This Issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE

and a few issues to come

"Like an automobile going through a country town"

IT is very gratifying to notice the manner in which David Graham Phillips's new serial, "The Second Generation," has been accepted by the public. Few novels have made as strong an impression with the first installment. You do not have to follow Mr. Phillips's narrative as if it were one of those complex "continued-in-our-next" productions which leave a reader suspended in the air at one ending and drop him to earth in another. Each installment of Mr. Phillips's story reads like a separate narrative, and the whole is banded with the hoops of interest. Indeed, it is already making progress like an automobile going through a country town.

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WE take special pride in presenting Mr. Phillips's novel, because he is an old friend of ours. SUCCESS MAGAZINE was one of the first to recognize him as a writer of power and ability. The first short story that he published appeared in these columns,—it was called "Garlan and Co." Back in the old days when he was an editorial writer on the New York "World" we watched his progress and predicted his future. In those days he said that he was going into fiction for a serious purpose. His new story, "The Second Generation," shows how well he has kept his word.

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WE are going to begin in our May issue a series of character-sketches of prominent Americans, whose lives have not been measured by the yardstick of the dollar. These character sketches will be something new in treatment. They will be written by men who are *intimately acquainted* with their subjects. George Westinghouse will be the subject of the first sketch, and the author is Arthur Warren. Mr. Warren distinguished himself as a writer and editor on the Boston press some twelve years ago. He retired from active journalism in 1897, having been appointed by Mr. Westinghouse as the special representative in Europe and America of the latter's many enterprises. He was in a position to make a close study and a careful analysis of the great inventor, and Mr. Westinghouse—one of the busiest men in the world and one of the most difficult to see,—has told Mr. Warren much about the secret of his success.

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THESE character sketches will show how the greatest and most successful men of our time have achieved their greatness. They will have all the fire of a Plutarch; they will present the most inspiring side of the most active lives in our country.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN'S article on Chinese immigration, which appears in the present issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, is the first of a series of powerful articles from his pen which we will publish during the year. When Mr. Bryan started upon his trip to the East, we arranged for him to act as our special commissioner on some of the questions concerning this country and its dealings with Eastern people. This subject of Chinese immigration into the United States is one that most vitally affects the American people. He will also look into the opportunities for increased trade with the Orient. The question of the possible renaissance of the great Chinese nation is another problem worthy of study which Mr. Bryan may touch upon.

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SOME people tell us that it is impossible to govern a municipality honestly. We are showing the fallacy of this remark. Samuel Merwin contributes to this issue of the magazine the first of two articles on municipal government. When SUCCESS MAGAZINE sent Mr. Merwin to England, he made a thorough investigation of the governmental conditions in the city of Manchester, and has compared the conditions there with those of Newark, New Jersey, a city of about the same size and importance. Mr. Merwin's first article, entitled, "The Habit of Governing Badly," is a startling description of the existing conditions of corruption in Newark. Next month we will publish Mr. Merwin's second article in this series, entitled, "The Habit of Governing Well," which will portray the excellent administration of municipal affairs, including the municipally-owned tramways and other public utilities of Manchester.

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MR. MERWIN, now a member of our editorial staff, has been a contributor to SUCCESS MAGAZINE for several years, directing his attention for the most part to questions of an industrial and economic nature. He has made a reputation as a thorough investigator. His conclusions carry weight, on account of his established ability to get at the facts and marshal them effectively.

The Home Circle

THERE has for a long time been a desire in this country for the establishment of a Parcels Post, such as is to be found in many parts of Europe. Up to the present time the express companies of this country have been able to block every move toward the establishment of such a necessary department of the Post Office. SUCCESS MAGAZINE will inaugurate within a short time a campaign for this much-needed utility. Mr. Merwin has undertaken to show just how this system is conducted abroad and could be operated here. His first article on this subject will appear in an early issue.

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CLEVELAND MOFFETT, whose articles on the "Shameful Misuse of Wealth" have attracted comment from all over the country, is still pursuing his investigations. Mr. Moffett's article in our February issue, on "Our Closed and Silent Churches," attracted wonderful attention. It was the first time that the comparative uselessness and unprofitableness of church property for six days in the week had ever been pointed out so clearly. The idea of a high-class concert as a means of extending the uplifting influence of the church to the poor, as exemplified in a recent concert given under the auspices of this magazine in New York, has been received with cordiality by ministers and church trustees all over the country. Offers have been made of a number of churches in New York for a repetition of the experiment.

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OUR arrangement for a monthly poem by Wallace Irwin is sure to prove a popular move. Mr. Irwin's reputation as a writer of clever satirical verse was established when his "Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum" a few years ago showed his rare grasp of satire. Since he came to New York, his verse has been in great demand by all classes of publications. We have been exceedingly fortunate in securing a call on Mr. Irwin's best work for the coming year. We are going to extend our humor pages, too. Such funny fellows as Edmund Vance Cooke, James W. Foley, Strickland W. Gillilan, Michael White, and Ellis Parker Butler, will keep you laughing. And, by-the-bye, just keep a sharp lookout for Mr. Butler's new story, "What Did Dugan Do to 'Em?"

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WE HAVE aimed always at making SUCCESS MAGAZINE distinctly a magazine for the home circle; besides the articles on topics of great national interest, our high-grade fiction, poetry, humor, and other matters that give a publication timeliness and weight and influence for advancement, we have spent the greatest amount of time and thought and money upon our distinctively "home departments." These touch upon many of the subjects that are dear to the heart of every member of the family. The most successful of these departments, undoubtedly, has been that of "The Well-dressed Man," conducted by Alfred Stephen Bryan. Miss Grace Margaret Gould has been engaged to conduct a similar department for women. It will be entitled "The Well-dressed Woman."

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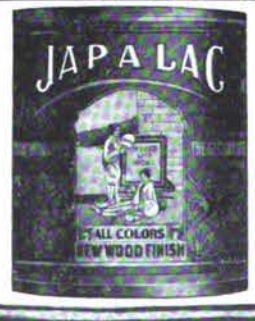

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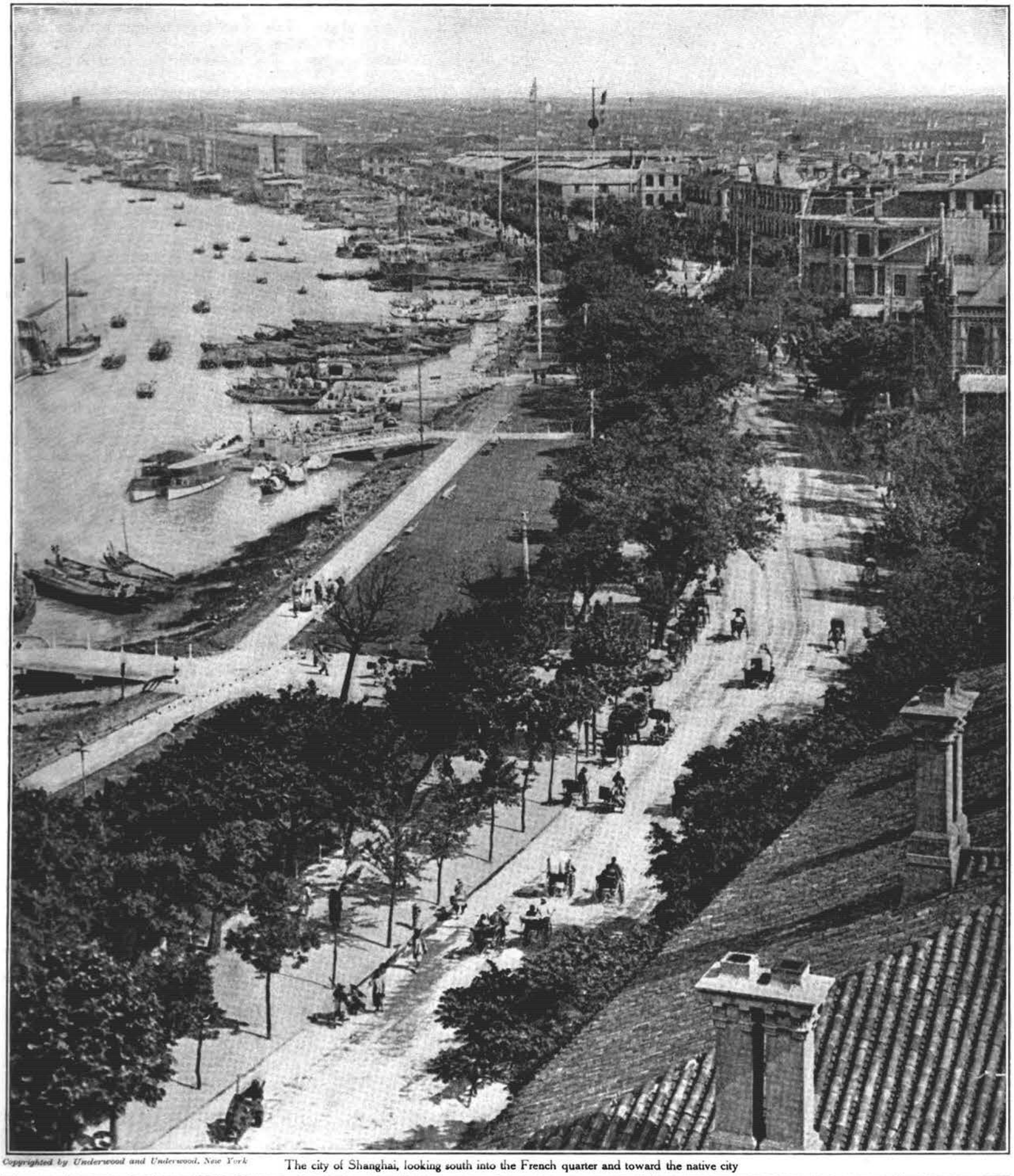

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The city of Shanghai, looking south into the French quarter and toward the native city

William Jennings Bryan on the Chinese Question

Mr. Bryan, on his tour of the world, went to China as the special commissioner of SUCCESS MAGAZINE to personally investigate this important matter

If every American could visit China the question of Chinese immigration would soon be settled upon a permanent basis, for no one can become acquainted with the Chinese coolie without recognizing the impossibility of opening the doors of our country to him without injustice to our own laboring men, demoralization to our social ideas, injury to China's reputation among us, and danger to our diplomatic relations with that country.

I made it a point to inquire among the Chinese whom I met, in order to ascertain the real sentiment back of the boycott. I had heard of students being subjected to harsh regulations at ports of entry, of travelers humiliated by confinement in uncomfortable sheds, and of merchants treated rudely, and I supposed that these things had aroused the resentment. I found, however, that the things complained of were more difficult to deal with and the concessions demanded impossible to

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Outside the palace of the empress, in the Forbidden City

grant. In order to understand the boycott one must know something of Chinese history. As China has never had representative government the people have been compelled to bring their complaints before officials by petition; and, where the petition has been ignored, they have been accustomed to bring such pressure to bear as was within their power, and the boycott has often been resorted to as a means of compelling action upon the part of officials. They, therefore, conceived the idea of a boycott against American goods for the double purpose of urging their own government to favorable action and of calling the attention of the American government to their complaint. Our officials are doing what they can to convince the Chinese government of the injustice and folly of the boycott, and the Chinese officials with whom I conversed seemed anxious to coöperate with our minister and consuls. Immediate action upon the part of our congress, whether favorable or unfavorable to the Chinese, will remove the excuse for a boycott; and our government should not be influenced in its action by any threats affecting trade, for the subject is too grave to be determined by commercial considerations.

The Americans who are doing business in China are naturally anxious to cultivate friendly relations with the Chinese merchants, and just before we reached Hongkong the American business men residing there cabled home a statement of the minimum changes in the Exclusion Act asked for by the Chinese merchants. I had the privilege of attending a dinner at which a number of the leading Chinese merchants of Hongkong presented their views, and it may be worth while to give here an extract of their principal demands as drawn out by a close cross-examination.

The Chinese Demand the Rights of the "Most Favored Nation"

What they desire is substantially as follows:—

1.—That the word "laborer" shall be clearly and distinctly defined, "according to the highest standard English, and be limited to such class or classes of persons as were originally intended to be designated by both governments."

2.—That all regulations and legislative measures affecting Chinese immigration shall be communicated to and approved by the Chinese government before going into force, and that, when in force, they shall not be altered without consent of the Chinese government.

3.—That American consuls in China shall have full power to grant certificates of admission to persons not included in the prohibited classes, such certificates to be conclusive except in cases of actual fraud.

4.—The American consuls in China shall, without delay, issue certificates of admission to such Chinese not included in the prohibited classes as shall obtain passports from the Chinese government.

5.—That the Chinese government shall be permitted to appoint one European medical practitioner to act in conjunction with a medical officer appointed by the United States at the port of departure and that no one shall be rejected as diseased unless certified to be so by both medical officers.

6.—That Chinese, when admitted into the United States, shall enjoy the same rights and protection accorded to the subjects of the most favored nation, and in case of ill treatment shall be entitled to damages from the government.

7.—That Chinese passing through the United States *en route* to another country shall enjoy the same privileges as the subjects of the most favored nation.

8.—That Chinese residing in the United States shall not be required to register unless such registration is required of the subjects of the most favored nation.

9.—That Chinese laborers shall be admitted into the Hawaiian and the Philippine Islands, provided that the legislatures or local authorities of such islands are willing. (While this proviso is satisfactory to the Hongkong merchants, it seems to have been objected to by the Chinese of Amoy and Canton.)

10.—That any Chinese detained at an American port of entry for purposes of inquiry shall be permitted to engage legal assistance and furnish bond for appearance; should the decision be unfavorable, he shall have the right of appeal to the highest court of justice, and, in case of any technical or formal error in his passport or certificate, he shall be allowed to correct the same without undergoing deportation.

11.—That any Chinese residing in the United States shall have the right to bring his parents, wife, family, and minor brothers and sisters to reside with him.

12.—That Chinese, lawfully admitted to the United States, but deported because of failure to register, shall be readmitted on satisfactory proof of possessing in the United States property or *bona fide* debt [We presume that Mr. Bryan means bills receivable, or their equivalent.—The Editor.] up to the required amount.

The Chinese Immigrant Regards America only as a Lucrative Field To Be Exploited

The second demand could not be complied with without putting the enforcement of the Exclusion Act so largely in the hands of the Chinese government as to very much cripple it.

The third demand is reasonable. Our country ought to be bound by the acts of its own consuls, except in cases of fraud; and those who are to be excluded ought to be notified before incurring the expense of a trip across the ocean.

The fourth demand should not be complied with unless the Chinese government will assume pecuniary responsibility for any errors in the issuing of the passport and for the subject's compliance with the regulations provided by our government.

The fifth demand is absurd, because it virtually transfers to a European physician, appointed by the Chinese government, the power

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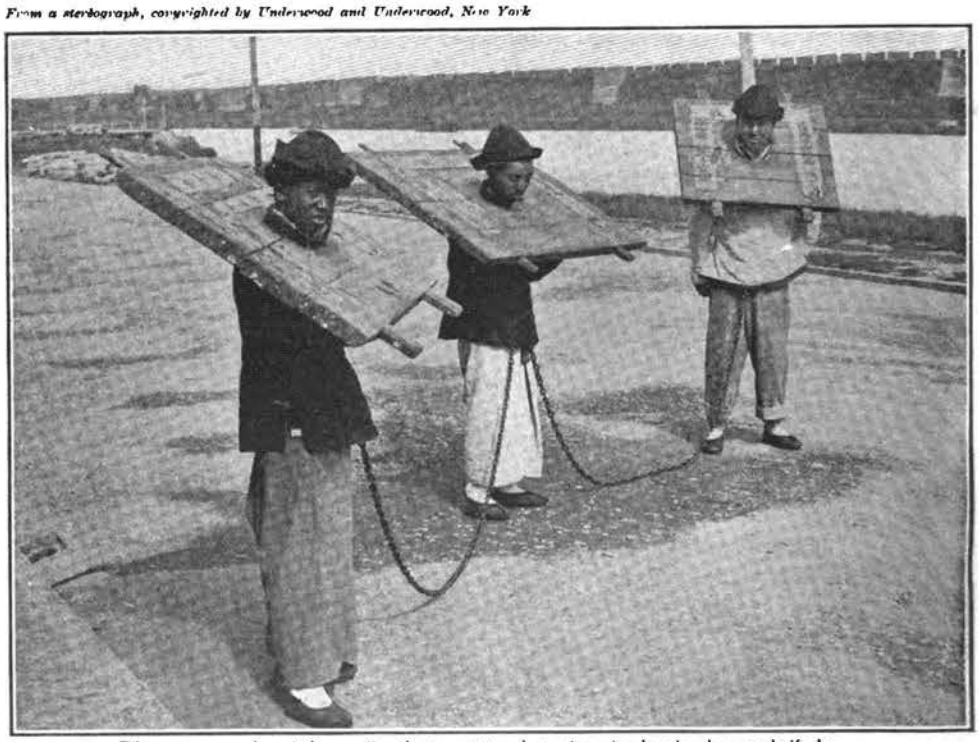

These are samples of the coolies that would rush to America by the thousands if the Exclusion Act were repealed

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When the front door bell rang Mrs. Ranger was in the kitchen—and was dressed for the kitchen. As the "girl" still had not been replaced she answered the ring herself. In an old gingham wrapper, with her glasses thrust up into her gray hair, she was facing a footman in livery.

"Are Mrs. Ranger and Miss Ranger at home?" he said, mistaking her for a servant and eying her dishevelment with an expression which was not lost on her.

She smiled with heartiest good nature. "Yes, I 'm here,—I 'm Mrs. Ranger," she said, and she looked beyond him to the victoria in which sat Mrs. Whitney. "How d 'ye do, Matilda?" she called; "come right in. I 'm my own upstairs girl, as usual, and your young man here probably thinks I ought to discharge her and get one that 's tidier."

"Your young man here" was stiffly touching the brim of his top hat and saying, "Beg parding, ma'am."

"Oh, that 's all right," said Mrs. Ranger; "I am what I look to be."

Behind her now appeared Adelaide, her cheeks burning in a mortification she was ashamed of feeling and still more ashamed of being unable to conceal. "Go and put on something else, mother," she suggested, in a low tone; "I 'll look after Mrs. Whitney till you come down."

"Ain't got time," replied her mother, conscious of what was in her daughter's mind and a little contemptuous and a little resentful of it. "I guess Matilda Whitney will understand. If she do n't, why, I guess we can bear up under it."

Mrs. Whitney had left her carriage and was advancing up the steps. She was a year older than Ellen Ranger; but so skillfully was she got together that, had she confessed to forty or even thirty-eight, one who did n't know would have accepted her statement as too cautious by hardly more than a year or so. The indisputably artificial detail in her elegant appearance was her hair; its tinting, which had to be made stronger year by year as the natural gray grew more resolute, was reaching the stage of a hard, rough-looking red. "Another year or two," thought Adelaide, "and it 'll make her face older and harder than she really is. Even now she 's getting a tough look."

Matilda kissed Mrs. Ranger and Adelaide affectedly on both cheeks. "I 'm so glad to find you in!" said she. "And you, poor dear,"—this to Mrs. Ranger,—"are in agony over the servant question." She glanced behind her to make sure that the carriage had driven away. "I do n't know what we 're coming to. I can 't keep a man longer than six months. Servants do n't appreciate a good home and good wages. As soon as a man makes acquaintances here he becomes independent and leaves. If something is n't done, the better class of people will have to move out of the country."

"Or go back to doing their own work," said Ranger.

Mrs. Whitney smiled vaguely,—a smile which said "I 'm too polite to answer that remark as it deserves."

"Why did n't you bring Jenny along?" inquired Mrs. Ranger, when they were in the "front parlor," the two older women seated but Adelaide moving restlessly about.

"Janet and Ross have n't come yet," answered Mrs. Whitney. "They 'll be on next week,—but only for a little while. They both like it so much better in the East. All their friends are there and there 's so much more to do." Mrs. Whitney sighed as her remarks brought before her the fascination of all there was to "do" in the East,—the pleasures she was denying herself.

"I do n't see why you do n't go to live in New York," said Mrs. Ranger. "You 're always talking about it."

"Oh, I can 't leave Charles," was Mrs. Whitney's answer. "Or, rather, he 'd not hear of my doing it. But I think he 's going to let us take an apartment at Sherry's next winter,—for the season, just,—unless Janet and I go abroad."

Mrs. Ranger had not been listening. She now started up. "If you 'll excuse me, Matilda," she said, "I must see what that cook 's about. I 'm afraid to leave her out of my sight for five minutes for fear she 'll up and leave me."

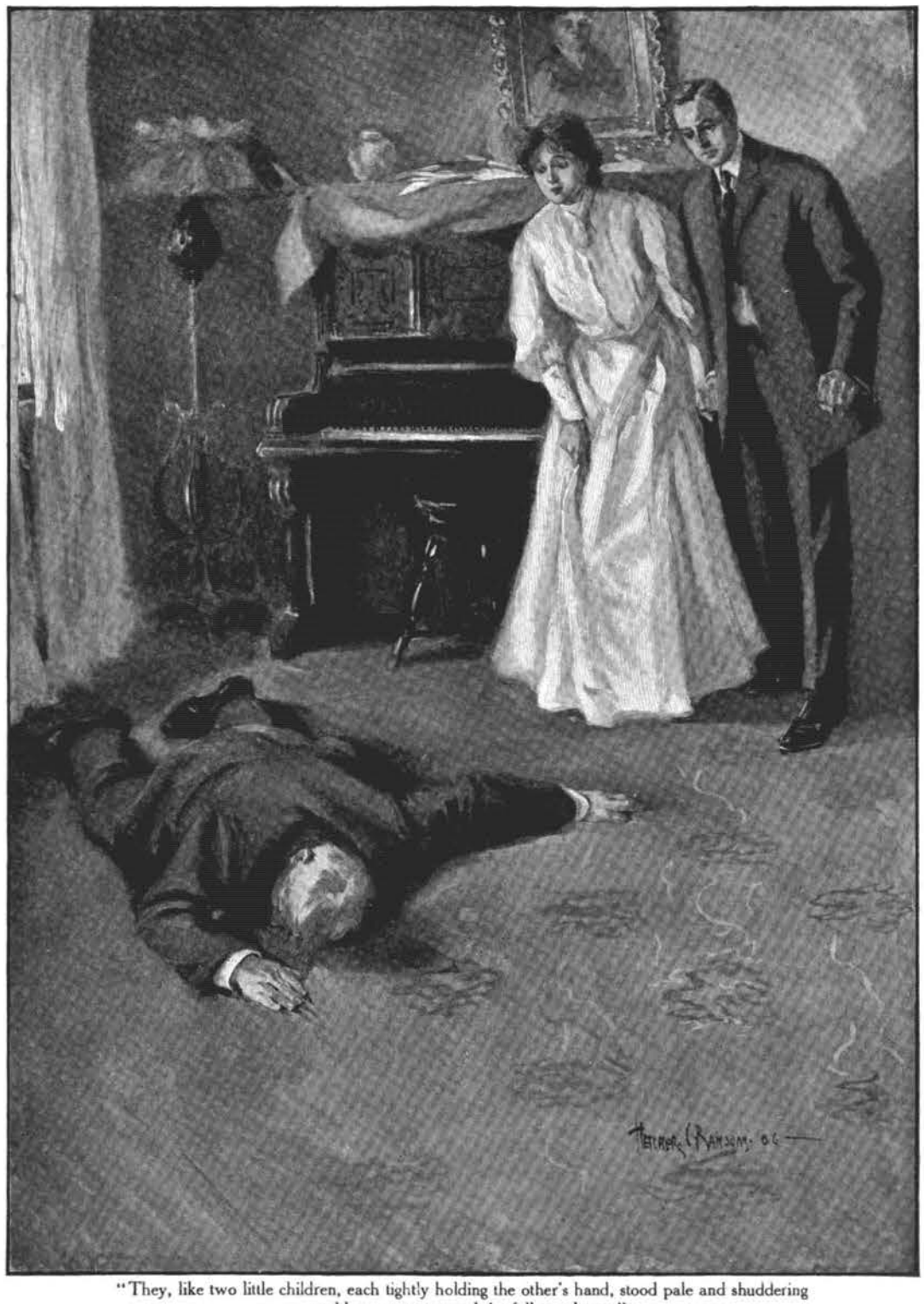
"What a time your poor mother has!" said Mrs. Whitney, when she and Adelaide were alone.

Adelaide had recovered from her attack of what she had been denouncing to herself as snobbishness. For all the gingham wrapper and spectacles anchored in the hair and general air of hard work and no "culture," she was thinking, as she looked at Mrs. Whitney's artificiality and listened to those affected accents, that she was glad Ellen Ranger was her mother and not Matilda Whitney. "But mother does n't believe she has a hard time," she answered, "and everything depends on what one believes oneself; do n't you think so? I often envy her. She 's always busy and interested,—and she 's so useful, such a happiness-maker."

"I often feel that way, too," said Mrs. Whitney, in her most profusely ornate "*grande dame*" manner. "I get *so* bored with leading an artificial life. I often wish that fate had been more kind to me. I was reading, the other day, that the queen of England said she had the tastes of a dairy maid. That was so charming! Many of us whom fate has compelled to the routine of a higher station feel the same way."

It was by such deliverances as these that Mrs. Whitney posed, not without success, as an intellectual woman who despised the frivolities of a fashionable existence,—this in face of the obvious fact that she led a fashionable existence, or, rather, it led her, from the moment her *mosseuse* awakened her in the morning until her maid left her to sleep at night. But, although Adelaide had not yet learned that judgment must be based on actions, never on words, she was not, in this instance, deceived. "It takes more courage than most of us have," said she, "to do what we 'd like instead of what our vanity suggests."

Mrs. Whitney did not understand this beyond



"They, like two little children, each tightly holding the other's hand, stood pale and shuddering unable to move toward the fallen colossus"

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getting from it a vague sense that she had somehow been thrust at. "You must be careful of that skin of yours, Adele," she thrust back. "I 've been looking at it. You can 't have been home long, yet the exposure to the sun is beginning to show. It 's a fine skin, but sensitive, and one's skin is more than half one's beauty. You ought never to go out without a veil. The last thing Ross said to me was, 'Do tell Adelaide, mother, to keep her color down.' You know he admires the patrician style."

Adelaide could not conceal the effect of the shot. Her skin was a great trial to her, it browned so easily, and she hated wrapping herself in under broad brims and thick veils when the feeling of bareheadedness was so delightful. "At any rate," said she, sweetly, "it 's easier to keep color down than to keep it up."

Mrs. Whitney pretended not to hear. She was now at the window which gave on the garden by way of a small balcony. "There 's your father!" she exclaimed; "let 's go to him."

There, indeed, was Hiram, pacing the walk along the end of the garden with a slow ponderousness in the movements of his big form that bespoke age and effort. It irritated Mrs. Whitney to look at him, as it had irritated her to look at Ellen,—very painful were these reminders of the ravages of time from these people of about her own age, these whom she as a child had known as children. Crow's-feet and hollows and thin hair in those we have known only as grown people do not affect us; but the same signs in lifelong acquaintances compel us to see, as Decay holds up the mirror and points to aging mouth and throat, and with mocking wag of his hideous head says, "Soon—*you*, too!"

Hiram saw Matilda and his daughter the instant they appeared on the balcony, but he gave no hint of it until they were across the path of his monotonous march. He was nerving himself for Mrs. Whitney as one nerves himself in a dentist's chair for the descent of the grinder upon a sensitive tooth. Usually she got no further than her first sentence before irritating him. To-day the very sight of her, though he thought he liked her and had not seen her in nearly a year, filled him with seemingly causeless anger. There was a time when he, watching Matilda improve away from her beginnings as the ignorant and awkward daughter of the keeper of a small hotel, had approved of her and had wished that Ellen would give more time to the matter of looks. But latterly he had come to the conclusion that a woman has to choose between improving her exterior and improving her interior and that it is impossible or all but impossible for her to do both; he, therefore, found in Ellen's very indifference to exteriors another reason why she seemed to him so splendidly the opposite of Charles's wife.

"You certainly look the same as ever, Hiram," Matilda said, advancing with extended, beautifully gloved hand. The expression of his eyes as he turned them upon her gave her a shock, but she forced the smile back into her face and went on, "Ross says you always make him think of a tower on top of a high hill, one that has always stood there and always will."

The gray shadow over Ranger's face grew grayer.

"But you ought to rest," Mrs. Whitney went on. "You and Charles both ought to rest. It 's ridiculous, the way American men act. Now, Charles has never taken a real vacation. When he does go away he has a secretary with him and works all day. But at least he gets a change of scene, while you,—you rarely miss a day at the mills."

"I have n't missed a whole day in forty-three years," replied Hiram, "except the day I got married, and I never expect to. I 'll drop in the harness. I 'd be lost without it."

"Do n't you think that 's a narrow view of life?" asked Mrs. Whitney. "Do n't you think we ought all to take time to cultivate our higher natures?"

"What do you mean by higher natures?" inquired Ranger.

Mrs. Whitney scented sarcasm and insult,—to interrogate a glittering generality is to slur at its projector. She wished her hearers to be dazzled, not moved to the impertinence of cross-examination. "I think you understand me," she said, loftily.

"I do n't," replied Hiram. "I 'm only a cooper and miller. I have n't had the advantages of a higher education,"—this last with a steady look toward his son, approaching from the direction of the stables. He was in a riding suit that was too correct at every point for fashion, except in a college youth, and would have made upon anyone who had been born or initiated into the real mysteries of "good form" an impression similar to that of Mrs. Whitney's costume and accent and manner. There was the note of the fashion plate, the mark of pains,—of correctness that was not instinctive but acquired,—the marks our new-sprung obstreperous class of aspirants to aristocracy has made familiar to us all. It would have struck upon a sense of humor like a trivial twitter from the oboe trickling through a lull in the swell of brasses and strings; but Hiram Ranger had no sense of humor in that direction,—had only his instinct for the right and the wrong. The falseness, the absence of the quality called the "real thing," made him bitter and sad. And, when his son joined them and walked up and down with them, he listened with heavier droop of face and form to the affected chatter of the young "man of the world" and the old "*grande dame*" of Chicago society. They talked the language and the affairs of a world he had never explored and had no wish to explore, a world whose life his training, his reason and his instinct all joined in condemning as a low and dishonorable shirking of a man's and a woman's part in a universe so ordered that, to keep alive in it, every one must either work or steal.

But his boy was delighted with the conversation with Mrs. Whitney, and, finally, with himself. A long, hard ride had scattered his depression of many weeks into a mere haze over the natural sunshine of youth and health; this haze now vanished. When Mrs. Whitney referred to Harvard he said, lightly, "You know I was plucked."

"Ross told me," said she, in an amused tone; "but you 'll get back all right next fall."

"I do n't know that I care to go," said Arthur. "I 've been thinking it over. I believe I 've got about all the good a university can do a man. It seems to me a year or so abroad—traveling about, seeing the world,—would be the best thing for me. I 'm going to talk it over with father,—as soon as he gets through being in a bad humor with me."

Ranger did not look at his son, who glanced a little uneasily at him as he unfolded this new scheme for perfecting his education as a "man of the world."

"Surely your father 's not *angry*," said Mrs. Whitney, in a tone intended to make Ranger ashamed of taking so narrow, so rural, a view of his son's fashionable mischance.

"No," said Ranger, and his voice sounded curt. He added, in an undertone: "I wish I were."

"You 're wrong there, Hiram," said Mrs. Whitney, catching the words not intended for her, and misunderstanding them. "It 's not a case for severity."

Arthur smiled and the look he gave his father was a bright indication of the soundness of his heart. Severity! The word sounded absurd in connection with the most generous and indulgent of fathers. "You do n't get his meaning, Mrs. Whitney," said he. "I, too, wish he were angry. I 'm afraid I 've made him sad. You know he 's got old-fashioned views of many things, and he can 't believe that I 've not really disgraced him and myself."

"Do *you* believe it?" inquired Ranger, with a look at him as sudden and sharp as the ray of a search light.

"I *know* it, father," replied Arthur, earnestly. "Am I not right, Mrs. Whitney?"

"Do n't be such an old fogy, Hiram," said Mrs. Whitney. "You ought to be thankful you 've got a son like Arthur, who makes a splendid impression everywhere. He 's the only western man that 's got into the exclusive societies at Harvard in years simply on his own merits, and he 's a great favorite in Boston and in New York."

"My children need no one to defend them to me," said Ranger, in what might be called his quiet tone,—the tone which he had never in his life used without instantly stopping and drying up utterly the discussion that had provoked it. Many people had noted the curious effect of that peculiar tone and had resolved to defy it at the next opportunity, "just to see what the consequences would be." But, when the opportunity had come, their curiosity had always withered.

"You can 't expect me to be like you, father,—you would n't want it," said Arthur, after the pause. "I must by myself develop my own individuality."

Ranger stopped and that stopped the others. Without looking at his son, he said, slowly: "I ain't disputing that, boy. It ain't the question. What I 'm thinking about is whether I ought to keep on helping you to develop yourself, as you call it," and he abruptly walked away.

Mrs. Whitney and Arthur stared after him. She was first to recover. "I do n't think he 's quite well, Artie," she said, reassuringly. "Do n't worry. He 'll come round all right. But you ought to be a little more diplomatic." Arthur was silent. Diplomacy meant deceit, and he had n't yet reached the stage of polite and comfortable compromise where deceit figures as an amiable convenience for promoting smoothness in human intercourse. But he believed that his father would "come round all right," as Mrs. Whitney had so comfortingly said. How could it be otherwise when he had done nothing discreditable, but, on the contrary, had been developing himself in a way that reflected the highest credit upon his family, as it marched up in the world toward high and secure social station?

Mrs. Whitney, however, did not believe her own statement; she made it merely to comfort,—in large part her reputation of being a "good, kind sort," like many similar reputations, rested on this habit of cheering on those who were going the wrong way and were disturbed by some suspicion of the truth. She had known Hiram Ranger long and had had much experience of his character, gentle as a trade wind,—and as steady and unchangeable. Also, beneath her surface of desperate striving after the things which common sense denounces, or affects to denounce, as foolishness, there was a shrewd, keen-eyed, practical person. "He means some kind of mischief," she thought,—an unreasoned, instinctive conclusion, and, therefore, all-powerful with a woman.

That evening she wrote her daughter not to hurry about coming to Saint X. "Wait until Ross is ready to come. Then you can join him at Chicago and let him bring you."

Just about the time she was setting down this first result of her instinct's warning against the danger signal she had seen in Hiram Ranger's manner, the latter was delivering a bombshell. He had led in the family prayers as usual and had just laid the Bible on the center-table in the back parlor after they rose from their knees. With his hands resting on the cover of the huge volume he looked at his son. "I have decided to withdraw Arthur's allowance," he said. "He must earn his own living. If he wants a place at the mills, there 's one waiting for him. If he 'd rather work at something else, I 'll do what I can to get him a job."

Silence ensued and Hiram left the room.

[*Concluded on pages 280 to 285*]

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LATHROP ANDERSON

W. P. MARTIN

ALDEN FREEMAN

J. A. DAVIS

The Habit of Governing Badly

By SAMUEL MERWIN

THE aim of these articles is to show, by the employment of facts and figures, that honest, efficient, and representative municipal government is practicable. In order to do this convincingly it will be well, I think, to prepare for one glance at the government of Manchester, England, by means of a preliminary glance at an American city,—Newark, New Jersey.

These two cities, the English and the American, seem to be fairly typical of accepted conditions. Both are what may be called provincial, mannfacturing cities. Manchester is probably no better governed than Leeds, Liverpool, or Glasgow. Newark is hardly worse governed than Pittsburg, St. Louis, or Minneapolis.

It will not be necessary to attempt to make comparisons directly. New Jersey is not Lancashire. The tree of government can hardly be transplanted across the sea: to be healthy it must sink its roots into the soil which can best nourish it and rear its foliage into the climate which likes it best. But the facts and the figures from Manchester are suggestive and stimulating. They may help us in our struggle. It is in this spirit that I set the two cities before you.

FIRST ARTICLE

THE investigator of public affairs meets, in Newark, what would be, if the thing were not common to our cities, a singular situation. If he looks into local politics he soon learns that the regular Republican organization invariably advocates those measures which the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey is advocating, and opposes those which "Public Service" is opposing. He next learns that James Smith, Jr., the Democratic boss, is largely interested in the Public-Service-Prudential group of companies and that he owns outright the Newark "Advertiser," *a Republican newspaper*. Not unnaturally the investigator is led to wonder if the political business of Newark and Essex County is anything more than one of the many activities of "Public Service."

He is next informed that the leading banks are controlled by this group. Business men, even city officials, speak furtively and in whispers of the despotic power of those prominent in "Public Service." "I'm in their power," they say; "if I should come out openly against them they would call my loans and ruin me."

Three Great Newark Concerns Are Very Closely Allied

In society and club life one hears again of the subtle influence of this powerful organization. There are stories of men blackballed at the Essex County Club because they have opposed Public Service. All that is rich and respectable and outwardly good in Newark seems to draw its substance from the massive stone building at Broad and Bank Streets.

It would seem, then, that the first thing to get at is not the nominal government of Newark but the much more imposing Public Service Corporation of New Jersey. Let us see what it is.

