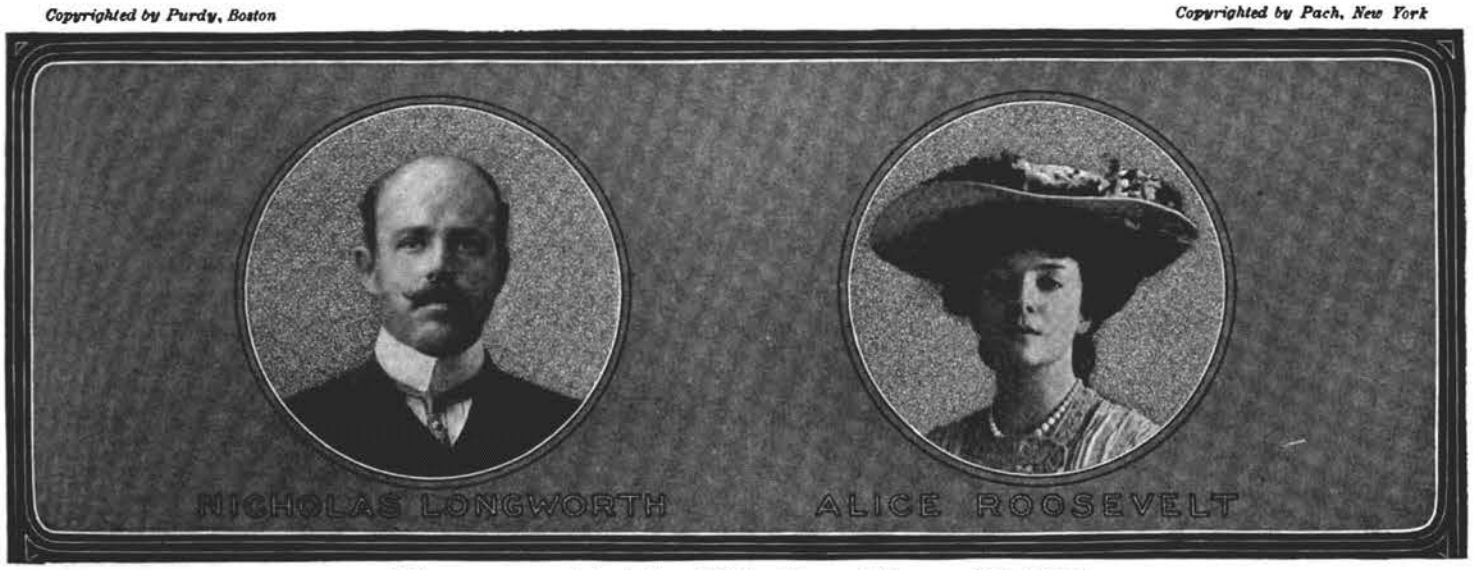
A NEW STORY BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH



Who were married at the White House, February 17, 1906

Contents of the March Issue

Cover Design by H. G. Williamson

OTHER FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In the United States, Canada, and Mexico, $1.00 a year. Ten Cents a Copy. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.00 a Year. Postage prepaid
Foreign Representative: Curtis Brown, 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England.

The PRUDENTIAL

Advances in Security and Public Confidence

THIRTIETH ANNUAL STATEMENT, January 1, 1906, shows:

ASSETS, over	107 MILLION DOLLARS
LIABILITIES (including reserve $88,000,000)	91 MILLION DOLLARS
Surplus, over	16 MILLION DOLLARS
Increase in Assets, over	18 MILLION DOLLARS
Paid Policyholders during 1905, over	14 MILLION DOLLARS
Total Payments to Policyholders to Dec. 31, 1905, over	107 MILLION DOLLARS
Cash Dividends and Other Concessions not stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to date, over	6 MILLION DOLLARS
Number of Policies in Force, nearly	6½ MILLION
Increase in Number of Policies in Force, over	½ MILLION
Net Increase in Insurance in Force, over	113 MILLION DOLLARS

Bringing Total Amount of Insurance in Force to over

One Billion, One Hundred and Seventy Million Dollars

Economical Administration.

Lower Expense Rate Than Ever Before.

Careful Selection of Risks.

Favorable Mortality Experience.

Dividends Paid to Policyholders during 1905, over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

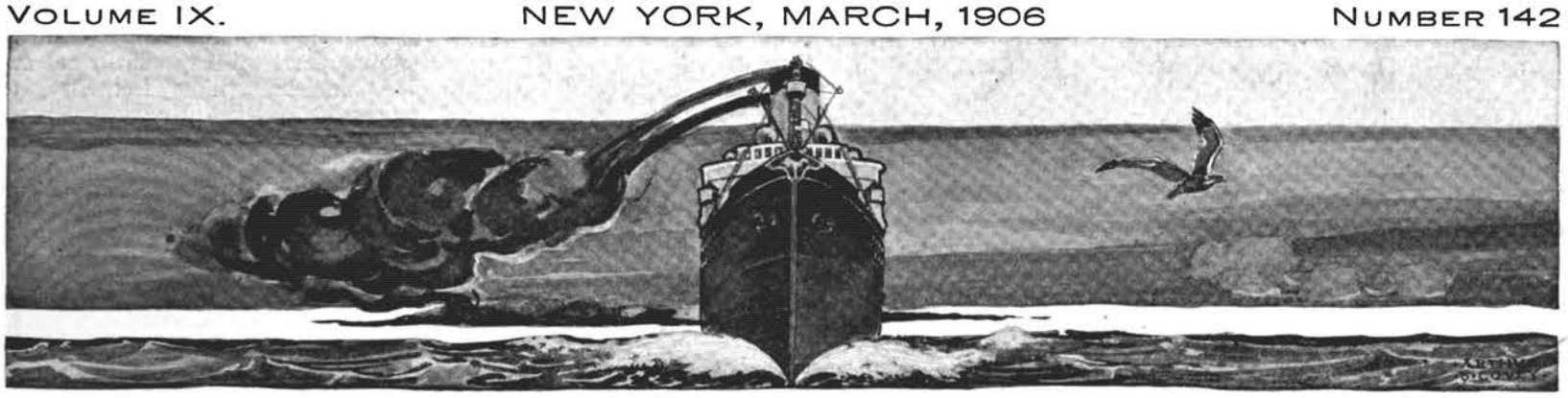
Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Write for Information of Policies, Dept. 33. **HOME OFFICE, Newark, N. J.**

Entered as second-class mail matter, December 14, 1905, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March, 1879

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, MARCH, 1906 NUMBER 142



CROSSING THE OCEAN IN A PALACE

A voyage on the gigantic "Amerika," the first ocean steamer to be equipped with the elevator and telephone service, an à la carte restaurant open at all hours, and cozy corners on deck where one may sit unruffled in a hurricane

By SAMUEL MERWIN.

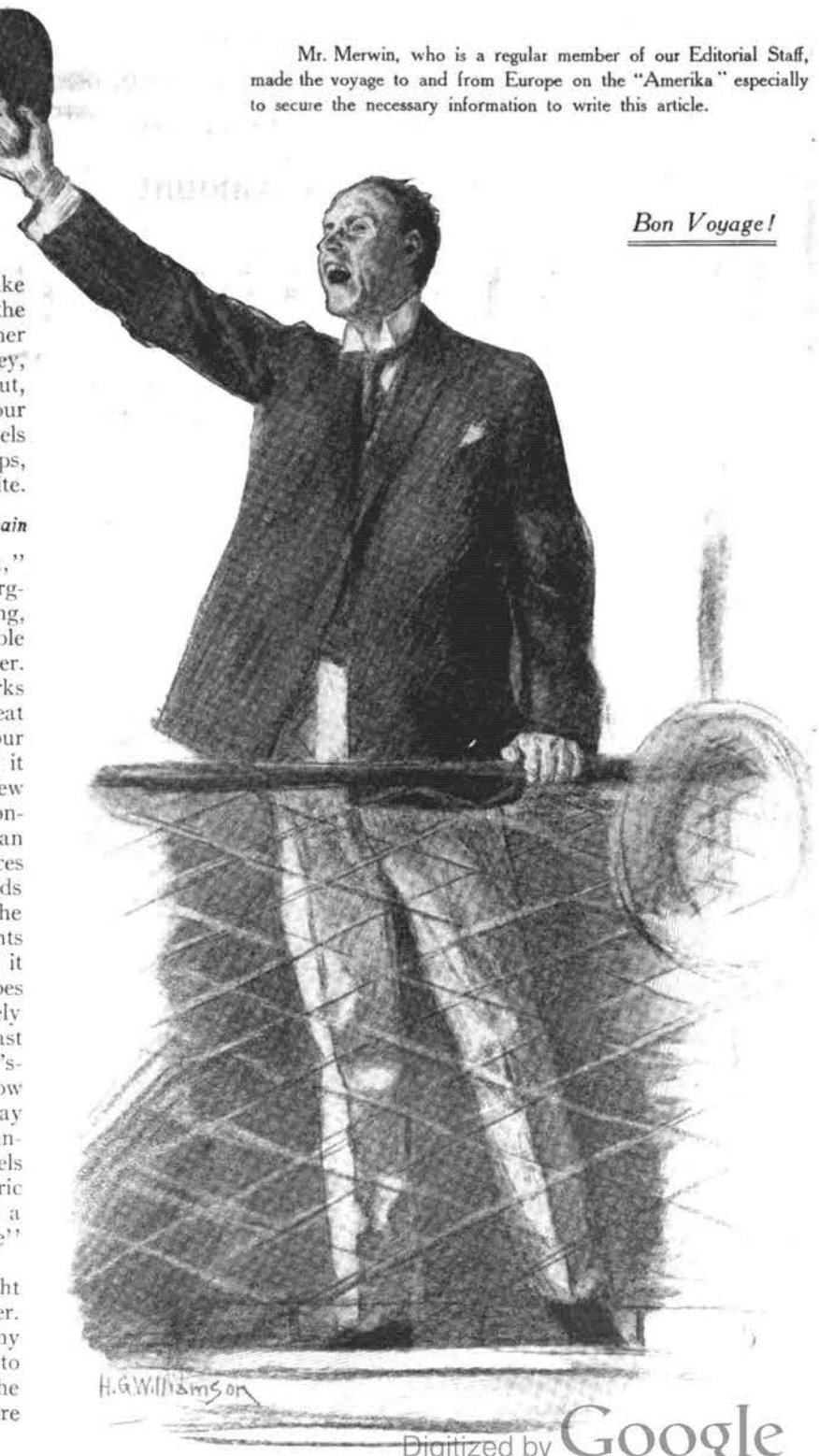
EVERY six months or so a big new liner steams up the North River, to the west of New York City, and displays a great many flags; and the ferryboats and lighters whistle the conventional three-toot salutation, and the steward's band blares its brassiest as the leviathan—it is always a "leviathan," —works laboriously into her dock. Before noon, we may be sure, certain newspapers will come out with imaginative pen-drawings of the "monster of the deep" supposedly reposing in Broadway at City Hall Park or standing upright on her twin screws beside the Park Row Building. Then, for a morning or two, those of us who are so fortunate as to sleep in New Jersey will make it a point to step outside of our ferryboat cabin and stand among the baggage trucks and the coal wagons and try to pick out the new liner by the markings on her funnels,—for your true sleeper in New Jersey, though he may not understand what David Belasco is so excited about, or who wrote "Prometheus Unbound," or why Arthur James Balfour resigned, is pretty sure to know that the Cunarders have red funnels with black tops, that the White Star funnels are buff with black tops, and that the American and the Red Star funnels are black and white.

The Great Ocean Flyer Keeps Her Trackless Course True as an Express Train

Then, when we have made out the two buff funnels of the "Amerika," which identify the latest new ship as the property of the Hamburg-American Line, we of New Jersey are likely to remain, of a morning, in the ferryboat cabin, and to bury our noses in the very respectable "New Jersey edition" of a very respectable New York newspaper. But the "Amerika" demands, and deserves, a closer look. She marks the goal of a shipbuilding contest in which close to half a dozen great lines have been long engaged. She is a movable hotel in which four thousand persons can live in greater or less comfort, (and some of it very great, indeed,) during the seven-or-eight-day voyage from New York to Plymouth and Hamburg. Every known device which contributes to the comfort, the safety, the health and the recreation of ocean travelers may be found aboard this wonderful ship, and some devices which were never known before. The system of water-tight bulkheads has been brought to a point where it insures nearly absolute safety. The organization of the ship and the coördination of the different departments center so completely on the bridge that the captain has the control of it all at his fingers' ends. She runs almost as closely on a track as does the "Twentieth Century Limited." The navigating officer, by merely holding a receiver to his ear, can hear the under-water signals of the coast lightships. The lookout communicates with the bridge, from his crow's-nest on the foremast, through a "loud-speaking" telephone. Below decks there is a very humorous Swedish gymnasium where you may lie on comfortable sofas and be vibrated and twisted and jolted by cunning electrical machinery, and where you may ride horses and camels whose varied motions closely approach verisimilitude. There are electric light baths and a florist's shop and a ladies' hairdressing parlor and a children's room with charming colored panels from "Mother Goose" and Grimm's "Fairy Tales,"—and so on and on.

When I first saw the "Amerika" steaming up the North River I thought about these things, for I had been reading about them in my newspaper. But, on a later day, when I had boarded her and had stowed away my luggage and had stretched out in a steamer chair and settled down to looking back across a strip of ocean toward the dim Highlands of the Navesink, which were fading slowly out in the twilight,—back to where

Mr. Merwin, who is a regular member of our Editorial Staff, made the voyage to and from Europe on the "Amerika" especially to secure the necessary information to write this article.



the Sandy Hook light was flashing bravely against the dying splendor of the afterglow, —I found that my thoughts were running deeper.

But how new it all is to us! For thousands—maybe hundreds of thousands,—of years we had lived in villages and towns and countries and little nations, each community speaking its own tongue because it could have little intercourse with its neighbor,—and each fighting its neighbor because neighbors could not understand one another. But now, within a hundred years, —a very short time, indeed, in the history of man,—we have broken our boundaries, have scoured our channels of communication, and have made it easy for that fluid which we call mankind to flow here, there, and everywhere about the world, and to fill up the hollows and make the arid places green. Local and national prejudices have been carried out by these resistless currents. Dams of ignorance and misunderstanding and even of language have broken or have been swept altogether away.

The thing is so new to us,—this business of breaking the whirlwind to harness, of riding down the lightning, and of whispering a thousand miles through the ether, as we dash casually, magnificently by,—this sort of thing is so bewilderingly big that we hardly know what we are about. The more stupid among us, and that, I fear, includes most of us, blink and take it for granted. Some among us get drunk with sight of power and loose wild tongues. Others among us, caught in the irresistible current, grow reckless and reach out, as we sweep grandly along, for what is not rightly ours. We are children let loose in the engine room of the universe. Because the nimble among us have managed to clamber up within reach of two or three of the lowest levers and switches we have thrown everything wide open, and now we are watching the mighty wheels go round and waiting, some cunningly, some heedlessly, some prayerfully, to see what this tremendous engine is which we have set running. Perhaps we are going to a wonderful new existence; perhaps we are going to smash. No one may say. We may be sure of nothing further than that we are going where no world has ever gone before.

A corner of the reading room

The "Amerika" has Six Decks and Displaces Forty-two Thousand Tons of Water

It is a little difficult for a casual reader of newspapers to picture to himself how really big these new liners are. When you see the "Amerika" in her dock you can not estimate her size unless you know the dimensions of the dock structure and of the lighters that flock about her and of the longshore buildings. Even when I went down from London to Dover, for the return voyage, stood on the Prince of Wales Pier, and watched this biggest of ships in that small artificial harbor, where she stood out boldly against the channel sky, I could not take in the facts. That is why I am not going to bother the reader with many facts and figures,— mere facts and figures, that is, such as that she is six hundred and ninety feet long and that she displaces *forty-two thousand tons of water*. It is much more important to know that six turns around the "kaiser deck" make a mile, although this deck extends but little more than half the vessel's length, and that you might hunt about the ship, as I have, for an hour or two, in a vain hope of finding some one whom you might wish to see. There are six decks which are used by the cabin passengers, with an electric elevator connecting five of them; and, when Captain Sauermann, to satisfy his curiosity and mine, laid a ruler on a blueprint diagram of the ship, he found that she is ninety-one feet deep from the ceiling of the wheelhouse to the keel.

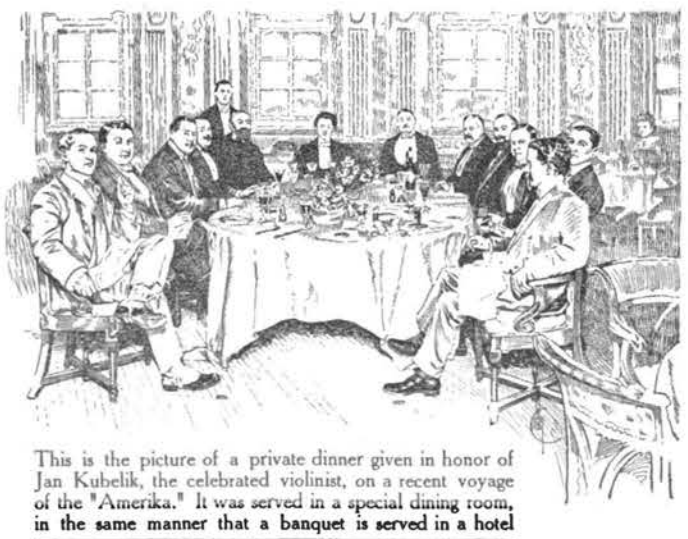
It had been arranged that we should visit the engine room at five o'clock. When the hour arrived I was reading in a corner of the smoking room balcony. I descended one flight of stairs to the main floor of the smoking room, which is on the "kaiser deck;" another flight to the "Washington deck," where the gymnasium is, and where, also, are the "imperial suites;" a third flight to the "Roosevelt deck," which brought me to the bookseller's shop; a fourth flight to the "Cleveland deck," and around to the sitting room of the chief engineer. This officer opened a door and led the way along a narrow steel gallery. I found myself in what appeared to be a vast machine shop. To eyes which had grown accustomed to the ship as the passengers see it, it seemed incredible that so immense a space could have been reserved for the engines. After descending four full flights of stairs I seemed to stand almost *at the top* of this great room, which extends, at the bottom, all of two hundred feet by seventy-five, and which gradually narrows upward for eighty or ninety feet. Imagine, if you can, the block in Fifth Avenue between Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets lifted out and placed within the hull of a ship, and you will have some notion of the size of this engine room. As for height it will be necessary to imagine that some seven or eight stories of the Flatiron Building have been lifted out with it. Then we began descending long steel stairways. The men below looked small, to my eyes, as we started downward. Finally we stood on the floor and looked up through the steel gratings, and wondered again. There was so much noise that talking was all but impossible. The smooth steel shafts which turn the twin screws were spinning around, one on each side of us. The great piston rods were thrashing around and around with a force which, to inexperienced eyes, threatened to tear out the heart of the ship. Ranged along the side walls were the dynamos which supply the light.

We walked a long way, stepping carefully between the engines, and passed through a steel doorway into the boiler room. There, as in the engine room, the most surprising thing was the purity of the atmosphere. Instead of the conventional stokers, stripped to the skin, shining with sweat and half dead with thirst and heat-exhaustion, there stood before me a row of fully clad laboring men who appeared to be about as comfortable as laboring men ever appear to be. Even with the furnace doors open the heat was not intolerable. This condition may be explained, perhaps, by the fact that the season was late October; but I am inclined to think that the remarkably effective ventilating system of the ship had a good deal to do with it. The "Amerika" does not rely at all on the old-fashioned above-decks ventilator, which scoops in plenty of air when the wind is ahead, but next to none when it is astern, but on a set of fans or wheels which force fresh air into every part of the ship, all day and all night.

Perhaps I have succeeded in giving some notion of the size of the engine room. It is necessary to remember, also, that the greater part of each of five decks, running nearly the full length of the ship, is given over to the comfort and the recreation of her more than three thousand passengers and to the accommodations for the six hundred men who make up the ship's company. Now, with a realization in mind of the vast space required for these purposes, we have left one of the most important considerations of all, that of the space required for the freight.

Six Hundred and Forty Freight Cars would be Required to Carry Her Full Cargo

The full cargo of the "Amerika" is sixteen thousand tons. These figures convey little to the reader. But if it is recalled that a fair average load for a freight car is, say, twenty-five tons, it will be seen that the "Amerika's" cargo, if put on trains for land shipment, would require *six hundred and forty cars*, or sixteen trains of forty cars each. Allowing forty feet to a car, inclusive of the space between two cars, and one hundred feet to each locomotive and to the necessary space between trains, the sixteen trains would extend, end to end, more than five miles. After considering all these great departments, it should be kept in mind that we have made no mention of the space required for the thousands of tons of coal [The furnaces consume three hundred and fifty tons a day.] or for the ship's stores, a very considerable item. The largest anchors of the "Amerika" weigh sixteen tons. The systems of pipes and of telephone and electric light wires are as intricate as those of a small city. There are five completely appointed kitchens. A passenger can purchase on board tickets from the port where he is to be landed to any point in the world which can be reached by railway, and to some which can not, and, in his daily newspaper, which is handed to him as he lies in his steamer chair, he will find, not scanty wireless bulletins, but a pretty complete survey of the news of the world.



This is the picture of a private dinner given in honor of Jan Kubelik, the celebrated violinist, on a recent voyage of the "Amerika." It was served in a special dining room, in the same manner that a banquet is served in a hotel

I sat in the balcony of the smoking room, by the railing, where I could look down at the great brick fireplace. The pillars of carved oak, the cozy alcoves, the padded leather wall seats, and the

gayly-flowered curtains at the windows made up a very pleasing picture; but there was really nothing of the sea about it all. The dark woodwork and the bubbly panes of glass were those of a baronial hall of long ago. Around the walls of the balcony was a carved wooden frieze illustrating, very quaintly and vigorously, the life and works of St. Hubert.

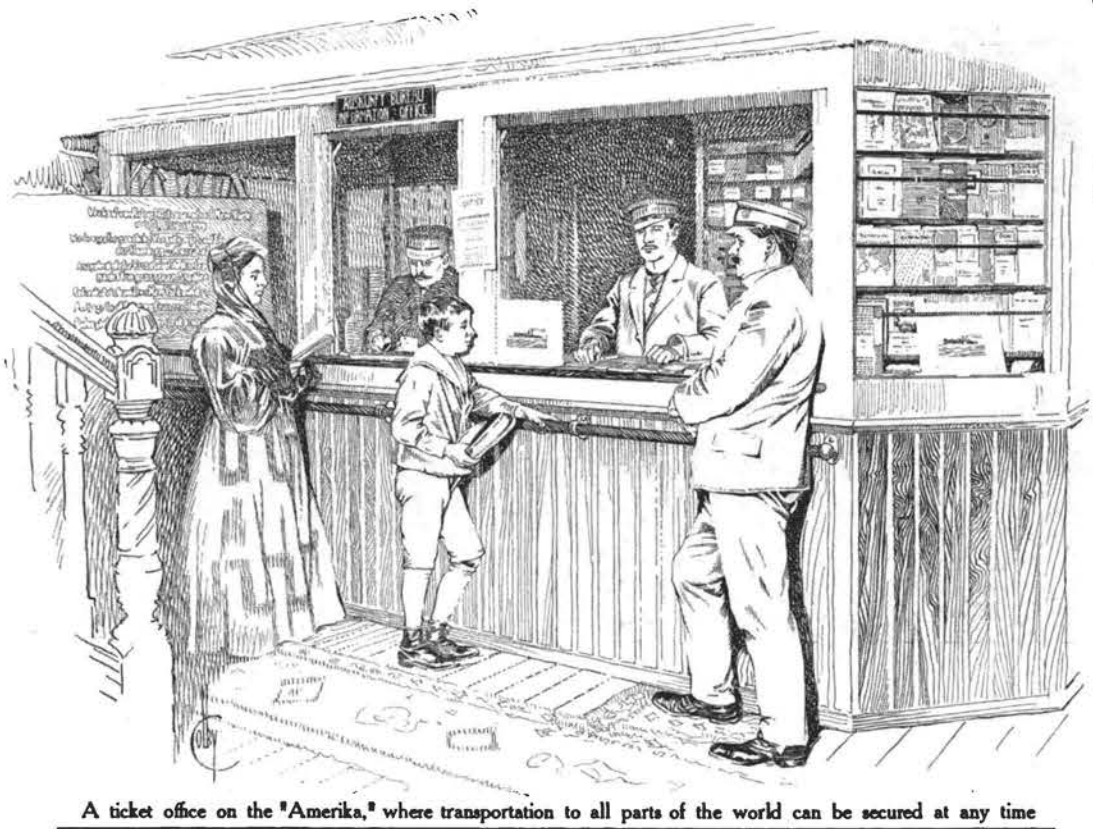
A fat man from Cincinnati suddenly projected himself, as he had a large-handed way of doing, into my immediate environment. He had in his hand a copy of the latest "Atlantic Daily News."

"Look at that!" he said. "Look at that!" He laid a pudgy forefinger on the headline,—"Football News. — Teddy, Junior's Nose Broken."

"What about it?" said I, absently.

"What about it!" he retorted. "They've spoiled the only charm that was left to the sea. Why don't they polish it off with a stock ticker in every room? Might as well, while they're about it. I don't know about you, but this is my only chance to get away from things." He snorted, crumpled up the paper, threw it under the table, and stormed away.

It was late afternoon, and dark as night, outside. I walked slowly down the wide oak stairway, buttoned up my coat, pulled down my cap, and threw my weight against the outer door. It gave slowly against the wind, and banged after me with terrific force, when I had finally managed to slip out, with a report like that of a six-pounder.



A ticket office on the "Amerika," where transportation to all parts of the world can be secured at any time

A southwest gale was screaming through the rigging, threatening, every moment, to bring down the Marconi wires. It was a boisterous wind, and I leaned on the rail and let it dash into my face the spindrift which it had snatched up from the white tips of the waves. There could be no doubt that, in the matter of steadiness, the new sort of ship is a success. The "Amerika" is so large, and her engines work so quietly, that she runs, even in moderately stormy weather, with less than the swaying and jolting of a railway train. I had to lean far out to see where the steel side plates entered the water, fifty feet below. Then I walked a hundred yards along the promenade and stepped into a warm hall which was all plate glass and white enamel, left my coat and cap on the very comfortable window seat in the corner, and passed through the writing room into the drawing-room. I was thinking of the fat man and his sentimental anger. "Is it true," I asked myself, "that they have destroyed the charm of the sea? Is the fine old salty romance dead and buried?"

Life at Sea To-day Is a Far Different Matter from That of a Century Ago

It almost seemed as if he was right as I looked about the great room with its white woodwork, its Wedgwood plaques, its fireplace and broad mantel, its grand piano, and its rose-colored satin upholstery. In a corner, fifty feet away, some women were busy with gossip and fancy work. One of them had laid her library book, face down, on a table. At another table four young women were playing bridge. Two children were cuddled up in a corner seat, listening, big-eyed, to their nurse's story about the little boy who did n't want to grow up and be president, but to live away off in the Never, Never, Never Land, with Indians to guard him in his underground home. I involuntarily raised my hand to my stinging cheek, which was still wet with the spindrift, to convince myself that we were really in mid-Atlantic.

Away out at sea, messages are received from all parts of the world by the Marconi wireless system. Here the operator is at work in the room assigned to this purpose. A daily newspaper is published aboard the big steamer giving briefly the world's principal happenings

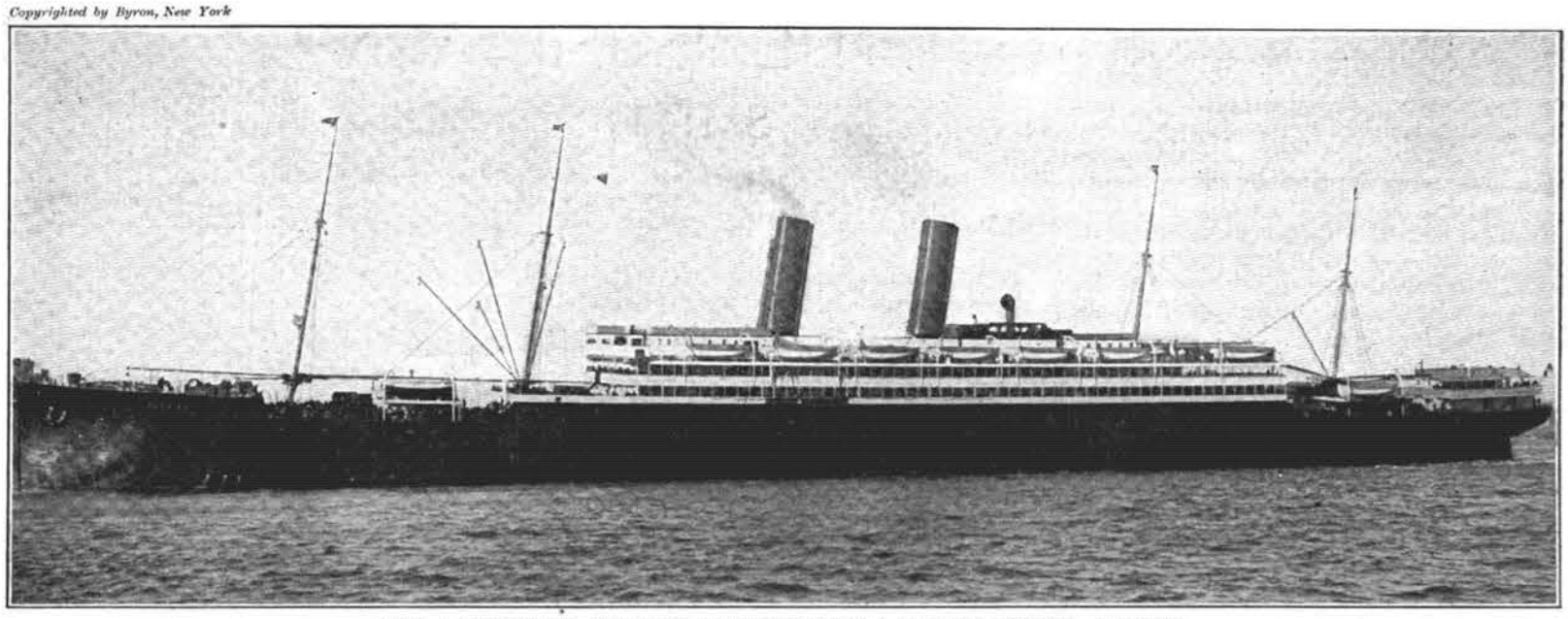
I retreated down the passage, and, on opening a door which is all plate glass and white enamel, found myself in the Carlton Restaurant, and paused again to look around. The walls are of polished mahogany and chestnut, inlaid with rarer woods and ornamented with bronze work. The outer portholes are concealed by inside windows and curtains, so that there is nothing whatever about the room to suggest the sea. I should say that the ceiling is of plaster, were it not that, on a ship so large, a ceiling cannot conceivably be of plaster. The carpet is rich and soft. Most of the tables are small, and they are lighted by shaded lamps. The knives and forks and spoons and match-holders are of gold plate, and the china is really dainty and pretty, and not at all the stout ware of ship tradition. While I slowly ate my dinner, and looked about at the jolly little parties of two and four and six, at the daintily clad women and the severely clad men, and at the freshly-cut flowers and the sparkling cut glass, and while I listened to the low-pitched laughter and talk and to the music of the gay little red-coated orchestra,—it seemed very much as if I had strolled over from Piccadilly Circus to Pall Mall, of a cold, foggy evening, and had turned in at the Carlton Hotel. I grew sober as I thought about it. We did these things very differently a little while back. Even a very little while back—as the history of humankind runs,—life at sea meant more, for it seemed to bring a man nearer to his God than we of to-day very often get.

A barber shop for ladies

Take the case of Benjamin Silliman, a young professor of chemistry at Yale College, who sailed from New York for Liverpool in May, 1805. "We have an excellent ship," he says, in his journal of the return voyage, "and very comfortable accommodations. Our cabin is convenient, sufficiently spacious, and uncommonly handsome; the pannels, which are all of mahogany, are ornamented with carved work and gilding... I have often wondered that, with the numerous inconveniences incident to a sea life, food can be so well prepared as we have it." The voyage, he says, was "highly prosperous and pleasant." In that portion of the journal which is devoted to the outward passage, I find this: "In the regular American ships, which are fitted expressly for the purpose of carrying passengers, there is more comfort than one would naturally expect at sea."

A Storm in the Old Days of Sailing Craft Was a Dreary and Dreadful Time

From these excerpts it seems fair to believe that the ships which bore Prof. Silliman to and from England were thought, a hundred years ago, to be pretty good vessels. "But the culinary department... is very deficient in neatness. The vessels are not clean,—the steward is good-natured, fat, and dirty; and the cook, a ragged, forlorn negro, is scarcely



THE "AMERIKA,"—IN DISPLACEMENT THE LARGEST VESSEL AFLOAT

This leviathan consumes 3,000 tons of coal on a single trip. Every night 3,500 electric lights are put into service. An elevator conveys passengers from one deck to another just as if they were in a hotel. The deck floors are of India rubber to deaden noise. There is an *d la carte* restaurant aboard, where one can secure meals at any hour. Each anchor weighs eight tons. There are 607 enrolled in the crew. She is 687 feet long, and 74 feet, 6 inches beam

less covered with smoke and soot than his own caboose. . . . The cabin being at once bedroom, parlour, and dining room for so large a number of people, and being liable, when there is a fire, to smoke with every high wind, has usually an offensive, sickening atmosphere, which is not at all corrected by the currents from the hold below, into which the steward must often descend to bring up the cabin provisions, and, in our case, *the evil is augmented by the bilge water, which has been abundant ever since we sprung a leak.*"

On the "Amerika" there are seven great kitchens, and of chefs, cooks, bakers, butchers, scullery men, and waiters there are one hundred and thirty-three. Prof. Silliman was traveling on a tall ship of four hundred tons' burden. The "Amerika" carries forty times four hundred tons of cargo. Prof. Silliman was frequently kept awake, at night, by the trampling of the crew on the deck over his head and the shouting of orders. The ship's company of the "Amerika" makes up a total of six hundred and seven men and women, but the passengers see little of them and are never kept awake by them at night.

Prof. Silliman writes thus of a storm on the Grand Banks: "... As the deadlights were all in, the cabin was very dark and gloomy;"— electric lights had not then been heard of;—" a coal fire and a few rays from the skylight shed only a faint gleam; *no food could be prepared, and therefore we remained without refreshment;* reading was out of the question, and conversation almost equally so, . . . for those who were up had enough to do, to preserve their limbs from being broken by the sudden jerks of the ship." This, it should be remembered, was only one hundred years back. Ships had been employed in what may be called the passenger-carrying trade for thousands of years. The Egyptians built galleys three or four hundred feet in length. The Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Greeks, and the Romans were quite at home in deep water. Yet here is where we stood a short hundred years ago. The "Amerika" passed through a heavy gale on the outward passage; but, far from being dark, the ship was brilliantly lighted. Prof. Silliman adds: "On certain other occasions such eating as could be managed was not a matter to be flippantly approached. *The captain had laid the ship to, on the Banks, in order that the passengers might have a day's cod fishing*, when the storm caught them."

"The motions of the ship have been so violent," runs the journal, "that it has been impossible to sit at the table. We have been compelled to place our food on the floor, and to sit down around it with all the simplicity of pastoral life. . . . Thus situated, with our plates between our knees, we attempted the arduous business of dining."

[*Concluded on pages 195 and 196.*]

The Distinction of Dasher

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT J. WILDHACK

"Dasher invented the 'yippy-yip yell'"

Dasher at college was "brilliant,"
they say,
Rattling good fellow, the best of
his day,
Free with his money and quick
with a joke,
'Varsity pitcher and 'varsity stroke,
Loveable chap to a certain degree,—
Prominent Yalceton Man, '83.

Dasher invented the "yippy-yip yell."
(Dasher was wild, as he's willing to tell.)
Easily marked to stand out from the ranks,
He was the leader of rushes and pranks,
Twanged a first mandolin, sang on the Glee,—
Prominent Yalceton Man, '83.

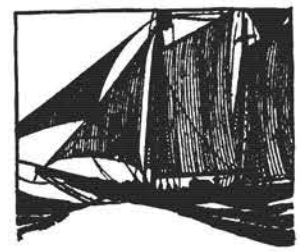
Dasher was chummy with Harry and Tom,
Dasher's flirtations enlivened the Prom.
He had a story and, Jove, it was gay!
No one in college could tell it *his*
way
All of the campus *raconteurs*
agree,—
Prominent Yalceton Man, '83.

"Adding up figures for Someone & Co."

Dasher's at work for his living to-
day,
Hair somewhat thin,—a suspicion of gray.
Dasher's sharp wits have grown plodding and slow,
Adding up figures for Someone & Co.
No one to laugh at his jokes,—can this be
Prominent Yalceton Man, '83?

Dasher's old mates have succeeded so far.
Smith deals in copper, Jones edits "The Star,"
White tried for congress, defeated by Brown,
Black runs a railroad, a church, and a town.
Dasher's one claim to distinction must be,—
"Prominent Yalceton Man, '83."

CAPTAIN JOE AND THE "SUSIE ANN"



By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Author of "Col. Carter of Cartersville," "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," "Caleb West," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. ASHE

WIDE of beam, stout of mast, short-bowspritted, her boom clewed up to clear her deck load of rough stone; drawing ten feet aft and nine feet for'ard; a twelve-horse hoisting engine and boiler in her forecastle; at the tiller a wabbly-jointed, halibut-shaped, moon-faced (partially eclipsed, owing to a fringe of dark whiskers), sleepy-eyed skipper named Baxter,—such was the sloop "Susie Ann," and her outfit and her commander, as she lay alongside the dock in New London Harbor, ready to discharge her cargo at the site of Shark Ledge Lighthouse, eight miles seaward.

On the dock itself, sprawled over a wharf post, was her owner, old Abram Marrows, a thin, long, badly put together man, awkward as a stepladder and as rickety, who, after trying everything from farming to selling a patent churn, had at last became a shipowner, the "Susie Ann" comprising his entire fleet. This being the sloop's first trip for the season, Marrows had come to see her off.

Outside the "Susie Ann"—her lines fast to an off-shore spile, lay the construction tug of the lighthouse gang, the deck strewn with diving gear, water casks and the like,—all needed in the furthering of the work at the ledge. On the tug's forward deck, hat off and jacket swinging loose, stood Captain Joe Bell in charge of the submarine work at the site, glorious old Captain Joe, with the body of a capstan, legs stiff as wharf posts, arms and hands tough as cant hooks and heart twice as big as all of them put together.

Each and every piece of stone,—some of them weighed seven tons,—stowed aboard the "Susie Ann," was, when she arrived alongside the foundation of the lighthouse, to be lowered over her side and sent down to Captain Joe to place in thirty feet of water. This fact made him particular both as to the kind of vessel engaged and the ability of the skipper. Bad seamanship might not only endanger the security of the work but his own life as well,—a diver not being as quick as a crab or a blackfish in getting from under a seven-ton stone dropped from tripdogs ahead of the signal to "lower away."

Captain Joe's inspection of the "Susie Ann's" skipper was anything but satisfactory, judging from the way he opened his battery of protest. His shots cleared the sloop, curved over Baxter's head, and burst at Marrow's feet.

"Baxter ain't fittin,' I tell ye, Abram Marrows," he exploded. "He ain't fittin' and never will be. Baxter do n't know most nothin'. Set him to grubbin' clams, Abram, but do n't let him fool 'round the ledge. He 'll git the sloop ashore, I tell ye, or drop a stone and hurt somebody. Go and git a *man* som'ers and put him in charge,—not a half-baked—" here he lowered his muzzle and fired point-blank at the object of his wrath,—"Yes, and I 'll say it to your face, Captain Baxter. You take my advice and lay off for this v'yage,—it ain't no picnic out to the ledge. You ain't seen it since we got the stone 'bove high water. Reg'lar mill tail! You go ashore, I tell ye,—or ye'll lose the sloop."

Many of the men ranged along the top of the cabin of the tug, or perched on its rail, wondered at the vehemence of the captain's attack, "Moon-faced Baxter," as he was called, having a fair reputation as a seaman. They knew, too, that Captain Joe was aware of the condition of the Marrows's affairs, for it had been common talk that the bank had loaned Abram several hundred dollars with the sloop as security on the captain's own personal inspection. Some of them had even been present when Mrs. Marrows,—a faded old woman with bleached eyes and a pursed-up mouth, her shawl pinned close to her chin with her thumb and forefinger,—had begged him to try the Susie Ann for a few loads until Abram could "ketch up," and had heard Captain Joe's promise to help her.

But they made no protest. Such outbursts on the captain's part were but the escaping steam from the overcharged boiler of his indignation. Underneath lay the firebox of his heart, chock full of red-hot coals glowing with sympathy for every soul who needed his help. If his safety valve let go once in a while it was to escape from greater danger. The captain knew, perhaps, Baxter "was n't fittin' after all."

His long range ammunition exhausted, Cap-

"The slightest misstep on the slimy rocks meant sending him under the sloop's bow where he would be ground into pulp"

tain Joe turned on his heel and walked aft to where his diving gear was piled, venting his indignation at every step. This time the outburst was directed to me,—(it was my weekly inspection at the ledge.)

"Can't jam nothin' into his head, sir. Stubbornest mule 'round this harbor. Warn't for that wife o' his Abe Marrows would a-been high and dry long ago. Every time he gits something purty good he goes and fools it away;—sold his farm and bought that sloop; then he clapped a plaster on it in the bank to start a cook shop. But the wife 's all right;—only last week she come to me lookin' like she 'd bu'st out cryin',—sayin' the sloop was all they had, and I promised her then I 'd use the 'Susie' but she never said nothin' 'bout Baxter being in charge, or I 'd stopped him 'fore he loaded her. Well, there ain't no tellin' what nat'ral born fools like Abe Marrows 'll do, but it 's something ornery and criss cross if Abe Marrows does it. That woman 's worked her fingers off for him, but he 'll git her in the poorhouse yit,—see if he don't."

Old Abe Marrows had heard every word of Captain Joe's outburst, but he made no answer except to lift his thin arms and spread his fingers in a deprecatory way, as if in protest. Baxter maintained a dogged silence;—the least said in answer the better. Captain Joe Bell was not a man either to contradict or oppose;—better let him blow it all out. Both men determined to take the risk. The "Susie Ann" had been laid up all winter awaiting the opening of the spring work, and the successful carrying out of the present venture was Marrow's only escape from financial ruin, and Baxter's only chance of getting his back wages. There was an unpaid bill, too, for caulking, then a year old, lying in Abram's bureau drawer, together with an account at Mike Lavin's machine shop for a new set of grate bars, now almost worn out. Worse than all the bank's lien on the sloop was due in a few weeks. What money the sloop earned, therefore, must be earned quickly.

And then again, ruminated Abram, Shark Ledge was n't the worst place on the coast,—despite Captain Joe's warning,—especially on this particular morning, when a light wind was blowing off shore. Plenty of other sloops had delivered stone over their rails to the divers below. Marrows remembered that he had been out to the ledge himself when the "Screamer" came up into the wind and crawled slowly up until her forefoot was within a biscuit toss of the stone pile.

What Marrows forgot was that Captain Bob Brandt of Cape Ann had then held the spokes of the "Screamer's" wheel,—a man who knew every twist and turn of the treacherous tide.

So Baxter shook out the sloop's jib and mainsail and started on his journey eight miles seaward, with his orders to make fast on arrival to the spar buoy which lay within a few hundred yards of the ledge, and there wait until the tide turned, when she could drop into position to unload. The tug would follow when she had taken on fresh water and coal.

* * * * * * * *

On the run out Captain Joe busied himself in overhauling his diving dress; tightening the set-screws in his copper collar, re-cording his breastplate and putting new leather thongs in his leaden shoes. There was some stone on the sloop's deck which was needed to complete a level down among the black fish and tom cod,—twenty-two feet down,—where, as he worked the sea kelp streamed up in long blades above the top of his helmet and the rock crabs scurried out of his way. If Baxter did n't make a "tarnel fool of himself and git into one o' them holes," he intended to get these stones into place before night.

He knew these "holes," as he did every swirl around the ledge and what they could do and what they could n't. They were his swirls, really,—for he had placed every individual fragment of the obstructions that caused them with his own hands, in thirty feet of water.

Some three years before the site had been marked by a spindle bearing an iron cage and fastened to a huge boulder known as Shark Ledge Rock, and covered at low water. The unloading of various sloops and schooners under his orders had enlarged this submerged rock to a miniature island, its ragged crest thrust above the sea. This obstruction to the will of the wind and tide, and the ever present six-mile current, caused by the narrowing of Long Island Sound in its onrush to the sea, was the fallen log across a mountain stream, or the bowlder which plugs a torrent. That which for centuries had been a steady "set" every six hours east and west, had now become a "back-and-in suck" fringed by a series of swirling undercurrents dealing death and destruction to the ignorant and unwary.

