good his charges, the destiny of the telephone industry might still have been changed, for the liquid transmitter was as distinct from the magneto-transmitter as was the latter from the method used by Reis. The liquid transmitter embodied the principle now in general use, a continuous current of electricity flowing over the line, the current varying only in intensity, or undulating, as it is termed, with the wave and shape of the sound waves. The magneto-current, on the other hand, is a back-and-forth current, flowing first one way over the line and then the other, and produced by the vibrations of the transmitter diaphragm before the magnets under the influence of the voice. The two methods are absolutely distinct, and, had the liquid transmitter appeared in Gray's claims only, two telephone systems might have been in operation in the United States from the very start, and all the disadvantages of monopoly avoided.

Even as it was, Gray's *caveat* broke the monopoly for

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Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, Mo., 1904

a time. The Western Union Telegraph Company had been viewing with serious alarm the growth of the Bell Company. There was and is a natural relationship between the telegraph and the telephone business. Many of the principles involved are allied, and much of the apparatus may be used for either purpose. Today, for example, one of the important sources of revenue of the parent Bell Company is the rental it receives from brokerage houses and other concerns for the use of its long-distance wires for private telegraph purposes. Apparatus has been devised by means of which it is possible to use the same line simultaneously for telegraphing and telephoning, so that, while a broker is sending his telegraph dispatches from his New York to his Chicago office, and paying the telephone company a fat rental for the privilege, the company is getting another big rental from the broker's neighbor, or, possibly, from the broker himself, for the privilege of using the same line at the same time for telephoning from New York to Chicago.

At the outset of the telephone industry, this sort of thing was not possible. But the principle was not well understood, but foreseen as a possibility, and the Western Union saw the handwriting on the wall. So the company decided to take the bull by the horns and go into the telephone business on its own account. The directors, therefore, bought up the Gray claims, and also the claims of Edison, who had invented a carbon transmitter, the claims of Page, and of half a dozen other inventors who had telephone devices of one kind or another, which generally conflicted with the Bell patents. For Edison's patent the Western Union paid \$150,000. To Gray it has been variously stated the company paid from \$50,000 to \$100,000. Altogether the directors invested about half a million in patents, and then they started in to give the Bell a fight.

Infringement suits were brought right and left by the Boston Bell Company. But infringement suits take a long time to fight to a finish; and, if you have money enough, as the Western Union had, you may face them with much equanimity. So competing exchanges were set up by the telegraph people in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and most of the other big centers. Rates were cut to pieces, and the millions that the Bell people had already begun to see piled up threatened to vanish into thin air. But, as is invariably the case where it is money and not some principle that is at stake, this battle between the two corporations was finally patched up after it had raged most venomously for several years. As I have pointed out, the present attack on the telephone monopoly has behind it "an uprising of the people." Therefore it has continued, and will continue. The Bell-Western Union competition was merely the grabbing of two greedy groups of capitalists for the public pocket, and, as soon as it was seen that neither side would give up, a "compromise" was effected. This was made all the easier, as the Western Union, which was by far the wealthier of the two companies, at that time, was advised by its own counsel that, in the end, the Bell patents would undoubtedly be sustained. Accordingly, the warring factions got together so that they might carve up the public purse at leisure, each in its own way. The Bell Company bound itself not to go into the telegraph business during the life of the patents, and the Western Union agreed to keep out of the telephone field. The Bell Company also agreed to pay its rival twenty per cent. of all royalties collected for the use of telephones. Finally, the Western Union was to receive forty per cent. of the stock of the local operating company which was to have exclusive control of the telephone field in New York, and a similar block of the stock of the Chicago Bell Company.

As soon as this agreement was ratified, their competing exchanges were consolidated, and the combination turned a new and common front to the public and the "infringers." Both these unfortunate classes then got their dose in plentiful quantities to pay for the ammunition that had been spent in the fight of the giants. The public, of course, had to pay the main part. Rates were raised everywhere, until the people groaned aloud. As for the "infringers," they were haled into court in almost every district where there was a United States court. Besides the Western Union, half a dozen other less powerful concerns had launched opposition telephone companies in various parts of the country. Like the Western Union, they were immediately sued for infringing the Bell patents. But, unlike the Western Union, they had neither the money nor the influence to force a compromise, and the Bell people proceeded against them inexorably. They drove them through court after court. Their death knell was finally rung by the supreme court decision of 1887.

As soon as this decision came down, the Bell people proceeded to stamp the life out of the last of these competitors. In a dozen states injunctions were secured and infringement damages promptly assessed. Under these judgments, telephone plant after telephone plant was ripped out, and the apparatus was piled up in the most conspicuous place that could be found and burned in a public bonfire as an "object lesson." In St. Louis and the surrounding country, the Pan-electric Company and other concerns had a number of active exchanges in operation. The equipment of these exchanges was built up on the levee as high as a house, and then the torch was applied. So it was in Pittsburg and other cities. By the end of 1888, not a single plant outside of the Bell system was at work, except in the little town of

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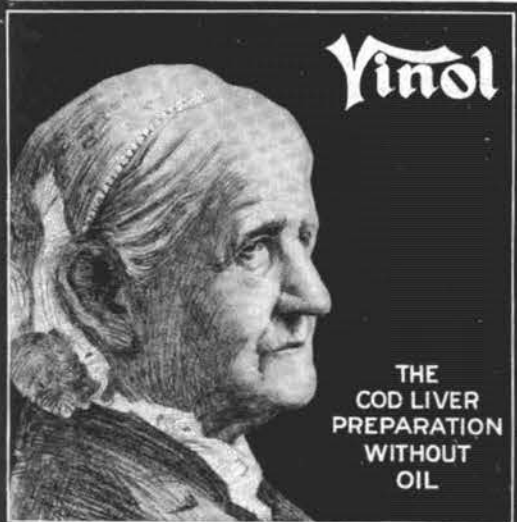
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It appears that the medicinal elements, of which there are about fifty different kinds found in the cod's liver, represent all the tonic, body-building and curative powers of this famous old remedy.



After twenty years' study two eminent French chemists, Mourgues and Gautier by name, discovered a way to separate these medicinal elements from the oil, and gave to modern medicine all the valuable part of cod liver oil, unencumbered by the useless, oily, greasy part.

A preparation containing all these medicinal elements, but entirely free from oil or grease, therefore **must** be the best tonic reconstructor possible. Such is Vinol.

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Fort Smith, Arkansas. There Dr. Harrison, a practicing physician, had built up a little exchange with apparatus that he had bought in St. Louis. When the Bell lawyers went after him, he defied them and their power to close him out. When they threatened him with the instrument of the supreme court, he answered that he did not care for them or the supreme court either. He stated that he had invested his own money and the money of his neighbors in the little plant, and that he did not propose to give up his property to them without a fight.

The Bell Company then turned to Judge Parker, sitting at that time in the United States court in that district, and asked him for a peremptory injunction restraining Dr. Harrison from operating his exchange, and also for a judgment for damages so that they might seize his equipment. This motion Judge Parker declined to grant. He took somewhat the same view of the situation as Dr. Harrison, and, while asserting the greatest respect for the opinion of the supreme court, he still held that he could not in justice grant a judgment that would destroy the property of his neighbors without investigating for himself the merits of the case. He therefore invited the Bell people to come before him and present their evidence to show that they had a right to receive what they asked. This proposition struck a chill to the souls of the gentlemen in Boston who controlled the destinies of the trust. It meant the reopening of the whole case, and for this they had no stomach. They had been frightened badly enough by the narrow squeak with which they had come off in Washington, and were not minded to reopen an issue which, on a retrial, might turn the tables. They therefore contented themselves with the complaisant action of the judges in the other districts, who had no such scrupulous ideas as Judge Parker. They left Dr. Harrison in peace, allowing him to hold the unique position of conducting the only telephone exchange in America that was not owned or controlled by the Bell Telephone Company.