Late in 1902, the affairs of the North Jersey Street Railway Company were in bad shape. The usual stock-watering had been overdone, and the company, staggering under the burden, was threatened with disaster. Thomas McCarter was approached with a proposition to the effect that he should use his interest with the Prudential Insurance Company and its ally, the Fidelity Trust Company, to induce those powerful interests to step in and save the situation. In return for his services McCarter would be made president of the new holding company, and there would be the usual stock bonuses and friendly little gifts. McCarter accepted the proposition, early in 1903, and the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey was launched. The object of the new holding company was to acquire all the street car, gas, and electric light companies of the state; and in the pursuit of this object, with the exception of certain companies in Elizabeth and Trenton, it had been successful. The offices of the three companies—the Prudential, the Fidelity Trust Company, and the Public Service, which are now inextricably woven together,—are all in the Prudential Building. The Union National Bank, across Broad Street, is also owned and controlled by these allied interests.

Thomas McCarter, at the time he undertook this work, was attorney-general of the state, a position now occupied by his brother, Robert. Previous to that he had been in the state senate. He is a graduate of Princeton, and, also, of the Law School of Columbia University, class of 1892. In politics he was a machine Republican, until his interest became enlisted in the great bi-partisan corporation. He directed the campaign which landed John F. Dryden in the senate, and, by that work, placed the senator under obligations which have since been recognized in many ways. His "personal and political friendship" with Mayor Lentz and Colonel Dickinson, the Republican bosses of northern New Jersey, is of long standing.

Outside Insurance and Gas Interests Dominate the State

The Prudential shares the control of the Public Service Corporation with the Equitable Life Society, of New York, and with the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia, the latter, perhaps, better known as the "Philadelphia Gas Ring," which has lately received the attentions of Mayor Weaver and the decent citizens of that city. Three of the six United Gas Improvement directors, Randal Morgan, Samuel T. Bodine, and Thomas Dolan, are on the directorate of Public Service. John F. Dryden and Leslie D. Ward, respectively president and vice president of the Prudential, are Public Service directors, as is, also, Mr. Dryden's son-in-law, Anthony R. Kuser. We also find, on this list, Uzal H. McCarter, who presides over the destinies of the Fidelity Trust Company. The Equitable interests appear, not in the directorate of Public Service proper, but in that of the Fidelity and that of the Union National Bank.

A German Paper Openly Defied the "Public Service"

Thus we see that three great financial institutions in New York, Philadelphia, and Newark come together in the latter city for the control, through the Public Service Corporation, of practically all the public utilities of that city and state. One element—the political,—remains to be accounted for. It has come to be axiomatic that such a company must control the politics of its city or state, or of both. So, in this very interesting list of directors, we find the names of Senator Dryden; of E. F. C. Young, banker and Republican boss in Jersey City; of Thomas McCarter himself, who, also, represents the alliance of business and politics; and of David Baird, who is generally known as the boss of South Jersey, *and who is a member of the state board of taxation.*

Another name which, in this instance, seems to bear litttle direct significance, but which is, nevertheless, very significant of the sad ethical muddle into which our business philosophy of life has led us, is that of George R. Gray, a *judge of the court of errors and appeals*. The most important boss of all does not appear on the list, and is

THE eight portraits shown on this page represent the leaders in the battle against the corrupt political system in New Jersey. They have made wonderful progress against an institution which, drunk with power, is riding roughshod over the people. Everett Colby is the new state senator who is the prime leader against "Public Service." Lathrop Anderson is a business man who has gone into politics to save his state. William P. Martin is the reform leader in the assembly. Alden Freeman conducted the literary side of the last campaign. J. A. Davis successfully blocked "Public Service" in Orange County. John S. Gibson compiled the eloquent statistics which were used against "Public Service." F. W. Kelsey and Frank H. Sommer, the sheriff of Essex County, are leaders in the movement

EVERETT COLBY

FRANK H. SOMMER

F. W. KELSEY

JOHN S. GIBSON

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not, so President McCarter informs me, even a stockholder. This is Major Carl Lentz, the Republican boss of Essex County. Major Lentz is too openly the corporation's political executive man to be admitted into its operation. His pay seems to take the form of friendly tips on the market. When the Union National Bank was organized he was let in among those who "cut the pie," and his profits from the deal were published at the time in Senator "Jim" Smith's Newark "Advertiser," which was then, for reasons best known to Senator Smith, "throwing rocks" at Public Service.

The first question that arises in considering "Public Service" in detail is, What basis is there for the mingled anger and dread which the seeming. omnipresence and omnipotence of this corporation arouse among the business men and voters of Newark?

The "Freier Zeitung," a German paper, has been established in Newark for two thirds of a century. It is at present conducted by the "Prieth boys," in the interest of their mother, who owns it. Some years ago Benedick Prieth decided that it would be cheaper to light the Freier Zeitung Building, on Market Street, by a private plant than by patronizing the local electric light company, which is owned and operated by "Public Service." Accordingly, engines were installed and the building was wired. In order to insure himself against loss Prieth induced the owners of the adjoining buildings to buy their light from him. His price was about half that charged by the corporation. Finally, as the thing developed, he got a permit from the board of street and water commissioners to open the narrow street in the rear of the building and lay a main for a short distance in order to connect with a building in the same block.

Benedick Prieth, Unlike Most Newark Business Men, Had Fighting Stuff in Him

It happened that the owner of the building next to the "Freier Zeitung" on the east was William Scheerer, who was and is president of the Union National Bank. One would naturally suppose that Scheerer would be permitted to buy his light where he chose, but "Public Service" does not so regard these matters. President McCarter wrote a characteristic and emphatic letter to Scheerer, ordering him to take the independent wires out of his building. Scheerer obeyed. McCarter next called on Prieth in his office and with more or less bluster and profanity ordered him to shut down his plant, which Prieth had not the slightest notion of doing. Intimidation, which "Public Service" has usually found so effective, failed in this case. Finally, McCarter went before the board of works and ordered it to rescind the permit. "What are we to do," he had said to Prieth, "if everybody is to be allowed to come in here and compete with us?" Even here he failed. The leaven of protest had begun to work in Newark, and the usually subservient board of works refused to comply. And Prieth, secure in the knowledge that Public Service had guaranteed interest and dividends on *sixty-six million dollars of water* on its car lines alone, to say nothing of watered gas and electric stock,—knowing this, Prieth quietly went on cutting the price of light in half, and his thirty or forty customers, with the exception of Scheerer, have stood by him.

But Benedick Prieth was not through with the allied corporations. He is a young man,—in the middle thirties,—and, like Thomas McCarter, is a graduate of Princeton. And, unlike most of the business men of Newark, Prieth has fighting stuff in him.

Some little time after his lighting plant had got under way Prieth had occasion to borrow from the Fidelity Trust Company, and among the securities which he deposited as collateral were two hundred shares of stock in the old North Jersey Street Railway Company. The Public Service interests were, at that time, making every conceivable effort to gather the shares of the old companies and to issue in their place the new certificates of the Public Service Corporation. But the Prieth family had talked it over and had decided definitely to decline to accept new certificates. When F. W. Egner, of the Fidelity, was arranging the loan with Prieth, he suggested, in a conversation, that the Fidelity would exchange the North Jersey shares for Public Service certificates, and Prieth told him not to do it. It was something of a surprise, therefore, when he paid the loan and received his securities, to find that the exchange *had* been made. He promptly declined the Public Service certificates and demanded that his North Jersey shares be returned to him. Egner said that this was impossible. The conversation grew so heated that Prieth, rather than let his temper carry him too far, walked away and placed the matter in the hands of his lawyer, who at once brought it to the attention of Uzal McCarter, the president.

Mr. McCarter Ordered Mr. Prieth to Remove His Account from the Union Bank

McCarter, after some blustering, offered to hand Prieth two hundred other shares in North Jersey. The lawyer declined these and renewed his demand for the original shares, which McCarter finally succeeded in finding. He returned them to Prieth in person and accompanied his act with remarks which ran substantially as follows. It is in these remarks that we find the nub of the story of Newark; for, after listening to a good deal of vague talk about the despotic power of corporations, we find here a concrete instance of capricious despotism.

"Now, Prieth," said McCarter, "I 'm through with you. From now on I 'm your enemy. You have such-and-such loans here?"

"Yes," said the editor.

"Pay them!—You have an account with us?"

"Yes."

"Take it out!—You have a savings account here?"

"Yes."

"Take it out!—Your business account is in the Union National Bank?"

"Yes."

"Take it out!"

Here we have the president of one bank ordering a citizen, whose dealings with the banks have always been satisfactory,—the president of the Union National himself told me so,—*to take his account out of another bank!*

Threat of Publicity Was the Only Weapon that Ever Frightened the Corporation

Still Prieth, unlike nearly every other responsible man in Newark, was full of fight. He went straight to William Scheerer and asked him what McCarter had to do with the affairs of the Union National Bank. There is not space here to relate all that passed, but in effect Scheerer said that, while he liked Prieth and was greatly annoyed and disturbed that such a question should have arisen, still,—and here it is again!—still, if Uzal said Prieth's account must go, he was afraid that there was no way out of it.

At this the young editor went home and took stock of his weapons. It seemed that he had but one, his paper. Accordingly, he wrote a blazing article, in English, into which he poured something of his long-suppressed knowledge of the high-handed acts of the Public Service Corporation, which he laid before Scheerer. That gentleman was plainly distressed.

"You are n't going to print this, Ben?" he said.

Prieth replied that he was certainly going to print it.

"Wait," said Scheerer,—"do n't do anything to-day." Before the day was gone he called up the "Freier Zeitung" on the telephone and told Prieth that it was all right and that he could leave his account in the bank. The young editor had won his little battle with the only weapon of which the Public Service crowd is afraid,—the threat of publicity. The manner in which these men scurry for cover when the light is turned on would be ludicrous did it not testify to some very grim facts. The "light cure" is not popular in Newark.

This story is so important that it seemed advisable to lay it before the other side and get its version of it; and so, with Prieth's permission, I called on Uzal McCarter at his office in the Prudential Building and repeated it to him about as I have told it here. He heard it and then said:—

"That is not true."

"Very well, Mr. McCarter," I replied, "if you deny it in those terms, so that it becomes a question of veracity, I will not use it."

"We Had Done the Same Thing with Fifty Others and Nobody Else Objected"

"That is not true," he repeated, looking hard at me. This seemed to dispose of the matter, and I was about to withdraw, when, somewhat to my surprise, he launched on a qualification of his denial. "There is a certain amount of fact underlying that story," he said, "just enough to color it. What happened was this,"—and then he repeated the story substantially as I had repeated it, except that in his version Prieth had given Egner permission to make the change. "We were wrong," he went on. "We had no business to do it in that loose way. We had nothing from Prieth to show for it, and so it was just our word against his. *But we had done the same thing with forty or fifty others and nobody else objected.* When Prieth insisted on getting back his original shares he thought he had us,—he thought he was demanding the impossible, but through my connections here I was able to get them for him."

"Prieth says, Mr. McCarter, that you ordered him to take his account out of the Union National Bank."

Mr. McCarter waved his hand. "There 's nothing in that," he replied, "nothing at all." Then he again qualified his denial. "The facts were these: Prieth had tried to trip us up, and, when I closed the incident, I was angry. I told him I was through with him and that we could n't do business with him any more."

Then, when I rose to go, President McCarter followed me to the door and took me by the elbow. "Prieth thought he had us," he said, with a sudden mirthless chuckle; "he thought he had us,—*and he came mighty close to it!*"

Let me now take up an episode of a different nature. I can hope to do little more here than present typical illustrations of the "Public Service" sort of thing. One who has gone into the question of the ownership of the city of Newark is, in the nature of the case, embarrassed by the abundance of evidence. A study of the quality and cost of the illuminating gas which "Public Service" supplies to consumers at the rate of *one dollar and thirty-five cents per thousand feet* would alone take up more space than is at my disposal. I should like to consider more in detail the stock manipulation which accompanied the "reorganizations" of the underlying companies and the huge profits to the promoters. The least that can be honestly said of this sort of profit-getting is that it is swindling the public which has to pay for it in five-cent fares. In Manchester they pay two cents. The story of the attempt of Newark to stop the "flat wheel" nuisance and of the many other attempts to compel the corporation to keep within the law, to abolish grade crossings, to supply

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adequate service to the public, and to render an honest accounting of its earnings,—these things, interesting as they are, must be left largely to inference, as must also be, for another reason, the many instances in which some of the very men to whom the mass of citizens must look up for guidance in civic affairs have been silenced by the fear which "Public Service" and the arrogant, sinister attitude of the McCarter brothers have implanted in the community. But before we are through I hope to convince my readers that the "ring" which dominates Newark and the rest of New Jersey is in every respect as bad as, and in some respects worse than, the corrupt gas ring which goaded Philadelphia to revolt. Let us look into that little matter commonly known as the "city hall loop."

How They Do It in Manchester

THERE is no spoils system in Manchester. There are no bosses. There is no graft. Are the men of Manchester better, braver, higher-minded than we are?

The City of Manchester owns and operates, on a paying basis, all public utilities from street cars to cemeteries.

It costs two cents for a street car ride in Manchester. At this rate the municipal tramways last year paid all expenses and cleared $247,350 net.

Manchester sells gas to its citizens at fifty-eight cents per thousand cubic feet. At this rate the net profits last year were $320,429. The price in Newark is $1.10 per thousand feet.

In Manchester, the net profits of municipal ownership are turned over to help pay the taxes. That is where the people come in.

City councilmen don't trade with the city in Manchester. As it was explained, "They are touchy about that."

At the crossing of Broad and Market Streets there has for years been a congestion which the trolley company long seemed unable to relieve. The cars from Elizabeth, on the south, from the Oranges, on the west, from the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, on the east, and from Passaic and Patterson, on the north, converge at this point. The problem is by no means so difficult as may be found at a number of crossings in New York, but it has been, it would seem, beyond the grasp of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey. In response to the popular clamor for relief from the congestion, President Thomas McCarter proposed building a loop around the triangular breathing space on Broad Street known as Military Park. His first plan was to lay the tracks inside the curb; his second, to lay them outside. Either plan, by making the park little more than a place of transfer for passengers and by encircling it with an almost constant succession of clanging trolley cars, would have quite destroyed its usefulness as a park. So strong was the opposition that McCarter withdrew his petition and substituted for it one which, for sheer effrontery and callous disregard of civic right and of civic pride,—for callous disregard, indeed, of everything save cold dollars, —has rarely, if ever, been equaled. A new city hall was building on Broad Street, at great expense to the city. At the rear of the building was a plot of open ground which the city had bought in view of possible future extensions of the building. McCarter proposed to build a loop around the new city hall, and he also proposed, under the guise of opening a new street, to take for his tracks, *for nothing and forever*, this plot of open ground which the city had bought. This franchise was to be perpetual.

I have not heard of a more striking illustration of the essential greed of such corporations. It would seem, at first glance, that there must be some mistake,—that even the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey would not go so far as this. But, to men who have become hardened in this sort of thing, there is nothing the matter with such a request. Though citizens of Newark and of New Jersey, these men feel no sense of loyalty to city or state or country. Their allegiance is to the corporation, *and public service corporations are inherently opposed to a government which springs from the people.* It is well to remember this, for it strikes to the root of the present struggle. To such men all talk about rights and duties is "twaddle," and the men who talk about rights and duties are either fools or "strikers." They do not understand it at all. It annoys them. They see no ultimate fact in life except the cold dollar. When Alderman, now Assemblyman, William P. Martin protested at a public hearing before the board of works against this amazing petition, he looked down into the face of Uzal McCarter, who was sitting in the front row, *and Uzal McCarter laughed!* To the observer of conditions, one of the most puzzling and saddening features of the business is that both the man who introduced the petition and the man who laughed are graduates of Princeton University.

Fortunately, Newark had been partially aroused by this time, and this attempt to bottle up the city hall and to steal the land behind it stirred the people to an outburst of protest. All interests seemed united against the grab. The board of works, which, in Newark, has the power to grant franchises, was swayed by the clamor. But it takes courage in Newark for a street and water commissioner to vote with the people against "Public Service." Thomas McCarter went before the board and reminded the commissioners that he was, personally, a large contributor to the Republican campaign fund. He felt, he said, that he had a right to ask a "favor" now and then; and he finally intimated that, if the board should see fit to deny him his "favor," his campaign contributions would cease.

Here we have the president of "Public Service" uttering a deliberate threat to a governing body. The commissioner who told me of the episode could not recall the precise words that were employed. "It's two years ago," he said, "and I forget the language; but, if you know Tom McCarter, you can imagine he put it pretty strong."

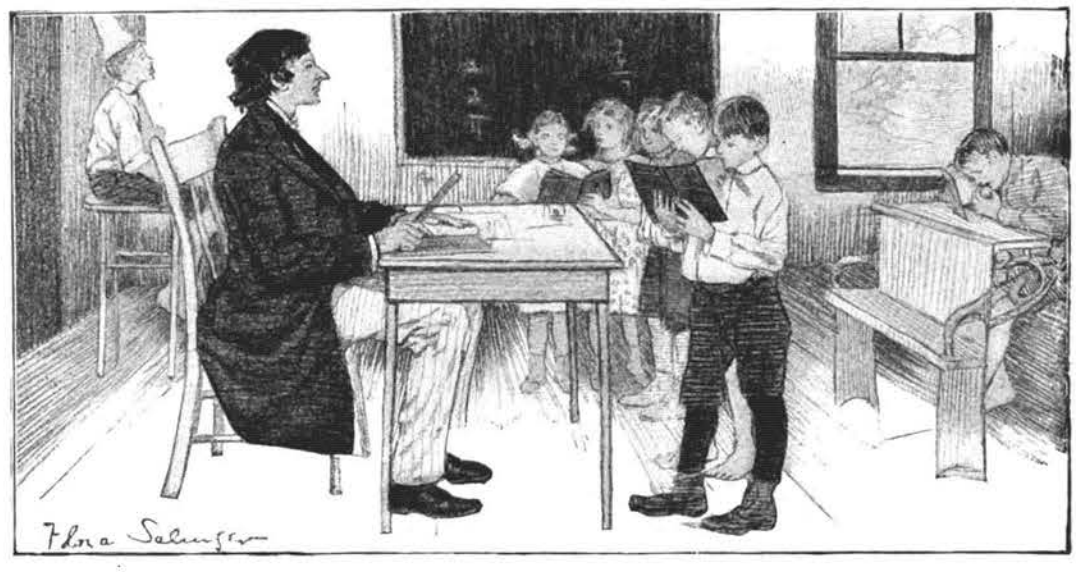
Even after this threat the commissioners were divided and in doubt. Only two of the five were courageous enough to come out squarely against the petition. At this, the psychological moment, the local board of trade stepped into the discussion. A committee of fifty was organized to attend the public hearing on the petition.

[*Concluded on pages 289 to 291*]

Schoolday Land

By JAMES W. FOLEY

Illustrated by Flora Salinger



I.

LET me go back to the schoolday time, to the dog-eared book and the ominous frown
Of the fretted master, with noiseless step, who strode through the rows of benches down
To box the ear of a graceless lad, whose slate bore a shameless caricature
Of the master's wig or bandy legs that the master's pride could not endure;
To the shamefaced dolt, with the dunce-cap on, perched high on the seat of the whittled stool,
While a rippling giggle, half subdued, ran round the length and breadth of school;
To the singsong chant of the reading class, in a trembling pilgrimage through rhyme
Or prose in the old "Fifth Reader." Who goes back with me to the schoolday time?

II.

Who goes with me to the schoolday time, to the whittled bench and the ink-stained desk,
To the copy book, with ink begrimed, and the hidden slate with its all grotesque
And weird designs of the master on; to the roguish face and twinkling eye
Of the mischievous lad who outs his tongue at the back of the master, passing by;
To the brass-bound rule and the tingling palm, upheld at the master's stern command,
To the trickling tears on the grimy cheek, and the hasty souse of the smarting hand
In the depths of the old tin drinking pail, unseen of the master's watchful eye,
To the crumpled note flung stealthily, and the munch of apples on the sly?

III.

Who goes with me to the schoolday time, to the coaxing songs through the windows flung,
Of truant birds in the trees without, and the heavy hearts in the schoolroom wrung
With the griefs of weird arithmetic, and sighs for the turf and the balmy air,
While the master yields to the spell of spring and nods asleep on the throne up there;
The clock-hands move at a snail's pace, slow, made somehow fast to the figured face,
And an air of drowsy discontent has settled down on the study place;
Till the master nods a fiercer nod, half yawns, and starts up from his chair
To flog some lad, who sits asleep, made dull, like him, by the drowsy air?

IV.

Who goes with me to the schoolday time, to the freckled face and the stone-bruised toe;
To the frowsled head o'er the ink-stained desk, and the bare brown legs that hang below;
To the soul that is all sunshine and air, and the head that is full of birds and bees;
To the heart that spurns the rules of schools, but yearns for the breath of fields and trees;
To the voice that rings like the sound of bells when the master puts aside his rule
And the rap, rap, rap of his knuckles tells the end of another day of school,
And brown legs dart through the opened door? Oh, never is told, in prose or rhyme,
The grace of joy in the hearts of lads through the golden days of school-boy time!

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"'Look here!' cried a rough voice from the gangway. 'This acting 's too natural for me!'"

PLAY;

or, Love Laughs at Locksmiths

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

Author of "God's Fool," "My Lady Nobody," etc.

Illustrated by Denman Fink

"HA! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Bandelbos rolled about in the garden, and roared himself blue in the face. He sank down on the bench, exhausted. There was only one bench: it was not a big garden. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" he gasped.

His timid little wife collected her sewing things, which he had scattered as he bumped down beside her. She had to stoop to pick up her workbasket, and she felt with a thin hand for a reel which had rolled under the seat, far out of reach. She was "bronchial." She sat up, flushed, and coughed.

"What is it?" she asked. "Tell me the joke, Hieronymus!" She always asked him to tell her the joke, and she never saw it. That was one of the chief trials of her life.

The fat builder—a picture of coarse prosperity,—pushed his bowler hat from his broad brow and mopped his face. He mopped it with a colored pocket handkerchief. He had a yellow nankeen waistcoat and a lot of seals, and he had bristly brown side whiskers and a very blue chin.

"Jerry!" said Hieronymus. "Hi! Hi! Hi! Jerry's been telling me he 's a man!"

Jerry's mother gave a little gasp. She sewed a few nervous stitches. Then she said, with her eyes on her work, "So he is."

"Pooh!" said Bandelbos. He had governed his wife during more than twenty years by that "Pooh!" He had instituted it at once,—in the honeymoon; nay, possibly during their courtship,—and, perceiving its immediate efficacy, had stuck to it ever since. The thing, when you come to look at it, is painfully simple. Pooh!

When she ventured to speak again, it was to put the very natural question: "And what did you say, in reply?"

"I said: 'Go and play!'" he made answer, and he shouted again, his fat sides shaking. There was no affectation about it: his laughter came bubbling up from some hidden source of fun.

"Do you call twenty-three a child?" she asked, at length, almost testily.

"Twenty-two, if you please. You never can be accurate, Nella. Jerry won't be twenty-three till the sixteenth of next month. You see, I know even better than you."

"Oh, I know," she answered. "Well, is twenty-two a child?"

"Not as years go, perhaps, though it is n't much of manhood, anyway. But there 's a great deal between a child and a full-grown man. Jerry!" Again he exploded. "Fancy Jerry telling *me* he was a man!"

"What made him say it?" She had got to it, at last, for that was what she really wanted to know.

"Jerry," he went on, not heeding her question, "who has never done anything all his life but fiddle and play the fool!"

"He fiddles beautifully," expostulated the mother.

"I do n't deny it. But, fancy a man and fiddling! I said to him: 'Go and play!'" From a top window of the square-built house came sounds of long-drawn squeaking. "And, you see," added the father, "he 's followed my advice."

"He always was an obedient son," said Jerry's mother.

"I 'm not denying it; though this time, I should say, while not purtending to know much of musicals, it 's tantrums. Yes, tantrums, I should say, distinctly." The violin gave a howl. "You can 't deny I 've always been a indulgent father to Jerry!"

"I do n't deny nothing," replied Juffrouw Bandelbos, and that is always a difficult attitude to encounter in a woman, even with a "pooh!"

"Nor an indulgent husband to you," continued the affluent head of the family, warming pleasantly to his subject. "I 've slaved and slaved, earning your bread in the sweat of my brow; ay, and your butter; ay, and your cake, Juffrouw! You 've never wanted for cake!"

"I 'm not denying of nothing, Hieronymus."

"Nor I for sweat," continued her husband, agreeably. "I 've worked the skin off my bones, while Jerry has just fiddled and fooled."

"Oh, not the skin, Hieronymus!" She cast a glance at her husband's fat hands.

"Well, I can 't help it, if you 're so thin; it is not for want of food," he answered, aggrieved. "And I can 't help it, if Jerry ain't a man. It 's not for want of money spent on his schooling. Schooling! Much good his schooling did him! I bet you he do n't know the difference between lead and zinc!"

She sighed,—a deep sigh.

"Nor do you," said her husband.

"Yes, I do, Hieronymus."

"Well, what is the difference?"

She paused before her careful reply. "Why, lead is just lead, of course," she said, sewing, "and zinc is zinc."

"And a fiddle 's a fiddle," said Hieronymus, "and a fool is just simply a fool."

"The boy 's a good boy," persisted the little woman.

"For a boy, yes. That 's right: let 's talk of *boys*. I 'm not dispraising my boy. He 's a good lad, in his way, which is n't mine, and I can 't think where he got his fiddle-faddling from."

"When you was barely twenty, Hieronymus,—"

He caught the words off her lips. "When I was barely twenty, I was took into my uncle's business, and I worked sixteen hours of the twenty-four. *I* did n't play. It was bricks and mortar for me all day, Nella, and very little straw! Well, I 've made my modest pile." He rattled something in his trousers' pocket: it was n't loose cash; it was something even better,—keys. He rose to his legs. "And Jerry can fiddle," he said. "Lord knows I would rather have had him an honest builder, making money, like me." He walked away, but by the swing—Jerry's swing,—he halted and turned to her, laughing. "Jerry a man!" he said. "Fancy his saying that to *me!*"

She gathered her work up to her bosom and walked hurriedly after him. "But what made him say it?" she cried.

He looked at her. "You can't guess? He has n't told you nothing?" As she shook her

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head he added: 'Then he ought to. He ought to go to his mother, the baby! Why, he swings on this swing for hours, till it makes me sick to look at him. A 'man' on a swing, swinging, for a hard-working, honest builder to see!"

She limped back,—she had a slight limp, more a stumble than a lameness,—she limped back to the house, with her workbasket and the overhanging bit of her husband's clothing, along the narrow path between the apple trees. It was all neat and prosperous, and well-kept. The square building looked fresh as if from a toy shop, and everything about it was spick and span. She and her husband saw after that: he had nothing to complain of in his housekeeper, nor she in the man who earned her "cake." They jogged on very comfortably, and Jerry, their only child, delighted his mother, and amused his father, chiefly by playing the fiddle.

The mother now stumped up the stairs in the direction of the screeching. It was a call to her, impulsive, imperious,—withal, appealing!

As she opened the door, the music rushed out at her, louder and faster; it hurried on, while she stood waiting; it fell over itself, as it were, in its haste to get at her, and away from the performer, excited, self-conscious, conscious of her presence. It stopped with a yell.

Jerry put down his violin very gently and faced his mother. Undoubtedly, he was boyish-looking for his age, very fair and curly, pink and white, with clear blue eyes, and a rather dreamy look. He said nothing.

"Jerry, you have n't been quarreling with father?"

"No," he answered. "Have I ever quarreled with father? I wish father would quarrel with me. He only pats me on the back and laughs."

"Father is n't quarrelsome," said the mother.

"I 'm not a child," said Jerry.

She sat down beside him on his black horsehair sofa. "Tell me what it was all about!"

"Of course you know I 'm in love with Hettie Klop."

"How should I know? You never said a word about it."

"Oh, mothers know." He looked down, striking his fiddlestick against the tip of his boot. Then he looked up, full into her tired eyes. She laughed.

"You knew I was in love," he said. "Why, my violin would have told you that."

"Yes, I knew," she answered, with a glad light on her face and a sad catch in her voice.

"And with whom else could it have been but with Hettie?"

"With a dozen other girls that would have pleased your father better. Why, the village is full of pretty girls."

"I never saw another except Hettie," he answered. "Who are the other pretty girls?"

"It 's no use mentioning them just now," she said, sorrowfully. "Poor drunken Klop the tailor's daughter is hardly a fit sweetheart for Bandelbos's son!"

"I 'm not going to marry the tailor," he replied.

"Marry! How you hurry on, child! Child, you take my breath away!"

The reiteration annoyed him. "I 'm not a child!" Then he threw his arms round her neck. "Oh, mother, I love her so!"

That melted her completely, if, indeed, there was still anything left to melt. "You should have her," she said, crying a little, " if I could help you. But you can 't expect father to take that view."

"I tried to reason with father, but he only ran away laughing. He laughed all the way down stairs, crying, 'Child!' I could hear him laughing in the garden. Father 's brought me up all wrong, mother: you know he has. He ought to have made me learn some good, useful trade."

"Ah, that 's what children always say, in the end, when they 've had their own way," replied his mother, sadly. "You did n't want to learn a trade, Jerry: you wanted to play about. 'Oh, let him go and play,' said father; 'he 'll always have enough to eat.' "

Jerry kicked the leg of the table.

"Your father earns a lot of money, building of his houses, Jerry."

"Such houses! Heaven forgive him!" thought the son, but aloud he said: "I can 't help that." Nor could he. As a matter of fact, he fiddled well, and his father built badly. There are still plenty of good artists in little Holland, but the building, as any one can see who walks the streets, has all gone absolutely mad and bad,—designedly and dishonestly bad and mad.

"And what trade could you have learned?" continued his mother. "Your father 'd have been only too glad, if you 'd gone into the workshop with him."

"True," said Jerry. "I can only fiddle, and that not well enough to be of any good."

"You fiddle beautiful; you know you do," replied his mother. What could she do but kiss him, he looked so handsome and so disconsolate? He was a dear, dear boy. In the dullness of her monotone existence he shone like an unclouded star in her dull sky of gloom.

"'True,' said Jerry. 'I can only fiddle.' "

"Come, mother!"—he shook himself together,—"I 'll play you something pretty." He took up his violin and played her Raff's well-known "Cavatina." It is so simple and sympathetic that, long before the little piece was finished, it drew fresh tears from her eyes. But the tears, if analyzed, would, perhaps, have proved rather selfish tears. No mother can feel altogether happy to see the new light, however radiant, spreading all over the heart of her child.

But the father appeared at dinner, and he took a practical view of things, being a successful business man: he showed an immediate interest in the food, and a more desultory one, but no less persistent, in his son's future. When he remarked, pleasantly, that the sheep's foot is hard and the sheep's head (with a nod at his son's,) soft, even a good-tempered lad might surely find his father rather trying. Jerry had the sweetest of natures. He scowled, in silence, at his plate.

"Now, Jerry," said his father, rising, and wiping his thick lips with the back of his hand, "I must be off to my work again. You go play!"

"Well, I work hard enough at my fiddle," said Jerry. "I assure you *four* hours a day is no joke." Once upon a time he had insisted on speaking of his "violin" only, to his parents; but he had given that up as an affectation, like the honest, simple, open-hearted lad he was.

"Yes," said Hieronymus, grimly, "so the gentleman that I 'm building for, Mr. Zondervan, works at heraldry. Heraldry, he calls it; it 's names of people that are dead and done for, and when they were born and when they died. You have to be dead,—or born: that 's all. You need n't be anything else. I can see him scribbling, through the glass door, for hours, and I 'm building a room to put all the names of the people in. He comes out, all white and fagged, to look at the building. 'Bandelbos,' he says, 'I 've worked till I 'm beat.' He calls that 'work.' "

"So does Jerry—fiddle till he 's beat," said the mother.

"More fool, he!—when he can go and play. Have n't I worked all my life, so that Jerry might play as long as he chooses? I wonder how many fathers 'd do as much? If you want to work, Jerry, come into the business. Time enough, then, to talk of your being a man."

"I could n't build the right sort of houses," said Jerry, humble, up to a point.

"I 'd see to that. You 'd have to serve a long apprenticeship. There 'd be a lot for you to learn, child; you would n't like that." He grew meditative. "There, there," he said, in a changed voice, "it 's no use talking. You 'll never be a man of business, boy; thank heaven, I 've always worked. There 'll always be enough to eat. Go and play!" He walked out at the one door, and Jerry, unable to bear his mother's tender gaze, walked out at the other.

Jerry, as is the habit of his love-smitten kind, went straight to the cause of his sorrow. As he sat with her, in the honeysuckle arbor, under the dead but yet fragrant honeysuckle, he told her how good, and comforting, his mother was, and also how kind, but vexatious, his father.

"But I 'm not a child: I 'm a man," said Jerry.

"Yes, indeed," assented Hettie, and her gaze rested on him admiringly

"I 'll prove to him, somehow, that I can do more than play. I 'll show him I can work."

"Dear Jerry, I wish you would," said sweet, pretty Hettie, "and father thinks so, too."

"What! does your father talk, too? And what does he say?" Jerry had made sure, under every circumstance, of the impecunious tailor's eager consent.

"Father says"—Hettie fingered her apron; she looked the sort of picture—warm, alive,—that any man goes mad over,—"father says that he won't have us marry till—oh, Jerry!—you have found a means of earning a livelihood."

"Is n't my father, with all his wealth, a livelihood?" asked Jerry, of himself, as it were, in his bitterness of heart.

Hettie shook her golden head; it shone in the sunshine. "No. Father says a man must have a serious aim in life. 'Life is work, not play,' says father."

"Does he, indeed? Now my father says, for some people, like me, life 's all play, not work." He ground his teeth at thought of the tipsy tailor making difficulties about him, the son of Hieronymus Bandelbos! Even the pauper tailor! His father was right! Play the fiddle! Play the fool!

He went home early, in dudgeon, vexed at himself. He could not bring himself to speak of the subject which had brought him,—the subject which, that morning, had still seemed so full of interest,—the theatrical performance of the amateur club to which both he and Hettie belonged. In fact, he was the soul of the whole undertaking, the manager, director, and star of the village players. But now, suddenly, the business seemed hateful to him. He could not endure to mention the word. Play! Players!

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Play it so! You play the heroine. I play—Play! Play!

He slunk back, frowning. He found his father, after supper, in a far more serious mind. "Sit ye down, Jerry," said Bandelbos, in his arm-chair and dressing gown, over his pipe, "and listen to me. There must be no nonsense, so I 'll speak very plain. I 'll support ye and willing, as I 've done till now, so long as you 're a boy. But there must be no talk of love-making and marrying. Boys do n't marry. Men marry,—and men work."

"I do n't know how; you never taught me," cried Jerry.

"I 'll teach you, when you want to learn. You come to me, and I 'll teach you." The builder paused and took a few thoughtful puffs at his pipe. Then he added: "And if you *do* want to be a fine gentleman, and never attempt a stroke of work, I 'm not gainsaying you,—there! Had ever lad a more indulgent parent? But then you 'll bide *my* time to marry, young man, and you 'll *not* choose a penniless wife." He rose to his slippered feet. "Hettie Klop!" he cried, "Hettie Klop to spend my money! What a fool old Klop must think me! No, Klop 's not such a fool."

"He won't have me," said Jerry.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Not unless I work at a trade."

Hieronymus stopped laughing.

"Well, it looks as if you 'd better begin," he said, and he took up his evening paper. He peeped over the top of it. "Do n't be a fool," he said; "you just go on playing, baby, and marry among your equals six years hence!"

That disposed of the subject for the present. Neither Jerry nor his parents reverted to it. The exigencies of the young man's official position compelled him, willy nilly, to devote a great part of his spare "time" (the time not reserved for musical "study,"—a snort from Hieronymus,) to preparations for the coming performance. It was the most important event of the village winter,—the opening, so to speak, of the season. The rustic actors were keenly alive to their distinctive responsibilities,—still more so to their individual requirements. No professional company could have wanted more, or worse, or so persistently. During the next few weeks Jerry tore about like one distracted. It was "Jerry, this," and "Jerry, that," at all hours, and on every trifling subject. He only found time, in the midst of his unalterable music lesson, to confide to his friend and teacher from Overstad the story of his love and his despair. "If only I were good for something," he lamented, "I 'd soon show father how sick I am of 'play.' But I 'll stick to Hettie, whatever happens, and I 'll work for her, somehow, some day."

Hieronymus, when he heard of the play-acting, had uttered a sound between a grunt and a guffaw. "You may play at love-making with her as much as you like, boy, but not the real thing,—mind!—or you 'll have to *work!*" In the play—a comedy from the German,—Jerry, a dashing cavalry lieutenant, Ulrich von Säbelblitz, wooed and finally won Hettie, the young "Comtesse" Adelgunde; he wooed her through four long acts, and only won her, amid general approval, at the end of the fifth. The curtain, in fact, was a benediction from everybody who had not died in the piece. Jerry did n't think he would have much difficulty with the love scenes, except in so far as they came too naturally. "Do n't you make them too natural, child," said his mother. She said it several times. She looked rather anxious. "Never you fear, mother," he answered at last, savagely, "I 'll take precious good care not to compromise Hettie. Do n't I know I can 't marry her, in any case?" Much worried about footlights, and scenery, and half a hundred other things, he yet went into Overstad, on the very morning before the performance, for the precious lesson from the *maestro*, which he could not and would not miss. He came back, with a face transfigured, and leaped and sang about the house. "Why, what possesses the child?" said his mother, as they sat down to a hasty meal before the entertainment. "All this excitement about to-night?"