It had not been long since a schooner loaded with concrete had been saved from destruction by the merest chance, and later on a big scow caught in the swirl had parted her buoy lines and would have landed high and dry on the stone pile had not Captain Joe run a hawser to her, twisted its bight around the drum of his engine and warped her off just in time to save her bones from sea worms.

Now, as we approached it, the ledge, looming up on the horizon line, looked like a huge whale spouting derricks, a barnacle of a shanty clinging to its back. Soon there rose into relief the little knot of men gathered about one of the whale's fins—our landing stage,—and then, as we came alongside, the welcome curl of the smoke, telling of fried pork and saleratus biscuit.

Captain Joe's orders now came thick and fast.

"Hurry dinner, Nichols,"—this to the shanty cook, who was leaning out of the galley window,—"And here,—three or four o' ye, git this divin' stuff ashore, and then all hands to dinner. The wind 's ag'in Baxter,—he won't git here for an hour. Startin' on one o' them long legs o' his 'n now,"—and the captain's eye rested on the sloop beating up Fisher's Island way.

"And, Billy,—'fore ye go ashore, jump into the yawl and take a look at that snatch block on the spar buoy,—that clam digger may want it 'fore night."

This spar buoy lay a few hundred yards off the Whale's Snout. Loaded vessels were moored to this quill bob, held in place by a five-ton sinker, until they were ready to drop into position in the eddy and there discharge their stone.

When dinner was over the men fell to work, each to his job. The derrick gang was set to shifting a boom on to the larger derrick, the concrete mixers picked up their shovels, and I went to work on the pay roll of the week. This I always figured up in the little dry-goods box of a room opening out of the galley in the end of our board shanty, its window looking toward Montauk.

As I leaned my arms on the sill for a glimpse of the wide expanse of blue and silver, the cotton rag that served as a curtain flapped in my face. I pushed it aside and craned my neck north and south. The curtain had acted as a weather vane,—the wind had hauled to the east.

The sky, too, had dulled. Little lumpy clouds showed near the horizon line, and, sailing above these, a dirt spot of vapor, while aloft glowed some prismatic sundogs, shimmering like opals. Etched against the distance, with a tether line fastened to the spar buoy, lay the "Susie Ann." Her sails were furled, her boom swinging loose and ready, the smoke from her hoister curling from the end of her smoke pipe thrust up out of the forward hatch.

Then I looked closer in. Below me, on the concrete platform, rested our big air pump, and beside it stood Captain Joe. He had slipped into his diving dress and was at the moment adjusting the breastplates of lead, weighing twenty-five pounds each, to his chest and back. His leaden shoes were already on his feet. With the exception of his copper helmet, the signal line around his wrist, and the life line about his waist, he was ready to go below.

Pretty soon he would don his helmet, and, with a last word to Jimmy, his tender, would tuck his chin whisker inside the opening, wait until the face plate was screwed on, and then, with a nod behind the glass, denoting that his air was coming all right, would step down his rude ladder into the sea,—down,—down,—down to his place among the crabs and the seaweed.

Suddenly my ears became conscious of a conversation carried on in a low tone around the corner of the shanty.

"Old Moon-face 'll have to git up and git in a minute," said a derrick man to a shoveler,—born sailors, these,—"there 'll be a red-hot time 'round here 'fore night."

"Well, there ain't no wind."

"Ain't no wind,—ain't there? See that bobble waltzin' in?"

I looked seaward, and my eyes rested on a ragged line of silver edging the horizon toward Montauk.

"Does look soapy, do n't it?" answered the shoveler. "Wonder if the cap'n sees it."

The captain had seen it—fifteen minutes ahead of anybody else,—had been watching it to the exclusion of any other object. He knew the sea,—knew every move of the merciless, cunning beast; he had watched it many a time, lying in wait for its chance to tear and strangle. More than once had he held on to the rigging when, with a lash of its tail, it had swept a deck clean, or had stuck to the pumps for days while it sucked the lifeblood of his helpless craft through opening seams. The game here would be to lift its victim on the back of a smooth under-roller and with mighty effort hurl it like a battering ram against the shore rocks, shattering its timbers into kindling wood.

"Billy," he said, in a low voice, to the shoveler, "go down to the edge of the stone pile and holler to the sloop to cast off and make for home. Hurry, now! And, Jimmy,"—this to his pump tender,—"unhook this breastplate,—there won't be no divin', to-day. I 've been mistrustin' the wind would haul ever since I got up this mornin'."

The shoveler sprang from the platform and began clambering over the slippery, slimy rocks like a crab, his red shirt marked with the white "X" of his suspenders in relief against the blue water. When he reached the outermost edge of the stone pile, where the ten-ton blocks lay, he made a megaphone of his fingers and repeated the captain's orders to the "Susie Ann."

Baxter listened with his hands cupped to his ears.

"Who says so?" came back the reply.

"Cap'n Joe."

"What fur?"

"Goin' to blow,—don't ye see it?"

Baxter stepped gingerly along the sloop's rail. Obeying the order meant twenty-four hours' delay in making sure of his wages,—perhaps a week, spring weather being uncertain. He did n't "see no blow." Besides, if there was one coming, it was n't his sloop nor his stone. When he reached the foot of the bowsprit this answer came over the water, from the moon-faced skipper.

"Let her blow and be d——! This sloop 's chartered to deliver this stone. We 've got steam up and the stuff 's goin' over one side. Get your divers ready. I ain't shovin' no baby carriage and do n't you forgit it. I 'm comin' on! Cast off that buoy line, you,"—this to one of his men.

Captain Joe continued stripping off his leaden breastplate. He had heard his order repeated and knew that it had been given correctly,—the subsequent proceedings did not interest him.

If Baxter had anything to say in answer it was of no moment to him. His word was law on the ledge; first, because the men daily trusted their lives to his guidance, and, second, because they all loved him with a love hard for a landsman to understand, especially to-day, when the boss and gang never, by any possibility, pull together.

"Baxter says he 's comin' on, sir," said Billy, when he reached the captain's side, the grin on his sunburnt face widening until its two ends hooked over his ears. Billy had heard nothing so funny for weeks.

"Comin' on?"

"That 's what he hollered. Wants you to git ready to take his stuff, sir."

I was out of the shanty now. I came in two jumps. With that squall coming from the eastward and the tide making flood, any man who would leave the protection of the spar buoy for the purpose of unloading was fit for a lunatic asylum.

The captain had straightened up and was screening his eyes with his hand when I reached his side, his gaze riveted on the sloop, which had now hauled in her tether line and was drifting clear of the buoy.

Captain Joe was still incredulous.

"No, he ain't comin'. He 's all right,—he 'll port his helm in a minute,—but he 'd better send up his jib"—and he swept his eye around,—"and that quick, too."

At this instant the sloop wavered and lurched heavily. The outer edge of the insuck had caught her bow.

Men's minds work quickly in times of great danger,—minds like Captain Joe's. In a flash he had taken in the fast-approaching roller, froth-capped by the sudden squall; the surging vessel and the scared face of Baxter, who, having realized his mistake too late, was clutching wildly at the tiller and shouting orders to his men, none of which could be carried out. Captain Joe knew what would happen,—what had happened before, and what would happen again with fools like Baxter,—now,—in a minute,—before he could reach the edge of the stone pile, hampered as he was in a rubber suit that bound his arms and tied his great legs together; and he understood the sea's game, and that the only way to outwit it would be to use the beast's own tactics. When it gathered itself for the thrust and started in to hurl the doomed vessel the full length of its mighty arms, the sloop's safety lay in widening the space.

A cushion of backwater would then receive the sloop's forefoot in place of the snarling teeth of low crunching rocks.

He had kicked off both shoes now and was shouting out these directions to Baxter, who was slowly and surely being sucked into the swirl:—

"Up with your jib! No,—*no!* Let that mainsail alone! UP! Do ye want to git her on the stone pile, you? Port your helm! PORT! O GOD!—Look at him!!"

Captain Joe had slid from the platform now and was flopping his great body over the slimy, slippery rocks like a seal, falling into water holes every other step, crawling out on his belly, rolling from one slanting stone to another, shouting to his men, every time he had the breath:—

"Man that yawl and run a line as quick as God 'll let ye—out to the buoy! Do ye hear? Pull that fall off the drum of the h'ister and git the end of a line on it! She 'll be on top of us in a minute and the mast out of her! QUICK!"

Jimmy sprang for a coil of rope; Billy and the others threw themselves after him; while half a dozen men working around the small eddy in the lee of the diminutive island caught up the oars to man the yawl.

All this time the sloop, under the uplift of the first big Montauk roller,—the skirmish line of the attack,—surged, bow on, to destruction. Baxter, although shaking with fear, had sense enough left to keep her nose pointed to the stone pile. The mast might come out of her, but that was better than being gashed amidships and sunk in thirty feet of water.

Captain Joe, his rubber suit wet and glistening as a shiny porpoise, his hair matted to his head, had now reached the outermost rock opposite the doomed craft, and stood near enough to catch every expression that crossed Baxter's face, who, white as chalk, was holding the tiller with all his strength, cap off, his blousy hair flying in the increasing gale, his mouth tight shut. Go ashore she must. It would be every man for himself then. No help would come,—no help *could* come. Captain Joe and his men would run for shelter as soon as the blow fell, and leave them to their fate. Men like Baxter are built to think this way.

All these minutes—seconds, really,—Captain Joe stood bending forward, watching where the sloop would strike, his hands outstretched in the attitude of a ball player awaiting a ball. If her nose should hit the sharp, square edges of one of the ten-ton blocks, God help her! She would split wide open like a melon. If by any chance her forefoot should be thrust into one of the many gaps between the enrockment blocks,—spaces from two to three feet wide,—and her bow timbers thus take the shock, there was a living chance to save her.

A cry from Baxter, who had dropped the tiller and was scrambling over the stone-covered deck to the bowsprit, reached the captain's ears, but he never altered his position. What he was to do must be done surely. Baxter did n't count,—was n't in the back of his head. There were plenty of willing hands to pick up Baxter and his men.

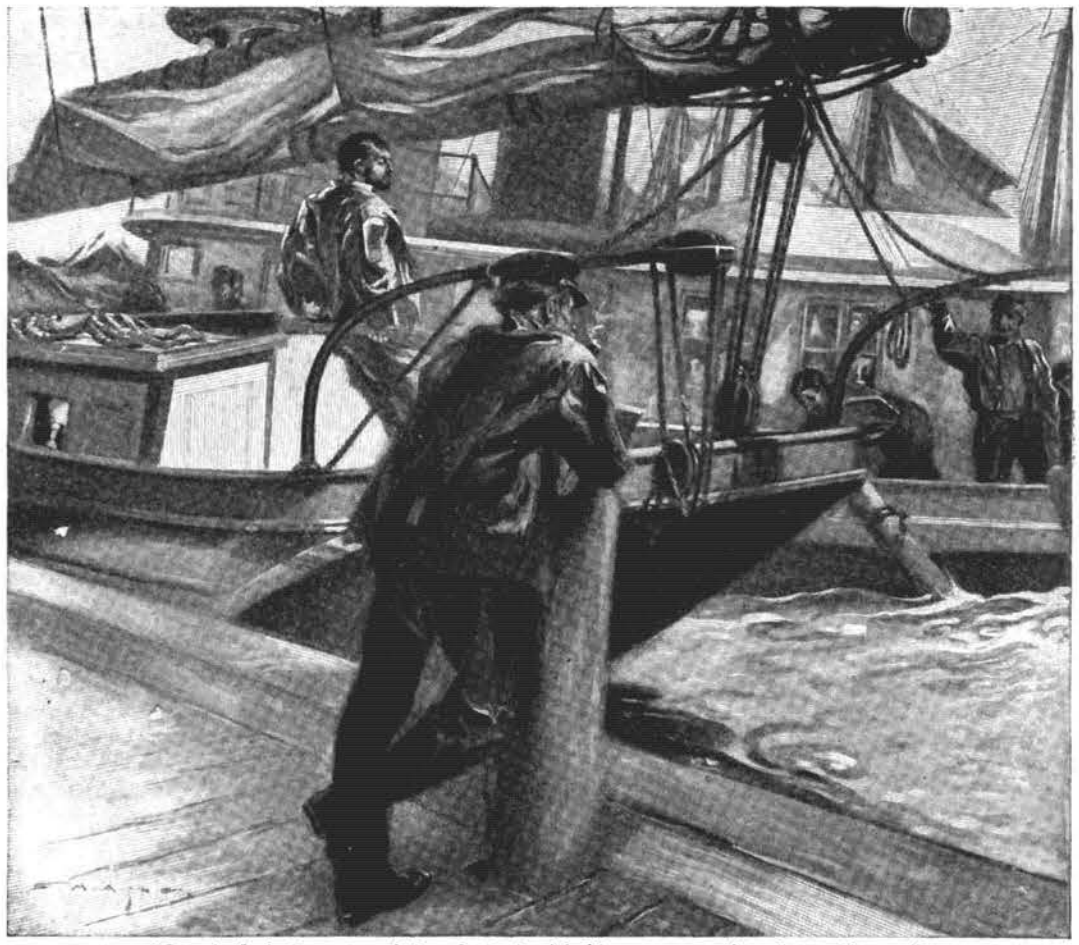
Then a thing happened which, if I had not seen it, I would never have believed possible. The water cushion of the outsuck helped,—so did the huge roller which, in its blind rage, had underestimated the distance between its lift and the wide-open jaws of the rock,—as a maddened bull often underestimates the length of its thrust, its horns falling short of the matador.

Whatever the cause, Captain Joe watched his chance, sprang to the outermost rock, and, bracing his great snubbing posts of legs against its edge, reversed his body, caught the wavering sloop on his broad shoulders, close under her bowsprit chains, and pushed with all his might.

Then began a struggle between the strength of the man and the lunge of the sea. With every succeeding onslaught, and before the savage roller could fully lift the staggering craft to hurl her to destruction, Captain Joe, with the help of the outsuck, would shove her back from the waiting rocks. This was repeated again and again,—the men in the rescuing yawl meanwhile bending every muscle to carry out the captain's commands.

Sometimes his head was free enough to shout his orders, and sometimes both man and bow were smothered in suds.

"Keep that fall clear!" would come the order. "Stand ready to catch the yawl! Shut that—"



"Captain Joe's inspection of the 'Susie Ann's' skipper was anything but satisfactory"

here a souse would stop his breath,—"shut that furnace door! Do ye want the steam out of the bi'ler?"—etc., etc.

That the slightest misstep on the slimy rocks on which his feet were braced meant sending him under the sloop's bow where he would be caught between her forefoot and the rocks and ground into pulp concerned him as little as did the fact that Baxter and his men had crawled along the bowsprit over his head and had dropped to the island without wetting their shoes, or that his diving suit was full of water and he soaked to the skin. Little things like these made no more difference to him than they would have made to a Newfoundland dog saving a child. His thoughts were on other things,— on the rescuing yawl speeding toward the spar buoy, on the stout hands and knowing ones who were pulling for all they were worth to that anchor of safety;—on two of his own men who, seeing Baxter's cowardly desertion, had sprung like cats

[*Concluded on pages 208 and 209*]

"Here there is no need to be well dressed or freshly laundered."

Five Million Women Now Work For Wages

This Is the Number in the United States only, and it is Increasing. Almost every Occupation is Now Open to Women

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Illustrated by William Oberhardt

NEARLY five million women go to work every day, in the United States, —go to paid work, whether the returns be two dollars a week or ten thousand a year. Sixty years ago Harriet Martineau, while visiting America, declared that she found here but seven occupations for women: teaching, needlework, taking boarders, typesetting, employment in cotton mills, bookbinding, and domestic service. Now there are scarcely seven occupations closed to them; they are pouring out into the world of activities, and the five million will be six at the next counting.

Whether or not you or they like the change is wholly unimportant. As someone has suggested, the early eohippus may have resented changing into a horse and his neighbors may have greeted his development in the matter of hoofs and legs with acidly critical comment; but, when once started horseward, nothing could stop him: he had to adjust himself to the outer conditions that demanded one concentrated toe in the place of five. In the same way woman is being swept along in a great, vague, irresistible wave of economic change, when she turns her face down town in the early morning.

The Stores Provide for a Family So Well that Domestic Work is Diminishing

She will pass an alarmist uttering his dismal note on every corner; his warning is prophetic of lost charm, lost power, and lost position. One declares that presently man will cease altogether to support woman, if this thing goes on increasing, and then how about home and mother? The answer to that—not new, but worth repeating,—is that man never has supported woman. To support means to provide with the necessaries of life. Who was doing the larger share of this, the man who raised and sheared the sheep, or the woman who carded and spun and wove the wool, and cut and sewed the clothes?— the man who shot the bird, or the woman who plucked and cooked it?— the man who provided the yarn, or the woman who knit the stockings? It was a fairly even matter, this "support," in the days when most of the human needs were worked out under each individual roof, and the woman's vigorous part did not seem to weaken her partner's efforts; nor was there any lament of pseudo chivalry against her pulling her full share, or even a little more. Support, indeed! A day in the life of an average great-grandmother leaves little romance on that score, to those who interpret the word honestly.

As a matter of fact, economists have shown that vastly more women are supported now, for their work has been taken from them. One by one, their familiar tools have degenerated into old lumber or picturesque relics. The mills and stores can provide for the family better than they can; one woman can easily run a household now, and the others, to produce their share, must invent new household necessities or earn an equivalent of their old-time spinning and churning in money. Think what housekeeping was in the days when not even a cracker or a shirt or a candle came ready-made, and contrast that picture with the prepared, bottled, tinned, smoked, woven, hemmed, trimmed, ready-to-wear short cuts of to-day. When the modern mother is active, the daughters simply must go to work outside; they are driven forth for lack of jobs within.

When they do not go, they are being supported to an extent that would have made the average great-grandmother stare. Wealth makes this unimportant; but, in humbler homes where the necessities are bought instead of made and yet there is but one source of money, we often get a picture of a shriveling, careworn father staggering under a weight of strumming, embroidering, spending daughters that makes us rejoice in that swelling five million at their gainful occupations. How can they do it, these kindly, careless girls; and what will become of them when they have worked their victim to death? Surely some change in a system that allows such uneven burdens need not make us fear a lessening of woman's intrinsic value: she will have gained in every sense when she becomes ashamed to rest her healthy young weight on overworked shoulders. That by going to work she competes with man and reduces his earnings is a problem for professional economists to struggle with; though it has been suggested that, as a producer, she always has competed with man and reduced his earnings, whether she wove her own clothes or earned them with a typewriter.

"No one will marry you, my dears!" says the alarmist to the young women of business. If they are young enough, they answer, in their hearts, "Nonsense!"—whatever their lips may say; as they grow older, the inner repudiation may become tempered with a faint doubt. It is certainly true that the modern man—of the educated world, —marries less early and often than did his grandfather, and any grandmother can give you the reason. But, in spite of the increased cost of living, in spite of the turn given by sport to energies that once knew no outlet but love-making, and in spite of the comforts of clubs and bachelor apartments, still many men do marry. I wish I could say that the modern preference is clearly for the alert, self-helpful woman of affairs, the girl who has mastered a profession or the one whose trained mind can put through a real-estate transfer or a deal in May wheat: in time I believe that this may be true; but, as yet, a limited personal experience says otherwise. We have traveled a long way

"Most of us live at home to save this for spending money."

since the odious Dr. Maginn made his sneering comment, "We like to hear a few words of sense from a woman as we do from a parrot, because they are so unexpected;" but the level head is still outrivaled by the curly head, whether we like the admission or not. Statistics may prove the contrary, but it has seemed to me that the women who work and who are thrown with men in daily practical contact are less apt to marry than those who meet men only by lamp and candle light. Vanity suggests that this is the woman's choice, but I do not believe it. I believe that nearly all single women past thirty, no matter how brilliantly successful their lives may be, are secretly crying in the wilderness: they want love and children, and the want can not be stilled or satisfied with anything else.

To the frank this would seem like an argument against going to work, but there is an argument for it so vastly greater that it overwhelms this,—which is, after all, only a general tendency and need not apply to the particular case. On the other side lies the splendid fact that the woman with a trade of her own does not need to marry. She may wait until love comes, with no anxious thought of "chances," no compromise with her heart or head: she may keep the door open for the best thing of all, instead of shutting it on a possible half best. If she misses altogether, she is not an economic hanger-on, a maiden aunt to be passed about among relatives, but an independent factor in the world's processes. When hope goes, she still has dignity and a purpose; she still has her independent personal importance. Whatever the risk, the sum of the argument is all on the side of work.

In Matters of Business Friendship Contracts and Signatures are Trifles

And there is the joy and satisfaction of work, the interest of a thing growing under your hand, the beauty of a day humming with a vital interest instead of broken into little bits and thrown away like waste paper. Once it was difficult, almost impossible, for a girl of breeding to have a career. Think of poor Jane Austen, dropping her white sewing hastily over her writing when a guest came in, that she might not be called ungenteel! And it is only fifty-seven years since Elizabeth Blackwell, applying for permission to win a medical diploma, was refused by a dozen colleges, one of which added to its refusal the interesting statement that "it would be unbecoming and immoral to see a woman instructed in the nature and laws of her organism." Now, in the United States alone, there are seven medical colleges for women besides the men's colleges to which they are admitted, over seven thousand are practicing physicians and surgeons, and the theories for and against such things are being forgotten in the light of their actual work. The same opposition met every new venture. About fifty years ago an Englishman tried to introduce watchmaking among his countrywomen, a delicate and profitable trade in which hundreds of Swiss women were employed, but his initial lecture on the subject was mobbed and broken up by British prejudice; and, though three venturesome souls did try to follow his suggestion and learn the trade, persecution finally obliged them to give up. Now there are over four thousand watch and clock makers in the United States, and a woman may learn any trade she pleases without opposition, almost without comment.

If there is still a visible contempt of her processes, a tendency to take her lightly or humorously in her enterprises, that is a legitimate effect of her frequent want of training, her lack of scientific or practical preparation for what she undertakes. Too often she plunges in without knowing the a, b, c of finance and law, relying on a vague, sentimental faith that people will be kind to her where intelligence and a working plan would be her only safeguards. There was a woman who started a small business enterprise on capital lent her by a friend. The business prospered so well that, at the end of a year, the friend's husband stepped in and crowded her out. At the suggestion that she should take her papers to a lawyer and see what could be done, she stopped bewailing man's unkindness long enough to explain that she had no papers. The money had been lent by a supposed friend: how could she insult friendship with talk of a contract and signatures? Anyone who could suggest that did not understand her finer sensibilities. So she lost her year's work and did not even gain common sense.

There was another woman who borrowed a thousand dollars of an elderly friend to start what she called a "gift shop,"—a little store where her own good taste could make itself felt and the seeker for Christmas and birthday gifts could find inspiration and the right thing without hunting through the endless rubbish of the big shops. Her friend wrote out a check very readily. "But it is a free gift," he explained. "You can't possibly succeed in that,—it's a crazy idea, and you don't know enough. I sha'n't ever think of the money again. Don't bother about formalities." Nevertheless the woman insisted on a formal I O U, and added a pledge of six per cent. interest. To his protest that this was wholly unnecessary, she said, "I know you believe in my honesty,—but I want you to respect my judgment." Knowing of just that single remark, one is not surprised to learn that she paid principal and interest when the year was up, and ran the little shop prosperously until a bigger opening took her into new fields.

"Women Read the Horrors in the Papers but Skip the Rest" Said an Employer

To a lack of business training is often added a dire ignorance of the times. A government employer of many women clerks has declared that not one in twenty reads the papers or knows anything of geography or contemporary events. "Ask them if the Panama Canal is to be at sea level or not, and they will stare as if you were talking Chinese," he complained. "They may read the horrors in the papers, but they skip everything of value." He had his finger flatly on one of woman's chief defects,—the lack of broad, impersonal interests. The average girl's horizon is bounded on the north by her clothes, on the south by her social relations, on the east by her private hopes, and on the west by her income; four solid walls that shut out very thoroughly the world's light and movement. She can never go very far in any but mechanical work until she climbs out into wider horizons, and she will remain at the world's mercy until she opens her mind by an interest in what happens outside her circle of acquaintance.

"When the modern mother is active, the daughters simply must go to work outside"

A perfect and most outrageous example of this has happened within a year, in an eastern city. A large department store was put up, with much brag and flourish, and the report was circulated among other stores that its clerks were to be given ten dollars a week, with contracts promising ten years' employment at the same rate, on condition of satisfactory services. Women flocked to the new establishment, many leaving positions they had held for years, and soon the store was running with an exceptionally efficient force of clerks, each getting ten dollars a week and cherishing her ten-year contract. An atmosphere of joy and good will prevailed. Presently the firm announced that, owing to its unprecedented prosperity the salaries would be raised to eleven dollars a week. This invalidated the contracts, but how could anyone think of that disagreeable feature in the general rush of gladness that ensued?

For several weeks the eleven dollars a week lasted; then the firm regretfully announced that business had fallen off to a shocking extent, and so, thereafter, it would not be able to pay more than the customary three dollars a week. There they were, with their old positions filled and their faith in man marked down far below cost. It was as contemptible a trick as the history of business can show, and it was made possible by the feminine blind wall; for men of the same class and education would have wondered where the firm's profits were coming in, with such a salary roll, and would have been made hesitant by a previous knowledge of gold bricks. It is pleasant to believe in the warm-hearted, glad-handed interest of one's employer, and sometimes, thank the world's persistent goodness! the belief is justified; but trust should not go to the extent of ignoring history and the probabilities.

In speaking of the satisfaction of a working life, I had in mind something more than the work that means so much time exchanged for so much money. Compared with the whole five millions, those who are free to work with hearts and heads, as well as hands, are few; and yet the United States census for 1900 shows 7,387 doctors and surgeons, 1,010 lawyers, 807 dentists, 1,041 architects and draughtswomen, 3,373 clergywomen, 6,857 actresses, 3,580 photographers, 2,680 gardeners and florists, 15,632 bookbinders, 84 civil engineers, 293 bankers and brokers, and 2,193 journalists. Such lives have a background of purpose, of creative pursuit, as well as a foreground of daily detail, and so achieve a wholeness and a satisfaction missed by those whose days slip past with no

more vital connection than beads on a string. Those who have never worked can not wholly understand that satisfaction. It is not only the mental approval, or the consciousness of achievement. An indirect effect as vivid as the glow from bodily exercise spreads over the tired faculties a great contentedness; one is in harmony with the universal law, which says, "Produce! Create!" Neither discouragement nor exhaustion can obliterate, for long at a time, the exhilaration of obeying that law.

For those to whom professions are impracticable there is the good game of business,—hard work and full of responsibility, like all good games, demanding a knowledge of the rules and a sporting spirit, but thoroughly worth while when the alternative is stagnation. College graduates, inevitably, used to teach; now they are finding dozens of new outlets for their trained energies. Two Wellesley students started a tea room which has grown into the successful Wellesley Inn. Two Radcliffe girls, both students of chemistry, conceived the idea of devoting their learning to the making of perfect bread, and the Laboratory Kitchen, of Cambridge, resulted. A student of Stanford is managing concert tours in the Northwest and running a theater on the side, while two Smith graduates are making a brilliant success of a laundry.

"Most of them prefer to pound along on the same level, putting their trust in pink neck-ribbons rather than self-improvement."

These are only a random few out of dozens who are breaking new ground, many of them in occupations once called humble. The principle of their success lies in Herbert's old precept, "Do not grudge to pick out treasures from an earthen pot," or in the more modern realization that "it takes a lady to make good toast." The old joke in regard to the educated woman's domestic helplessness is dying out. Personally, I believe that, if college graduates would go into domestic service, that would soon be one of the most honored and highly paid of professions; for the thoroughness of their Greek verbs is upon them, and the beauty of good work has for them an enduring appeal. In 1900, there were twenty-four thousand girls in our colleges, irrespective of post graduates: think what a force that would make linked into one great organization for the purpose of domestic reform!

One sees many women hovering on the shores of enterprise, waiting for capital or encouragement or a partner who will take all the responsibility. Now and then accident abruptly pushes in one who has never given such possibilities a thought, and she has to flounder as best she may in the new element. Fifteen years ago there was a young woman whose life had always been as care-free and luxurious as great wealth could make it. Then, in a night, she lost husband, fortune,—everything but courage. All that was left of her old life was a debt of a hundred thousand dollars. Her one practical accomplishment was the preparing of delicate soups and dishes for invalids, a result of natural talent and a cooking-school course, and so she established herself in a tiny hall bedroom with a gas stove and began to use her one weapon against adversity. She had a wide acquaintance,—and the soups were perfect. Out of that small beginning has grown a large and prosperous business for furnishing sick-room necessities of every kind, including surgical appliances; she has her own building, and every cent of debt is paid.

Her chief working principles, next to good materials, have been never to fail anybody and never to let slip an order or to break a promise that could humanly be kept. One night, when she was far enough along to allow herself an occasional dip into her old world, she returned from a dinner at midnight to find that an order had been left for some unusual surgical appliances which she did not keep and which were needed for seven o'clock the next morning. She telephoned to several drug stores, but could not get what she sought, so she took a directory, called a carriage, and, still in full evening dress, drove about the city from one drug store to another, until at last she had found what she wanted. It was after three o'clock when she went to bed, but the order had been filled. Professional sagacity would have endorsed such a course, but it was fundamentally a fine sense of honor—of obligation to the promise of her business,—that carried it out. All enterprise is full of such emergencies, and those who fear to face them must "climb not at all."

A stout spirit is the first necessity; but no quality, or combination of qualities, can insure success. I know two women who undertook to collect, in Europe, beautiful things, antique and modern, to sell here. They seemed to be equally matched in sagacity, taste, enterprise, and all the other qualities most necessary, and neither had much or any capital. One cleared eight thousand dollars on her first big deal, and has made herself a rich woman; the other has gone back to private life, rather poorer than when she started. The only significant difference between them, from an outside point of view, is that the one who failed was married. That is, she *could* fail; there was someone for her to go home to and rest on. They say that one never learns to swim while holding ever so lightly to a life preserver, and the analogy may have its bearing on this case.

It is marriage, of course,—marriage as a fact and as a prospect,—that the woman of business ambitions has to reckon with. In spite of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the world is still old-fashioned enough to feel that a mother of children can have little choice of vocation. But for the discontented childless wives, hampered by lack of money, with no talent to develop and no real work, a coherent activity would mean salvation. There are very many of them,—women fretting at the petty emptiness of their lives, yet never taking hold in earnest to put these lives on a bigger basis, and they could take hold with a thoroughness not always possible to the woman who has the prospect of marriage still ahead. It is an unsettling prospect and tends to give to all enterprise a temporary, provisional character. It is easy enough to say, "Master your profession or business thoroughly, for, even though you may abandon it after a few years, the knowledge gained will enrich your whole life;" but the fact remains that people who live in rented houses seldom work over them as they do over what is irrevocably their own, and a singleness that may be temporary has the same discouraging influence. The only hope is to catch girls young enough and begin practical training for a career in school and college days, so that such preparation becomes the matter of course to them that it does to a boy. This is an idea that has gained definite headway in the

[*Concluded on pages 201 and 202*]

Rhymes of the Times

Let's Be Glad We're Living

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

I.

Oh, let's be glad that we're living yet; you bet!
The sun runs round and the rain is wet
And the bird flip-flops its wing;
Tennis and toil bring an equal sweat;
It's so much trouble to frown and fret,
So easy to laugh and sing,
Ting ling!
So easy to laugh and sing!
[And yet, sometimes, when I sing my song,
I'm almost afraid my method is wrong.]

II.

Many have money which I have not, God wot!
But victual and keep are all they've got,
And the stars still dot the sky.
Heaven be praised that they shine so bright,
Heaven be praised for an appetite,
So who is richer than I?
Hi yi!
Say, who is richer than I?
[And yet I'm hoping to sell this screed
For several dollars I hardly need.]

III.

Ducats and dividends, stocks and shares, who cares?
Worry and property travel in pairs,
While the green grows on the tree.
A banquet's nothing more than a meal;
A trolley's much like an automobile,
With a transfer sometimes free,
Tra lee!
With a transfer sometimes free!
[And yet you're unwilling, I plainly see,
To leave the automobile to me.]

IV.

A note you give and a note you get; don't fret,
For they both may go to protest yet,
And the roses blow perfume.
Fortune is only a Dun report;
The Homestead Law and the Bankrupt Court
Have fostered many a boom,
Boom, boom!
Have fostered many a boom.
[But I see you smile in a rapturous way
On the man who is rated double A.]

V.

Life is a show for you and me; it's free!
And what you look for is what you see;
A hill is a humped-up hollow.
Riches are yours with a dollar bill;
A million's the same little digit still,
With nothing but naughts to follow.
So hollo!
There's nothing but naughts to follow.
[But you and I, as I've said before,
Could get along with a trifle more.]

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS'S NEW NOVEL

"THE SECOND GENERATION"

A Powerful Narrative of to-day, by the Author of "The Cost," "The Master Rogue," ("The Confessions of a Cræsus,") "The Plum Tree," and "The Deluge," Written expressly for SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

CHAPTER I.

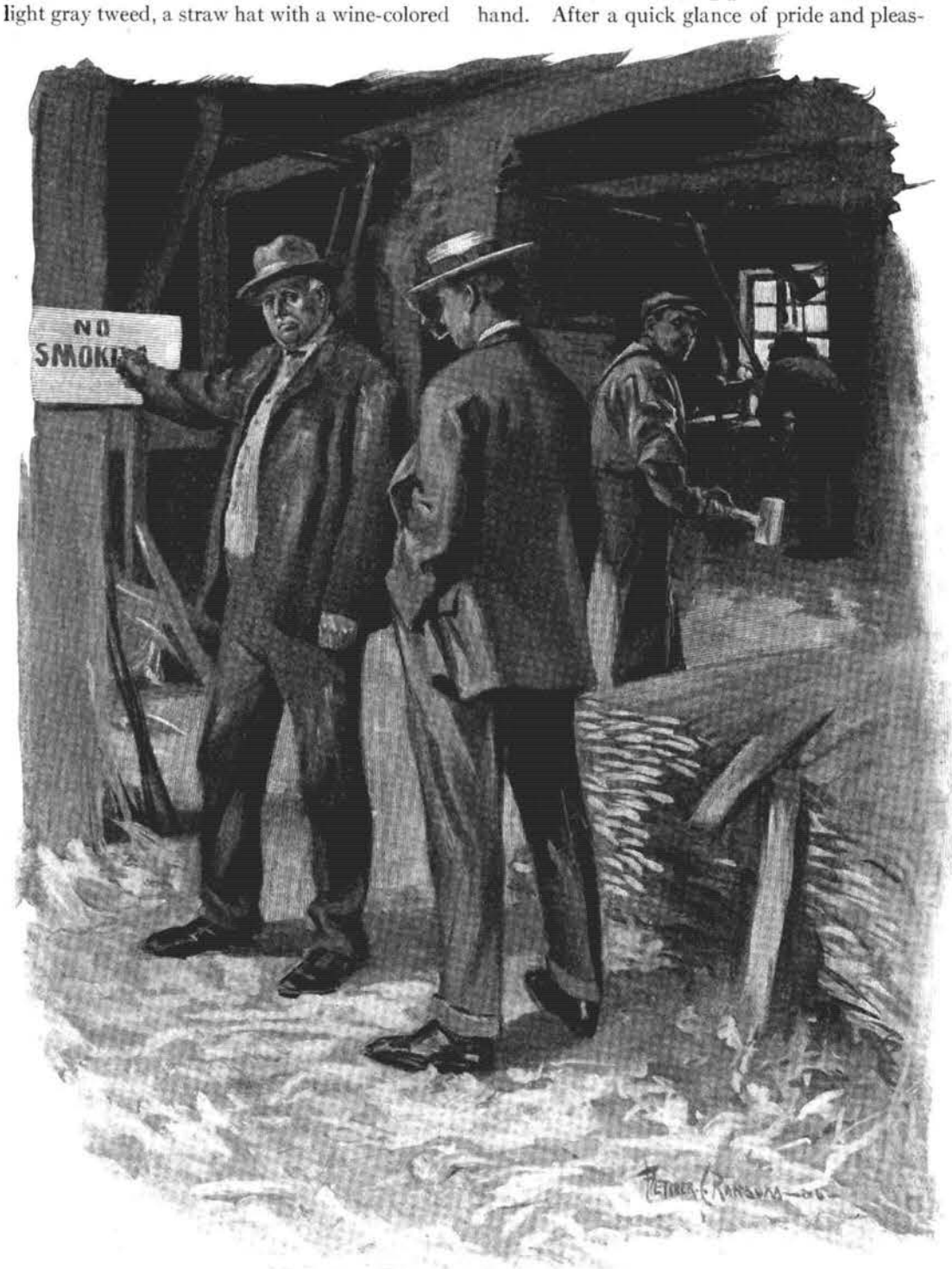
IN six minutes the noon whistle would blow. But the workmen—both the seven hundred in the Ranger-Whitney flour mills and the two hundred and fifty in the Ranger-Whitney cooperage adjoining,—were, every man and boy of them, as hard at it as if the thought of the dinner rest were not trying to force itself between hand and task. At the threshold of the long room wherein several score of fitted barrels were being headed and stamped there suddenly appeared a huge figure, tall and broad and solid, clad in a working suit originally gray but now white with the flour dust that saturated the air of the whole mill and coated its walls both within and without. At once each of the ninety-seven men and boys was aware of that presence and unconsciously showed it by putting on extra "steam." With swinging step the big figure crossed the packing room. The gray-white face held straight ahead, but the keen blue eyes paused upon each worker and each task,—and not a worker in those two great factories but knew how all-seeing that glance was: critical, but just; exacting, but encouraging. All-seeing, in this instance, did not mean merely fault-seeing.

Hiram Ranger, manufacturing partner and controlling owner of the Ranger-Whitney Company, went on into the cooperage, leaving energy behind him, rousing it before him. Many times, each working day, between seven in the morning and six at night, he made the tour of these two establishments. Although a miller by inheritance and training, he had learned the cooper's trade like any journeyman when he decided that the company must manufacture its own barrels. He was not merely a rich man who was a manufacturer; he was a manufacturer who was incidentally rich,—one who dignified his business into a vocation. He had no theories on the dignity of labor; he simply exemplified it, and would have been amazed, and amused or angered according to his mood, had it been suggested to him that useful labor is not as necessary and continuous a part of life as breathing. He was not one of those who speculate much and talk more about ideals; he just lived them, incessantly and unconsciously. The talkers of ideals and the livers of ideals get, each, their echo and response after their kind,—the talkers, in applause and approval; the livers, in the silent spreading of the area of achievement.

A moment after Hiram roused the packing room of the flour mill with the master's eye he was in the cooperage, the center of a group round one of the hooping machines. It had got out of gear, and the workman running it had bungled in shutting off power; the result was a chaos that threatened to stop the whole department for the rest of the day. Ranger brushed away the wrangling tinkerers and silently examined the machine from all sides. After grasping the problem in all its details, he threw himself flat upon his face, crawled under the machine, and called for a light. A moment later his voice issued again, in a call for a hammer. Several minutes of sharp hammering followed, and then the mass of iron began to heave. It rose at the upward pressure of Ranger's powerful arms and legs, shoulders, and back; it crashed over on its side and he stood up and, without pause or outward sign of his exertion of enormous strength, was adjusting the gearing to action, with the broken machinery cut out. "And he past sixty!" muttered one workman to another, as a murmur of applause ran round the admiring circle. Clearly Hiram Ranger was master there not by reason of money but because he was first in brain and in brawn, not merely because he could hire but because he could also direct and do.

When the gearing was adjusted, he turned away. In the front rank of the ring of on-looking workmen stood a young man, tall as himself and not unlike him in the outline of his strong features,—especially like him in the fine curve of the prominent nose. But this young man, in dress and manner, was the opposite of the master workman now facing him in the dust and sweat of toil. He wore a fashionable suit of light gray tweed, a straw hat with a wine-colored ribbon, and a wine-colored scarf, and several inches of wine-colored socks showed below his high-rolled, carefully creased trousers. There was a seal ring on the little finger of the left of a pair of large hands strong with the symmetrical strength which is got only at "polite" or useless exercise. Resting lightly between his lips was a big, expensive-looking Egyptian cigarette; the mingled odor of that and a delicate cologne scented the air. With a breeziness in which a careful observer of the niceties of manner might have detected the disguise of nervousness, the young man advanced, extending his right hand, and said: "Hello, father! I came to take you home to lunch."

The master workman did not take the offered hand. After a quick glance of pride and pleas-



"Slowly he lifted his arm and pointed to the sign"

ure which no father could have denied to so manly and handsome a son, he eyed the young man with a look that bit into every one of his fashionable details. Presently he slowly lifted his arm and pointed. The son followed the direction of that long, strong, useful-looking forefinger, until his gaze rested upon a sign, "No Smoking,"—big, black letters on a white background.

"Beg pardon," he stammered, flushing and throwing away the cigarette.

The father walked to the smoking butt and set his foot upon it. The son's face became crimson,—he had flung the cigarette among the shavings which littered the floor. "The scientists say a fire can 't be lighted from burning tobacco," he said, with a vigorous effort to repair the rent in his surface of easy assurance.

The old man—if that adjective can be justly applied to one who had such strength and energy as his,—made no reply. He walked toward the door, the son following, acutely conscious of the grins and winks the workmen were exchanging behind his back. The father opened the shut street door of the cooperage, and, when the son came up, pointed to a sign painted on it, in big, white letters,—"No admittance. Apply at the Office."

"How did you get in here?" he asked.

"I called in at the window and ordered one of the men to open the door," said the son.

"Ordered!" The father merely repeated the word.

"Requested, then," said the son, feeling that he was displaying praiseworthy patience with "the governor's" eccentricities.

"Which workman?" demanded the father.

The son indicated a man who was taking a dinner pail from under a bench at the nearest window.

The father called to him,—"Jerry!" Jerry came quickly.

"Why did you let this young—young *gentleman*—with a faint rest upon the "*gentleman*,"—"in at the door?"

"I saw it was Mr. Arthur," began Jerry.

"Then you saw it was not any one who has any business here. Who gave you authority to suspend the rules of this factory?"

"Do n't, father!" said Arthur. "You certainly can 't blame him. He knew I 'd make trouble if he did n't obey."

"He knew nothing of the sort," replied Hiram Ranger. "I have n't been dealing with men for fifty years—. However, next time you 'll know what to do, Jerry."

"He warned me it was against the rules," interjected Arthur.

A triumphant smile gleamed in the father's eyes. "Then he knew he was doing wrong. He must be fined. You can pay the fine, young gentleman,"—again the faint rest,—"if you wish."

"Certainly," murmured Arthur; "and, now, let 's go to lunch."

"To dinner," corrected the father; "your mother and I have dinner in the middle of the day, not lunch."

"To dinner, then," said Arthur,—"anything you please, pa, only let 's go."

When they were at the office and the father was about to go to the inner room to change his clothes, he wheeled, and said: "Why ain't you at Harvard, passing your examinations?"

Arthur's hands nervously clasped and then unclasped; in a tone to which repression gave a seeming of lightness, he announced: "The exams. are over. I 've been plucked."

The slang was new to Hiram Ranger, but he understood. He looked at his son from head to foot. In important matters his fixed habit was never to speak until he had thought well; without a word he turned, and, with a heaviness that was new to his movements, went into the dressing room. The young man drew a cautious but profound breath of relief,—the confession he had been dreading was over; his father knew the worst. He understood enough of his father's methods of thought and judgment to realize, in a measure, the humiliation he had put upon him, and he was genuinely regretful. "If the governor only knew the world better," he said to himself, "he 'd know that at every college the best fellows always skate along the edge of the thin ice. But he does n't, and so he thinks he 's disgraced." He lit another cigarette by way of consolation and clarification.

When the father reappeared, dressed for the street, he was apparently unconscious of the cigarette. He did not look at his son. They walked home in silence,—a striking-looking pair, with their great similar forms and their handsome similar faces, typical impersonations of the first generation, that is sowing in labor, and the second generation, that is reaping in idleness. The son's face and bearing were the father's refined and softened—and weakened.

"Oh!" exclaimed Arthur, as they entered the gates of the Ranger place and began to ascend the stone walk which divided the gently sloping lawn in front of the house into two equal parts, "I stopped at Cleveland half a day, on the way West, and brought Adelaide along." He said this with elaborate carelessness; in fact, he had begged her to come that she might once more take her familiar and highly successful part of buffer between him and his father's displeasure.

The father's head lifted a little and the cloud over his face also. "How is she?" he asked.

"Bang up!" answered Arthur. "She 's the sort of a sister a man 's proud of,—looks and style, and the gait of a thoroughbred." He interrupted himself with a laugh. "There she is, now!" he exclaimed.

This was caused by the appearance, in the open front doors, of a strange creature with a bright pink ribbon arranged as a sort of cockade around and above its left ear,—a brown, hairy, unclean-looking thing that gazed with an expression of human inquisitiveness at the approaching figures. As the elder Ranger drew down his eyebrows, the creature gave a squeak of alarm and, dropping from a sitting position to all fours, wheeled and shambled swiftly down the wide hall, walking in human fashion with its hind feet, hopping dog fashion with its fore feet or arms.