Paul Latzke and His Work

The Historian of the Telephone Has Had a Wide Experience and Is an Authority on His Subject

MR. LATZKE'S second article on "Fighting the Telephone Trust" will appear in our March issue. While Mr. Latzke is new to the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, he has written many strong industrial articles. He has special qualifications to write about the Telephone Trust. He has been for four years one of the publishers of "The American Telephone Journal," and has probably made a deeper study of the telephone question than any other man in the world. He has, on a number of occasions, been called by legislative and investigating bodies as an expert on the subject, and is frequently conceded in the telephone industry to be one of its important authorities.

Mr. Latzke belongs to the large class of writers who "came out of the West." As a boy he entered the employ of Joseph Pulitzer, serving in the business office of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch" for nearly three years. Then he went to southern New Mexico, where he wrote his first "story,"—a newspaper account of the elopement of a Vassar girl with a Mexican *peon*, a fruit picker on the ranch of her father, a wealthy American, who had gone down into that country for his health. The girl could speak Spanish and the *peon* English. It was the extraordinary nature of this episode that led Mr. Latzke to try his hand at writing, there being no newspaper men in the vicinity. The story ran so easily that the proprietor of the "Lone Star," El Paso, Texas, in which it was published, offered its author a regular position. From El Paso, Mr. Latzke went to the City of Mexico, to accept a position on "The Two Republics," a daily newspaper printed in English.

After one year in the Mexican capital, the young newspaper man, now a full-fledged writer and correspondent, determined to try his fortune in New York City. This venture almost proved his finish, as he all but starved to death before he could finally make an opening for himself in the metropolis. He at last got employment as a reporter on an obscure evening paper. Once the start was made the rest came along easy. He served eight years as a reporter for the "Press," "Times" and "Herald," of New York. He finally abandoned daily newspaper work for the magazine field and has written very extensively, principally of the romantic and economic side of the industrial world.

Sorting the Sheep from the Goats

THE son of the late Wm. Fitz, the painter, tells a story that occurred when he was abroad, in army life, which well shows the tenacity of the Scot for his religion, and his attitude toward other religions. Services were to be held in several tents, and a Scotch officer was dividing the sheep from the goats in this manner:—"Presbyterians step this way;—Catholic and fancy religions,—to the left."

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By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

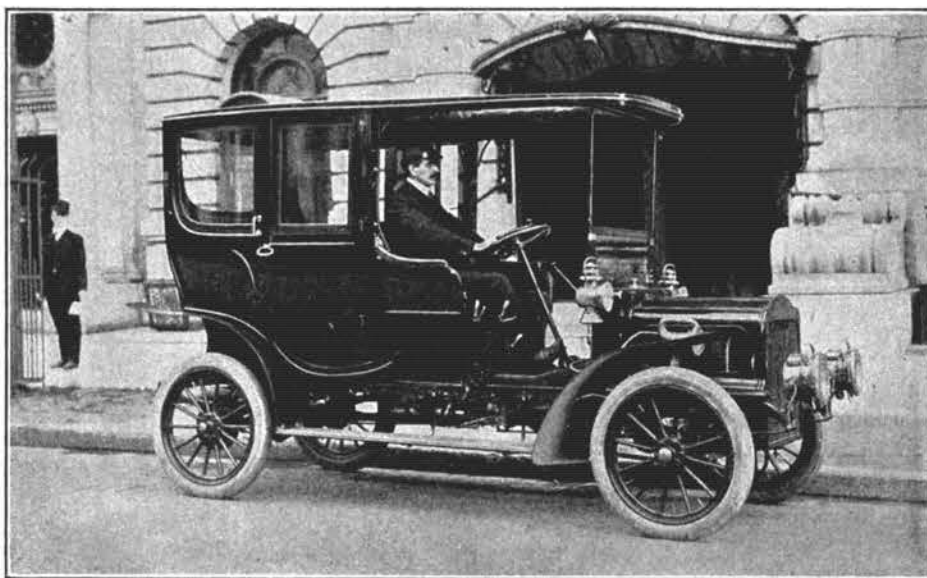
[Concluded from page 86]

against the leader's bit. Half a minute he held the mad creatures down,—then, with a low flick, the taut line parted,—as one beast the six broke into a full run, going as hard as ever they could leg it. Pap still stood showering blows, oaths, and cries on them. He was very white,—his face drawn and aged as if years had gone over his head. There was danger enough if the mules kept the road. They would not keep it,—mad with thirst they would plunge down to the ford,—and that meant death. Already he felt the sway of the loaded wagon,—saw the toppling of the sacks. Molly, his pet, would go with them,—go to maiming, it might be death, on the sharp and cruel rocks. Jack! He turned suddenly blind. Jack! His boy,—to whom he had said things so bitter,—Jack, who had been wiser than he,—he would have saved them all,—if he had been permitted. Jack could do nothing,—nobody could do anything,—even if Pap himself had full use of his limbs he would not dare risk himself amid the plunging, kicking, bucking mules. He could not look behind, but shouted, over his shoulder: "Jack, take keer of your sister! Do n't let her jump!"

Somehow he had no fear that Jack would try jumping,—that could only mean being dashed to death against the rock face of the road. The words were hardly out of his mouth when something shot past him,—Jack, hatless, coatless, in ridged tennis shoes, had swung down upon the pole, and was leaping and running forward. In a breath he was on the chain,—once he lost his foothold and came within an ace of being trampled. Once, too, one of Beck's flying hoofs struck him a glancing blow. But, in spite of all, he leaped and plunged forward, clinging where he could, making way toward the leaders, perilously, slowly, but still making way. It was little short of a miracle how he held himself above the plunging beasts. When he came to the leader's quarter, Pap groaned aloud. Nell, the leader, would not be ridden, albeit she pulled as true as the best. As she felt Jack's clutch upon the harness, she gave a wicked sidewise prancing flinch that sent him sprawling between her and her mate. But, somehow, he saved himself,—came up, caught the hames, flung himself on her back, and, leaning far forward, caught the bridle reins and drew on them with all his might.

Pap's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. If Jack could stay, there was a chance of life,—but it was too much to hope that he could do what the best on the plantation had feared to attempt. For a second Nell stopped short, squatting under her unwelcome burden. Then she began to plunge, kick, and rear,—bucking was impossible, there, in harness. Back, forth, sidewise, she leaped,—she even tried to lie down, but the impulse of the runaway team was too strong. All the six had scented water,—they were coming abreast the road to the ford. There Jack knew it would be touch and go,—with the outcome life or death. He could not speak,—he had not breath to spare,—but impulsively he looked back—at his father, upright in the saddle, and at Molly clinging, white-faced, but brave, to the rocking sacks. They should not die if he could help it,—with straining muscles he tugged at Nell's head. Running free, she had loosened her clinch on the bit,—his heart leaped as he felt the iron bury itself in the flesh of her mouth. If he could even keep her to the road without checking her, all might yet be well. The others, madly as they ran, would follow her lead. Now they were within ten yards of the ford-way,—Nell tried to dart down it, but Jack held her head straight. He heard his father shout: "Lie low, and hold fast!" then the whip hurtled above him, and fell, cutting and slashing the flanks of the amazed leaders. Again it rose and fell,—

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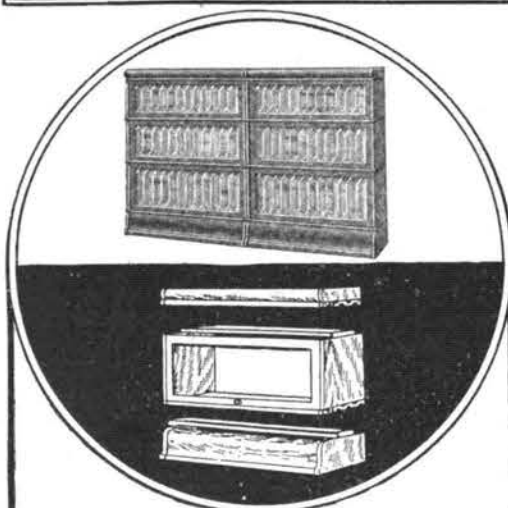
In order that you may appreciate the graceful and stylish lines on which these cars are constructed, and their luxuriousness of appointment and finish, we suggest that you call at our nearest branch or agency and inspect them carefully.