"All this pleasure from a bit of play-acting!" said Hieronymus. "What a player you are!"

"No, no. I do n't understand. What is it, Jerry?" said the mother, suppressing her nervous cough.

"Father," began Jerry, abruptly, "you 'd have let me marry Hettie, if I could have supported her myself?"

"No," said Hieronymus; "it 's the other father, as I understood, who would have let you marry, then,"—and he laughed.

"But you 've nothing against the girl?"

"She 's not a fit match for you, Jerry. Do n't you compromise yourself."

"Do n't you compromise the girl, Jerry," said his mother. Later on she followed her son into the passage. "Be careful to-night, Jerry! A girl's reputation is a very delicate thing. Do n't you do her a injury as you never could put right again. She 's a good girl. Do n't you act too natural. She never could hold up her head again in the village, if you was to—how did father say?—countermand her. Remember that it 's only play."

He laughed gayly and kissed her. "No, mother, I promise you; I sha'n't countermand her. Thanks, mother dear, for your advice." He turned, in closing the front door. "And thank father, too!" he added. The door banged. She sighed wearily. "I 'm sure he might do very much worse," she said, and then she went to put on her best gown.

As the curtain rose and Jerry stepped forward, his parents' words seemed to ring suddenly in his ears. He put the thought back with a gesture of annoyance. He could see them sitting, prominent, among greater and inferior notabilities, in a front row, with a sea of faces behind. He turned away, resplendent in light blue and yellow braid, to a clatter and a clang of saber and spurs. "I wonder," he began, "who that beautiful girl is, whom I saw as I came up the castle steps!" His voice sounded as if it were somebody else's. But he soon got over that. It soon sounded much like his own.

Through four long acts he made love ceaselessly. He was very much applauded, all along. "He does it wonderfully well," said the burgomaster to Bandelbos, who grinned, not too sweetly. "And so naturally!" added the burgomaster's lady, to the builder's wife. The latter had a fit of coughing that really quite disturbed the performance. At the end of each act, when all the players came before the curtain together, Jerry and Hettie stood, a central group, hand in hand.

" I suppose it 's good play-acting," said Bandelbos to his worship. "I do n't understand about play-acting. I understand about work. I only know that the play 's one thing and real life 's another, and in real life the play never comes true."

The burgomaster bent his head. "A very judicious remark," said he.

But toward the end of the fifth act comes the crisis. Amid increasing excitement and in an atmosphere grown well-nigh stifling, the audience expects the gallant lieutenant to come to the point. He has long shown them and Adelgunde the state of his feelings. He must now offer her his hand and his home, as well as his heart. In a breathless silence Ulrich approached the dear girl on the sofa.

"Hettie, will you be my wife?" he said.

A titter ran through the serried ranks in the background, hastily suppressed. A thrill of general emotion conquered it, as Jerry quickly corrected himself.

"Adelgunde, will you be my wife? I adore you." He caught her in his arms, as she consented; he kissed her; he kissed her passionately, while he clasped her; he kissed her again and again.

A torrent of applause poured down from pit and gallery, but it died away in the discomfort of the front seats. Adelgunde lay on Ulrich's breast, because he manifestly held her there. These kisses were not mere stage kisses.

"Look here!" cried a rough voice from the gangway. "This acting 's too natural for me!"

The front seats looked round. Klop, the tailor, was making his way to the front.

Ulrich half released Adelgunde. "Why, you fool!" he cried, "are n't Hettie and I going to be married in a month or two? Do n't disturb the play! Order, boys! Keep him back! Ah, count?" He turned to the entering actor. "Your fair daughter has just made me the happiest of men!"

"Keep back, Klop; you 're drunk!" said a member of the committee. The curtain fell amid immense, immeasurable enthusiasm. Half a minute later two furious fathers and a frightened mother were facing the bold lieutenant, who once more held his bride in his arms.

"Play, is it?" cried the lieutenant; "well, the play 's become life, real life. Yes, she 's hopelessly compromised, as you say, Klop, unless I countermand her, father, but I won't countermand her,—mother, never you fear! Play? I 'm going to play for her, father, and work for her. The play 's become work. I 'm to play in the Overstad orchestra, as permanent second violin, and support us both! My play 's worth more, after all, than you ever thought, father! I shall play now till the end of my days!"

"You young blackguard!" "You dear child!" exclaimed the father and the mother. "And what do you expect me to do?" spluttered Bandelbos. "He 'll help you, oh, he 'll help you, Jerry!" coughed Jerry's mother. Said Bandelbos:—

"Pooh!"

Friends with the World Again

By JAMES W. FOLEY

Come, let 's be friends again, my World. You 've disappointed me
A hundred,—yea, a thousand times, and then, too hastily,
I 've sworn to hate you all my days, like some offended child
Quick angered with a petty spite and quickly reconciled.
What matter if my woes were thick?—they 're all forgotten now;
I 'm full of hopes and dreams again,—I will succeed somehow.
So here 's my hand in pledge to you,—if I was hasty then,
I 'm sorry, and I hold no spite,—so let 's be friends again.

Let 's rub the record from the slate and start again anew,
That sun of yours shines just as bright, those skies are just as blue.
What matter if the once I failed?—I 'll pledge you in a smile
The glory of the favor I shall bask in afterwhile.
And if I said harsh things of you, if I was quick to blame
Some other for a fault mine own, remember that I came
When in a better, nobler mood, with hand outstretched,—and then
I know you 'll join me in a pledge to be good friends again.

If in my haste I called you cheat, I see where I was wrong;
I bade you aid me with a frown,—I should have come with song.
I came with fretting on my lips; nor ever did I see
I was unfit to claim the prize that once you promised me,
So here I am with chastened pride, content to do thy will,
Glad of thy sunshine and thy skies;—for what of thee seemed ill
Was in my weakness, not in thine. And for mine anger then
I 'm sorry,—here 's my hand on it! Come! Let 's be friends again!

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HEINRICH CONRIED WORKING AT THE LOOMS WHEN A BOY

"While my fingers were working on the cloth, I was weaving in my imagination the texture of a career"

Photograph by A. Radcliffe Dugmore

HEINRICH CONRIED AS HE LOOKS TO-DAY

"I am trying to give grand opera the highest expression it has yet reached. . . . . I care much more for this than for money"

Heinrich Conried,— Opera Builder

The Life-story of a Man Who Began as a Weaver in Austria.—His Gigantic Task as Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.—Some of the Great Singers of His Company

By J. HERBERT WELCH

It has been said that the United States has no atmosphere encouraging to art; yet, during the winter months at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York City, grand opera attains a development unequaled even in the most celebrated musical centers of the Old World.

Here may be seen the most elaborate operatic productions, and here may be heard the world's most gifted singers. It is impossible to convey by words more than a faint impression of the sensuous brilliancy of a Metropolitan Opera House performance.

It seems quite foreign to the poetic spirit thus created to go behind the scenes on an excursion of analysis, but this is profitable, since you make the acquaintance of Heinrich Conried, the dominating personality in the production of grand opera in New York. It is he who plans it and supplies the initial energy to the seven hundred persons, artists and artisans, who constitute the Metropolitan organization.

No Other City anywhere Supports Grand Opera as generously as New York

He is below the medium height, and is inclined to stoutness. His face, clean-shaven, and mobile in expression, is like that of an actor; his black hair, worn long and brushed back from his forehead suggests the musician. At a first glance you would say he is one or the other, but in the strong lines of his mouth and the uncompromising gaze of his eyes is indicated the executive ability which, in conjunction with his artistic instincts, has made him the world's most notable director of stage production. He is an animated talker always, but his voice deepens, his tones become dramatic, and his words are emphasized by forceful gestures, when one touches upon his enthusiasms.

"I am trying to give grand opera the highest expression it has yet reached," he said to me, recently. "My aims are twofold. My first is for art, for the highest possible artistic standard. We take from Europe its best singers, and Europe is beginning to look to us to set the pace, so to speak, in operatic achievement. With this at the Metropolitan I am frank to say that I am by no means satisfied. I suppose I never shall be, because whatever is achieved always opens the mind to wider horizons of what might be achieved. I think, however, that we are making progress. I care much more for this than for money. If the latter was the chief influence in my work I should have long since gone into trade.

"Yet art is dependent on money, and so my second fundamental aim is to see that the income of this organization exceeds the outflow. The latter is much greater here than in any other opera house in existence, since we engage more vocalists of the highest rank, and pay them considerably higher salaries, than is the case elsewhere. Yet, in spite of this and of the almost universal experience that grand opera does not pay, I am glad to say that in New York it is paying. The citizens of no other city are so generous in their financial support.'

Mr. Conried's Working Day Lasts from Eight in the Morning until Midnight

An idea of how great this support is may be obtained from a knowledge of the fact that the expenditures under the control of Mr Conried are nearly ten thousand dollars a performance, or about sixty thousand dollars a week.

"Your labors in art and finance keep you busy." I remarked. This observation was suggested by the sign which is the most conspicuous object in the anteroom at the stage entrance of the Metropolitan. It reads: "Mr. Conried, being overwhelmed with work, regrets his inability to receive visitors, except by special and written appointment."

"Naturally," he replied, with a slight shrug and smile, "but I object to your use of the word 'labors.' When one is interested it is not labor, but just work, the only thing that gives zest to life. I wish I could do more. The days are not long enough."

Yet Mr. Conried's working day almost invariably begins at eight o'clock in the morning and lasts until midnight. He usually devotes the early morning hours to discussing business and mechanical details. He renders quick decision on a great variety of problems which confront his musical conductors, stage managers, scenic artists, ballet masters, costumers, and numerous others. The approach of noon

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OLIVE FREMSTAD,
one of the most beautiful contraltos on the operatic stage

LOUISE HOMER

M. JOURNET

Burr McIntosh, Photo, N. Y.

ENRICO CARUSO,
the great tenor who has been one of Conried's strongest drawing cards

brings in leading artists, and technical knowledge on Mr. Conried's part must be replaced by tact, since musical genius is capricious. It often happens, moreover, that, in the trying winter climate of New York, a principal is indisposed, which necessitates a quick shifting of the arrangements for the evening.

The nightly change of programme involves a regular afternoon rehearsal, and this Mr. Conried rarely misses. He becomes then an actor and stage manager. The ballet step may not be quite to his liking. Light on his feet, he capers nimbly to show the wondering dancers how it should be done. The mob may be slow; he joins it, waving his arms, all action. No defects in anything escape him. He has instructions for everybody, stopping just short, it has been said, of showing his famous artists how to sing.

In the lobby of the opera house, in the evening, he watches the fashion and wealth and musical culture of New York flock in to enjoy the luxuriant fruit of the efforts of the day. Later he is on the stage, supervising the details of the performance. Midnight is at hand when he begins to think of home and rest.

Yet the activities of Mr. Conried are not confined to the Metropolitan Opera House. Frequently he makes a hurried visit to the Irving Place Theater, which he rescued from bankruptcy twelve years ago, and which, under his management, has become America's leading German playhouse. Each winter he takes a large part of the Irving Stock Company to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and presents, before the students of Harvard University, a classic German drama. He has done the same for Yale, Columbia, and Pennsylvania. He pays the expenses of these performances out of his own pocket, the proceeds going to the Germanic departments of the universities. Of that of Harvard he is a trustee. From Columbia and

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EDYTH WALKER

POL PLANÇON

EMMA EAMES,
who has sung all the most important soprano rôles in the Conried repertory

MADAME MELBA,
the Australian prima donna, who has been decorated by King Edward VII.

Pennsylvania he has received honorary degrees.

He has been honored not only in this country, but also abroad. The emperors of Germany and Austria and the king of Italy have decorated him. The kaiser invited him aboard the royal yacht, two years ago, and not only congratulated him upon his services for the German language and drama in America, but also presented him with a gold snuffbox studded with diamonds. In Germany and Austria they have a perspective view of Mr. Conried and regard him as one of the most important figures among those who have gone out from the Fatherland and won fame in the New World. Yet there was a time when he went to the back doors of theaters and asked for work and was turned away.

I asked him how he had built up the structure of his success.

"By ceaseless effort," he answered, quickly. Then, after a slight pause, he added: "I have always had enthusiasm to carry me along. Things that have interested me at all have interested me intensely.

"It has been so since my earliest days. When I was very young, in my native town of Bielitz, in Austria, I conceived a strong desire to become an actor. My father, at first, ridiculed my ambition, and then positively forbade me to entertain it. He was a man of the people, simple in his views of life, and strong in his prejudices. He declared that the stage is an abomination, and said that I must become a weaver.

"His will prevailed. Bielitz is a town of looms, and I took my place at one of them. But I must have inherited some of his persistency, for, while my fingers were working on the cloth, I was weaving in my imagination the texture of a glittering career as a great actor. I went poorly clad in order that I might have money for the theater. I sat up late at night reading

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"AM I TO BE OSLERIZED?"

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

"I AM a man over forty, and, although I have worked very hard and tried very hard, I have not yet gained a competence nor achieved success. What am I to do? *Am I to be Oslerized?* Is it possible that I have done my best work, that the future has even less for me than the disappointing past? I have a wife and several children, to whom I would like to give something better than poverty and failure; but we have not yet been able to get a home of our own. Yet, if my creative years are in the past, what can I expect of the future?"

Every little while I get letters similar to the above, indicating the fatal consequences of Dr. Osler's doctrine.

Robert Ingersoll's famous lecture, justifying suicide under certain conditions, was followed by an epidemic of suicides. Dr. Osler's fatal philosophy regarding the comparative uselessness of men after forty years of age has been followed by a fearful wave of discouragement and depression among those who have reached middle life or later without gaining a competence or achieving anything like success.

The now famous utterances which started this pessimistic wave are still fresh in our minds. Dr. Osler said:—

"I have two fixed ideas well known to my friends. The first is the comparative uselessness of men above forty years of age. This may seem shocking and yet, read aright, the world's history bears out the statement.

"It is difficult to name a great and far-reaching conquest of the mind which has not been given to the world by a man on whose back the sun was still shining. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty, those fifteen golden years of plenty.

"My second fixed idea is the uselessness of men above sixty years of age, and the incalculable benefit it would be in commercial, political, and professional life, if, as a matter of course, men stopped work at this age."

The extent of the harm which Dr. Osler has done—innocently, I believe,—can hardly be estimated. His words have come like a death sentence into thousands of homes! They have taken away hope and left despair in thousands of aching hearts. "What is the use of trying," these unfortunates say, "when one of the greatest authorities in the world has pronounced the verdict against us?"

Governor Allen, of Ohio, in commenting upon the edict of some of the railroad companies and other corporations that men over thirty-five should not be employed, said, "It is not how long a man has lived that counts, *it is what's left in him.*"

This is the secret of the whole thing. It depends altogether on how much is left in a man as to whether he is old or young, whether his fires have burned out or are still alive. What the employer wants is vitality, resourcefulness, alertness, freshness and openness of mind. It does not matter so much about the years. It is rather a question of energy, of reserve power. It is foolish to fix an age at which men become comparatively useless. Some men are young at seventy, others are old at thirty-five.

One of the worst delusions that ever crept into a middle-aged man's mind is the conviction that he has done his best work, that he is growing old and must soon give place to younger men.

Do not be discouraged or allow yourself to be influenced by Dr. Osler's "fixed ideas," for he is himself, at fifty-six, a direct contradiction of his own theory.

I wonder if Dr. Osler's theory extends to women? It is said that his mother is in her hundredth year. She had four sons who have distinguished themselves. *At what age is a mother past her usefulness?*

Mr. Foltz, in the St. Louis "Globe Democrat," not long ago published an exhaustive article, the result of a great deal of investigation, upon the question of when men pass the age of diminishing returns. The investigation covered twenty groups of men who are regarded as the most successful to-day in their various lines, taking ten men in each group. It was found that the average for two hundred men was between fifty-one and fifty-two years. It was found that men of forty scarcely figured at all among the real giants that shaped American destiny. Only thirty-five out of the two hundred were under forty-five.

The larger part of the great fortunes of this country have been accumulated after their amassers have passed forty. In fact, the first forty years of a man's life are the preparatory years, the years of training and discipline. A large part of this time he is laying the foundation,—just getting ready to rear the superstructure. Many of us stumble around many years before we get into the right place, and then, for additional years, we make many mistakes. Most men do not get wise until they have passed forty. They may get knowledge before this, but not much wisdom. Wisdom is a ripening process. It takes time.

At the age when Dr. Osler thinks men are becoming useless, Lincoln was trying to get an appointment as a land commissioner, and failed. At the same age nobody outside of his own little community knew Ulysses S. Grant. He had not then accomplished anything of note, and yet he became the greatest military figure of his day.

Speaking of Dr. Osler's age of compulsory retirement at sixty, Mr. Finot, an eminent French authority, says, "When men retire at that age from active life, active life begins to retire from them." He adds "Life can be shown to be equal potentially to one hundred and fifty years or more, and practically the potential span of life is much greater than people dare imagine."

Old age has recently been pronounced a disease by the noted Prof. Metchnikhoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was still a professor at Harvard University when he was nearly eighty. He used to say, "Do not let your heart grow cold, and you shall carry youth and beauty into the teens of your second century." This is the great secret of perpetual youth, not letting the heart grow cold. As long as the heart is young and the thought is youthful, old age can not touch you.

Now, my friend, you who think you have had your day, and that you are getting useless, just make up your mind that this is a delusion, fatal to all growth and effectiveness. Say to yourself, "I am in my prime. My work lies in the future. I am still going up hill. I positively refuse to go down, or to become old and useless. I am going to show the world that I am great enough to throw off this miserable delusion of premature aging. I am going to hold the youthful buoyant, joyous, optimistic thought as long as I live."

Every man makes his own dead line. Some reach it at thirty-five, some at forty, some at fifty; some do not reach it at eighty; some never reach it, because they never cease to grow.

How fortunate for the world that history did not adopt Dr. Osler's dead line of age; for it would have excluded from its annals many of the world's greatest workers, the majority of its greatest statesmen and men of affairs.

It never would have seen Milton's "Paradise Lost," for it did not appear for ten years after he had passed that age. It would never have seen Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," an indisputable evidence that a man may be at the very height of his creative power at sixty. It never would have had "The Creation" of Haydn, which was not composed until twenty-six years after he had passed this fatal period; nor the "Messiah" of Handel, which did not appear until seventeen years after. Von Moltke did not perform his great work of consummating the unification of Germany until thirty-two years after he had crossed this fatal "dead line."

What an irreparable loss to this country if Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Farragut, Lincoln, and hosts of others, who have left their impress in every field of human activity, had been retired as "unfit for service" when they had passed forty, or even fifty!

Look around the world to-day, and see what some of the men who have long passed the "dead line" are doing, and what they have accomplished! Look at the young old military leaders in little Japan who conquered great Russia! Oyama was twenty years past this fatal line when he won his great victories, and all of his corps commanders were past fifty. The Marquis Ito, the Grand Old Man of Japan, her greatest statesman, and the one who has done more than any other to make Japan what it is to-day, is still active in the service of his country.

Look at Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic! Much of his best work has been done since he was sixty. The Emperor of Austria, one of the greatest statesmen on the continent of Europe, is about seventy-seven. Clement Armand Fallières, recently elected President of France, is sixty-five.

The leaders, the men of the greatest influence in our United States senate, have worn gray hairs for a quarter of a century. Senator Morgan of Alabama, eighty-four years old, recently made one of the strongest and most vigorous speeches, on the Panama Canal question, that he has ever made. Joseph Chamberlain, nearly seventy years of age, is still the most brilliant statesman in England. He was sixty-seven when he initiated his plan for fiscal reform.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, everything considered, has, perhaps, been the greatest university president of his day, and nearly all of his greatest work has been done since he crossed the line of the comparatively "useless age." His mind is still strong, alert, and creative.

Charles Hazlitt, consulting Engineer of the City of New York, over ninety-five years of age, works in his office every day at drawings and plans,—the most intricate work. He is such an efficient worker that he has been held in office by every administration, Republican and Democratic alike, for over a quarter of a century.

From Julia Ward Howe, in her eighties, to Sarah Bernhardt in her sixties, women workers in all fields of endeavor, might be cited by hundreds who are doing great work in the world, their very best, though they have long passed the "dead line." Sarah Bernhardt, during this season in America achieved as brilliant successes as she did twenty years ago. *She positively refuses to grow old.*

Robert C. Ogden, at eighty, is one of the most active members of the great Wanamaker firm, while his activities in behalf of education and other philanthropic objects are as great as in his business. He is prolific

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FIGHTING THE TELEPHONE TRUST

By PAUL LATZKE

The marvelous growth of the independent movement. Years ago it had no existence. To-day it has three million people depending on it for service, employs over one hundred thousand workers, and has effected a gain of hundreds of millions for the people. Its growth represents the protest of the people against extortion and unfair treatment

This is the third article in Mr. Latzke's great historical and descriptive series, which was begun in our February issue

FOR romantic interest there is, probably, no chapter in our industrial history to compare with the one describing the birth and growth of the independent telephone movement. Here is a business that, to-day, represents, conservatively, three hundred millions of capital. It employs over 100,000 workers and has more than 300,000 stockholders.

It dominates the industry throughout the Middle West and is fast creeping into control of the East and the Far West. It has 3,000,000 people depending on it almost exclusively for service, and it is increasing this number at the rate of nearly 20 per cent. a year. It has revolutionized the telephone business of the country and effected a saving of hundreds of millions for the public.

The Monopoly Forced the Repeal of an Indiana Law

Yet, thirteen years ago, it had no existence. It came in the most humble way out of the most obscure places. It has had to fight its way, step by step, against the most powerful opposition ever offered on the industrial battlefield. The courts, politics, the public press, and millions of money have been used for its undoing. What, then, is there behind this movement, that it should have pushed on and on?

The answer is simple. It represents the crystallization on a commercial basis of a people's protest against extortion and unfair treatment. It embodies in business the spirit of American independence. Take, as an illustration, the organization of the first active and successful independent operating company in the present movement of which we have any record, the one at Noblesville, Indiana. The Bell Telephone Company was operating eighteen stations in this town in 1893. For this limited service it charged $36 a year for residence, and $48 for business telephones. All messages leaving the town had to pay heavy tolls. The service was poor and uncertain. The complaints of the people went unheeded. If a patron became too insistent, he was told, there as elsewhere, that he might take the service or leave it. Years before, in 1885, when the Indiana state government had tried to come to the people's aid, it had only made matters worse. A law was passed fixing rates. The Bell people attacked this law on constitutional grounds. When the courts sustained the law the monopoly packed up its telephones and left the state. This brought the people to terms, but only after a four-years' fight. On petition the law was repealed, in 1889, and the monopoly went back on its own terms. Naturally, the people found it no easier to deal with after this, and the spirit of public resentment, strong everywhere in the United States where telephones were used, grew to be particularly pronounced in Indiana. But, for the most part, this resentment found vent simply in talk. Telephone subscribers in general, while complaining bitterly of their treatment, still accepted the monopoly as a matter of course and believed that it must probably continue for ever. There were two men in the state, however, who believed otherwise and prepared themselves accordingly. Both were destined to play important rôles in the great independent movement that later swept the country.

One of these men was P. C. Burns, now president of the American Electric Telephone Manufacturing Company, a large independent concern in Chicago. At that time Mr. Burns was located at Kokomo, where he was engaged in a small way as a manufacturer of dry batteries. Some years before he had been active in the telephone business, making apparatus in St. Louis for the opposition companies that had sprung up in the early days of the Bell patent. When the United States supreme court decision sustaining Prof. Bell's exclusive claim put these companies out of existence, in 1887, Mr. Burns's business, of course, was destroyed. But he made up his mind to go back into the field again at the first opportunity, and in January, 1893, he made the plunge. This was two months before the fundamental Bell patent expired, but Mr. Burns, inured to fighting the trust, waded in, nevertheless. He sent circulars broadcast offering to supply in any quantity "telephones exactly like those used by the Bell Company." These circulars went to business concerns throughout the country. One of them, sent to the Citizens' Bank, of Noblesville, fell on very fruitful ground, for it reached the hands of that other man in Indiana who had been preparing. This was E. L. Brown, the leading druggist of the place. Years before, while living in Pennsylvania, Brown had asked to have a telephone line installed between his home and the nearest railroad station. The Bell people offered to rent him two telephones at $100 a year and let him build his own line. This led him to investigate the cost of making telephones and opened his eyes to the outrageous prices asked by the trust. It aroused his determination.

A Western Druggist Planned the First Opposition

He would go into the business in opposition, as soon as the expiration of the Bell patents should permit. Afterwards, when he had settled at Noblesville, the troubles of his neighbors and himself with the telephone service there strengthened this determination, and he waited only an opportunity to put his plans into effect. The favorable moment came just before the Burns circulars were sent out. Brown was busy behind his prescription counter, one day, when Albert Church, the cashier of the Citizens' Bank, came into the place in a raging frame of mind. Without giving the druggist a chance to ask a question Church "opened up" on the telephone company.

"What have they been doing now?" asked Brown, sympathetically, when he could get in a word.

"Oh, the same old story,—no service when you want it most,—a breakdown somewhere,—only this time it hurts worse than usual. I've lost a deal that meant hundreds, because the thing went bad. And then, on top of that, I got the regular dose from the manager."

"Could take the thing out if you did n't like the service?" suggested Brown.

"Yep,—cut me off when I threatened to sue 'em, and told me they were n't guaranteeing service and I could sue till blue blazes. Say, but I 'd go to the infernal regions to get even," Church ended, savagely.

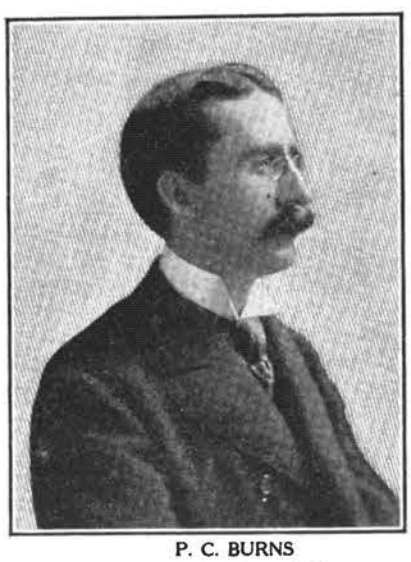
"You need n't do that," Brown put in, suavely; "I 'll show you an easier way."

"How?"

"Start an opposition telephone company."

"Me? What do I know about the business? I 'm a banker, not a lineman."

"Not you, Albert, but we.



P. C. BURNS

EUGENE L. BROWN

Mr. Burns made the first telephones used by an independent operating company in the present movement, equipping the Noblesville, Indiana, plant. He has remained in the business ever since. Mr. Brown started what was probably the first independent operating company in the opposition movement that began in 1893. He was a druggist at Noblesville, Indiana, and organized his company there with the aid of friends and neighbors. Mr. Brown is now living in Chicago and is engaged in the manufacturing end of the business

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We'll start a company, if you'll help us out."

And they did, Brown and Church, and a number of other solid men of the town who, for one reason or other,—arbitrary treatment, poor service, high rates, and general meanness and incompetence,—had been made as sore by the Bell Telephone Company as Church had.

They were, of course, badly hampered. They had no experience, no technical knowledge. The only man in the combination who knew anything at all of telephone apparatus was Brown, and his knowledge was purely theoretic. Worse still, they could get no apparatus. Brown traveled all over the country trying to induce manufacturers of electric appliances to make for them telephones and switchboards, but without success. The manufacturers were all afraid of the Bell patents, and had before them a knowledge of the things that usually happened to infringers of those patents.

The New Company Cleared Thirty Per Cent.

When the promoters had become almost discouraged, the Burns circular came along. Brown went to Kokomo, and in a few hours he had completed a contract for the necessary telephones. There was still, however, the question of the switchboard. The Bell Company had that part of the telephone machinery so thoroughly covered with patents, which still had long terms to run, that it seemed almost hopeless to try to get around them. Finally even this difficulty was solved by the construction of a switchboard that reverted to the simple type used by the district telegraph companies. When these matters were adjusted the Noblesville people began to solicit subscribers, and in the late fall they started with seventy-five telephones installed, something hitherto unheard of in a town of that size. The first year they cleared thirty per cent. on their capital of $10,000, (notwithstanding they had cut the Bell rates in half,) and the independent movement of Indiana and of the country was started on its course.

Not long afterwards active telephone opposition manifested itself in other sections. Almost always these opposition companies came out of just such circumstances as those that had brought the Noblesville company into being. Telephone users, harried and annoyed incessantly by the monopoly, were given a glimpse of possible relief if they would take the business in their own hands, and scores of communities hastened to avail themselves of the chance. Companies began to spring up in many little towns.

The Bell Company Gagged All Its Employees

New companies in Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and other middle western states all had the same troubles that were experienced in Noblesville in the matter of apparatus, and naturally their service was crude and generally unsatisfactory. Notwithstanding this, however, these little companies were invariably successful, and in most instances they practically put the Bell people out of business wherever they started in opposition. The public rallied to the support of the independents, who were their friends and neighbors, and cheerfully put up with a poorer quality of service. Men came out of all walks of life to promote and manage these new companies. They were butchers and bakers, doctors and lawyers, clerks and mechanics, small business men, railroad men, farmers,—men, in fact, from every station in life. Very few of them knew anything of the telephone business, except such facts as they could pick up by painful experience. The trust had seen to it, from the start, that nothing relating to the science of the telephone art should become public. Its motto was "silence and suppression." There was no telephone literature, telephone press, or guide of any kind. To-day we have scores of telephone books and four regular technical periodicals devoted exclusively to telephony. But these have all come with the opening of the field by the independents and their existence commercially is made possible only by the independents. While, in some respects, it has changed its tactics during later years, the trust adheres to this day to its policy of "silence and suppression," so for as dissemination of knowledge of the art is concerned. This attitude is well illustrated by an experience related by Arthur Vaughan Abbott, a civil as well as electrical engineer, now of the staff of Westinghouse, Church, Kerr and Company. Mr. Abbott was formerly chief engineer of the Chicago Telephone Company. While serving in that capacity he wrote an article on an engineering problem that had absolutely nothing to do with telephony. Immediately after this article appeared he received notice from the Boston headquarters that Bell employees were not allowed to write for the public press,—lay or technical. Thinking a mistake had been made, the author pointed out the fact that his article bore in no way on the telephone business.

"That does not matter" was, in effect, the answer received from Boston. "You referred to cables in the article. True, they were bridge cables, but in mentioning the subject at all you might inadvertently have brought out some facts connected with telephone cables. In any event we prefer that persons connected with this company in any capacity do not write at all on any subject. There can then be no slips. Please govern yourself accordingly."

No other industry that I know of has ever had to suffer this peculiar blight of suppression. Railroading, mining, telegraphy, electric traction, electric lighting,—all have had their literature from the very start, and those engaged in the business have been glad to give their support.

All Telephone Literature Was at once Suppressed

Telephony, too, at the start, had its literature in a halting sort of way for the exchange of experiences until the Bell obtained its absolute monopoly. Several small papers devoted to the art were started during the later seventies and the early eighties. But as soon as the trust came into unquestioned control of the business these papers and every semblance of literature bearing on the art were crushed out, not to reappear until the Bell had lost its grip after 1893.

It was into such an uncharted industrial sea that the independent telephone pioneers plunged. That they should have been able to keep from foundering is extraordinary. That they have finally succeeded, not alone in making harbor, but also in putting their great rival out of port in so many places, is one of the wonders of the industrial world. There is only one explanation of the phenomenon. The people were behind the movement. The spirit of popular protest that was organized in Noblesville was in existence throughout the country and pushed the independents over the roughest places. Wherever this spirit was not behind the independent promoters,—wherever the opposition was on a cold-blooded commercial basis,—the promoters generally came to grief. A shining example of this was the experience of the Harrison International Telephone Company, a huge stock-jobbing concern. This company was organized in December, 1893, with $30,000,000 capital. Its promoter, a man named Stone, came from Kansas City, Missouri.

One Great Opposition Company Soon Collapsed

He had for his chief stock in trade some patents granted to Dr. Harrison, of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Dr. Harrison was the man who had defied the supreme court, the trust, and all the other powers to put his little exchange at Fort Smith out of business, and his success in conducting the only independent plant in the United States, while the trust had an absolute monopoly elsewhere, had gained for him almost a national reputation. It was this reputation, as well as the patents, that Stone proceeded to capitalize. He secured for his stockholders and directors such men as R. C. Kerens, the millionaire political boss of Missouri, Stephen B. Elkins, Major William Warner, now a United States senator for Missouri, George R. Peck, general solicitor of the Milwaukee Railroad, and others of equal prominence.

The main office of the company was established in Chicago and big branch offices were opened in Wall Street, New York. The object, of course, was to float the stock of the concern,

Taking out Bell telephones by the wagonload at Hot Springs, Arkansas

The Bell Company had eight hundred and fifty telephones in operation at Hot Springs when the Southern Telephone Company, (independent,) started in opposition, May 1, 1904, with seven hundred and fifty subscribers. Within fifteen days over four hundred of the Bell instruments—nearly half the exchange,—had been ordered out. On May 4, 1904, when the accompanying snapshots were taken, one hundred and forty-seven of the Bell's telephones were removed. By September 1, 1904, the independent company had one thousand subscribers, and the Bell Company was practically wiped out. In a wild panic, the Bell Company finally bought out the opposition for $150,000, nearly twice what it had cost to build the new exchange. This transaction left the trust with its own exchange reduced to mere junk value, besides the enormous loss sustained in paying a fancy price to its rivals. This shows the strength of aroused sentiment.

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and a great deal of it was foisted on the public. Exchanges were erected in Decatur, Illinois; Topeka, Kansas; St. Joseph, Missouri; Norwalk, Ohio, and a few other towns of that character. These exchanges were a rank failure from the start, for the reason that, as one of the promoters subsequently confessed, "you could n't hear a cannon through the Harrison telephone." Mr. Elkins and his associates withdrew from the whole enterprise within a year after it was started, but another crowd was induced to come in, and carried the enterprise along for twelve months more, when the bubble finally burst. The Bell Telephone Company bought what was left of the exchange apparatus and consigned it to the junk heap. The Bell got full value for its money, however, because of the capital it was able to make out of the failure of this "thirty-million-dollar opposition company."

Naturally the people who had been induced to put their money into the enterprise were thoroughly sore and disgusted and the unfortunate towns on which the Harrison Company had experimented were up in arms against competitive telephony.

Notwithstanding this setback and the further setback that came from the failure of a number of other stockjobbing enterprises, the real independent movement continued on a solid and growing basis. It was confined almost wholly to the smaller towns. Each company was officered and capitalized locally and made no effort to spread beyond its territory. Because of this and the coöperative nature of these organizations, they almost invariably adopted the name of the Home Telephone Company. This practice continues to this day.

Matters moved along so fast with these home companies that, by 1897, four years after the expiration of the first Bell patent, there were enough of them in active operation to warrant the formation of a national organization. This organization had some vicissitudes, but it continued in uninterrupted existence and today is on a very sound and substantial basis. Its object is primarily to hold the independents in solid front against the opposition of the Bell people. Its membership embraces a very large per cent. of the six thousand independent companies of the United States, and it is being recruited steadily. Its headquarters are in Cleveland, Ohio, where the president, James B. Hoge, lives. It is thoroughly representative in form. The national body is made up of the various state organizations, which, in turn, are constituted out of district, county, city, and township organizations. This unit plan has been in operation only a little over a year, but already the organization is so nearly perfected along these lines that, with few exceptions, every state is represented.

An excellent idea of the popular character of the opposition telephone movement is to be had at the annual conventions of this central body, which is known as the National Interstate Telephone Association. Instead of the topics ordinarily discussed at conventions of commercial organizations, one hears here the sort of speeches common to political conventions. The delegates themselves are fully aware of the national spirit that lies behind their association and do their best to keep it alive. At a meeting of the central body held in Buffalo, some years ago, the president of the association said, in his annual address:—

"In speaking of the conventions held by this organization I have heard several gentlemen who have attended them say that the general tone resembles more political conventions than conventions of allied business interests. I have always agreed with that statement. Like public conventions, we have never lost sight of the principles of progress and fair dealing with the people, and, being so different from the meetings of the men who control the Bell companies, this impression has found lodgment in some minds. This spirit we desire shall always be the keynote of all conventions of the organization."

The character of the independent telephone business has changed somewhat in the past two or three years. Consolidations have been effected between many companies operating in contiguous territory. Important "long-distance" corporations have been organized to connect towns and districts comprising, in some instances, the better part of a state. There are many companies in existence whose capitalization runs into the millions. One company, in fact, has a capitalization of fifty million dollars. The securities of this company and many others are extensively dealt in on the local stock exchanges in the various cities in which they operate. The independent service has grown beyond the limits of the small towns in which it started, and spread into such big cities as Cleveland, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Buffalo, St. Louis, Kansas City, Rochester, Louisville, and others. But, for all these changes and all this growth, they are still "home companies," and the home feeling is as strong as ever. They still have the people behind them, local pride, and local capital. This, to my mind, is their best asset. It has kept the business sound, and, for the most part, it has kept it out of the hands of speculators. At times some of the more ambitious spirits in the industry, finding their local money markets too limited to meet the demand for a rapidly expanding plant, have turned to New York for assistance, but without success. Wall Street knows practically nothing of the independent telephone business and cares less. This is considered by some independents a severe handicap, but most of them deem it a good thing and I agree with them. Wall Street's touch is blight for any people's movement such as this. Let it once secure the indorsement of the Stock Exchange, and its popular character will be a thing of the past. Fortunately there is no danger of this. Wall Street is too narrow and too ignorant ever to meddle with an industry until it is rubbed into the Exchange list by a lot of stockjobbers. Wall Street knows nothing of the things that are doing in the real world. Its horizon is limited by the Hudson River on the west and Central Park on the north. So far as "the street" knows, there is only one telephone system on earth,—can be only one. Even Henry Clews, who sends daily letters throughout the country about the "movement of crops" and other things that are supposed to affect stock values, holds blissfully to this idea.