At first sight of this apparition Ranger had halted and had begun to stare with an expression so astounded that Arthur laughed outright. "What was that?" he now demanded.

"That 's Simeon," replied Arthur. "Del has taken on a monk,—it 's the latest fad."

"Oh!" ejaculated Ranger,— "Simeon?"

"She named it after grandfather,—and there *is* a—" He stopped short. He remembered that "Simeon" was his father 's father, and it occurred to him that, perhaps, his father might not see the joke. "That is!" he exclaimed; "she was looking for a name, and I thought of *simian*, naturally, and that, of course, suggested Simeon,—and—"

"That 'll do," said Hiram, in a tone of ominous calm which his family had come to understand was the signal that a subject must be dropped.

Now there was a quick *froufrou* of skirts, and from the sitting room to the left darted a handsome, fair girl of, perhaps, nineteen, beautifully dressed in a gray summer silk with simple, but most effectively placed bands of pink embroidery on the blouse and the skirt. As she bounded down the steps and into her father's arms, her flying skirts revealed a pair of long, narrow feet in stylish gray shoes and gray silk stockings exactly matching the rest of her costume. "Daddy! Daddy!" she cried. His arms were trembling as they clasped her,—were trembling with the emotion that surged into her eyes in the more obvious but less significant form of tears.

"Glad to see you, Delia," he said.

She put her pretty white forefinger on his lips. He smiled. "Oh! I forgot," he said. "You 're Adelaide, of course, since you 've grown up."

"Why call me out of my name?" she demanded, gaily. "You should have christened me Delia if you had wanted me named that."

"I 'll try to remember, next time," he said, meekly. His gray eyes were dancing and twinkling like sunbeams pouring from the breaches in a spent storm-cloud. There is an eloquence far beyond laughter's in the rare, infrequent eye-smiles from sober, strong faces.

Now there was a squeaking and chattering behind them. She whirled herself free of her father's arms and caught up the monkey. "Put out your hand, sir," she said, and she kissed him,—a performance which made the father shudder, so awful was the contrast between the wizened, dirty-brown face and her rose-like skin and fresh fairness. "Put out your hand and bow, sir," she went on. "This is Mr. Hiram Ranger, Mr. Simeon. Mr. Simeon, Mr. Ranger; Mr. Ranger, Mr. Simeon."

Hiram, wondering at his own weakness, awkwardly took the paw so uncannily like a mummy's hand. "What did you do this for, Adelaide?" he said, in a tone of mild remonstrance where he had intended to be severe.

"He 's so fascinating, I could n't resist. He 's so wonderfully human,—"

"That 's it," said her father; "so— so,—"

"Loathsomely human," interjected Arthur.

"Loathsome," said the father.

"That impression soon wears off," assured Adelaide, "and he 's just like a human being as company. I 'd be bored to death if I did n't have him. He gives me an occupation."

At this the cloud settled on Ranger's face again,—a cloud of sadness. An occupation!

Simeon had his face in Adelaide's shoulder and began to whimper. She patted him softly. "How can you be so cruel?" she said to her father. "He has feelings almost like a human being."

Ranger winced. Had the young woman not been so busy consoling her unhappy pet, his expression might have suggested to her that there was, not distant from her, a being who had feelings that were, not almost, but quite human, and who might afford an occupation for an occupation-hunting young woman which might make love and care for a monkey superfluous. But he said nothing.

"If he were a dog or a cat, you would n't mind," she went on.

True enough! Clearly, he was unreasonable with her.

"Do you want me to send him away?"

"I 'll get used to him, I reckon," replied her father, adding, with a faint gleam of sarcasm in his eyes, "I 've got used to a great many things these last few years."

They went silently into the house, Adelaide and Arthur feeling that their father had quite unreasonably put a damper upon their spirits,—a feeling which he himself had. He felt that he was right, and he was puzzled to find himself, even in his own mind, in the wrong.

"He 's so hopelessly old-fashioned!" muttered Arthur to his sister.

"Yes, but he is *such* a dear," murmured Adelaide.

"No wonder *you* say that!" was his retort. "You wind him round your finger."

In the sitting room—the "back parlor,"—Mrs. Ranger was waiting for them. "It 's almost half past twelve," she said. "Dinner 's been ready more than half an hour. Mary 's furious, and it 's hard enough to keep servants in this town since the canning factories were started."

Adelaide and Arthur laughed; Hiram smiled. They were all thoroughly familiar with that canning theme. It constituted the chief feature of the servant problem in Saint X.; and the servant problem there, as everywhere else, was the chief feature of domestic economy. As Mrs. Ranger's mind was concentrated upon her household, the canning factories were under fire from her early and late, in season and out of season.

"And she 's got to wait on the table, too," continued Mrs. Ranger, too much interested in reviewing her troubles to mind the amusement of the rest of the family.

"Why, where 's the new girl Jarvis brought you?" asked Hiram.

"She came from away back in the country, and, when she set the table, she fixed five places. 'There 's only four of us, Barbara,' said I. 'Yes, Mrs. Ranger,' says she, 'four and me.' 'But how 're you going to wait on the table and sit with us?' says I, very kindly, for I step mighty soft in dealing with those people. 'Oh, I do n't mind bouncin' up and down,' says she; 'I can chew as I walk round.' When I explained, she up and left in a huff. 'I 'm as good as you are, Mrs. Ranger, I 'd have you know,' she said, as she was going out, just to set Mary afire; 'my father 's an independent farmer, and I do n't have to live out. I just thought I 'd like to visit in town, and I 'd heard your folks well spoken of. I 'll get a place in the canning factory!' I was n't sorry to see her go. You ought to have seen the way she set the table!"

"We 'll have to get servants from the East," said Arthur. "They know their places a little better there. We can get some English that have just come over. They 're the best,—they 're thoroughly respectful."

He did not see the curious glance his father shot at him from under his heavy eyebrows. But Adelaide did,—she was expecting it. "Do n't talk like a cad, Artie!" she said. "You know you do n't think that way."

"Oh, of course, I do n't admire that spirit,—or lack of it," he replied. "But—what are you going to do? It 's the flunkies or the Barbaras and Marys,—or doing our own work."

To Hiram Ranger that seemed unanswerable, and his resentment against his son for expressing ideas for which he had an utter contempt seemed unreasonable. Again reason put him in the wrong, though instinct was insisting that he was in the right.

"It 's a pity people are n't contented in the station to which God has called them, as the English prayer book says," continued Arthur, not catching sensitive Adelaide's warning frown.

"If your mother and I had been content," said Hiram, "you and Delia would be looking for places in the canning factory." The remark was doubly startling,—for the repressed energy of its sarcasm, and because, as a rule, Hiram listened and never talked in the family circle.

They were at the table, all except Mrs. Ranger. She had disappeared in the direction of the kitchen and presently reappeared bearing a soup tureen, which she set down before her husband. "I do n't dare ask Mary to wait on the table," said she. "If I did, she 's just in the humor to up and light out, too, and your mother 's got no hankering for hanging over a hot stove in this weather."

She transferred the pile of soup plates from the sideboard and seated herself. Her husband poured the soup, and the plates were passed from hand to hand until all were served. "If the Sandyses could see us now, Del," said Arthur.

"Or the Whitneys," suggested Adelaide, and both laughed as people laugh when they think the joke, or the best part of it, is a secret between themselves.

Nothing more was said until the soup was finished and Mrs. Ranger rose and began to remove the dishes. Adelaide, gazing at the table, her thoughts far away, became uneasy, stirred, and looked up; she saw that the cause of her uneasiness was the eyes of her father fixed steadily upon her with a peculiar look in them, a look she could n't immediately interpret. When he saw that he had her attention, he glanced significantly toward her mother, waiting upon them. "If the Sandyses or the Whitneys could see us *now!*" he said.

She reddened, pushed back her chair, and sprang up. "Oh, I never thought!" she exclaimed. "Sit down, mother, and let *me* do that. You and father have got us into awful bad ways, always indulging us and waiting on us."

"You let me alone," replied her mother. "I 'm used to it. I did my own work for fifteen years after we were married, and I 'd have been doing it yet, if your father had n't just gone out and got a girl and brought her in and set her to work. No; sit down, Del. You do n't know anything about work. I did n't bring you up to be a household drudge."

"'Put out your hand and bow, sir.'"

But Del was on her way to the kitchen, whence she presently reappeared with a meat platter and a vegetable dish. Down the front of her skirt was a streak of grease. "There!" exclaimed Mrs. Ranger, coloring high with exasperation, "your dress is spoiled! I do n't believe I can take it out of that kind of goods without leaving a spot. Hiram, I do wish you would n't meddle with the children. It seems to me you 've got enough to do to attend to your own affairs at the mill."

This was unanswerable, or so it seemed to her husband. Once more he felt he was in the wrong, when he knew that, somehow, he was in the right.

But Adelaide was laughing and going forward gracefully with her duties as a waitress. "It 's nothing," she said; "the stain will come out; and, if it does n't, there 's no harm done. The dress is an old thing. I 've worn it until everybody's sick of the sight of it."

Mrs. Ranger now took her turn at looking disapproving. She exclaimed, "Why, the dress is as good as new, much too good to travel in. You ought to have worn a linen duster over it on the train."

"At this even Hiram showed keen amusement, and Mrs. Ranger herself joined in the laugh. "Well, it was a good, sensible fashion, anyhow," said she.

Instead of hurrying through dinner to get back to his work with the one o'clock whistle, Hiram Ranger lingered on, much to the astonishment of his family. When the faint sound of the whistles of the distant factories was borne to them through the open windows, Mrs. Ranger cried: "You 'll be late, father."

"I 'm in no hurry, to-day," said Ranger, rousing from the seeming abstraction in which he passed most of his time with his assembled family. After dinner he seated himself on the front porch. Adelaide came up behind and put her arm round his neck. "You 're not feeling well, Daddy?" she asked.

"Not extra," he answered. "But it 's nothing to bother about. I thought I 'd rest a few minutes." He patted her in shy expression of gratitude for her little attention. It is not strange that Del overvalued the merit of these little attentions of hers when they were valued thus high by her father, who so longed for proofs of affection and, because of his shyness and silence, got few.

"Hey, Del! Hurry up! Get into your hat and dust-coat!" was now heard, in Arthur's voice, from the drive to the left of the lawns.

Hiram's glance shifted to the direction of the sound. Arthur was perched high in a dogcart to which were attached two horses, one before the other. Adelaide did not like to leave her father with that expression on his face, but after a brief hesitation she went into the house. Hiram advanced slowly across the lawn toward the tandem. When he had inspected it in detail, at close range, he said: "Where 'd you get it, young gentleman?" Again there was stress on the "gentleman."

"Oh, I 've had it at Harvard, several months," he replied, carelessly. "I shipped it on. I sold the horses,—got a smashing good price for 'em. Yours ain't used to tandem, but I guess I can manage 'em."

"That style of hitching 's new to these parts," continued Hiram.

Arthur felt the queerness of his father's tone. "Two, side by side, or two, one in front of the other,—where 's the difference?"

True, reflected Hiram. He was wrong again,—yet again unconvinced. Certainly the handsome son, so smartly gotten up, seated in this smart trap, did look attractive,—but somehow not as he would have had his son look. Adelaide came; he helped her to the lower seat. As he watched them dash away, as fine-looking a pair of young people as ever gladdened a father's eye, this father's heart lifted with pride,—but sank again. Everything *seemed* all right; why, then, did everything *feel* all wrong?

"I 'm not well, to-day," he muttered. He returned to the porch, walking heavily. In body

and in mind he felt heavy and listless. There seemed to be something or someone inside him—a newcomer,—who was aloof from all that he had regarded as himself,—aloof from his family, from his work, from his own personality,—an outsider studying the whole perplexedly and gloomily.

As he was leaving the gate a truck entered the drive. It was loaded with trunks,—his son's and his daughter's baggage on the way from the station. Hiram paused and counted the boxes,—five huge trunks,—Adelaide's, beyond doubt; four smaller ones, six of steamer size and thereabouts,—profuse and elegant Arthur's profuse and elegant array of canvas and leather. This mass of superfluity seemed to add itself to his burden. He recalled what his wife had once said, when he hesitated over some new extravagance of the children's,—"What 'd we toil and save for, unless to give them a better time than we had? What 's the use of our having money if they can 't enjoy it?" A "better time," "enjoy,"—they sounded all right, but were they *really* all right? Was this really "a better time?"—really enjoyment? Were his and his wife's life all wrong, except as they had contributed to this new life of thoughtless spending and useless activity and vanity and splurge?

Instead of going toward the factories, he turned east and presently out of Jefferson Street into Elm. He paused at a two-story brick house painted brown, beside the door of which was a small black and gold sign bearing the words,—"F. L. Schulze, M. D." He rang, was admitted by a pretty, plump, Saxon-blonde young woman,—the doctor's younger daughter and housekeeper. She looked freshly clean and wholesome,—and so useful! Hiram's eyes rested upon her approvingly; and often, afterwards, his thoughts returned to her, lingering upon her in that sort of vague comparisons which we would not entertain were we aware of them.

Doctor Schulze was the most distinguished—indeed, the only distinguished,—physician in Saint X. He was a short, stout, grizzled, spectacled man, with a nose like a scarlet button and a mouth like a buttonhole; in speech he was sharp and abrupt, and, on the slightest pretext or no pretext at all, bitter; he had a kind, even soft heart sheathed in what he regarded as the magisterial air of a disillusioned man of science. A man is either better or worse than the manner he chooses for purposes of conciliating or defying the world. Doctor Schulze was better,—as much better as his mind was superior to his body. He and his orphaned daughters were "not in it" socially. Saint X. was not quite certain whether it shunned them or they it. His services were sought only in extremities; partly because he lied to his patients neither when he knew what ailed them nor when he did not, and partly because he was a militant infidel, losing no opportunity to attack religion in all its forms,—and his two daughters let no opportunity escape to show that they stood with their father, whom they adored, and who had brought them up with his heart,—a child usually is brought up by the hearts of his parents, and, so, is a posthumous confession that often gives the mocking lie to the verdict the world had passed upon them. It was Doctor Schulze's furious unbelief, investing him with a certain suggestion of Satan-got intelligence, that attracted Saint X. to him in serious illnesses,—somewhat as the Christian princes of mediæval Europe tolerated and believed in the Jew physicians. Saint X. had not got so far as to be able to listen to talk of "higher criticism" without dread lest the talk should be interrupted by a bolt from "special providence," and the fact that Schulze lived on, believing and talking as he did, could be explained only as miraculous and mysterious forbearance in which Satan must somehow have a direct part.

"I did n't expect to see *you* for many a year yet," said Schulze, as Ranger, standing, faced him sitting at his desk.

Ranger grew still more pallid as he heard the thought that weighted him in secret thus put into words. "I have never had a doctor before in my life," said he. "My prescription has been, when you feel badly, stop eating and work harder."

"Starve and sweat,—none better," said Schulze.

"Well, why do you come here, to-day?"

"This morning I lifted a rather heavy weight. I 've felt a kind of tiredness, ever since, and a pain in the lower part of my back,—pretty bad. I can 't understand it."

"But I can,—that 's my business. Take off your clothes and stretch yourself on this chair. Call me when you 're ready."

Schulze withdrew into what smelt like a laboratory. Ranger could hear the physician rattling glass against glass and metal and could smell the fumes of uncorked bottles of acids. When he called, Schulze reappeared, disposed a lot of instruments and tubes on a table, and set to work. "I never ask my patients questions," he said, as he began to examine Ranger's chest. "I lay 'em out here and go over 'em inch by inch. I find all the weak spots, both those that are crying out and those worse ones that do n't. I never ask a man what 's the matter; I tell him. And my patients, and all the fools in this town, think I 'm in league with the devil. A doctor who finds out what 's the matter with a man a wise and mysterious Providence is trying to lay in the grave, what can he be but the devil?"

He had reached his subject; as he worked, he talked it,—religion, its folly, its silliness, its cruelty, its ignorance, its viciousness. Ranger patiently listened without hearing; he was absorbed in observing the diagnosis. He knew nothing of medicine, but he did know good workmanship. As the physician worked, his admiration and confidence grew. He began to feel better,—not physically better, but that mental relief which a courageous man feels when the peril he is facing is stripped of the mystery that made it a terror. After, perhaps, three quarters of an hour, Schulze withdrew to the laboratory, saying: "That 's all. You may dress."

Ranger dressed and seated himself,—by chance it was opposite a huge image from the Orient, a hideous, twisted thing with a countenance of sardonic sagacity. As he looked, he began to see perverse, insidious resemblances to the physician himself. When Schulze reappeared and busied himself writing, he looked from the stone face to the face of flesh with fascinated repulsion,—the man and the "familiar" were so ghastlily alike. Then he suddenly understood that this was a quaint double jest of the eccentric physician's,—his grim fling at his lack of physical charm, his ironic jeer at the superstitions of Saint X.

"There!" said Schulze, looking up, "that 's the best I can do for you."

"What 's the matter with me?" asked Ranger.

"You would n't know if I told you."

"Is it serious?"

"In this world everything is serious,—and nothing."

"Will I die?"

Schulze looked at all those outward signs of majesty which had been denied his majestic intellect, at the tremendous figure, at the shoulders, at the forehead, at the massive brows and nose and chin,—an *ensemble* of unabused power.

"Yes," he answered; "you will die, and rot, just like the rest of us."

"Tell me!" Ranger commanded. "Will I die soon?"

Schulze reflected, rubbing his red-button nose with his stubby fingers. When he spoke, his voice had a sad gentleness in it. "You can bear hearing it. You have the right to know. Put your house in order, Mr. Ranger."

There followed a long pause; then Ranger said, in a low, steady voice, "Thank you!" His gray eyes met bravely the eyes of the man who had just read him his death warrant.

He took the prescriptions and went out into the street. It looked strange to him; he felt like a stranger to himself, as well as to that town where he had spent half a century,—felt like a temporary tenant of that vast, strong body of his which until now had seemed his own,—and he—or was it the stranger in him?—kept repeating: "Put your house in order. Put your house in order."

CHAPTER II.

At the second turning, Arthur rounded the tandem out of Jefferson Street and into Willow with a skill that delighted both him and his sister. "But why go that way?" said she. "Why not through Monroe Street? I 'm sure the horses would behave."

"Better not risk it," replied Arthur, showing that he, too, had had, but had rejected, the temptation to parade the crowded part of town. "Even if the horses did n't act up, the people might, they 're such jays."

Adelaide's notion of the value of what she and her brother had acquired in the East was as exaggerated as was his, and she had the same unflattering opinion of those who lacked it. But it ruffled her to hear him call the home folks jays,—just as it would have ruffled him, had she been the one to make the slighting remark. "If you invite people's opinion," said she, "you 've no right to sneer at them because they do n't say what you wanted."

"But *I* 'm not driving for show, if *you* are," he retorted, with a testiness that was confession.

"Do n't be silly," was her answer; "you know you would n't take all this trouble on a desert island."

"Of course not," he admitted, "but I do n't care for the opinion of any but those capable of appreciating."

"And those capable of appreciating are only those who approve," teased Adelaide. "Why drive tandem among these 'jays?'"

"To keep in practice," he replied, and his adroit escape from the corner into which she had driven him restored his good humor.

"I wish I were as free from vanity as you are, Arthur, dear," said she.

"You know you 're just as fond of making a sensation as I am," replied he. "And, my eye, Del! but you *do* know how." This was spoken with an admiring glance at her sparkling face and at her hat with its great, gracefully draped *chiffon* veil, and at her dazzling white dust-coat with its blue facings that matched her eyes.

She laughed. "Just wait till you see my new dresses—and hats."

"Another shock for your poor old father."

"Shock of joy," said Adelaide.

"Yes," assented Arthur, rather glumly; "he 'll take anything off you. But when I—"

"It 's no compliment to me," she cut in, the prompter to admit the truth because it would make him feel better. "He thinks I 'm 'only a woman,' fit for nothing but to look pretty as long as I 'm a girl, and then to devote myself to a husband and children, without any life or even thoughts of my own."

"Mother always seems cheerful enough," said Arthur. His content with the changed conditions which the prosperity and easy-going generosity of the elder generation were making for the younger generation ended at his own sex. The new woman,—idle and frivolous, ignorant of all useful things, fit only for the show side of life and caring only for it, discontented with everybody but her own selfish self,—Arthur had a reputation among his friends for his gloomy view of the American woman and for his courage in expressing it.

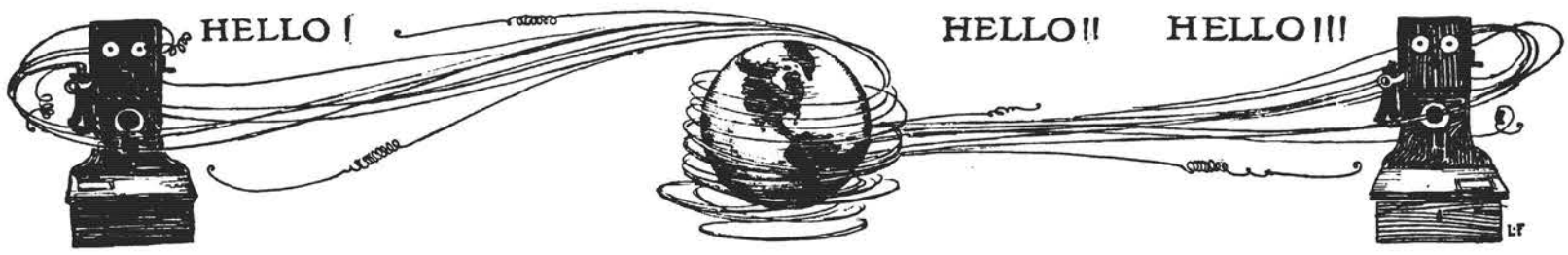
"You are so narrow-minded, Artie!" his sister exclaimed, impatiently. "Mother was brought up very differently from the way she and father have brought me up—"

"Have let you bring yourself up."

"No matter; I *am* different."

"But what would you do? What can a woman do?"

[*Concluded on pages 203 to 207*]



FIGHTING THE TELEPHONE TRUST

How the Most Perfect and Paralyzing System of Monopoly Ever Devised Was Put into Effect throughout the Country

By PAUL LATZKE

PART II.

IN the preceding article I have shown how the American Bell Company came into absolute legal and moral control of the great telephone industry under warrant of the United States government and had behind it all the power of this government to enforce its monopoly. This situation, unique in our industrial history, came through the decision of the United States supreme court, handed down in October, 1887, sustaining the patents of Prof. Bell, by the narrow margin of one vote.

What use did the company make of the extraordinary powers conferred by this decision? It put into final effect the most perfect and paralyzing system of monopoly ever devised.

From the moment that the Bell patent had been granted, in 1876, Gardiner G. Hubbard had taken complete charge of the business end of the new industry. He had been won over to the telephone idea reluctantly, but was finally carried away by Mr. Bell's confidence and enthusiasm, and helped in putting the patents through. When this had been accomplished, he proceeded to lay out a plan of exploitation designed to insure not only a monopoly of the telephone business during the life of the patents, but also a monopoly in perpetuity.

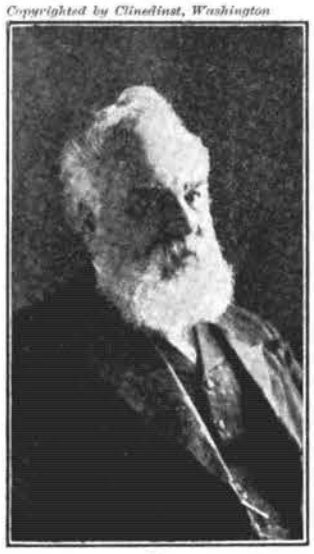
The appearance of the Western Union and the other "infringers" put a temporary check on Mr. Hubbard's plans. But, when these were out of the way and the field was cleared of obstructions by the supreme court, he put his ideas through without regard to public or private rights. A small output and enormous profits constituted the Hubbard motto from the start. No sales of instruments should be made at any price, and only lessee rights were to be granted to subsidiary local operating companies or individuals under high rentals. It was to be a utility for the rich and the prosperous and those who had to have it in their business machinery, regardless of price.

The Independents now Operate over Three Million Telephones

The effect of this policy on the community, when it was finally enforced without restriction, was withering. Its economic cost will never be ascertained. The American Bell Company's own records show that, in 1894, when the last Bell patent expired and the present competition began, it had in operation a total of only 291,253 telephones. That is, under a complete monopoly of the business, the company had put out, in eighteen years, less than 300,000 instruments.

As against this, there were in use, on June 30, 1905, 2,547,321 complete instruments under Bell control, and, as I have already stated, something over 3,000,000 instruments under independent control. That is, during eleven years of free competition, over 5,000,000 telephones were manufactured and put into use, as against less than 300,000 during the eighteen years of the monopoly. If the situation can be summed up in stronger terms than this, I should like to see it done.

The independents, though they have been really active for only ten years, have brought about such a spread of the telephone service that the annual output, to-day, is more than twice as great as the total number of instruments in use when the monopoly lost control. A single independent factory, that of the Stromberg-Carlson Company, at Rochester, New York, is turning out over 200,000 complete telephones a year, and is not able to keep up with its orders even at that. Compare this with the record of the trust, when, from 1885 to 1890, it installed, during the entire five years, only 50,156 new instruments, an average of about 10,000 a year.



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL
Although Mr. Bell is credited with being the inventor of the telephone, and although he has done much to perfect it and make it useful, it is said that he owns only one share of stock in the corporation which bears hisname

AMOS EMERSON DOLBEAR
In 1853 he invented the string telephone, and in 1864 the electric writing telegraph. Out of this invention an instrument was evolved which, in its general principle, was the same as what is now called the Bell telephone

In Indiana alone, the independents are now operating 165,000 telephones, or within 130,000 of the number the trust had in operation throughout the entire country in 1894, when competition began. The annual rental paid by the Indiana public for these telephones amounts to $3,048,885. The same number of telephones, at the rates charged by the Bell people before competition began, would have cost $7,275,300.

The Bell Managers Were Unwilling to Extend Their Service to the Farmers

The fact is, then, that, in this one state, competition is saving the people $4,226,415 a year in direct charges,—the income, at average interest, on a fund of $100,000,000! Indirectly, the saving is multiplied enormously, for it is conceded that the telephone, to-day, owing to its extended use, is a tremendous economic factor, adding, in many cases, from five to fifteen per cent. to the producing power of the industries of the country.

A conservative estimate has placed the direct net earning power of every telephone in use at fifty dollars per year, on the average. In other words, the five and one-half million telephones in use to-day are adding to the wealth of the United States at the rate of $275,000,000 a year, through the saving of time and labor and the enlargement of opportunity. What shall then be said of the selfish coterie of men who, for almost a quarter of a century, restricted this tremendous factor to the use of a favored few? We can best get at the extent of their crime, for it was nothing else, by taking a few concrete examples of telephone work.

When competition began, in 1894, there was literally not a farmhouse in the country that was connected with a telephone exchange; and, perhaps, 't is no exaggeration to say that there was not a farmhouse that had a telephone. The Bell Company declined absolutely to construct or establish farmers' exchanges or to build farmers' lines. The best that a farmer who desired connection with the nearest town could do was to rent two instruments at $100. a year and build and maintain his own line. When a farmer wanted the telephone people to build a line out to his place, he was compelled to guarantee tolls amounting to at least $500. a year. Naturally, under such conditions, the farmer was cut off from telephone communication, and that meant from the world, as he understands it to-day. Now a farmer can buy a telephone outright for from five dollars to sixteen dollars, according to quality, and he and his neighbors can build their own line as low as seventy-five dollars a mile.

The report of the Indiana Independent Telephone Association shows that, on May 9, 1905, there were, in that state alone, 30,000 farmers connected with the exchanges. In Iowa there are probably twice as many. In Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and others of the Western States, the numbers are in proportion. Approximately there are now one million farmers in this country who have telephones installed. Quite a number of these are on Bell lines, for, under the stimulus of competition, the Bell people have been compelled to secure farmers' connections, in order to hold any business at all in some of the smaller towns and cities. Very few of these farmers pay more than twelve dollars a year for their service; the maximum is about twenty-four dollars a year. It has been stated that the farmers and ranchmen are profiting to the extent of at least $50,000,000 a year, through the advantages the telephone gives in keeping them in close touch with the markets and in saving useless labor and wear and tear on their ordinary equipment.

The manner in which one of the farmers' lines out of a Minnesota town was inaugurated furnishes a fair illustration of the point I make here. On the route of this line, as it exists at present, there was living a wealthy farmer who annually raised a large crop of potatoes. He would hold his crop in stock awaiting a specific order, and then it was a question of getting the tubers to market in large quantities in quick time. To aid him in his hauling he contracted for the services of another farmer, who lived twelve miles away. The only way, however, that he could get this man when he wanted him was to drive out after him. This involved about a day's time and the use of a team in going and coming, besides delaying the hauling a day. After many years of this waste a coöperative line was constructed. On this there are now twenty-six subscribers, who have connections with the town exchange, and who, among them, easily save $1,000 a year in economizing on the time of their hired hands and the wear of equipment.

Rev. Francis Hope, of Dixon, California, described recently the installation of a "barbed-wire line" between the towns of Dixon and Winters, a distance of eighteen miles. The Sunset (Bell,) Company had been repeatedly applied to for service, by the farmers and ranchmen in the surrounding country, but the managers always declined to grant it. When the patents expired, the people took the matter into their own hands and used their barbed-wire fences. The idea spread through California and into several other states. The result in saving time and money was so gratifying that the farmers gradually substituted a higher class of construction in lieu of the barbed-wire lines, which necessarily worked only part of the time. Now the Sunset Company is as eager for the farmers' patronage in California as it formerly was arbitrary; but the farmers, as a general rule, are sticking closely to the independents.

Some time ago the village of Mountain, North Dakota, was put in touch with the rest of the world, for the first time, by the construction of a telephone line from the town of Cavalier, fifteen miles away. Just after the line had been connected, one of the boys of the village attempted to climb one of the new poles and, falling, broke his leg. It had always been the custom, when a doctor was wanted in Mountain, to send over fifteen miles of country road to Cavalier. This custom was followed, as usual, and it was not until the doctor had returned to Cavalier that it occurred to any one that they might have used the telephone and saved the expense of sending a man and a team on an all-day's drive. This incident caused considerable comment in the local press because of its "amusing" side. To my mind, its pathetic side is more apparent, that kept this village, for so many years, through the narrowness of the telephone trust, without knowledge or use of a labor-saving utility that should have been at its service for a quarter of a century.

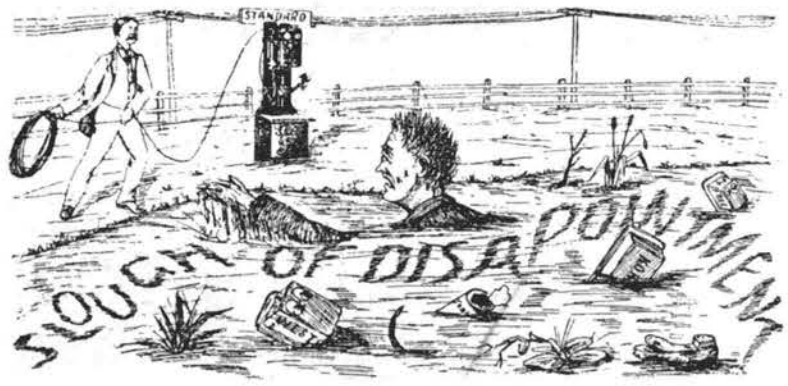
But the economic side of the telephone question, important as it is, does not, by any means, represent everything to the farmer. It has wrought for him a social, as well as an economic, revolution. The advent of the independents and their popular rates have put an end forever to the heartbreaking, demoralizing loneliness of farm and ranch life. Much has been written of the influence that rural free delivery has had on the life of the farmer; but, beside the influence of the telephone in this direction, rural free delivery is almost inconsequential.

When the independent companies first began to come together in conventions to exchange experiences, one fact was always commented upon with great curiosity by the managers of town or city plants. This was that they invariably met with failure in their endeavors to induce farmers to put in what are known as "lockout" devices, by means of which every telephone on a party line becomes practically a private wire. In cities, the party line is considered a great nuisance, because there is no privacy in conversation, and all the bells on the line are rung each time a subscriber calls. Naturally, the managers of plants figured that this objection prevailed in the country also; but, almost without exception, they found that one of the great attractions to the farmer was that his telephone *did* ring every time the other sixteen or twenty people on the line rang up, and that he could hear or be overheard in conversation. It was a practical demonstration of the social hunger the farmer has endured for centuries, and which is now ended, thanks to the arrival of telephone competition.

Several years ago an editor in a small Illinois town conceived the notion of strengthening his subscription list, and, incidentally, making a little money on the side, by running out farmers' telephone lines into the surrounding territory. Anywhere from fifteen to thirty telephones were put on one line. The farmers paid one dollar a month for the service, and, in addition to having the free use of the line for telephoning among themselves, and to the merchants of the town, they had even a greater boon. The editor, as an inducement to subscribers, inaugurated a "daily telephone news service." Every night, when he received the latest Chicago newspapers, he cut out the principal headlines, summarized the leading news items, and, at a certain hour, in response to a given signal, all the farmers on his lines picked up their receivers and the editor read to them the full news of the day. In this way families living twenty miles from the nearest railroad or telegraph station had the news of the world as quickly as dwellers in the great cities. The idea spread until now hundreds of country telephone companies are giving their farmer subscribers daily news service.

This and other examples make clear what the telephone monopoly must have cost the farmer during the eighteen years that it existed. What it cost the small business man is made equally clear by an incident that occurred during a "telephone strike," in Rochester, New York, in 1886.

[*Concluded on pages 197 to 200*]

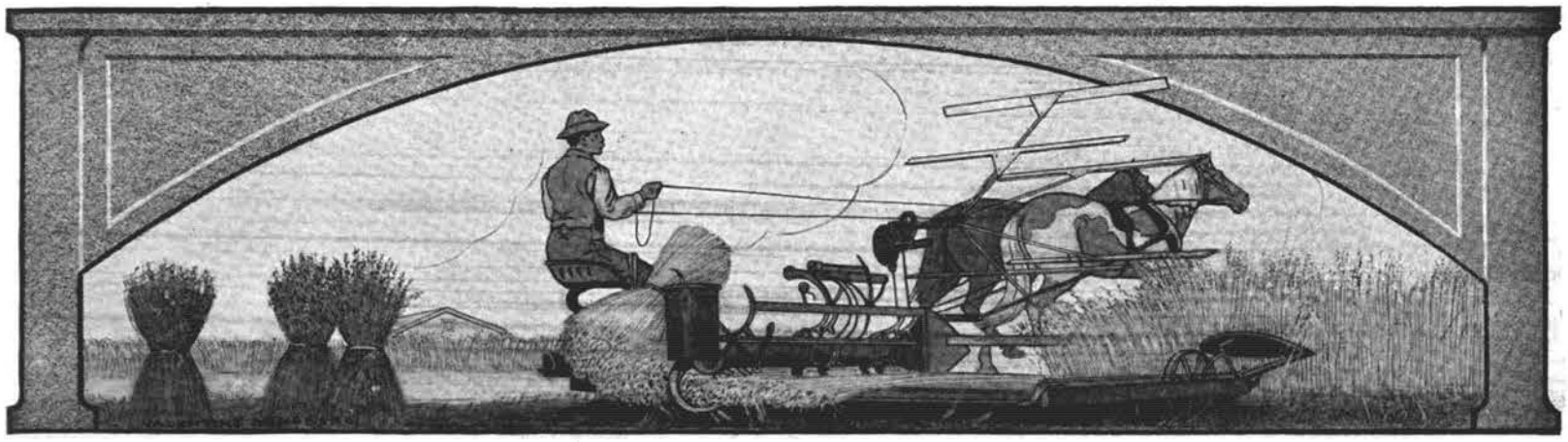


"It is well to beware of the misrepresentations of irresponsible concerns calling themselves telephone companies. It requires thorough investigation of the telephone business to establish a successful public telephone exchange. During the four years this company has been in business *hundreds of so-called telephone companies* have come into existence and *gone out of existence*, either from the losses sustained, the unsatisfactory character of its apparatus, or litigation with the Bell Company."

Some circulars used against the Independents

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

THE April issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE will contain, among many other things, the first installment of a two-part article by SAMUEL MERWIN. It will tell how a city government can be conducted in an absolutely honest manner. MR. MERWIN went to Manchester, England, for the sole purpose of studying the manner in which that city is operated without the slightest suspicion of graft. He will use Manchester as a model, and will compare it with Newark, New Jersey, a municipality which is hidebound with iniquity. We are often told that it is futile to attempt to govern an American city on honest lines. We are going to show you that it is not.



ESTIMATING OUR GIANT WHEAT CROP

The Story of H. V. Jones, Who, Year after Year, Makes a More Accurate Forecast of the American Crops than the Combined Efforts of 250,000 Government Experts

By FRANK FAYANT

EARLY in the spring the country begins to ask, "How are the crops?" Our prosperity during the twelve months following the harvest depends, in a very large measure, on the answer to this question. Out of the ground comes our wealth. In these years of abundant prosperity the farmer takes from the earth, each harvest season, products of a value of $4,000,000,000, and more than a third of this enormous sum represents the two great crops of the West,—corn and wheat.

The question, "How are the crops?" becomes, each year, therefore, as the harvest time approaches, one of vital importance; and, the earlier the knowledge of the size and quality of the crops, the more valuable it is to the commercial community. Railway men need to know, in advance, the outcome of the harvest, that they may prepare for the transportation of the crops to the markets. Bumper crops mean big tonnage, not only of products from the farms to the consumers, but also of merchandise from the manufacturing towns to the farms, bought by the farmers with their produce. When railway men are assured of big crops they spend many millions of dollars for new locomotives and cars and rails, and many millions more for the improvement of their roadbeds and the extension of their lines into new territory. The steel makers are jointly interested with the railway men in the harvest, for one fourth of the enormous product of the steel mills of this country is purchased by the railways. When the crops fail the railways cancel their orders for rails and bridges and equipment, and steel descends from prince to pauper. Then all the big manufacturers of the country, whether of wagons or plows, of shoes or clothing, must know whether their great customer, the farmer, is to have money to spend from harvest to harvest. So it is with the merchants all through the agricultural country. Even more important is early knowledge of the crop prospects to the bankers, who must not only finance the movement of the crops to market, but must also know whether the harvest is to cause expansion or contraction of capital ventures through the country. Then there are the flour millers and elevator owners, who are directly interested in the marketing of the crops. Finally there is the great body of men who speculate in the rise and fall in commodity prices, and who risk many millions of dollars annually in backing their opinions as to the volume of the crops and the demand for them in the grain markets of the world.

The Estimate of the Crops Has Become a Scientific Study

The government, recognizing the importance of early knowledge of the outcome of the harvest, has established a very elaborate system of crop reporting, and the government figures as to the acreage, condition, and yield of the cereals form a basis of all crop estimates. At the service of the government are more than 250,000 crop correspondents, of whom 10,000 are paid, and the weekly and monthly reports of these correspondents, forwarded by telegraph or post to Washington, are reviewed by a board of statistical experts, who consolidate them into public reports. The government's monthly report for the first of the month is issued at noon, Washington time, on the tenth, simultaneously in Chicago, Minneapolis, New York, and other grain centers. The wheat reports will illustrate the character of these reports. On December 10 is issued the first report of the acreage sown to winter wheat, and the average condition, 100 being used as the normal. Last December's report showed an acreage of 31,155,313 and a condition of 82.9. Three months later is reported the amount of the previous season's crop still in farmers' hands. Condition reports are made in April, May, June, and July. The May report also revises the acreage estimate, deducting for winter-killed and abandoned acreage. This year the deduction was 1,432,000 acres. In 1904, because of the very severe winter in the Southwest, the reduction was nearly 5,000,000 acres. The July report makes a second estimate of the amount of wheat in farmers' hands, which, this year, was 24,000,000 bushels. In August the yield per acre is reported. The spring wheat reports begin in July, and in September the harvest condition of both crops is given. In October the yield per acre and the quality of spring wheat are reported. Late in December a final estimate is made by the department of agriculture of the volume of all the crops of the country for the year.

Photograph by Marceau, N. Y.

H. V. JONES

But the government's crop reports, despite all the elaborate system that has been developed to make them trustworthy, do not satisfy men whose business ventures are influenced by the harvest. Every railway system in the wheat and corn belts has its own reports from correspondents and experts. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern, for example, knows just how much wheat he will have to haul from every station on his lines in Minnesota and the Dakotas, weeks in advance of the government reports. The Hill lines receive many millions of dollars a year from the transportation of wheat and corn, and this revenue varies with the volume of the crops. One of the big Chicago banks, which has correspondents all through the grain country, publishes a detailed estimate of the wheat crop, and other banks have private reports. Large industrial companies, like the Standard Oil Company and the International Harvester Company, have elaborate systems for private estimates. So do the great elevator people, like the Armours and the large grain-brokerage houses. Grain experts are employed by these principals, not only to travel back and forth over the grain belt of this country and Canada, watching the growth of wheat and corn, but also to study and estimate the probable crops of the other great exporting countries,—Russia, India, Australia, and Argentina.

The Drought in the Northwest Caused a Wild Rise in Wheat

During the past few seasons a private estimator has sprung into prominence because of the remarkable accuracy of his forecasts of the wheat crops, and his opinions are now more highly valued, by some of the leading railway men, bankers, and capitalists of the country, than those of the government with its 250,000 correspondents. This man is H. V. Jones, of Minneapolis. Jones was the commercial editor of the Minneapolis "Journal" when, in 1900, a drought in the Northwest seriously damaged the prospects of the spring wheat crop. A wild speculation in Minneapolis and Chicago was the result. The farmers, to recoup their losses from the drought, made heavy purchases of wheat options in the markets, and, from sixty-six cents in May, wheat advanced twenty-four cents a

bushel, to ninety cents, in June, and the speculators thought it would sell away above a dollar. The crop in the "three states,"—Minnesota and the Dakotas,—which had been 160,000,000 bushels the previous season, was estimated, at first, at 100,000,000 bushels, then at 90,000,000 bushels, and, in June, the estimate had fallen to 80,000,000 bushels.

A Young Minneapolis Grain Reporter's Forecast Punctured the Speculative Bubble

The "Journal" sent Jones out through the three states to find whether or not there was any wheat left in the fields. The crop reporter traveled up and down Minnesota and through the Dakotas, at times by train, but more often in a wagon or afoot. As day after day went by and he saw more and more of the wheat country, the more he became convinced that a good deal more wheat would be harvested than the speculators and the farmers dreamed of. But nearly every big wheat farmer he met told him of the frightful damage by the drought. None believed in a crop of more than 100,000,000 bushels. The young reporter knew that he would be ridiculed by the grain trade if he ventured to make a higher estimate of the crop. He almost lost heart. One day, at a little railway station, he met a wheat grower who took him aside to ask him his opinion of the crop. "I find more wheat than the rest of them," said Jones, "but they all tell me I 'm wrong." "Young man," said the farmer, patting him on the back, "stick to it. There 's more wheat in this crop than any of them believes." The crop reporter felt that, if one man agreed with him, he must be right, and he went back to Minneapolis and put out his estimate of a crop of 135,000,000 bushels.

This big estimate pricked the speculative bubble. Rain fell in the fields and farmers began to discover some wheat and the speculators rushed in to dump their lines into the pit. Wheat tumbled from ninety cents to seventy-five cents a bushel and the bull speculation collapsed. When the crop had been harvested and marketed and the millers and elevator people had counted all the wheat that had come from the farms, the yield was found to measure 140,000,000 bushels. The government's report of but 85,000,000 bushels was made ridiculous by the reports of receipts at Minneapolis and Duluth. The remarkable accuracy of the Jones forecast gave the young crop reporter a position in the grain trade which, in succeeding seasons, became stronger, and now his crop estimates are more highly valued by many grain men than the government's. In 1903, the June government estimate of the total wheat crop of the country was 100,000,000 bushels above the Jones figures. In July, the government was still 75,000,000 bushels above him, and, when the government December figures were published, they had cut off this 75,000,000 and a few millions more. When the authentic reports were published, the crop turned out to be what he had estimated it in the early summer.

The Wheat Crop Last Year Was Threatened with Destruction by Black Rust

But it was last year that Jones—no longer a newspaper reporter, but the owner of a grain-trade journal and a member of one of the largest grain houses in the West,—made his most remarkable record as a crop estimator. It was at the end of July, after he had made his final estimate of the crop in the winter wheat states and had already made a preliminary survey of the northern crop, that he made a discovery at Marion, South Dakota, on the St. Paul, that electrified the grain markets of the world. The last government report had estimated the yield of spring wheat at 300,000,000 bushels. Jones had put the figures at 250,000,000 bushels, and the grain trade ridiculed him for his conservatism, as it had ridiculed him, in 1900, for his optimism. When Jones left his train at the Marion station and went out into a neighboring wheat field, he discovered that the whole field was infected with black rust. The disease had attacked the head, and Jones, although not very familiar with it, for black rust had not appeared in the Northwest during his experience as a crop estimator, knew that, if it spread through the spring wheat country, it would destroy many millions of bushels of wheat. He telegraphed his business partners what he had seen.