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FILL IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY

HUMAN LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 79 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.
Gentlemen—Enclosed please find five two-cent stamps, ten cents, for which kindly send HUMAN LIFE for three months, commencing with the February, 1906, number, and send the three back numbers, November, December and January, free, to

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this time on the two at the chain. Then there was a long, long flourish, followed by cracks like pistol shots. The wheelers, returning to sanity, knew and obeyed the sound. With a strong backward surge they settled themselves against the breeching, holding firm, although the other four dragged them forward. Jack's heart came into his mouth,—the pace was slackening,—and, joy of joys! the ford road was behind them. There was now only danger that the thirsty and frightened creatures might plunge down the embankment that took the turnpike on to the bridge. Gripping Nell, monkey-like, from crotch to ankle, Jack lay far over on her neck, his hands double-wrapped in the bridle reins, now and again sawing them lightly, but always keeping the mule's head straight.

So he kept it while the wagon thundered over the bridge; so he held it while the team launched itself at the rise on the other side. It was as slight as the downhill slant had been, but enough to help sensibly in bringing the runaways to their senses. By the time they were fairly in the outskirts of town, they had fallen to a rapid trot. At the mill yard, a quarter mile further in, they were themselves again, alertly obedient, in spite of a thirst that made them whinny as they came in sight of the watering trough.

Jack did not get down until one of the black wagoners had run to Nell's head, crying out at sight of a rider on her back. Pap stood waiting for him,—with Molly tightly held in the hollow of his arm. He laid the other arm over his boy's shoulders, saying, offhand: "Well, son, we had a run for our wheat,—and tharfo' our money." Then, suddenly, unaccountably, he hugged both his children tight. Jack asked no questions. He understood his father, and knew that his college course was doubly secure.

Grateful for a Misfortune

THERE is a pleased young man in Washington, Milton D. Purdy, assistant United States attorney general, who could give a testimonial to the value of defeat. He hails from Minnesota, and for several years was assistant in the office of R. G. Evans, the United States district attorney at St. Paul. When Mr. Evans died, Purdy became acting district attorney, and, during the several months before the Minnesota senators agreed on a successor to Evans, did good work in the conduct of important federal prosecutions. He announced himself a candidate for the office he was filling, and believed he would be appointed, but politics and politicians decreed otherwise, and he was bitterly disappointed. He resigned, and retired to practice law, but it was only a short time after he had experienced this setback that a telegram came from Attorney-General Philander C. Knox, requesting him to go to Washington and call on President Roosevelt. It turned out that Knox had taken notice of the good work done by Purdy in the Minnesota cases, and, as he was looking for young men to help in the enlarged work of the department of justice, in the prosecution of trusts and railroads, he had taken it upon himself to recommend him for a position which pays only a thousand dollars less than the salary of the attorney general himself. The President looked Purdy over and liked him, and during the past three years he has had a chance to make some reputation for himself in the conduct of the postal fraud, the Northern Securities, and the fraudulent immigration cases. The position which he now fills is vastly more important and desirable in every way than the one which he was refused in Minnesota, being one that would be coveted by the biggest of the politicians who three years ago turned him down. He is now grateful for the misfortune which he suffered.

Mr. Howells's Office Hours

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS is a most cordial and brotherly man for any young writer to meet. He takes a keen interest in everybody's work, and is full of helpful suggestions.

Some years ago he accepted the editorship of a New York magazine. It is said that he supposed that his name, more than personal service, was what was wanted, so he was not particularly punctual as to attendance. But the proprietor soon disabused him of this notion. "I want you to understand, Mr. Howells," he said, one day, "that our office hours are from nine to five."

"Very good," said Mr. Howells, and, picking up his hat, he bowed and departed, and no persuasion could induce him to return.

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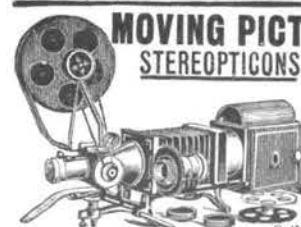
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Acquiring Power Through Repose

By MARY STEWART CUTTING

I DON'T suppose many of us have to be persuaded that we have more power to cope with the duties and perplexities of life when we are calm and unhurried and sane, than when we are tired out and excited and irritable. We are all familiar with the situation which, under the latter conditions, can be only seen and dealt with—exasperatingly, in the most radical way, and which, on the quieter morrow, appears in so many softening lights that it takes a grudging amount of time to re-settle it. I don't suppose many of us need to be convinced, in theory, that a reasonable amount of leisure makes for refreshment and strength, or that nothing is at once so fatiguing and weakening as that turbid state of mind which is called worry; we have, indeed, been flooded with cheering literature on the subject, in which it seems that one has only to say, "I am happy," to immediately and permanently reach that blissful height, without further effort either of action or of the will.

Among all the directions as to acquiring power through repose, there is one that seems usually to be lost sight of,—that it requires a tremendous exercise of power in the first place, to acquire the repose! One hears women every day who use such expressions as:—

"Oh, I'm just going on my nerves! I know I'm doing too much, but I really can not help it. It's perfectly dreadful the rush I live in, I never have a minute I can call my own."

"Every single person in this place depends on me. I do not know what would become of them all if I were not here to manage everything."

"I have not been able to sleep lately, thinking of all I have to do."

In every variety of phrase woman is given to lamenting an unrestful entanglement that keeps her forever from doing as she would. Bereavement does not break the spell,—I have known women who agitatedly deplored their inability to attend the funeral of a friend because they had a dressmaker by the day. Age does not learn wisdom,—you will hear a daughter telling affectionately how hard it is to keep her mother well, "because dear mother worries so much." It is a sort of a fad to represent one's self as never at peace; it seems to imply many affairs, engagements, and responsibilities.

The only way in which one can gain the power that makes for repose is by ceasing to do the things that make against it. If you don't want to bear all the burden of a household or an office, depend on others, and their inexperience will learn. If you have no time from your engagements, cut off some and take the time you can. If your mind is weighted to the breaking point with troubles and anxieties, switch off from the stony road and take temporary ease and refreshment with the thought of some happiness, past, present or to come. Each one of us, the busiest or the poorest, has some dear thought that brings a glow to the heart. It gets to be a habit, this turning aside into the sunshine for a little while, to rest and get strength to go on.

Then one has to strive very hard to get the right perspective. There really is no reason why the three unmade buttonholes in Mary's new frock and the ruche and safety-pins to be purchased before she starts on her travels should be as burdening over night as real troubles. I know of one little wise wife and mother who looked regretfully at the spick-and-span neatness of a friend's apartment, to say:—

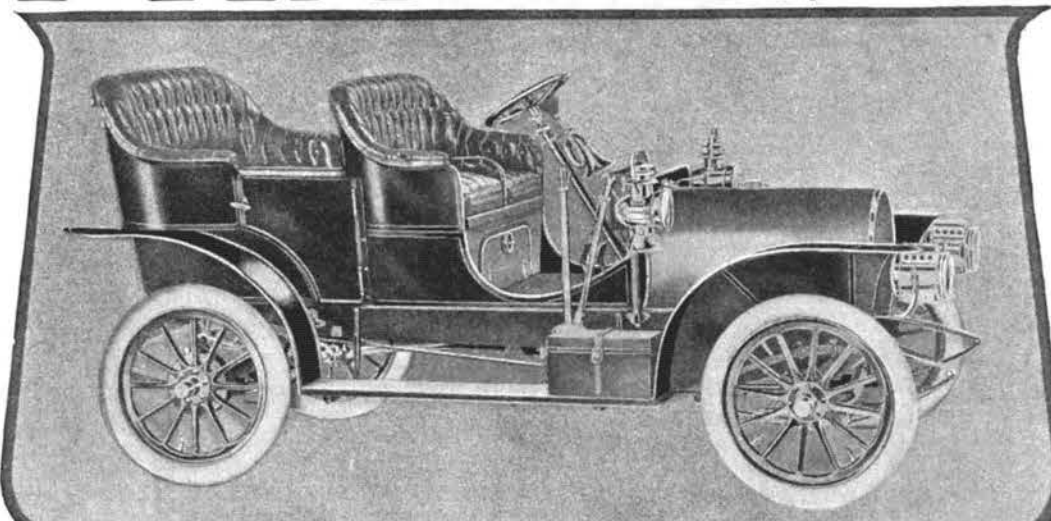
"I wish I could keep house the way you do! But you see I can't afford to. I'm not very strong, and when I do everything myself it makes me so tired that I'm no good at all when my husband and the boys come home, and they count so much on my being bright and cheerful then."