"Opposition? Nonsense!" he said to me, one day, with that finality that characterizes the sages of Wall Street. "How can there be opposition, when the Bell Company controls all the patents on telephone apparatus?"

"Not any more, Mr. Clews," I ventured, mildly,—"not for years. Any one can make telephones and switchboards, to-day, and the independents are turning out more than the Bell, very many more."

"Absurd, perfectly absurd!" declared the eminent financier; "never heard of such a thing."

"Nevertheless it is true."

"What are they doing with 'em?"

"Putting them into service."

Thereat Mr. Clews chuckled and gazed at me meditatively. Knowing my Wall Street and its great men, I did n't resent this, but gave him some figures.

"The independents have at least half a million more subscribers than the Bell people. In Ohio they 've over 200,000, while the Bell has less than 110,000; in Indiana they 've 165,000, while the Bell has only 35,000. In the city of Los Angeles the independents have nearly 25,000, against the Bell's 15,000. In Kansas City, Indianapolis, Louisville, Toledo, Rochester, and scores of other centers, the independents have the other fellows licked, badly licked. In Toledo, for example, the independents have

[*Concluded on pages 273 to 275*]

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Pinehurst

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From 40 cents an Acre to $1,000 a Foot

Those who have kept track of the development of Atlantic City in the past twelve years know that its real estate values have increased more than 800 per cent. during that time. Property along the famous Boardwalk is now held at a prohibitive figure—rents from $250 to $400 a foot and sells at $1000 a foot.

A lot 50x100 feet that cost $700 was sold a few months ago for $50,000. A property bought five years ago for $6,000 was sold recently for $150,000. A small plot taken in exchange for debt of $800 is now worth at least half a million. These facts can be verified from the records and are only a few of the many instances that could be cited.

TROLLEY DEVELOPMENT

As Atlantic City is located on an island only three-quarters of a mile wide its steady expansion has created a great demand for building properties on the main land adjoining. Lots at Pleasantville Terrace, a suburb of Atlantic City we laid out a little over a year ago, have more than doubled in value.

In addition to a fine steam road, the Penna. R. R is building an electric line from Camden to Atlantic City, which will be in operation by July 1st. Bonds have been signed for the construction of another electric line directly through our tract. In addition to this, the early extension of the trolley service now in operation between Atlantic City and the main land is only a matter of selecting suitable right of way. Everyone of observant habits knows how the 5 and ten minute trolley service and the 5 cent fare have helped develop suburban property. With the completion of the trolley service the further rise in the price of our property is certain.

Beach Scene, Atlantic City—11 minutes from Pinehurst

NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF PINEHURST

Aside from its easy accessibility to Atlantic City, the natural advantages of Pinehurst appeal to the most conservative investors. It is intersected by two state roads, one of which is the main approach to Atlantic City for automobile tourists. Prospective builders appreciate the fine pine and oak trees growing on this tract, for their shade and natural beauty. The elevation of the property is 75 feet above Atlantic City, the ocean breezes mingling with the balsamic odor of the pines, the site is an ideal one for a year 'round residence. Our plans contemplate a development similar to that of Lakewood. Fine hotels are to be erected (one already under way); streets are 60 feet wide; the rolling character of the land affords natural drainage; there are no swamps or malaria. There is not another point along the coast with so many natural advantages. That its future as a suburb of Atlantic City is assured is best attested by the large number of lots that have already been bought by local investors, for the erection of hotels, etc.

YOU CAN GET LOTS NOW AT FIRST COST

The present low price of the lots (25x125 feet), **$25** to **$35** each, cannot be appreciated until we tell you that we are selling the lots practically at cost to attract home builders who will help us develop the place and together we will make a profit later on.

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You may reserve (subject to investigation) from 1 to 5 lots by a first payment of only $1, and, if entirely satisfied, complete the purchase by small monthly amounts, when we issue clear deed. Title is insured by the Integrity Title Insurance and Trust Co. of Philadelphia—we charge no interest; no taxes until 1907; free deed to your heirs if you die before lots are paid for; free building plans; we loan you money to build, and make all improvements free.

Write at once for illustrated descriptive matter and map, or, if you want to take advantage of the present low prices, fold a dollar bill in this ad., write your name and address plainly on the margin, state how many lots you want reserved, and mail to us to-day. If after further investigation you are not entirely satisfied, your dollar will be promptly refunded.

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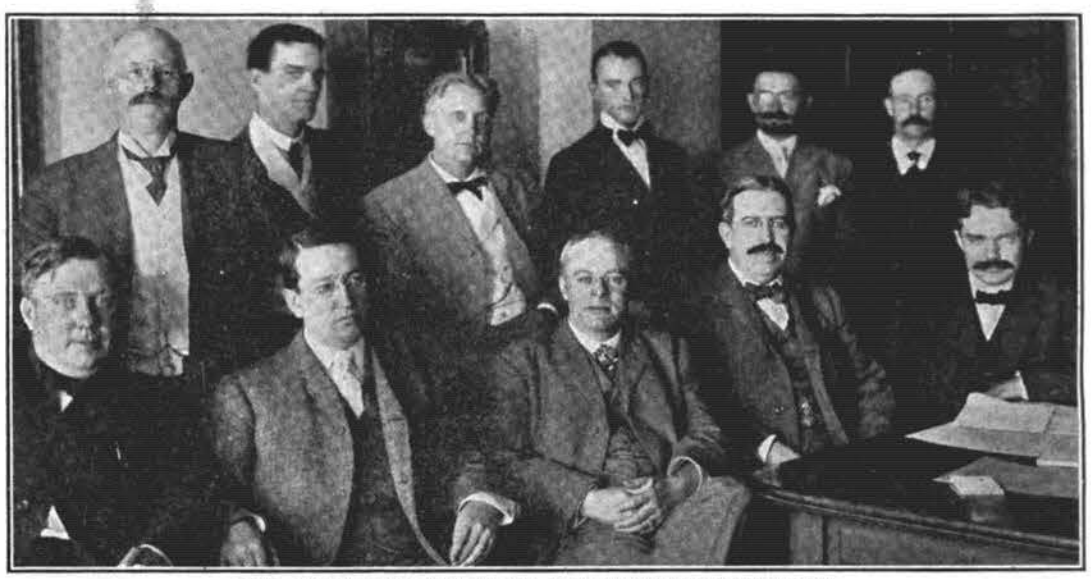

THE ARMSTRONG INSURANCE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

This is the body of men that probed the insurance scandals and advocated new and stringent laws to govern insurance companies. Their positions in the photograph are as follows:—Front row, (from left to right,) Senator Daniel J. Riordan, Senator William J. Tully, Senator William W. Armstrong, chairman; Assemblyman James T. Rogers, and Assemblyman Robert L. Cox. Back row, (from left to right,) Assemblyman John McKeown, Ernest H. Wallace, assistant attorney-general; Assemblyman William W. Wemple; William Blau, assistant attorney-general; and O. R. **Hotaling, sergeant-at-arms, New York State senate.**

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

The Talk of a New Party

WHEN the nation moves, as move it will, the house-cleaning must be thorough. The first attack will have to be made on the legislative chamber. Men must be sent to Washington, to Albany, to Harrisburg, to every capital in this United States of which we are at once so proud and so ashamed, who shall be guided not by the whisperings of a cheque book but by the mandates of their conscience. This, of course, is easier said than done. But it must be done. Perhaps the only way will be by the formation of a new party, of a party such as the Republican Party was in the days when Abraham Lincoln led it to the purification of the nation. To-day, as we know to our cost, the Republican Party is no longer the party of the people but the party of the class. The Democratic Party is in little, if any, better estate. It may be possible to revivify one or the other, to inject a new vitality that will redound to the greater glory of the party and the benefit of the country. But the teachings of history point otherwise. It needs only a leader of intense personality, high ideals and strong convictions, to gather about him a following that will force a readjustment along the lines for which government by party was designed. Such a leader it should not be hard to find. Already talk of a new party is active, and one name is on many lips, the name of Theodore Roosevelt. But to lead successfully what would be one of the noblest crusades in the history of the world Mr. Roosevelt would, temporarily at least, be obliged to forego much that is dear to him. Above all he would have to cleave steadily to the idea that what the United States most needs to-day is not external greatness but internal reform.

* * *

A Boss in a Back Seat

GENTLEMEN who play too long with stacked cards forget how to lose gracefully. When the senate interstate commerce committee was considering the Dolliver-Hepburn bill for the regulation of railway rates, it was supposed that the "big five," Senators Aldrich, Elkins, Kean, Foraker, and Crane, acting for the railroads, would amend all vitality out of the bill. But Senator Dolliver executed a brilliant *coup* by suddenly moving that the bill be reported to the senate without amendments. The four Democrats voted in the affirmative, with Senators Dolliver and Clapp, and the "big five" were defeated.

At this, Senator Aldrich, the "boss of the senate," dropped that courtesy which is supposed to rule in the august upper house. He moved that Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, be made the spokesman of the committee, and the motion was carried. The bill was distinctly a Dolliver measure, and by all precedent Senator Dolliver should have the honor of carrying it through the senate to a vote. But now Senator Aldrich is in a position to smile sardonically at the spectacle of "Pitchfork" Tillman, the President's quondam enemy, a "fire-eating" Democrat, standing sponsor in the senate for the President's most cherished measure. It is a situation worth watching.

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BENJAMIN F. TILLMAN

One of the most forceful Democrats in the United States senate, who is fighting for President Roosevelt and his policy in the railroad-rate bill controversy

It was apparently in the hope of disaster that Senator Aldrich cast the measure to the Democrats. But the President and Senator Tillman are both making the best of it; and the fight for rate regulation seems to be progressing pretty steadily. One is inclined to think that the real losers in this little encounter are the handful of senators who have sported so long with a sordid kind of victory that they have forgotten how to lose like gentlemen.

* * *

Keeping Pace with the Sun

THE shores of the two great oceans have been brought closer together and the great growing Southwest made more nearly a suburb of New York and Chicago by the new time schedule that has lately been arranged through the efforts of Postmaster-general Cortelyou. In order to hasten the mails a plan was worked out by which a whole day could be saved in running time from coast to coast. This is the greatest cut that has ever been made in the time of any overland train. The actual time from New York to San Francisco, under the new arrangement, is eighty-one hours and forty-three minutes. This is about forty per cent. better than what was considered, in 1888, the fastest possible schedule. It is interesting to note the evolution of the transcontinental mail schedule. In the early stagecoach days the time from the Missouri River to Sacramento, California, was from sixteen to twenty days, according to the season. In 1886, when the railroad began to penetrate the Far West, the time from New York to San Francisco was reduced to nineteen days. Up to the present time the journey across the continent has taken about four days.

The foregoing is only one great feature of the general movement that is going on to reduce the time of travel between large centers and to increase the facilities for intercourse between people living at a distance.

Great ocean flyers of express speed, palatial trains roaring across wide prairies and flashing like meteors through the night, whizzing automobiles, capable of one hundred miles an hour, the quick telegraph, the quicker telephone, and the mysterious, far-reaching "wireless" are all parts of a wonderful influence that is contracting the edges of this old earth and almost upsetting the old ideas of geography that we used to learn at school.

* * *

The Extortions of the Express Trust

NOTWITHSTANDING the obvious advantages of a parcels-post system, the United States still clings to the archaic method of entrusting the transportation of its merchandise to private monopoly. A concerted movement threatening our congressmen with the loss of their seats would soon loose the grip the express trust now has on the throat of Uncle Sam. But, outside of the sporadic efforts of the Postal Progress League and such organizations as the Merchants Association of New York, little has been done

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to effect this necessary reform and relieve the people of a burden for which there is absolutely no excuse. How necessary relief is, may be seen from a statement put forth by the Merchants Association so long ago as 1898. It was shown that a very large portion of every dollar paid by the shippers of New York State for express services was exorbitant, affording the express trust a profit of from 150 to 175 per cent. per year on the actual express investment. On many classes of goods the express charges averaged from 5 to 15 per cent. of the value of the merchandise transported, and terminal charges for identical services varied 2,900 per cent. on a package of one hundred pounds. As in the case of the railroads, certain shippers were favored with discriminating rates, to the detriment and sometimes mortal hurt of competitors.

* * *

How They Do It in England

THINGS would be different if a parcels-post law modeled, say, on the English system, were enacted. In England, merchandise, with certain limitations as to shape and size of package, is carried through the mails at rates running from six cents for a parcel not exceeding one pound to twenty-four cents for a parcel of eleven pounds, the weight limit. The service, which has been in operation since 1883, when it was inaugurated by Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman, is far superior to that given by private carriers. In Germany, the parcels-post includes a "cash on delivery" system, whereby the post office on delivering a parcel collects the price and remits the money to the sender.

* * *

The Awakening of China

THE "heathen Chinee" has rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, and the whole western world is wondering what he will do when he arises from his century-old couch. In particular, that part of the western world congregated under the Stars and Stripes is beginning to feel apprehensive lest John Chinaman may forget its ancient friendship for him and center his attention exclusively on what—most unjustly, of course,—he considers the injuries it has inflicted. Out on the Pacific Coast, where was generated the Chinese exclusion policy, business men are crying "stung," as they see their carefully laid plans for a monster traffic between their ports and the ports of China dissolving, like a morning's mist, under the influence of a most ungentlemanly boycott on American goods. Manifestly, it is quite one thing for us to deal as we please with the Chinese, and quite another for him to deal as he pleases with us. But he, poor, benighted Oriental, seems to be acting on the long-exploded theory that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Which is, as the lamented Mr. Jingle would say, illogical —very.

* * *

The Lesson of the Boycott

SERIOUSLY, the anti-American boycott should teach us a much-needed lesson. It should not impel us to such a step as the repeal of exclusion. Sound economic principles demand a measure which shall prevent the flooding of this country with coolie labor. But all Chinamen are not coolies, and our treatment of the Chinaman as a class has too long been a disgrace to our civilization. Whether the present agitation is spontaneous or is, as some allege, artificially fostered by the Japanese, there is no denying that the Chinese have substantial reasons for feeling unfriendly toward us. Ours must be the effort so to act that confidence in our good will shall be restored, and commercial relations renewed on the basis of a mutual understanding. Nothing is to be gained by attempting dragooning methods. The United States should be the friend not the bully of the Orient.

* * *

The Campaign to Save Niagara

A MOVEMENT which should have the hearty sympathy and active coöperation of every American is that looking to the preservation of Niagara Falls from the vandals who, for commercial gains, would destroy that mighty cataract, one of the wonders of the world and a scenic magnet which annually draws thousands of tourists of all nationalities. Ever since the American Civic Association telegraphed its resolutions to President Roosevelt and the Governor General of Canada urging the appointment of a joint international commission for the preservation of the falls, the work of stimulating the public interest has been pressed apace, and it now looks as if the efforts of the propagandists in this worthy cause will be crowned with success. There seems to be a general feeling that the appeal must be to higher powers than the lawmakers at Albany and Toronto; that, in fine, a treaty should be executed between the United States and Great Britain, by and with the advice and consent of Canada. Some suggest that the advice and consent of New York, also, be obtained. But, judging from the recent past, the interests of the state will be best conserved by ignoring it in the projected negotiations.

Photograph by Gessford, N.Y.

STUYVESANT FISH

Who was forced out of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and whose position as president of the Illinois Central Railroad is attacked because he would not bend to corporate greed and money influence

* * *

How the Falls Have Been Robbed

ALREADY the legislators of New York and the province of Ontario have authorized a diversion, for industrial purposes, of some sixty thousand cubic feet of the 222,400 cubic feet representing the average flow of the river per second. They are contemplating further depletion to the extent of at least thirty thousand cubic feet. No time is to be lost. Thus far the majesty of Niagara has not been seriously impaired, but it undoubtedly will be when the authorized diversion is fully utilized. For this reason there is cogency in the suggestion recently advanced by Mr. Charles M. Dow, president of the commissioners of the state reservation at Niagara. Writing in "The Outlook," he proposes that the state legislature revoke all charters for the diversion of water, under which operations have not been commenced in good faith. Unless we seriously misjudge the legislature of New York it will do nothing of the sort. But it is at least possible to prevent further depletion, with or without the consent of the legislature and every effort should be directed to this end.

* * *

The Mightiest of All Mergers

ALEXANDER E. ORR, J. H. Starin, Woodbury Langdon, Morris K. Jesup, John Claflin, Charles S. Smith, Mayor George B. McClellan and Comptroller Herman

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MRS. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY

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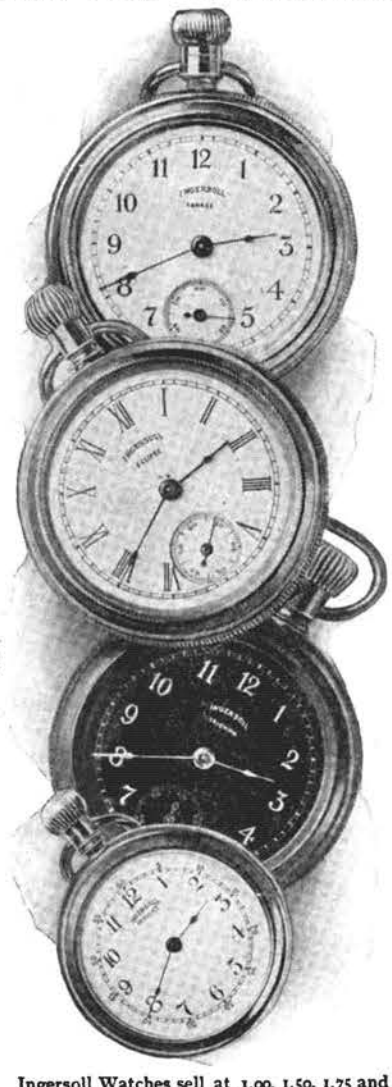

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A. Metz make up the board of rapid transit commissioners in New York City. This is the body to which the citizens of New York, according to a pleasant theory, have deputed the guardianship of their rights in the matter of the city's streets and other property for purposes of transportation. At the time of writing, this board seems committed to the policy of passing over to August Belmont and Thomas F. Ryan, for 999 years, not only the surface of the streets, but also the air above, in so far as it is already occupied by elevated railroads, and the earth beneath, in so far as it may be available for subways. The new Ryan-Belmont holding company is to assume the responsibility for something more than half a billion dollars in securities, of which more than one hundred millions are to make up the water supply for the merger. A strong opposition has arisen, led by the Hearst Municipal Ownership men under John Ford, by William M. Ivins, the Republican candidate for mayor, last fall, and by Frederic W. Hinrichs, of the Citizen's Union. This opposition is supporting the Elsberg Bill, amending the Rapid-transit Act, which would empower the city to build and equip new lines in case contracts can not be let advantageously to the city. These men represented 355,000 votes in the last New York election, a greater number than any city administration has ever received. With them, advocating the Elsberg Bill at Albany, were representatives of the City Club, the Reform Club, the Transit Reform Committee of One Hundred, the Central Federated Union, the People's Institute, and the Board of Trade and Transportation. And yet, in the face of the opposition of two thirds of the voters of the city, Messrs. Ryan and Belmont have been shrewdly and quietly perfecting their merger; and the spineless rapid-transit commissioners, including Mayor McClellan, after a fluttering protest, have been preparing meekly to surrender the city.

* * *

Selling out the City

THIS is bad enough. But it is not all. The managers of the new merger, which, as projected, is the biggest traction monopoly the world has ever seen, have seen fit to withhold the real facts on which they base their schemes. The stockholders can not get at these facts. Those few newspapers which are not controlled body and breeches by the traction interests can not get at these facts. As one paper put it, even "Wall Street" does not understand the merger. The only thing of which anybody can be reasonably certain is that the new monopoly, with its interest to pay on hundreds of millions of water, will own the streets of New York and will maintain the five-cent fare for some considerable part of 999 years. The New York "American" openly charges that the huge Tammany fund which led to such ugly disclosures during and after the recent campaign was obtained from this source. In the opinion of the writer the surface evidence, which is the only evidence we have, indicates pretty clearly that the New York traction financiers, thoroughly alarmed by the general tendency toward municipal ownership, have decided to combine their interests and get into absolute control, for all time to come, of those profitable public properties, the streets. As a buccaneering exploit it is magnificent. As a triumphant defiance of all that makes for decent citizenship and democratic government it is imposing, and, apparently, effective. The fight between two kings of finance and a third of a million despoiled citizens is one to make a jaded pulse beat faster.

MRS. DONALD McLEAN
President-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

* * *

The Punishment of Hazers

HAZING as a practice does n't command much sympathy from the American people. The recent revelations of the continuance of this mediæval institution at Annapolis, even after the popular and official condemnation called forth by the brutalities perpetrated at West Point a few years ago, have brought deserved punishment upon a number of the chief offenders, some of whom have included men of the highest class standing at the naval academy.

It unfortunately happened that among these offenders was Stephen Decatur, a descendant of one of the greatest naval heroes whom the nation delights to honor. Young Decatur's dismissal from the academy, following his conviction of being a participant in the act of hazing has aroused immense sentimental interest and created a great wave of sympathy. Many petitions have reached the President appealing for the infliction of some other form of punishment than absolute dismissal from the navy.

President Roosevelt seems inclined to think that in

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some cases the punishment may be too severe, and is reported to have said that the present law ought to be amended so as to provide for a less severe punishment in the discretion of the authorities. There are different degrees of hazing. Much of it is brutal; other forms amount to little more than horseplay.

* * *

Haste . . and Some Reflections Thereon

A RECENTLY published report of a street railway company in an eastern city gives an interesting summary of the manner in which most of the people who are hurt on its line receive their injuries. Out of about 400 people injured during the year, 138 were hurt while stepping off a moving car, and 78 in trying to board a moving car. Thus, 216 persons, or over half the whole number of injured, seem to have met with misfortune through their own hardihood in disregarding the company's rule, "Wait until the car stops." It is very probable that a large proportion of these 216 were women, who got off the car backwards.

This haste—inability to "wait until the car stops,"—is only one of the symptoms of that American disease "hustleophobia," which often causes a whole trainful of people to rise from their seats and stand in the aisles for five minutes before the train gets into a station, and makes theater auditors so restless that they have to begin putting on their wraps and moving toward the exits before the curtain falls, fearful lest they be one minute late in getting to the sidewalk.

* * *

Everything Comes to Him Who Waits

A WAITER in a New York restaurant is reported to have accumulated a fortune, in the thirty-five years that he has been serving out coffee and sandwiches over the counter, at thirty dollars a month,—and the usual perquisites incidental to that calling. This "millionaire waiter" who is, indeed, no doubt, worth more money than many of the customers whom he serves, saved his money and invested it judiciously, and is said to be one of the most successful traders in certain lines of stocks in "the street." Yet he continues to serve the toothsome sandwich and the succulent "ham an'—" over the polished counter, with the same modest demeanor and sagacious discrimination as in those early days, when the jingle of the generous tip in the receptive palm was sweet to the ear.

At the same time, the secretary of the Bowery branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York states that one-third of the men who apply to him for help in securing work, and the most menial work, at that, are college graduates. Most of these men were trained for some profession or speciality in business but found the competition too keen, and, with the added influence of dissipation, soon came down to the level where they were glad to get anything at all to do, without inquiring too particularly into the nature of the work.

* * *

Disabling a Mighty Pen

IT is certainly hard lines when a man who is editor of an influential newspaper is not permitted to set forth in its columns his views on the state of affairs in general, and particularly on the policy, political or otherwise, that should be pursued in that immediate vicinity. "What is a newspaper for," asks Colonel John Temple Graves, editor of the "Atlanta News," "if not to advise the people and to uphold the aims and aspirations of him whom the editor 'delighteth to honor?'" And if, perchance, this honored man be the editor himself, who is a candidate for office, who shall say him nay? But here interposeth one, Daniel by name, business manager of the "News," who at once and rudely sayeth him nay, and backs up his saying with an order from the court. Then things begin to happen! Warm Georgia blood boils. Epithets pass to and fro. Colonel Graves and Colonel English prepare to engage in mortal combat, and meanwhile the editorial pen is silent and the mighty blasts of Colonel Graves's political thunder are smothered. Rather than submit to this base intrusion of sordid stockholders and scheming business managers upon his ambitious editorial policy, Colonel Graves in high dudgeon has thrown up the job, thrown it in their faces as it were, and has enlisted capital to start a new paper.

* * *

The Power of a Caucus

THE debate that took place in the senate at Washington, between senators Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, and T. M. Patterson, of Colorado, on the question of the propriety of the latter's action in "bolting" a party caucus called forth a characteristically witty speech from the former and was instrumental, to some extent, in defining the exact place a caucus holds in our scheme of government.

Mr. Patterson's contention that his duty, as a senator, is to follow the dictates of his own conscience rather than the plans of his colleagues as determined upon in a party caucus was assailed by Mr. Bailey, who declared that the principle involved, except in the case of great questions affecting the national honor or prosperity, was simply that of the right of the majority to rule, which has never been questioned in this country. There is some question, however, as to the righteousness of this position, as the party caucus has been repeatedly criticized as iniquitous in its procedure.

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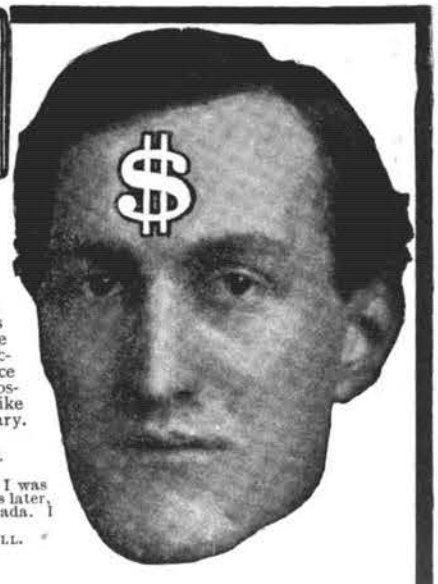

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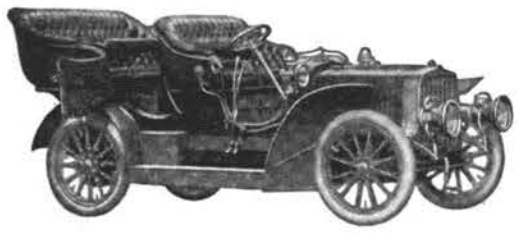

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When to Come and Go

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Illustrated by R. Emmett Owen

At the friendly bidding of the artist member of our little coterie we found ourselves in her studio one breezy April morning, there assembled for the enjoyment of one another and of a Bohemian repast to be cooked by our hostess with the aid of a chafing dish.

An artist's workshop with its picturesque confusion makes a charming background for a social gathering, and Rose Madden's contained so many evidences of her student days in Europe that our eyes could not wander in any direction without finding something to interest and admire.

The little table was a mass of green leaves,—fresh ones in the center, and pressed ferns laid in circles, forming mats under the dishes.

Her artistic tastes found further expression in a most delicious Spanish omelette, cooked on the chafing dish before her, while at her side a small table held all the requirements for it and for a succession of good things.

With the cold chicken (from a delicatessen shop,) were served tiny rolls from which the inside had been removed to make place for a mayonnaise of celery. A wonderful Welsh rabbit came next, a *macedoine* of fruits,—oranges, bananas, pineapple, and white grapes—served very cold in glasses, and black coffee, with its aroma well preserved, made up a most enjoyable "*déjeuner à la fourchette*."

A dainty little maid in cap and apron served the table very acceptably. At the close of the meal she was presented by our hostess as a fellow artist who, for the occasion, had assumed the character of maid, out of sheer goodness of heart and devotion to her friend.

"I really needed her moral support," explained Rose, "for I will now confess that I was quite possessed by 'stage fright' at the prospect even of this simple little affair. I 'entertain' so rarely and go so little into society that at the mature age of thirty-three I am foolish enough to be shy and afraid of people,—even of you, until you arrived."

Her self-scorn was tragic.

"I found myself quite unmanageable in that respect when I first came to New York," said Chatterbox, sympathetically. "I felt that everybody was looking at me and noticing that I was not at ease."

"Extremes meet," said Madame Heartsease. "Curiously enough it is the modest, self-depreciatory ones that think that attention is focussed upon them. It would save their feelings if they knew human nature. There is more kindliness of judgment than they imagine, and on the other hand people are very self-centered and give but cursory notice to any who are not of such importance in their eyes as to draw their thoughts from their own personal interests."

"I think that the very best way to get over self-consciousness and forget one's self, when in society, is to know the social code."—*I* offered this weighty bit of wisdom,—"Ignorance of the conventions and of what is expected of us makes us awkward necessarily. We can not forget ourselves if we are uncertain whether we should rise or not, when a man is presented to us, or if we are expected to shake hands with him or should fail in cordiality—even in politeness,—if that courtesy were omitted. The perpetually recurring problem keeps one in hot water."

"Alternate hot water and cold douches!" amended Rose Madden, feelingly. "I think that to this day I rise when a man is presented—at my age one is grateful for small favors!—and hold out my hand to him as well as to a woman,—though I know very well that it is not the proper thing to do."

"Better err by being too cordial than not cordial enough," laughed Heartsease. "I do think," she continued, "that it is an immense help toward feeling at ease to know how to behave, and so books on etiquette are of value. 'Knowledge is power' in any form, and to be 'at leisure from one's self' is to be delivered from an incubus."

"I have a younger brother who suffers tortures from shyness," said Chatterbox; "I shall tell him that. He is actually more afraid of *girls* than of anything else in the world. He fancies that they laugh at him and discuss him among themselves."

"Bless the boy!" exclaimed Madame Crœsus. "Tell him that, on the contrary, they are probably pulling caps for his notice and attention. Such need to have their vanity stimulated. Few require it, however.

"I should like to present a work on etiquette to each of my Sibyl's young men friends. Someone should write one telling them that it is not polite when making an afternoon call, to stay after half-past six. A girl has to dress for dinner, and, if she dines out, needs a little time for rest.

"In the event of making an evening call, they should know enough to go home by half after ten or eleven at farthest. I sympathize with the father who asked his daughter's caller if he would accept him as a substitute, and let the girl go to bed."

"Aside from the attractions of Miss Sibyl, I think some persons find it difficult to know *how* to go as well as *when* to go," said Madame Heartsease. "The easiest way to take one's leave, I think, is to rise when one is the speaker. Then, if the hostess protests, 'I really must go,' or some such brief remark suffices."

"I should like to know what to say when one is casually introduced to a stranger,—man or woman. That is one of my moments of agony," said Rose Madden. "I regard this tribunal as competent to settle all my difficulties and here is my opportunity. Madame Crœsus belongs to the fashionable world and knows its '*dernier cri*.' (Pardon the French, it slips out sometimes, though I know that mixed languages are no longer admitted as in good taste.) Madame Heartsease belongs to the old *régime* when courteous manners were the heritage of gentlefolk, Chatterbox, as a newcomer has been observing and little escapes her eyes, anyway, and Gladys has an *habitué* of the *beau monde* for a brother and hears his strictures—"

"I spare you,"—I interrupted,—"the search for my credentials, as my turn comes next! I suppose you know that one incurs ridicule now by saying, 'Pleased to meet you,' at an introduction, because the phrase is so hackneyed; but it was a nice convenient little lie and saved thinking."

"Yes," agreed Madame Crœsus, "we are more truthful but less courteous. Fortunately only commonplaces are expected."

"I was impressed the other day with the fact that it is rather a gracious thing to open a conversation with a stranger under a friend's roof by saying something appreciative about the friend," said Madame Heartsease. "A lady to whom my hostess presented me said as the latter withdrew, 'I am always glad to meet a friend of Mrs.——. I think she is an exceptionally charming woman and I am sure of one point of sympathy with those who know her.' Another time, a new acquaintance spoke of the beauty of the house and praised the taste of the hostess."

"I suppose you will think me quite an ignoramus

"'Accept him as a substitute, and let the girl go to bed'"

"'After church he walks home with her'"

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but I am always puzzled to know, after having attended a reception, whether I owe a party-call, or if the hostess owes return calls to all her guests," said Rose.

"After a large reception in honor of a *débutante* or of some visiting friend,—particularly if it be held in the evening,—one should call. Under other circumstances it is not necessary," said Madame Crœsus.

"A tea or reception," said Heartsease, "is only the invitation of a hostess for all her friends to call upon her during the same afternoon, and she is therefore in the debt of all who respond in person; those who are represented only by their cards continue to owe the lady the courtesy of a call in recognition of her invitation."

"I am positively so shy that I send my card rather than attend a reception to which I am invited by anyone whom

"Out of sheer goodness of heart"

I do not know well. And then I have all sorts of tremors over the after-call,—until I persuade myself that it is not necessary to call after receptions," said Rose.

"But at a reception nothing is expected in the way of conversation," Madame Crœsus expostulated. "Your hostess tells you that she is glad to see you, and then some new comer claims her and you pass on, walk through the rooms looking for your friends and, failing to find any, pass out, taking French leave. A call upon a stranger is more of an ordeal."

"I think," Gladys spoke up, "that a very good way to tide oneself over that shy feeling, is to summon all your powers of pleasing and determine to *make* your hostess like you. You can not help appearing more likable than if you just go because you owe a call,—and the effort to please is in itself interesting."

"My brother looks to me for guidance in his social matters, and I try not to look too much like a broken reed," said Chatterbox, with a comical look. "He wants to ask a girl to go to the theater with him and does not want a chaperon; he says it spoils all the fun. In Slumpington it is not the custom."

"But in New York it is,"—interrupted Madame Crœsus,—"among people who count themselves at all within the pale of society. He must ask the mother, sister, or some woman relative of hers or his own, or a mutual friend,—young married woman or elderly spinster. In the latter cases he should ask another man, to talk to the chaperon and leave him free to devote himself to the young woman. He should secure the chaperon first conditionally upon the girl's acceptance of his invitation, so that he may tell her who is to accompany them."

"Must he have a carriage for them?"

"It depends upon *them*. In many case he could take them in the street cars, if the weather is fine. At the theater he may precede his party or follow, after giving the tickets to the usher, and he takes the end seat. After the play he takes them to some good restaurant for a 'bite' perhaps."

"What would be a good supper,—not too costly?"

"Raw oysters, or lobster in some form, a bird and lettuce or a salad alone, and an ice. Or, he could merely suggest going in for an ice,—it is usually what girls care for most," replied Madame Crœsus, and then added,—"If he wants a little supper he should go to the restaurant in advance,—in the afternoon or the day before. He sends for the head waiter, tells him that he wishes a table reserved, asks for a bill of fare and makes his selection at his leisure, writes out the *menu*, tips the head waiter—(fifty cents, perhaps,)—and may feel that his order will be properly carried out, and that he has appeared like one who 'knows the ropes,'—a thing dear to the heart of youth. After the supper he glances at the bill presented unobtrusively, and gives the waiter a tip of about twenty-five cents per person. That sort of entertaining is expensive for a young man who is not wealthy, but there are times—and girls,—when nothing seems extravagant."

"My brother was asked by a girl to go to church with her. He should call for her, of course, but where should he sit in the pew when they arrive before the family? Should he move up, and sit by the girl, or step into the aisle, permitting her mother to pass in first,—and perhaps her father?"

"He should move up," replied Madame Heartsease. "As the guest of the young woman, he should sit by her. Anywhere but in church he should rise when her parents appear, but one tries to be as unobtrusive and quiet as possible there. Of course, after church, he walks home with the young girl. She asks him in for luncheon or dinner. If the tone of the invitation sounds decidedly cordial, he may accept, but, if a little perfunctory, he may know that there is some reason why he would be more welcome another time."

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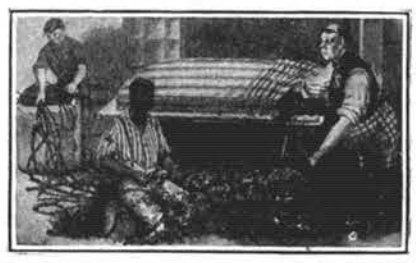

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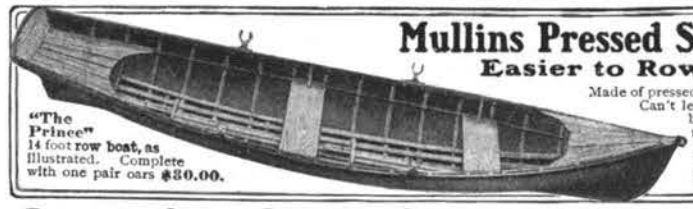

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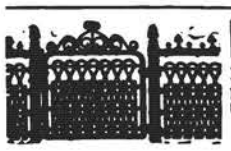

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Box 369 Winchester, Ind.

The Young Man Entering Business

APPLYING FOR A POSITION

By HENRY C. WALKER,

Vice President of the Boston Leather Binding Company

PART ONE

As a business man of many years' experience, employing over a hundred people in various capacities, I have noted in advertising for help, that, out of thousands of letters received in reply, only a very few, say two per cent., have been written in such a way as to attract favorable attention and secure an interview. A very much larger percentage of these very applicants were, no doubt, thoroughly capable of filling the position named, but they did n't know how to go after it. They had never been trained to write a good business letter, and their efforts went into the wastebasket; some less worthy person, who knew how to prepare his letter, gained the interview, and got the position.