Going northward through the wheat fields, he traced the rust until he reached fields not infected. The disease was only in the southern portion of the spring wheat country. But, three or four days later, he found it had worked its way northward into new fields. A week after the first discovery the spread of the disease was unmistakable. It was racing the harvest northward. Jones then sent this confidential telegram to his house: "Looks like big reduction in yield in Northwest." That day, Monday, August 1, in Chicago, September wheat sold at ninety cents a bushel. The grain markets got wind of the discovery of rust, and the next day wheat advanced with a flood of buying orders to ninety-four cents. Jones made a public report of the appearance of black rust. On Wednesday wheat sold at ninety-five cents, on Thursday at ninety-seven cents, on Friday at ninety-nine cents, and the grain markets went wild over the bull campaign. Telegrams began to pour into Minneapolis from all over the rust-infected area, telling of the damage to the crop. In Wall Street Jones was called a "crop killer" and a "calamity howler," and even he himself, in an effort to stem the tide of speculation, issued a statement that there was still plenty of wheat in the Northwest, although millions of bushels were being destroyed by rust. But the public had taken hold of the market. At the beginning of the next week wheat sold at $1.01. Later in the month it sold at $1.12, and in September the option sold at $1.16. In the Minneapolis market, where only spring wheat is traded in, cash wheat sold as high as $1.22 in October.

Jones estimated the rust damage at 50,000,000 bushels, and cut his spring wheat figures to 200,000,000 bushels. Several weeks later the government came out with an estimate almost identical with the Jones figures. The early knowledge of the rust damage gained by the northwestern farmers from the Jones reports enabled them to hold their wheat for higher prices and easily made a difference of $15,000,000 in their returns from the harvest. To those in the grain trade who pinned their faith to Jones, his early estimate of the shortage in the crop, which left the smallest surplus for export in twenty-five years, was worth millions of dollars. They bought wheat when it was low, stored it in their elevators, and sold it when it was high. Later in the year a crowd of speculators tried to corner May wheat. They bought millions of bushels in the Chicago market and advanced the price to $1.21. Mr. Jones and his friends took no part in the campaign, because they believed that the thirty-five-cent advance in wheat in the summer had discounted the worst. The May wheat pool, when it tried to turn the paper profits of its campaign into cash, found a very hollow market. Some of the leaders of the campaign sold their wheat, and then, in the rush of their followers to get rid of their holdings, the price tumbled, in the course of a few days, to eighty-six cents. Millions of dollars were lost by speculators who had thought they could corner the market, and one of their number, a bank president, was overwhelmed in the financial cataclysm and sent to prison as a defaulter.

Mr. Jones Has Become Familiar with Every Condition of the Wheat Country

That one specialist should be able, year after year, to make more trustworthy forecasts of the wheat crop than the 250,000 observers in the government service seems almost impossible. Mr. Jones knows his wheat country. Every year he travels more than 20,000 miles through the wheat belt, from county to county and from state to state. The wheat area of the country is close to 50,000,000 acres, or 75,000 square miles, an area equal to all New England and New Jersey, but it is spread, of course, over the greater part of the country east of the Rockies and west of the Sierra Nevadas. The great wheat country, however, is in the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio valleys. It runs north and south through the Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas, and eastward through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. The bulk of the spring wheat crop is raised in the four northern states, while the bulk of the winter wheat comes from the other eight. Mr. Jones travels back and forth over these twelve states, from early spring until harvest time. He knows how normal wheat looks from the time it appears above the ground until it is ready for the harvest. He knows the kind of weather the growing grain requires, and he knows the effect of insects and diseases. He has reduced to a science the measurement of grain in the field, and it does not take him long to determine whether a piece of wheat has a promise of ten or twelve or fifteen bushels to the acre. It is his remarkable ability to tell, after an examination of the berries in the heads of grain in various parts of a field, how much it will yield to the acre, that has given him his high reputation as a wheat estimator. How he does it is, of course, his own secret.

Last season he took up the corn crop, after completing his report on the wheat crop, and examined it in the same way he examines wheat. The corn area of the country is twice as large as the wheat area, but the bulk of the surplus corn is raised in a belt of seven states running east and west,—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, and Kansas,—and covering the central portion of the wheat country. Mr. Jones's corn crop estimate was 500,000,000 bushels under the government's, and was ridiculed in Wall Street, but when the crop was marketed it was found that the government crop was not in the country. When the Jones report was issued corn was selling at forty-five cents a bushel. In the spring, when the absurdity of the government figures became apparent, May corn advanced to sixty-eight cents and the option closed at sixty cents. This year the Jones corn estimate is about the same as the government's.

This Is an Era of Prosperity for the Farmer and in Turn for the Country

When he had completed this season's examination of the crops, he had this to say about the West:—

"It is doubtful if the United States ever before enjoyed such a crop result as this year's. All sections of the country have been favored with a harvest. No crop is a failure over any large area. Wheat, corn, oats, cotton, hay, potatoes, dairy results,—all are good, on the whole, and well distributed over the states. The fodder crops are heavy and the farmer will have a supply ample to insure full cattle feeding. The western railroads are already taxed to their capacity. While rolling stock purchases have been large for two or three years, the roads are not able to move promptly the tonnage offering.

"It is an era of prosperity for the farmer, and, in turn, for the country. Money is abundant throughout the West. Western jobbers report a good fall demand for all lines, with a tendency to purchase other than staples, which is indicative of an ability among the people to buy the smaller luxuries that contribute to farm comfort. The telephone and the daily paper are going into the homes of the people in the Far West, and the producer is posting himself on markets as never before. Western passenger traffic has broken all records. The people this year have money to spend."

The wonderful industrial boom in this country, in the past eight years, has had its basis in the big corn and wheat crops in the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri valleys, aggregating in value more than $10,000,000,000.

THE MAN MILLINER

By

GRACE S. RICHMOND

Illustrated by Charles J. Post

He could not lose this chance to see the owner of a voice like that

THE pelting June shower which caught Mary Redwood just as she was halfway up the stretch of country road between the little station and Aunt Anstis Bainbury's farmhouse was one not to be avoided by halting beneath a tree or by hurrying to take refuge within a friendly barn. The great drops which began to fall quite without warning had, in a twinkling, turned into a downpour, and the girl, laughing at her plight, had caught up her white skirts, pulled her wide white hat over her eyes, and plunged through the soaking storm with the cheerful reflection that white linen is better wear for such emergencies than any other, and that the washerwoman she had employed ever since she came to the farm was a wonder for turning out perfect work.

As she neared the farmhouse she caused a flurry of excitement among several feminine figures which occupied the porch. They rushed at once into the house, from which they emerged with umbrellas. One energetic and kindly soul hurried panting to meet the oncomer, who greeted her would-be rescuer with the gay cry, "How kind of you, Miss Maple!" quite ignoring the fact that, when one has run a half mile through a flood of rain, it matters little that the last three rods of the journey are accomplished under a sheltering umbrella held by an agitatedly friendly hand, and, therefore, wavering all over the horizon.

"Oh, I 'm all right!" Miss Redwood assured the anxious tenants of the porch; "a soaking won't hurt me a bit, and I 've nothing on that will be spoiled, except—"

"Your pretty hat. It 's ruined! Is n't that too bad?"

"It certainly is done for, Sis." Young King Redwood came lounging out upon the porch in time to see an accumulated pond of water run from the crown of the white hat, as his sister removed it from her head. "Gee, what a wreck! Well, there 's one thing you have to comfort you. You 've got in a lot of fetching work with that hat for the month you 've worn it. Forbes Harper says that when you have it on he 's helpless. He—"

His sister had not stayed to hear the rest of the speech. She was in the kitchen, ruefully hanging the poor hat close to the stove, on the chance that, by an immediate return to dryness, *chiffon* and white feathers might be rescued from the fate that seemed already theirs. Somehow she had never cared quite so much about any other hat she had ever possessed. It was absolutely nothing to her what Forbes Harper might think or say about it, but there was someone else whose eyes, it had seemed to her, had never looked at her quite so kindly as when she had worn that hat,—and they were eyes whose usual expression was a cool indifference, or an absorption in work not to be penetrated by the ordinary charms of pretty faces under attractive hat brims. They could kindle with enthusiasm over some finely executed detail in the construction of a railroad bridge, but in the presence of the choicest millinery they were apt to grow abstracted. Yet, just once, as she had looked up at him from under the white wings,—

"Aunt Anstis, do you suppose they keep white *chiffon* at that little milliner's shop which we passed in the village, the other day?"

"Land sake, Mary!—I do n't know. Esther Blakeslee has n't got much of a stock,— I know that because, when she fixed over my gray straw bonnet, this spring, she had n't but just one kind of purple flowers to put on it,—those violets that 's commoner 'n common. You remember I wrote you to get me some sprigs of heliotrope for it in the city, and you did. Esther most had a fit over 'em when she put 'em on. She thought they was the handsomest flowers she ever did see. She said she wished she could afford to keep such stuff in stock, but there was n't enough call for it. She 'n' her brother have to cut their cloth awful careful, I guess. You see, he 's a cripple. Well, she *might* have something like that white stuff of yours. That hat *is* just about fixed, ain't it? Too bad!"

Next day, when the sun was shining, Mary Redwood enveloped the ruined hat in some white tissue paper which had been used in her packing and walked into the village,—Aunt Anstis Bainbury lived a mile out. There was plenty more white linen in Miss Redwood's wardrobe, and she was again the freshest of figures as she traversed the country road, its banks gleaming green after the heavy rain of the day before.

"Essie, come see it. I think I 've pretty near hit it, this time."

The man milliner lay back in his chair. His delicate face wore the enthusiasm of an artist, at the same time that it was touched with the pathetically unremittent fatigue of a chronic invalid. His black eyes, with the heavy purple rings around them, glowed with pleasure over the accomplishment of a difficult and anxious task.

Esther Blakeslee hastened in from the shop, where she had been waiting on an infrequent customer who had wanted a yard of yellow ribbon and had stayed half an hour to talk of domestic matters. Her face wore the intent look of the partner who attends to the financial affairs of the firm, but who is ever filled with respect for the qualities of the artistic one upon whose efforts the success of everything depends. She had never trimmed a hat in her life, and there were only three people in the village who knew it,—the minister, the postmaster, and Miss Anstis Bainbury.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, as she beheld the triumph of taste and skill—she honestly so considered it,—which hung poised upon the thin hand of its designer. "My, my!—Rush, you certainly have outdone yourself, this time. That *is* pretty. If that do n't take the eye of some of these summer people,—so sort of girlish! And you 've got just the twist on it the one has in the picture."

"I think I have, too. I could n't see, at first, how to do it, but I figured it out after a while with a piece of newspaper. This leghorn breaks so, if you try to bend it much."

"I suppose that 's because it is n't the real leghorn. It 's an awful good imitation, though, and you have n't broken it a mite. Those pink roses are beautiful."

"Yes; I do n't see how the costly ones in the catalogue could be any handsomer,—though sometimes I think I 'd like to see some for myself. Essie,—there 's the shop door—"

Esther hurried away. She left the door open, so that Rush might hear whatever conversation should take place in the outer room. It was one of his few interests. Sometimes, if the customer happened to be a loud talker,—and most of them were,—he hardly needed to have Esther repeat to him the details of the order.

This time, however, the voice was so low, yet so delightfully musical in its intonations, that Rush held his breath and strained his ears to hear,—he could make out only his sister's side of the little talk which followed. It was also so clear to him that this visitor belonged to the colony of summer cottagers and boarders, whose seldom-acquired custom he had had in mind whenever he trimmed a summer hat, that it seemed to him, in his anxiety, that his sister was not taking half enough pains. Presently, however, the two moved to the back of the shop, so near to the communicating door that the listener could hear distinctly, and he drew a breath of relief as he compre-

hended that a purchase was about to be effected.

"Oh, I 'm so glad you 've found this piece!" the musical voice was saying. "It will do beautifully,—I think it 's even a better quality than that on the hat."

"I 'd forgotten I had it," Esther was responding. "A young lady dropped it in here last summer. She came in from one of those automobiles that go by here so much; she wanted some elastic for her hat. I did n't see it till she 'd been gone an hour. I thought she 'd come back, but she never did, so I laid it away in this drawer. She must have just bought it, for it is n't mussed hardly a bit and it 's three yards long. Of course I did n't know who she was, so I could n't send it back to her."

"It 's very lucky for me you could n't. It 's a beauty of a *chiffon* veil and exactly what I want. Now, if you can put it on for me,—I 'm such a goose about such things I could n't put it on properly to save my life. You see, I 've left the old scarf on so you could get an idea about it. The white wings have dried out nicely and the straw is the kind that can 't be spoiled, so I think I can save the poor hat, after all."

"I guess I can put it on for you," Esther answered, a little doubtfully. She was wondering if Rush were equal to this task. Even in its state of ruin the hat showed plainly what it had been.

"May I watch you while you do it? I think, possibly, I could show you where these rags used to be puffy and where they lay close."

Esther hesitated. "Excuse me a minute," she said, and went back into the other room. She found her brother lying back in his chair, his eager gaze fixed on the door. In his eyes, though his sister could not discern it, was the look of a wounded dog who has heard the voice of his master.

Esther had expected that Rush would refuse to give up his secret to this stranger; but, to her surprise, he nodded at her without speaking. Then he braced himself in his chair, a cushion behind his back. His hands shook. He could not lose this chance to see the owner of a voice like that. He seemed to know she could not be the sort who would look curiously or pityingly at him. He had never known which expression he dreaded most to see in the eyes of a stranger.

Esther was explaining to the customer that she did no work herself,—that her brother was the one who trimmed the hats and that this was a secret from everybody.

"How very nice of you to let me know!" said the voice, and then Esther led her in.

Rush, staring shyly up at the door, saw what he had somehow known he should see,—a friendly girlish face, glowing with health and charm, with eyes which met his without a shadow of surprise at his condition. Mary Redwood saw that which went as straight to her pitying young heart as if it had been her own brother who sat there gazing at her with beautiful hollow eyes, trying to look business-like,—as if it were common for hands like his to acquaint themselves with work among ribbons and artificial flowers and muslins.

She sat down by him, her hat in her hands, and explained to him what she wanted. He threaded his needles with trembling fingers, but she knew better, as Esther did, than to offer to thread them for him. He took the long white scarf in his hands. Then he studied the wanderings of the spoiled scarf about the hat brim. Finally, with careful scissors, he ripped it off.

He never knew afterwards how he did it. To have her so near him that he could even feel her breath on his cheek as she leaned close to show him where the puffy look had been and where the closer folds, to feel her warm youth in the same room with him, after having known only the near presence of his sister,—Esther was thin and worn and old at thirty, and Rush was barely twenty-five,—and to hear her low voice, so full of vitality and sweetness,—no, it was quite impossible for him, afterwards, to conceive how he had performed his task.

"There, Mr. Blakeslee, if you can just fasten those folds as you have them,—that 's quite perfect. Do n't stir it a bit. But that 's the art of millinery, is n't it?—to sew as you have pinned. Some milliners do n't sew much, I know,—why would n't it be better to pin this as you have it, with some long white-headed pins?—did n't I see some in the shop?"

"I suppose they do it," Esther admitted, doubtfully, as she brought the pins, "but I never could seem to feel a hat was proper till the trimming was sewed on good and tight. I 've seen pinned bows get loose."

"These won't. Your brother knows just how."

"I think I 'd better sew the wings," Rush suggested, anxiously. "They might not stay with pins."

"Oh, I 'm sure you had. I want to feel quite trim and snug,—not with a wing pointing east when it should point north."

When it was done she tried it on. That was the vanquishing touch, for Rush. She really should have known better than to do it, or to turn from the little mirror to face him with it on, to ask him if he did n't feel satisfied with it. If such hardened hearts as that of a certain Forbes Harper could—jestingly, but none the less sincerely,—admit the extraordinary augmentation of certain fascinating qualities in the piquant face by the saucily graceful head-covering, how could a poor fellow like Rush Blakeslee, with a man's hungry soul in his wasted young body, fail to drink in all the enchantment of her, and feel his head turn with the draught?

He grew suddenly so pale that Esther hurriedly handed him a glass of water, and Mary Redwood, divining, perhaps, something of what she might be doing to him,—although she laid his weakness to fatigue, and reproached herself for it,—got away as quickly as she might. In the outer shop she paid her bill, gently but firmly pushing aside Esther's embarrassed announcement that, since the veil was n't rightly hers, she could n't put a price on it, with the firm statement that she would not take the hat away without paying for the material which had by such good luck fallen into her hands.

"Do n't worry about the girl who lost it," she begged. "A girl who buys white *chiffon* veils three yards long to motor in, and does n't take the trouble to come back for a new one she 's lost, won't grudge me the having it. Besides, she lost it last year. The border is quite out of style. She would n't use it if she had it."

So, wearing the delectable hat, its freshness restored, she went away. She had told Esther Blakeslee she was Miss Anstis Bainbury's niece, and Esther had answered that she had n't a better friend in the world than Miss Bainbury. So, when Mary had reached home, she plied her aunt with questions concerning the people in the dingy little shop with the one show window and learned all about them there was to know.

"But you won't tell any one about Rush, will you, Mary?" Miss Bainbury begged. "The poor boy 's terrible sensitive about his doing a woman's work,—though I 've told him I 've heard of more than one man milliner in cities. I do n't know how they 'd make out to live if he could n't do it. Esther 's a perfect fool at it. It 's always seemed to me pretty hard to see them poor white fingers fussing with cotton roses and cheap velvet. But then,—it 's better than his lying there and thinking how he can 't ever walk any more."

Mary agreed pitifully that it was. A few days afterwards, as she passed the little show window, she saw that it was fuller than usual, and that its centerpiece was a hat of cheap imitation leghorn trimmed stiffly with white ribbon, lace, and pink roses. As she stopped to look, two pretty girls, daintily dressed, evidently from one of the summer homes, came by, and stopped, also.

"This window always is a treat," said one. "I never can get by it. It 's the richest spot in the place. Look at that pink and white thing in the middle, will you? Is n't that the limit?"

"Fancy anybody buying it," the other responded, and the listener shivered, for the windows were open on the side where she knew the man milliner lay in his chair. "Would n't you think such country shopkeepers would learn *something* by seeing the hats we all wear to church, if nowhere else? O, look, *look* at that frumpy brown concoction over there!"

A moment later the two idlers were favored by a look from a pair of indignant brown eyes. A lovely flushed face was turned for an instant toward theirs, and, if a glance could wither, the one they received would certainly have burned them up. An erect and graceful figure in white swept past them into the shop.

"For heaven's sake," murmured one of the girls, "who 's she?—the shopwoman?"

"I should say not, by her clothes and her air. The Duchess of Somewhere, in disguise."

"She need n't look at us as if we 'd insulted her. Nobody ever so much as noticed *her* before. She can 't be anybody, or we should have seen her. Come on,—let 's go to the post office and see if that box of sweets Howard promised to send me has come yet."

Inside the shop Mary Redwood, in the gentlest manner in the world, was inquiring the price of the hat with the pink roses. She said she had a little friend at the farmhouse whom she thought the coloring would exceedingly become. It was a safe statement, and she could make it with absolute sincerity, for where is the girl whom pink and white will not become?

* * * * * * *

On one of those golden days of late October which sometimes appear to astonish an incredulous world into the belief that they are fairer than the most perfect days of early summer, there sat three people on the bank of the river which flows close by the village of Conover. One of them, to be literal, did not sit upon the bank itself, but in a wheel chair, drawn close to the spot where the others half inclined.

"Well, I suppose we 've got to remember we won't have many more of these days," observed Esther Blakeslee, with a sigh, her grave eyes upon the river where it reflected a splendid crimson maple bending above it. "But one thing 's certain, we 've had some pretty pleasant times this summer, Miss Mary, and Rush and I won't forget them. I wish—*wish*,—you did n't go to-morrow!"

Mary Redwood smiled at her friend, then, turning, glanced up at Rush. The pale face brightened, as it always did when she smiled at it. She had never seen the look with which he sometimes regarded her when her eyes were turned away. He responded instantly.

"They 've been wonderful," he said, with a long breath. "I never knew there could be such days. I never thought I was to get out into the sunshine again, till you came."

"We ought to be going, I suppose," said Esther, reluctantly. "At least I ought to. You two can stay longer, if you like,—that is,—if Miss Mary really thinks—"

"Of course I can wheel your brother back,—or call Jim Train: I see him working in the field over there. I can 't bear to go just yet, can you, Rush?"

He shook his head. "I wish I need n't ever go," he murmured. "I wish I could die here," he added, in his heart.

When Esther had gone, the others sat silent for a space, as if good comrades to whom silence in companionship is but another form of speech. Mary broke it, at length. She did not look up, but spoke quite as if what she said were to the young man beside her the commonplace thing it would have been if she had said it to Aunt Anstis Bainbury.

"Rush, will you promise me a favor?"

"Sure, I will, Miss Mary."

"I want you to write to me—regularly,—once a week, all winter."

He made no answer. After a moment she looked around at him, surprised. With a supreme effort he controlled himself. The joy of it had unmanned him.

"If you—if you want me to, Miss Mary."

"Of course I want you to."

"And will you—would you—" He paused, because it seemed too great a thing to suggest.

She laughed, a gay yet sympathetic little laugh. "To be sure I will. I only waited to be asked,—after being such a bold girl as to invite a man to correspond with me."

"Ah, you would n't, if—" He only breathed the beginning of this bitter thought which sprung at him, but she comprehended.

"Rush," she said, looking up at him, "would you like to swear a friendship with me?" She smiled and held out her hand. His poor heart throbbed wildly again. He reached out his thin fingers and took hers in a trembling clasp. This time he could not speak.

"You have taught me so many things, this summer," she went on, her hand in his. "I came here not quite happy. The sight of you working away so heroically,—Rush, I want to tell you of a conviction that 's been growing on me all summer. We talk sometimes about a woman's doing a man's work, by some force of circumstances which has loaded it upon her. If she does it well and bravely, we call her heroic. You think you are doing a woman's work. Well,—do n't you know it 's just as heroic for a man to do a woman's work, if it 's laid upon him to do, as for a woman to do a man's?"

The thin fingers tightened upon hers. He was not conscious of very much except that he held her hand in his, yet her words sounded inspiringly in his ears and heartened him.

"I wish I could think so," he said.

"I know so. And I want to tell you that watching you bear your life so courageously—with such strength,"—courage,—strength,—these were brave words for a weak fellow like him to hear of himself,—he was listening, now,—"has made me ashamed to be anything but stout of heart. And so,—having been taught so much,—do n't you see that I can 't lose the chance of more? I want your letters because I want—*you*, as a good, true friend."

Her clear eyes looked up into his, now. Studying her with his own anguished ones, he understood. Like the tender and womanly soul she was, she wanted to give him all she could. Should he not take it and be blest?

He leaned toward her. "Miss Mary," he said, brokenly, "the good Lord must have sent you to me, this summer. My friendship,—if you want a poor thing like that,—it 's yours. If—I could—die for you—"

"No, no," she whispered, and there were tears in her eyes. She gave his hand one long, strong pressure, with her warm fingers, then gently drew them away,—"I do n't want you to die for me, my dear fellow,—I want you to live, for me,—the pluckiest, gallantest life you know. And I 'll be your friend,—*always*."

It was a week after Mary Redwood had gone away that there came another day—early in November though it was,—which, through an Indian summer haze, smiled upon the river bank, and upon Rush, sitting there alone in his wheel chair.

Two figures on horseback approached upon the river road and Rush turned his gaze toward them, for horsemen, at that time of year, were infrequent travelers there. As they neared, one of them pulled off his soft hat and waved it. Rush saw then that it was King Redwood,—a youth he had come to know well during the summer that was past.

As the horsemen drew near, King was making this rapid, under-breath explanation:—

"That 's the chap my sister struck up such a friendship with, this summer. If he 'd been anything but what he is,—paralyzed from the waist down,—I 'd have said she was off her head about him. He makes hats,—he and his sister keep the milliner shop in the village,—know the place? Oh!—never here before? Come on,—I 'll introduce you. It does the poor fellow good to see a new face."

"'You 'll think it queer of me to tell so much to a stranger.'"

The travelers dismounted. King Redwood and Frederic Stuart, each in his way a typical specimen of the well-built, vigorous young American, stood before the other young man in the wheel chair. When they had talked for five minutes King spied a friend in Jim Train, working in the distant field, and, with a hasty word of apology, was off.

Stuart sat down upon the bank beside the chair and took off his hat. "We 've been riding since daybreak," he said, "and the weather 's like midsummer."

"Taking a pleasure trip?" Rush asked.

"Not wholly. I 'm looking the country over, in a general way, laying out a possible route for my engineers, next spring. The new railroad branch, you know!"

"You 're an engineer, yourself?"

"Yes."

"I used to tell Miss Redwood, last summer," said Rush, thoughtfully, a flicker of color in his cheek at mention of the name, "that that must be the finest profession on earth."

"Did you? It 's pretty good, for those of us who like our work out of doors. You came to know Miss Redwood well, I believe?"

It was an effort, but Rush made it. He had seen her catch up a magazine, one day, and study the photograph of a party of engineers then engaged upon a problem important to the welfare of the state. She had told him, in answer to his question, that one of them was an acquaintance of hers, and Rush, looking eagerly at the gravely alert, keen-eyed face, easily the finest in the group, had asked, with a strange stirring of pain at his heart, unknown before, if he were a friend. He had never forgotten the girl's answer, given with turned-away face, so that he saw only a vividly coloring cheek:—

"I 'm not just sure, Rush. Mr. Stuart is not a woman's man,—he 's an enthusiast over his work. I very seldom meet him at the parties and dinners and dances where I meet other men,—he has neither time nor taste for them. He—I 've a feeling that he would demand a good deal of any woman whom he called his friend, and I—I believe he thinks me a sort of gay thing without much of a soul. But that 's not strange,—one does n't go about wearing her soul on her sleeve!" She had faced him again, and, though she smiled bravely and began quite abruptly to talk of other things, he had seen the hurt look in her eyes. And Rush's weary years of illness had somehow given him the delicate perceptions of the sex which knows things without knowing why.

Now, as he suddenly found himself face to face with the actual man of the photograph and recognized him as the embodiment of all that may fitly claim a woman's friendship, he felt that his chance had come to do Mary Redwood a service. Trembling, he set his reluctant spirit to the task. He, too, was her friend; now, though she would never know, he might prove himself of the sort of men who can lay down their lives.

He found it almost easy, after the first. He had told only a little of how Miss Redwood had come to him and his sister before he realized that he was relating his story to ears which were glad to listen. He found he was being quietly but skillfully led on along the path he had bid himself follow. Miss Redwood had read to him, then? What books had they enjoyed together? Rush told the names, and the stranger's eyes brightened as he heard them. Could he have thought she would not care for such books? Then he did not know her. Rush grew absorbed in his tale, forgot his purpose,—it had been to him at first like a dagger in his heart,—looked into the strongly magnetic gray eyes which were watching his, and, before he knew it, had poured out a revelation of his friend's womanly companionship. With it all he unconsciously told what he never meant to tell, but which a mind practiced in grasping the meaning of other men's words and acts comprehended,—what that friendship had been to him.

When he was through, it came upon him, suddenly and overwhelmingly, that he had spoken as to an intimate acquaintance. He lay back in his chair and a strange look of pain came over his sensitive face. "You 'll think it queer of me to tell so much to a stranger," he said, faintly.

[*Concluded on pages 210 to 212*]

GETTING AROUSED

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"How's the boy gettin' on, Davis?" asked Farmer John Field, as he watched his son, Marshall, waiting upon a customer. "Well, John, you and I are old friends," replied Deacon Davis, as he took an apple from a barrel and handed it to Marshall's father as a peace offering; "we are old friends, and I don't want to hurt your feelin's; but I'm a blunt man, and air goin' to tell you the truth. Marshall is a good, steady boy, all right, but he would n't make a merchant if he stayed in my store a thousand years. He were n't cut out for a merchant. Take him back to the farm, John, and teach him how to milk cows!"

If Marshall Field had remained as clerk in Deacon Davis's store in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he got his first position, he could never have become one of the world's merchant princes. But when he went to Chicago and saw the marvelous examples around him of poor boys who had won success, it aroused his ambition and fired him with the determination to be a great merchant himself. "If others can do such wonderful things," he asked himself, "why can not I?"

▲ ▲

Of course, there was the making of a great merchant in Mr. Field from the start; but circumstances, an ambition-arousing environment, had a great deal to do with stimulating his latent energy and bringing out his reserve force. It is doubtful if he would have climbed so rapidly in any other place than Chicago. In 1856, when young Field went there, this marvelous city was just starting on its unparalleled career. It had then only about eighty-five thousand inhabitants. A few years before it had been a mere Indian trading village. But the city grew by leaps and bounds, and always beat the predictions of its most sanguine inhabitants. Success was in the air. Everybody felt that there were great possibilities there.

Many people seem to think that ambition is a quality born with us; that it is not susceptible to improvement; that it is something thrust upon us which will take care of itself. But it is a passion that responds very quickly to cultivation, and it requires constant care and education, just as the faculty for music or art does, or it will atrophy.

If we do not try to realize our ambition, it will not keep sharp and defined. Our faculties become dull and soon lose their power if they are not exercised. How can we expect our ambition to remain fresh and vigorous through years of inactivity, indolence, or indifference? If we keep letting opportunities slip by us without making any attempt to grasp them, our inclination will grow duller and weaker.

▲ ▲

"What I most need," as Emerson says, "is somebody to make me do what I can." To do what *I* can, that is my problem; not what a Napoleon or a Lincoln could do, but what *I* can do. It makes all the difference in the world to me whether I bring out the best thing in me, or the worst,—whether I utilize ten, fifteen, twenty-five, or ninety per cent. of my ability.

Everywhere we see people who have reached middle life or later without being aroused. They have developed only a small percentage of their success possibilities. They are still in a dreamy state. The best thing in them lies so deep that it has never been awakened. When we meet these people we feel conscious that they have a great deal of latent power that has never been exercised. Great possibilities of usefulness and of achievement are, all unconsciously, going to waste within them.

Not long ago there appeared in the newspapers an account of a girl who had reached the age of fifteen years, and yet had only attained the mental development of a small child. Only a few things interested her. She was dreamy, inactive, and indifferent most of the time, until, one day, while listening to a hand organ on the street, she suddenly awakened to full consciousness. She came to herself; her faculties were aroused, and in a few days she leaped forward years in her development. Almost in a day she passed from childhood to budding womanhood. Most of us have an enormous amount of power, of latent force slumbering within us, as it slumbered in this girl, which could do marvels if we could only awaken it.

▲ ▲

The judge of the municipal court in a flourishing western city, one of the most highly esteemed jurists in his state, was, in middle life, an illiterate blacksmith, before his latent power was aroused. He is now fifty-eight, the owner of the finest private library in his city, with the reputation of being its best-read man, and one whose highes endeavor is to help his fellow man. What caused the revolution in his life? The hearing of a single lecture on the value of education. This was what stirred the slumbering power in him, awakened his ambition, and set his feet in the path of self-development.

I have known several men who never realized their possibilities until they reached middle life. Then they were suddenly aroused, as if from a long sleep, by reading some inspiring, stimulating book, or by listening to a sermon or a lecture, or by meeting some friend—someone with high ideals,—who understood, believed in, and encouraged them.

It will make all the difference in the world to you whether you are with people who are watching for ability in you, people who believe in, encourage, and praise you, or whether you are with those who are forever breaking your idols, blasting your hopes, and throwing cold water on your aspirations.

The chief probation officer of the children's court in New York, in his report for 1905, says: "Removing a boy or girl from improper environment is the first step in his or her reclamation." The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, after thirty years of investigation of cases involving the social and moral welfare of over half a million of children, has also come to the conclusion that environment is stronger than heredity.

Even the strongest of us are not beyond the reach of our environment. No matter how independent, strong-willed, and determined our nature, we are constantly being modified by our surroundings. Take the best-born child, with the greatest inherited advantages, and let it be reared by savages, and how many of its inherited tendencies would remain? If brought up from infancy in a barbarous, brutal atmosphere, it will, of course, become brutal. The story is told of a well-born child who, being lost or abandoned as an infant, was suckled by a wolf with her own young ones, and who actually took on all the characteristics of the wolf,—walked on all fours, howled like a wolf, and ate like one.

▲ ▲

It does not take much to determine the lives of most of us. We naturally follow the examples about us, and, as a rule, we rise or fall according to the strongest current in which we live. The poet's "I am a part of all that I have met" is not a mere poetic flight of fancy; it is an absolute truth. Everything you have seen, every book you have read, every sermon or lecture or conversation you have heard, every person who has touched your life, has left an impress upon your character, and you are never quite the same person after the association or experience. You are a little different,—modified somewhat from what you were before,—just as Beecher was never the same man after reading Ruskin.

A few years ago a party of Russian workmen were sent to this country by a Russian firm of shipbuilders, in order that they might acquire American methods and catch the American spirit. Within six months the Russians had become almost the equals of the American artisans among whom they worked. They had developed ambition, individuality, personal initiative, and a marked degree of excellence in their work. A year after their return to their own country, the deadening, non-progressive atmosphere about them had done its work. The men had lost the desire to improve; they were again plodders, with no goal beyond the day's work. The ambition aroused by a stimulating environment had sunk to sleep again.

▲ ▲

Our Indian schools sometimes publish, side by side, photographs of the Indian youths as they come from the reservation and as they look when they are graduated,—well dressed, intelligent, with the fire of ambition in their eyes. We predict great things for them; but the majority of those who go back to their tribes, after struggling awhile to keep up their new standards, gradually drop back to their old manner of living. There are, of course, many notable exceptions, but these are strong characters, able to resist the downward-dragging tendencies about them.

If you interview the great army of failures, you will find multitudes have failed because they never got into a stimulating, encouraging environment, because their ambition was never aroused, or because they were not strong enough to rally under depressing, discouraging, or vicious surroundings. Most of the people we find in prisons and poorhouses are pitiable examples of the influence of an environment which appealed to the worst instead of to the best in them.

▲ ▲

Whatever you do in life, make any sacrifice necessary to keep in an ambition-arousing atmosphere, an environment that will stimulate you to self-development. Keep close to people who understand you, who believe in you, who will help you to discover yourself and encourage you to make the most of yourself. This may make all the difference to you between a grand success and a mediocre existence. Stick to those who are trying to do something and to be somebody in the world,—people of high aims, lofty ambition. Keep close to those who are dead-in-earnest. Ambition is contagious. You will catch the spirit that dominates in your environment. The success of those about you who are trying to climb upward will encourage and stimulate you to struggle harder if you have not done quite so well yourself.

There is a great power in a battery of individuals who are struggling for the achievement of high aims, a great magnetic force which will help you to attract the object of your ambition. It is very stimulating to be with people whose aspirations run parallel with your own. If you lack energy, if you are naturally lazy, indolent, or inclined to take it easy, you will be urged forward by the constant prodding of the more ambitious.

A Word to "Stage-Struck" Girls

By SARAH BERNHARDT

This article was written specially for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by Mme. Bernhardt during her recent visit to New York

Mme. Bernhardt as "Thisbe"
From a painting on porcelain by Katharine Corbell Church

THE STAGE is like no other profession in the world. There are no prescribed courses of study, no regular text-books, and no diplomas except the applause of audiences, and this is an uncertain quantity. Above all else it is a profession in which individuality counts for nearly everything, yet that same individuality has to be sunk completely that artistic success may be attained, paradoxical as this statement may seem.

Thorn-strewn is the path of one artistically inclined in this profession. Ah, there is so much to overcome,—so many heartbreaking disappointments to endure! In other professions one learns his lessons, and a sufficient number of lessons learned means proficiency. With the actress it is very, very much different. There is no end to the study, the lessons of greatest value are learned through trials, and many earnest efforts often prove to be but so much time wasted. Hundreds fail where one succeeds; the selfish trample onward over the meek; the modest and unassuming seldom rise above the foot of the ladder. But, with all this in mind, I can still feel that the dramatic profession is more than worth while. Great as the struggle, the reward is commensurate. For many reasons a woman may attain greater fame, greater success, and greater intellectual heights through being an actress than would be hers in any other profession that she might adopt.

A young girl who thinks of adopting the stage as a means of livelihood must consider many things. The most important of these is—herself. Strangely enough, this will prove more difficult than it appears to be at first glance. Introspection is not easy; it is sometimes very unpleasant. There is, moreover, no definite method by which an aspirant may learn whether or not she has dramatic ability. She must not simply think that she has; she must know it. A "stage-struck" girl should never allow herself to enter the profession until she has conquered what may be simply impulse. To discover afterwards that her inspiration was based merely on desire, and not on self-knowledge, is a serious thing and the realization often comes when it is too late to turn back. To such a one the future will loom up ominously; years filled with dissatisfaction and hard work will come and no great success will be achieved. At last hope will die.

Three qualifications, in my opinion, are essential to a stage career. One must have a fine voice, first of all, and fine voices are not common. The voice must have both power and beauty, it must be capable of training, and it must be under perfect control at all times, whatever the emotions. A good figure is necessary; one must be well-proportioned and graceful,—not simply graceful under ordinary circumstances, but capable of doing an ungraceful thing gracefully. This is not easy.

To be beautiful is an advantage, but not always essential. An absence of actual ugliness, of course, there must be. Regularity of features, good teeth and a pleasing smile count for much.

If one has ability, the sooner it is put to use the better. An effort to simulate the various emotions—love, anger, hatred, jealousy, contempt, etc.,—will not be amiss, and, though mistakes will, of course, be made at first, it is through mistakes that one learns. Elocution is a good thing to practice, but it should be learned under an able teacher, for the art of declamatory speaking has little place on the stage and its value lies more in the training that the voice gets than in anything else.

To study for the stage, or, perhaps I should say, to study the histrionic art, is a great task, demanding much time and attention. The more a girl knows of the world and of existing conditions, the better. Knowledge of almost every other profession helps to a better knowledge of this one.

While it is best that the greater part of one's time be given to the art, still, if circumstances dictate, she may, at the same time, earn her

living at some other work. It may be that the latter will give her great opportunities for observation, and she should develop the faculty of making a mental note of everything she sees. Little dramas are enacted every day in real life, before our eyes, and by the study of these tragedies and comedies of existence one may learn many things, knowledge of which she would find it hard to obtain elsewhere. In this way the necessity of working while studying may be made of such advantage as to overcome the detriment incident to the division of one's time.

The value of training in a dramatic school is, I know, a mooted point. I favor training that is systematic, and certainly a dramatic school offers advantages in this direction. Here it is that elocution is taught in the manner approved by stage custom; here one learns best the theory of the art; here the technical side of the work is made manifest and one learns of the actualities of the world of artificiality.

Of late years the stock companies have offered unusual opportunities to those who desire to take up stage careers, especially in this country. In many cases stock work for a beginner is very good indeed, encouraging versatility, necessitating quick study and widening the knowledge of the student.

Progress in so great an art is, of necessity, slow. It behooves a student to take advantage of every opportunity that arises and to play the servant that he may know the master's ways. Small parts are not to be scoffed at, for into any part, no matter how few the lines, some original work may be infused. Any one who has been in the profession for a number of years can tell of cases in which a small "bit" has stood out, sometimes even above the work of the "star."

A wide knowledge of parts is essential, just as a wide knowledge of the various branches of medicine is advisable for a medical specialist. To be artistically great one should know every detail of the work of everyone under him. The leader must appreciate every opportunity that offers in the subordinate's part,—for self-improvement and in order that he or she may advise and direct. In any play each part affects all the others to a greater or less degree. The awkward entrance of a footman may ruin a strong dramatic situation, and the "star's" part will suffer in consequence.

To beginners I would say: "Learn every rôle in any play in which you take part." The broadening effect of this must be apparent at once, and there is another and more vital consideration: to be able to take any part, at a moment's notice, may insure the achievement of success in a night.

"Opportunity knocks once at every man's door" and it is a good thing to be ready when the opportunity comes. By being on the alert, ready, at an instant's notice, to assume a rôle other than your own, you may be able to save yourself years of patient struggling.

One should have absolute self-confidence, even in the early stages of a career. Unfortunately arrogance is often mistaken for self-confidence. Be willing to learn from others, but at the same time appreciate the actual value of the knowledge you already possess. Do not hesitate to infuse originality into your conception of a part, but first be sure that your departure from the well-defined way is justified.

While the study of all parts is to be advised, it is not to be assumed that everyone can enact all sorts of characters with the same degree of success, even after continuous study, or that a failure to do so indicates a lack of merit or ability. One may be great without being versatile. A few—a very few,—actresses can play both comedy and tragedy rôles of every kind perfectly.

This is not indicative of long and earnest study; it simply means that they are temperamentally different from the majority and that their natural ability is of greater breadth. The fact that a student does not succeed in certain rôles as well as in those of a different character is not a cause for discouragement, but it is a thing to be taken into consideration, later in life, when a personal choice of parts is permissible.

I wrote, some time back, that there is no end to the work of studying for the stage, and it is so. There is much to learn, and many, many books must be read. The student should read first, of course, the works of dramatists of his own language, then those of other countries. Always he should read with understanding and with the object of learning something. Superficial reading of anything that is not in itself shallow is a waste of time. A dramatic student must study as she reads, must learn the history of every country in order to be able to portray historical characters with accuracy, and must be conversant with the great literature of all lands in order fully to understand the thoughts and feelings of those she impersonates.

The wider the knowledge of the woman, the greater the ability of the actress. If one has an aptitude for one of the arts or sciences, by all means she should study that art or science. To learn as much as possible of everything should be the chief aim of a dramatic scholar, for all arts, all professions, all trades, and all conditions of life have their bearing on the art of acting.

Purposely, I have avoided mentioning, until now, one thing that is extremely important. It is not a thing that can be studied; it is not even something that can be defined. In the dramatic profession, however, it counts, possibly, more than in any other occupation. I have refrained from mentioning it until the last because I desire to impress it on my readers.

I will put it in this way:—

The microbe of success is personal magnetism!

"I AM THAT I AM"

By ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

"And God said unto Moses, 'I AM THAT I AM'"

Ere the great primal star in its glory
Blazed out of the chaos I willed;
Ere Time first recorded his story,
Or the voids by my whisper were thrilled;
Ere matter, from formless abysses,
Crept outward, drank deep of the dram
That waked it to life and its blisses,
I Was, and I Am That I Am.

The darkness was over the spaces,
The blackness unknowing a sign;
I sat in the deep, hidden places,
And the dream of creation was mine.
I spoke, and the darkness was scattered;
I spoke, and life's pageantry passed;
And chaos was broken and shattered,
For I Am the First and the Last.

Then man, who had slept in my dreaming,
Man sprung into being, and, lo!
He stood in the light that was streaming
From truth that my archangels know;
And he shared with the seraphs their glory,
The glory tongue never hath told;
And I saw, and I heeded his story,
For I Am the New and the Old.

And he dreams, does this mite of an hour;
He dreams, as the archangels do,
Of glory, achievement, and power;
And the old to the dreamer is new.
By visions and phantoms attended,
The hosts of the real or the sham;
I speak, and his dreaming is ended,
For I Was, and I Am That I Am.

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF THE EGG

Verses and Illustrations by Clare V. Dwiggins

[With apologies to the memory of Omar Khayyám]

"The early bird"

I.

Break! for the sun, who scattered into flight
The early birds from off the roost of Night,
Warms up the early worm for you, and strikes
Your father's topknot with a shaft of light.

"The da'goes soon"

II.

And, as the cock crew, those who stood before
The kitchen shouted: "Open, then, the door!
The Guinea egg is breaking, and, you know,
The da' goes soon, and may return no more."

"The black hand"

III.

Now, the New Year reviving old desires,
The thoughtful hen to solitude retires;
But the black hand of Rastus in the mow
Puts out, and fond hope in the shell expires.

"A thousand eggs"

IV.

Each morning brings a thousand eggs, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the egg of yesterday?
Ah, the same careless hen that plants the egg
Shall peck the eggplant and its leaves away.

"Paradise enow"

V.

A book of verses underneath the mow,
A can of Java and a bun,—and thou
Beside me frying in the wilderness,—
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!

"A brooding sob"

VI.

Unto the seventh coop I went to rob;
Its knobless door swung wide. A brooding sob
I heard, and, peering in, I dimly saw
The spinster hen a-sitting on the knob.

"Crack the globe"

VII.

Indeed, as with the egg Columbus found
A demonstration of the bending ground,
Will some sky Brobdignagian one day crack
The globe to prove the universe is round?

"My golden egg"

VIII.

The goose that laid my golden egg obese
Shall to the spit, to-day, in all his grease!
To-morrow? Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand geese.

"All in one lot?"