It was fine to be able to see what was the paramount duty—but to leave the lesser undone, and not to fret about it, so that the whole effort was of no avail! That was where the real, beautiful power came in.

I think another factor of repose is only doing one thing at a time,—the thing one is actually engaged in. If you are making a pudding, make the pudding, without mentally forging ahead to the room that must be swept afterwards, or the belated spring sewing. If you are copying a paper or adding up a column, that is all you can do at the time. Let the work that is to come after be as if it were not, until its own appointed hour arrives. When the hour comes that brings the right of enjoyment, embrace that right whole-heartedly! Force the crowding cares back, back, back from sight, and take all the good out of that joy that you can.

There is yet another factor of repose that is perhaps not quite in order to be spoken of here, and yet is so real that it must be given place, and that is the rest that comes from leaning on a Higher Power,—not with hysterical, self-ful prayers, but with the vital belief that no one is ever expected to do what he can not do, and that for the required duty there is a strength given beyond one's own.

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How does "Franklin air-cooling" make a more powerful engine, and an abler car for less money?

By creating a more efficient temperature in the combustion chambers than is possible in any other engine. By also getting rid of weight. By saving repair-cost and weight-cost; and by giving more days' work in a year.

The Franklin auxiliary exhaust does what no other invention ever did for a motor-car cylinder; lets out the hot, used gases before they have a chance to over-heat the cylinder. It prevents flame being carried out along the main valves to burn or pit them, and cause them to leak compression. It permits the cylinders, being cooler, to take in a larger charge, and enables the charge to do its full work freely and unhampered.

And here is an equally important fact: while Franklin cylinders do not over-heat, they also do not under-heat. A certain degree of constant heat is necessary for the best work in a gas-motor cylinder. Franklin direct air-cooling creates exactly the most efficient working temperature in the cylinder, while the Franklin auxiliary exhaust maintains this temperature constantly.

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The weight of water-cooling apparatus—pipes, pumps, tanks, radiator, water; and the heavier frame needed to carry them—a total of some 200 useless pounds—are all dispensed with; and the power left free to carry people; and to go.

No water-cooling repairs are needed. Fuel and oil bills are small because of light weight and reduced friction. The light weight makes an enormous saving on tires.

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The contrast in the two figures herewith is not overdrawn—the artist was instructed not to exaggerate the effect. The transformation is due to the Alison Forms, worn on the inside of the leg, either beneath or over the underclothing.

These Forms give a style and finish otherwise impossible. They meet nature's requirements so perfectly that no one can detect their use, even by close inspection. You may change the appearance gradually if you wish by their clever adjustment.

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Many class publications of high standing, such as the *Canadian Military Gazette* (Sept. 12, '05), commend these Forms, and we have more volunteered testimonials than we can use.

Don't look at your legs and conclude that we can't make them appear straight and trim. Thousands of men—good dressers—say this is just what we have done for them. Why should we not do the same for you? Surely you owe it to yourself to investigate if this concerns you. Correspondence is always confidential. Send for our beautiful photo illustrated book entitled "Form," photo-engraved testimonial letters, self-measurement chart, etc. We mail all free in a plain sealed envelope. Write to-day and be rid of your embarrassment forever. Address,



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The Washer that Works Itself— and Pays for Itself.

HAVE you got running water in your house?

Well—if you have enough pressure on it I'll make it do all your washing without any work.

You can just throw the clothes into the tub, turn a tap, and our new Self-Working Washer will do the rest.

Now I know this sounds too easy and too good to be true. But it is true, every word of it.

Here is the proof that it is true.

I'll send you one of these Self-Working Washers, to your own house, on a month's free trial.

I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket and I won't ask you a cent on deposit, nor a note, nor Security in any form.

I'll just trust any one I believe trustworthy with this whole machine. I'll take all the risk and expense of the Test myself.

If you find our Self-working Washer won't wash clothes without your doing a thing to work it but turn a tap, then send it back to me at my expense.

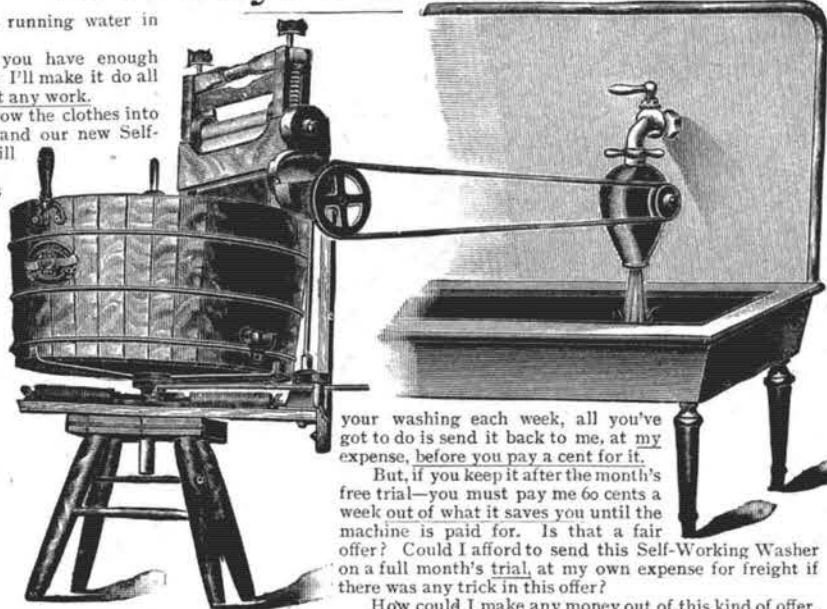
If you find it won't do better washing than the Wash-board, with far less wear on the clothes, send it back to me at my expense.

If it won't do the washing in less than half the time your washerwoman could do it, without the machine, then send it back to me at my expense.

Half your Washerwoman's time costs you about 60 cents a week.

That is about \$30.00 a year. Our Self-Working Washer will save you that \$30.00 a year for the ten years it lasts, or \$300.00 in all.

And I'll take my pay for it out of what it saves you, so that the Washer thus pays for itself. Remember this: If you find it won't do all that I say, and save you half



your washing each week, all you've got to do is send it back to me, at my expense, before you pay a cent for it.

But, if you keep it after the month's free trial—you must pay me 60 cents a week out of what it saves you until the machine is paid for. Is that a fair offer? Could I afford to send this Self-Working Washer on a full month's trial, at my own expense for freight if there was any trick in this offer?

How could I make any money out of this kind of offer, if the Washer wouldn't do all that I say it will?

Will you try our Self-Working Washer a month at my expense?

In my large mail from all sections of the country, I get letters from some people who say they haven't got water pressure.

To meet the demands of these people, I have just invented a "Gravity" Washer that doesn't need water pressure, and yet does a washing easily and quickly in six minutes by the clock.

Just drop me a line to-day for further particulars about the Washer that works itself, as well as the "Gravity" Washer.

Remember, you can try either one a month at my expense, and then it must pay for itself.

Address R. F. Bieber, Treasurer 1900 Washer Co., 7001 Henry Street, Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln

By THOMAS H. TIBBLES

THERE were hard times in Illinois in 1854. The state was practically a pioneer settlement, at that time. A large portion of the people lived in log houses, boiled their dinners over the fires in great, wide fireplaces, and baked corn pone, "white bread," and meat in large tin "reflectors" placed in front of the fires. There was much sickness. The black loam of the prairies was being turned over for the first time. The common expression was that, wherever one went, he waded through ague four feet deep. It was before the days of quinine, and "boneset" tea was the only remedy for all malarial complaints, except when a doctor could be found, whose orders were always the same, — bleeding, blistering, and "salivation," — through the use of calomel. The mass of the people, men and women, dressed in linsey-woolsey and jeans, woven on hand looms in their own homes. All that did not lessen their interest in the policies of the government. They were free men — patriots, — whose fathers had fought in the Revolutionary War. They were sovereigns who intended to rule and would have been ready to fight if accused of being pawns used by a political boss. Every man was interested in the great contest over slavery, and their leaders were heroes in their eyes.