A few simple rules and suggestions on the proper methods to be used in replying to the usual help-wanted advertisements, it was thought, might be of benefit to a great many. The results obtained from an actual following out of these rules as a test were not only satisfactory but also in a way astonishing, showing that over ninety per cent. of the applicants who had followed these teachings were successful in getting favorable replies from the concerns addressed.

In writing a letter of application for a position, always use plain, white, unruled letter heads of full sheet business size, writing on one side of the paper only. Do n't use stationery with a name die, monogram, or initial at the top; if you are a man it is effeminate, if you are a woman it is not business-like, and whatever it may be worth socially, it carries no weight whatever with the man of affairs in the business world.

▲ ▲

Never use hotel stationery. Few people who apply for positions are stopping at hotels. The writer has even received replies to help advertisements written on letterheads bearing the names of pool, billiard room, or bowling alley proprietors. It is, perhaps, needless to state that such letters were at once consigned to the wastebasket.

When completed the letter should be folded twice, placed in a long, narrow, white commercial envelope of regular size, and carefully sealed. There are two reasons for doing this: first, the letter is more easily opened and read than if afterwards refolded twice across; and, second, it will stick out from the others received, attracting more attention, and very likely being taken hold of first, as promising more than the others at hand.

Be very sure that both the letter sheet and envelope are scrupulously clean, and put the stamp straight in the upper right-hand corner, and not upside down. The writer knows a certain Boston business man, who actually discharged a clerk in his employ for putting stamps on wrong side up. He said it indicated carelessness. So much for little things.

Unless you are applying for a position as bookkeeper, or some similar situation, where handwriting is to be a feature, it will be well for you to have your application typewritten. It is much more business-like, is more easily read, and here again you have the advantage, except in cases noted above, of your competitors.

Unless you have once had the experience, you can not realize the immense amount of work involved in reading over perhaps several hundred letters from applicants for a certain position. It is not unusual for the head of the house, unless the place he wishes to fill is one of the greatest importance, to turn over the first reading of the letters to an assistant; here is where the clear and legible typewritten application gets in its work. Even if the general tone is, perhaps, less satisfactory than some of the others, its general appearance and the fact that its author took the pains to have it typewritten will often save it for a final examination by the head of the firm or department. Some salient feature may then strike his fancy, resulting in your getting a reply, whereas, if written with a pen, it would never even have reached his hands.

▲ ▲

It is a frequent thing for stenographers to write a letter along these lines, but very rarely has it seemed to occur to the applicant outside of this line of work to attempt it. Whenever I have received a letter so written, I have always given it the most careful attention. It is a good plan for the applicant, if unused to the typewriter, to lay out his letter first by hand and then carry it to a public stenographer, who will typewrite it for a nominal sum. Remember, however, that a typewritten letter should always be signed in your handwriting.

If you can not take advantage of the typewritten letter, be sure and use a good black ink, never an æsthetic purple, green, or red, and make your writing as legible and the lines as horizontal as possible. Be very careful that all the words are correctly spelled. If there is any possible doubt about a word, consult a dictionary. If you *should* spell a word wrong the first time, write the whole letter over; a crossed-out word does n't look well.

It is a good plan to enclose postage for reply, but do n't do it by sticking a stamp in the corner of your letter sheet. The better way is to enclose a plain envelope addressed to yourself (typewritten address, if possible,) with a stamp neatly affixed in the upper right-hand corner. A small envelope that will easily go inside your own letter is better than a large one which would have to be folded.

Always start a letter by giving the name of the place from which it is written, followed by the date, all in one line, in the upper right-hand corner.

This should begin say two full inches from the top of the page, and far enough to the left to prevent crowding before the year is reached. To the left of this, one inch below it and one inch from the left-hand edge of the paper, you should write the name of the firm to whom you are writing, or the initials or box number, if the name is not known, and, directly under this, beginning in the middle of the previous line, the address, if known. This latter may seem superfluous, but it is a custom followed in all business houses. Then, returning to the left, directly under the first letter of the name, and perhaps one inch below it, the term "Dear Sirs," "Dear Sir," or "Dear Madam," as the case may be. Directly under the last letter of the above line, you may begin the actual composition of the letter itself. If you have followed directions carefully, you now have a lay-out similar to the following:—

BUFFALO, N. Y., January 1, 1906.
MESSRS. JONES & JONES,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:—

Replying to your advertisement for a stenographer, I can state that I have the following qualifications for the position:—

I am thirty years of age, a graduate of Burns' Business College, and have had eight years' experience in mercantile houses.

I am accurate, speedy (take — words a minute,) and can operate any standard make of machine.

Awaiting your early reply, I beg to remain,

Very respectfully yours,
MARY A. CHILDS,
23 Maple Avenue.

▲ ▲

Leave a generous margin at the left-hand side, keeping the lines of the whole letter, with the exception of the one following "Dear Sir," on a line with the beginning of the firm's name, except where paragraphs occur. It is also a good plan to leave a margin of half an inch at the right of the page all the way down, as this adds neatness to its general appearance.

Try to space out the words at the right of your letter so as to make a solid and not a ragged or saw-edge down the page.

It is the expression of your thoughts and the description of your qualities which are of the gravest importance, and on which you are most likely to stand or fall.

First of all, here are a few do n'ts:—

Do n't say "Gentlemen" in beginning your letter. It 's a bit strained. Use the terms "Dear Sirs," "Sir," or "Madam," as the case may be.

Do n't say, as a great many do, "Having seen your advertisement in the morning 'Herald,' I take the liberty of replying," etc., etc. Remember that the advertiser knows you saw it there without being told, and you are not taking "liberties" in replying to a notice which he paid to have printed.

Do n't, DO N'T, DO N'T say, "I feel that I am capable of accepting this position," etc. You would n't have answered it if you had n't, and the advertiser does n't care how you feel, anyway. Cut out all your feelings and impressions and give *reasons*, *real* reasons, good ones, why he should hire you.

Remember you are trying to sell or lease certain qualities you possess for a stated price or rental. You never heard a good horse trader say, in trying to dispose of a

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horse, "I feel that this horse is capable of pleasing you." He rather tells you his age, his weight, and what particular qualities he possesses that he imagines you, as a probable customer, are looking for. So just start in without any useless explanations, and tell why, from your past experience, you are qualified to take the "job."

Don't waste a single word.

Don't make one long jumble of your letter. Use frequent paragraphs. A paragraph is what "hits out" strong and makes the recipient "take notice."

Don't write too long a letter; one sheet if typewritten, two if by hand, will suffice under ordinary circumstances.

It takes a mighty interesting writer to hold the attention of the average business man for any length of time between the hours of nine and five o'clock in these days.

Remember that most of the letters he will receive from other applicants will be very much alike in general characteristics; if you can employ a little originality of form it may be appreciated.

▲ ▲

The following is in effect a copy of a letter the writer once received in answer to an "ad." for a shipper, which might be followed in its general terms with success, no matter what the position offered was. It is but fair to say I answered this letter and the young man proved to be a good investment.

Dear Sirs:—

Replying to your advertisement, I beg to state my qualifications as follows:—

Age, 24.
Birth, American.
Habits, good; I neither drink nor use tobacco.
Education, high school graduate.
Disposition, cheerful; short hours no object.
Experience, (Here give a concise list of previous places held, with reasons for leaving each.)
Salary expected, at start, ten dollars per week.

Very truly yours,
Name.....
Address.....
References:.....
.....
.....

The beauty of this letter is the terse, concise, and clear definition of the applicant's qualifications, without unnecessary talk. It was an oasis in the desert of mediocre letter writing. I think you will find that a letter similarly draughted will obtain you an interview nine times out of ten, without regard to the kind of position you are seeking. Another thing of the utmost importance in business to-day is accuracy, the ability to do a thing right the first time. If you have this qualification —I might almost say talent,—come right out in your letter and say so, distinctly, and, between ourselves, if you have n't it already, lay claim to its possession at once, and then develop it when you get the position. An honest man who is accurate is a find not to be despised, and it will often be the *open sesame* to a good place. Don't be afraid to speak about it in your application.

▲ ▲

Another thing to feature in your letter is your reliability. Every one wants a reliable man or woman, one he can depend on and trust. Let me give you right here the six greatest characteristics that are most appreciated in the business world to-day. Here they are, and do n't forget them:—

Honesty, knowledge, industry, responsibility, accuracy, and loyalty.

I would n't use the term "honesty" in writing the application letter, for that quality you are supposed to possess as a matter of course, and a reference to it might seem overdoing a good thing; but here is a sentence you can take bodily out of this article and put into your letter, which will strengthen it materially. You can say, "I am reliable, industrious, and accurate in my work, and can prove myself loyal to my employer's interests at all times."

If any one had ever written me a letter containing this phrase, I should have been strongly tempted to interview the applicant, even if he or she had "fallen down" in a number of other ways in the general written statements.

[*To be continued.*]

He Did n't Know

SEVERAL years ago, when Theodore Roosevelt, Junior, son of the President, was about to start away to a boarding school, he was asked by a friend of his father what he intended to do when he grew up to be a man.

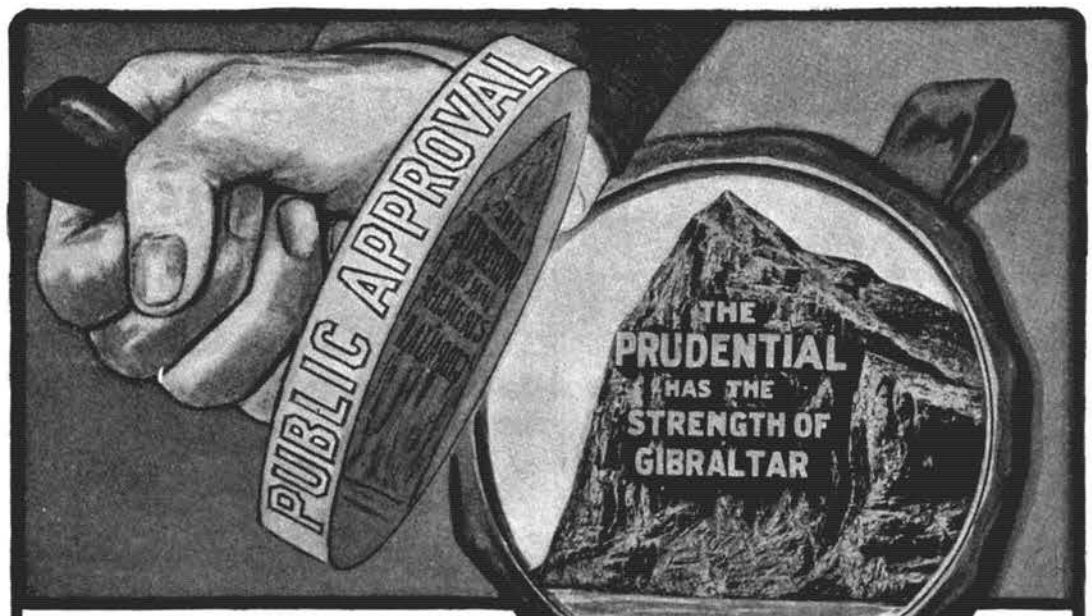
"I have n't chosen a profession yet," replied Theodore, "and do n't know what particular line of work I shall take up, but I do want to be great, like papa."

Quite different is the case of the son of Massachusetts' governor at that time. This boy was called on by his teacher to give the names of the governors of all the New England States. When he came to Massachusetts he balked.

"Why, do n't you know who is the governor of Massachusetts?" asked the teacher, and the lad again hesitated.

"Why, your own father is governor of Massachusetts; did n't you know that?"

"Wal, he told me he was," replied the boy, "but I thought he was stringin' me."



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The Increase in Insurance in Force in 1905 was over One Hundred and Thirteen Million Dollars

Suppose you Inquire for a Policy Suitable to Yourself. You May be Surprised How Little It Will Cost. Write Your Name and Address on the Margin of this Advertisement and Send for a Plan of Home Protection and Saving that will Interest you.

Write Now, While You Think of It. Dept. 33

The Prudential

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Ideal

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Foster Bros. Mfg. Co., 35 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y. 1425 N. 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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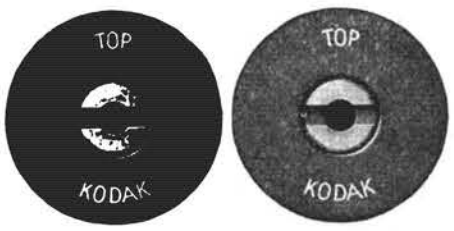

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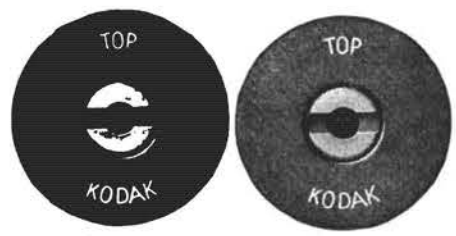
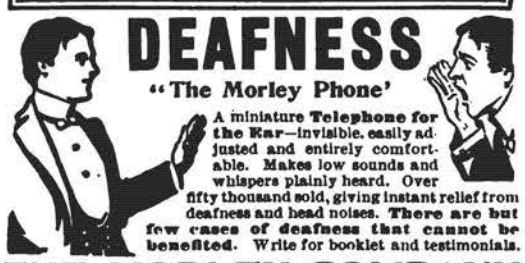


LOOK FOR KODAK ON THE SPOOL END.

DEAFNESS

"The Morley Phone"



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THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION,
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The Editor's Chat

Laughter as an Aid to Digestion

NOTHING else will take the place of good cheer and laughter at meals or at any other time in the home.

There is a vital connection between amiability and digestion,—between good cheer and assimilation. Laughter is the best friend the liver has, and depression, or *melancholia*, its worst enemy. Numerous experiments have shown that mirth and cheerfulness stimulate the secretion of the gastric juices, and are powerful aids to digestion. Yet, knowing this, many of us sit as gloomy and absorbed at the table as at a funeral. In many homes, scarcely a word is spoken at meals, outside of requests for an article of food.

The meal hour ought to mean something besides supplying a mere animal function. The bell which calls the family to the table ought to be the signal for a good time generally, when all cares should be thrown off and everybody appear at his best. It ought to signalize the time for mirth and laughter. It ought to be looked forward to by the members of the family as the recess or nooning is looked forward to by pupils in school, as a let-up from the strenuous life.

I have sat at tables in families where several of the members had dyspepsia, and I did not wonder at it, for they swallowed a bit of dyspepsia with every mouthful of food. One constantly heard remarks like this: "I know I have no business to eat this. It always hurts me and I know it will half kill me, but I like it." These people invite indigestion by accompanying each mouthful of food to the stomach with a fear of trouble. This fear suppresses the secretion of the gastric juices, dries up the gastric follicles, and invites the very thing they dread. It is the thing we fear that we attract.

There is very little dyspepsia, very little complaint of indigestion, in families which indulge in jollity and fun at the table. It is in the gloomy, melancholy family,—in the home where the children wear long faces,—that old age is stamped on the features of the young man and the young woman; where there is bickering and worrying and faultfinding,—it is there dyspepsia holds sway.

I know a family every member of which looks forward to the reunion at meals as the pleasantest occasion of the day. No one is allowed to come to the table with a long face or to retail his troubles; but, on the contrary, each is expected to bring sunshine and good cheer,—to come with his best humor and his brightest and wittiest sayings.

Some of the most delightful times in my life have been spent at this table, and many a time have I been present when some one of the younger people would be obliged to leave the room because of fits of laughter which he could not control. There is no dyspepsia here, no liver trouble in this family, no *melancholia*. It is a place where all care and anxiety have to get out.

I have visited in other homes where the members of the family would come to breakfast with long faces, stretching, gaping, discontented, surly, and cross. Everybody seemed tired and disgusted or had some tale of woe or trouble to tell. When conversation took the place of the gloomy silence, it was depressing. Nobody made an effort to say anything pleasant; no one tried to be cheerful or to look agreeable.

If the meal hour were more generally looked forward to as a joyful occasion,—as the best kind of mental recreation,—as a chance for the brightest conversation, for humor, and for mental exercise and refreshening,—as an opportunity for a mental bath and a good time generally,—there would be much more happiness and much less crime and misery in the world.

There is no medicine for the stomach and liver like laughter and fun generally at meals. Nothing else will upset the liver so quickly as gloom, worry, or mental trouble of any kind. There is nothing else to which it responds so readily as good cheer and real sideshaking laughter.

No one can be happy or do the work of a real man when his liver is torpid or disturbed, and no liver can be normal when the mind is troubled or worried. No other organs sympathize so quickly with the condition of the thought as the liver and the gastric glands. They refuse to work if there is trouble at headquarters.

If people only knew the effect of mirth upon the liver and the gastric juices,—if they only knew that it is more effective than any medicine that can be found at any apothecary's shop, or at any health resort,—they would encourage it in every way. Cheerfulness in the family, generally, and mirth at the table, particularly, would save half the doctor's bills, besides promoting happiness and insuring harmony.

* * *

How To Cure Peculiarities

MANY people become morbid in dwelling upon the thought that they are peculiar in some respect. Some of these people think they have inherited certain tendencies or peculiarities from their parents and are always looking for their appearance in themselves. Now this is just the way to make them appear, for what we encourage in the mind or hold there persistently we draw to us. So these people continually increase the evil by worrying about it and dwelling upon its sad effects on themselves. They become sensitive about real or imaginary idiosyncrasies. They never like to speak of or hear of them, and yet the consciousness that they possess them takes away their self-confidence and mars their achievement.

Most of these peculiarities are usually imaginary or are exaggerated by imagination. But they have been nursed and brooded over so long that they become real to the sufferers.

The remedy lies in doing precisely the opposite,—dwelling on the perfect qualities and ignoring any possible shortcomings. If you think you are peculiar, form a habit of holding the normal thought. Say to yourself, "I am not peculiar. The idiosyncrasies that disturb me are not real. I was made in the image of my Maker, and a Perfect Being could not make imperfections, hence the imperfections I think I have can not be real, as the truth of my being is real. There can be no abnormalities about me unless I produce them in thought, for the Creator never gave them to me. He never gave me a discordant note, because He is Harmony."

If, you hold this thought persistently in mind, you will forget what seems abnormal to you; it will soon disappear and you will regain your confidence just by becoming convinced that you are not much unlike other people.

Shyness sometimes becomes a disease; but it is a disease of the imagination only, and can be easily overcome by driving the thought of it out of the mind and holding the opposite thought,—by one's just making up his mind that he is not being watched by everybody and that people are too busy about their own selfish aims and ambitions to be observing him all the time.

* * *

An Ambition for Large Things

"SECURE a large congregation; let this be the first thing," was Henry Ward Beecher's motto when he started out to preach in his little church in Lawrenceburg, Kansas.

As a young man he had an ambition to do great things. He had no desire to have a little church and to settle down as one of a thousand country pastors. "Secure a large congregation." This motto was an inspiration to him to do his best. He believed he could do a greater amount of good preaching to a large number of people than to but a few.

This ambition not to be satisfied with little things is characteristic of men of great fiber, and it had a great deal to do in shaping Beecher's career. If he had had an ordinary ambition, he never would have been the power in the world that he was,—he never would have become one of the first preachers in the world. A stream can not rise higher than its fountain-head.

Few people realize how the ambition affects the life. If that is small and narrow, the life will also be narrow and rutty. Nothing else causes the mind to expand like a constant effort to reach up to something beyond. It is the perpetual effort to attain the ideal that enlarges the whole life. The moment the ambition begins to wane, or tends to become sordid or selfish, the individual begins to shrivel.

If you have an ambition for large things and do your best to attain them, you will be a much larger, much more complete man, even if you fall a little below your aim, than you would if you said to yourself, "What is the use to try to do such great things? I

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FOOD HELPS

In Management of R. R.

Speaking of food a railroad man says:

"My work puts me out in all kinds of weather, subject to irregular hours for meals, and compelled to eat all kinds of food.

"For 7 years I was constantly troubled with indigestion, caused by eating heavy, fatty, starchy, greasy, poorly cooked food, such as are most accessible to men in my business. Generally each meal or lunch was followed by distressing pains and burning sensations in my stomach, which destroyed my sleep and almost unfitted me for work My brain was so muddy and foggy that it was hard for me to discharge my duties properly.

"This lasted till about a year ago, when my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food by a newspaper ad., and I concluded to try it. Since then I have used Grape-Nuts at nearly every meal and sometimes between meals. We railroad men have little chance to prepare our food in our cabooses and I find Grape-Nuts mighty handy for it is ready cooked.

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has made a new man of me. I have no more burning distress in my stomach, nor any other symptom of indigestion. I can digest anything so long as I eat Grape-Nuts, and my brain works as clearly and accurately as an engineer's watch, and my old nervous troubles have disappeared entirely." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

LEARN HOW TO EARN FROM $3,000 TO $5,000 YEARLY IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

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All graduates appointed special representatives of leading real estate companies. We furnish them lists of readily salable properties, co-operate with them, and assist them to a quick success.

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Our FREE BOOK will tell you how you can make a success in this wonderful business. A postal card will bring it.

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AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 455 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

Government Positions

39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations and receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing dates, places for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Washington, D. C.

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Making the Most of Leisure

THE moment a young man ceases to think of his lack of opportunities, resolutely looks his conditions in the face, and resolves to change them, he lays the corner stone of a solid career. Even if he must go slow, he will go far. Such a young man, thirty years ago, suddenly discovered that by using in study, in an orderly way, the quarter and half hours he spent on railroad trains and ferryboats, these odds and ends of time might be made of untold value. By putting them together he managed to pick out of them a fine education. To utilize these precious hours and make them as valuable as if they formed a continuous period of time, he made a plan for the work of each day and had such material on hand that he could turn every quarter of an hour to account.

This young man wanted to know German. He bought a German grammar, a phrase-book, and a few simple German stories. He would keep a book in his pocket and glance at it at every opportunity. In a little while it became very interesting. He was soon reading easy German, and in less than a year he had the language so well in hand that he took up Spanish. He became engrossed in the study of languages as an occupation for his leisure. He found it extremely enjoyable and profitable. Every language learned was an open door to advanced studies. In a few years he was reading German, French, Spanish, and Italian fluently and with keen enjoyment. In the meantime his business advancement had been rapid. His studies had not only given him an education but had also helped him to advance in practical affairs by clearing, sharpening, and training his mind.

A clear understanding of the possibilities which live in spare time is a prominent quality of the man who does things. He wastes no time in dreaming of what he would do if he could go to college or travel or have command of long periods of uninterrupted time. He is not guilty of evading the possibilities of his career by shielding himself behind adverse conditions.

Thousands in our country have become highly cultivated men and women by utilizing odds and ends of time. They have opened wider the door of opportunity, broadened their outlook on life, and entered new worlds of science, literature and art,—worlds which are barred to the ignorant.

Wisdom will not open her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price of admission. She will not sell her jewels for money, but will give them to every poor boy or girl who yearns and works for her.

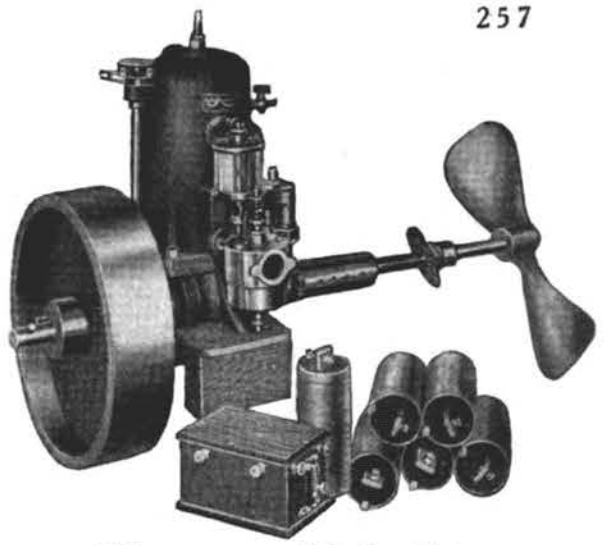
* * *

It Takes Courage to Change

IT takes courage to strike out into new fields on a mere conviction that one can do a certain thing, or is fitted for it. It takes courage to get out of one's beaten track and launch into untried paths, no matter how tempting they may be. If the new field is more pretentious than the one we are already in, and presents more difficult problems and duties, it requires especial courage to make the change. It takes courage to start out even when one hears the call, when there is a possibility of having to turn back and be laughed at, or to receive stinging criticism. It takes courage to give up a salary which enables one to support an aged parent, or to help a dependent brother or sister, and to enter untried fields which for some time may not offer any reward, while one must still struggle to fulfill his moral obligations.

There is, however, only one thing to do when you find that you have made a mistake in your calling, and that is to correct it as soon as possible. If you can not get out of your uncongenial position at once, you can perhaps make a hobby of the thing you long to do, until you get sufficient experience in it to make your change, as the writer did. He began writing every spare moment during the slack hours of the day, making notes of important things that came to him, and writing them out at night. He worked ten years in this cramped, unsatisfactory way, until he made a complete change from a business to a literary career.

It is no easy matter, indeed, when one has reached maturity, especially if there are others dependent on him, to change his occupation or profession. One must think many times before giving up a certainty for an uncertainty, a salary or sure income for an expectation. It calls for moral courage and strength of will and purpose to brave criticism and ridicule and the risk of failure, but for the one who is sure he has discovered his real bent,—if he would do his best in life,—there is no choice but to make a change.



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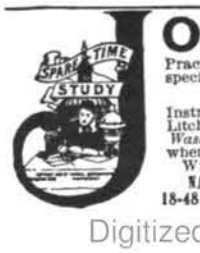

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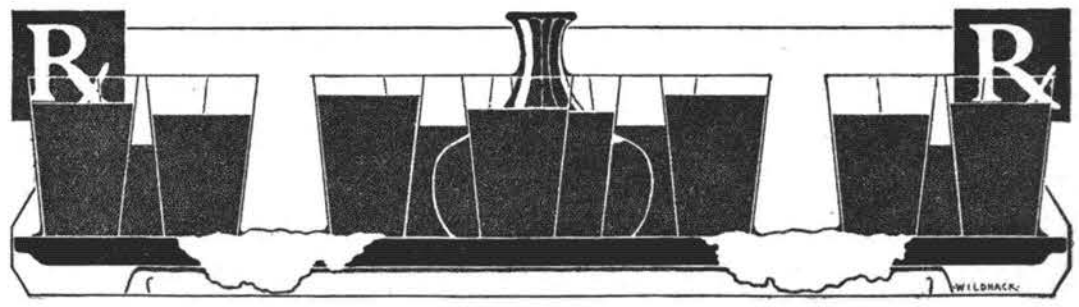

The Place of Water in Our Diet

By EMMA E. WALKER, M. D.

OUR favorite professor at the medical school, in anticipating the time when we should practice, used to amuse his classes by telling them how to manage future patients. He said, "If a man comes to you and asks if you would not advise a certain medicated water for his use, always reply, 'Certainly, certainly,—a most excellent water for your trouble!'" Then, in an aside to us, he would add, "Let him drink it if he wants to. It 's pure water and that 's the essential point. People are not in the habit of drinking too much water."

At our dining table I find it interesting to watch the water glasses of the different individuals. Some of these are left unfilled during the entire meal, while other are replenished from time to time. These water glasses are merely an illustration of the varied theories held by people in general. To drink or not to drink at meals is a problem of universal interest. The importance of the answer depends far more upon the manner of drinking than it does upon the act itself.

▲ ▲

Some dieticians say that the drinking of fluids at meals dilutes the gastric juice, and thus retards digestion. But this statement is subject to modifications. If the stomach is in good condition it is able to absorb excess of liquid rapidly, so that the proper consistence of its contents is maintained. If one has a stomach so weak that it is not able to do this, then too much liquid should be guarded against. When we decry the use of water at meals for well people we often forget the fact that liquid food is given to the sick on account of its easy digestion. However, water should be swallowed by itself. It should not be used for the purpose of "washing down" solid food. After properly masticating the food in the mouth, one may feel at liberty to drink as his desire dictates.

On the last day of a visit which I made this fall in a little hamlet which nestles in the foot-hills of the Alleghenies, I heard my usually active hostess slowly hobbling down the stairs to the breakfast room. She was in despair over her gouty heel, and as we sat at our repast we talked over her condition from various points of view. She went carefully over the details of her diet and really it did seem as if she had little left on her list. She took no sweets, she took no coffee, and so on, throughout the usual category. "Do you drink plenty of water," I asked her. She assured me that she did, but after threshing out the subject we finally concluded that this was the very element in her diet which was doing the most harm. For the water of that region although clear and sparkling, was very hard, and full of lime. Soft water is a solvent of solids which need to be eliminated from the body to prevent auto-intoxication, that is, self-poisoning. But, when the water that we drink is already saturated with solids it can not dissolve others. Such water also has the disadvantage of introducing into the body a superfluity of just what sufferers from gout and rheumatism are trying to get rid of.

All such patients, as well as those who suffer from kidney troubles, ought to drink water freely. For in this latter trouble not only the watery but also the solid constitutents of the kidney secretions are increased in this way.

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When the stout individual asks for advice concerning water drinking no hard and fast rule can be laid down for him. While in one "system" water is limited to five ounces—a small glassful,—three times a day, other authorities regard certain beverages, and some of these in quantity, as beneficial in obesity. It is stated that the use of mineral waters increases weight. Those physicians who allow their stout patients only a little fluid do so on the principle that one can not overeat if he takes no liquid at meals. Those who advise plenty of fluid have in mind the fact that by this method tissue changes are increased, the fat cells are broken down, and the waste products are more easily carried out of the body, instead of being heaped up, here and there, in undesired hillocks.

Observation bears out the statement that stout people generally drink a great deal of water,—while many who are in need of it are inclined to take small quantities. The overworked "exception," however, is always in evidence, for, even while I write, a friend tells me of an acquaintance, slender even to gauntness, who drinks on the average from eight to ten glasses of water at a meal. Her health is apparently perfect.

Personal idiosyncrasy must be treated as kindly here as in all questions of daily living.

A common estimate of the amount of water that should be taken daily between meals is three pints. Here again the personal equation has to be considered. Some prefer hot water especially in the morning, before breakfast, while others cling to the cool draught. Lukewarm water is not a favorite beverage for it almost invariably causes nausea. One of the great advantages of water drinking before breakfast is its cleansing effect on the mucous membranes of the digestive tract. With a little salt added, the mucus which has accumulated overnight will be easily dissolved and the lining of the stomach and intestines will be left fresh and free to do their work with vigor. I remember a doctor once telling me that a mucous-coated intestine was as inefficient for taking care of food as a tin tube. Cold water—this does not mean iced water,—is considered by some better than hot, in cases of constipation. It tones up the digestive organs. Taken in moderate quantities and frequently throughout the day, it flushes the stomach and intestines, and improves the appetite. It also stimulates the liver, the kidneys, the heart, and the skin. One of the well-known causes of constipation is a deficiency of water. A friend asked me one day if I would like a prescription for constipation for which her brother had paid ten dollars to a specialist. Naturally, I declared my willingness to hear it. The directions were to drink a glass of water with a teaspoonful of salt in it on arising in the morning, following this in fifteen minutes by a glass of plain water. In many cases this acts like a charm.

▲ ▲

In favor of hot water one must admit that it is a better solvent than cold. In the case of the weak or the old it is an excellent tonic. A drink of hot water is advised for one who is about to take a cold plunge. The benefits do not depend upon an essential raising of temperature, but because hot drinks are quickly absorbed and added to the blood. They also favor perspiration, and, in certain cases, they aid expectoration. One of our leading dieticians has performed some extremely valuable and interesting experiments on patients in order to find out the real effect on the temperature of drinking hot liquids and cold liquids. He has discovered that if either is taken in moderation there is little difference in their local effect upon the contents of the stomach, for, as he says, "Hot food is cooled and cold food is warmed in swallowing, and it may be said the hotter or the colder it is, the less likely it is to modify the rate of gastric digestion, for these extremes of temperature necessitate slow swallowing."

Of course, if one quickly bolts several tumblerfuls of iced water in succession, the stomach is cooled and digestion is retarded on account of the local reduction of temperature and the shock to the gastric nerves. But even these effects are not so great as are generally considered. As this same writer says, the body contains about fourteen pounds of blood whose average temperature is nearly 100°F. All of this warm blood continually circulates in turn through the digestive organs, so that a small quantity of cold liquid does not tend to have a serious effect. However, the stomach can not be constantly chilled without very evil effects, for digestion will be interfered with and, if such a condition is long kept up, it will bring about diseased states for which we can find no remedy.

The common custom of taking hot foods and drinks in cold weather, and cold foods and drinks in warm weather is of long standing. Its foundation is more æsthetic than logical. Mental association is doubtless a factor here. Then, too, the temporary effect is more agreeable.

▲ ▲

The various alkaline and mineral spring waters that are used either at or between meals act as a mild tonic. They may be either plain or "sparkling." Like plain soft water they are useful in preparing the digestive tract for food. An excess of effervescing waters, however, is apt to give rise to flatulency, finally ending in dyspepsia.

When the blood is not supplied with a sufficient quantity of water this fluid is drawn from the lymph spaces and tissues. The weight falls off quickly and the skin becomes withered.

Man can exist without food much longer than he can live without water.

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A TORPID THINKER

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A Toledo, O., business man says that for three years he had no appetite for breakfast; that about once a month he ate solid food at that meal, generally contenting himself with his cup of coffee and having no desire for anything else.

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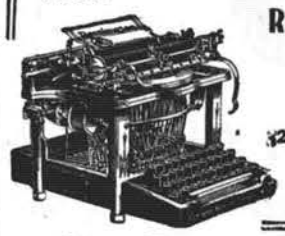

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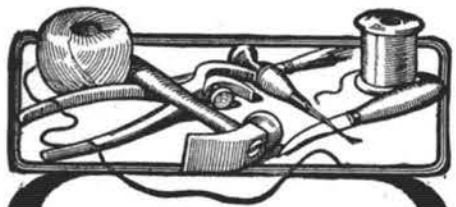

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Billings turned a quizzical look upward to his employer and mounted the remaining stairs.

"Where is it? What 's it like?" he asked.

"Oh, you 'll find it around under there," replied Mr. Cobb, from a safe distance, indicating the bureau under which the forbidding object had vanished. "Better take something in hand to knock it on the head!"

Billings thereupon armed himself with a broom handle, got down on all fours, and peered under the bureau.

"I do n't see nothing!" he exclaimed. Then he made a sweeping pass with the broom handle.

Swiftly there followed a flash of the yellow body with the long red hair, while claws seemed to scrape the void within an inch of Billings's nose. Bumping and thumping against the furniture, overturning china ware, Billings arrived at the stairs with remarkable expedition. Down the stairs he flung himself, followed by Mr. Cobb, precipitously. At the bottom Mr. Cobb confronted his panting assistant.

"You 're a nice kind of feller," taunted he, "getting scared at a little thing like that."

"Scared!" echoed Billings; "I 'm not hired for jobs of that kind. What you want is a regiment of soldiers."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Cobb, contemptuously. "I 'll soon get someone with grit enough for that."

"Because you have n't got any yourself," remarked Billings, under his breath. "My! but what was it? Gee! but where did it come from?"

Leaving instructions with Billings to keep a watchful eye on the stairs, Mr. Cobb stepped over to his brother-in-law, the butcher. Briefly he explained the situation. He requested the aid of his relation's muscular arm directed by unfaltering nerve to destroy one or two unnamable creatures which had escaped from a trunk in his loft. He said they looked like something between a crab and a spider, but for all he knew they might be anything from crawfish up.

"Why, that 's easy," agreed the butcher; "you just watch me get after them."

He seized a meat chopper and led the way back to Mr. Cobb's store. After further explanation, he cast a look of scorn upon Billings, who refused to take part in the adventure, and boldly proceeded upward. As he climbed to the loft he beheld an object hanging by one claw to a beam directly above his head. He paused to reconnoiter. Down dropped the object, and down the stairs, three at a bound, came the butcher, cutting figures in the air with his meat chopper. Without halting he continued until he reached the door. Then, glancing over his shoulder, he shouted back that he had such a pile of orders to fill that he could n't bother with any mere insects.

"Just put your foot on it," he advised Mr. Cobb. "There 's no trick in killing a thing like that. I 'll come around later."

In the meantime a small crowd had gathered in front of Mr. Cobb's store, interested in a huge yellow bug climbing along the coping. Boys had begun to project stones at it, when upon the scene entered Policeman 2,346, gracefully swinging a night-stick. He thrust his way to the front, without much ceremony, and presently observed the bug.

"What 's all this about?" he asked, hailing Mr. Cobb in the doorway. "Why do n't you take that thing in out of there? What kind of a bird d' you call it, anyway?"

Mr. Cobb invited Policeman 2,346 into the store and explained matters to the best of his ability. If the policeman would step up and rap the object over the head with his night-stick, it would indeed be a favor to him, Mr. Cobb.

"Sure!" tersely replied Policeman 2,346.

A minute later he was making the stairs creak with the authority of the law. Through the loft he marched, as became his office, and reached the window from which the object had escaped. Then he leaned out, and, for a moment, took aim with his night-stick.