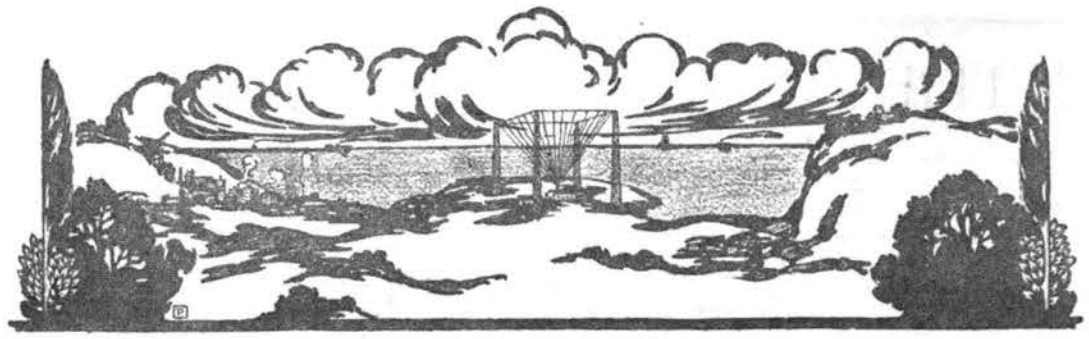
IX.

How many baskets on the market floor?
How many eggs in each? I've pondered o'er;
Think you the huckster's cultivative hand
Has put all in one lot?—or are there more?

"The world's a stage"

X.

"The world's a stage," you say; perchance the world
Is but a footlight, when the scene's unfurled;
Perchance the comets and the shooting stars
Are merely eggs at the performers hurled.



THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

THE recent British elections have vindicated the gloomy forebodings of Lord Salisbury and the confident prognostications of William E. Gladstone. After many years of weary indecision, Hodge and the man in the street have been brought to a definite line of action,—have, in fact, been driven into union by the perilous pranks of the Birmingham chameleon. The result on the one hand, is one of the most thorough housecleanings in the history of the British parliament, and, on the other, the birth of a veritable third party, the party of the working class. Affiliated to-day with the Liberals, this new party, the Labor party, may to-morrow be defying Liberals and Conservatives alike. Listen to the programme outlined by its leader, J. Keir Hardie: "Its specific work will be to force social and industrial legislation to the front and keep it there. The condition of the people will be its one concern. Whilst accepting free trade as its fiscal policy, the Labor party will strenuously combat the *laissez faire* doctrine with which free trade has been so prominently associated. The very reason for its existence is to insist upon the intervention of the state to protect the individual against evils which he finds himself unable to cope with single handed."

Here is the crux of the matter. The new democracy is clamoring, not for a greater individualism, but for a collectivism to combat the evils of monopoly, the menace of privilege, as Henry George, Jr., has happily phrased it. In the United States the slogan of "public ownership" is sounded with ever-increasing vehemence; in Germany, the Socialistic party has long been a thorn in the flesh of the powers that be; in France, Socialists have for the first time been elected to the Senate; in Austria and Hungary, crises have been precipitated through the desire of the masses to acquaint themselves with the workings of the ballot-box; and in England, a party has arisen whose battle-cry is "the intervention of the state to protect the individual against evils which he finds himself unable to cope with single-handed."

Russia, for the present, may be left out of the count, but the representatives of "vested interests" may well shiver at the panorama unfolding itself on two continents. That the coming events, which are now casting their shadows before, will find their consummation in revolution is unthinkable, in the case of such hard-headed peoples as the English and the Americans. But, even in England and America, a new point of view will be attained. It will not mean socialism as socialism is commonly understood. It will mean a truer collectivism, leaving the individual free play, with the state the central unit instead of the corporation.

There is more truth than observers care to admit in the late John P. Davis's bitter complaint, that citizenship has been largely metamorphosed into membership in corporations, and patriotism into fidelity to them. This must be changed, and the corporation relegated, willingly or unwillingly, to its proper place as the servant, not as the overlord of society.

▲ ▲

Free Trade again Looms up

Another result of the voting in Great Britain was to announce to the world that the nation would remain true to the traditions of Cobden and Bright. The Britisher, whether wisely or not, has once more, and emphatically, indorsed Peel's contention that the best way to fight hostile tariffs is by free trade. Thanks to Germany, the same problem is now presenting itself to the American people, and the old question of the relative benefits of protection and free trade threatens to be reopened. Not that there is any talk of making such a violent departure as would be involved in adopting free trade. But, for some time, there has been an increasing agitation in favor of reciprocity, and a widely expressed desire for lower duties.

There is a feeling that such infant industries as the steel trust, the beef trust, and the tobacco trust, poor dears, no longer require the sustaining hand of the government; and this feeling has grown in intensity through a clearer knowledge of the facts relative to "dumping," and the consequent discovery that we are paying a good deal more for certain commodities than the conditions warrant. The "stand patters" are making strenuous efforts to dispel the unkind suspicions not unnaturally arising, but they do not find the task an easy one. Even the familiar argument that protection has made the country what it is appears to have lost something of its force.

Leroy-Beaulieu on Our Energy and Development

As a matter of fact, the protectionists are entitled to much credit, but times have changed, and there is now no sound reason why the demands for tariff reform and reciprocity should pass unheeded. Some interesting light on the factors that have contributed to placing the United States first among agricultural and manufacturing countries is shed by Pierre Leroy-Beaulieu, in his recently-published book, "The United States in the Twentieth Century."

M. Leroy-Beaulieu is a French publicist of distinction, having studied and written with authority on the affairs of several nations. In his new work, he dwells on the immense resources of the United States, on its natural facilities for transportation and power, and on the characteristics of its inhabitants, said by him to be the most alert, progressive, self-reliant and energetic in the world. But he does not dwell on the advantages we commonly hear ascribed to our high tariff. On the contrary, he declares: "As a matter of fact, their states form the largest stretch of territory in the world wherein absolute commercial freedom reigns. As James G. Blaine wrote in his 'Twenty Years of Congress': 'It is the enjoyment of free trade and protection at the same time which has contributed to the unexampled development and marvelous prosperity of the United States.' Thanks to their vast market and to rapidly increasing population the Americans can avoid the usual dangers of protection, and, notably, the cessation of progress, resulting from the absence of competition and from the difficulty of finding trade openings."

There is food for thought in this, as in M. Leroy-Beaulieu's further statement of the economic law of the lowering of the cost of production in proportion to the growth of the market, and the length to which the principle of the divison of labor is carried. In any event, the time would seem to have come when, in very self-defense against the extortions of the trusts that constantly cry, "Stand and deliver," some breaches must be made in the tariff wall we have erected against the outside world.

▲ ▲

The Danger of Excessive Centralization

Of no less importance is the movement looking to the extension of the powers of the central government, in respect to the railway and life insurance companies. This is a concrete illustration of the tendency to which attention was drawn above. Recent developments have convinced the great mass of Americans that, in the conduct of both railway and life insurance affairs, evils have developed, which it is impossible, not merely for individuals but for the several commonwealths of the Union to cope with single handed, and, in consequence, relief is sought through the intervention of the Federal government. Of course, excessive centralization carries dangers. But the average American has become persuaded that the risks he would thus incur may well be taken, in view of the positive ills from which he now suffers. Of the two, the insurance problem is far the more vital. Life insurance immediately concerns at least one-half of the population of the United States. This is a conservative estimate. More than this, it has assumed its present magnitude through the self-sacrifice of hard-working American citizens, who have denied themselves, in order that their wives and children may have a little something when the days of toil are forever at an end. Individually, the policies average low, but, in the aggregate, they constitute a colossal sum, running into billions of dollars, and at the disposal of the various companies handling it,— at their disposal, presumably as a sacred trust. Yet this money has been employed, and employed by the companies making the loudest professions of integrity, to further the meanest ends,—to corrupt legislatures, to gamble in the stock markets, to fatten a few individuals, to waste in wanton extravagance. There has been among the companies, with a few notable exceptions, the liveliest competition, not to see which shall make the best returns to its policy holders, but which shall secure the largest amounts to advance the ends of a management actuated by self-interest.

Small wonder is it that the revelations of the past few months have provoked an outburst of amazed indignation, and that resort has at last been had to Washington. Federal intervention and control, we are told, is impossible, because the supreme court has decided that life insurance is not a matter of interstate commerce.

It is not impossible, however, for the supreme court to reverse its own decision. At the same time, we agreed with it, that life insurance is not a matter of interstate commerce. It is a matter of national commerce; it is of national concern; and being such, it is preëminently fitting that control and supervision of the companies engaged in it should lie, not with the states as individual entities, but with the United States, as representative of the sovereign will of the people.

▲ ▲

The Terrible Tax on Works of Art

These, then, are days of reform, and the desire for reform is finding vent in many unexpected directions. For instance, the advocates for the admission free of duty of works of art have seized the psychological moment, and have renewed an agitation which has latterly been quiescent. There is, in truth, little to be said in favor of the absurd tax of twenty per cent. imposed by the present tariff.

The "argument *ad* pocketbook" falls flat in face of the circumstances that the largest sum ever collected one year on art works amounts to an infinitesimal fraction of the government's annual revenues. In 1904, out of a total of dutiable imports of $527,681,496, art works were imported to the value of only $173,470. Think what this means. Outside of importations for public collections, the citizens of the richest country in the world brought into that country, in a whole year, less than a beggarly $175,000 worth of foreign art productions. On the other hand, many Americans annually purchase abroad the rarest art treasures,—but they retain them abroad, rather than pay the vexatious duty. Practically the only argument in support of the twenty per cent. tariff is that it operates to prevent the flooding of the country with the bogus "old masters" and similar "fakes," with which Europe has long been deluged.

There would be force to the assertion that it "protects" native talent, were it not that American artists do not feel the need of such "protection," and are themselves to the fore in urging the removal of the duty, and the consequent enlargement of the nation's cultural facilities. From the educational standpoint, even "fakes" if they be of a high grade, are not without value. That the American people, heart and soul, desire a broader education in art is being evinced in many ways. Witness the demand for such "popular" handbooks as those of Caffin, Sturgis, etc.; witness the projected "circulating art gallery" designed on the lines of the traveling library; witness the universal interest displayed in Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke's plans to make the Metropolitan Museum of Art a practical educational center; witness, finally, the increased attendance at the exhibitions in the different cities and towns. Let Uncle Sam bestir himself, awake to the national desire, and lop off the debilitating twenty per cent. excrescence on the body politic.

The "Rough Writer"

A cartoon on the kaiser's literary ambitions, by W. S. Nortenheim

▲ ▲

What Publishers Say about Literature

Speaking of cultural progress, it is pleasing to be able to record a distinct advance in the taste of the American reading public. For some little time, the publishers have been remarking a growing demand for works of serious interest, biographies, histories, economic treatises and the like, and have responded to this demand by a greater output of such publications. In the case of heavy importers, like the Macmillan Company, Charles Scribner's Sons, and E. P. Dutton and Company, it is noteworthy that, among their importations, works on art and music and books of a historical or biographical character predominate, fiction being relegated to a wholly subordinate position.

▲ ▲

Where Discrimination Is Displayed

In fiction more discrimination is displayed. The demand for the purely amusing continues, of course, as it needs must in a sound organization of society, and such writers as Harold Mac Grath, and George Barr McCutcheon may confidently look forward to a prolonged lease of favor. But there has also appeared a wider recognition of the value of novels which instruct while they entertain, in evidence of which may be cited the hearty reception accorded works on the order of "The House of Mirth" and "The Marriage of William Ashe." No longer a complicated plot, a clap-trap sentiment and vapid dialogue suffice. There need be no didactic purpose, but there must be strong characterization, a realistic idealism and clear visualization. All in all, growth is plainly manifest.

▲ ▲

The Power of the Magazines

The monthly and weekly periodicals, with the exception of those that have become infected by the noxious germ of "yellow journalism," similarly reflect the increased interest of the people in the vital concerns of life. It is significant that the rise of the well-named "literature of exposure," which has done so much to rid our cities of the evils of boss rule, and to reveal the menace of monopoly, may be directly traced to the magazines.

Formerly, the task of unearthing abuses was left to the daily newspaper, but, to-day, it may almost be said that the magazine leads and the newspaper follows,—when it does not lend its influence to the maintenance of abuses. The question at once arises, whether the newspaper has not fallen from its high state as a molder of public opinion. Undoubtedly it has become more or less tainted by commercialism, and, unluckily for it, the public is well aware of the fact. In the case of too many newspapers, the policy is dictated, not from the editor's chair, but from the business office. The columns of literary, artistic, and musical and dramatic criticism of even metropolitan dailies are proof sufficient.

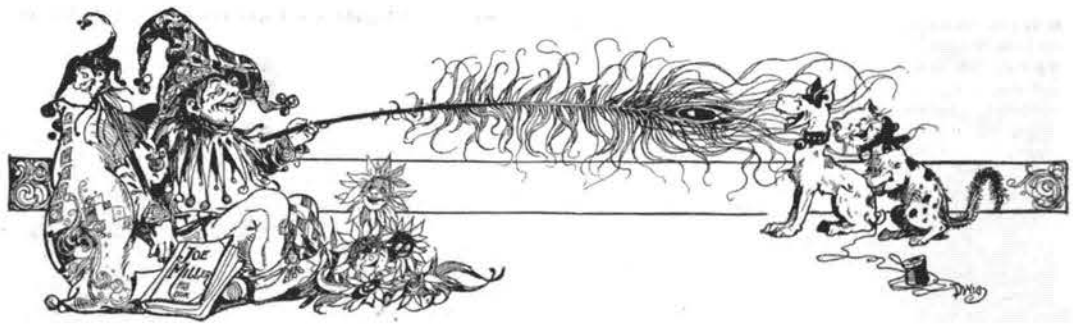
It is noteworthy, too, that the declaration is frequently made that the era of "great editors" is at an end. But we believe that the "newspaper"—not the "yellow journal" nor the hard-and-fast partisan organ, nor yet the sheet that panders to its advertisers,—is still a mighty power for good in the community, and that, with the reaction that must inevitably come against the methods prevalent to-day, the "editor" will again achieve his independence and raise the newspaper as a class to the position now held by but a scant minority of its representatives.

▲ ▲

France's New President

The election of Clément Armand Fallières as President of France has deepened the grooves of French political custom, and emphasized the essentially nominal and figurehead qualities of the head of the French state. It seems to establish the dynastic succession from the presidency to the senate to the presidency of the republic. M. Grévy had been deputy and president of the chamber; M. Sadi-Carnot, deputy and minister; M. Casimir-Périer deputy and premier; M. Faure, deputy and minister; M. Loubet president of the senate; M. Fallières, deputy, minister eight times, (the record,) and president of the senate almost ten years. As the new president's chief opponent was Paul Doumer, newly elected president of the chamber, the victory of the senatorial candidate is the more significant.

All of the other prominent candidates, MM. Doumer, Bourgeois, Brisson, and Dupuy, are men of more aggressive personality and more conspicuous ability,—hence not so good presidential timber. M. Fallières comes from a lowly stock, for his grandfather was a blacksmith and his father a court clerk. He is sixty-five years old, and of cultured, pleasing personality, and unblemished integrity.



THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

Plenty of Air

A CROWDED trolley car slowly wound its way from the city of Newark eastward toward New York.

A baldheaded man who looked like "Citizen Fixit" clutched a strap with one hand and gesticulated with the other. He was addressing the crowd collectively.

"Not a ventilator open," he shouted,— "not a window, not a door! Here we are, penned in like a lot of animals; we are longing for a breath of fresh air. But what does the company care?"

A tall man with a derby hat dodged instinctively to avoid the waving arm.

"We get aboard; we pay our fare," declared he of the bald head, "and the doors are shut, the windows are shut, the ventilators are shut. We can not move; we are stifled!"

"Has anybody got aboard?" suggested the tall man. "Fixit" withered him with a glance, and then shouted, excitedly;—

"What kind of air is this we are breathing now? I ask you,—*what* kind of air is this we are breathing now?"

The tall man in the derby shouldered his way toward the back of the car.

"Hot air," he replied, with a grin.

▲ ▲

All a Matter of Doubt, Anyway

A YOUNG man from the South who, a few years ago, was so fortunate as to be enabled to enter the law offices of a well-known New York firm was first entrusted with a very simple case. He was asked by the late James C. Carter, then a member of the firm, to give an opinion in writing. When this was submitted, it was observed by Mr. Carter that, with the touching confidence of a neophyte, the young southerner had begun with the expression, "I am clearly of opinion."

When this caught his eye, he smiled, and said:—

"My dear young friend, never state that you are clearly of opinion on a law point. The most you can hope to discover is the preponderance of the doubt."

▲ ▲

Some Advantage in Being Dead

COLONEL HENRY WATTERSON tells of the astonishment and chagrin with which a certain well-known citizen of Louisville, named Jenkins, read a long obituary of himself printed in a morning paper of that city. He at once proceeded to the editorial office of the paper, and, after much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining audience of the busy city editor. Laying a copy of the paper before him, he observed, in a mild, almost humble way, that he had come to see if the city editor could "tell" him "anything about it."

With a snort of impatience, the busy editor grasped the paper and hastily read the article. "It appears to be an obituary of one Jenkins," he growled. "What is there to 'tell' about it? What 's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing especially," responded the mild Jenkins, "only I thought I 'd like to know how the obituary came to be printed,—that 's all."

"Came to be printed?" repeated the editor, in irritated tones; "why, the man died, of course. My paper does n't print obituary notices of living men."

"Perhaps not, as a rule," gently replied the visitor; "but, in this case, I happen to be the Jenkins referred to."

Thereupon the city editor began a profuse apology. "We 'll print a correction, at once," he said.

"Well, after all," observed the mild Jenkins, "perhaps 't would be better to let it stand: I 'll show it to my friends when they try to borrow money of me."

▲ ▲

Had n't Announced His Candidacy

A SOUTHERN senator says that, while traveling through his state, last spring, he chanced to meet an old darky whom he had known for many years. It was Sunday, so the statesman inquired of the negro whether or not he was going to church.

"Yas, senatah," responded the aged colored man, "I 'se pedestrianin' mah app'inted way to de tabernacle of de Lord."

"May I ask if you are an Episcopalian?" inquired the senator.

"No, sah! I ain't no Episcopalian," was the decided answer.

"Then, perhaps, you 're a Baptist."

"No, sah, ag'in! I ain't got much use for dem Baptists."

"Very likely, then, you 're a Methodist."

"Well, sah, I cain't say dat I am one of dose dat hold to the argyments of the Methidist faith."

"Surely, Zeph, you 're not a Presbyterian?"

"Sure thing, sah! came from the darky, who, by this time, was grinning broadly; "I 'se a Presbyterian, jest de same as you is."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the senator, in a tone of raillery. "You can 't convince me, Zeph, that you subscribe to all the articles of the Presbyterian faith."

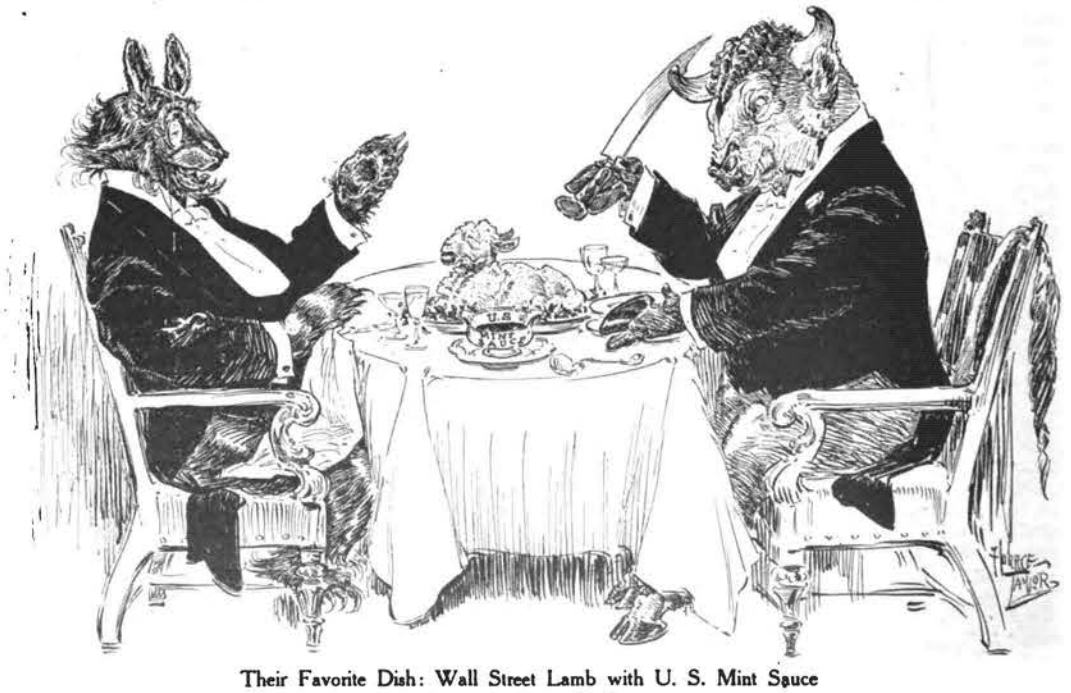
"But I do, sah, all de same."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of election to be saved or being saved to be elected?" was the poser that the statesman next put.

After scratching his head for a moment, the negro replied: "Yes, sah, I b'lieve in de doctrine of 'lection."

"Tell me, then, do you believe that I am elected to be saved?"

A long pause ensued. No doubt there arose in the



Their Favorite Dish: Wall Street Lamb with U. S. Mint Sauce
Cartoon by Horace Taylor

mind of the darky a confusion between his desire to maintain his veracity and his wish to be polite to his influential friend. Finally, however, he compromised by saying:—

"Well, senatah, it strikes me jest like dis: I ain't never heard of nobody being 'lected to anything dat he war n't a candidate for. Has you, sah?"

▲ ▲

Casual Philosophy from a Commonplace Person

By Warwick James Price

WHAT one goes into debt for, nine times out of ten, is a luxury.

Gossips have no use for people who refuse to furnish material for them.

A man always making excuses leaves himself no time to make anything else.

Whoever wastes time brooding over time earlier wasted ages so much the faster.

They say there 's a snare in good looks, but it usually catches those that have n't the looks.

Business based upon friendship threatens both; friendship based upon business strengthens both.

That man can best ignore the enmity of those who do n't understand him who goes home to a wife who does.

Dishonesty, in its last essence, is the forsaking of permanent advantages for those that are merely temporary.

It runs in a circle. If trouble drives you to drink, drink leads you to more trouble, and there you are.

Tranquility is a decent enough guest to entertain, but take care that she does not bring along her twin sister,—*ennui*.

It 's a good deal easier to pray for men's souls than to pour balm into their wounds,—not to mention that it costs less.

The supreme court has not yet decided which is the weaker man,—he who is not able to see his own weakness, or he who has no faith in himself.

The millionaire who has caught up with fortune by turning sharp corners is much poorer than the bankrupt who failed doing his honest best.

That much talked-of "armor of suspicion" may protect the wearer once in a while, but usually it is of about as much help as a winter ulster in a hundred-yard dash.

From an intellectual point of view, that time of one's life is most wasted when he tries, in a spirit of dumb loyalty, to admire all those things that are popularly considered admirable.

▲ ▲

It Was Right One Way

SAMUEL H. PERKINS, of Tacoma, Washington, at one time private secretary to the late senator Marcus A. Hanna, is an example of what may be accomplished in the far Northwest by a man of determination. Although less than thirty-five years of age, Mr. Perkins now owns and publishes two daily newspapers in Tacoma, one in Everett, and another in Bellingham, one of the lusty young lumber-manufacturing ports on Puget Sound. With all his business prosperity, Mr. Perkins, only a few years ago, was a salaried clerk in a Tacoma apothecary shop. While filling prescriptions, he was formulating plans to buy the "Tacoma Daily Ledger," and to build it up to a paying basis.

It appears that, a short time prior to entering journalism, he desired to make an extended trip through the Eastern States. He did not possess the ready means to defray the expenses of this journey, so he concluded to secure free transportation over the railroads following his itinerary. A friend of his, named Simpson, owned a logging railroad, and to him Mr. Perkins sent a request to be appointed general passenger agent of the road. This line was not in any way designed for passenger traffic, nor had it, as a matter of fact, any passenger accommodations whatever, a fact which Simpson knew Perkins understood full well; but, believing Perkins to be perpetrating a joke, the millman forwarded the desired appointment.

Mr. Perkins caused a large number of annual passes to be lithographed, mailing them to the general passenger agents of the railroads he desired to use during his proposed trip. Accompanying each pass was a cordial invitation for agents to travel, when in Western Washington, over the "Pacific Coast and Northern Railroad, the incomparable scenic route of the great West." As an exchange of courtesy, recipients of these invitations sent Mr. Perkins passes over their own roads. There was one Eastern company, however, that did not respond; so the general passenger agent of the "Pacific Coast and Northern Railroad" dropped in at the Chicago offices of the recalcitrant corporation to straighten out the difficulty.

"I made some inquiries concerning your road," said the general manager of the Eastern railway, "and I found that your line is a 'jerk-water' affair, starting from nowhere and ending nowhere."

"We have the greatest scenery, the greatest—" began the westerner.

"That 's all right," agreed the Chicago official; "but how long is your road?"

"Thirty miles," answered Mr. Perkins.

"Thunder! You do n't expect us to exchange passes with a line like that, do you? Why, we have ten thousand miles of road!"

"Well, perhaps our line is not as long as yours," responded Mr. Perkins with dignity, "but it is just as wide."

PUSHING TO THE FRONT

AN INDIAN BOY IN BUSINESS

Lancisco Hill, a Full-blooded Pima, now in a New York Office, Shows What His Race Can Do

By G. A. ENGLAND

ONE of the most remarkable young men in the East is Lancisco Hill, a full-blooded Pima Indian, born and brought up in a rawhide wigwam on the Arizona desert, and yet at the age of twenty-two he occupies a responsible position in an insurance company. He was born in a little Indian lodge fifteen miles east of Phoenix, Arizona. His father's name, as nearly as the Indian words can be translated into English, meant "James Red Milky Way." The Pimas are agricultural folk, mostly living in the Salado and Gila valleys of Southern Arizona. They number about four thousand, five hundred individuals. Lancisco, a thorough redman in appearance, lived the care-free, irresponsible life of all Indian boys until he was twelve years old, a life tempered only by occasional contact with "greasers" or Mexicans. His father, who had decided ideas as to his boy's future, put the lad into the government school at Phoenix, where, notwithstanding homesickness and longings for the plains, he stayed until he was twenty-one years old, the age when all pupils are required to leave. During his course at the school, where eight hundred Indians of mixed tribes, (including three hundred girls,) are taught the arts of peace, Lancisco learned English, of which his father knew nothing, studied all the common-school branches, rapidly adopted the manners and customs of civilization, became an expert musician and an enthusiastic athlete. When he entered he could speak nothing but Pima and a little Spanish; in less than a year he could make himself readily understood in English and now speaks with but a slight accent. He took to football like a duck to water and played right halfback on the second eleven. Music appealed to him no less than sport; he joined the band in the humble capacity of bass-drummer and cymbal-man, yet in less than two months he had risen to the dignity of an E-flat bass-horn and a slide-trombone,—two of the hardest instruments to master. He was also proficient in oratory, and won the first prize for public speaking just prior to leaving the school. It so happened that one of the officers of a New York insurance company was touring the West and arrived at Phoenix just as Lancisco Hill was graduating. The insurance man saw in this educated Pima the latent possibilities of a brilliant business man. He made an offer; Lancisco accepted, and, a few weeks later the one-time Indian lad found himself installed in business in New York

Lancisco Hill

"I am sure," he said, while I was talking with him one day, "that my family, still living in wigwams out West, have little idea what white men and their cities really are."

SHE BEGAN AS A STREET MUSICIAN

Marie Hall, the Greatest Woman Violinist. Tells the Story of Her Hard Struggle to Win

By ERNEST R. HOLMES

"I WAS always determined to be at the top, and I've always had plenty of energy and perseverance."

It was a very slight girl who said this, a girl with a thin, pale face, very serious brown eyes, and a mass of most rebellious dark hair, neither long nor short, just "coming in," after an attack of typhoid fever. An utter stranger might well have questioned what it could be that such a frail person could lead the world in. Yet that girl of twenty-one can almost lay unquestioned claim to be the greatest woman violinist, and she is compared with Kubelik, her friend and benefactor, pupil of the same master.

But as I talked with Miss Marie Hall, the day after her second New York concert, her pale face grew animated, her eyes opened wide and flashed, and her words came with a decision that revealed a soul on fire with her art, and a determined will too great for her slight frame. One felt almost a pitying fear that her efforts would overtax her strength.

As Miss Hall talks, one forgets her frailty, so sure of herself is she, and so full of her music. And the impression of an iron will and a dogged determination keeps recurring as she tells incident after incident of her rise from street and music-hall playing to a place among masters of the most human of instruments.

"Yes," she said, "even when eight years old, I was determined to be a great violinist. My father was a harpist. He was with the orchestra of the Carl Rosa Opera Company and another, and he tried to teach me the harp. But I wanted the violin. He taught me a little on this, but still discouraged my continuing. I heard a lady play a concerto of Paganini, and I was bound I would play it too. With only a little help from my mother, I learned it in a few hours, and then played it for my father. He was astonished, and gave up to me. I had my beloved violin lessons."

She had won by the weapon she has used ever since—winning prizes, tuition, instruction by the best masters, and now financial and artistic success.

"I have been lucky," she went on. "I have always found friends to help me, I don't know why. And if people won't do what I want, I play for them, and generally then they do what I want," and she gave a roguish smile as she thought of the magic power she keeps in little, slender, white fingers.

It was thus she won Kubelik, and through him his master, Sevcik, with an audacity that surprises when one thinks what she must have been at sixteen. Kubelik was taking London by storm.

"I went to hear him," related Miss Hall. "I saw immediately that he had something I never had been taught, and I felt sure that it was from his teacher. I heard all his concerts, and I resolved that I, too, would learn that wonderful technique. I waylaid Kubelik—I was only sixteen, and my long hair was hanging loose. I told him I wanted him to hear me play. He smiled, and seemed amused, but consented. I went next day. His accompanist met me, and, seeing my violin, said, 'But are you really going to play to him?' 'Of course I am,' I answered, 'that 's what I came for.' Kubelik came. He was very kind, but still seemed amused. I told him I wanted to know who his master was, who had taught him to play so, for I wanted to go and learn to do so too. He said, 'I'll hear you play first. I suppose you play from memory?' 'Of course I do,' I replied with spirit, and then I played him two concertos that he had played the day before. He said it was wonderful, that I must go to his master, Sevcik, at Prague.

Marie Hall

"I went to Professor Kruse, my teacher, and said, 'I have found something that you can't teach me. I must go to Sevcik to learn it.'"

The girl's audacious proposal met with strong opposition from her master and her benefactors, who were supporting her in London. When there was no other way to gain her point, Miss Hall declared that if she could not go to Prague, she would quit studying and go home. She had her way, and it proved for the best, just as her decision for the violin and against the harp was for the best.

The ten years between her first public appearance at a little hall in her birthplace, Newcastle, and her triumphant *début* at Prague, in 1903, were full of ups and downs, but that childish determination to be "at the top" shines through it all, and illumines seeming willfulness that somehow always led to better things. One can gather, too, for Miss Hall is very frank, that her parents, musicians though they were, hindered rather than helped her high ambitions, though willing enough that she should help the family purse by playing in the way they always had. When en-

thusiastic Newcastle gentlemen wished to educate her, her nomad father took the family across England to Malvern, near Worcester. Her next benefactor, Max Mossel, violin professor at Birmingham, gave her a year's instruction, and secured her a free scholarship at the Birmingham School of Music. Friends, won by her playing, aided her father to take her to London to Wilhelmj, who was so delighted that he wanted to adopt her, and he did keep her and teach her several months. But, as she told me, "I did n't stay long. I was afraid of him, and of the bulldogs he kept in the room next to where I practiced."

Then the ambitious girl tried for a Royal Academy scholarship, and won in the competition, only to find that it meant merely tuition, and there was no money to pay her board in London. She had to give it up, and go back to playing for her father in concert halls, and even on the street, for the family was then desperately poor. They wandered to Bristol, and there something in the little minstrel's playing appealed to a musical clergyman, now Canon Fellowes, of Windsor. He asked her to his house, found out her poverty, her genius, and her ambition, and interested wealthy friends in her. Here again her unambitious father was an obstacle. He did not want to sign an agreement to give her to others' care for a three years' systematic course. When provision was made for the family, to compensate for the loss of her now valuable earning capacity, he consented, and the way was clear to accomplish all that the girl's genius was capable of doing.

Then came Kubelik. When she had won consent to go to Prague, Kubelik aided her in every way, even to securing an apartment for her, and won over his old master, Sevcik, and Dvorák, director of the Conservatorium, to a lively interest in the little English girl.

"And there I *worked*," said Miss Hall, reminiscently, "ten hours a day, but it was pleasure."

When Miss Hall talks of Sevcik and his method, she grows enthusiastic. She says no one else on earth teaches such technique, and in such a systematic way. To that method she ascribes her sureness, and the confidence with which she attacks the most difficult concertos. On entering the Conservatorium, her attainments were recognized, so that she was admitted to the sixth year work, and in one year she had completed the whole course. Then for five months Sevcik gave her private lessons,—his "little concerts" he called them, so delighted was he with her playing.

When she gave her "coming out" concert in Prague, to invited guests, they recalled her over a score of times after her rendering of Ernst's concerto in F sharp minor. Two gold caskets and a laurel wreath were hers before she left Prague for other triumphs at Vienna, and then her appearance at St. James Hall, London, where the enthusiasm is said to have been unequaled since Rubinstein took London by storm. The long years of patient practicing (four thousand bowing exercises, she told me,) the alternate hope and despair, and the struggle with unappreciative parents and dire poverty had borne fruit—she was a great concert performer.

When I asked Miss Hall how much of a great artist's success is from genius and how much from hard work, she looked puzzled for a moment, and then said:—

"Well, you must have the mind, the feeling to know what is right. You do feel, you do n't know how," and she put her hand to her breast in an effort to express intuition. "You must be able to grasp the principles of art. If a person does not admire beauty in whatever form, if he is satisfied with the coarse and vulgar things, he can never become a great artist. Hard work will not make him one."

"But in your struggles did you not get discouraged?"

"Yes, indeed I did, and I do yet. I just give up, and think I will not try any more. Then I conclude it is worth while, and I go at it again."

An Attentive Listener

ONCE upon a time a clever but somewhat callow young man was appointed as curate to a rector who is in charge of a prosperous church in one of the largest towns on Long Island. The rector being absent one Sunday shortly after the advent of the new curate, the latter preached the morning sermon. It was a good sermon as such sermons go, or at all events the curate left the impression on his hearers that he thought it to be such. After it was all over, one of the congregation, a venerable and rather cynical member of the flock, waited for the curate and said:—

"There was a man here this morning who will tell you that he never in all his life heard a sermon like you just preached."

"Really, sir," said the curate, flushing with pleasure and a modest sense of a duty well performed, "I am glad to hear that. Who is he and where is he? I would like to speak to him."

"You can't," said the parishioner. "He has been deaf since birth."

THE EDITOR'S CHAT

"I Believe in You and Trust You"

A YOUNG man who had served a term in a penitentiary went to his native town to seek employment and to start life anew; but everybody was suspicious, and pointed the finger of scorn at him. Nobody wanted to have anything to do with him. In despair he went to an old lady who had known him as a child.

"Why Harry," she said, "I 'm glad to see you. I did n't know you 'd come back. Where are you staying?"

"On the street," said the young man.

"Dear me! That 's no place for anyone to stay. Come home with me, and stay to supper. You 're welcome to what I have."

"Are n't you afraid I'll rob you?"

"Why Harry, I 'm no more afraid of you than when you used to sit in my lap in your baby dresses. Come right along."

After he had eaten his supper the old lady said, "Now, Harry, you must stay here to-night, and sleep in the little room my own boy slept in before he died."

In the morning she said, "You 'd better stay here till you find something to do."

"Do you suppose anyone would give me anything to do?"

"No, I don't. I thought about that while you slept, and I 'll tell you what you would better do."

She went to her bureau, took from it something in an old silk hankerchief, containing a roll of bills.

"Now Harry, here 's one hundred dollars which I've saved penny by penny, as the savings of my life. I've been saving it up to be used in my last sickness, and to give me a decent burial. I did n't want the town to bury me. I want you to take this money, go away off where you 're not known, and begin life over again. I can trust you to pay me back. I ain 't afeered to trust you."

Harry was completely overcome, and fell on his knees, his face in her lap, crying as he had not since the days of his childhood.

He went away to another town where he was not known and started with a determination to be a new man and to lead a different life. Before many months the old lady received a letter containing the money with interest.

"I owe my salvation to three words you spoke," he wrote, "when all the world was against me, you said,—'I trust you.' "

If every boy or girl who has made mistakes and gone astray could have such a friend, a great many of them would return to a normal life.

The feeling that somebody believes in us, trusts us—no matter what others believe or say,—touches the heart. Criminals are sometimes totally reformed through the consciousness that somebody still believes in them, no matter how low they may have fallen.

Could we realize how much this trust and confidence would do for a man when everything else has failed, we should be more generous of our confidence in our fellows.

▲ ▲

Keeping in Harmony

MAN is so constituted that he does his best work when happiest. He is constructed on the happiness plan, so that when he is most harmonious, he is most efficient. Discord is always an enemy to his achievement, as well as to his comfort and happiness. It is the greatest whittler away of vitality and energy we have.

When the mind is full of discords, worry, and anxiety, when brain and body are out of tune, it is impossible even for a genius to express the perfect music of a full, free life.

People do not realize how rapidly vitality is wasted in friction, in worry and anxiety, in harsh discordant notes which destroy the harmony of life.

I know business men who, in an hour or two in the morning, so completely exhaust their mental energy in fits of temper, in scolding, contending, fault-finding and nagging, that they not only make everybody around them unhappy, but they also put themselves out of tune for the entire day.

How many completely exhaust themselves in needless worrying and bickering over things which are not worth while! How many burn up their life force in giving way to a hot temper, in quibbling over trifles, in bargain hunting, in systemless work, in a hundred ways, when a little thought and attention to the delicate human instrument on which they are playing would prevent all this attrition and keep the instrument in tune!

If a young man should draw out of the bank, a little at a time, the money which he had been saving for years for the purpose of going into business for himself, and throw it away in dissipation, we should regard him as very foolish, and predict his failure. But many of us throw away success and happiness capital just as foolishly, for every bit of friction that comes into our lives subtracts so much from our success. We can not do two things with our energy at the same time. If we use it up in friction, we can not expend it in effective work.

"He could not keep himself in tune," would be a good explanation of thousands of failures. Many of these failures could have accomplished great things if they could only have kept themselves in harmony, if they could only have cut out of their lives the friction, the worry and the anxiety which whittled away their energy and wasted their life forces.

The keynote of life's harmony is cheerfulness. Every muscle and every nerve must be tuned until it responds to that vibration. As the piano tuner eliminates the least discord in sound, so the coming man will tune out the discordant notes of passion, of hatred, of jealousy, and of worry, so that there shall be no inharmony in the instrument. He will no more think of starting out in the morning to play on the most delicately constructed instrument ever made when it is out of tune, than a great master musician would think of playing in public on an instrument that was out of tune.

Gloom, despondency, worry about the future, and all discordant passion must be tuned out of this life instrument before it will express the exquisite melodies, the ravishing harmonies which the Creator intended it to express.

A cross, crabbed, and irritable human being is no more the God man than harsh jangle is music. The keynote of all creation is rhythm, harmony, and man will never rise to the height of his possibilities until he is tuned to the same key, the Divine note.

▲ ▲

Sunshine and Health

"SUNSHINE consists of a metallic shower which bathes us with elementary iron, sodium, magnesium, calcium, copper, zinc, nickel, and hydrogen, the whole surface of the sun being an unbroken ocean of fiery fluid matter, containing a flame atmosphere of vaporized metal and gases such as oxygen and hydrogen."

The sun contains the chemical elements upon which all life depends. The life essentials of the grain, the fruit, the vegetable, of all foods, is in the sunshine. No life can be sustained without its influence, direct or indirect, because it contains everything that life feeds on.

We little realize how dependent we are upon this great ball of fire. Our coal, our oil, our wood, our clothing, our food, the life essential in the air we breathe, all are dependent upon it.

A great many people live only a partial life because they do not get enough sunshine. They live in houses, rooms, or apartments which the sunshine seldom, if ever, enters. We do not wonder such people do not enjoy the thrill of health, when we remember that there is poison in the air devoid of sunshine. If it were not for the flood of sunlight during the day, the night air would be too poisonous to sustain life.

▲ ▲

Fussiness about Health

WHEN one thinks of the newfangled ideas about health and sees people on every hand hunting for disease germs in water, milk, meat, fruit, and the atmosphere, analyzing everything, dreading, swallowing a mouthful of fear with every mouthful they eat, one almost wonders whether or not life is worth living. If we are liable to be made the victims of tens of thousands of enemies which are in and around everything, in all liquids and all solids alike we are in just about the same condition to enjoy life as was one of the olden kings, who lived in mortal terror that everybody was trying to poison him. All his foods and drinks, his wines, everything, had to be tasted and tested by some trusted member of his household before he dared to touch it himself.

If there is a pitiful object in the world, it is a person who has become finical about his health, who lives in terror of germs and must examine and analyze every-

thing that he eats or drinks, looking for infection.

It is a most unfortunate thing to feel that one is dogged from the cradle to the grave by enemies of his health, his peace, and his happiness, and that if he does get a little enjoyment, it is only by chance. There are ten thousand reasons in the human economy why man was intended to be free and happy, and to dominate his environment, not to be a slave, living in morbid fear that everything is waiting to demonstrate the poison of disease. It is a terrible thing for one of God 's children to get into such a state of mind. I know people who in their dread of disease and death have apparently lost all the joy of living. This is not living. This is not doing the work of one of God 's noblemen. There is no courage, no trust in a Divine omnipotence that guides and controls in such a state of mind. No great achievement, nothing worthy of one of the princes of the earth can be accomplished in such a mental kingdom.

It is an insult to one's Creator to go through life whining, complaining, and fearing, in morbid terror that a thousand enemies are combined to rob one of comfort, of happiness, and of health. Man was made to hold up his head, to walk erect, with boldness, fearlessness, and confidence.

▲ ▲

Thought Pictures That Kill

SOMEONE has said: "The mortalest enemy a man can have is the friend who meets you and says: 'You are not looking well to-day; what 's the matter?' From that moment you do n't feel well. He has blasted your hope and spread a green scum over your brain."

In a home where I was visiting recently, the mother kept reminding her little boy how ill he looked and asking him how he felt, and giving him doses of this and doses of that. At least half a dozen times during the evening she asked the different children of the family how they felt, if they had a headache or a cold. She said she was worried all the time about her children, afraid they would get into draughts, go outdoors bareheaded, or get their feet wet, and that she was never easy a minute while they were out of her sight.

This mother was always telling her children that they would get their death of cold, that they would get croup, or pneumonia, or that something terrible was going to happen to them. In other words, she kept the picture of physical discord constantly in their minds. The result was that some member of the family was sick about all the time. The mother said she could not go out much because there was so much sickness in her family.

The father was almost as bad as the mother in worrying about the health of the family. He would call his little boy to him, feel his pulse, tell him his skin was hot, that he was feverish; he would look at his tongue and remark that he was a sick boy. The result was the boy actually thought himself sick and had to go to bed.

How little parents realize the harm they do in projecting their own discordant thoughts and fears into their children's minds, thus tending to develop the very thing they are trying to avoid!

Think of children being brought up in such an atmosphere of fear and anxiety, constantly warned of danger, and cautioned all the time not to do this or that, until they begin to think there are very few things that a person can do with safety! They grow up with a terrible fear of disease that becomes a perpetual nightmare.

If parents only knew what an unmitigated curse fear of disease is, they would try to drive it out of children's minds, they never would picture symptoms of physical discord of any kind.

▲ ▲

Drink More Water

NERVE specialists say that all people with nervous diseases suffer from what is called desiccated nerves,—an insufficiency of fluid in the various tissues of the body. Many people, especially business men, neglect to drink water during the day, either because of preoccupied minds, or because the only water obtainable is not always filtered or pure. A habit of not drinking water is thus gradually acquired, until, after awhile, the tissues cease to call loudly enough for liquid to force us to heed the call, and the nerves cease to be as responsive as they once were.

Now, when we take into consideration the fact that every motion of the body, every movement of a muscle, even of an eyelid, every pulsation of the heart, every effort of the brain, is weakened by the destruction of the tissue cell-life, and that this destruction is caused by a chemical combustion which is just as real as the combustion of coal, and that used-up matter must be gotten rid of, we get a little idea of what a tremendous part water plays in keeping the millions and millions of cells in the tissues washed out, and in keeping muscle and bone and nerve and brain tissue clean and pure.

A well-known physician says that water plays a threefold service in the body: "It feeds it, washes it, and carries away the cinders of its waste matter. Through the want of water we are exposed to many and great dangers,—the tissues become dry, the blood thick, its flow sluggish, and the retained waste of the body sets up a condition of self-poisoning."

Some physicians say that the average person should drink three quarts of liquid a day, but only a small part of this with meals.