Photograph by Otto Seewald Co.



THOMAS H. TIBBLES

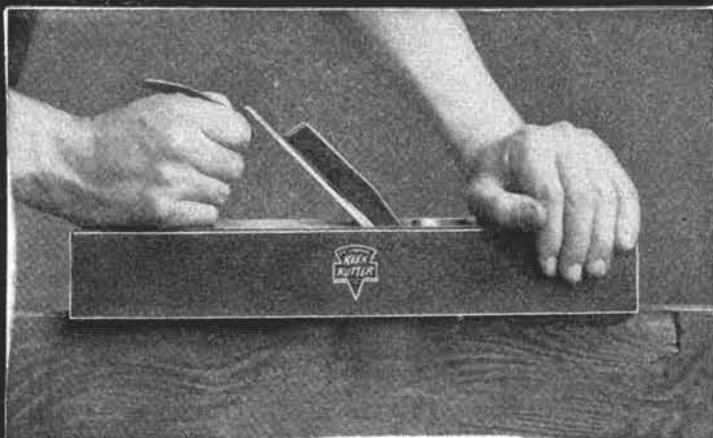
Mr. Tibbles is a pioneer, not only of the material West, but, also, in lines of economic thought, and, for years, has been a leader of the Populist Party, especially of Nebraska. He was the Populist candidate for vice president in the election of 1904, running with Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia. Born in Ohio, in 1840, he ran away to go further west, worked and studied law in Iowa, then joined a Beecher emigrant train crossing the plains. Captured by border ruffians, he narrowly escaped being shot as an Abolitionist. He worked his way East, lecturing on frontier life, and studied at an Ohio college. He was associated with John Brown, served as a scout and secret service agent in the Civil War, and, later, was editor and religious exhorter in the Far West. He joined the staff of the Omaha "Herald," where he worked for the rights of the Omaha Indians, and one result was his marriage to "Bright Eyes," daughter of the chief, a remarkably gifted lecturer, writer, and composer. Mr. Tibbles was, until recently, editor of the Populist organ at Lincoln, Nebraska, but has now retired to write his reminiscences of his varied and active career.

In 1854, I was connected with a lawyer's office. The old common-law pleadings were in use; that is, it required five or six pages of legal cap to say what a modern newspaper man would say much more clearly and distinctly in a paragraph. One of these lawyers told me that, if I would copy some long pleadings and put them in good shape,

he would take me to court with him. I accepted the offer and toiled away at those papers a long time, for his scrawls were hard to decipher. The time came and we "went to court." The courthouse was a large, square, frame building. There were smaller rooms below, and one large room above which was the court room.

The next morning after our arrival, the judge took his seat upon the bench, the lawyers gathered around a table in front of him, several motions were made, and court was adjourned until the next day. Among the lawyers was Lincoln. He was my idol, my demigod, and, of all the people with whom I associated, I looked upon him with reverence and awe. I saw him shaking hands with the judge and the lawyers and was shocked at the familiarity with which they treated him.

As soon as court adjourned, the people began to pass out and I went into a room below and began reading Kent's "Commentaries," which I had brought along with me. Soon afterwards I heard a roar upstairs, and then, almost instantly, there was perfect silence. That was repeated several times, and I went upstairs to see what caused it all. Lincoln was seated behind the long table in front of the judge's seat, with his feet upon the table, telling stories. They were all humorous, and the point was each time contained in the last few words. At the end of each story there was a shout of laughter. Lincoln would hardly wait until it died away before he would begin another. That performance lasted nearly an hour, when he got up, and, after a moment or two, started toward the door. Then he came back and spoke to one of the lawyers, saying: "You are sure that those two witnesses (calling them by name,) will be here in the morning. The whole



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case depends on their testimony, and, if they are not here, I will not undertake it at all."

Three years later, after various experiences in Kansas and on the plains, I was in Macomb, Illinois, and heard that Lincoln and Douglas were to have a joint debate in Galesburg. I determined to hear that discussion, and, with much difficulty, for I was penniless, I managed to get there. Nearly every detail of that memorable occasion has vanished from my memory except the introduction to Lincoln's speech and the closing part of that of Douglas. I never shall forget them.

Judge Douglas closed his speech with a very bitter attack upon Lincoln's career. He said that Lincoln had tried everything and had always been a failure. He had tried farming, and had failed at that,—had tried flatboating, and had failed at that,—had tried school teaching, and had failed at that,—had sold liquor in a saloon, and had failed at that,—had tried law, and had failed at that,—and now he had gone into politics, and was doomed to make the worst failure of all. "That is the man," said Judge Douglas, "who wants my place in the senate. You do n't know him in the northern part of the state so well as we do who live in the southern part."

That part of Judge Douglas's speech aroused my anger to white heat, and I was provoked at Lincoln as he sat there and laughed during its delivery. He seemed to be greatly amused by it. At length he rose to reply. He came forward and said that he was very much obliged to Judge Douglas for the very accurate history that he had taken the trouble to compile. It was all true,—every word of it. "I have," said Lincoln, "worked on a farm; I have split rails; I have worked on a flatboat; I have tried to practice law. There is just one thing that Judge Douglas forgot to relate. He says that I sold liquor over a counter. He forgot to tell you that, while I was one side of the counter, the judge was always on the other side."

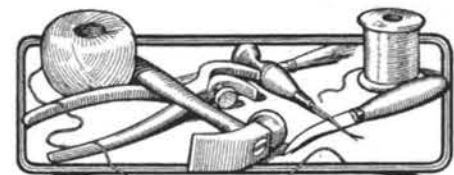
That allusion to Judge Douglas's well-known infirmity set the whole audience wild. The people rent the heavens with their shouts. It was quite a long time before quiet was restored. Then Mr. Lincoln delivered one of those masterly orations that made him famous. Perhaps the compiler or publisher of the debates between Lincoln and Douglas thought that the book would be marred by such an episode; he has omitted mentioning it.

When Lincoln was on his way to assume the office of president, the train was delayed at Freedom, Pennsylvania, by an accident to a freight train that was a little way ahead, and, while he was there, I saw him again. Some things happened that I have never seen in print. He was accompanied by Major Sumner, whom I knew as commander of the United States troops in Kansas, in 1856, and Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, of the celebrated regiment of zouaves. Neither Major Sumner nor Colonel Ellsworth was tall, and, as they stood beside Lincoln on the rear platform, while he made his address, they looked shorter than they really were. At the close of Lincoln's short speech, a coal heaver called out: "Abe, they say you are the tallest man in the United States, but I don't believe you are any taller than I am." Lincoln replied: "Come up here and let us measure." The coal heaver pressed his way through the crowd and climbed on the platform, where Lincoln and he stood back to back. Turning to Colonel Ellsworth, Lincoln said: "Which is the taller?"

Colonel Ellsworth, being so much shorter, could not tell, so he climbed on the guard rail, and, putting his hand across the top of the heads of the two men, said: "I believe that they are exactly the same height." Then Lincoln and the coal heaver turned around and faced each other. The crowd shouted loudly when Lincoln took the black, sooty hand of the coal heaver in his and gave a hearty handshake to the man who was his equal—in height.

The car in which the party was riding was an ordinary passenger car of those days. No one would submit to riding in such a car now. Mrs. Lincoln and the children were in the car. She sat on the side next the platform and did not seem to notice anything that was going on. There was a small boy in the seat with her who became known as "Tad," in after years. He was full of mischief. He raised the car window an inch or two and tried to catch the fingers of the boys outside as they stuck them under, by slamming it down. When Lincoln went back into the car he told Tad to stop that, but in a few minutes the boy was at the same trick again. Lincoln spoke to him the second time. The boy obeyed, but was soon at the same old trick again. Lincoln leaned over, drew the boy across his knee, and gave him a good spanking, saying: "Why do you want to mash those boys' fingers?"

After a while the wreck ahead was cleared away and the train pulled out. Lincoln came to the rear platform and acknowledged the shouts of the people as the train passed between them. A man standing near me said: "He is not the kind of man that I expected to see, except that he is tall. I expected to see a jolly-looking man. While he sat in the car, I watched him through a window. He looked sad enough to be going to his death instead of to be inaugurated as president of the United States."