"He continued until he reached the door"

Whether or not the object gathered evil intent from the policeman's expression can not be stated; but, in any case, before the night-stick descended, it caught hold of the end with its fore claws, ran up the shaft to the policeman's wrist, and so on back in through the window. Back through the window, too, went the head and shoulders of Policeman 2,346, with the rapid action of a jack-in-a-box. Then followed a pistol battle in which it would seem the furniture, particularly the bureau mirrors, suffered heavily. Finally the policeman appeared again at the window, said that the darned things seemed to be all over the place, and added that, as it was getting dark, he preferred to climb down that way rather than take chances of reaching the stairs. So a ladder was raised to the window, and, with the honors of war, Policeman 2,346 descended to earth, while the crowd cheered.

"Say, you 've got to get them things out of there," he proceeded to warn Mr. Cobb. "If any should escape and bite people, you 'd be pinched for manslaughter. They 're a kind of poison spider, as I 've read somewhere."

"But how am I to do it?" pleaded Mr. Cobb.

"Send for the snake house people, or the dog catchers. They ought to know how to handle 'em. Anyway, you 've got to do something, or there 'll be trouble."

Then he turned his attention to shooing the curious loiterers away.

Mr. Cobb dispatched urgent requests for the services of both the snake house people and the dog catchers, closed up his store right, and went home feeling inclined to lay the blame for the trouble on his wife.

"Well," he said, "I took your advice. I 've been speculating, all right."

"You have?"

"Yes, in poison spiders that kill on sight."

"In poison spiders! What ever do you mean?"

"Sure, I bought a trunk load of 'em as a speculation. They 're crawling around all over the loft, and if you get bitten by one it 's death, certain. I knew something like that would happen fooling with chances."

"But you never told me you were going to," protested Mrs. Cobb.

"Oh, well, you kept on about that buggy and horse so I had to do something. But I 'll get a buggy ride, all right,—in a patrol wagon, unless the things are killed off, and that 's going to cost a pile."

Thus the discussion was prolonged late, Mrs. Cobb holding that she never would have believed he would do such a foolish thing as to speculate in poison spiders, while Mr. Cobb argued that he never would have done so but for her craze for a buggy and a horse.

Next morning, as it was possible the spiders had climbed down into the store overnight, Mr. Cobb prudently waited about outside pending the arrival of the snake house people or the dog catchers. As he was thus pacing the sidewalk, a cab drove up in a hurry, from which a grave-looking man descended. He inquired eagerly for Mr. Cobb, and introduced himself as Professor Grimmel.

"Oh, you 're from the snake house, then," remarked Mr. Cobb.

"Snake house! no" returned the professor.

"Then you 're one of the dog catchers, I guess."

Professor Grimmel looked a trifle hurt at being mistaken for a dog catcher, but the business in hand was evidently too important to dwell upon the slight.

"No," he said, "I am one of the staff of the Entomological Institute."

"Aye!" ejaculated Mr. Cobb, for the status of the professor still remained in doubt.

"Yes," continued the professor, producing a morning paper; "there is an account here of a curious event which happened in your store,—the escape of some spiders which almost caused a riot."

"That 's right," replied Mr. Cobb; "they 're crawling around in there."

"May I see one?" asked the professor, eagerly.

"You may, only I won't

"'I do n't see nothing!' he exclaimed"

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be responsible if you get a bite," warned Mr. Cobb.

The professor smiled scientifically.

"Do n't be alarmed about that," he said. "I agree to absolve you from all responsibility on my behalf. But there is no danger. I am quite accustomed to handle such things."

As Mr. Cobb opened the door, with considerable awe he watched the professor enter. The latter began his search with even more assurance than Policeman 2,346. Presently he halted and pointed upward to a gas bracket. Perched upon it was the largest of the spiders.

"Ah, splendid!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "That is the finest specimen of the Tarantula Orinococos that has ever reached this country. I hardly dared to hope for this. There is not its equal in captivity."

"Captivity!" repeated Mr. Cobb,—"I wish you 'd captivate it and nail it down in a box."

"Now," said the professor, "how many of them have you?"

"Oh, I do n't know; a dozen, maybe. It looked to me like a hundred."

"Well," beamed the professor, with delight,—"well, Mr. Cobb, what will you take?"

"What will I take?" repeated Mr. Cobb, somewhat puzzled; "why, it ain't so long since I had breakfast."

"No, I mean for the Orinococoses. Of course I know you have a clear title to them from the government. How they went astray I can 't say,—probably owing to some negligence on the part of our agent in the Orinoco Basin. Now would $500 satisfy you for the lot?"

"$500 satisfy me for the lot!"

Mr. Cobb's mouth opened wide with astonishment.

"Oh, I won't deny," said the professor, "that they are worth more, but then there would be the trouble of keeping them and finding another market. They would probably die on your hands, in this climate, unless properly cared for. Now will you take $500? It was the reward we offered when we discovered their loss."

"Just put a dollar or two down." replied Mr. Cobb, "to make sure I 'm awake."

The professor drew forth a roll of bills and handed over a deposit to Mr. Cobb.

"And when can I remove them?" he asked.

"You can 't remove them too quick for me," was Mr. Cobb's prompt answer.

How the professor did remove them is, perhaps, immaterial, but Mr. Cobb has it that the professor just whistled for a spider and it followed him around like a dog. And, as to the $500, it 's no second-hand buggy in which you may see Mr. and Mrs. Cobb.

The Crank Button

SECRETARY SHAW has a number of electric buttons on his desk connecting with the office of the captain of the treasury watch. One of these buttons sound what is known as the "crank bell." When that bell rings it is supposed that the secretary is being annoyed by cranks. Recently he was conferring with Assistant Secretary Charles H. Keep, chairman of the "Keep smelling commission," and Comptroller R. J. Tracewell, whose duty it is to pare down public expenditure to the bone. The conference was one in which Secretary Shaw failed to become interested, and he showed his impatience by shifting around in his chair and playing imaginary tunes on the electric buttons. Accidently or otherwise he touched the "crank button." A minute later the captain of the watch and two of the watch force rushed into the secretary's room all heavily armed. When the captain of the watch explained his presence by saying that the crank alarm had been sounded, Secretary Shaw looked first at Assistant Secretary Keep and then at Comptroller Tracewell. These two officials could not grasp the humor of the situation, but Secretary Shaw lay back in his chair and roared with laughter, while Mr. Keep and Judge Tracewell hurriedly lefr the room. They are still wondering whether Secretary Shaw touched that "crank button" by accident.

Guess the Tempo Was All Right, Too

THE editor of a paper published at Little Rock was once in receipt of a complimentary copy of a musical composition by an Arkansas friend.

Feeling that he was called upon to make some acknowledgment of the courtesy, the editor did so in this wise:—

"As the editor of this journal does n't know a demi-semiquaver from a diapason or a bass clef from a "high C," he will not, therefore, be expected to give an extended notice of this production. We can say, however, that the type used in printing the composition is clear and plain and that the paper appears to be of the best quality of rag. The design on the front page is most artistic and the words are as tender as a real spring chicken and as poetic as the song of the meadow lark on a May morning. The melody is sound and all right, with no windgalls or collar marks. The harmony, too, appears to be strictly O. K., with no patent defects or noticeable blemishes. The tonality is clear and resonant and rests on harmonic relations and melodic elements. This is about all the praise in connection with said composition we are able to evolve from our cabbage-flavored temperament."

The Incomparable WHITE

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The first endurance run in this country was held September 9th-13th, 1901, from New York to Rochester, under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America. Eighty cars, American and foreign, started, and but twenty earned first-class certificates. Among the starters were four Whites, all of which earned first-class certificates.

The latest endurance run in this country was held January 25th-26th, 1906, from Los Angeles to San Diego, under the auspices of the Coronado Country Club. Thirty representative cars started and but two gained a perfect score. One of these was a White and the other a gasoline car of 40 per cent. greater cost. As the White had used three gallons of gasoline less than its adversary, it was declared the winner and awarded the John D. Spreckles' Cup.

All reliability and endurance competitions held in the interval between the two above described contests have, with practically unbroken monotony, resulted in White Victories.

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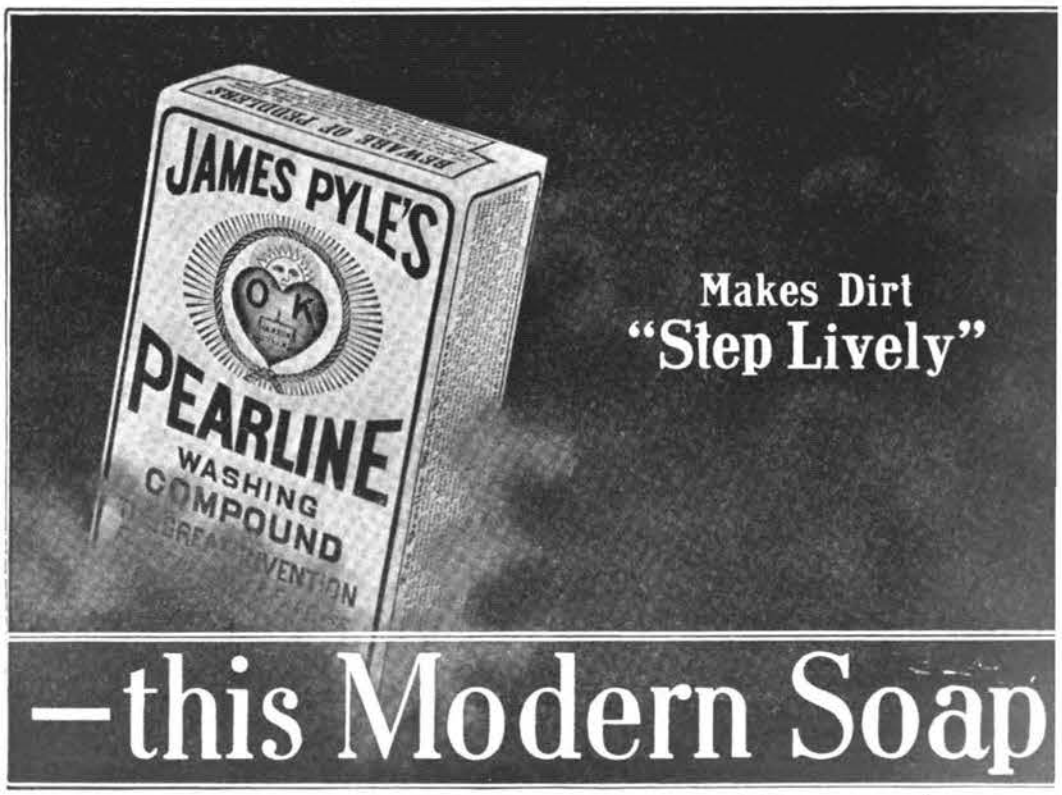

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DEFINED

By Nixon Waterman

'Tis "tainted" gold, we understand, if made from any lay
Wherein men get the upper hand in an underhanded way.

Misfortune As a Turning Point

By GILSON GARDNER

PAGE MORRIS, United States District Judge, of Minnesota, had the good fortune to be defeated for congress by John W. Daniel, now a United States senator for Virginia. That was in 1884. Both were residents of Lynchburg and Morris was the Republican nominee for the Sixth Congressional District. Morris was a native of Virginia, but his sympathies were not with Democratic principles. The bitterness of defeat was intensified by the prevalent bitterness of the reconstruction period, and the combined effect was such that life was no longer tolerable in the state of his nativity. Defeated and utterly discouraged he shook the dust of the South from his feet and sought a home in the new Northwest. Twenty years afterwards his former antagonist in the old Sixth Virginia district was one of those who recommended his appointment to the life position which he now enjoys.

Congressman James McLachlan of Pasadena, California, looks back to a day about seventeen years ago when, being on a pleasure trip to Los Angeles, he awoke one morning to find that, instead of being worth in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand dollars, as he had supposed himself to be, he had nothing in the world but forty-seven dollars, and a return trip ticket to Ithaca, N. Y. There had been a boom in Los Angeles real estate; and then the boom had burst. What was he to do? Pride whispered: "Stay and fight it out." He sold the return part of his ticket, rented the cheapest cottage the suburbs could afford, laid in a big bag of oatmeal and a slab of bacon, bought a bed and two chairs, and with his newly-wed wife settled down to stand a siege of poverty. That day, and that misfortune, he says, laid the foundations of his great success.

Senator Edmund W. Pettus of Selma, Alabama, was refused an appointment as district judge, to which he believed he was entitled by his long political services for his state. Senator J. L. Pugh said that Pettus was too old. He was then seventy-five years of age. So Pettus announced that, as he was regarded as too old to be a judge he would show that he was not too old to be a senator, and he went out after Pugh's scalp and got it. He is now almost eighty-five, but is as vigorous and chipper as a colt. Charles G. Dawes, former comptroller of the currency, and now at the head of one of the largest trust companies in Chicago, tried hard to be a successful lawyer. He lived in Nebraska and used to swap hard luck stories with William J. Bryan, with whom he also discussed free silver. When he quit law, and took up the business of organizing gas companies he began to win out.

As the example of Roosevelt has become so conspicuous it may be permissible to mention a defeat of his. In 1886 he ran for mayor of New York, and failed of election. His excellent biographer, Mr. Francis E. Leupp, has well said that, if he had been elected mayor at that time, he would doubtless have followed the local fashion of the day and sought a reëlection at the end of his term, and thus been carried too far out of the track of federal politics to have become a candidate for assistant secretary of state under President Harrison. And, had Mr. Blaine favored his nomination to that position, instead of opposing and defeating it, he would probably have been kept in the same eclipse that Wharton was; instead, as civil service commissioner, he became a national character. Again, if he had secured the appointment which he coveted on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee, he would not have organized the regiment of Rough Riders, and become the most picturesque figure in the volunteer army. Every seeming mischance was driving him into the way of the larger opportunity; but only because he refused to be downed by the seeming failure. After every stumble he plunged ahead. Wherever he happened to be he did the best he could and left the rest to fortune. For those who have the courage to do this there is no failure.

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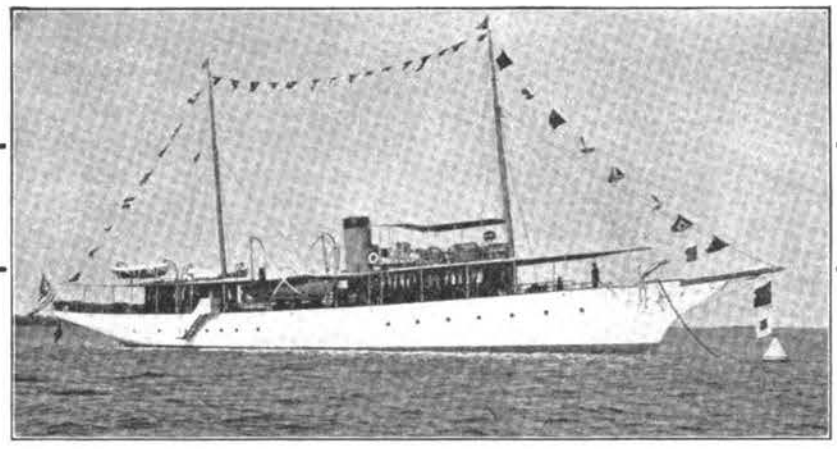

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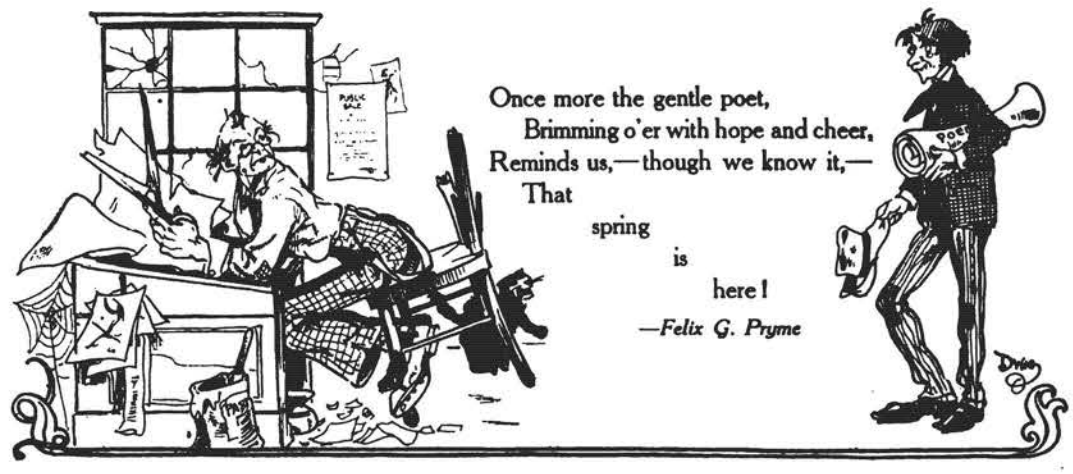

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

Bill Nye and the Boomerang

WHENEVER Bill Nye is spoken of one's thoughts instantly fly back to the day of "The Boomerang," —at least it is so with us who first became acquainted with him through the columns of that extraordinary newspaper. His very original editorial methods and the new brand of humor that sparkled from the little local sheet of Laramie, Wyoming, brought Bill and his paper into national prominence and eventually gave him a place in the ranks of American humorists. But the history of "The Boomerang," and the story of how it acquired its name are known to only a few of Nye's old-time cronies.

The paper originally bore another and less awe-inspiring name and was just the average local of a small community, characterized as an "unspeakable sheet" by its contemporary of opposite political faith. It served its masters during periods of political activity, which was all that was asked of it, and was sadly neglected between campaigns. In fact, it was kept going in the interval of political quiet merely to be available when election time approached. Any fellow who could write locals, set type, and run the hand press was good enough for the post of "editor" at such times; but one day "ye scribe" had to go back to his farm to cut his hay, and, as newspaper talent was scarce at the moment and Bill Nye seemed to be the least busy man in the town, he was offered the job.

"But I can't run a paper," said Bill.

"I know it," said the owner; "but you could n't do any worse than the last man."

Bill accepted the job. He had no orders except to "get it out," and he embraced the opportunity to put into print the quaint humor that had made him a local favorite. The paper began to attract attention. It amused its readers, although it gave them precious little news. Bill grew hopeful and ambitious for circulation and sent hundreds of extra copies to non-subscribers and near-by newsstands "on consignment." One day it appeared with a new name, "The Boomerang," without previous announcement or comment, or permission from the owner. People wondered at it, and for days Bill only grinned when questioned on the subject; but finally the secret came out.

"Bill, what in thunder 's the reason you adopted such an outlandish name for the paper?" he was asked by a friend.

"Well, it 's this way," drawled Nye, in reply; "I believe in an appropriate name for a newspaper. You see I 've been getting out twice the usual circulation, of late, and I decided to name it 'The Boomerang' because so many copies of it came back."

• • • •

A Heroic Dyspepsia Cure

COLONEL J. Y. F. BLAKE, commander of the Irish Brigade in the Boer War and ex-officer in the United States Army, tells of a cure for dyspepsia which he applied with much success, while on the frontier, and which is respectfully called to the attention of physicians.

A thin and delicate-looking man arrived one day at Fort Bowie, situated high on a mountain side among the barren peaks of Arizona, where the colonel, then a lieutenant, was in command, the captain of the post being absent. The stranger announced that he was Arthur E. Brown, a friend of Captain Rafferty, and had gone out to Arizona to see if the mountain air would not do him good. He said that he was suffering from nervous dyspepsia.

The lieutenant made him welcome, and ordered the post cook,—a particularly good one,—to make extra efforts in the culinary department in honor of the guest. The cook did his best. The finest roasts, biscuits, and pies that his art could produce were served, and yet the dyspeptic would not eat. It was then that Colonel Blake bethought him of a remedy for the sufferer.

He directed the cook to broil the tenderest and juiciest steak that could be obtained. When this was served, he cut off a great slice and passed it to Mr. Brown. With a wan smile, the latter pushed it back. The lieutenant fixed a stern glance upon him, and said:—

"Sir, you are going to eat that steak. I am compelled to tell you that I have been very much offended at your persistent refusal to eat the food which we set before you here. It is good enough for us, and, frankly, I must say that it is good enough for you. So you will oblige me, Mr. Brown, by finishing every particle of that piece of steak."

With these words the lieutenant reached down under the table and drew forth two big army revolvers which he cocked and carefully laid on either side of his plate. The others at the table, Dr. Gardner, an army surgeon, and Captain Perrine, now retired, moved their chairs slightly, in furtive attempts to get out of range of the evil-looking barrels of the weapons, and attacked their portions of the steak with unusual avidity. Mr. Brown turned startled eyes upon the revolvers and then upon the plate which he had pushed away. With a trembling hand he drew the latter toward him, and, in a painful silence, began to eat. He had dispatched about half of his meat when, with a sigh, he ventured to look up. The lieutenant caught his eye.

"Eat it all, sir!" he commanded, in a ferocious voice. "We 're wild, out here. We mean business. Eat it all!"

He rested a hand carelessly on the table, near the trigger of one of the revolvers. Mr. Brown went to work again. At length his task was completed, and Colonel Blake motioned to the man who was waiting on the table to take away the pistols. The meal was finished without reference to the episode. A little while afterwards, out on the porch of the little adobe house in which the officers had their quarters, Mr. Brown remarked:—

"Lieutenant, that was an awful ordeal you put me through, at dinner, but I 'm blessed if I do n't feel better than I have after a meal for six months."

In a week the dyspeptic was eating like a cavalryman, and, when he left the post, he had gained twenty pounds. He is a very active man, to-day, and has a digestion that has relegated nervous dyspepsia to the realm of half-forgotten rarebit dreams.

• • • •

The Yanks Did n't Fight with Popguns

REPRESENTATIVE W. BOURKE COCKRAN was delivering an impassioned speech against the policy of increasing the navy, when he declared with vigorous gesture that the people of Greater New York have no fear of being destroyed by a foreign foe. "The American spirit and courage in New York is so great, Mr. Speaker, that our people would repel a foreign foe with the cobblestones from the streets before they would surrender," finished Mr. Cockran.

John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, who was sitting near, remarked to those around him:—

"That reminds me of an old blow-hard we had down our way. When war was declared he told his neighbors at the corner store that we could whip the Yankees with popguns. When the war was over, that same old fellow, who did so much bragging, was trying to explain the terrible result. Some one spoke up and remarked: 'I thought you said before the war that we could whip the Yankees with popguns.'

"'I know I did,' replied the old fellow, with ready wit, 'but the Yanks did n't fight us with popguns.'"

• • • •

An Appreciated Performance

THE late Joseph Jefferson used to say that his career came very near being nipped in the bud in a small western town. He at that time was a member of a small pioneer company which progressed by means of three "bull teams" from one mining camp to another. They were always heartily received by the miners and cowboys, who readily paid the five dollars in gold required to witness their performance. Mr. Jefferson was the traditional melodramatic villain, and in the third act was supposed to kidnap "the child." The supposed mother, hearing its cries, rushes upon the scene just as he is about to escape and fires a fruitless shot from a revolver.

Upon this particular occasion all had gone well until

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this scene was reached, and the audience, many of whom had never before seen any kind of theatrical performance, sat as if spellbound. At the crack of the mother's revolver, however, the spell was rudely broken.

"By heaven, she missed him!" a red-shirted miner in the front row shouted, drawing his own "six-shooter" and leaping to his feet. "Round to the back door and head him off 'fore he can git a hoss, boys!" he yelled, and, following him, half the audience stampeded for the exit.

The excitement was finally allayed by the "mother" and the villain's appearing hand in hand before the curtain, and the manager's explanation of the situation. When the performance had been concluded, the audience insisted on paying another admission price and having an immediate repetition from beginning to end.

• • • •

Waiting His Turn

A LADY in a small Alabama town had occasion to call at the cabin of her washerwoman, Aunt Betsy. While waiting for the article she sought to be found she observed a woolly head which appeared from under the edge of the bed, and asked:—

"Is that one of your children, Aunt Betsy?"

"Deed an' 't is, honey," was the reply.

"What is its name?"

"Dat chile ain't got no name yet, Miss Rosa," Aunt Betsy said.

"Why, it must be five or six years old; surely it ought to have a name at that age," the lady said.

Aunt Betsy nodded.

"Dat done worried me a whole lot, honey, hit sho' has," she said. "But whut Ah gwine do? My ole man, he done used up all de good names on de dawgs, an' now dat chile des hatter wait twell one ob dem die, so he can git his name."

• • • •

Right to the Letter

A NEW YORKER was once referring to the stolidity and literal-mindedness of the British shopkeeper, when he was reminded of an amusing experience of a friend in London.

The American had been making several purchases in a jewelry establishment, among others a silver set, and finding that he had with him insufficient funds to defray the entire cost, he desired the clerk to send the set to his hotel, marked "C. O. D."

Due note was made by the clerk; but when the articles arrived at the hotel the purchaser was surprised to find that no charges had been collected. Opening the package the American was dumbfounded to discover that each piece of silver had been carefully engraved, in a beautiful monogram, "C. O. D."

• • • •

"At Home"

THE wife of a certain western congressman—a plain, unassuming, diffident woman whose thoughts ever recurred to the "dear old place Out West,"—had, therefore, never taken kindly to the social requirements attending her social position at Washington.

One day, the story runs, this lady, on returning late in the afternoon, met one of the servants at the door of her husband's rather pretentious Washington house, to whom she put the inquiry:—

"Has anyone called since I left?"

"No, ma'am."

"Oh, dear," wearily sighed the lady, "I do have such luck! I wonder what people think I have an 'at home' day for?"

• • • •

Fond Memories

A HARD-HEADED old Pittsburg manufacturer, who made his fortune, as he expresses it, "with his coat off," was induced by his daughters to accompany them to a Wagner concert, the first he had ever attended. The next day he happened to meet an acquaintance, who had seen him the night before, who asked:—

"I suppose you enjoyed the concert last night, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes; it took me back to the days of my youth," the old man said, with a reminiscent sigh.

"Ah, summer days in the country, girl in a lawn dress, birds singing, and all that?"

"No; the days when I worked in a boiler shop in Scranton."

• • • •

He Would n't Object

A CERTAIN apartment-house-dweller had been lax in the payment of his rent, and the agent at length called in person to see him.

"I 'll make it hot for you if you do n't pay up that rent," the agent said, threateningly.

"Say," the shivering tenant replied, laying his hand on a chilly radiator, "if I let that remark get out among the other people, you won't get another cent from anybody in this building this winter."

• •

Failure often leads a man to success by arousing his latent energy, by fixing a dormant purpose, by awakening powers which were sleeping.

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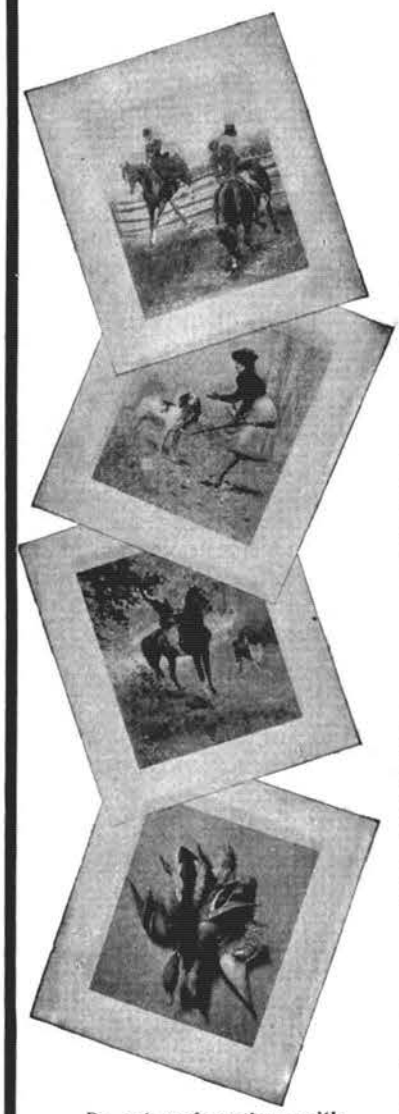

Do not confuse these with cheap pictures. They sell at Art Stores for 50 cents each.

TO every reader of this periodical who loves nature and animals and outdoor life, we will send without charge four beautiful pictures, which sell at retail for 50 cents each. These pictures are wonderful examples of the art of color photography, being printed on heavy plate paper by the most improved process. Framed at moderate cost they will make splendid decorations for den or cozy corner, or they can be used just as they are in any room of the house. The subjects represented are such as will appeal to nature lovers generally. Exact size of pictures, 10½ x 7½ inches.

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The object of this offer is to acquaint you with our new "Library of Natural History" which has recently been published, after years of labor and at an enormous expense. It is the only work of its kind in existence illustrated from actual photographs, of which it contains over 2,000, besides many full-page plates showing birds and animals in their natural colors. Every living creature on the earth—animal and man—is described and pictured in this Library. In many cases special expeditions armed with cameras and dry plates had to be sent to foreign lands to secure the photographs from which the illustrations were made. The work is not technical or dry, but teems with the most interesting and instructive stories of animal life, told by famous naturalists and explorers. Over 2,000,000 copies have already been sold in Germany and England.

No Obligation

Your application for the pictures imposes no obligation to purchase the library. We will forward the pictures, together with a description of the books, by mail postpaid. You will not be bothered by agents or canvassers; this Society transacts all its business by correspondence.

As an evidence of good faith, enclose 10 cents (stamps or silver) for postage and wrapping. This will be refunded if you request it after examining the pictures. Mail the accompanying coupon promptly, as the supply of pictures is limited, and this advertisement will not appear again.

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The Well-Dressed Woman

THE EASTER GIRL AND HER CLOTHES

Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

THE Easter girl, this year, will be a cosmopolitan creation of all times and climes; for everything will be in fashion, so long as it is smart and beautiful. Though the spring fashions will introduce much that is new, and much that is startling, yet there is no rigid rule that must be followed by the young and the old, the handsome and the plain, the slender and the stout. Fashion now selects her wares with the idea of catering to many types. She favors one style perhaps more than another, but she allows the Easter girl to know her own mind, and, in a measure, to dress accordingly.

There are style leaders in the spring modes, to be sure, and foremost among them is the princess gown. Every woman whose figure will allow it should have at least one or two princess frocks in her spring wardrobe. Here again Fashion shows her lenient mood in allowing the princess skirt, with its deep, fitted corselet, and the separate waist to be worn when the one-piece princess gown is not liked. There is no end to the variety of the princess mode. It will be carried out, this spring and summer, in the *lingerie* materials as well as in the silks, veilings, and light-weight cheviots. Until this year the princess costume has been looked upon, more or less, as a semi-formal gown for reception and evening wear, and one has generally thought of it developed in some such material as *chiffon* velvet or *crêpe de Chine*, but this spring it appears in a new light. It is to be a general utility gown, too. It seems as if brains were contesting the supremacy in style with dollars, and were proving victorious. Take a girl, for instance, whose income is limited, and yet who wishes to be stylishly gowned. She can wear a princess frock this spring and make it a practical garment,—one suiting her many needs. For the material she may choose either a fine French serge, a panama cloth, a soft, silky mohair, or a light-weight cheviot. She should have the gown made in the one-piece princess style, fastening at the back and with straps at the shoulders buttoning over in front. At the neck it should be cut in a very deep "U." One of the advantages of this style of dress is that it may be worn with a number of different guimpes. The white *lingerie* guimpes will look the prettiest, though the guimpe should be made exactly matching the material of the dress in color. The whole effect of the gown may be changed by varying the guimpe to suit the occasion. To make the gown even more useful, an empire *bolero* should be made to wear with it. The *bolero* should have three-quarter sleeves, with, perhaps, a gauntlet cuff as a finish, and, if the gown is trimmed, a *motif* or two of the trimming should be seen on the *bolero*.

A *lingerie* blouse, with heavy lace and colored silk embroidery as trimming

But, though the princess gown will be the leader of the spring fashions, yet it is by no means the only style which will be considered modish. The Eton jacket suits will be more fashionable than ever before, and many skirts will be worn in connection with very short empire *boleros*, for the empire tendency is growing more and more pronounced. However, no matter what Paris says, the American woman will not have empire frocks made for street wear. She may emphasize the short-waist effect in a number of her gowns, but her distinctly empire frocks will be made only for evening occasions.

Just to add variety to the spring styles that are already approved, there is the pony-jacket costume, which bids fair to be much worn throughout the spring and summer. The skirt is generally a circular model, and rather plain, while the pony coat is a loose-fitting, jaunty little garment, hard to tell from the conventional box coat. The coat may vary in a number of the smaller details. It is made up with both elbow sleeves and the long coat sleeves, and sometimes it is trimmed with braid and frogs, to have quite a military air. In any of the light-weight, light in color novelty suitings, this style of costume looks extremely smart trimmed with braid or bands of silk or insets of velvet.

Now, there may be a type of girl whose figure makes the wearing of the princess gown impossible, and who is tired to death of the Eton jacket, and who can't bear to see herself in a loose-fitting, short coat, like the pony jacket, but even this hard-to-please young person need not be discouraged this spring, for she can safely wear a long, tight-fitting coat and skirt suit if she finds that more becoming, or she can go quite to the other extreme and wear a skirt plaited or plain with a little shoulder cape in place of a jacket. Surely Fashion is emphasizing the fact that everything is good style, if it is only correctly adapted to the individual figure.

The student of style, however, who is always on the alert to catch every one of Fashion's little changing whims sees many a pronounced tendency in the spring modes. The fitted type of garment is especially favored. Sleeves are growing shorter. The dress waists and separate blouses that buttoned in the front are growing scarcer and scarcer. Long lines are affected and there is n't a hat, that is modish, that looks as if it were put on straight. Perhaps, as far as size is concerned, the hats are not so extreme as they were, but there is no accounting for their tilt.

There are Easter hats which look like summer flower gardens, and there are Easter hats which, in some mysterious way, bring the Coney Island "chute the chutes" quickly to one's mind.

These tip-tilted creations, which look as if they were ready to slide off one's nose, are seen in an astonishing variety. Some are smart little sailors, made of burnt leghorn and trimmed very simply with perhaps just a band of embroidered velvet about the crown, and a group of wings at the back and a *cachepeigne* of velvet loops. Then there are others, sometimes of maline and sometimes of straw braid, with the crown a mass of flowers, such as apple blossoms, camelias, primroses, pansies, or forget-me-nots. Again, there are little hats, with the brim of straw and the crown of satin. These are frequently trimmed with a wreath of flowers about the crown and a *chou* of maline or liberty taffeta ribbon at the back.

The trimming of the hats at the back, this year, is a noticeable feature. There is frequently a shaped piece of straw, corresponding to the form of the hat, which fits the head at the back and forms a support for the mass of trimming that is arranged there. Many overlapping loops of velvet or soft ribbon are often used to form the *cachepeigne*, the ends of the ribbon reaching to the shoulders. A new use for a jeweled pin is to fasten it through the two upper loops of the ribbon. The floral *cachepeignes* are also worn, and much maline is used. Hats in the mushroom shape are also the height of fashion. These odd-looking hats are often trimmed with merely a stiff-looking bouquet, which is caught to the crown generally toward the front, the stems resting on the brim. For these bouquets violets are favored, with sometimes a rose in the center and then again an orchid. White violets are also much liked and trim to good advantage a delicate green straw hat. They look extremely smart tied with narrow gold ribbon.

A mushroom hat, with stiff bouquet, and loops of velvet ribbon at the back

The all-flower hats are very different from those seen during other years. A French model, which is a

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The new pony-jacket costume

typical Easter hat, is of pale-blue tulle, rather flat in effect, with a straight brim and a very low crown. Growing on this crown is a bed of lilies of the valley, each little flower standing up straight. From this bed of flowers three *fleur-de-lis* bend backward to mingle with the softest of pale-blue ribbon loops. Feathers are to be worn and extremely long quills put on at the strangest of angles. The feathers are generally grouped at the back. White peacock feathers are among the millinery oddities of the spring. Many wings will be used, especially on the panama hats, which will also frequenty be trimmed with long silk scarfs. Very light effects are aimed at in all the newest hats and delicate sprays of fern will be used in combination with flowers. Maidenhair fern will be the fashion, and it will be the genuine ferns that are used, not artificial ones.

Many sailor hats will be worn all through the spring and summer, trimmed in a variety of ways. These hats are somewhat smaller than usual, and many of them show the brim narrower in the front than at the back. They are worn much tip-tilted, either straight over the face or well up at one side. The brims are straight, and often the only trimming is that which is massed at the back. Some of the more elaborately trimmed sailors show a wreath of little flowers about the crown and a *cachepeigne* of maline and flowers at the back. The *lingerie* hats are still to be the vogue. They are quite as pretty as ever, and much more practical. A novelty among the embroidered linen hats is made with a buttoned-on crown which may not only be taken off to launder, but may be replaced by another and very different looking crown, if one wishes.