THE PROPER THING

Conducted by Jeanne Gordon Mattill

Photographs by Byron

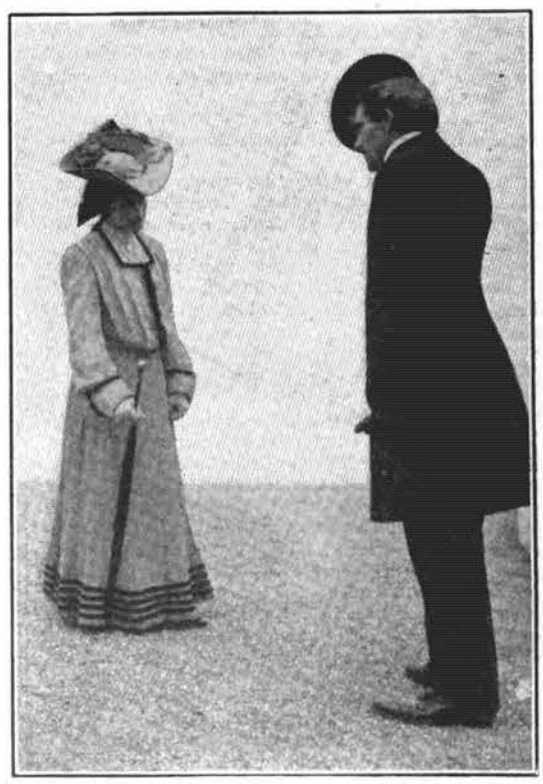
Descending a Stairway

Ascending a Stairway

When descending a stairway, the gentlemen walks behind the lady. A good many authorities on social etiquette reverse this position, but it is really the courteous thing to let the lady take precedence. In ascending the lady goes first also. This is not an absolute rule, because it is frequently necessary for the gentleman to precede her in order to prevent unpleasant crowding or pushing. The basis for these rules lies in the fact that when a gentleman and lady are out walking it is proper that the lady should make the pace. The gentleman should walk no faster or slower than is convenient for the lady he is escorting.

Clumsy Courtesy

When assisting a lady over an obstacle or in crossing a thoroughfare, it is not necessary to push her along, nor is it equally necessary for the lady to be "all elbows." The above picture shows the awkward manner in which a man can attempt to do a polite thing. The correct manner is a mere form of assistance whereby the gentleman simply offers to show the lady that he is ready to protect her from anything that may be disastrous, and, in so doing, he should only gently touch her arm. Politeness is a born gift and a subtile accomplishment. The man who is never conscious that he is polite is the best exemplification of a gentleman.



The Polite Bow

It is not necessary to go to any degree of manœuvering when you meet a lady acquaintance. Of course a great deal depends on the extent of your friendship. People are often so overjoyed to see one another that they really become ludicrous to strangers when they greet one another in public. It is always well to consider the passerby. Do not draw his attention to you when you bow to a friend. Raise your hat slowly in a dignified manner with your right hand, not straight from your head, but slightly to the side. Walk on without stopping unless the lady you have bowed to shows you that it is her intention that you should stop.

When you are obliged to let a lady pass you in a public place, do so in this manner.

Do not sandwich yourself between two ladies in this manner when out for a promenade. It takes up a great deal of unnecessary space and does not look well. It is not customary in these days for a lady to take a gentleman's arm in public unless she is weak or has some deformity, or unless the sidewalks are slippery. Of course it is always polite to offer your arm to an old lady.

This picture shows the correct position for a gentleman when walking with two ladies. It is on the outside,—not between them.

K. H.—The bashful young man probably hesitates before deciding to call on you, simply because you are not living in your own home. He may feel that your employers may consider it an intrusion if he should call at your working-place. Having several times asked him to call, you have done all that courtesy requires of you. It would not be in good taste for you to press your invitation upon him, or to show too great a desire for his visits. Perhaps a happy solution of the matter would come if you asked the consent of your employers to arrange a little evening tea-party. To this you might invite a few of your friends, and include the bashful young man among them. There is safety in numbers, and, possibly, after he had called in this way, he would feel less shy about calling alone.

NEW IDEAS

Fourth Assistant Postmaster-general Peter V. De Graw, dictating to his stenographer by wire

Dictation by Telegraph, *By A. G. Baker*

Is the telegraph instrument to prove, after all, a greater time saver than its more modern competitor, the telephone? This question was propounded recently, to the assistant postmaster-general, Peter V. De Graw, as he sat in his office in Washington, at a desk upon which were both the telephone receiver and a telegraphic instrument.

"Well, in my case," said Mr. De Graw, "the 'little ticker' is the champion time saver. I say this because it has solved what before seemed an insolvable problem,—how to do the work attending the four departments belonging to this division of the government post office, and yet have time to see the innumerable people whose business called them here.

"When I first came into the office, I adopted the principle of seeing every man who had legitimate business. For a time, it seemed that, if the day had forty-eight hours, instead of twenty-four, it would still be short for my work. Every night found the day's mail piled up awaiting attention. One day, my secretary said to me, 'Why not try the plan you inaugurated in the old days of the United Press?'

"I laughed at the suggestion at first, but, after a while, I began to think about it. I remembered that when I took charge of the United Press telegraphic system, twenty years ago, and had established a great office, including nine rooms, that I had difficulty in keeping in touch with all that was being done. So, to overcome that difficulty, I had a telegraph line connect each desk in every room with my own. The system worked like a charm there, and after Mr. Allen's suggestion, I became convinced that it would work well here. My private secretary, and my stenographer, are both expert telegraphers, so I had a short line installed. I guess it is, in fact, the shortest telegraph line in the world, for it covers only thirty feet, and extends from the desk in my private office to theirs in the main office.

"The result has been most satisfactory. Let me illustrate by an example. A man comes in to see me. While he is talking, a messenger from the postmaster-general, who always has the right of way over every other caller, comes in with an important telegram which must have my immediate attention. After looking the telegram over, I scarcely need excuse myself to my visitor. I merely swing around in my chair and give this instrument on my desk a few touches, and then we resume our conversation. In a very few moments the messenger from the other room appears with the letter which I had dictated to my secretary over the wire, and which is my answer to the telegram sent me by the postmaster-general. The whole transaction has not taken one tenth of the time it would have required for me to have called up my assistant by telephone and dictated in that manner to him. Letters received during the day are teated in the same way. From this simple description, you can understand why I believe the telegraphic system here is a time saver."

The fourth assistant postmaster-general's division has an immense amount of work attached to it. The rural free delivery, with the thousands of routes comprising it, is looked after there. All of the supplies for the post offices in every section of the country, which require the expenditure of millions of dollars annually, come under the care of this division. The dead letter office, which just now has an arrear of forty-five thousand letters, and the department of topography are, also, parts of this division.

The "invisible wire" helps Mr. De Graw to save time in watching after these varied interests. It goes without saying that he is no novice as a telegrapher himself. In fact, while he had charge of the United Press, he made a record as the best telegrapher in the United States. The memento of those days whice he prizes most highly is the golden key with which President Roosevelt started the World's Fair at St. Louis. It was presented to Mr. De Graw in recognition of his skilled service in preparing the wires for that event.

Cleaning *Lingerie* Waists

Many of the fine *lingerie* waists now so much worn seem almost too dainty for the washtub, and yet for the woman of limited means continual sending to the cleaners is out of the question. Not long ago I found an easy and inexpensive method of cleansing them. I procured a package of cornstarch and a large paper bag from the grocer. Into the bag I put my waist and on the waist I emptied the cornstarch. Then I shook the bag energetically until the waist was well covered with the cornstarch. In two or three days when I took the waist out I found it quite clean and a thorough pressing made it as good as new.—R. H. FULLER.

Uses for Cracked Fruit Jars

Take a cracked jar and dip the top in kerosene as far down as the crack extends. Then touch it to a lighted match. The heat will cause the part that has been dipped to drop off. The whole part left makes a very nice receptacle for jelly or pickles.—MRS. ALBERTA TAYLOR.

A Useful Kitchen Contrivance

My husband made me a rack for saucepan and kettle covers which I find a great convenience. It is nailed to the wall and is made of two pine boards, one against the wall, the other held out at a slight angle by two

triangular end pieces. In this I stack the covers, and, having it over the gas stove and convenient also to the coal range, I do not have to make a trip to the pantry when in a hurry. Below it are hooks on which are hung spoons, skimmer, holders, etc., and on the front is fastened the match safe and a strip of sandpaper for scratching matches.—MRS. E. A. PARTRIDGE.

A Memory Quickener

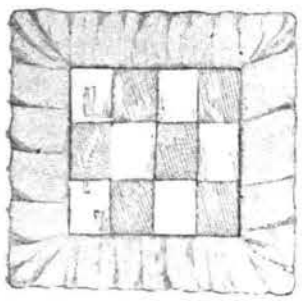
In my work as a platform speaker, I lately had to "cram" a very long prose selection on very short notice. Failure seemed certain, till I thought of making a rough sketch (really as unfinished and crude as a baby might draw,) representing the main subject, or, for an abstract idea, some symbol easily associated with it, of each sentence. This "clinched" the mental impression and saved the day. It has also stood me in good stead since.—J. K.

A Convenient Fire Kindler

Put a small teacupful of kerosene oil into a half-gallon tin bucket. Into this chip about an eighth of a bar of laundry soap and let boil on the stove until the soap is all dissolved. Then take the mixture off the fire and stir into it all the sawdust it will take and still stir. Let the mass cool and congeal, then cut into small squares, or blocks, the size of a thimble, and keep in a covered can. This makes an economical, safe, and convenient fire kindler.—R. T. CARLTON.

A Pretty Slumber Robe

A good way to use odd pieces of silk is to make a slumber robe. Cut the silk into pieces, three by five inches, allowing for seams, then sew two of these together and stuff with cotton or wool. This makes a little pillow. Do the same with the other pieces until you have from two to three hundred, according to the size you wish to make your robe. In making the little pillows it is better to sew two light pieces or two dark ones together, for when you arrange them it will be more effective to alternate the dark and light pieces, and it is more easily done when one pillow is the same on both sides. When you are ready to make up your robe, begin at the center and build out by whipping your pillows together. In this way you will have your prettiest pieces in the middle, where they will show most. Finish with a black satin ruffle about three inches wide.—EUGENIA MASON.



For an afternoon nap

[We want for this department new and original ideas that pertain to all phases of human endeavor. We want improved methods that have been tested, and that will make work easier and simpler. Items for this department may include business and the professions as well as the household. No matter what your line of endeavor may be, you may have something of vast and helpful interest that can be expressed in a few words. Do NOT SEND COOKING RECIPES. Illustrations need *not* accompany contributions. Manuscripts will not be returned. Write on one side of the paper only and with ink or on a typewriter. Manuscripts not conforming with these conditions will not be considered. SUCCESS MAGAZINE will pay one dollar for each item accepted, provided the author will assure us of its originality. Address, New Ideas Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.]

Why We Should Chew Our Food

By EMMA E. WALKER, M. D.

TO ASK all men to wear the same size and style of shoes would be as reasonable as to expect them to adopt a universal diet. Stomachs differ as widely as feet.

So said a famous English dietician.

However, it is quite possible to suggest certain general facts that hold good in regard to both shoes and diet.

A normal man would wear heavy shoes for mountain climbing and light shoes for dancing.

Although proper diet varies with every condition of life, nevertheless, the necessity of thorough mastication of all food never changes.

The "American disease"—dyspepsia,—is due more often to the neglect of this function than to any other factor.

The importance of mastication seems emphasized when we are told that each individual consumes a half ton of cooked food yearly for the sole purpose of sustaining life.

Just to keep alive, the body does an enormous amount of work which has nothing to do with the performance of our daily tasks.

We find that when one thoroughly masticates all food, the necessary amount is far less than that usually taken.

Nature is a good manager, and with our assistance she is most economical.

When we chew our food with sufficient care it is con-

verted into a liquid form before it is ready for swallowing

All of the solid parts are finely ground so that they are well mixed with saliva. Not only that, but when they reach the stomach they are also in a condition to be acted upon directly by the gastric secretions. Instead of balls of food which must be attacked from the outside inward, until the digestive organs are worn out with their prolonged effort, this liquefied mass is easily and rapidly taken care of.

Even liquid food needs to be thoroughly mixed with the salivary juices. As a recent writer expresses it, "practice tasting taste out of liquids, as the wine tasters do, and as the tea tasters *have to do or die*; or, at least, become useless in their profession."

He says also that spirits may be held in the mouth until no odor is left upon the breath; that even the disgusting odor of onions can be so neutralized by saliva in the mouth that it is killed; and that asparagus, when "tasted to the limit," entirely loses its odor.

Nature has placed some barriers against the swallowing of dry, hard foods; it is impossible to choke down a dry cracker without first chewing it to a certain extent. However, when it comes to soft foods, such as mashed potato, cream toast, or gravy-soaked bread, the too common habit is to slide them quickly down the throat. Indeed, if we are taking a hurried lunch, we are apt to congratulate ourselves that such a "quick" meal has been provided for us.

Harking back to our high-school days, we were taught that it is this very kind of food—starchy,—that is at least partly digested in the mouth.

Perhaps you are now taking some malt preparation, while at the same time you are carefully avoiding starchy foods at your meals. It would be much better for you to manufacture the maltose in your own mouth by thoroughly masticating the ordinary starches.

Few, if any, starches are indigestible when they are subjected to this treatment.

But mastication does more than making maltose and preparing food for swallowing.

It promotes the flow of saliva and thus keeps the salivary glands in working order.

Not only are the secretions of the mouth stimulated by chewing the food, but the juices of the stomach also begin to pour out, at the same time.

The act of mastication has a decided effect upon the development of the jaw.

As compared with this member of ancient skeletons which have been exhumed, the modern jaw is small. The food of primitive peoples required far more muscular effort than does our own.

But more interesting than the effect on the jaw is, perhaps, the fact that the condition of the teeth depends greatly upon the exercise of mastication.

When one takes a good "bite," the circulation in all of the surrounding parts is stimulated. The nutrition of the teeth is only one of the good effects. In an English clinic, not long ago, a man fifty years old presented himself for treatment. His teeth were in almost perfect condition. This was the more noticeable from the fact that the English poor of his age generally have carious teeth. He volunteered the information that he could not swallow his food without chewing it a long time. Thereupon the doctor in charge gave him a piece of bread. The patient gave a hundred and twenty bites before he took the first swallow. He gave so much time to this process that he looked exactly like a cow chewing her cud.

One could hardly ask for a better example of the good results of perfect mastication.

Faulty mastication has in its wake evils too numerous to mention. Napoleon was a notoriously rapid eater and died from the effects of this practice. On the other hand, hardly an article is written on this subject without referring to the robust Gladstone and his thirty-six counts.

Sir Frederick Treves points out that one of the most serious diseases due indirectly to this cause is appendicitis. The steps in its development may be logically traced.

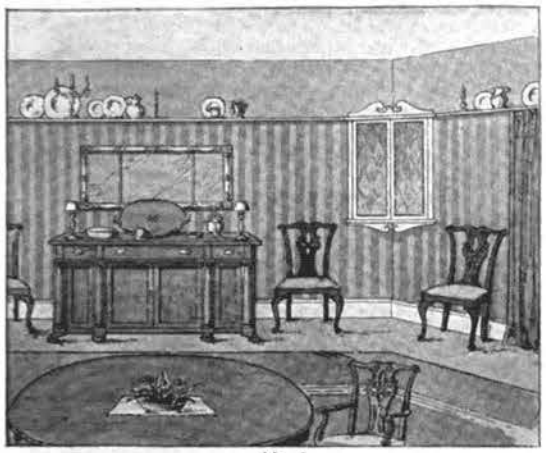
The favorite "grape seed" and "cherry stone" theory has been for some time laid on the shelf, for only in rare cases does a foreign body of this kind play any part.

We must look to more common causes in the defects of our daily living. In the worry and hurry of our everyday life. mastication is sadly neglected by the large majority. Down goes the food in indigestible lumps, and when it reaches the first part of the large bowel it is very apt to lodge there, distending that organ. Surgeons have commonly observed that constipation precedes an attack of appendicitis. The distended cæcum drags upon the appendix, and an inflammatory catarrhal condition is set up, as one result; and, besides this, the opening from the appendix into the large bowel is blocked. This little wormlike appendage is also twisted out of the normal, and its circulation interfered with. We then have an applicant for the hospital, with the possible or probable operation in view.

Digestive troubles are now generally admitted to be the most frequent cause of this dreaded disease.

But appendicitis is only one of the disastrous results referable to the careless bolting of food. Careful observation shows that many of our modern ailments can be traced to hurried and imperfect mastication.

[This is the first of a series of articles on food values, which Dr. Walker has specially written for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. She was for some time one of the leading contributors to "The Ladies' Home Journal," and is an authority on this particular subject. Her articles will appear from month to month, and will cover the range of foods and their relation to the human body. —THE EDITOR]



No. 1.

A Model Dining Room

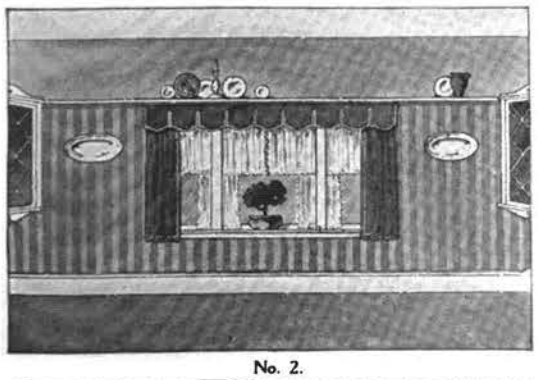
By JOSEPHINE WRIGHT CHAPMAN

Author of "A Model Kitchen"

IN the study of the model dining room, the first consideration should be the most practical way of serving the meals, for the dining room is seldom used except at meal times. The care and thought thus expended will be returned to the housewife many times over in the added ease and expedition with which her meals are served. Although utility is to be the first thought, the artistic need not be neglected. A dining room should first of all look cheerful and refreshing and should never be overloaded with heavy draperies. It should contain few if any pictures. Studies in still life of dead animals and fruits, while they may be appropriate, are not interesting. It is better to use old plate and a mirror or two in place of the pictures. A shelf running around the room and holding a collection of odd china, old pewter, copper, or brass, is decorative and appropriate. Window boxes and box plants add greatly to the cheerfulness of the room.

The best floor is always of hard wood if this can possibly be had. If not, then the ordinary floor may be stained to harmonize with either the wood finish or the furniture. By staining, I do not mean the varnish stain which only covers the surface and quickly wears off, but a stain that will sink in and really dye the wood. If the floor will not admit of even this treatment, then there is linoleum of the plain wood color, which can be nearly covered with the rug, and is much to be preferred to a painted floor, since the paint wears off so quickly.

The walls should be covered with a tapestry or a two-toned paper of good design with a plain frieze above the plate shelf, if a shelf is used. The color used depends greatly upon the amount of light in the room and the individual taste of the owner. Blue and white after the colonial idea is a very attractive scheme for a dining room. In this case the striped paper, in two tones of blue, may be used, with a shelf all around the room painted to match the woodwork which should be white. The frieze above the shelf may be plain blue to match the lightest stripe in the paper. Where the room is not well lighted, a sunny effect may be obtained by using a yellow paper, carried out in the same manner as the blue. Either of these papers requires the white painted finish to give the true colonial effect. If your room has been finished in oak, or the housekeeper objects to the care of the white paint, a tapestry paper with a shelf like the wood finish, and a frieze of one of the colors in the tapestry, preferably one of the shades of blue usually found predominating in these papers, would be suitable. Whatever paper may be chosen, it should always be selected with reference to the furniture. If the arts and crafts furniture is to be used, then a heavy brown paper of a light shade will be found a good background. This may have a stencilled frieze of bold design, if one does not care to use the plate shelf. If the shelf is used, the objects placed upon it will look better with a plain background or a glass. Aside from this style of wall decoration,



No. 2.

there is also leather, both genuine and imitation, put on with large-headed nails or laid on in panels between strap work of wood of the same finish as that of the room.

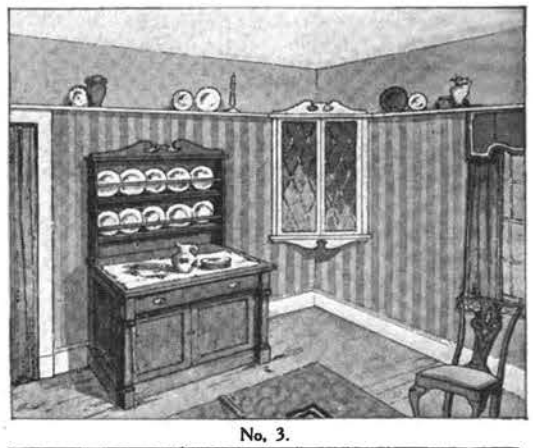
The ceiling should be cream white or possibly a tint in harmony with the general color scheme, but never ornamented, unless the purse will allow of a very elaborate decoration throughout the room to correspond with this ceiling.

The woodwork should be finished to match the furniture, but if this is impossible, then cream white paint is most satisfactory. If the housekeeper objects to the work necessary to keep white paint spotless, the only other alternative is to paint or stain the woodwork to match the wall paper so that it shall be as inconspicuous as possible.

As little drapery as possible should be used in the dining room but there must be some hangings to give it a cheerful, homelike appearance. The heavy dyed linens make excellent dining room hangings. Where there is much sunlight and it is feared that these will not hold their color, a perfectly plain woolen such as the old-fashioned rep, is in keeping; or, if one can afford it, there is a beautiful mohair. These curtains will be dyed to harmonize with the wall paper, and carry out the conventional effect better if finished with a braid put on in a design such as that shown in Illustration Number 2.

There are many good simple dining room sets which are more economical to buy than to attempt to have furniture especially made. In selecting this furniture, the wise purchaser will consider none but the simplest design. There are good imitations of the old colonial if one cares for mahogany; a Flemish oak of English design is especially suited to a dining room; or if one is interested in the arts and crafts productions, this style will here be most appropriate. Whatever the style of furniture selected, the seats of the chairs should be leather, rush, or even plain wood, but never covered with woolen materials, as the seats get soiled.

The dining table is much more attractive with a round top, but if one is forced to use the square table,



No. 3.

a round pine top may be made to fit over this and used except when the table is enlarged for extension.

Next the most important feature of the dining room is to be discussed, namely the facilities for serving. As the essential feature of a model dining room is the serving of a good meal, the importance of a convenient and well-equipped serving table is evident. The successful serving of a meal means that the food should be served hot. How often has the dinner failed to be just what we expected simply because it was served on cold plates! Although the plates may be and often are heated in the kitchen, the serving table would certainly be a far more convenient place for the heating of the dishes, saving the work of carrying them to and from the kitchen, beside the attendant confusion in so doing. Illustration Number 3 shows a serving table which may be constructed with a heating attachment. This table can be made in the form of a cabinet, and should match in design the style of the dining-room furniture. The cabinet should be about three feet high, twenty inches deep, and three feet, six inches long, and should be built to the floor. At very little expense a register may be put in under the serving table, or, if the house be heated with steam, a coil of pipe is also easily arranged. The under part of the cabinet should be made into a cupboard and lined with asbestos. This cupboard is arranged with racks to hold plates, and a perforated shelf above these will be found very useful for keeping hot those foods which have no disagreeable odors. If it is necessary to make the serving table quite small, more serving room may be gained for emergencies, by having a shelf at each end or in front, which can slide under the top of the table when not in use. This cabinet can be made more attractive, by the addition of a plate rack above it, as shown in Illustration Number 3. This plate rack is very simply made of whitewood stock seven-eighths inches thick, stained to match the serving table, and with shelves four inches wide. Each shelf should be grooved to hold the plates, or, instead of the grooves, a little half inch square strip of wood could be nailed to the shelf and answer the same purpose.

If the shelves are made narrower, a little strip of wood may be placed across the front, as shown in the illustration, to hold the plates in place. The top should be finished with a piece of wood, sawed in design to match the corner cupboards.

As we have arranged for serving the hot part of the meal, so it is as desirable that certain of the courses shall be kept cool. Let us take the ordinary sideboard and see if this bulky but necessary piece of furniture, can not be made more useful. In selecting the sideboard, select one without an elaborate top. These tops are not generally good, and a plain mirror over the sideboard is far more attractive. There should be drawers at the top, divided into compartments for knives, forks, spoons, and table cloths and napkins. One half of the lower part, which is usually a cabinet of some kind, may, with very little expense, be converted into a small refrigerator. This should be lined with zinc and a rack made to hold the ice, with a waste pipe which may be carried down through the floor.

As there can never be too many cupboards for the accommodation and display of beautiful china and cut glass, the four corners of the room may be utilized to hold in each a small suspended cabinet. Illustration Number 1 shows the colonial style of decoration, and the little corner cabinets are made with a sawed top and bottom to harmonize with the colonial design. These cupboards may be of seven-eighth inch whitewood stock, with triangular shelves about three feet across the front held in place by two uprights with sawed design nailed at the top and bottom, as shown in the illustration. If one were willing to go to the extra expense glazed doors would greatly add to the appearance of these cabinets. Should the furniture be of Flemish or some other style, these sawed top and bottom pieces would be omitted, and the cabinets left plain with the top to be used as a shelf for ornaments or bric-a-brac.

Not Synonymous

PROFESSOR GOODWIN, of Harvard College, during a recent trip to Newport, came across an old acquaintance, who is one of the most prominent figures in the clerical Presbyterian circles of the metropolis. The professor and the divine drifted into a discussion on the well-thrashed subject as to whether or not success in business interferes with a religious life. The professor thought that it does not; but the cleric, while not exactly committing himself to the other side of the question, did not altogether indorse his friend's belief. Finally, Professor Goodwin cornered the other with a point-blank question as to what his experience had been in the matter.

"Well," said the minister, "it is not within the province of one man to judge another; but I do not mind saying this,—that the good business man and the business man who is good are not exactly synonymous."

The Retort Courteous

EX-COMMODORE LEWIS CASS LEDYARD, of the New York Yacht Club, although only an amateur sailor, has, nevertheless, a good deal of the breezy bluffness which is traditionally attributed to those who go down to the sea in ships. Not long since, a youthful and newly elected member of the club was holding forth, at the New York quarters, on certain alleged adventures with which he had met during a cruise in southern waters. Some of his statements were, to put it mildly, of a remarkable nature, and of the type that are said to be accepted without question by the "Jollies" of the Navy. Mr. Ledyard, who happened to be present, punctuated the pauses in the narrative with soft grunts. Finally, the youth, after a particularly significant grunt, turned upon him and said, haughtily: "Do I understand, sir, that you doubt the truth of what I am telling?"

"Well, not exactly," was the reply; "but, if you said that it was going to be fine to-morrow, I 'd make up my mind to take an umbrella with me."

How Mr. Roosevelt Discouraged Profanity

AT the Civil Service Commission in Washington,—where, it will be remembered, President Roosevelt began his public career as one of the commissioners,—an incident is related, which shows one side of the President's character. It came to his knowledge that one of the clerks had lost his temper and used profanity over the telephone. He sent for the offender at once. Suspecting the purpose of the message, the clerk returned an evasive answer, and did not appear. In his emphatic way, Mr. Roosevelt directed the messenger to bring the clerk to him. The messenger, a huge Virginian, went back with the words:—

"Mr. Roosevelt says you *got* to come down, and if you won 't came any other way, I 'll *tote* you down."

This time the order was, of course, obeyed. The President closed the door of the office after the culprit, and no one ever knew what passed between them; but it was noticed that the clerk came forth from the interview in tears, and there was no further complaint about the impropriety of his language.

No man can enjoy life, or feel that he is really living, who has no work to do.

Women's Clothes as Seen by Men

By GRACE MARGARET GOULD

"One of the new very large pillow muffs"

THE new fashions of the year 1906, have come as a succession of shocks to the man who has met them accidentally or otherwise. A fashion is nothing, if it isn't authoritative. The one and sufficient feminine reason for its being, is just Because.

Now, the average man takes little on faith, he has the unpleasant habit of wanting to know why. In fact, his attitude toward feminine fashions is something like that of the savage in the presence of the pomps and ceremonies of civilization. There is a sort of sullen curiosity, tempered both by contempt and awe. But sometimes his emotions crystallize into speech, as in the case of the young husband whose wife proudly exhibited to him one of the most atrocious of the tip-tilted bowl crown hats as a "creation."

"Creation," he gasped, "I should say so, it beats all creation."

His own eccentricities in dress, such as the stove-pipe hat, the spike-tail coat, the hopelessly inartistic trousers, do not disturb him at all. He understands them. They make quite another story. Besides, both precedent and common use sustain him. The average man is a timid creature; he would die rather than wear any one of these articles in public if no one had ever worn it before.

Now, with women it is just the opposite sort of a story. They are apparently glad to wear something that is both ugly and unsuitable, if it is only new and the fashion. And as far as man is concerned, all he can do is to look on and wonder why.

Yet with all his limitations, man's criticism of feminine dress, if it could be reduced down to a sort of composite expression, would make a safe criterion. As a general rule, he is long suffering, and when he does rebel there is only too surely some cause for war. Flattery aside, if it ever can be separated from its masculine complement, he is sincere, being anxious that his divinity should not only be but also appear the goddess.

Man likes the inconspicuous gown and hat. He likes women's dress to be adaptable. He likes neatness and harmony. He likes the natural lines of the figure. He likes a woman to be unhampered. He admires grace. Above all, though he may not know how to analyze it, he likes a harmonious whole.

Just at present he is puzzling over why women will put their hats on wrong, and then emphatically declare that they are on just right. Mere man has a confident feeling that there was a time when women wore their hats on their heads. He remembers with pleasure, the neat little sailors that the shirt-waist summer girl used to wear, which he liked so much,—sailors that rested straight on the head,—but to-day all the hats that he sees rest either on one ear or the other, or have the effect of slipping off the head in the direction of the nose. He has been told, of course, that these are the new straight-from-Paris tip-tilted hats, and that the one-sided effect in millinery is decidedly the thing. That he does n't like it, of course, does n't matter, for eccentric millinery will undoubtedly reign till the end of the season. But if women will not be advised as far as their hats are concerned by men in general, perhaps one woman will listen to a particular man. If she does, she

"To wear a long rope chain of big cheap beads"

is sure to hear him say, "Do n't go to extremes. If you must wear a little odd-shaped hat because it's the fashion, do put it on as nearly straight as you can; and, if its shape must be more or less conspicuous to make you feel you are dressed in the style, do have it made, then, in the most quiet of colors. Do n't wear gold hats with your tailor-made street costumes, and do n't wear a hat with a long ostrich plume with a suit of which the skirt is worn and has a frayed edge. Let your hat and your suit look as if they belonged together."

"The big old-fashioned pompadour appearing at the back of the head"

Why women want to use their furs to make caricatures of themselves, is another question that mere man can not solve. Yet that is just what the most fashionable women are doing this season. If a woman happens to be rather short, and stouter than she wishes, she is quite sure to invest her money in one of the new very flat, very large pillow muffs, which is even broader than she is herself. She will invariably scorn all the smaller of the pillow shapes and pick out one of the largest with a mass of dangling tails. It is the same way with her boa. If bushy fur tails happen to be the fashion, it does n't matter at all to her that her neck is short; she will wear the neck piece just the same. The way she looks decked in her costly sables,—well, you have all seen her, if you 've been up Fifth Avenue, so you know for yourselves.

Then, there is that most ridiculous of fashions, this year, the elbow sleeve fur coat. This is one subject on which man will express himself freely, especially after he has paid the doctor's bills. Of all the inconsistent winter fashions, there is nothing to equal these frivolous little elbow sleeve fur jackets. Of course, they in no way protect the lower part of the arm, and to wear them just at the time when they are supposed to be worn, they require long and thickly wadded gloves, or extra cuff pieces, or some other contrivance which will protect the fair wearer from catching cold. Notwithstanding all this, the elbow sleeve fur jacket continues to be among the most popular of the winter fashions.

In the good old long ago, women wore thick waists in cold weather. After the shirt waist became a winter fashion as well as a summer one, velvet, corduroy and flannel waists were made and worn by the winter shirt-waist girl. Man, poor man, liked these waists; they were plain and seemed from his masculine point of view to be suited to the season. But as usual he was mistaken. Cotton waists, which look as if even the faintest summer breeze would blow them away, are now considered the very smartest fashion for freezingly cold winter days. These waists bear a striking resemblance to the "peekaboo" summer shirt-waists which became so common a year or so ago. But the blow-away waists are designated by the elect who wear them, as *lingerie* waists, and they cost anywhere from five to seventy-five dollars apiece. Man would advise that they be put away during at least the coldest of the winter months, and not taken out again until it's time for summer fashions.

"The one-sided effect in millinery is decidedly the thing"

A man who has had so many sisters to criticise that he has learned to be observing would like to ask the following questions:—Why will women, especially on the street, deck themselves with jewelry? Why will not one little neck chain satisfy them, and, if they must go in for jewelry, why do they feel it is necessary to wear a long rope chain of big cheap beads, as they so often do, with some inappropriate ornament dangling from it? A man does n't like to see the girl he admires go about as if she were a walking

advertisement for a jewelry shop. From his point of view, the less jewelry she wears, especially on the street, the better he likes it, and flashy cheap jewelry is sure to only detract rather than add to her appearance.

This same observing man would also respectfully like to inquire why many women have removed their pompadours from the front of their head to the back. To his astonishment, he has discovered that this is a fact. He has never admired or approved of the towering padded pompadour, and it was with delight that he watched its gradual fall, until now there is not a well-dressed woman in New York who will allow her hair to be brushed off her forehead in a conspicuous, huge, high roll. He has been glad to see that some women are parting their hair in the middle and then brushing it loosely back at the sides. But just what it means to see, as he recently has seen, the big old-fashioned pompadour appearing at the back of the head; that's something he'd like to know. He sincerely trusts, however, that it is only a fleeting fashion, and that before long women will dress their hair so that the original shape of their heads may be discovered.

He has n't quite made up his mind what he thinks about the cute little curls, which are appearing, here and there, beneath the brim of the tip-tilted hat. Perhaps, if the right girl wears them—the piquant sort,—they may do very well; but all women irrespective of age should not wear the coquettish pin curls. He is sure of that.

He wishes that the girl with large feet would n't wear colored gaiters with an extremely short skirt, and he wonders why she does it. He would give a good deal if he could pass a law prohibiting women from wearing high French heels, but he knows he can't, and that women will undoubtedly go on wearing these ridiculous heels, and ruining their health, to say nothing of spoiling a graceful carriage, just as long as the little tapering heels appeal to their own sweet wills.

He is sorry to see that veils are more spotted than ever, and he would like just to hint that, when a women is arranging her veil, she avoid having a cluster of dots come on the end of her nose. It makes her look more ridiculous than she imagines. He would like to recommend that women take up the study of harmony of color, and then dress according to their knowledge.

These are only suggestions from one who looks at women's clothes through masculine eyes, and, being of a humble spirit, he knows they don't count for much. Fair woman will do about anything else in the world for a man but dress to please him, if his ideas happen to conflict with those of that wily old lady, Dame Fashion.

Mrs. Mackay's "Crochety-work Doily"

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY, whose recent election as school commissioner in a Long Island village excited a good deal of interest, is as impulsively good-natured as she is versatile,—which is saying much. Last summer, while driving her automobile near Roslyn, L. I., she happened upon a couple of little children, one of whom was crying bitterly. Mrs. Mackay stopped her machine and alighted, to find that the little girl had fallen and cut her leg rather badly on a jagged stone. Thereupon, the "commissioner" produced a lace handkerchief, dipped it into a handy spring, washed and bound up the wound with it, and, giving the youngster a dollar to buy candy, kissed the child, and left her happy and smiling. The parents of the child, who were farm laborers in the neighborhood, recognized Mrs. Mackay from their daughter's description, and from the monogram on the handkerchief. The next day, the little girl appeared at the Mackay residence with the handerkchief carefully washed and ironed. Pinned to it was a note, in which the mother of the little one thanked Mrs. Mackay for her goodness and for the use of "the crochety-work doily, which I now return with many respectful thanks."

Victor to Victor

By Frank D. Woollen

I am so worn and weary with this life;
  Take, thou, my shield.
Defeat is better than unending strife;
  Come, thou, I yield.
Victorious wreaths upon your panting breast
  You may unroll;
For me, the vanquished, life hath lost its zest,
  And seeks no goal.

But, hold! I shall not so in battle fail.
  Once more the helm
I firmly grasp and furl defiant sail!
  Unto that realm
Where heroes bide I point my vessel's prow;
  And though I fall
Before I win the coast, I yield not now,—
  Nor yield at all!

"'It is a dreadful thing, James'"

Mr. Punk as a Reformer

By JAMES W. FOLEY

MR. PUNK, the grocer, read the insurance revelations with increasing interest and rising indignation. Mr. Punk had a policy for $5,000 that he had paid premiums on for eleven years. Hundreds of his hard earned dollars gone for debauchery and riotous living! It was iniquitous! It was criminal! It was maddening! Was there no just law to protect the innocent policy holder and punish the horde that suckled and grew fat on his earnings?

James, the grocery boy, was at the bundle counter, wrapping up parcels for delivery. The world must eat, even though there be dishonesty in high places.

Mr. Punk, stirred with the insurance revelations, paced angrily to and fro, occasionally pausing before the bundle counter to see that James did not neglect his business.

"A dozen lemons, James?" he inquired, lifting one of the bundles. "Did you put in one of those that were a little soft and beginning to turn?"

"Yes, sir," responded James, respectfully. James was a good boy, who always said "sir," and looked after his master's interests.

"That is right, James," said Mr. Punk, approvingly. "The jobbers sell the bad ones to us, and we must get rid of them someway. It would not be fair for us to stand all the loss. Did you put it in the bottom of the sack, James, where it will not be noticed as readily?"

"Yes, sir," responded James, who was thoughtful in all things appertaining to good business principles.

"This life insurance scandal has reached a terrible point, James," suggested Mr. Punk. "Have you been reading the papers, James?"

"No, sir," said James, who had no policies.

"It is a dreadful thing, James. It is dreadful to think of money taken from widows and orphans and recklessly squandered by men charged with its safe investment. Have you turned over the apples this morning, so the bad ones will be nearer the middle of the barrel?"

"Yes, sir," said James, phlegmatically. He was a bright and industrious boy, who had hopes of a partnership.

"I saw Mrs. Brent talking to you near the prune barrel this morning, James," observed Mr. Punk, reminiscently. "Did she want to know if they were the best California prunes?"

"Yes, sir," responded James.

"And you told her they were?" continued Mr. Punk.

"Yes, sir," admitted James.

"We got badly stuck on those prunes, James," admitted Mr. Punk, sorrowfully. "The salesman told

"'The handwriting is on the wall'"

me they were the best California, but they are dried up little runts, full of mold. I wish you would brush the mold off carefully, James, and sprinkle a little warm water on them to swell them up a bit. It makes them look fresher, and we can't afford to deliver anything to Mrs. Brent that is n't first class. She is a good customer."

"No, sir," admitted James.

"It makes the blood fairly boil to read of poor persons swindled and robbed of dollars they have earned in the sweat of their brows and put by for protection to their wives and little ones after they are dead and gone," continued Mr. Punk, indignantly. "Are we out of kerosene, James? The tank pump seems to wheeze a little."

"Only a couple of gallons left," observed James, peering into the tank.

"Prime the pump with a little water, and be sure to get out a good three gallons," suggested Mr. Punk. "We can not afford to send short measure to anyone. A little water in the oil is a great precaution, James. It keeps it from being too inflammable, and makes little or no difference in its lighting qualities. You never heard of an explosion with our kerosene, did you James?"

James primed the oil tank and admitted he had not.

"The country seems to have gone into the hands of the grafters," sighed Mr. Punk, mournfully. "I remember when our public men were of the strictest fidelity and integrity, and when high office was a sacred trust. But we have lost sight of our old ideals. We have trust. But we have lost sight of our old ideals. We have worshiped gold too much. The country needs fearless, honest men, who will restore old standards and bring us a new era of decency. What are you putting up now, James?"

"Bananas," replied James, courteously.

"Put these back, and take them off the old bunch as long as they last," suggested Mr. Punk, thoughtfully. "Always sell the old fruit first, James, or it is apt to spoil on our hands. The old ones are just as good in all but the looks. It is a case of first come first served, you see."

"Did you say first come worst served?" asked James, who was a little hard of hearing.

"What was that?" demanded Mr. Punk, sharply.

"I asked you if I burst some should they be the first served," explained James.

"Oh!" said Mr. Punk, relieved. "I thought you were becoming saucy, James."

"No, indeed," protested James, aggrievedly.

"The lessons of this life insurance scandal should not be lost on our young men," resumed Mr. Punk, putting a clean piece of tissue on an old orange that was beginning to show a green spot. "I hope you will never be tempted to prove false to any trust, James. I should be much grieved if, after your careful training, you should be caught doing anything dishonorable. I see you have an order from a new customer for a peck of apples. You will not need to put those up, but you may get the peck Mrs. Waldron has refused, and deliver them to fill this order. Tell the lady they are the best pie apples, and run a little higher in price than others, but we will let her have them for the same."

"Yes, sir."

"I think you had better take some of these newspapers home, and read them, James. They will teach the value of honesty and fidelity in all your dealings. I am afraid the country will see some great trials, James, but the grafters will have to go. The handwriting is on the wall. Do n't drive too fast while you are delivering, James, or you may soften the lemons and bananas, so they will show through the paper. It is eleven o'clock, now, and you may start delivering."

A New Counterblast against Tobacco

A SERIOUS indictment against tobacco is drawn up by the committee appointed by the British government to inquire into the question of physical deterioration. This is based mainly upon the deleterious influence of the weed on young smokers. A London journal, "The Hospital," expresses the opinion that a more complete examination would make out the case to be even worse, and that the evil effects extend to the second generation. Nothing is more certain, it says, than the fact that an unstable nervous system is frequently so transmitted, and a potent cause of this instability is "the daily saturation with a narcotic of the body of an under-nourished and intemperate man."

When Franklin Answered Three Hundred Questions

THE intellect and genius of Franklin were, perhaps, never more manifest than when, as the colonial agent of Pennsylvania, he appeared before the British house of commons in order to undergo an inquisition into the taxation questions which were brewing the trouble which subsequently resulted in American freedom. Not less than three hundred questions were propounded to him by some of the acutest legal and political minds of the old country. To each and every one of them he replied in a masterful manner. Edmund Burke, in commenting on the matter, said that Franklin reminded him of "a man being examined by a parcel of schoolboys," while Charles James Fox remarked that his inquisitors were "dwarfs in the hand of a giant."

Crossing the Ocean in a Palace

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[*Concluded from page 152*]

Unfortunately Prof. Silliman did not think it worth his while to go into details about the provisions on his ship, or about the number of the passengers and crew. The "Amerika" carries, for a single voyage from New York to Hamburg, sixteen tons of beef, mutton, lamb, veal, and pork; nearly four tons of game and poultry; two tons of fish; thirty-six thousand eggs, and six tons of fresh bread. Of butter there would be two and one-half tons. There would be nearly two tons of cheese; twenty-five tons of flour, and seven tons of rice. The coffee, milk and sugar, are also estimated in tons.

But it is when he speaks of the long nights aboard his good ship that we feel the contrast most deeply. There were thirty-odd such nights for him between New York and Liverpool. "And not infrequently, on waking, when consciousness is just returning, the thought that you are afloat in the midst of a desert of water, where the leak, the broken pump, the sudden gust, the midnight collision, the conflagration and the tempest will soon send you to the other world, will steal across the mind with melancholy foreboding."

Is there not a thrill in these plain lines? Sitting over the coffee, in this reproduction of cosmopolitan London, it is not easy to take seriously the horrors of tempests and of broken pumps. It is safe to say that the well-groomed gentlemen who are chatting at the next table are not greatly concerned over their immediate destiny. If you should be so naïve as to ask them, they would, perhaps, intimate to you that God is quite as likely to be on the water as on the land. What they are concerned over is, probably, whether we shall land at Plymouth before noon, on Friday, or after noon.

It was with misgivings that, later in the evening, I mounted the stairs to the bridge deck,—with misgivings which were hardly allayed by the reception which our little party met with in the captain's parlor. The room is larger than some I have seen in city apartments, and is as luxurious as anything below decks. Off to the right there were glimpses to be had of a very comfortable bedroom and of a bath room in snow-white tiling. And, when Captain Sauermann greeted us pleasantly, quite as if we had been sitting in his own home library, wherever that may be, the situation seemed to have passed all legitimate bounds. The last time I had been entertained in a captain's cabin there was a big mast which came up through the floor and went on through the ceiling; and around this mast there was a rack of rifles, and above the rifles was a rack of cutlasses. Even this display, I recall, was not enough for us on that occasion, and we had expressed regret that our host did not wear bucket-top boots and earrings and a sword. I recall that he added, with good humor, "And a knife between my teeth!" "Perhaps," I thought, as we took our seats in the "Amerika's" cabin, "the fat man is right. Perhaps the charm has departed, and sailing has become that sort of business which may very well be conducted by a trust."