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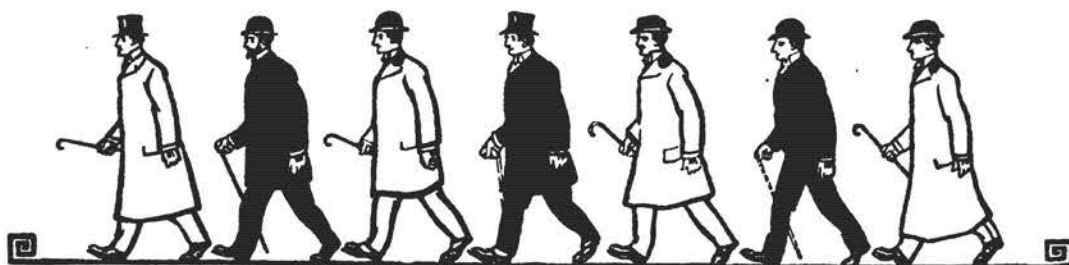
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The Haberdasher

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THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted by Alfred Stephen Bryan

Editor of "The Haberdasher"

WEDDINGS, being functions extremely formal, are naturally marked by a bit of pomp and circumstance. The dress prescribed for bridegroom, best man and ushers, is the most ceremonious that one can assume and its details must be absolutely uniform, lest a single jarring note be sounded. It is quite true that men have been married in sack suits and tan shoes, and, perhaps, the match has proved an ideally happy one. Nevertheless, we owe something to good form and the proprieties, and he who tramples hobnailed upon both is a complete boor. Since the high-off, far-off days, the marriage ceremony has been recognized by society as one involving, not only the two principals, but, in a broader sense, their relatives and friends, who, naturally and properly, wish to make the occasion more than ordinarily notable.

While, strictly considered, only the black frock coat is correct for a day wedding, gray frocks are often worn, and, latterly, the morning coat has crept in. This is merely a form of cutaway, and sometimes it has braided lapels and edges. The use of the morning coat is an urban custom of quite recent development, though the garment has not superseded the good old frock by any means. It is only worn instead of the frock by young men, to lend a sprightlier aspect to the wedding ceremony, and to detract a trifle from its atmosphere of stiffness and constraint.

So far as the collar is concerned, the chief consideration is comfort, and the second is becomingness. It is a bit ludicrous to see a short, fleshy neck in the relentless grip of a high, tight collar to which it is clearly unaccustomed, and it is just as incongruous to behold a prominent Adam's apple unblushingly exposed. An uncomfortable collar, more even than the terror of doing the wrong thing, contributes to the anguish of the bridegroom, and sends him into a cold perspiration. For these reasons, a man should choose the collar, be it a wing, a poke, or a lapfront, which suits his neck, and which he can wear with tolerable comfort.

* * *

The frock coat should be worn unbuttoned, first, because it looks better, and, secondly, because the bridegroom usually carries the wedding ring in his waistcoat pocket, and to have to unbutton his coat to get it, means delay and embarrassment. For the same reason, it is advisable to leave the right hand ungloved and carry the right glove lightly in the left hand. Thus the fingers are left free to hand the ring to the clergyman at the crucial moment. Everybody knows how, with gloves on, one's fingers become all thumbs and the acute mortification of dropping the ring in handing it to the clergyman is nearly always the result of keeping the right hand gloved.

* * *

It may be pertinent here to give briefly the duties of the bridegroom, best man, and ushers. The bridegroom's first duty is to choose a friend as his best man. He is usually a bachelor, though this rule is not unvarying. Next, the ushers are selected, and in their selection the bride-elect has a voice. The ushers are asked to serve by formal invitation. After these details are dispatched, the bridegroom sees to the payment of the marriage fee, the clergyman's fee, and the bill for opening the church. He must see the sexton if the church be used for rehearsal, and must provide the wedding ring, the bride's bouquet, and the flowers for the bridesmaids, as well.

* * *

The bridegroom presents some keepsake to his best man and ushers, and this generally takes the form of a cravat pin or a pair of cuff links, though gold matchsafes and similar costly trifles are sometimes given. The bridegroom provides the carriage for the ushers, that for himself and his best man, and also that in which he and the bride are to drive away.

* * *

It is customary for the bridegroom not to see the bride on his wedding day until he meets her at the chancel rail. High noon is the fashionable wedding hour. Bridegroom and best man drive to the church together, and the bridegroom waits in the vestry room until he is apprised that the bridal procession is entering the church. He hands the ring and fee to his best man, and goes out with his gloves and silk hat in his hand, and stands at the left of the clergyman, outside the rail, the best man being directly behind him. Both stand facing the congregation.

* * *

Giving his hat and gloves to the best man, the bridegroom walks down the chancel steps to meet the bride, takes her right hand, advances and faces the minister. When it is time to put on the ring, the best man hands it to the bridegroom. After the ceremony, the bridegroom faces about, draws his wife's arm through his own right and, accepting his hat and gloves from the best man, walks down the aisle beside his bride and they enter their carriage.

* * *

If the wedding takes place after sundown, the bridegroom, best man and ushers wear conventional evening dress. With afternoon clothes a boutonniere is

A triple-buckle belt

The correct frock coat is broad-shouldered, trim-waisted and bell-skirted. Plenty of cloth should be used in the making, so as to avoid that look of skimpiness, which is fatal to the distinction that the frock, more than any other coat, confers. The skirts should be full, and "spring" a trifle at the bottom. The trousers are gray, and the lighter the color, the better, for then it will match the shade of cravat and glove, an effect decidedly pleasing. The waistcoat may be of white linen duck or pique, single or double breasted, and it is cut with very low-lying lapels, to allow room for a capacious Ascot. Black waistcoats are no longer worn with the frock, as this coat is somber, and needs the agreeable contrast that a white waistcoat gives. Silk waistcoats in figured weaves are much worn, but the very unpretentiousness of plain white linen commends it to the discerning.

* * *

The Ascot cravat indorsed this season is very large, and it is tied flat, rather than puffed. It is a peculiarity of the Ascot, that it requires plenty of material to look well, and also deftness in adjusting. The approved color is gray, for this harmonizes with the shade of the gloves, which are gray *suède*, and with the spats, if spats be worn.—I do not particularly recommend them, and they are certainly not becoming, except to youngsters. Since cravat makers produce many shades of gray, such as pearl, *suède*, smoke, fog, and the like, expressly to match the color of the wedding glove, it is easy and decidedly worth while to have the two in accord. The effect is very pleasing, and denotes, besides, a regard for the fitness of things that is creditable to the wearer's taste. Some men prefer the white to the gray Ascot, and, if this be worn, the gloves also are white.

* * *

The pin with which the Ascot is fastened should be a pearl, though moonstones are in some favor just now. Diamonds are never worn. The cuff links may be pearl or gold. Patent shoes with buttoned kid tops, not laced, are correct. The younger set in society countenances calfskin, instead of patent leather, and this is not highly polished, but varnished to a dull luster. It is well, as I remarked in a recent paper, to have the soles of the groom's shoes, if they are new, blacked, as they show when he kneels, and new shoes with white soles look a bit awkward.



A warm winter vest

worn, and the white orchid is favored. No *boutonniere* is worn in the evening. It may be added that the best man and the ushers go gloved throughout the ceremony.

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.]

GLENCOE.—Owing to an error of the type, Mr. Bryan was made to say in the December issue that, "with a Tuxedo jacket, only a white tie is the accepted form." His statement, a few lines above, that "the evening jacket tie may be black or gray" was, of course, correct, and the other was merely a misprint. The white tie properly accompanies only ceremonious evening dress, which means the "swallowtail," whereas the dinner or "Tuxedo" jacket demands a black or dark gray tie, according to the color of the suit worn.

WINNEMUCCA.—Strictly speaking, only formal evening dress is correct at a dance, and neither the frock coat nor the "Tuxedo" will serve. It is not advisable to draw attention to oneself by wearing clothes which mark a man too conspicuously as following a mode of his own. For this reason, though reluctantly, we suggest the "Tuxedo." The frock (Prince Albert,) is out of the question for a dance, as its flowing skirts would be in your own and others' way.