In waists it is the *lingerie* model which leads all

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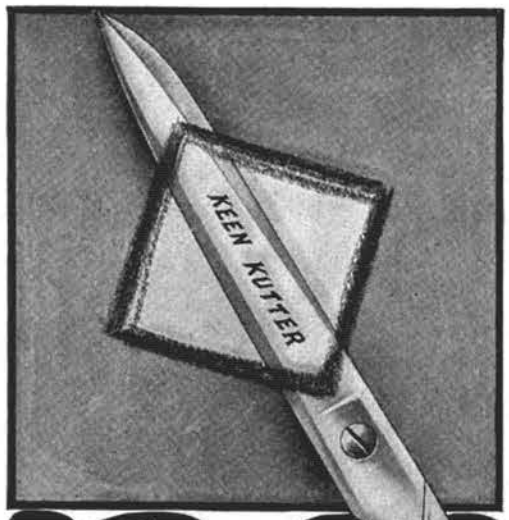

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others. It is daintier and more elaborately trimmed than ever before. Perhaps its very newest note is a delicate touch of color which is sometimes introduced in the form of a finely tucked inset or in the embroidered design itself. However, the all-white *lingerie* waist is the one most liked. It is made up this spring, showing heavy lace and fine lace in one model, or blind embroidery and eyelet combined. The short elbow sleeve is the sleeve of the moment, and the most stylish waists button in the back. Many of them are trimmed with lace and embroideries to stimulate a very short bolero. Other waists which are high in favor are of cream-white net, trimmed with Japanese embroideries and often times a touch of ribbon work forming conventionalized flowers.

In materials the transparent fabrics, such as the voiles, the veilings, silk grenadines, and fancy nets, are all high in favor and are seen in many new patterns and many effective color combinations. For the every-day costume fine French serge will be in demand as well as the panama weaves. The cheviots and the novelty suitings are all light in weight and the majority light in color. There is a new rainproof cloth this spring, which will be found most convenient for knock-about wear. It is soft in texture, light in weight, and comes in an unusual number of attractive colors. The mohairs are appearing at their best. Rough silks are among the fashion favorites and much Rajah silk will be worn. Both in silks and the light-weight wool fabrics many stripes are seen and invisible plaids.

A Princess gown with guimpe and empire bolero

Shadow effects are all much liked. Calcium is a new effective silk; radium and *chiffon messaline* will both be worn as well as *soie Adrea*, which is a novelty silk, powdered with tiny white dots and larger dots in self color.

The fashionable colors are many. Queen's gray will be the vogue, and the browns from a red brown to a snuff color. Coral pink, crab pink, and old rose will be much used in millinery and as the bright color touch for a gown. The peacock shades are all good, and not only the blue-greens but also the blues which suggest the old-fashioned bluet. The violet tints are still all the go and *mais-Alice* is a new shade of yellow.

The spring girl this year in all her costumes will pay special attention to the little details. Everything will work together to produce the most artistic effect possible. The color scheme of each costume will be considered with great care, even the shoes when one can afford it, matching the gown in color.

Miss Marlowe's Throat

MISS JULIA MARLOWE is so unusually gracious in yielding to the many demands that are made upon her time and patience, in the way of autographs, photographs, interviews, and the like, that there is small wonder she is not more frequently imposed upon than she is. Occasionally, however, there come remarkable requests at which even her good nature draws the line.

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she received a note containing a plea so startling as to be almost incredible, and which was so amusing as to send her into gales of laughter. It was from a feminine vocal teacher of the windy city who stated that she laid great stress on her work, upon the formation of the throat in both the speaking and the singing voice, holding that certain positions of the vocal cords are requisite for producing full, mellow tones. She went on to say that she had long been an ardent admirer of Miss Marlowe's voice, and requested that, as a special privilege, she be allowed to bring her class of pupils to visit the actress and let them look down her throat!

Mrs. Osborn's Chats

The Noted New York Costumer, Dressmaker to "the 400," Gives Practical Hints to Women Who Make Their Own Frocks

I.

THOUGH "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," the same can not be said of the fashionable dressmaker of to-day, for perhaps no profession carries with it more of honor than this.

There are many world-known painters, musicians, and sculptors, but there are very few artists in modes. Paris has her Worth, Paquin, and Redfern; America has Mrs. Osborn,—and dressmaking, according to Mrs. Osborn's methods, is an art in the best sense.

To be the possessor of an Osborn "creation" is the dream of many an American woman,—a dream that is not as often realized as it might be if more people understood the facts in the case. The number of people who can come directly to Mrs. Osborn is, of course, limited, but the number who can be influenced by her ideas is unlimited.

▲ ▲

It is to those who are too far away to directly benefit by her art, and also to those whose means will not permit a visit to her establishment, that her suggestions will be of value. A word to the girl or woman who makes her own clothes will not be amiss.

"First of all," said Mrs. Osborn, "'know thyself.' That is, know the colors and styles best suited to your complexion and figure. A little study in this direction will show you the reason for this, and the results will astonish you. It is not necessary always to follow absolutely the dictates of fashion in order to be well dressed.

"For instance, suppose the prevailing mode in summer gowns is made with full gathered circular skirt, trimmed with deep flounces, the waist having a profusion of broad crosswise tucks and ruffles. Then imagine a short, stout figure in a gown of this description!

"Yet there are countless stout women who would wear that style of gown simply because Dame Fashion had set her stamp on it.

"The stout woman should eschew patterns and materials which tend to accentuate her stoutness,—brilliant colors, cross stripes, large checks, etc., and the very tall, slender woman will do well to remember that lengthwise stripes and lines of trimming make her look taller and more slender. For any pronounced type there is nothing more satisfactory than black.

"One of the most beautiful and graceful gowns is the princess; but it takes a faultless figure to appear to advantage in it. Any flaw stands out, emphasized a hundred times by the plain, severe lines. A single wrinkle spoils the whole effect. This style is best suited to a tall, symmetrical figure, where the curves will lose nothing by being thrown into relief.

▲ ▲

"As to colors,—well, this year black, white and brown will prevail. Not the conspicuous onion-brown which had such a vogue. That was merely a fad, and has followed the bicycle and ping pong to early oblivion. Of course, there are those who will still wear onion-brown, just as there are those who will always ride a bicycle. But this color is very trying, and looks best on a woman with bronze tints,—that is, that deep bronze hair, or the beautiful tawny eyes we see occasionally.

"And this will always be found true. A woman looks best in that color which *matches* her coloring. Black for everyone, of course, but a color which is distinctly one's own color is always the best."

Some declare in favor of contrast. Mrs. Osborn declares against it. She has the confidence of her patrons, and they realize that her experience and natural talent enables her to judge for them much better than they can judge for themselves.

"And, after all," she said, "confidence is the main thing. If one really knows, and one's patrons know that one knows, the greatest obstacle has been overcome. The rest is tact, endless tact, from morning until night.

"For a woman with light-brown hair and brown coloring, what is more charming than a beige? For a brunette, the rich, deep tones of brown, or plain black, relieved by a dash of color?

"Above all, let your gowns be simple. It is not always the elaborate gown, nor yet the expensive one that is most satisfactory. Simplicity and careful attention to the details of materials and colors are the fundamental principles of artistic dressmaking."

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Select the garment you desire; state bust measure, waist measure and length of skirt in front. We will send you the garment, and if not absolutely satisfactory to you in every detail, style, fit and value, you can return it to us at **our expense** and we will refund your money, including **express charges both ways.**

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No. 69x258. A **Silk Shirt-Waist Dress,** of rich, **Heavy Taffeta,** in black, blue, or an exquisite shade of dark plum. The waist is made in front with a short scalloped yoke, and the blouse part is made in a succession of plaits. The box-plait front is adorned with braid ornaments. New full sleeve with deep cuff, high stock collar. The skirt is made with full, wide sweep, gored top, and flounce effect bottom, adorned by tiny cordings, and outlined at top with scalloped edge, finished at bottom with hem and doubled sewed seams. An unparalleled value. Sizes 32 to 42 bust measure; colors, the new exquisite shade of dark plum, navy blue or black. Price **$8.75**

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No. 69x259. This **Tailor-Made Suit** is of light weight **Venetian Cloth,** made with a jaunty new Eton Jacket, very artistically adorned with military and soutache braid. The front shows a vest of white broadcloth embroidered in colors, new three-quarter length sleeve with deep cuff, turn-over collar, braid trimmed girdle. Lined throughout with satin serge. The **SKIRT** is made with the new circular-gored side and double box-plaited front, inverted plaited back, finished with two-inch hem, and all inside seams bound. A Spring suit that is positively a marvel at the price. Sizes 32 to 42 bust measure; colors, dark red, navy blue or black. Price **$8.75**

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No. 69x259A Same suit with long sleeves and detachable cuffs **$8.75**

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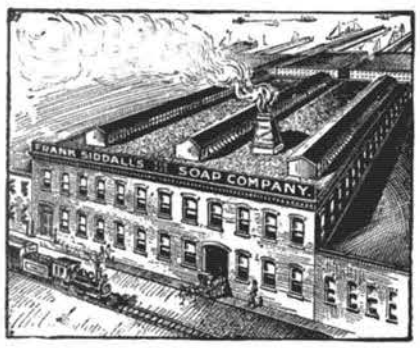
Send at once for particulars by filling out this coupon, and be in time for next dividend.



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Fine Needlework at Home

By MARY LE MONT

THE household linen of the woman who has either time or money to-day is as beautiful as are her gowns of state, with finely wrought embroidery and lace. Towels, sheets, pillowcases and bedspreads are made as charming as dressing-table scarfs and table runners have been for some time.

There are three fashionable new lace styles for working household linen, and the materials for these and directions for making them will follow in due time. The most expensive, most unique, and most sought after by people of great wealth is the ancient Italian filet lace, with its partly darned patterns of quaint people, animals, and birds wrought in the original Flemish lace stitch, always famous, by no means hard to do, and distinguishable from other laces by its absolute squareness and evenness of stitch.

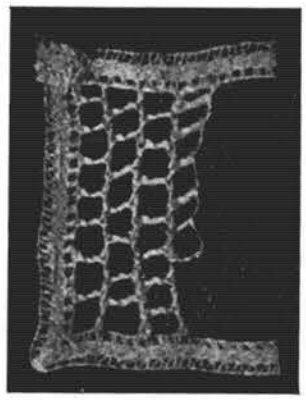

FIGURE I.

There is a bit of history back of this craze for household linen decorated in this elaborate manner. In the thirteenth century and some time later it was the custom for royal ladies to own bedspreads made of squares of lace wrought as souvenirs by friendly queens and their households. Each royal lady wrought in her souvenir square the arms of her household, so that pieces made centuries ago may be instantly ascribed to the women who made them by persons learned in the language of heraldry. Most of the royal ladies had little borders of their own for finishing off their squares. The little borders were inconspicuous, but more or less pretty, and each was individual so that no two lace squares were ever just the same. When enough squares were ready for a counterpane they were joined together by a lace stitch or overseam, or else squares of cut-work, now called English eyelet work, were interspersed between the lace squares, adding much to their beauty by contrast.

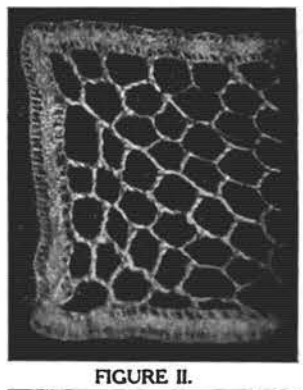

FIGURE II.

Such bedspreads are now used for tablecloths and cost thousands of dollars, while the woman who can border the tops of her sheets and her bedroom scarfs and table covers with this almost priceless lace considers herself very lucky. It saves much time in lace making when strips and squares of eyelet embroidery are alternated with squares of lace, as in the illustrations, and the work is not so tedious but that a clever needlewoman may make herself a set of this kind in the course of one season, picking up the work in leisure hours.

Flemish lace is done with a fine linen thread and a fine needle, twisting the thread in two loops to the side of each stitch. Figures I. and II. will show, in coarse stitches, exactly how the double twist is taken in each stitch and then fastened at the corners. First the squares are made with a single thread, as shown in the

FIGURE III.

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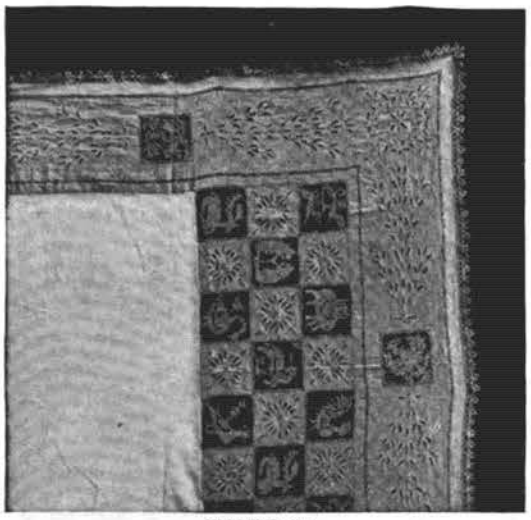

FIGURE IV.

illustration, and then the needle goes back along the line of single threads, taking a double twist over each and, at the same time, making along the upper edge another line of single thread for the next row of stitches. Care must be taken never to pull the thread unevenly and never to make loose stitches. Great care must also be taken to fasten the thread tautly at every corner.

Where figures occur the design is basted under the lace and the pattern is worked out in squares having a sort of darned effect but being wrought by means of close rows of the double twist stitches. Working in even squares makes the work easy, although the figures have an odd outline. Where the thread is quite fine the mesh of Flemish lace is also very fine,—infinitely smaller than in the illustration,—and it is very beautiful. The fineness of the mesh takes away from the rugged outlines of the figures and gives them more symmetry.

A cover for a *boudoir* table is shown in Figure III. and one corner of a sheet made to match it in Figure IV. Sheets are often finished just across the top with a deep border of lace and the sides are edged with lace along a hemstitched hem. Sometimes, as in this case, the border design continues in narrower width down the side of the sheet for a short distance. Further down the sheet only the lace edge finishes the hem. The dressing table must have a similar border on its scarf, and pillowcases or shams must show the same elaborate decoration.

Another very fashionable way in which to make up a set for the bedroom is to work it in the less expensive and novel but very charming Duchesse lace patterns, in the wider sorts of Duchesse lace braids.

The braid is sewed down to the pattern, as in Renaissance work, with rather long sewing stitches. The pattern should be mounted upon stiff wrapping paper or, better still, oilcloth. The braid is then manipulated as in Renaissance work and after it is in place the background is filled in with lace stitches. Brussels stitch and crackle stitch make the prettiest background stitches to the designs in these Duchesse lace borders. The stitches are very similar and the net made by them is small and fine and round in appearance.

Sheets trimmed with the Duchesse, or Renaissance lace,—which is n't half so fashionable,—have a border over a foot deep, which turns around the corners of the top of the sheet for a depth of two feet below the border where it is applied to the sheet. This is finished by a hem with a narrow edge of the same sort of lace.

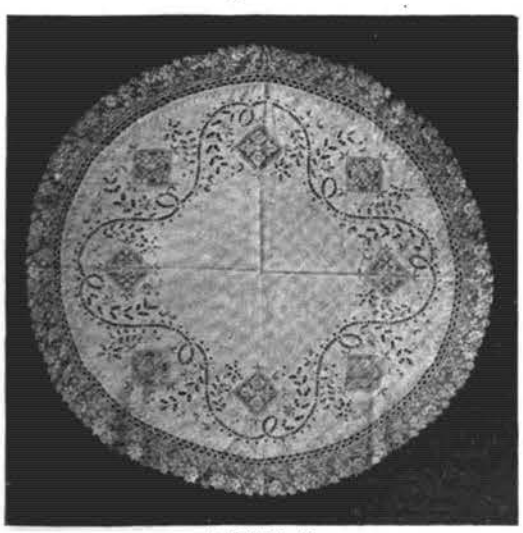

FIGURE V.

A round table cover is shown in Figure V. to match in style the Flemish set illustrated. In this a darned pattern is worked over the lace squares after they have been finished, and these are then joined together with squares of eyelet embroidery done upon a fine quality of linen. A set of this sort is practically indestructible.

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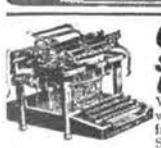

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ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[*Concluded from page 244*]

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There is nothing truer than that you fix your own "dead line;" and if you are a "has been," "useless," and "out of date" at forty or fifty, you have no one to blame but yourself. No arbitrary limitation of years can make you old, or lessen your usefulness. You are young or old as you will or permit it yourself.

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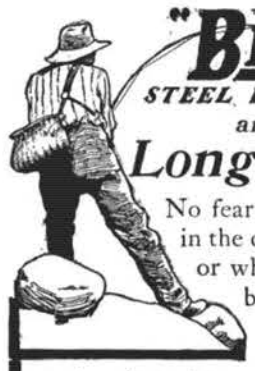

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Fighting the Telephone Trust

By PAUL LATZKE

[*Concluded from page 247*]

8,500 stations in operation, and the Bell less than three thousand. And the independents have only now fairly begun to develop the big cities. In San—"

"Say," interrupted Mr. Clews, bland and smiling, "you must be a promoter. I never heard such yarns."

I gave it up and grew bland in my turn, for it is folly to take Wall Street seriously unless you are playing the market. Nor are Mr. Clews and his friends in Wall Street so very much to blame for their belief held in all honesty. The Bell Company is supreme in the telephone way in "the street," whatever may have happened to it elsewhere, and it makes full use of its influence here to show that "there is nothing to the opposition except the promoter." For a long time, indeed, the controlling spirits in the trust really held this belief. The only force, to their minds, that kept the movement alive and pushed it on was the promoter, working in the interest of his employer, the manufacturer of "worthless infringing" apparatus. This opinion, held in all sincerity, had much to do, no doubt, with the fatuous blindness of the Bell managers. It led them to continue in their arrogant course toward the public long after ordinary business prudence should have taught them differently.

At the outset of competition it would probably have been an easy thing to halt the movement,—perhaps even to snuff it out entirely. But that would have been at the cost of revolutionizing the monopoly ideas of the Bell, an impossible supposition. The people really wanted peace, and their "uprising" came only when peace was denied them; that is, peace with justice. Here is an example:—

One of the promoters so odious to the Bell gentlemen entered Butler, Pennsylvania, and started at once to interest the leading citizens of the place in the organization of a local telephone company. He met with warm encouragement, for Butler was suffering at the hands of the monopoly, like every other community. A corporation was organized which had for its chief stockholders and directors sixteen of the foremost men in the city, many of them millionaires.

The Bell subscribers were being taxed $60 a year for business and $48 for residence telephones. The independent company began to solicit contracts on the basis of $48 a year for business, and $36 for residences. Everything moved along like clockwork, and on Tuesday of a certain week matters were in shape for the signing of a contract for apparatus. The promoter met the directors by appointment, with the contract in his pocket. To his great disappointment he was told to wait till the following Friday afternoon, but on Thursday he received a sudden message asking him to come around that afternoon with his contract. He found all of the sixteen directors assembled. The president said that, before signing, he felt that he owed it to the promoter to make a statement.

"Frankly," he said, "we did not like the idea of a double telephone system in this town; so, at the last moment, we decided to lay the facts before the Bell people. We sent a delegation to Pittsburg, to tell the company that, if it would reduce its rates here to $48 and $36 a year, we would bind ourselves not to start or even to encourage the starting of an opposition company, and that we would sign contracts for five years. The Bell gentlemen refused absolutely to consider the proposition. They told our delegation that they knew how to run their business and did not require any instruction, advice, or suggestion from us. Therefore, we are ready to go ahead with you."

Within two months of the time the contract for the apparatus was signed, and after construction work was well under way, the Bell company sent a special representative posthaste to Butler. His principals, this agent said, would reimburse the independent stockholders for all their outlay, would take the apparatus off their hands, would give all of the directors free service for ten years, and would fix rates of $48 and $36 per year for all the citizens of Butler. The answer to this was that the Bell had had its last chance in the town and

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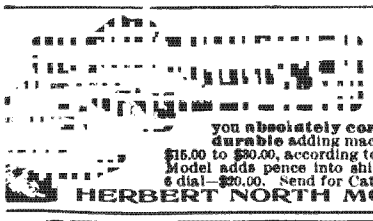

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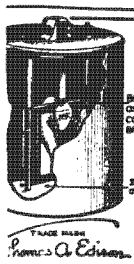

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that the directors of the independent company would not give up their plans for all the money the Bell had to offer, nor accept an offer of free service if it were given them for the balance of their lives. Several other efforts were made to stop the enterprise, but they all proved in vain.

Is it strange that men whose business is born of such conditions regard it in a different light from the ordinary commercial venture, and bring to their annual conventions more talk of "unity, liberty, and progress" than of trade, traffic, and the almighty dollar? So intense is this feeling among the independents that it actually breeds a spirit of fanaticism, and he is a bold man who turns traitor to the "cause,"—for so it is regarded, a "cause,"—and the political or religious turncoat has an easy time of it compared with the man who proves disloyal to the independent telephone business and sells out to the Bell. It is probably difficult for the ordinary business man to understand why a person should not have the right, unchallenged, to sell his property to anyone he pleases, even if that property consists of a majority of the stock of an independent telephone company, which can be turned over to the Bell at a fancy figure. But, to the men in this movement, the moral wrong in such a transaction is as plain as day; they would as soon concede that Benedict Arnold had a right to sell out to the British. Nor does their argument lack force or logic. They insist that, when a man or a body of men organizes an independent telephone company, it is not only the money paid in for apparatus and equipment that is capitalized, but the good will, support, and friendship of their neighbors as well. Further, such independent companies, when organized, enter into a moral pledge of support and fellowship with the other independent companies in the vicinity, under the terms of which these companies tie up with arrangements for the exchange of traffic and the guaranty of mutual support. No man can thus sell an independent plant to the Bell Telephone Company without also selling out his neighbors and the interests of his associates in the industry with whom he is exchanging business. It is this situation that causes an uprising whenever an independent falls to the money lure of the Bell Company, as has happened in many instances. Hurried meetings are called, and at these meetings we hear speeches that savor of the old days when men were actually in arms for their independence. An inquest is held on the offender and he is formally branded "a traitor to the cause." An excellent idea of what happens to such a "traitor" is furnished in the case of a prominent banker of Indiana, Hugh Dougherty. This man was one of the pioneers in the movement. He owned a country bank at Bluffton, and became president, in 1894, of an independent company organized in that city. As he was related by marriage to the wealthy Studebaker family, his enrollment in the independent movement gave it a very strong impetus. From Bluffton Mr. Dougherty spread his telephone interests, until they embraced four counties, Huntington, Wells, Blackford, and Grant. In this domain the banker was absolute and he was looked upon as one of the strongest figures in the business. As a tribute to his worth and an acknowledgment of the value of his efforts the independents of the country elected him president of their national association, the highest honor they could pay. Mr. Dougherty held this office until the annual convention of 1904, held at St. Louis. Then, at his own request, he was retired and elected to his former office, that of treasurer of the association. Eight months later, in May, 1905, the industry was startled by rumors that Dougherty had "sold out." At first there were few to credit these rumors. The banker's long, honorable record in the cause was rehearsed in refutation. His speech on retiring at St. Louis, breathing faith and loyalty in every line, was brought out.

"We hope," he had said, "that we will not lack in fealty to one another and to the interests we represent; so, as we take up the sacred burdens laid upon us by the people who have placed their trust in our care, we should reverently and joyfully bear them on to triumph and unitedly bring about results that will benefit all the people, including the manufacturer, operator, and patron.

"So each owes a duty to the other, and selfishness should not be the dominating spirit in our deliberations, or, after them, in the practical operation of our business.

"The world is sustained by four things only,—the learning of the wise, the justice of the great, the prayers of the good, and the valor of the brave."

These extracts from Mr. Dougherty's address are interesting, because they give a concrete example of the sort of speeches one hears at independent conventions. Further, they are interesting because they help to make clear the things that happened to Mr. Dougherty when the disquieting rumors of the sale were confirmed by an official announcement. The industry was immediately in uproar from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The territory that Mr. Dougherty had sold out was among the richest in the land, as his company was operating over five thousand telephone stations in a country made up entirely of small towns and farm townships. The Bell had been practically driven out of existence in the four counties. More serious still, this transfer to the enemy meant the cutting of the independent long-distance lines at a most vital point. A hurried call for an emergency meeting was immediately issued. This was attended by representatives from the companies that

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had been exchanging business with the United Telephone Company, as Dougherty's organization was known. The man who had held such a high position in the councils of the independents was formally read out of the ranks. The telephone press put the "traitor" on the grill in a way which he and his descendants will probably remember as long as they live. Here is what one of the periodicals had to say:—

"His neighbors, trusting his assurance that he stood for industrial liberty, voted him valuable franchises. His clients, believing in his probity as a banker, gave him their savings to invest in the stocks of the independent telephone company he controlled. His associates in the industry, misled by his profession of loyalty, connected their properties with his own and yielded him unchallenged domination of one of the richest territories in the telephone field. Wherever and whenever he needed assistance, support, or encouragement, it was freely and cheerfully given by his neighbors, his clients, and his associates. And without a qualm, without warning, he sells them all out to the enemy. Could anything be more shameful?

"All decently constituted men hate and despise a traitor. Hugh Dougherty is a traitor in the meanest form. A rich man, he sacrificed all considerations of honor, of moral obligation, of manliness for money that he does not need. Trusted by his friends, he put them in cold blood on the block simply to satisfy his low greed. The price he received was not for the properties he had to sell, but for the confidence it was in his power to betray. The company he controlled operated five thousand telephones, but it was not these that the Central Union people bought. It was his strategic position in the independent field, the injury that they thought his treachery could inflict on his associates, on the men whose bread he had eaten, whose hospitality he had accepted, whose indorsement he had solicited and obtained when he was made president of the national association."

Nor did the matter end simply in talk and type. Mr. Dougherty had accepted, a short time before, the presidency of the Marion Trust Company, of Indianapolis. This city is one of the great centers of independent development. The representative financial institutions there are heavily interested in telephone securities, and the Indianapolis operating company is one of the strongest in the land. The city is also headquarters for one of the great independent long-distance organizations, operating as far as St. Louis on the west and Cleveland on the east.

Under these circumstances Mr. Dougherty naturally found his position pretty uncomfortable. S. P. Sheerin, the president of the Indianapolis independent and long-distance telephone companies, immediately resigned from the directorate of Mr. Dougherty's trust company, and pressure was brought to bear on others to follow his example. A general social and business ostracism ensued. This ostracism reached an acute stage through the tragic death of Mr. Sheerin. That gentleman, like Mr. Dougherty, had been one of the pioneers in the independent telephone business. The two were close friends. When the banker turned "traitor," it was said that it would "break the heart of Sheerin," who was a passionate devotee of the "cause." Whether or not this actually occurred, he certainly died within a month of Dougherty's "sell-out" and under circumstances that riveted the attention of the entire country. He had gone to Chicago to attend the national convention of the independents, called for June 20 last, at the Auditorium. He was on the platform, facing a hall packed with his associates, and replying on behalf of the association to the mayor's address of welcome, when his voice suddenly failed. His form swayed an instant, and then he sank to the floor, unconscious. In half an hour he was dead,—of apoplexy, the doctors said. But among the laymen, his friends, there was much bitter talk of other causes than apoplexy and it was just as well that Mr. Dougherty, formerly the great figure at these conventions, was not present on that occasion to hear himself discussed.

It is not my purpose to analyze Mr. Dougherty's sale to the Bell Company. Every man can decide for himself whether or not the banker was morally or ethically justified in selling his stock to the best advantage. There is only this to be added. The sale checked only for a moment the headlong course of independent progress. The country sold out by Dougherty is being rebuilt with marvelous swiftness; the towns and villages have granted new franchises to new companies; the local capitalists and their allies in other sections have furnished new money to carry the work on; the gaps in the long-distance lines have been filled up, and in a short time, it is prophesied, the independents will have more telephones in operation in this territory than ever before, and the Bell Company will find the half million or more that it paid, to kill competition, thrown away.

[Mr. Latzke's fourth article will appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for May. It will tell of the wonderful operations of a corporation press agency]

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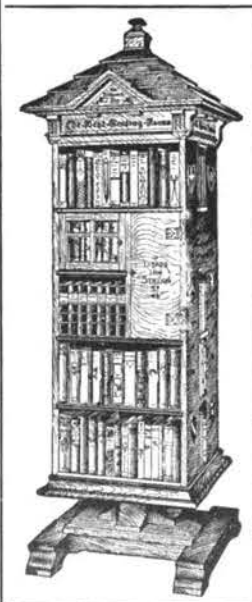

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Closets cost but little more than other closets—that, with ordinary care, they will last as long as the house in which they are installed, leaves no further excuse for sewer sickness. Ask the plumber. A book on "Household Health" mailed free if you send the name of your plumber.

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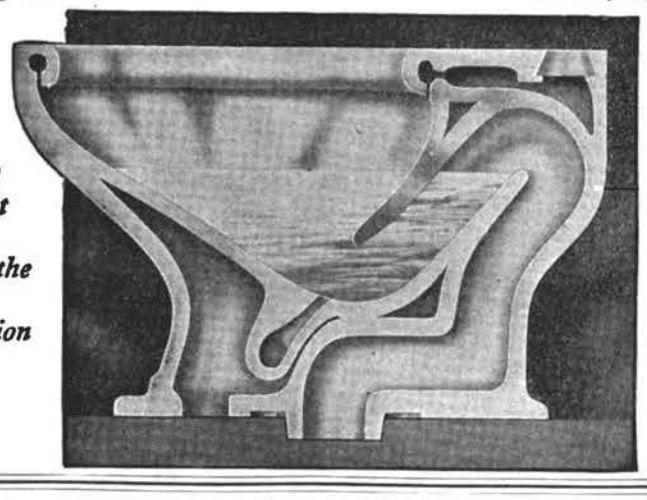

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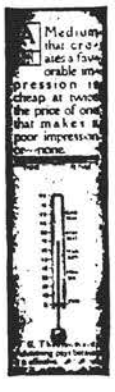

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William Jennings Bryan on the Chinese Question

[*Concluded from page 227*]

an industrious people, but they are also capable of becoming skilled artisans. They could supply every factory in the United States with skilled workmen and still have millions to spare. Nearly all the reasons which apply to the exclusion of the coolie apply to the skilled laborer, and they can, therefore, be considered together.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

It developed during the dinner that, while the demands expressly recognized the improbability of admitting coolies, most of the Chinese present favored the entire repeal of the restriction law. They resented any discrimination against their people as unfriendly and unwarranted. One Chinaman of prominence in another city went so far as to intimate that such discrimination would not be permitted if China had a large army and navy and was able to enforce her rights.

As the whole question turns on the admission of the Chinese laborer, let us consider, first, the differences between the European immigrant and the Chinese immigrant; and, second, the general objections to the admission of Chinese workmen.

The Chinaman, unlike the European, regards America as only temporarily his home, preserves his national customs and peculiarities, and finally returns, carrying his savings with him. He is not attracted by our institutions and brings with him no love of American ideals. To him the United States is a field to be exploited, but nothing more. The European casts in his lot with us, mingles with the population, and, in a few generations, his identity is lost in our composite race. He has neither peculiarities of thought nor of dress to distinguish him from those among whom he labors, and his children are soon an indistinguishable part of the community. Not so with the Chinese. They are not only distinguished by their dress, language, and habits, but they remain entirely separate and apart from those among whom they dwell. This difference is due not only to the wide dissimilarity in history, tradition, and habit, but also to the absence of any permanent or patriotic interest in the land in which they sojourn.

The plane of living and the rate of wages are surprisingly low in China. When we were crossing the Yellow River I noticed a number of coolies unloading stone and inquired as to their wages. They received one hundred and fifty cash, or about seven and one half cents, gold, per day. When this compensation is compared with the wages paid in the United States for the same kind of labor, it is easy to understand why Chinese laborers are drawn to our country. In discussing the immigration question with a Chinese official, I asked him what he paid his coachman. He replied that the head coachman received what was equivalent to ten dollars in gold per month, while the subordinates received from three and one half to five. Out of these wages they must pay for their own food. There is considerable difference in the efficiency of labor, but, making due allowance for that, the Chinaman, in some occupations, could make twice as much in America as at home and yet work for half what Americans receive.

Long experience has taught the Chinaman to

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economize until he has reduced the expense of living to a minimum. Our guide in one city fixed one dollar, silver, (fifty cents, gold,) as the weekly cost of living for one person, but many live upon less. In traveling from Pekin to Hankow we were compelled to provide our own meals, and the very competent cook whom we secured was regularly receiving a dollar a week in gold.

A ride through the streets of a Chinese city furnishes ample evidence of the economy of the people. The small measures used, the tiny piles of edibles exposed for sale, the little bundles carried from the market,—these explain why cash, running about ten to a cent, can be used as currency. Oranges are often sold without the peeling, the peeling being sold separately, and peanuts seem to be counted instead of measured. At Canton we saw one man trudging home from market with a satisfied air, carrying two pig tails tied together with a piece of grass. The well-to-do have many delicacies, like birds' nests soup and shark fins, some of which we tasted at the luncheon given by the viceroy at Nankin and at the Hongkong dinner; and, among those who can afford it, elaborate dinners are quite common, but among the masses the food is of the cheapest and coarsest kind.

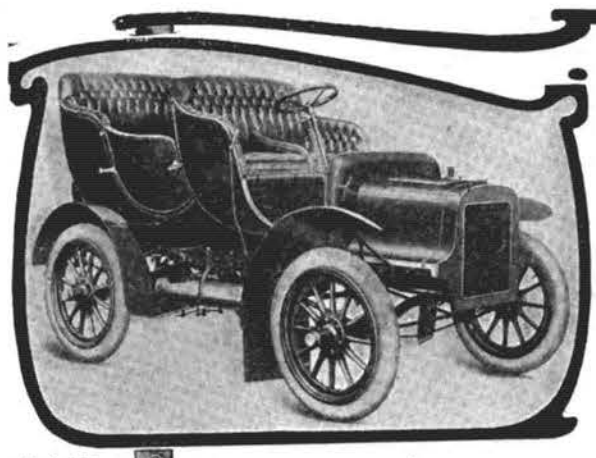
In the matter of fuel the same scrupulous economy is exercised. Every dead leaf and every twig are scraped from the ground and even the weeds are condemned to fiery punishment for presuming to grow upon such precious soil.

It would require generations to bring our people down to a plane upon which they could compete with the Chinese, and this would involve a large impairment of the efficiency of their work.

It is not just to the laboring men of the United States that they should be compelled to labor upon the basis of Chinese coolie labor or stand idle and allow their places to be filled by an alien race with no thought of permanent identification with our country. The American laborer not only produces the wealth of our nation in time of peace, but he is also its sure defender in time of war,—who will say that his welfare and the welfare of his family shall be subordinated to the interests of those who abide with us for but a time, who, while with us, are exempt from draft or military burden, and who, on their return, drain our country of its currency? A foreign landlord system is almost universally recognized as a curse to a nation, because the rent money is sent out of the country. Chinese immigration on a large scale would give us the evil effects of foreign landlordism in addition to its other objectionable features.

When I pointed out the fact that the Chinese do not, like other immigrants, contemplate permanent residence in the United States, a Chinese official replied that they would become citizens if the law should permit it, and to the objection that they would even then remain distinct from the rest of the people he answered by advancing arguments in favor of amalgamation. He claimed that the descendants of Chinese (called Eurasians,) who have intermarried with Europeans are brighter than the average children of either race. I did not have an opportunity to test the accuracy of these conclusions, but it is evident that amalgamation has not been carried on to any great extent either in China or in the countries to which the Chinamen have gone. The instances of intermarriage are so rare that they do not affect the general problem.

The fact that the Chinese do form, and, probably, if admitted to citizenship, would continue to form an unassimilated, if not an indigestible element, separated from the remainder of our population by a race line, raises another objection to their admission as laborers. They make good servants, learning quickly and obeying conscientiously. Americans who have employed



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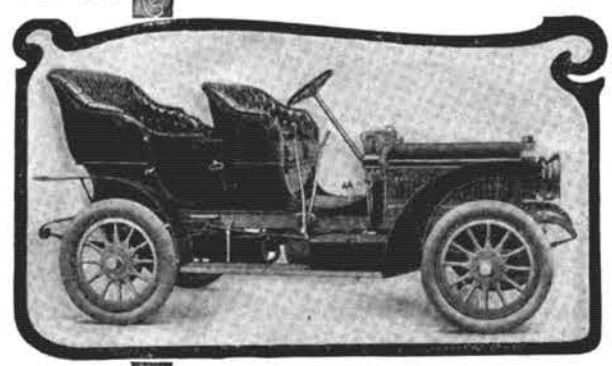

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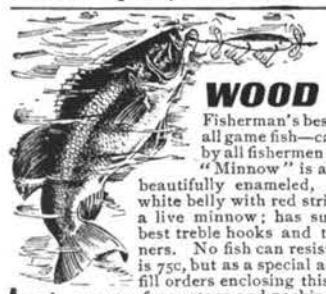

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them testify to their trustworthiness and industry. If they were permitted to freely enter the United States, it is likely that they would soon solve the domestic labor problem, of which we hear so much, for as cooks, waiters, and house boys they are an unqualified success. But what would be the effect upon our civilization of such a stratification of society? At present we have no racial distinction between employer and employee, (except that presented by the negro problem,) and one race problem is enough. If we were to admit Chinese coolies, we would find it more and more difficult to induce white people to enter into competition with them, and manual labor would bear an odium which ought not to be placed upon it. We need to teach the dignity of labor and lessen the aversion to it: a coolie class would make it difficult, if not impossible, to make progress in the work of cementing our society into one harmonious whole. If American ideals are to be realized there must be no barrier between the rich and the poor,—no obstacles in the way of advancement from manual labor to intellectual work. China has suffered immeasurably because of the complete separation of her educated classes from her laborers.