But, after a moment, Captain Sauermann opened a door, and, as we filed into a plain, narrow room, with a long table and with what I prefer to think were nautical instruments about the walls, my heart gave a bound. Here was the brain,—here was the soul of the "Amerika!" Now we should see something in the romance way! Sure enough, the captain opened a wide drawer, drew out his charts in long rolls, and spread them out on the table with iron weights to hold the corners down.

When man is thrown back on maps and charts, he can not, whether he knows it or not, be very far from that subtle thing which we call romance. Your most familiar and commonplace map, printed in Chicago on businesslike presses, by members of the pressmen's union, is just as surely made of dead explorers as the Islands of Bermuda, with their winter tourists and their very matter-of-fact shopkeepers, are made of dead coral polyps. "Treasure Island" sprang from a map. On this wild evening, the first glance at Captain Sauermann's North Sea chart, which lay before us, brought to every pair of eyes the glow and thrill of the sea. It was speckled gray with sounding marks. It was dotted with red-and-yellow indications of lighthouses, each supplemented with cryptic elucidation, such as: "Lt. Fl. 4 quick fl. ev. 30 sec. 36 ft. vis. 11 m.—Fog Siren, 4 blasts ev. 2 min." All along the Dutch coast were black crosses, and the letters, "L. B. S.," which I knew to mean "Life Boat Stations." Here and there, in the open seaway, masts of ships were represented as projecting above the water, each followed by the ominous word, "Wreck." The shoals, too, which were indicated by dotted lines, bore picturesque, sailorman names,—"Outer Gabbard," and "Sand Head," and "Galloper."

"You see," said Captain Sauermann, in his quiet voice and quaint accent, "the passage here, between Sandettie Bank and South Falls Shoal,—just before you reach Dover Strait,—is only five miles wide." We bent over the chart. "And two weeks ago, when I brought the ship over to Southampton for some refitting, we ran a hundred and eighty miles down through the North Sea in a thick fog. We could see nothing and hear nothing, and if I had missed this passage the ship would have been wrecked. But we came very

close to the Sandettie Lightship, so that I knew that we were all right. But after we had got through I could not tell where we were, and I tried to find the lightship at South Sand Head."

"Do n't the English lightships carry the underwater signaling apparatus, Captain?" was asked.

"No; the American and the German lightships do, but not the English,—yet. So I headed north, running very slowly, until I could hear the bell. It sounded louder and louder, and then suddenly the fog opened a little and we could see her right in front of us, only a few lengths off. I backed away, but I had my bearings and headed off to clear Dungeness."

He spoke so quietly that it was not until we had passed out through the navigating room and into the wheelhouse that I realized what it was that he had been telling us. The "Amerika" was built at a cost of four and one-half million dollars. With cargo and passengers aboard she would represent a value of, perhaps, six millions. From the Lizard to Cuxhaven the English Channel and the North Sea are strewn with shoals and reefs and sunken wrecks. It is not many years since the "Paris" struck on the Needles and brought the career of Captain Watkins to an end. And twice a month, all around the calendar, Captain Sauermann must take his ship through, and must stand responsible for six million dollars in property and for four thousand human lives.

It was dark in the wheelhouse, except for a faint glow from the binnacle lamp. A seaman stood at the wheel; but, somewhat to my surprise, he was looking, not out toward the sea ahead, which, indeed, could hardly be made out through the high, narrow windows, but down into the binnacle where the compass was swinging continually this way or that as the ship yawed in the sea. He was occupied in keeping a certain black mark on the compass card against a black line on the encircling frame. That was all he had to do. He was not responsible for the ship's course or for her safety; it was his whole duty to keep two marks in line on a card. Outside, on the bridge and forecastle and in the crow's-nest on the foremast, stood the second and the fourth officers and the two lookouts, who were the eyes of the ship; a great many feet below us, where the two sets of quadruple expansion engines were pounding and crashing and driving her along, was the heart of her; under the cap of this black-bearded captain was the brain; in far-away Hamburg were the financial springs that nourished her: and all this that Americans and Englishmen and continental Europeans might come to understand one another better, and that this world of ours might go careering on where no world has ever traveled before.

The wind was blowing very hard when, at length, we stood on the open bridge. I was glad that the structure was walled in, five feet high, with canvas; and I was glad, too, to button my overcoat up to the chin and to turn up the collar. When I turned back and looked over the ship I was surprised to see that she was dark with mystery. Somewhere or other aboard her thirty-five hundred electric lamps were burning, but their light was shut out at every point from the watchers on the bridge. The funnels stood out dimly against the clouds, almost as dimly as the smoke which was trailing off down the wind. The line of canvas-covered boats extended aft for hundreds of feet and finally blurred off into the night. Up forward the black bows were rising and falling with slow, majestic dignity; and, sixty feet below us, the foam-waves were rolling away from the ship at each slow plunge and slipping off astern in swirling, bubbling patches of white.

Standing there looking out over the waves toward a handful of low-lying stars, I knew that the romance of the sea is an undying thing. What we have lost is no more than our old notion of it. The Spanish galleon has gone out with the rapier and the dagger. We no longer, the boys among us, haunt the wharves for glimpses of Spanish sailors with bearded lips. The six-shooter is not what it was, and the tall clipper ship has followed the stagecoach into the junk yard of the things that were. But the new romance runs deeper. It is more complex. It is the wonderful story of the awakening, the rousing, and the stirring to action of a drowsy old world which has only begun to find itself and to feel its magnificent strength.

* * * * * * *

The fat man from Cincinnati was smacking his lips over a late "ocean supper" in the restaurant. He beckoned for me to join him.

"Sit down," said he, in his hearty way, when I had thrown off my coat; and, with a gold-plated fork, he indicated the chair opposite,—"sit down. It ain't much like the sea, all this business,"—and he waved the fork inclusively,—"but they *can* cook."

[The illustrations used on pages 150 and 151 were redrawn by Homer W. Colby from photographs specially taken for us by the Atelier Schaul, Hamburg.—The Editor.]

Do n't spend so much energy in building air-castles that you will have nothing left to make your dreams real.

He who can suppress a moment's anger may, by so doing, prevent a day of sorrow for himself and another.

Fighting the Telephone Trust

By PAUL LATZKE

[*Concluded from page 164*]

The people of Rochester were aroused to action by a proposed change in telephone rates by the monopoly that followed the Bell-Western Union consolidation. There were protests, mass meetings, round-robins, and, finally, concerted action. At noon, on November 20, 1886, practically every telephone receiver in the city was hung up, and, for eighteen months, when the telephone people finally gave in, there was no telephone service in the city. It was an "uprising of the people." The signal for the uprising smacked strongly of the days of '76. Every whistle in the city was blown at the noon hour on the eventful day. Every bell was rung, and criers and messengers were sent out proclaiming the strike. The subscribers draped their telephones in mourning and decorated them with all sorts of legends. Altogether, the strike was full of incident and patriotic action. One of the smaller Rochester grocery stores put up this sign in the show window:—

> "Like all other good citizens, we have put our telephone out of business. But our customers will not be inconvenienced, because we have arranged to put on an extra call wagon to take the orders that used to come by telephone."

"An extra call wagon" meant the wages of a boy at $240 a year, keeping a horse at $240 a year, the investment for horse and wagon, and at least $100 a year for wear and tear. Here was an item of over $600 a year imposed upon one small merchant, that was saved by the use of the telephone.

When it is considered that the business methods of the Bell Company deprived hundreds of thousands of small merchants, throughout the country, of the use of the telephone during eighteen years, it is easy to realize the tremendous economic damage inflicted in this field by the trust. True, it may be stated that there was no reason why every small merchant in the land should not have had a telephone, if he was willing to pay the price and accept the conditions laid down. But that is begging the question. The price asked in every case was exorbitant, and the conditions arbitrary. It was because of this exorbitant price and arbitrary treatment that the spirit of resentment was bred throughout the land that prompted the people to take the telephone business into their own hands as soon as the law would let them.

About 1891, there were many complaints of poor service, and experiments showed that the complaints were due principally to improper handling of the Blake transmitters, then in common use. A young man, named Lyon, had shown himself very apt in the Chicago laboratories of the Bell Manufacturing Company, in readjusting the Blake transmitters and getting excellent service out of them. He was, accordingly, sent on to New York, where the complaints were most numerous, and, under his instruction, a company of experts was organized to readjust all the instruments. The service complaints ceased wherever the experts were sent out. While they were yet only fairly started on their work, the present form of so-called "long-distance" or solid-back transmitter was perfected by Anthony C. White, one of the Bell engineers. Immediately, the Bell people saw another opportunity to give the public a twist. They began to push "long-distance equipment." This consisted of the substitution of the White for the Blake transmitter, and the installation of a double copper wire for the ordinary iron wire. Altogether, the change of equipment involved an outlay not exceeding twenty-five dollars for each subscriber. But the public was led to believe that it meant a great investment for all sorts of mysterious items. In New York City, for example, "long-distance equipment" was charged for at the rate of $100 a year over "ordinary equipment," or $220 instead of $120. In spite of this large increase, quite a number of the big New York business houses put in the "long distance." The majority of subscribers, however, were quite content with the Blake equipment,—"Especially," as many of the Bell's patrons were indiscreet enough to say, "since your adjusters came around and fixed our transmitters."

Here was a situation to make the Bell managers gnash their teeth. The work which they had foolishly set Lyon and his men to doing now promised to keep thousands from falling into the alluring "long-distance" trap.

The first thing done was to discharge the astonished Mr. Lyon, and transfer his helpers to another department. Thereafter, the complaints of poor service with the Blakes, instead of being amended by a readjustment of the transmitters, were met with the suggestion of installing "long-distance" equipment. This, and this alone, the grumbling subscribers were told, could bring relief. Otherwise the company could do nothing for them. Naturally, this canvass had its effect, and the $220 service was subscribed for at a rate that would have satisfied souls less greedy. But, after the first flush of success and satisfaction, it was decided that the new rate must be forced into general use, and the old rate of $120 entirely abrogated, through the medium of the "long-distance" scheme.

After consultation with the officers of the parent

company in Boston, as to ways and means, a "special conference" of heads of departments was called. As a result of this conference, it was decided that no contracts would be renewed or accepted except for the "long-distance" equipment. If the people of New York were so foolish as not to want the best,—why, the best must be forced on them at an increase of $100 a year to the Bell treasury. The point was clearly conceded that this meant the falling away of many subscribers who could not or would not pay the big increase. But the old policy, "small service and high rates," was controlling, and the public might go hang. There was a terrible howl from this same public when the ultimatum was presented, but it could "take it or leave it," and that was all the answer the Bell people would make.

Incidents like these could be multiplied indefinitely. They were occurring all the time, in every part of the Union where the telephone was in service. The "long-distance" game is still being worked, in some communities not protected by competition, in spite of the fact that no other sort of equipment is now put out by any company that understands its business.

Nor is this the only method by which the public is being jockeyed at non-competitive points. In New York City the trust was recently threatened with a legislative investigation, as the result of an organized outcry against its exorbitant rates. The protest was led by the New York "Herald," and, for a time, it actually looked as if the legislature might really do something,—a serious chance, in view of the queer habit legislative investigation committees in the Empire State have developed lately of actually going to the bottom of things. To meet this alarming contingency, the telephone company made a "voluntary cut in rates." The public rejoiced, and is still rejoicing. But if the good people will scrutinize their new rates a little more closely, they will find that the "cut" is really more on the surface than down below, where the money is paid. The reduction, such as it is, applies only to the fixed yearly rental for instruments and other equipment. As even under this reduced rental the subscriber is still taxed each year with a sum representing the total cost of this equipment, the generosity of the company is not very sorely taxed here. The message rate, the real source of cost to the subscriber, is left as high as ever, and the "excess" rate is actually raised one cent a message under the "notice of reduction" sent by this generous company to my office. We have a "flat" contract based on two thousand, seven hundred messages a year. On this I am granted, under the "voluntary reduction," a cut of twenty-seven dollars a year. But the same document that provides for this "cut" provides also for an increased rate of six cents for each additional message over the two thousand, seven hundred, instead of five cents, as was provided in the old contract. Therefore, if we have in our office an excess during the year of two thousand, seven hundred messages, we will, in the end, be paying exactly what we paid before. Clever, is n't it?

And yet the Merchants' Association, of New York, a most dignified body, has issued a most solemn report expressing its unqualified satisfaction with the telephone situation as it now stands in the metropolis, and declaring that a competing system is not to be encouraged for a moment. Small wonder the telephone company has had copies of this fine report printed in handsome form for general distribution. It reads like a brief for the telephone people; yet it was made in all honesty by the most public spirited and influential body in the city, after months of labor and research. The trouble was simply that the good merchants did n't know. They were led by the nose by the smooth Bell gentlemen, as many another merchants' association has been led before them in other cities. After a while they will learn that they have been tricked, as these other associations learned. And then there will be real trouble, and a demand for an independent system. The association members will see the absurdity—not to say dishonesty,—of a proposition which, put in terms that a merchant can understand, comes to this:—

"We have been charging you thirty dollars for one thousand yards of calico, under a contract that you will take at least one thousand yards a year, and for each yard in excess of one thousand, we have been charging you two cents. Now we propose to grant you a voluntary reduction by charging only twenty dollars for the first one thousand yards, but we will have to ask you to pay us three cents for each additional yard, instead of two, as heretofore."

Would n't that make a Chinese mandarin laugh? Yet it is thoroughly characteristic of the Bell system. Such methods have always been characteristic of its system. It was the application of these methods from the start that prepared the ground so admirably for that "uprising of the people" which was deemed inconceivable, but which came, nevertheless, to pass, sweeping out the Bell company's monopoly in the greater part of the land. This "uprising" was truly extraordinary, in view of the conditions the independents had to meet.

Even before the decision of the supreme court, in 1887, which gave the Bell Telephone Company an ironclad monopoly, a perfect organization had been perfected by the controlling spirits in the company. It differed only slightly from the system now in control. The country was divided into districts, in each of which

a licensee or local operating company was organized. These companies were required to turn over to the American Bell Telephone Company, in Boston, anywhere from fifty-one to sixty-five per cent. of their stock, to find all the capital for building their plants, and to execute contracts under the terms of which they bound themselves to lease telephone transmitters and receivers from the parent company, at an annual rental averaging about fourteen dollars a year for the set. As these parts cost to make something less than four dollars, there was here, to start with, a magnificent profit of ten dollars a year on each set, a profit which, of course, the telephone user had to pay.

Furthermore, the local companies were required to bind themselves by contract to purchase their switchboards and most of their other supplies from the manufacturing department of the American Bell Company. This department was afterwards organized into what is now known as the Western Electric Company, with factories in New York and Chicago. There were some individual stockholders in this concern, and are, to-day, but the majority of the stock was owned by the American Bell Telephone Company. Here, then, was another source of great profit, as all the equipment manufactured was turned over to the operating companies, at a high figure, sometimes 100 per cent. higher than the same equipment and supplies could be bought for in the open market. The burden of this profit was shifted on to the subscribers. Finally, when the "long-distance" scheme developed, a third source of profit was added to the machinery of the controlling concern in Boston. The local companies had no participation at all in the "long-distance" tolls, nor have they, to-day, as this money goes entirely into the coffers of the parent concern. There were a few among the licensee companies that were exempt from a number of these exactions, but they were not sufficiently general to make their consideration worth while.

During later years, there have been several changes in the plan of organization; but, on the whole, the original scheme has been adhered to. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which handled the long-distance business, has been substituted for the American Bell Company as the controlling company, the latter existing now merely as a holding concern for the various patents that have been granted from time to time. Of the local or sub-licensee companies, there are now forty, or, rather, thirty-nine, as the Empire State and the Central New York Companies, operating in adjacent territory in central New York, have recently been consolidated.

It was a perfect organization such as this that the independents had to face when they started in opposition, in 1894: a huge, smooth-moving machine of unlimited power, backed by hundreds of millions of capital. There were two weak spots in the machine, however. It had the active enmity of the American people, and its management was in charge of men who believed that the telephone business was theirs by right, and must always remain theirs. The tremendous weapon of monopoly, placed in their hands by the supreme court, had made them arrogant and intolerant. They had come to believe, and believe honestly, that any one who attempted to enter the telephone field, no matter through what gate, was a lawbreaker,—an infringer,—an interloper.

John E. Hudson, who had, at this time, succeeded Bell's father-in-law as the dominating figure in the American Bell Company, was the embodiment of this spirit. He was a man of strong character, able as an executive, but thoroughly spoiled by the atmosphere of monopoly in which he had been bred. It was from him, after Hubbard, that the entire Bell organization took its cue. The public must pay what the monopoly demanded, or go without telephones. The existence of competition must not be recognized. It could not exist lawfully. This had been made clear to the minds of Mr. Hudson and his associates and subordinates by the brutally successful way in which it had been stamped out in 1887, under the sanction of the highest court in the land. One had only to point to the photographs that perpetuated the bonfires fed by contraband telephones to prove that all attempts at competition with the great American Bell Company were illegal,—things to be crushed under foot. There might be piratical opposition, but legitimate business competition, never. The Hubbard perpetual-monopoly idea was in full control. There was no surer way to arouse the wrath and contempt of Mr. Hudson than to suggest that there was really in existence a competing telephone exchange, the inroads of which should be met by the reduction of Bell rates, the installation of more modern apparatus, or the fairer treatment of the public. Anything but that! It might be necessary to buy the opposing rascals off, as one would other dangerous blackmailers, but to suggest that one should treat them as honest rivals, to be competed with for public favor by cheaper and better service, was out of the question and not to be thought of for a moment.

A few Bell managers, who were being sorely pressed, ventured to make such suggestions; but they almost lost their official heads. Thereafter, when reports were made to headquarters of the opening of an independent exchange, they were generally coupled with the statement that "the opposition is meeting with no encouragement, is making no progress, and will soon die out," or words to that effect. Opposition was never more than a flash in the pan to Mr. Hudson, even when he lay on his

deathbed, and a million independent telephones were in actual operation. Now and then an exception was made and rates were lowered, but only toward the end, when Mr. Hudson had already begun to grow weak physically and lose control.

Just before the expiration of the controlling patent, in 1893, James E. Keelyn, of Chicago,—who afterwards built dozens of independent exchanges,—went down to Boston to see Mr. Hudson. He pointed out that there were thousands of small towns in which the Bell Company had never found it desirable to give service, or from which it had withdrawn because it could not get enough subscribers at the rates demanded. Mr. Keelyn suggested that he be allowed to develop these towns independently, and to equip them with apparatus that he would manufacture or buy in the open market, or from the Bell Manufacturing Company. He guaranteed to turn over all toll business to the Bell licensees that controlled the territory, building his own connections without cost to any of Mr. Hudson's underlying corporations. The proposition was rejected with scorn.

"Our contracts with our sub-companies," said Mr. Hudson, "give them exclusive operating privileges; if they do not choose to develop any town, or if they withdraw from it, they must have good and sufficient reasons. We will not tolerate any independent exchange or break into our organized system. We can not have dealings with you or any one else."

It is certainly the irony of fate that the Bell people now have scores of high-priced agents in the field, canvassing for just such arrangements with the independents, begging for toll-line connections, and offering to leave the local field entirely to the latter.

It is further irony that it is the independents who are to-day fighting as an organization against such arrangements. As I write, I have before me a clipping from the "American Telephone Journal," of November 4, 1905, which illustrates in grim fashion this turning of the tables. It reads as follows:—

At a meeting of independent telephone men of the eighth district of the Indiana Independent Telephone Association, at Rushville, October 20, a resolution was passed pledging all independent telephone companies of the district to refrain from any further service connection with any company that has a connection, direct or indirect, with any sub-licensee of the Bell Company. The independents have nearly everything their own way in the eighth district. There are over 21,000 independent telephones in the five counties, against 1,100 of the Bell Company.

Experience has shown that, whenever any service arrangements are entered into between independent and Bell companies, the independent company ultimately passes under the absolute control of the Bell, and in the end is swallowed up. There have been quite a number of independents who fell to this bait, but such instances are now rare. When they occur, the independents regard them as out-and-out Bell people. Reversing the old conditions, independent connections are cut off, as shown in the clipping above, and the territory is rebuilt by a new independent company, financed and managed locally. This is always made possible because, sooner or later, the former independent company, under Bell stimulus, raises its rates and chafes its subscribers with the machine-made regulations turned out from Boston. The result is a new "uprising of the people," the granting of a new franchise, the sapping of the old exchange, and the upbuilding of the new.

How New York Newsboys "Make Good"

RUDOLPH HEIG, superintendent of the Newsboy's Lodging House, New York, gave the following table of statistics regarding the fate of nearly one thousand former protégés of the institution:—

Governor of a state,	1
Governor of a territory,	1
Members of congress,	2
Sheriffs,	2
District Attorneys,	2
City attorneys,	1
Members of state legislatures,	4
County commissioners,	3
Judge,	1
Bankers,	27
Merchants,	22
Civil engineer,	1
Business clerks,	460
Lawyers,	34
Physicians,	17
Postmasters,	8
Railroad officials,	3
Railroad men,	36
Real estate agents,	10
Journalists,	15
Teachers,	82
High school principals,	4
Superintendent,	1
Clergymen,	21

"There have been many college-bred youths with wealthy parents who have failed to make as good a record in business life as have the newsboys of New York," said Mr. Heig. "A boy who pays his own way through college or who obtains for himself a fairly good education, and in the meantime secures a good practical knowledge of business methods, will outdistance a boy with wealth every time."

Wages
's

omes, now,
themselves,

to work in
il, with no
There are
he United
their little
eir blouses,
band. Now
the chance
he uses her
ntly she is
is and cir-
n employer
lucation in
to improve
id in a few
i; or, some-
l secretary,
suggestion,
a week in-
Any edito-
sped the re-
Maeterlinck
thousand
empt to fill
ound along
k neck rib-
iuse of this,
retty type-
would bring
o try other
ve so much
ness for the
ndependent
ist forty of
re from two
paign time,

to emerge.
buyer, but
per cent; the
. A college
e, once took
ot lay aside
irt; in fact,
ight appear
ree dollars a
n; the other
he morning
f this diet,
ore provided
them,) and
owded with
elf-betrayal:
id shout de-

to the Con-
o humanize
not enter a
rnative that
. These pin-
re death and
sources, for
y have their
inselfishness
the value of

there there
ndered, and
f life among
conditions.
l the woman
salers,—who
and earns,
and haggard
always at her
soon as they
woman, de-
on neckties,
nd died with
n to find the
ty cents due
tance. They
a city still
o had been
the terrible
a home, but
t their faces.
but they are
year, where

lge, perhaps
n, that led to
rs ago, of a
y congress in
en who were
re to gather.
men,—single

or widowed; and masculine privileges were to be thrown open to all. Public opinion should make it a disgrace for a woman to be without a means of self-support and she was to control her own fortune as well as make it. The private seal of the proposed state expressed the restrained and magnanimous sentiment, "Have very little to do with men, but recommend all good men to God." Bad men were obviously to be left to shift for themselves, without even God to fall back on. The idea was put forth with moving earnestness, but for some reason it did not take very well. Perhaps, to the average frail-minded sister, the prospect seemed a little dreary. The plan may have sprung vengefully out of bitter personal wrongs at the hands of man; but I suspect that some spinster bosom, burning with acrid fire for her unbetrayed sex, was the real origin. The women who have suffered most from man are not, as a rule, those who turn on him, for out of the depths they bring understanding, which is the mother of tolerance.

As a sign of the times, the idea had significance; it is a fantastic excrescence of a great, serious movement. In the last half century women have opened the door and walked out into the world. At first one emerged defiantly and extravagantly, to be hissed and pelted, or with timorous shrinking and a clinging hand on the nearest coat sleeve, but now all may come out quite simply and unconsciously, inconspicuous in the swelling crowd. Part of this freedom they owe to the pioneers, the breakers of ground who were not afraid of ridicule and oppression; part to electricity, which has brought light and safety to the streets and sent gregarious trolleys in every direction; part to the growth of medical science, which has come to prescribe active use of mind and body to what it once called exclusively "females;" and a great part to the sad necessities created by the Civil War, which forced gentlewomen all over the country to go out and support themselves and their helpless families.

There is evil in the change as well as good; but, whether we like it or not, it is here to stay. Women need not go to work; but, if they will, they may, and almost the only work denied them is that for which they are physically unfit. A heavy responsibility rests on their undertakings. When a man fails, it is his individual fate, but a woman's failure is made a matter of sex, with the prompt summary, "Women can't do that, anyway." By and by, when their training shall be more sound, and their judgment shall have become developed by experience, these summaries will gradually disappear, and with them, let us hope, will go the wearisome old counterplea and plaint, "We women!" "We workers!"—that will be the wholesome symbol of the generation that is to come.

How Some Professional Beggars Work

THERE is a house on Forty-fourth Street near Broadway, New York, that has a unique clientele of beggars, and the woman who answers the bell has a well-developed sense of humor.

One beggar, a regular breakfaster, comes every morning, and even complains if the food is not appetizing. The woman who serves him asks solicitously how he liked yesterday's breakfast. One day, when she was out, the lady of the house answered the beggar's demand. She gave him coffee and rolls from the breakfast table. He exclaimed, scornfully, "The idea of giving a husky man a breakfast like that,—coffee and rolls! Hain't you got a bit of meat you could put between the rolls?"

Another beggar, known in that neighborhood as "Cheese, the Beggar," is an old woman, who carries a huge covered basket on each arm.

"Could you give an old woman some bread?" is her standard speech. "But," advises the lady on Forty-fourth Street, "when Cheese, the Beggar, asks for bread, she should be given a stone. I handed her a fresh loaf of bread. She looked disappointed, and, lifting the covers of each basket, showed nothing but bread,—bread.

"'I am tired to death of bread,' she said, with a weary sigh. 'Can't you give me anything else? I'm not on a diet. I could digest other things if I could get to 'em.'"

Another mendicant is called "Patch." He takes his wife with him. She is his stock in trade, for his story is made convincing by her clever acting. Patch has such an inoffensive, almost apologetic air that one is not only willing, but anxious to help him. He calls upon some prosperous-looking man, and confidentially tells him that his wife has been turned out of Bellevue Hospital that very morning, and that she has no place to sleep when night comes. He has ten cents toward a bed. Could you patch up a quarter for him?

Patch tackled the gentleman of the Forty-fourth Street house one morning, as he was going down the steps to business. Imagine the surprise of this man, who had given him two dollars and was at peace with his conscience, thanking Heaven he was able to do it,—when, before noon of the same day, he saw the little wife standing doing her stunt of looking sick. Patch approached him, and, without the slightest look of recognition in his eye, told him the same story.

"I thought I did patch up that quarter once to-day," seemed the right answer to give the man with the little bedless wife.

Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.—EMERSON.

HILLIPS

her words
n they did.
ıy caution
; down on
. "I know
im see me
: him very
think and

ır, after a
they were
m" gone.
ind," she

ınd slave,
spend my
ır? Is n't

deals in;
n't believe
ter than—

ly. "I 'm
envied the
ause their
ulture and
hem, too,
to see how
gar,—they
ey thought
stand be-
ather *is* a
d before."
heeks and
me out all
know just
o it well."
well," said
he was in
to dream
ith good-
the mat-
hings you
say, Dory

ıeet his eyes
e him," she

ıld,—would

plied. "Be-
woman.' I
one."
sed.
ss?"
orizing is,"
urge me to

e for Ross, I
now it."

rted. "You
our praising
s father and
es of him."
le ashamed.
is," said he.
see. How-
al of a man

so silly and
fer a combi-
, and I hope
wards."
judicial that
is friend and
good enough
en, who is?
's best fitted
y get going!
one."
oad up from
ves to rest;
ast, dreamy
shimmering
aped in gau-
inspired the
h, to breathe
ıg thing, pal-
k that would
think in the
ere not based

close to the water's edge or rose less abruptly, there were cultivated fields; and in each field, far or near, men were at work. These browned, blue-shirted toilers determined the turn of Adelaide's thoughts.

"It does n't seem right, does it," said she, "that so many—almost everybody,—should have to work so hard just to get enough to eat and to wear and a place to sleep, when there 's so much of everything in the world,—and when a few like us do n't have to work at all and have much more than they need, simply because one happened to be born in such or such conditions. I suppose it 's got to be so, but it certainly looks unjust, —and silly."

"I 'm not sure the workers have n't the best of it," replied Arthur. "They have the dinner; we have only the dessert; and I guess one gets tired of only desserts, no matter how great the variety."

"It 's a stupid world in lots of ways, is n't it?" said his sister.

"Not so stupid as it used to be, when everybody said and thought it was as good as possible," replied he. "You see it 's the people in the world that make it stupid. For instance, do you suppose you and I, or anybody, would care for idling about and doing all sorts of things our better judgment tells us are inane, if it were n't that most of our fellow beings are stupid enough to admire and envy that sort of thing, and that we are stupid enough to want to be admired and envied by stupid people?"

"Did you notice the Sandys' English butler?" asked Adelaide.

"*Did* I? I 'll bet he keeps every one in the Sandys family up to the mark."

"That 's it," continued Adelaide. "He 's a poor creature, dumb and ignorant. He knows only one thing,—snobbishness. Yet every one of us was in terror of his opinion. No doubt kings feel the same way about the people around them. Always what 's expected of us,—and by whom? Why, by people who have little sense and less knowledge. They run the world, do n't they?"

"As Dory Hargrave says," said her brother, "the only scheme for making things better that 's worth talking about is raising the standards of the masses, because their standards are ours. We 'll be fools and unjust as long as they 'll let us. And they 'll let us as long as they 're ignorant."

By inheritance both had excellent minds, shrewd and with that cast of humor which fights for justice of judgment by mocking at the solemn frauds of interest and prejudice. But, as is often the case with the children of the rich and the well-to-do, there had been no necessity for either to use intellect; their parents and hirelings of various degrees, paid with their father's generously given money, had done their thinking for them. All animal creation is as lazy as it dares be, and man is no exception. Thus, the Ranger children, like all other normal children of luxury, rarely made what would have been, for their fallow minds, the arduous exertion of real thinking. When those minds were not on pastimes or personalities they were either rattling round in their heads or exchanging the ideas, real and reputed, that happened to be drifting about, at the moment, in their "set." Those ideas they and their friends received, and stored up or passed on, with never a thought as to whether they were true or false, much as they used coins or notes they took in and paid out. Arthur and Adelaide soon wearied of the groping about in the mystery of human society,—how little direct interest it had for them then! They drove on and took up again those personalities about friends, acquaintances, and social life that are to thinking somewhat as massage is to exercise,—all the motions of real activity, but none of its spirit. They stopped for two calls and tea on the fashionable Bluffs. When they reached home, well content with tandem, drive, themselves, their friends, and life in general, they found Hiram Ranger returned from work, though it was only half past five, and stretched on the sofa in the sitting room, with his eyes shut. At this unprecedented spectacle of inactivity, they looked at each other in vague alarm; they were stealing away, when he called: "I 'm not asleep."

Adelaide knelt beside him and gazed anxiously into his face.

He smiled, roused himself to a sitting posture with well concealed effort. "Your father 's getting old," he said, hiding his tragedy of aching body and aching heart and impending doom in a hypocrisy of cheerfulness that would have passed muster even had he not been above suspicion. "I 'm not up to the mark of the last generation. Your grandfather was fifty when I was born, and he did n't die till I was fifty."

His face shadowed; Adelaide—glancing round for the cause, saw Simeon, half sitting, half standing in the doorway, humble apology on his weazened, whiskered face, and looking so like her memory-picture of her grandfather that she almost burst out laughing. "Do n't be hard on the poor old gentleman, father," she cried. "How can you resist that appeal? Tell him to come in and make himself at home."

As her father did not answer, she glanced at him. He had not heard her; he was staring straight ahead with an expression of fathomless melancholy. The smile faded from her face, from her heart, as the light fades before the oncoming shadow of night. Presently he was absent-mindedly but tenderly stroking her hair, as if he were thinking of her so intensely that he had become unconscious of her physical presence. The

apparition of Simeon had set him to gathering before him in gloomy assembly a vast number of circumstances about his two children; each circumstance was so trivial in itself that by itself it seemed foolishly inconsequential; yet, in the mass, they bore upon his heart, upon his conscience, so heavily that his very shoulders stooped with the weight. "You must put your house in order," the newcomer within him was solemnly warning; and Hiram was puzzling over his meaning and was dreading what that meaning might presently reveal itself to be. "Put your house in order," muttered Hiram, an inquiring echo of that voice within.

"What did you say, father?" asked Adelaide, timidly laying her hand on his arm. Though she knew he was simple, she felt the vastness in him that was awe-inspiring,—just as a mountain or an ocean, a mere aggregation of simple matter, is in the total majestic and splendid and incomprehensible. Beside him, the complex little individualities among her acquaintances seemed like the acrostics of a puzzle column.

"Leave me with your brother for a little while," he said.

Her heart grew sick with dread. She looked quickly and furtively at Arthur and admired his perfect self-possession,—for she knew his heart must be heavier than her own. She rose from her knees, laid her hand lingeringly upon her father's broad shoulder, then slowly left the room. Simeon, forgotten, looked up at her and scratched his head; he turned in behind her, caught the edge of her skirt and bore it like a queen's page.

The son watched the father, whose powerful features were set in an expression that seemed stern only because his eyes were hid, gazing steadily at the floor. It was the father who broke the silence. "What do you calculate to do—now?" he asked.

"Tutor this summer and have another go at those exams. in September. I'll have no trouble in rejoining my class. I sailed just a little too close to the wind,—that's all."

"What does that mean?" inquired the father. College was a mystery to him, a deeply respected mystery. He had been the youngest of four sons. Their mother's dream had been the dream of all the mothers of those pioneer and frontier days,—to send her sons to college. Each son in turn had, with her assistance, tried to get together the sum so small, yet so hugely large,—necessary to make the start. But fate, disguised now as sickness, now as crop failure, now as flood and again as war, had been too strong for them. Hiram had come nearest and his defeat had broken his mother's heart and almost broken his own. It was therefore, with a sense of prying into hallowed mysteries that he began to investigate his son's college career.

"Well, you know," Arthur proceeded to explain, "there are five grades,—A, B, C, D, and E. I aimed for C, but several things came up—interfered,—and I—just missed D."

"Is C the highest?"

Arthur smiled faintly. "Well,—not in one sense. It's what's called the gentleman's grade. All the fellows that are the right sort are in it—or in D."

"And what did *you* get?"

"I got E. That means I have to try again."

Hiram began to understand. So *this* was the hollowed mystery of higher education. He was sitting motionless, his elbows on his knees, his big chest and shoulders inclined forward, his gaze fixed upon a wreath of red roses in the pattern of the moquette carpet, that carpet upon which Adelaide, backed by Arthur, had waged vain war as the worst of the many, to cultured nerves, trying exhibitions of "primitive taste" in Mrs. Ranger's best rooms. When Hiram spoke, his lips barely opened and his voice had no expression. His next question was: "What does *A* mean?"

"The A men are those that keep their noses in their books. They're a narrow set,—have no ideas,—think the book side is the only side of a college education."

"Then you do n't go to college to learn what 's in the books?"

"Oh, of course, the books are part of it. But the real thing is association,—the friendships one makes, the knowledge of human nature and of—of life."

"What does that mean?"

Arthur had been answering his father's questions in sort of a flurry, though he had been glib enough. He had had no fear that his father would appreciate that he was getting only half truths, or, rather, truths prepared skillfully for paternal consumption; his flurry had come from a sense that he was himself not doing quite the manly, the courageous thing. Now, however, something in the tone of the last question, or, perhaps, some element that was lacking, roused in him a suspicion of depth in his simple unworldly father, and swift upon this awakening came a realization that he was floundering in that depth,—and in grave danger of submersion. He shifted nervously when his father, without looking up and without putting any expression into his voice, repeated: "What do you mean by associations—and life—and—all that?"

"I can't explain exactly," replied Arthur. "It would take a long time."

"I have n't asked you to be brief."

"I can't put it into words."

"Why not?"

"You would misunderstand."

"Why?"

Arthur made no reply.

"Then you can't tell me what you go to college for?"

Again the young man looked perplexedly at his father.

There was no anger in that tone,—no emotion of any kind. But what was the meaning of the *look*, the look of a sorrow that was tragic?

"I know you think I 've disgraced you, father, and myself," said Arthur. "But it is n't so,—really, it is n't. No one—not even the faculty,—thinks the less of me. This sort of thing often occurs in our set."

"Your 'set?'"

"Among the fellows I travel with,—they 're the nicest men in Harvard. They 're in all the best clubs—and lead in supporting the athletics, and—and,—their fathers are among the richest, the most distinguished men in the country. There are only about twenty or thirty of us, and we make the pace for the whole show,—the whole university, I mean. Everybody admires and envies us,—wants to be in our set. Even the grinds look up to us, and imitate us when they can. We give the tone to the university!"

"What is 'the tone?'"

Again Arthur shifted uneasily. "It 's hard to explain that sort of thing. It 's a sort of—of manner. It 's knowing how to do the—the right sort of thing."

"What is the right sort of thing?"

"I can 't put it into words. It 's what makes you look at one man and say, 'He 's a gentleman;' and look at another and see that he is n't."

"What is a 'gentleman'—at Harvard?"

"Just what it is anywhere."

"What is it anywhere?"

Again Arthur was silent.

"Then there are only twenty or thirty gentlemen at Harvard? And the catalogue says there are three thousand or more students."

"Oh,—of course,"—began Arthur. But he stopped short. How could he make his father, ignorant of "the world" and dominated by primitive ideas, understand the Harvard ideal? So subtle and evanescent, so much a matter of the most delicate shadings was this ideal that he himself often found the distinction quite hazy between it and that which looked disquietingly like "tommy rot."

"And these gentlemen,—these here friends of yours,—your 'set,' as you call 'em,—what are they aiming for?"

Arthur did not answer. It would be most hopeless to try to make Hiram Ranger understand, much less tolerate, an ideal of life that was elegant leisure, the patronage of literature and art, music, the drama, the turf, and the pursuit of culture and polite extravagance, wholly aloof from the frenzied and vulgar jostling of the market place.

With a mighty heave of the shoulders which, if it had found outward relief, would have been a sigh, Hiram Ranger advanced to the hard part of the task which the mandate, "Put your house in order," had straightway set for him. He took from his coat pocket a small bundle of papers, the records of Arthur's college expenses. The idea of keeping accounts with his children had been abhorrent to him. The absolute necessity of business method had forced him to make some records, and these he had expected to destroy without anyone but himself knowing of their existence. But in the new circumstances he felt that he must not let his own false shame push the young man still further from the right course. Arthur watched him as he opened each paper in the bundle slowly, spread it out, and seemed to peruse it deliberately before laying it on his knee; and, dim though the boy's conception of his father was, he did not understand the feelings behind that painful reluctance. Hiram held the last paper in a hand that trembled. He coughed, made several attempts to speak, and finally began: "Your first year at Harvard, you spent seventeen hundred dollars. Your second year, you spent fifty-three hundred. Your last year,— Are all your bills in?"

"There are a few" murmured Arthur.

"How much?"

He flushed hotly.

"Do n't you know?" With this question his father lifted his eyes without lifting his shaggy eyebrows.

"About four or five thousand—in all,—including the tailors and other tradespeople."

A pink spot appeared in the left cheek of the old man,—very bright against the gray-white of his skin. Somehow, he did not like that word "tradespeople," though it seemed harmless enough. "This last year, the total was," said he, still monotonously, "ninety-eight hundred odd,—if the bills I have n't got are no more than five thousand."

"A dozen of the men spent several times that much," protested Arthur.

"What for?" inquired his father.

"Not for dissipation, father," replied the young man, eagerly. "Dissipation is considered bad form in our set,"

"What do you mean by dissipation?"

"Drinking—and—all that sort of thing," Arthur replied. "It 's considered ungentlemanly, nowadays,—drinking to excess, I mean."

"What do you spend the money for?"

"For good quarters and pictures, and patronizing the sports, and club dues, and entertainments, and things to drive in,—for living as a man should."

"You 've spent two thousand, three hundred dollars for tutoring since you 've been there."

"Everybody has to have tutoring—more or less."

"What did you do with the money *you* made?"

"What money, father?"

"The money you made tutoring. You said everybody had to have tutoring. I suppose you did your share."

Arthur did not smile at this "ignorance of the world;" he grew red, and stammered, "Oh, I meant everybody in our set."

"Then who does the tutoring? Who 're the nobodies that tutor the everybodies?"

Arthur grew cold, then hot. He was cornered, therefore roused. He stood, leaned against the table, and faced his father defiantly. "I see what you 're driving at, father," he said. "You feel that I 've wasted time and money at college, because I have n't lived like a dog and grubbed in books day in and day out, and filled my head with a lot of musty stuff; because I 've tried to get what I believe to be the broadest knowledge and experience; because I 've associated only with the best men, the fellows that come from the good families. You accept the bluff the faculty puts up of pretending the A fellows are really the A fellows, when, in fact, everybody there and all the graduates and everyone everywhere who knows the world knows that the fellows in our set are the ones the university is proud of,—the fellows with manners and appearance and—"

"The gentlemen," interjected the father, who had not changed either his position or his expression.

"Yes,—the gentlemen!" exclaimed Arthur. "There are other ideals of life besides buying and selling."

"And working?" suggested Hiram.

"Yes,—and what you call working," retorted Arthur, angry through and through. "You sent me East to college to get an education—for a man in my position."

"What is your position?" inquired Ranger,—simply an inquiry.

"Your son," replied the young man; "trying to make the best use of the opportunities you 've worked so hard to get for me. I 'm not you, father. You 'd despise me if I did n't have a character, an individuality, of my own. Yet, because I can 't see life as you see it, you are angry with me."

For answer Hiram only heaved his great shoulders in another suppressed sigh. He *knew* profoundly that he was right, yet his son's plausibilities—they could only be plausibilities,—put him clearly in the wrong. "We 'll see," he said: "we 'll see. You 're wrong in thinking I 'm angry, boy." He was looking at his son now, and his eyes made his son 's passion vanish. He got up and went to the young man and laid his hand on his shoulder in a gesture of affection that moved the son the more profoundly because it was unprecedented. "If there 's been any wrong done," said the old man,—and he looked very, very old now,—"I 've done it. I 'm to blame,—not you."

As soon as the father left the room, Adelaide hurried in. A glance at her brother reassured her. They stood at the window watching him as he walked up and down the garden, his hands behind his back, his shoulders stooped, his powerful head bent.

"Was he very angry?" asked Adelaide.

"He was n't angry at all," her brother replied. "I'd much rather he had been." Then, after a pause, he added: "I thought the trouble between us was that, while I understood him, he did n't understand me. Now I know that he has understood me but that I do n't understand him,"—and, after a pause,—"or myself."

[To be continued in Success Magazine for April]

The Variety in Language

WHEREVER we may have been born, we use and accept as ours one language, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; it is hard, therefore, for us to realize that in some parts of Europe the real language of the country is confined to the use of the peasant population. In parts of Belgium, for instance, Flemish is used by the workman, servants, cabmen, and the poorest classes, French is the speech of the rest of the population. The street signs are printed in both. In Finland, the peasants speak only Finnish. In the towns, Swedish (which has no relation whatever to Finnish,) is spoken, whereas the official language of the courts is Russian. Cultivated Finns depend for their literature largely upon the outside world, and are, therefore, conversant with English, French, and German.

Germany is fairly uniform in speech, but there are two million Wends living in or near the fens and forests of the upper Spree. These have kept their national customs and their Slavic speech, despite the progress of the modern Germans about them. They publish six journals.

Although, in America, we have large numbers of people whose mother tongue is one of the more difficult and rarer languages, this class of the population is not very apparent in our national life.

It is interesting to note that a Russian paper appears in New York, three Swedish ones in Chicago, one in Brooklyn, one in Manhattan, and one in Salt Lake City, a Slovakian monthly in Pittsburg, a Slovenian weekly in Tower, Minnesota, a Hungarian weekly in Cleveland, a Norwegian biweekly in Chicago, and a Danish weekly in Cedar Falls, Iowa. The "Wostotschnoje Obosrenje," (Eastern Observer,) published in far Irkutsk, sounds cold and lonely. Among the specialty journals one finds, in addition to dozens of ordinary papers, the following: "The Dancing Teacher," "Furniture Moving," "Boarding-House Interests," "Stone Setter," "Engagement Advertiser," "Plasterers and Stucco-Workers' Paper," "Chimney Sweeps' Organ," and the "Corset Advertisers."

Captain Joe and the "Susie Ann"

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

[*Concluded from page 155*]

at the bowsprit of the sloop in one of her dives, and were then on the stern ready to pay out a line to the yawl. No,—he'd hold on "till hell froze over."

A hawser now ripped suddenly from out the crest of a roller. The two cats, despite the increasing gale, had succeeded in paying out a stern line to the men in the yawl; had slipped it through the snatch block fastened in the spar buoy, and had then connected it with the line they had brought with them from the island, its far end being around the drum of our hoister.

A shrill cry now came from one of the crew in the yawl alongside the spar buoy, followed instantly by the clear, ringing order! "GO AHEAD!"