BELL.—The difficulty you find in keeping your shoes in good condition is due to the fact that you do not "tree" them. "Trees" are wooden forms, cut in the shape of a shoe, and fitting into it perfectly. It is impossible to have your shoes trim-looking, slightly and comfortable, unless you "tree" them regularly. The cost is small, and the result is well worth while.



Sensible underclothing.
The shirt

PORTAGE.—The frock coat (Prince Albert,) would be of the most service to you, as it may be worn on any formal occasion after a wedding, as well as for the ceremony itself.

WHITEFOOT.—The Chesterfield overcoat is to be preferred to the Surtout for everyday wear. The various forms of skirted coats, like the Paddock, Paletot, Newmarket and Surtout, are all coats for "occasion," whereas the Chesterfield fits any time and any function.

HAINS.—A derby hat should not be worn with a frock coat, for the obvious reason that a low hat and a long coat look incongruous. Only the silk hat is proper with the frock and cutaway coats.

CORRY.—Nobody can predict with certainty the colors of a season many months in advance. We believe, however, that gray and blue will be much favored next season, and that brown will be out of it.



Sensible underclothing.
The drawers

BEATTYVILLE.—An "elo-cutionist" should wear the frock coat and its accompaniments during the day, and the "swallowtail" and its accessories at night. The "Tuxedo," being informal, is out of place. As we have often said, it is purely a lounging or club jacket.

ARK.—Diamond studs are in bad form for the white evening shirt. Only pearl or moonstone studs and cuff links are correct. Diamonds are not worn now-a-days by well-dressed men, either by day or by night. Gold studs and links go with formal day dress and also with informal evening dress.

LUCERNE.—With the "Tuxedo" jacket, either the fold or the wing collar is proper. It is not a matter of propriety, but of preference. Wear the collar that suits you and in which you feel most comfortable. That's common sense.

WARREN.—Patent leather shoes can not be prevented from cracking. Even the most costly ones are not guaranteed by the makers. Apply any good cream

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have all used Williams' Shaving Soaps.

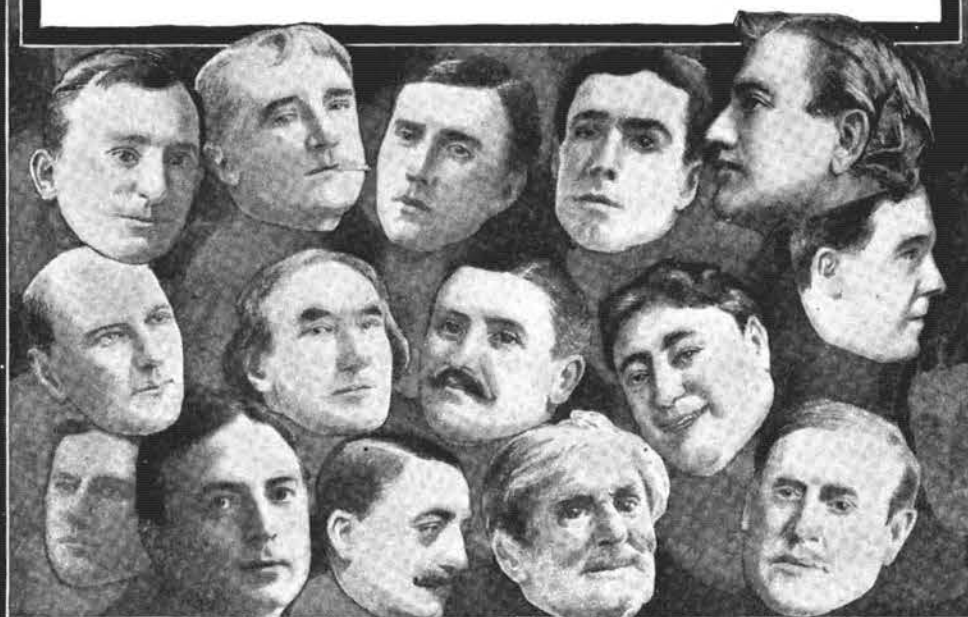
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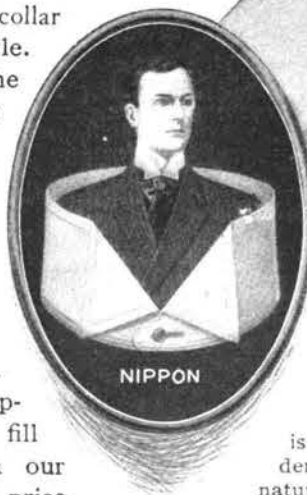
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once a week. A little vaseline now and then will be found beneficial. Patent leather shoes often crack the first time they are put on, because they are not warmed beforehand. They should be so warmed to make them soft and pliable. After they are on, the heat of the foot will often suffice to prevent cracking.

BROOKS.—A little warm water and castile soap will frequently remove a fresh stain on cloth. If that fails, diluted ammonia may be effective. Do not use alcohol—it hardens the fabric. If simple remedies are unsuccessful, it is better to take the garment to a tailor. Salts of lemon is useful in taking stains out of white linen waistcoats. The point to be remembered is that a stain should be removed while it is new. Nothing will avail against a stain that is allowed to eat into the cloth.

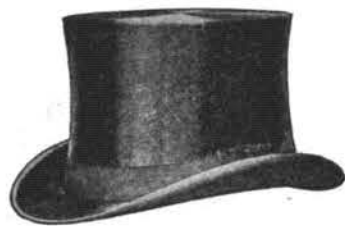
CALUMET.—Colored stones are not worn in the "Tuxedo" shirt, though moonstones are not incorrect. Plain gold studs and links are most approved. Either the plain white or the plaited bosom shirt is in good form. The waistcoat should be gray, rather than white, as white belongs more distinctively to formal evening dress.

G. J. C.—We can not recommend tailors and other tradesmen in this department, though, upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we will give you the names of some merchants for whose trustworthiness we can vouch.

GORDON.—Very pointed toes are not in good form on dress or any other shoes. The shoe should be the shape of the foot,—that is, natural.

HOLYOKE.—Watch fobs and watch chains are never worn with evening clothes. The watch may be carried in the change pocket of the trousers. The handkerchief is kept in the left inside pocket of the evening coat. It should be always white, and linen is preferable to silk.

H. S. S.—The cravat pin is inserted below the knot and in such a manner that part of the stem as well as the head are visible. A cravat pin is never worn in a bow, as its function is not ornamental, but useful.



Young's spring styles

KEECH.—When one wears evening clothes, the watch may be carried in the little pocket at the waistband of one's trousers. There it is not bulky and is handy to reach. It is better not to wear a chain, though it may be slipped in and out of the suspender ends and attached to the center of the trousers band beneath the

waistcoat. There it is hidden and out of the way. Fobs are not worn with evening clothes by any man blessed with a sense of the fitness of things.

PALM BEACH.—On a business card the prefix "Mr." is omitted. On a visiting card it is better to spell out the middle name instead of using an initial, thus: "Mr. Henry Bradford Smith." It is customary to mark wedding presents with the initials of the bride's maiden name, but this practice has many dissenters. The correct form of inscription inside the wedding ring is: "A. B. C." and "X. Y. Z." instead of "to X. Y. Z."

FIELD'S ADORNED NECKTIE

The Story of a "Well-dressed" Man
By I. NEWTON GREENE

EUGENE FIELD reported a session of the Missouri Legislature, for a St. Louis newspaper, a good many years ago, and, with several other special correspondents, occupied quarters in a small hostelry not far from the capitol building. The hotel in question was chosen by the newspaper men, owing to its adaptability to their outlined plan of working in one general room, and having adjoining sleeping apartments. From a long, narrow writing room opened several bedchambers, forming a commodious suite, which allowed the party of writers plenty of space in which to sleep and work, and,

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best of all, perfect immunity from outside interruption when preparing wire and mail stories for their respective papers.

There was no allotting of bedrooms. When a correspondent completed his day's work, and had sent his story through the telegraph office, or the post office, he entered the first sleeping apartment that struck his fancy and tumbled into bed. This happy-go-lucky lack of system was followed by all the correspondents of the Bohemian party. If a collar, a pair of cuffs, or a shirt was needed by one to array himself properly before entering the legislative hall, he would roam about among the several bedchambers and poke through the personal effects of his associates, until he unearthed such items of wearing apparel as he required.

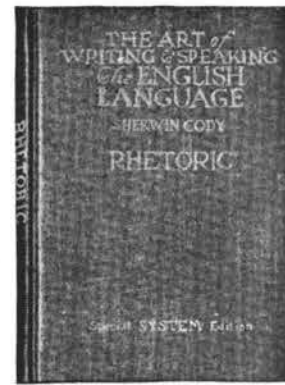
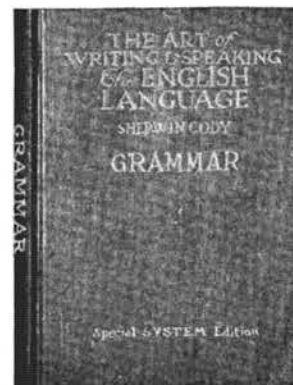
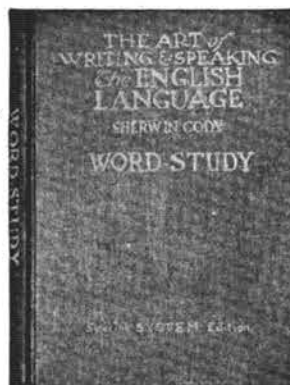
Eugene Field never knew where to find his own things, and, as a consequence, was continually replenishing his wardrobe from the supply of his co-workers. Articles of clothing which he purchased would mysteriously disappear, because one or more of his associates needed this or that to complete a half-made toilet, or, possibly, because the poet lacked the system, "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

One morning, having an early appointment, Field arose before any other member of that democratic party



The correct, sensible business suit

and was unable to find his necktie. He had a distinct recollection of tossing it on the general writing table, in among the litter of copy paper, pens, pencils and ink bottles as he came in from the street the night before; but he could not locate his missing property either on the table or in the rooms of his snoring companions, which he thoroughly ransacked in his search. A cravat he had to have, so he resorted to the usual foraging tactics. The first room he entered was occupied by a young man who had proved himself the Beau Brummel of the correspondent family. Smart clothes encased this young man's form when he walked abroad, patent leather boots hugged his feet, and he possessed a *penchant* for brilliant red neck scarfs. The poet grimly



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picked up one of these gaudy neckties, and carried it gingerly to the writing room. Field's taste did not run in the direction of lurid ties, so, laying the offensive satin article on the table, he dipped a pen deep into an ink bottle, and with a succession of quick jerks of his wrist sent splotches of black writing fluid upon the crimson tie, giving it a wonderful polka-dot effect.

Field wore that scarf all day, only speaking of his small part in its decoration when questioned at night.

Do not Run Mad on Dress

THE late Harry Fanmure Gordon, of London, once said:—

"A gentleman can live on two thousand pounds a month. That pays for clothes, horses, carriages, yacht, grouse moor, country place and all that. You know, of course, if you want luxuries it costs more."

Mr. Gordon changed his trousers four or five times a day, and always kept several hundred pairs on hand. He would order at one time thirty overcoats of all sorts of patterns and styles, so as to have one available for every possible occasion. While traveling in the United States he wrote a book of "impressions" in which he devoted a whole chapter to describing the loss and recovery of a pair of trousers.

While we wish to emphasize the importance of being well and fittingly dressed, we just as earnestly condemn overdressing or foolish foppiness. When a person's mind runs mad on dress, as this man Gordon's evidently did, when he considers the cut of his trousers or the hang of his coat more important than the great issue of life, he is weak and foolish.

The essential thing is to be so dressed that we are totally unconscious of any inferiority or lack of self-respect from being slouchily, inappropriately or poorly dressed. We simply should be so dressed that we will not think about our appearance at all, because we know that it is all right, and then we can concentrate our minds upon whatever we are doing.

Lucky for the Colonel

A NUMBER of army officers in Washington were one day exchanging stories of the campaign in Cuba during the summer of 1898. One of them was reminded of an occasion when a volunteer officer thought to give his men an object lesson in personal bravery without much risk to himself.

The American regiment had been brought into position, occupying a sunken road near Santiago. Spanish batteries were busily engaged in pouring shot and shell into the surrounding territory. This fire, however, was passing over the regiment hidden in the roadway, so that really there was little danger to them. Still the officer mentioned thought the opportunity a good one to do a bit of "posing," so he climbed a bank of slight grade and stood behind a big tree. It was not long before a shell struck the tree, scattering bark and splinters in all directions. The officer who tells the story overheard the following conversation between two of the privates in the road beneath:—

"Say, Bill, it was a lucky thing for the colonel that the tree was there."

"Sure thing!" responded the second private; "but you can bet your life if it had n't been for the tree, the colonel would never have been there in the first place!"

Horace Greeley's Birthplace

THE photograph over the table of contents this month represents the birthplace of Horace Greeley. This old house, which is still standing, is situated near the village of Amherst, N. H., on the Boston and Maine Railroad, six miles west of Reed's Ferry, on the Reed's Ferry Road. It is a typical old New Hampshire dwelling, with the barn connected with the house by a peculiar style of long wood shed. Mr. Greeley's father owned the house for a number of years, until Horace was ten years old. Horace was born, it is said, in the corner room in the foreground. In the house is a large fireplace, where his friends used to see Horace Greeley stretched out on the floor reading by the light of a log fire.

The figures standing in front of the doorway are Mr. and Mrs. John A. Hanson. Mr. Hanson is a great-grandson of Joel Brown, who bought the house of Horace Greeley's father, in 1821. George F. Shepard, whose mother was first cousin of Horace Greeley, lives in the neighborhood, and used to entertain Greeley on his visits to his birthplace. Mr. Shepard's father, Charles F. Shepard, was a schoolmate of Greeley's.

Our photograph was taken very recently, and shows the old house just as it stands at the present time. It is the first of a series that we will publish from time to time.

THE "SUCCESS TOURS"

TO THE READERS OF SUCCESS MAGAZINE: I desire, in connection with the announcement of the "Success Tours" to be conducted by Mr. Ernest R. Holmes, to give to him my warmest personal endorsement. I have known him for fifteen years, and for nearly five years have been closely associated with him on SUCCESS MAGAZINE. In culture, training and personal character I consider him admirably fitted for the arduous task of aiding a tourist party to get the most out of a European tour. I do not hesitate to urge any parents to confide their young people to Mr. Holmes and his assistants, and to urge every reader who can possibly afford it to take one of these tours, as one of the wisest investments that could possibly be made.

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ITINERARY: Azores, Gibraltar, Naples, Pompeii, La Cava, Amalfi, Sorrento, Capri, Rome, Siena, Florence, Venice, Milan, the Bigli, Lucerne, Interlaken, Grindelwald, Bern, Neuchâtel, Rhine Falls, Constance, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Amsterdam, The Hague, Antwerp, Brussels, Paris, London, Oxford, Warwick, Stratford, Chester, Liverpool. Seventy-seven days.

The Abridged Tour will start three weeks later, stop briefly at the Azores, Gibraltar, and Naples, land at Genoa, and join the Main Tour at Milan; the rest as above. Fifty-six days.

The Northern Tour will sail about forty days after the Main Tour, land at Bremen, and continue as above with Main Tour through Holland, Belgium, France and England. Thirty-six days.

The Late Short Tour will leave New York (or Boston) in time to reach Liverpool at the close of the Main Tour in August, reversing the Northern Tour, England, France, Belgium and Holland, sailing from Rotterdam or Bremen. Forty days.

The Great Britain Extension will prolong the Late Short Tour by the "Cathedral Route" through Cambridge, Ely, Lincoln, York, Durham, Melrose, Edinburgh, the Trossachs and Glasgow. Eight days.

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Circulars giving dates and all details more fully than is possible here will be sent on application. Readers are asked to send us names of any persons thinking of European travel. For all information, address ERNEST R. HOLMES, Manager "The Success Tours," 32 Waverly Place, New York.

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