Now a burst of feathery steam plumed skyward, and then the slow "chuggity-chug" of our drum cogs rose in the air. The stern line straightened until it was as rigid as a bar of iron, sagged for an instant under the slump of the staggering sloop, straightened again, and remained rigid.

Captain Joe looked over his shoulder, noted the widening distance, and leaped back to the inshore rocks. The sloop, held by the stern line, crept back to safety.

* * * * * * *

The New London dock was crowded with anxious faces,—Abram Marrows and his wife among them,—when, late that afternoon, the tug, with Captain Joe and me on board, reached moorings. It had been an anxious day along the shore road. The squall, which had blown for half an hour and had then slunk away toward Little Gull, grumbling as it went, had sent everything that could seek shelter bowling into New London Harbor under close reefs. It had also started Marrows and his wife to the dock, where they had stood for hours straining their eyes seaward, each incoming vessel, as she swooped past the dock into the inner basin, adding to their anxiety.

"Would n't give a keg o' sp'ilt fish for her. Ain't a livin' chance o' savin' her," bellowed the captain of a fishing smack, as he swept by, boom under, the water curling over the rail. "She went slap ag'in them chunks o' cut stone!" shouted the mate of a tug through the window of a pilot house. "Got her off with her bow split open, but they can't keep her free! Sunk by now, I guess," yelled one of the crew of a dory making for the shipyard.

As each bulletin was shouted back over the water in answer to the anxious inquiries of Marrows, the wife would clasp her fingers the tighter. She made no moan or outburst. Abram would blame her and say it was her fault,—everything was her fault that went wrong,—but she knew better.

As we grazed the dock Captain Joe swung himself from the deck of the tug to a wharf pile, dropped to the stringpiece, and walked straight to Marrows. He was still soaking wet underneath his clothes, only his outer garments being dry,—a condition which never made the slightest difference to him, "salt water bein' healthy," as he would say.

"What did I tell ye, Abram Marrows?" he exploded, in a voice that could be heard to the turnpike. "Did n't I say Baxter war n't fittin', and that he ought ter be grubbin' clams? Go and dig a hole some'er's and cover him up head and ears,—and dig it quick, too, and I 'll lend ye a shovel."

"Well, but, Captain Joe,"—protested Marrows.

"Do n't you 'well' me. Well, nothin'. You 're bad as him. Go and dig a hole and *both* on ye

git in it!"—and he pushed through the crowd on his way to his house, I close at his heels.

The wife, who but that moment had heard the glad news of the rescue from the lips of a deck hand, now hurried after the captain and laid her hand on his arm. Her eyes were red from weeping; strands of gray hair strayed over her forehead and cheeks; her lips were tightly drawn; the anxiety of the last few hours had left its mark.

"Do n't go, Captain Joe, till I kin speak to ye," she pleaded, in a trembling voice,—speaking through fingers pressed close to her lips.

"No,—I don't want to hear nothin'. She 's all right, I tell ye,—tighter 'n a drum and not a drop of water in her. Got some of my men aboard and we 'll unload her to-morrow. You go home, old woman; you need n't worry."

"Yes, but you must listen,—*please* listen."

She had followed him up the dock and the two stood apart from the crowd.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to thank ye,—and I want—"

"No, you do n't want to thank nothin'. She 's all right, I tell ye."

She had tight hold of his arm now and was looking up into his face, all her gratitude in her eyes.

"But I do,—I must,—please listen. You 've helped us so. It 's all we have. If we 'd lost the sloop I 'd 'a' give up."

The captain's rough, hard hand went out and caught the woman's thin fingers. A peculiar cadence came into his voice.

"All ye have? Do you think I do n't know it? That 's why I was under her chains."

A German Postal Convenience

A BUSINESS or professional man can not travel far, in Europe, without crossing his own frontier. The Europeans depend largely upon an interchange of trade journals and literary periodicals. The small countries while having their own journals and daily information, to some extent, must look to more important nations for the records of art, finance, and industry. The man who has charge of the newspapers, in a European *café*, is obliged to keep track of several hundred journals in twenty or thirty languages. Some of the *cafés* are largely resorted to simply because of the opportunities thus offered.

The German post office has a separate department for periodicals. It receives subscriptions for foreign as well as local papers and magazines, and delivers them without rolling, folding, or covering them in any way. In order to facilitate the work of this department, there is a large, official price list, which is kept up to date by monthly additions. This is about the size of a telephone directory of one of our large cities. It is furnished to every post office in Germany, and may be purchased by any one at a small price. Owing to the completeness of this list, it is possible for one to go to the smallest post office in the empire, in any little country town, and subscribe for and pay for, at once, without any delay or question, all of the principal periodicals of the world. It is rather an amusing thought that a homesick American in Schweinsberg (if one can imagine an American being in such a place,) can go to the post office, pay his 9.20 marks, and receive SUCCESS MAGAZINE for a year, or that, by paying 7.69 marks, he may have, for one year, "Freedom," from Sea Breeze, Florida, or "The Soap Gazette and Perfumer," from New York, for 11.37 marks. One may even subscribe for a monthly journal in Latin, the "Civis Romanus," published in Limbach, Saxony.

It is certainly enlightening to run through the pages of such a book and find that one can subscribe in a foreign land to "The Archives of Pediatrics," published in Philadelphia and weighing only 2,722 grams per year,— a very light weight for such a very heavy name.

Deformities Produced by Radium

THAT the emanations from radium affect the development of a living embryo—that contained in a hen's egg, for instance,—has just been shown by an experimenter in France. The outside of the growing germ in the egg is unaffected, but the interior is profoundly modified, and the result is that chicks from eggs that have been placed near tubes of radium have deformities of a special type, dependent on this action. Of eighty eggs experimented with, every one produced this type of monstrosity. The fact that the rest of the embryo goes on growing into a chick after the interior has been destroyed by the radiation shows that one part is not dependent on the other, which is regarded as a discovery of importance in biology.

The Man Milliner

By GRACE S. RICHMOND

[*Concluded from page 169*]

"Not a bit! It was very good of you, knowing that Miss Redwood is also a friend of mine, to tell me how you have enjoyed her companionship, this summer. I can well understand it, and I can assure you that you have been permitted to see a side of Miss Redwood's character which many who have known her longer might not suspect. I congratulate you on the chance you have had—and are to have,—to know such a woman well. Mr. Blakeslee, in telling me of your summer, you have made me want to meet your sister. If my work brings me into this region next summer, as I expect it to, I shall hope to get to know you both. I should like to find you often here by the river, with your books. It 's a beautiful spot. About that last book you mentioned a few minutes ago,—"

He led the talk naturally away upon other subjects, and, by the time King Redwood returned, the two were deep in a discussion of one of the leading topics of the day.

"Jove, what a contrast!" thought the young fellow, as he approached. His gaze roved from Rush Blakeslee to Frederic Stuart, and he wondered in his heart how such afflicted ones can look at well men and live. Stuart had risen to his feet as King came near and stood with easy grace, his hat in his hand, his dust-covered riding-clothes showing a figure of proportions to be envied even by King, who was himself exceedingly well developed. Stuart's strong face wore an unusually gentle expression as he watched the figure in the wheel chair, to whom he was saying some pleasant final words of leave-taking. As for Rush,—but he did not show his weakness until the other two had shaken hands and ridden away waving their hats to him from the turn in the road. Then he flung up his arms across his eyes. . . . "*The pluckiest, gallantest life you know.*"—Well, he was certainly trying hard to obey her.

That night, in the small country tavern where the engineer and his friend found accommodations, intending to proceed further across country in the morning, Stuart wrote a letter. He did not write it in the little office, however, as he did the others, but waited till he had bid King good night and had gone to his own room. Even then it was not until he had stolen downstairs again, and out to pace off a mile of roadway under the stars, his hands in his pockets, that he had fully decided just what the letter should contain. When the decision was made, however,—an event which took place about a quarter mile down the road,—he could hardly get back to his room fast enough, and went leaping up the quaintly winding stairs of the little inn in a fashion which can fairly be described only as impetuous. This fact, of itself, in relation to a man whose customary movements, while invariably decisive and effective, were apt to be deliberate, may indicate that some powerful feeling, long held back, was being suddenly released and allowed to dominate.

The letter, after the salutation, and a brief paragraph descriptive of the writer's and young Redwood's arrival at the inn, proceeded thus, without further preamble, to the matter in hand:—

"I am not good at leading skillfully up to a subject I am anxious to discuss: I must plunge in,—all over. I came up here into this country, knowing you had been here all summer and that I had not seen you since early spring, and somehow the hill and the valley and the river all seemed different from the other hills and valleys and rivers, because you had looked at them before me.

"On the bank of the river King presented me to your friend, Blakeslee,—a manly fellow. I was alone with him for a half hour, and we talked of you. Mary, you have guarded carefully the best of yourself. You have shown me many sides, and they all attracted me,—you see I am being wholly honest, for which I ask your forgiveness in advance,—but I have caught myself wondering about you,—and fearing just a little. You see,—you covered your real self so well! But your friend Blakeslee—no, he said nothing he should not have said, though his eyes told more than his lips. But what he told me showed me plainly—the woman his friend was. Mary,—it is she whom I want to know, too. Will you let me?

"My work, you know, often takes me tramping across country, and I 've learned to notice a good many things besides the conformation of the land. The sparkle on the waters of the stream,—it 's very beautiful. The ripple and swing, the gay motion of the little dancing waves,—they draw the eyes of a fellow like me, because, like other men, I enjoy watching what is pretty and gay. But then I begin to wonder. Underneath all this exquisite surface play,—do the waters run deep and strong? Is the rush of the current over a shallow bed, or does the bottom lie far down, where the flood moves more slowly? Are there clear, deep pools which can not be fathomed by a dip of the measuring rod?—and—what feeds the stream? Is its source inconstant, or does it flow from springs which never dry,—pure and sweet,—heaven-placed?

"Forgive me, again, if all this sounds like the sentimental output of a conceited fool. I 'm a practical chap, I think,—engineers are, as a rule,—but—Mary,—I 've long loved the fair stream, yet held myself back because I could never quite measure its waters. But Blakeslee,—he 's found the clear pool,—the well of truth, if I may grow quite incoherent and mix my metaphors recklessly. I would n't disturb his peace, poor fellow,—but I 'm feeling, to-night, as if I had been following the beautiful stream down past its sparkling shallows and were coming to where it flows, deep and strong and serene, toward the sea.

"Mary,—I shall not blame you if, after reading this, you think me a preposterous egotist. Do you imagine I fancy myself the sea? No, no,—the metaphor ends there,—or, if I should continue it, I 'd have to liken myself to the dun brown bank by the side of the stream. But—at least,—that 's honest earth!

"I can 't get away to come to you until my preliminary work is done here. That may not be until severe weather closes in. Meanwhile,—I shall haunt the post office,—I know so little, you see, what I may expect. But I shall hope,—hope,—hope. I 've got to do that. In any event, I am, and shall be,

"Wholly yours,
"FREDERIC STUART."

Mary Redwood had just returned from a long walk during which Forbes Harper had overtaken and joined her and had accompanied her home. It had been a windy walk, and they had been glad to get back. Harper had thrown open the door, and Mary had run in, laughing and panting, fairly blown across the threshold by the last boisterous November gust. Inside, as he closed the door, she stood still, with riotous hair and hat tilted saucily by that same wind, a blithe and picturesque figure which the young man who stood smiling down at her appreciated to the full.

"That was good sport, was n't it?" he asked, and she agreed. He was about to suggest that they repeat the walk in company, at an early date, when his companion's eyes fell upon a bundle of mail lying undisturbed on the hall table where the postman had lately left it. She walked over to it, her gaze fastened upon the letter whch lay on the top of the pile, addressed to herself in a certain peculiar handwriting which, though she had seen of it but a few specimens, it was impossible not to recognize.

She took it up, and from that moment Mr. Forbes Harper found himself the victim of an abstractedness not less irritating to him during the moments when his companion strove to throw it off than during those in which it held her in full possession. He went away, presently, wondering jealously whom the letter could be from, taking rather scant comfort from the fact that he had been vouchsafed a brilliant smile at the last, in answer to his renewed suggestion of the walk on the morrow.

"I 'll be hanged if I like to see a girl look her happiest just as a fellow goes out the door," he muttered to himself, as he walked away.

Inside the house Mary Redwood was flying up the stairs to her own room. She locked herself in and ran over to a western window through which the last faint rays of the declining November day fell upon the sheets she had drawn from a raggedly torn envelope.

As she read her eyes grew wide, her cheeks burned with a rich and consuming color, and her lips curved slowly into a smile, very unlike the one she had thrown at her departing guest. When the letter was finished, she read it again, and still again, bending her head close to see the firm lines which said so much.

She walked slowly over to her desk, turned on the lights, and sat down before it. She drew pen and paper before her and began to write. It was a most demure little answer she sent him, in which she owned nothing, accepted nothing, and only gave him permission to come and see her when he should return, and thus let him know that at least he had her good will to begin with. When the letter was written she read it over, saying determinedly, half aloud, "That 's all you can have—yet, sir, for your doubts and fears. If you think you can study a girl critically for two years, and then suddenly decide she 's all you hoped, and expect her to rush into your arms, you may learn that you have to win her yet,—"

Then, suddenly, she broke off, laughing and crying and holding Frederic Stuart's letter against her heart and to her lips. "Oh, what a farce!" she murmured, "what a farce!—sending him a cool little answer like that!—Of course I must do it,—it 's good for him, and best for me,—oh, my dear! I do n't deserve you, but—I 'm so happy! . . . so happy! . . . *so happy!*"

Going the Wrong Way

BISHOP POTTER likes to tell of a rebuke administered to a self-conscious and egotistical young clergyman who was called to a church in a small town in upper New York. After his first service, it appears, the youthful minister asked one of the deacons, a big-hearted, but extremely plain-spoken old fellow, what he thought of "this morning's effort."

The deacon was silent a few moments before replying. Finally he said:—

"Well, I 'll put it to ye in a kind o' parable. It reminded me of Tom Dorgan's fust deer hunt, when he was green. He follered the deer's tracks all right, but he follered 'em all day in the wrong direction."

Boarding Houses, Take Note

In view of the part that electricity plays in our modern life, it is amusing to recall that, when Benjamin Franklin evolved the lightning conductor, he was called to account by certain individuals for sacrilege in "attempting to divert the Almighty's lightning."

Restaurant proprietors and boarding-house keepers have apparently overlooked a valuable hint which Dr. Franklin afforded them, as follows: he took an ancient rooster and killed it by a powerful shock from one of his Leyden jars. When, subsequently, the bird was served at his table, "its flesh was found to be as tender as that of a young partridge," or so he declares. This is one of the discoveries which should make the name of Franklin forever honored.

We can never work well while there is friction in our lives.

The Well-Dressed Man

Conducted by
ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

Editor of "The Haberdasher"

MOST men who travel cumber themselves with much needless luggage. Indeed, the unfailing line of demarcation between the seasoned "tripper" and the novice is that the one carries everything he requires within the smallest possible compass, whilst the other is trailed, wherever he goes, by the familiar porter, lurching under the weight of innumerable bags and small parcels. So it is, also, with clothes. The tyro usually makes no distinction, whatever, between town and traveling dress, and then innocently wonders why the stranger whom he meets on deck, in the smoking car, or just a-lounging, looks so wholly at ease and so completely in tune with his surroundings. Peace of mind and comfort of body are intimately related, and how can the traveler in a tight suit, stiff collar, patent-leather shoes, white shirt, and a derby hat know either?

• • • •

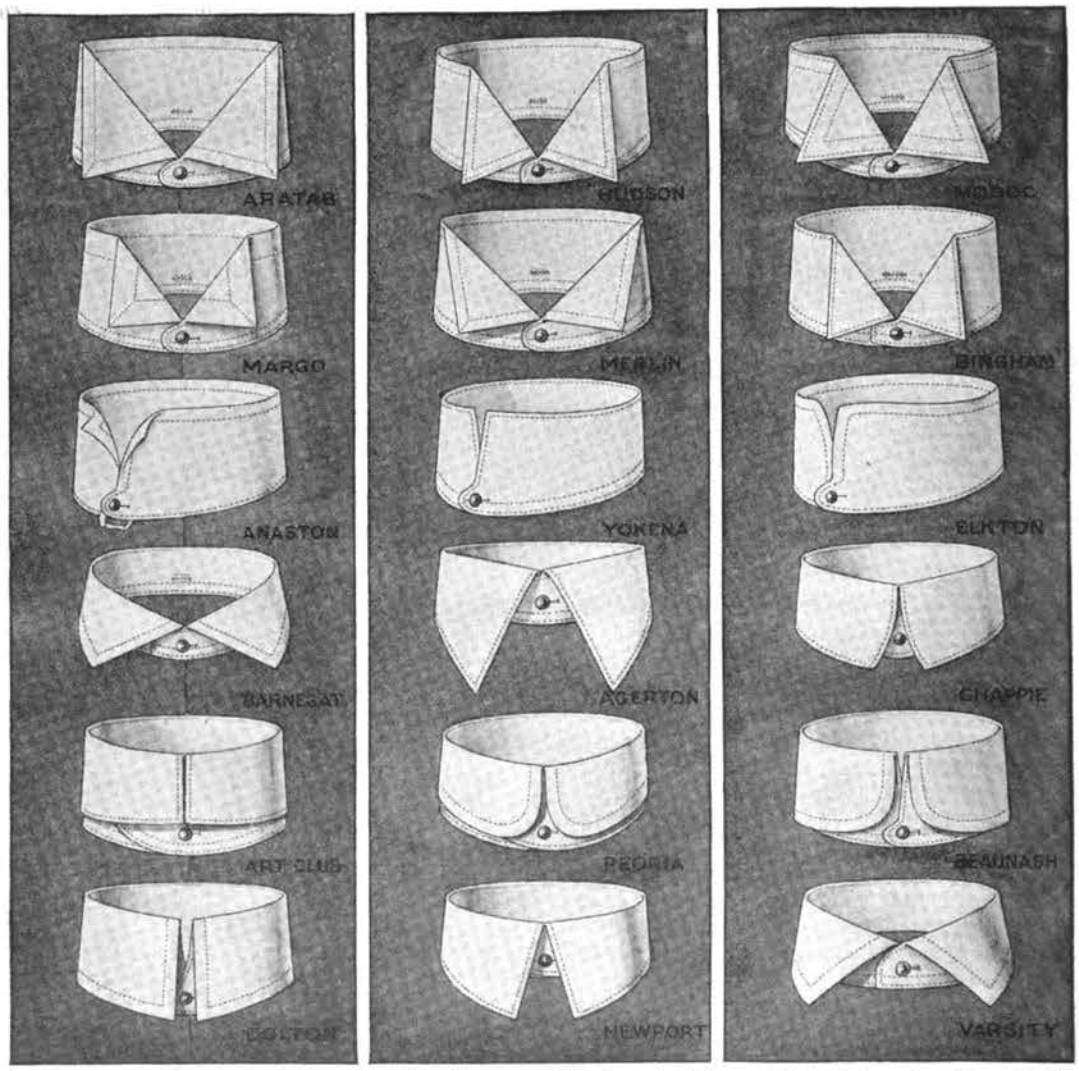
First, as to suitable dress. Tweeds and flannels are best adapted for the traveling suit, because they are soft, yielding, and hard to muss. All firmly woven cloths should be avoided. They crease in a few hours under the strain of sitting for a long time in one position, and require constant pressing to look even presentable. Choose your traveling suit primarily for comfort; fashion is of secondary importance. Anyway, the cardinal principle of fashion is becomingness to time and place, and he who strives to look "awfully swagger" while traveling merely proclaims that he is new at the game. The veteran wears his loosest clothes, thick-soled shoes, a comfortable cap or "slouch," and carries just as few articles of luggage as he can get along with.

Let us take, for illustration, a short trip of, say, a day and a night's duration, to be made by rail. This would require a tweed or flannel sack suit, cut full and roomy,—tightly fitting clothes are an abomination in traveling,—a flannel shirt with a fold (turndown,) linen collar, and a narrow four-in-hand cravat, or a broad bow tie, low-cut laced calfskin shoes, heavy wool socks to guard the ankles against the vagrant draughts and chills that abound on trains, and a tweed traveling cap. Latterly, the soft flannel shirt, with collar and cuffs of the same material, has been adopted for traveling by some men. There is this objection to it, however. One must dine, and very probably meet women in the dining-car. The soft flannel collar, while undeniably comfortable, is so "loungy" and negligent in appearance that no man can feel quite at his ease with it in the presence of women.

• • • •

In choosing one's traveling suit, it is well to be mindful of the fact that dark colors show dust and wear. It is better to select lighter shades with an indeterminate plaid or check in the pattern. Tweed is the sturdiest of all fabrics, and it has the added merit of seeming to improve in looks with use. The Englishman and his tweeds are a familiar sight to every man who has done his bit of globe girdling, and it must be admitted, even by the habitual "chaffer," that nobody appears more comfortable and more in accord with his surroundings. Next to tweed comes flannel, and there are many other materials, both soft and hard surfaced, which are well adapted for the rough wear demanded of a traveling suit.

SUCCESS CHART OF SPRING AND SUMMER COLLARS



A great many of our readers have written to this department asking about the different styles and shapes in collars. By this illustration we are able to guide them sufficiently in the latest spring and summer styles so that they will know what to ask for in making purchases. These styles were not manufactured by any particular house, but were selected at random from various New York collar manufacturers.

In traveling, one is prone to encounter sudden surprises of temperature and climate, and, for that reason, it is advisable to take along a warm ulster or a heavy loose oversack, even in summer. Whatever the day, the nights are almost sure to be chilly, and then the scorned ulster or oversack proves a friend in need and indeed. Many an untutored traveler has set forth overcoatless, and been obliged by the nipping frost and the blustering winds of a different climate to supply his deficiency *en route*, merely because he has heedlessly left his overcoat behind. A thick rug, if not essential, is at least very convenient, especially if one goes by boat and wishes to sniff the salt air while lazily curled up in a steamer chair.

• • • •

The dress-suit case is not carried as much as it used to be, because it is heavy and unwieldy. "Kit" bags, one of which I illustrate this month, and *porte-*

The Regulation Kit Bag

manteaux or coat cases are preferred, since they hold more and are trim and compact. The point and pith of packing one's bag for a trip, long or short, is to economize space and take along only such articles as one is pretty sure to need. I know an old traveler, with more than a hundred ocean crossings to his credit, whose practice is to set aside first all the things that he fancies he will require for the journey, and then reject about half. In this manner he reduces his luggage to a minimum,—"toothbrush and pajamas," as he laughingly expresses it.

• • • •

Handkerchiefs, socks, and collars are the articles of which the traveler can not have too many. They take up relatively little space in the bag or trunk, and, besides, good laundries, as we all know, are as scarce, almost, as white blackbirds. Folding rubber bathtubs are an English idea for the traveler who expects to leave the luxuries of civilization behind him. Leather-backed clothes, hat, and hair brushes are lighter and much handier than any others. Flat collar and cuff cases especially for traveling are made of pigskin, will accommodate a dozen collars, and take up little room in the bag. Razor rolls of leather, holding from two to seven razors, may be rolled up and fastened with a buckle.

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.]

MCKISSICK.—It is bad form to wear a secret order or any other button in the lapel of an evening coat. The charm of evening dress is its extreme simplicity, and anything that tends to detract from this is frowned upon.

• • • •

BISBEE.—The "Inverness" is a cape overcoat, made without sleeves. It has straight shoulder seams, a full back, and is cut loose. For the average man, it is be-

The Bellows Valise

tween forty-eight and fifty inches long. The hips have pockets, and the cape, which is about thirty-five inches long, is lined with silk. The "Inverness" is purely an evening dress overcoat, to be worn with the "swallow-tail" suit. While by no means "the thing," now-a-days, it has an old-world grace and a distinguished air that commend it to some men who like a dash of individuality in their manner of dress.

FLINT.—While there is no arbitrary rule regarding the number of studholes in a dress shirt bosom, custom has settled upon three. Two show in the waistcoat opening, and one is at the bottom of the bosom.

• • • •

BENTON.—The cutaway coat is proper at any affair of a semi-formal character before sunset. The silk hat should always accompany the cutaway, unless it is of fancy material, and then it becomes a lounging suit and demands a derby. At afternoon teas, shows,

The Double-decker Hat Case

church, and the like, a white, not a colored, shirt should be worn. So far as the collar to be worn with evening dress is concerned, choose the form which is most becoming and comfortable to you. It may be the wing, the poke, or the lap front, though the last two are preferable.

• • • •

HUB.—For a parent, a young man should stay in mourning at least a year. Deep mourning is worn six months, and includes a black suit, a black cravat, black shoes, and a black band on the hat. The wearing of a black band on the arm of the coat or overcoat is a practice confined to servants. Black studs and cuff buttons used to be worn by men in mourning, but of late the custom has waned.

New Spring Ideas

DECIDED changes have taken place in both forms and fabrics in spring styles, and these changes are distinctly an improvement. In cravats, for example, narrower shapes are shown, quite superseding the bulky four-in-hands which the retailer has found it hard to press upon his customers. Ascots are coming to the fore again. So far as collars go, the fold will be the overwhelming favorite, a fact which accounts for the narrower four-in-hand and the revival of the tie. Delicate shades, rather than positive colors, will rule in cravats. The fancy waistcoat, whose wane has been solemnly foretold season after season, is still in the height of its vogue.

In hats, pearl and intermediate shades of gray in soft hats promise to find a ready sale, and soft, pliable straws of every description are to supplant the stiff sailor shape. Colored ribbons on straw hats are assured of wide popularity. This sums up the spring signs with tolerable accuracy. Much that is fresh and distinctive is offered by the designers, and there is not a freak nor a folly in the leading lines.

The First Book on Men's Dress

"CLOTHES and the Man: Hints on the Wearing and Caring of Clothes," by the Major, is, so far as we know, the first actual bound book on this subject, and some deficiencies must be excused in a pioneer work. It is a little difficult to imagine the use of what is apparently intended as a permanent handbook on a subject so fugitive as fashion in clothes. A great part of any such book must become obsolete almost as soon as it has had time to get into the hands of the public. Indeed, the author perceives this, for he says: "The fashion in silk hats sometimes changes rather quickly, and it is impossible to lay down any rule as to what particular pattern should be bought."

A great part of the book is made up of sound (if rather trite,) general maxims. Readers are informed

The Hold-all

that a single-breasted frock coat is worn unbuttoned, and that flannel suits should not be lined with silk; also, that striped trousers should not be worn with a blue serge coat, ("jacket," of course, is meant,) all of which things are most true, and advisable to be set down. The author remarks that he "need hardly say" that "the best boots are cheapest in the end;" judging by some of the things he does say without apology, it is perhaps just as well to have put this in.

The reader is warned against ready-made dress waistcoats; and he will further learn that he must not wear a dinner jacket at a ball, a public dinner, or any large "function" (hideous word,) of the kind. It is well to be warned against these pitfalls. Let it be added that few things are in worse taste than to attend a funeral in pajamas, or to wear spurs at a wedding breakfast; but the reader is left to grope in his own darkness amid these dangers. However, almost every other possible mistake is provided for, and so are some others which barely seem so.

You should not wear ready-made shirts; if you have never heard of shirts being made to order, this book will tell you where to get them. Collars have puzzled even the erudite author, and he knows only one place where he can procure a satisfactory kind. "Fashion," therefore, might have helped even him. You should not wear your tie-pin in the wrong place. The Major knew a man who, through this mistake, lost an intended wife. The man in question had an accident with his cravat pin at the theater, while escorting the prospective spouse.

SPRING STYLES IN HATS

The Knox

The Youman's

Kaid & Beacon

"C & K" Special

"Viola"

"Beaunash"

Inconsistent Economy

VERY few people are consistent or use good judgment in their dress economies. They do not estimate values evenly. Most of us put great stress on economy in some little thing, carrying this to a ridiculous excess, and are extravagant in something else. We once had in our employ a young man who thought nothing of paying from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars for a necktie, and ten or twelve dollars for a suit of clothes.

Some people have fads, expensive little details which specially appeal to them, which they insist on as important, though they will over-economize on other things. Some girls spend on their shoes and hats money out of all proportion to what they can afford on the rest of their clothing. Some girls have the glove fad. They can not bear to wear a pair of gloves more than a few times. Others have the veil fad. Some girls who get very small salaries think they must wear silk stockings, while others allow their minds to run on gaudy, showy jewelry, which they wear with very ordinary clothing.

It is true that good shoes, a good hat, clean gloves, and something neat about the neck have a great deal to do with one's general appearance, and will often cover a multitude of defects in the rest of the clothing; but these things should not be emphasized at the expense of the rest of the costume.

I have seen women on the streets wearing costly hats when the rest of their costume was mean and shabby. They seem to think that if they can wear expensive hats, it does not matter about the rest of their clothing; but sensible people will measure you very closely, and there is nothing else which will prejudice one more than an indication of poor judgment and bad taste in dress, because it strikes at the very center of character. Taste is inseparable from personality.

The great thing is to be consistent in one's expenditures, not to overestimate the importance of some; but to put the proper value on all things, so that there will be harmony, wholeness, and consistency in the entire toilet.

▲ ▲

The Black Derby

BROADLY speaking, a black derby is more becoming to a man than a brown derby. A colored derby can only be worn to advantage with a suit to match, whereas black matches any suit.

The Evening Waistcoat

▲ ▲

The Regulation Evening Waistcoat

THE regulation black evening waistcoat has two narrow stripes of silk *soutache* around the inner edges, forming a "U." The black waistcoat, though, is little worn now. For almost every occasion which demands evening clothes the white waistcoat, double or single-breasted, is preferred.

The Wedding in the White House

THE marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt to Representative Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, while not the first wedding to take place in the White House, undoubtedly eclipses in elegance and ceremony all previous administration affairs. The exalted position which this country has attained as a great world power, the immense personal popularity of President Roosevelt, and the recent unparalleled triumphal progress of Miss Roosevelt through the Orient, have turned the eyes of the world upon this young girl and made her an object of greater interest than was ever any "daughter of the White House" before her.

Many a princess of the oldest houses of monarchical Europe would be flattered to receive the homage that is being done this untitled American girl. The presents that have been prepared for her constitute a magnificent fortune in themselves. Even that strange old dowager empress in ancient China recalls the delightful visit paid her last summer, and ransacks her empire for a suitable gift to show her esteem. Congresses and legislatures appropriated money for gifts for the President's daughter. Miss Roosevelt spent three days in New York City, recently, and excited great interest wherever she appeared.

With it all, Miss Roosevelt maintains a thoroughly democratic and unaffected manner, which constitutes a great part of the charm with which she has captivated the hearts of both foreigners and her own people. Congressman Longworth is a thorough American, admired and respected by all with whom he comes in contact, and probably deserves his good fortune. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth begin their life journey together under the most favorable auspices, and accompanied by the heartiest and most sincere well-wishes of the American nation.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE for April

will contain,
among many other strong features,

"Organizing a Great Business"

By ARTHUR WARREN

IN the list of fiction stories there will be a pretty love romance entitled, "Play," by Marten Maartens; "What Did Dugan Do to 'Em?" a humorous tale by Ellis Parker Butler; the second installment of David Graham Phillips's serial, "The Second Generation," and clever new stories by Miss Zona Gale and James W. Foley.

We have completed arrangements with Wallace Irwin to publish, during the next twelvemonth, one of his satirical poems in each issue. Mr. Irwin has gained a reputation second to none as a humorist. His verse will cover a wide range of subjects, mostly dealing with the important matters of the day.

Misfortune as a Turning-Point

Notable Instances of Men Who Swung Disappointment into the Channels of Achievement

By GILSON GARDNER

WHEN Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N., was given sea duty in 1897, and placed in charge of the Asiatic squadron, he went quietly and obediently, but with the consciousness that he had been made the victim of a naval coterie whose influence was not friendly to him Other officers were able to get longer land duty, and their sea service was in and about the ports of Newport, Boston, and New York. He did not know that his lack of "pull" was driving him into the path of the biggest opportunity his generation was to offer the American naval officer. Admiral Schley is also said to have gone with reluctant steps toward the southern coast of Cuba, believing, as he did, that the enemy would be found not far from the port of Havana, and being firmly convinced that his assignment to the southern waters was the outcome of a hostile cabal among jealous fellow officers and Washington politicians.

"Victims of a Naval Coterie"

Congressman Franklin E. Brooks of Colorado Springs thought his world had about come to an end when, in 1891, he was forced by a serious physical breakdown to leave Boston and devote himself to a search for health in the Far West. Like many men born and bred in the East he conceived that the sun rose and set in and about Boston, and the three years which he had devoted to the practice of law in that city convinced him that to leave it was to leave about everything worth while. Now, with health restored and the larger success which he has worked out, he sees in the misfortune of 1891 only the finger-post of Providence pointing him into a better way.

The two young senators from Indiana, Albert J. Beveridge and James A. Hemenway, both, singularly enough, point to their unsuccessful efforts to become western pioneers as the turning-points in their lives. Both went to Kansas in the early days, both lived in dugouts and rode scrawny bronchos, and both were starved into returning to their former homes. Hemenway tells of the hardships which he suffered before his pride succumbed; of how he collected buffalo bones and carted them to market to eke out a living, but finally had to own himself beaten and to return and face the people of Boonville, whence he now hails as senator. Beveridge's experience was no less hard, and it is the one chapter on which he does not often dwell, for, in addition to its hardships it is written over with the plain legend "failure." And yet, had he succeeded in farming and pioneering he would not, in all probability, have become the author-orator-statesman he now is.

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland dates his rise to political power from his discharge from the government service by President U. S. Grant, in 1869. For seventeen years Gorman had been an officeholder, beginning as a page in the senate, serving as postmaster in the senate post office, and finally being made marshal for one of the Maryland districts. The rude blow of the partisan ax drove him back to his native state, and forced him to take account of the plain citizens of Maryland. He began then, in a campaign for election to the state legislature, the work of political organization and management which made him the political master of his state, and gave him a long term in the United States senate.

"The Partisan Ax"

BEACH SCENE, ATLANTIC CITY, 11 MINUTES FROM PINEHURST

PINEHURST

The New Suburb of Atlantic City

The Greatest Chance of a Lifetime to Lay the Foundation of a Fortune

EVERYONE has heard of Atlantic City—America's Queen City by the Sea—a barren island that has been transformed to a cosmopolitan city, with an average population of 250,000. The entire island was originally purchased by Jeremiah Leeds for 40 cents an acre.

To-day its real estate valuation is over $92,000,000, and a foot of beach front property is valued at $1,000. A few examples of property transfers, taken from the records, will show how real estate values have advanced enormously in Atlantic City, which is one of the five fastest growing cities in the Union.

$700 Made $50,000

A conservative estimate shows that real estate values in Atlantic City have increased over 800 per cent in the past 12 years.

A property bought within the past year for $50,000 cost originally $700.

The present site of the Grand Atlantic Hotel and all the land to low water mark on Virginia Ave. was sold 18 years ago for $30,000. Three years ago it sold for $150,000, and a little over two years ago it brought $350,000—$320,000 profit in a few years.

A lot 25 x 175 on New Jersey Ave. bought for $8.75 is now worth $3,000.

Instances like this might be cited without number.

Atlantic City Has Outgrown Its Limit

Atlantic City has practically outgrown the boundaries of the island on which it is located. A glance at the map shows the only solution of the problem.

There rests Atlantic City—Queen City of the coast, on an island, with no room for expansion. Land within her boundaries is just as scarce as water is plenty. On the one hand the ocean, on the other the marshes, five miles in width, stretching toward the mainland.

But Atlantic City must grow. In addition to its own large and constantly increasing population it cares for about 18,000,000 people yearly.

The only logical direction for this growth is on the mainland across the marshes, already connected by the finest railroad and electric lines in the world. A boulevard was built during the past year at a cost of $200,000, to meet this very condition of expansion and make access to Atlantic City more convenient for its suburban residents and thousands of tourists who come there by automobile.

Favorable Location of Pinehurst

In anticipation of the overflow population of Atlantic City we purchased over 1,000 acres, comprising the General Doughty estate, on the high mainland opposite Atlantic City. This tract is intersected by the two principal railroads entering Atlantic City and comprises the only desirable high ground available for building purposes near enough to Atlantic City to be its natural suburb.

On the Reading R. R. we laid out Pleasantville Terrace, where hundreds of wise investors have already more than doubled their money.

This is the first formal announcement of the opening of Pinehurst, the eastern end of the tract, which is just as desirably located on the Pennsylvania R. R. (eleven minutes from Atlantic City) as Pleasantville Terrace is on the Reading.

The best indication of the desirability of Pinehurst is the fact that a large number of lots have already been purchased by Atlantic City people. Those who live near it realize its wonderful future.

Pinehurst is the highest natural ground in or near Atlantic City, of a gently rolling character on an average of seventy-five feet above Atlantic City. It is free from swamps and malaria. The climate is ideal, combining the invigorating salt air from the ocean with the balsamic odor of the fine pine and oak trees growing there.

It is an ideal location for a suburban home where one may enjoy the pleasures of Atlantic City without excessive hotel expense or annoyance of crowded boarding houses.

Special Advantages

Every purchaser is definitely assured of successful development of Pinehurst. All improvements are free. No interest, notes or mortgages. No taxes until 1907.

Free deed to your heirs if you die before your lots are paid for.

We refund half the purchase price of lots to those who will build within the year. We loan you money to build. Building plans free.

Title guaranteed by the Integrity Title Insurance and Trust Company of Philadelphia.

An Opportunity for the Man With a Dollar

Are you a man with a dollar or a few dollars to invest? Are you ambitious to get ahead in the world? Then take John Jacob Astor's advice, "Buy land near the great cities." Here is an unusually favorable opportunity to do it.

A lot 25 x 125 at Pinehurst, 11 minutes from the most popular city in the world, at prices and terms like this:

1 lot, $25.....	$1 down and	$1 weekly.
2 lots, 40.....	2 down and	1 weekly.
3 lots, 65.....	3 down and	2 weekly.
4 lots, 80.....	4 down and	2 weekly.
5 lots, 95	5 down and	2 weekly.

Weekly payments may be combined in one monthly amount. We will allow you a discount of 5 per cent for all cash.

If you have found it hard to save and invest a portion of your income, our system of easy payments will help you form this most desirable habit.

Owning a piece of real estate is a most important step towards success in life.

An investment at Pinehurst combines absolute safety with certain profit.

Better decide to act at once—to-day—to lay the foundation on which most of the greatest fortunes were built—real estate.

Write at once for illustrated printed matter, or better still, send $1.00 and the attached coupon to reserve lots until you can investigate.

If not entirely satisfied, your dollar will be promptly refunded.

Read what a few of the many prominent Atlantic City investors say about Pinehurst:

From the Mayor of Atlantic City

Some months ago I purchased from the Atlantic City Estate Company several lots at Pleasantville Terrace, which, to my satisfaction, has been a good and substantial investment. Since success has been assured in this lovely suburb I have purchased a small block in the Pinehurst tract, which is operated by the same company, and which bids fair to equal in value all of the suburban building locations near the large cities. Sincerely yours,

(Signed) F. P. STOY, Mayor,
January 9th, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

From the President of the Marine Trust Co.

It gives me pleasure to endorse your efforts in the building up of your suburban properties, Pinehurst and Pleasantville Terrace. Their proximity to Atlantic City assures success, as values have greatly increased, and cannot help but make property there a paying investment, as the ground is high and transportation facilities good. Yours truly,

(Signed) LOUIS KUEHNLE,
January 8th, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

From a Builder and Contractor Who Bought 25 Lots

Having been in business in Atlantic City for the past 18 years, I have had ample opportunity to observe its wonderful growth. No one who is familiar with the situation can fail to see that the increase of the population of this popular resort is having a marked effect on surrounding property. Personally I know of no property near the city which offers greater attractions for the investor or homeseeker than that of the Atlantic City Estate Company. With the completion of the improvements in transportation lines, Pinehurst and Pleasantville Terrace will become a part of Atlantic City itself, and to prove my faith in its merits, I have purchased twenty-five lots from your company.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. J. CLARON,
January 6th, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

From the Proprietor of the Hotel Rodney, Pleasantville, N. J.

Being proprietor of the Hotel Rodney, Pleasantville, N. J., and in close proximity to Pleasantville Terrace and Pinehurst, I wish to say that it gives me great pleasure to note the vast improvements and extensive building now going on at both your beautiful suburban properties. I predict for the Terrace and Pinehurst one of the greatest real estate booms in the history of this country.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) LEWIS H. BARRETT,
January 9th, 1906. Pleasantville, N. J.

From a Justice of the Peace

As a resident of Atlantic City I know Pleasantville Terrace and Pinehurst to be a good investment, and an exceptional spot for suburban homes. The land is good and high, and the transportation facilities the best.

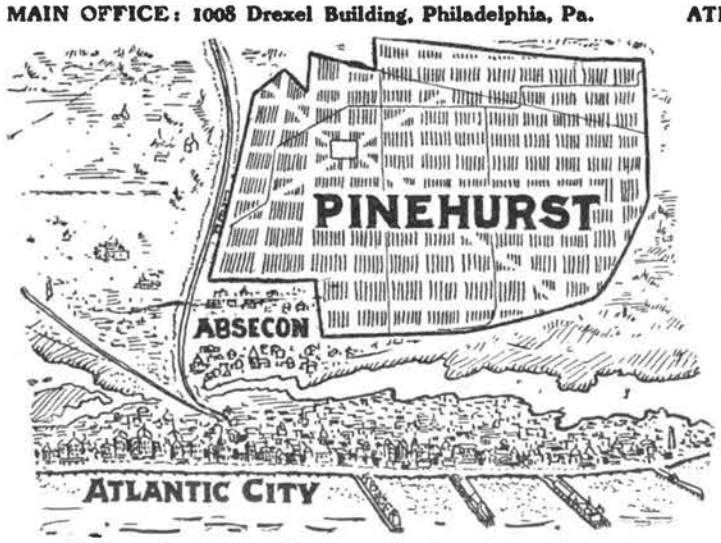
Very truly yours,
(Signed) JOSEPH DONNELLY, J. P.,
January 6th, 1906. Atlantic City, N. J.

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO.

VICTOR J. HUMBRECHT, President

MAIN OFFICE: 1008 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

ATLANTIC CITY OFFICE: 410 Bartlett Building



Look at the map, see how near Pinehurst is to Atlantic City

Fill out this coupon and mail it to-day

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO.
Suite 1008, Drexel Building,
Philadelphia.

I enclose $1. Please reserve_____ lots in Pinehurst, with the understanding that you will refund my dollar if I am not satisfied after further investigation.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

State _____

I WANT TO SEND YOU MY MAGAZINE
SIX MONTHS FREE

I am publishing a magazine now, and if you want to save, invest and get ahead in the world, with safety and in the quickest possible time, you ought to be one of its readers.

My magazine is called "THE MONEY MAKER." Every month it gives the most interesting facts concerning stocks, bonds and real estate. It will tell you how to invest your savings so that they will earn the largest possible profit consistent with safety. If you are in a position to save and invest $1 or more a week, you cannot afford not to read "THE MONEY MAKER." It now goes to over 130,000 homes and, counting three readers to each copy, has over 390,000 readers.

"THE MONEY MAKER"

will tell you how, when and where you can make money. It gives you market quotations on all listed and unlisted securities. It will advise you regarding the value of any stock you now hold or have been asked to buy. It will show you how banks take your money and pay you 3 or 4 per cent., and by using your money just as you could use it, pay dividends of from 20 to 100 per cent.

SEND FOR IT NOW

Send me your name and address on a postal card to-day. I will send "THE MONEY MAKER" to you, absolutely free, for six months, and you will be under no obligations whatever.

W. M. OSTRANDER, (INC.) 391 North American Bldg. PHILADELPHIA

Pro-phy-lac-tic

TOOTH BRUSHES

Made in Three Sizes

Adult's—Youth's—Child's

THE proper care of the teeth is of vital importance at every age, but is most essential in childhood. Teach your youngsters to use a Pro-phy-lac-tic every night and morning—interest them by letting each one have a special hook on which to hang his own brush—a priceless habit.

The long crown-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reach completely into the backmost nooks, entering every crevice, while the curved handle makes it as easy to clean the inner as the outer surface.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is sterilized, then boxed. Your hand is the first to touch it—don't buy an anonymous brush from a dusty, fingered pile on the counter.

Look for the Yellow Box

It Protects and Guarantees

We stand behind every brush in our Yellow Box. It means much more than a simple means of identification. Made in two styles, Pro-phy-lac-tic, Rigid Handle; and "P. S." (Pro-phy-lac-tic Special) new Flexible Handle; and in three sizes: Adult's, 35 cents; Youth's, 25 cents; Child's, 25 cents.

All these in soft, medium or hard bristles, as you prefer—state your choice to the salesman.

Send for Pro-phy-lac-tic literature free, telling more about these Brushes. All best dealers sell them. If your dealer does not, we will deliver them postpaid. Do not accept worthless imitations offered by some dealers because of a larger profit.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.

Makers of Prophy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Nail Brushes, Military Brushes

180 Pine Street : : : : Florence, Mass.

QUADRI-COLOR CO., N. Y