There is one argument against the admission of coolies which ought to commend itself to the Chinese as well as to Americans; viz., that the standing of China among us is prejudiced by the fact that she is judged by her lowest and most ignorant classes. There has always been an educated class in China, and, while the number belonging to it has been limited and the scope of education there is narrow as compared with the scope of education in the western world, still there have been culture and refinement. Artists have appeared, from time to time, as well as artisans skilled in porcelain manufacture, metal working, carving, decoration, and so forth. There have been merchants of standing and integrity,—in fact, integrity is the rule among Chinese merchants. If China could be known by these or even by the average of her superior and inferior classes, she would stand higher among the nations. But she is known now, except in diplomatic circles, by the coolies who are carried by contractors from one place to another until local sentiment leads to their exclusion. I may add that it has led to their exclusion from Australia and that the question of exclusion from the Transvaal has been discussed in the English parliament.

This argument received respectful attention when presented to some of the prominent Chinese, for they recognize the injury which has been done to the nation's reputation by having the Chinese people known by their worst representatives.

There is a fourth argument, the force of which was admitted at the Hongkong dinner by the merchants who had resided in the United States; viz., that the admission of the coolies (and it would apply to skilled mechanics, also,) would involve the nations in constant diplomatic controversy over race conflicts. If it is human for Chinese to desire to improve their condition by immigration to the United States, it is also human for American laborers to resent enforced idleness when presented as an alternative to a lower scale of living. With any large increase in the number of Chinese laborers in the United States, it would be necessary to incur the expense of an increased army and police force to preserve order. Even then it would be difficult to prevent occasional violence, and violence in the United States would lead to retaliation upon Americans residing in China. These race riots in our country and in China would not only strain the relations between the nations but would also nullify our attempts to create a favorable impression upon Chinese students and embarrass the work of our missionaries in China.

It is better to be frank and candid with the

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Chinese government. There are twenty times as many Chinese in America as there are Americans in China, and we give to China as much in trade advantage as we receive from her, not to speak of the money which Americans voluntarily contribute to extend education and religion in the Celestial Empire. China has no reason to complain, for we have been generous in dealing with her. We can still be not only just but also generous, but it would be neither kindness to her nor fairness to our own people to invite immigration of such a character as to menace our own producers of wealth, endanger our social system, and disturb the cordial friendship and good will between America and China.

Questions of the Curious

TITLES.—An officer, either military or naval, who is under the rank of captain, is addressed simply as "Mr." This ruling applies to lieutenants, sergeants, etc. A captain, or a gentleman of higher rank, is appropriately addressed by his title, whether he is in active service or retired.

M. S.—We can not give names and addresses in this column. At the request of a subscriber, we will always furnish cheerfully any helpful information, but when such information concerns proprietary articles, such as cold creams, etc., our reply must be sent through personal letters, and not through the columns of this magazine. Correspondents will, of course, understand that we have no financial interest in any articles which we may recommend. We simply endeavor to keep thoroughly informed with regard to everything that can benefit our readers. If you will send a stamped and self-addressed envelope, we will send you the names of several good cold creams, together with the addresses at which they may be obtained.

TROUBLED YOUNG MAN.—A young man is never justified in asking a girl to become his wife, unless he is sure of his ability to support her. To enter into an engagement without counting the cost is as wrong as it is foolish. Each young wife has a right to expect that, in the home of her husband, she shall be at least as comfortable and happy as she was in the home of her parents.

NARROW-CHESTED.—When breathing correctly, the lungs are expanded to their limit. The chest is raised, and should be kept raised throughout the inhalation. Breathing through the nostrils, instead of through the mouth, is the only healthful way. Narrow-chested persons should remember that it is quite as necessary to get all the bad air out of the lungs, as to get plenty of fresh, pure air into them.

EVANGELINE.—(1.) Gifts from young ladies to gentlemen are not considered good form. If made at all, they should be inexpensive trifles, which simply mark appreciation of courtesies rendered, or express mutual friendly good will. To her *fiancé*, a young lady may appropriately present some "token of remembrance" at Christmas time. The gentleman will probably like best a dainty article fashioned by his sweetheart's own fair fingers. This may be some convenience for his sitting-room or dressing-table, or something which he will find serviceable in his daily business or profession. A sofa pillow might bring him pleasant dreams of you. A tasteful, hand-painted calendar would doubtless send out his thoughts to you each day. Other suitable gifts are photograph-frames, *sachets* for handkerchiefs, pretty pin-cushions, paper weights or book-marks, a box for holding cuffs and collars, a cigar case, if he is a smoker, or a book of his favorite poems.

(2.) Under ordinary circumstances, a gentleman allows a lady to precede him when entering or leaving a house. If the passageway is crowded or the steps obstructed, he very properly goes before, in order to guard her against inconvenience.

(3.) The minute directions you request for the conduct of a home wedding can not be given in the limited space of this column. We will furnish these directions personally, if you will send us a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

MATINÉE GIRL.—According to many wise writers, dreams have a significance and a certain definite meaning. Whether or not this theory is true, a girl who dreams should never be unduly guided by her nighttime visions. If the secret influences about us, which are always working for our good, are strong enough to bring your future husband into your dreams, they will be strong enough to bring him also into actual daily life.

It would be very unladylike for you to seek an introduction to the young musician you dreamed about. Such seeking should be his act. If a man wishes to meet a girl who has attracted him, he will find some way of doing so. But a girl, no matter how much she may admire a man, must never show eagerness to become acquainted with him. A woman must wait to be won.

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"My son, who is not yet thirteen years old, completed your course of Boyd Syllabic by home study, in spite of predictions of writers of other systems who advised against it. He can now write shorthand rapidly and can read his notes readily and correctly, even after they are 'cold.' Yours is certainly a wonderful system." (*From a Wisconsin Government Official.*)*

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"I mastered Boyd Syllabic Shorthand during the month of October in spite of the fact that I had to attend to my regular household duties in addition to my studies. My husband, who is familiar with other systems, is amazed at the speed I have attained and at the fact that I have absolutely no difficulty reading my notes." (*From an Iowa Woman.*)*

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"I spent one hour a day in study and learned Boyd Syllabic Shorthand in two months and fully believe that any one can do as well if not better. I find it capable of high speed, and the entire lack of shading, position, etc., makes it possible to read notes with unerring accuracy. Yours is the best system in existence." (*From an Illinois Man.*)*

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THE SECOND GENERATION

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[*Continued from page 234*]

"'It's in my vest pocket,' he said. 'It's a box of pills'"

Instantly Adelaide cried: "Oh, mother, you 're not going to allow this."

To Adelaide's and Arthur's amazement, Mrs. Ranger replied, quietly: "It ain't no use to talk to him. I ain't lived all these years with your father without finding out when he means what he says."

"It 's so unjust!" cried Adelaide.

There came a look into her mother's face which she had never seen there before. It made her say: "Oh, mother, I did n't mean that; only, it does seem hard."

Mrs. Ranger thought so, too, though "unjust" was a little too strong; but she would have died rather than make the thought treason by uttering it. She followed her husband upstairs, saying: "You and Arthur can close up, and put out the lights."

Adelaide watched her brother; she was almost in tears over his misfortunes and over his pale, silent, courageous bearing in face of them.

"What are you going to do, Artie ?"

"He 's got me down and I 've got to take his medicine," said the young man, his teeth together and his eyes dark with fury.

She saw he was hating his father fiercely,—and *that* she did not admire. Her first indignation abated, as she sat on there thinking it out. "Maybe father is nearer right than we know," she said to herself, finally. "After all, Arthur will merely be doing as father does. There 's *something* wrong with him, and with me, too, or we should n't think that so terrible." But to Arthur she said nothing, —encourage him in his present mood she must not; and to try to discourage him would make him more obstinate,—more enraged against their father.

CHAPTER IV.

That night there was sleep under Hiram Ranger's roof for Mary the cook only. Of the four wakeful ones the most unhappy was Hiram himself, the precipitator of it all. Arthur had the consolation of his conviction that his calamity was unjust; Adelaide and her mother, of their conviction that in the end it could not but be well with Arthur. For Hiram there was no consolation. He reviewed and re-reviewed the facts, and each time he reached again his original conclusion; the one course in repairing the mistakes of the boy's bringing up was a sharp right-about. " Don't waste no time gettin' off the wrong road, once you 're sure it 's wrong," had been a maxim of his father, and he had found it a rule with no exceptions. He appreciated that there is a better way of getting from the wrong road into the right than by a mad dash straight across the stumpy fields and rocky gullies between. That rough, rude way, however, was the single way open to him here. Whenever it had become necessary for him to be firm with those he loved, it had rarely been possible for him to do right in the right way; he had usually been forced to do right in the wrong way,—to hide himself from them behind a manner of cold and silent finality, and, so, to prevent them from forming an alliance and a junction of forces with the traitor softness within him. Besides, there was now no time for gentle roundabout measures; they would require time,—delay, but he must "put his house in order" forthwith.

Thus even the consolation of the feeling that he was at least doing right was denied him. As he lay there he could see himself harshly forcing the bitter medicine upon his son, the cure for a disease for which he was himself responsible; he could see his son's look and could not deny its justice. "I reckon he hates me," said Hiram to himself, pouring vitriol into his own wounds, "and I reckon he 's got good cause to."

But there was in the old miller's nature a Covenanter fiber tough as ironwood. The idea of yielding did not enter his head. He accepted his sufferings as part of his punishment for past indulgence and weakness; he would endure, and go forward. His wife felt what was in his mind and heart,—by a kind of intuition which, like most of our insight into the true natures of those close about us, was a gradual permeation from the one mind to the other rather than clear, deliberately reasoned knowledge. But the next morning her sore and anxious mother's heart misread the gloom of his sad, strong face into sternness toward her only son.

"When did you allow to put the boy to work, father?" she finally said, and her tone was such that she unintentionally made Hiram feel more than ever as if he had sentenced "the boy" to hard labor in the degradation and disgrace of a chain gang.

As she waited some time for self-control before answering, she thought her inquiry had deepened his resentment. "Not that I don't think you 're right, maybe," she hastened to add, "though"—this wistfully, in a feminine and maternal subtlety of laying the first lines for sapping and mining his position,—"I often think about our life, all work and no play, and wonder if we ought n't to give the children the chance we never had."

"No good never came of idleness," said Hiram, uncompromisingly, "and to be busy about foolishness is still worse. Work or rot,—that 's life."

"That 's so; that 's so," she conceded and was sincere in it, for that was her real belief, and what she had hinted was a mere unthinking repetition of the shallow, comfortable philosophy of most people,—those "go easys" and "do nothings" and "get nowheres" wherewith Saint X. and the surrounding country were burdened. "Still," she went on, aloud, "Arthur has n't got any bad habits, like most of the young men round here with more money than 's good for them."

"Drink ain't the only bad habit," replied Hiram. "It ain't the worst, though it looks the worst. The boy 's got brains. It ain't right to allow him to choke 'em up with nonsense.'

Ellen's expression was assent.

"Tell him to come down to the mill next Monday," said Hiram, after another pause, "and tell him to get some clothes that won't look ridiculous." He paused, then added: "A man that ain't ready to do anything, no matter what, so long as it 's useful and honest, is good for nothing."

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The night had bred in Arthur brave and bold resolves. He would not tamely submit; he would cast his father off, would go forth and speedily carve a brilliant career, and would show his father that, even if the training of a gentleman develops tastes above the coarseness of commerce, it also develops the mental superiority that makes fleeing chaff of the obstacles to fame and wealth. He did not go far into details; but, as his essays at Harvard had been praised, he thought of giving literature's road to distinction the preference over the several others that must be smooth before him. Daylight put these imaginings into silly countenance, and he felt silly for having lingered in their company, even in the dark. As he dressed he had much less than his wonted content with himself. He did not take the same satisfaction in his clothes, as evidence of his good taste, or in his admired variations of the fashion of wearing the hair and tying the scarf. Midway in the process of arranging his hair he put down his military brushes; leaning against the dressing table, he fixed his mind upon the first serious thoughts he had ever had in his whole irresponsible, sheltered life. "Well," he said, half aloud, "there *is* something wrong! If there is n't, why do I feel as if my spine had collapsed?" After a long pause he added: "And it has! All that held it steady was father's hand."

The whole lofty and beautiful structure of self-complacence upon which he had lounged, preening his feathers and receiving the social triumphs and the adulation of his "less fortunate fellows" as the due of his own personal superiority, suddenly slipped from under him, and he said, with a grim laugh, "The governor has called me down." Then, resentfully, and with a return of his mood of dignity outraged and pride trampled upon, he added: "But he had no right to put me up there,—or let me climb up there." When a wrong is "vested," it becomes a "vested right," sacred, tabooed. Arthur felt that his father had committed a crime against him.

When he saw Adelaide and his mother their anxious looks made him furious. So! They knew—just as well as did he,—how helpless he was, and were pitying him. *Pitying* him! Pitying *him!* He just tasted his coffee; with scowling brow he hastened to the stables for his saddle horse and rode away alone. "Wait a few minutes and I 'll come with you," called Adelaide from the porch, as he galloped by. He pretended not to hear. When clear of the town he began to "take it out" on his horse, using whip and spur until it gripped the bit and ran away. He fought savagely with it; at a turn in the road it slipped and fell, all but carrying him under as it went down. He was in such a fury that if he had had a pistol he would have shot it. The chemical action of his crisis precipitated in a black mass all the poison his nature had been absorbing in those selfish, supercilious years. So long as that poison was held in suspense it was imperceptible, to himself as well as to others. But now there it was, unmistakably a poison. At the sudden sight his anger vanished. "I 'm a beast!" he ejaculated, astonished, and I thought I was a fairly decent sort of fellow. What the d— have I been up to, to make me like that?"

He walked along the road, leading his horse by the bridle slipped over his arm. He resumed his early morning reverie, thinking out his situation from a new standpoint. "I deserve what I 'm getting," he said to himself. Then, at a twinge from the resentment that had gone too deep to be ejected in an instant, he added: "But that does n't excuse *him.*" His father was to blame for the whole ugly business,—for his plight within and without. Still, fixing the blame was unimportant beside the problem of the way out. And for that problem he, in saner mood, began to feel that the right solution was to do something and so become somebody, instead of being a mere son of somebody. "I have n't got this shock a minute too soon," he reflected. "I must take myself in hand. I—"

"Why, it 's you, Arthur, is n't it?" startled him.

He looked up and saw Mrs. Whitney coming toward him. She was in a heavy winter walking suit, though the day was warm. She was engaged in the pursuit that was the chief reason for her annual three months' retirement to the bluffs overlooking Saint X.,—the preservation of her figure. She hated exercise, being by nature as lazy, luxurious, and self-indulgent physically as she was alert and industrious mentally. From October to July she ate and drank about what she pleased, never set foot upon the ground if she could help it, and held her tendency to fat in check by daily massage. From July to October she walked two or three hours a day, heavily dressed, and had a woman to attend to her hair and complexion and to keep her cheeks and throat firm for the fight against wrinkles and loss of contour.

Arthur frowned at the interruption, then smoothed his features into a cordial smile, and at once that ugly mass of precipitated poison began to redistribute itself and hide itself from him.

"You 've had a fall, have n't you?"

He flushed hotly. She, judging with the supersensitive vanity of all her self-conscious "set," thought the flush was at the implied criticism of his skill; but he was far too good a rider to care about his misadventure, and it was her unconscious double meaning that stung him. She turned; they walked together. After one debate as to the best time for confessing his "fall," which, at best, could not remain a secret longer than Monday, he chose the present. "Father 's begun to cut up rough," he said, and his manner was excellent. "He 's taken away my allowance, and I 'm to go to work at the

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mill." He was unconsciously yielding to the influence of her presence and was dropping rapidly back toward the attitude as well as the accent of "the set."

At his frank disclosure Mrs. Whitney congratulated herself on her shrewdness so heartily that she betrayed it in her face, but Arthur did not see. "I suppose your mother can do nothing with him." This was spoken in a tone of conviction. She always felt that, if she had had Hiram to deal with, she would have been fully as successful with him as she thought she had been with Charles Whitney. She did not appreciate the fundamental difference in the characters of the two men. Both were iron of will, but there was in Whitney—and not in Hiram,—a selfishness that took the form of absolute indifference to anything and everything which did not directly concern himself,—his business or his physical comfort. Thus his wife had had her way in all matters of the social career, and he would have forced upon her the whole responsibility for the children if she had not spared him the necessity by assuming it. He cheerfully paid the bills, no matter what they were, because he was indifferent to money as money and thought its power to buy him immunity from family annoyances one of its chief values. She, and everyone else, thought she ruled him; in fact, she not only did not rule him, but had not even influence with him in the smallest trifle of the matters he regarded as important.

The last time he had looked carefully at her—many, many years before,—he had thought her beautiful; he assumed thenceforth that she was still beautiful, and was therefore proud of her. In like manner he had made up his mind favorably to his children. As the bills grew heavier and heavier, from year to year, with the wife and two children assiduously expanding them, he paid none the less cheerfully. "There is some satisfaction in paying up for them," reflected he; "at least a man can feel that he is getting his money's worth," and he contrasted his luck with the bad luck of so many men who had to "pay up" for a "homely-looking lot of frumps, that look worse the more they spend."

But Arthur was replying to Mrs. Whitney's remark with a bitter "Nobody can do anything with father; he's narrow and obstinate. If you argue with him, he's silent. He cares for nothing but his business."

Arthur did not hesitate to speak thus frankly to Mrs. Whitney. She seemed a member of the family, like a sister of his mother or father who had lived with them always; also he accepted her at the valuation she and all her friends set upon her,—he, like herself and them, thought her generous and unselfish because she was lavish with sympathetic words and with alms,—the familiar means by which the heartless cheat themselves into a reputation for heart. She always left the objects of her benevolence poorer for her ministrations, though they did not realize it. She adopted as the guiding principle of her life the cynical philosophy,—"Give people what they want, never what they need." By sympathizing effusively with those in trouble, she encouraged them in low-spiritedness; by lavishing alms, she weakened struggling poverty into pauperism. But she took away and left behind enthusiasm for her own moral superiority and humanity. Also she deceived herself and others with such fluid outpourings of fine phrases about "higher life" and "spiritual thinking" as so exasperated Hiram Ranger.

Now, instead of showing Arthur what her substratum of shrewd sense enabled her to see, she ministered soothingly unto his vanity. His father was altogether wrong, tyrannical, and cruel; he himself was altogether right, a victim of his father's ignorance of the world.

"I decided not to submit," said Arthur, as if the decision were one which had come to him the instant his father had shown the teeth and claws of tyranny, instead of being an impulse of just that moment, inspired by Mrs. Whitney's encouragement to the weakest and worst in his nature.

"I shouldn't be too hasty about that," she cautioned. "He is old and sick. You ought to be more than considerate. And, also, you should be careful not to make him do anything that would cut you out of your rights."

It was the first time the thought of his "rights"—of the share of his father's estate that would be his when his father was no more,—had definitely entered his head. That he would some day be a rich man he had accepted just as he accepted the other conditions of his environment,—all to which he was born and in which consisted his title to be regarded as of the "upper classes," like his associates at Harvard. Thinking now on the insinuated proposition that his father might disinherit him, he promptly rejected it. "No danger of his doing that," he assured her, with the utmost confidence. "Father is an honest man, and he would n't think of doing anything so dishonest, so dishonorable."

This view of a child's rights in the estate of his parents amused Mrs. Whitney. She knew how quickly she would herself cut off a child of hers who was obstinately disobedient, and, while she felt that it would be an outrage for Hiram Ranger to cut off his son for making what she regarded as the beginning of the highest career, the career of a "gentleman," still she could not dispute his right to do so. "Your father may not see your rights in the same light that you do, Arthur," said she, mildly. "If I were you, I'd be careful."

Arthur reflected. "I don't think it's possible," said he, "but I guess you're right. I must not forget that I've got others to think of besides myself."

This patently meant Janet; Mrs. Whitney held her discreet tongue.

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"It will do no harm to go to the office," she presently continued. "You ought to get some knowledge of business, anyhow. You will be a man of property some day, and you will need to know enough about business to be able to supervise the managers of your estate. I had Janet take a course at a business college, last winter, and Ross has gone in with his father and will be active for several years."

* * * * * *

Thus it came about that on Monday morning at nine Arthur sauntered into the offices of the mills. He was in much such a tumult of anger, curiosity, stubbornness, and nervousness as agitates a child on its first appearance at school, but in his struggle not to show his feelings he exaggerated his pose into a seeming of bored indifference The door of his father's private room was open; there sat Hiram, absorbed in dictating to a stenographer, and, when his son appeared in the doorway, he apparently did not realize it, though in fact the agitation the young man was concealing under that unfortunate manner was calmness itself in comparison with the state of mind behind Hiram's mask of somber stolidity.

"He 's trying to humiliate me to the depths," thought the son, as he stood and waited, not daring either to advance or to retreat. How could he know that his father was shrinking as a criminal from the branding iron, or that every nerve in that huge, powerful, seemingly impassive body was in torture, in this ordeal of accepting the hatred of his son in order that he might do what he considered to be his duty? At length the young man said: "I 'm here, father."

"Be seated,—just a minute," said the father, turning his face toward his boy but unable to look even in that direction.

The letter was finished, and the stenographer gathered up her notes and withdrew. Hiram sat thinking, his sadness accentuating the stern strength of his features. Presently he said: "I see you have n't come dressed for work."

"Oh, I think these clothes will do for the office," said Arthur, with apparent carelessness.

"But this business is n't run from the office," said Hiram, with a gentle smile that to the young man looked like the sneer of a tyrant. "It 's run from the mill. It prospers—it always has prospered,—because I work with the men. I know what they ought to do and what they are doing. We all work together here. There ain't a Sunday clothes job about the place."

Arthur's fingers were trembling as he pulled at his small mustache. What did this tyrant expect of him? He had assumed that a place was to be made for him in the office, a dignified place. There he would master the business, would gather such knowledge as might be necessary successfully to direct it, and would bestow that knowledge in the small and humble out-of-the-way corner of his mind befitting matters of that kind. And here was his father, believing that the same coarse and toilsome methods which had been necessary for himself were necessary for a trained and cultured understanding!

"What do you want me to do?" asked Arthur.

Hiram drew a breath of relief. The boy was going to show good sense and willingness, after all. "I guess you 'd better learn barrel making first," said he. He rose. "I 'll take you to the foreman of the cooperage, and to-morrow you can go to work in the stave department. The first thing is to learn to make a first-class barrel."

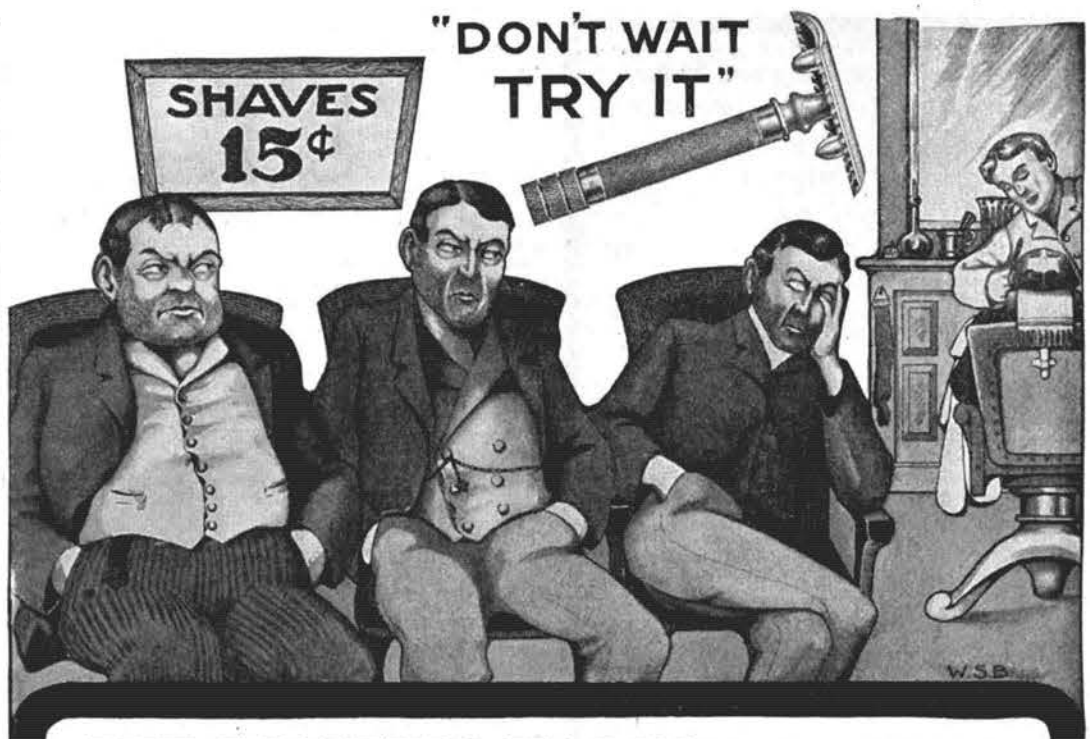
Arthur slowly rose to follow. He was weak with helpless rage. If his father had taken him into the office and had invited him to help in directing the intellectual part of that great enterprise, the part that in a way was not without some appeal to the imagination, he felt that he might gradually have accustomed himself to it; but to be put into the mindless routine of the workingman, and to be set about menial tasks which a mere muscular machine could perform better than he,—what a waste, what a degradation, what an insult!

He followed his father to the cooperage, the uproar of its machinery jarring fiercely upon him, but not so fiercely as did the common-looking men slaving in torn and patched and stained clothing. He did not look at the foreman as his father was introducing them and ignored his proffered hand. "Begin him at the bottom, Patrick," said Hiram, "and show him no favors. We must give him a good education."

"That 's right, Mr. Ranger," said Patrick, looking at his new pupil dubiously. He was not skilled in analysis of manner and character, so Arthur's superciliousness missed him entirely and he was attributing the cold and vacant stare to stupidity. "A regular d— dude," he was saying to himself. "As soon as the old man 's gone, some fellow with brains 'll do him out of the business. If the old man 's wise, he 'll buy him an annuity, something safe and sure. Why do rich people have sons like that? If I had one of his breed, I 'd shake his brains up with a stave."

Arthur mechanically followed his father back to the office. At the door Hiram, eager to be rid of him, said: "I reckon that 's about all we can do to-day. You 'd better go to Black and Peters's, and get you some clothes. Then you can show up at the cooperage at seven to-morrow morning, ready to put in a good day's work."

He laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and that gesture and the accompanying look, such as a surgeon might give his own child upon whom he was performing a cruelly painful operation, must have caused some part of what he felt to penetrate to the young man, for, instead



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of bursting out at his father, he said: "Would it be a very great disappointment to you if I were to go into—into some—some other line?"

"What line?" asked Hiram.

"I have n't settled,—definitely, but I 'm sure I 'm not fitted for this." He checked himself from going on to explain that he thought it would mean a waste of all the refinements and elegancies he had been at so much pains to acquire.

"Who 's to look after the business when I 'm gone?" asked Hiram. "Most of what we 've got is invested here. Who 's to look after your mother's and sister's interests, not to speak of your own?"

"I 'd be willing to devote enough time to it to learn the management," said Arthur, "but I don't care to know all the details."

It was proof of Hiram's great love for the boy that he had no impulse of anger at this display of what seemed to him the most priggish ignorance. "There 's only one way to learn," said he, quietly. "That 's the way I 've marked out for you. Don't forget—we start up at seven. You 'll breakfast with me at a quarter past six, and we 'll come down together."

As Arthur walked homeward he pictured himself in jumper and overalls on his way from work of an evening,—meeting the Whitneys,—meeting Janet Whitney! Like all other Americans who become inoculated with "grand ideas" he had the supersensitiveness to appearances that makes foreigners call us the most snobbishly conventional people on earth. What would it avail to be in character *the* refined person in the community and in position *the* admired person, if he spent his days at menial toil and wore the livery of labor? He knew Janet Whitney would blush as she bowed to him, and that she would n't bow to him unless she were compelled to do so because she had not seen him in time to escape, and he felt that she would be justified. The whole business seemed to him a hideous dream,—a sardonic practical joke upon him. Surely, surely, he would presently wake from this nightmare to find himself once more an unimperiled gentleman.

In the back parlor at home he found Adelaide about to set out for the Whitneys. As she expected to walk with Mrs. Whitney for an hour before lunch she was dressed in walking costume,—hat, dress, gloves, shoes, stockings, sunshade, all the simplest, most expensive-looking, most unpractical-looking white. From hat to heels she was the embodiment of luxurious, "ladylike" idleness, the kind that not only is idle itself, but also, being beautiful, attractive, and compelling, is the cause of idleness in others.

She breathed upon Arthur the delicious perfume of the elegant life from which he was being thrust by the coarse hand of his father,—and Arthur felt as if he were already in sweaty overalls.

"Well?" she asked, so pleased with herself and with life that she simply could n't but take a less gloomy view of his woes, loudly though they wailed from his melancholy countenance.

"He 's going to make a common workman of me," said Arthur, sullenly, mentally contrasting his lot with hers, "and he 's got me on the hip. I do n't dare treat him as he deserves. If I did, he 's just devil enough to cheat me out of my share of the property. A sweet revenge he could take on me in his will."

Adelaide drew back,—was sharply, rudely thrust back by the barrier between her and her brother which had sprung up as if by magic. Across it she studied him with a pain in her heart that showed in her face. "Oh, Arthur, how can you think such things!" she exclaimed.

"Is n't it so?" he demanded.

"He has a right to do what he pleases with his own," she replied, "but he would never do anything unjust."

"It is n't his own," retorted her brother. "It belongs to us all."

"We did n't make it," she insisted. "We have n't any right to it, except to what he gives us."

"Then you think we 're living on his charity?"

"No,—not just that," she answered, hesitatingly. "I 've never thought it out,—never have thought about it at all."

"He brought us into the world," Arthur pursued, "and he has accustomed us to a certain station,—to a certain way of living,—and it is his duty in honesty and in honor to do everything in his power to keep us there."

She admitted to herself that this was plausible, but she somehow felt that it was not true. "It seems to me that if parents bring their children up to be the right sort,—useful and decent and a credit," said she, "they 've done the biggest part of their duty. The money is n't so important, is it? At least, it ought n't to be."

Arthur looked at her with angry suspicion. "Suppose he made a will giving it all to you, Del," he said, affecting the manner of impartial, disinterested argument, "what would *you* do?"

"Share with you, of course," she answered, hurt that he should have raised the question at a time when raising it made it seem serious,—made the raising of it seem an accusation of her, or at least a doubt of her.

He laughed satirically. "That 's what you think now," he said; "but, when the time came, you 'd be married to Ross Whitney, and he 'd show you how just father's judgment of me was, how wicked it would be to break his last solemn wish and will, and how unfit I was to take care of money. And you 'd see it; and the will would stand. Oh, you 'd see it! I know human

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nature. If it was a small estate,—in those cases brothers and sisters always act generously,—no, not always. Some of 'em fight over a few pieces of furniture and crockery. But in a case of a big estate, who ever heard of the one that was favored giving up his advantage unless he was afraid of a scandal, or his lawyers advised him he might as well play the generous, because he'd surely lose the suit?"

"Of course, Arthur, I can't be *sure* what I'd do," she replied, gently, "but I hope I'd not be made altogether contemptible by inheriting a little money."

"But it wouldn't be contemptible," he retorted. "It'd be legal and sensible and just. You'd only be obeying a dead father's last wishes and guarding the interests of your husband and your children. They come before brothers."

"But not before self-respect," she said, very quietly. She put her arm round his neck and pressed her cheek against his. "Arthur,—dear,—dear,—" she murmured, "please don't talk or think about this any more. It—it,—hurts." And there were hot tears in her eyes, and at her heart a sense of sickness and of fright, for his presentation of the other side of the case made her afraid of what she might do, or be tempted to do, in the circumstances he pictured. She knew she would n't—at least, not so long as she remained the person she then was. But how long would that be? How many years of association with her new sort of friends,—with the sort Ross had long been,—with the sort she was becoming more and more like,—how many, or, rather, how few years would it take to complete the process of making her over into a person who would do precisely what Arthur had pictured?

Arthur had said a great deal more than he had intended,—more, even, than he believed true. For a moment he felt ashamed of himself; then he reminded himself that he was n't really to blame, and that, but for his father's harshness toward him, he would never have thought such outrageous things about him or about Adelaide. Thus his apology took the form of an outburst against Hiram. "Father has brought out the worst there is in me!" he cried. "He is goading me on to—"

"He looked up and saw Hiram in the doorway. He sprang to his feet. "Yes, I mean it!" he exclaimed, his thoughts confused, his voice almost incoherent, and his blood on fire. "I do n't care what you do. Cut me off! Make me go to work like any common laborer! Crush out all the decency there is in me!"

The huge old man stood like a storm-scarred statue. The tragedy of his countenance filled his son and daughter with awe and terror. Then, slowly, like a statue falling, he stiffly tilted forward and crashed at full length, face downward, on the floor. And they, like two little children, each tightly holding the other's hand, stood pale and shuddering, unable to move toward the fallen colossus.

(To be continued in Success Magazine for May.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Hiram Ranger, who has made a fortune in the milling business in the Middle West, without losing any of his simple tastes or his love for hard work, meets with a slight accident in the mill, which necessitates consultation with a physician. He is further disturbed by the return from Harvard of his son Arthur, whose fashionable attire and lofty ideas irritate him. His daughter, too, seems to have grown out of the home atmosphere. In the midst of this perturbed state of mind comes the startling advice of the physician to "put your house in order." The greatest thing that perplexes the sick man now is the problem of his two children,—whether the wealth which he is about to leave them will not likely work them harm rather than good. A recital of his son's idle and extravagant career at college intensifies this feeling and plunges him into the greatest gloom and mental distress.

THE FEAR OF FAILINC

By Roy Farrell Greene

Have you a something of moment planned
Of work, of barter, or sale?
And do you now like a craven stand,
Deterred by the fear you 'll fail?
Then may this message of mine ring clear,
And prompt you your wings to test:—
The only failure a man should fear
Is failure to do his best!

Destructive Chickens

ARTHUR A. HAMERSCHLAG, a director of the Carnegie Technical School, of Pittsburg, was speaking on the necessity of tact in dealing successfully with men. "There were two neighbors," continued the director, "and each had a pet diversion. Chickens was the hobby of one; that of the other, flowers.

"Because of the devastating instincts of the unrestrained fowls, the flowers did not flourish. The gardener, however, valued his neighbor's friendship more than he did the flowers, and made no remonstrance.

"The poultry farmer, one evening, visited his neighbor, and by way of introduction made a complimentary remark about the garden. 'What a beautiful bed of flowers you have here,' he said, glowingly.

"'Yes,' added the gardener, dejectedly, 'but it just keeps me a-sweatin' to keep it from becoming a feather bed.'"

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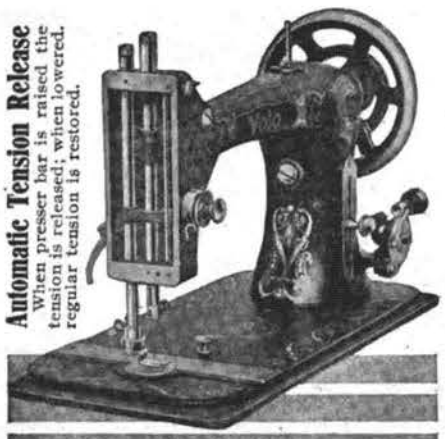

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The Sagebrush Ajax

The Humorous Side of the Life of Sam Davis of Nevada, Who, as an Insurance Commissioner, Has Defied the Giant Corporations

By SI H. PERKENS

SAM DAVIS, the ex-officio insurance commissioner of Nevada, who invited John A. McCall and George C. Perkins, of the New York Life Insurance Company, to resign from that corporation or restore certain funds alleged to have been misappropriated to political uses, is typical of the West. In order to give volume to his defiance Davis assured McCall that failure to comply with the Nevada mandate would mean the expulsion of the New York Life Insurance Company from the borders of the "Battle-born."

Sam Davis

The Nevada idea, as enunciated by Sam Davis, not only awakened national interest, but also turned the limelight on the personality of its author, who, up to the moment of hurling his ultimatum at the insurance ring, was known as "The Oracle of the Sagebrush,"—in private life an agriculturist, in public life the editor of the Carson "Appeal," state comptroller, ex-officio insurance commissioner, and probable gubernatorial candidate of Nevada.

▲ ▲

Mr. Davis was born in Branford, Connecticut, in 1850. He is, as was the late Matthew Stanley Quay and as is the live E. H. Harriman, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. Early in life Mr. Davis manifested such a sensational leaning toward jocularity that he was led from a theological school by the ear. Subsequently he turned up at Racine University in the same class with Paul Morton, president of the Equitable. As editor of the college paper in Racine, Sam Davis got a taste for journalism, and moved from the university at the request of the faculty after editing three numbers. He went to Brownsville, Nebraska, where he took, by force, a reportorial position on the "Democrat" at three dollars a week. The audacity of his attacks upon crooked politicians attracted the attention of Dr. Miller, publisher of the Omaha "Herald." There was a fight on at Lincoln, from which the "Herald's" correspondent had been driven by a gang of infuriated corruptionists. Mr. Davis took the vacancy and went into the thick of it. He fell foul of a senator from Nebraska City who threatened to kill him if he did not retract certain statements by noon the next day. Mr. Davis wired to Nebraska City for a delegation of the irritated senator's constituents, and repeated his charges to them, as soon as they arrived in Lincoln. They threatened a lynching unless the lawmaker lived up to his platform pledges. Davis at once became the best known legislative correspondent in the state, and went on the staff of the Lincoln "Statesman," where he continued to stir up trouble.

▲ ▲

One afternoon a stranger dropped into the "Statesman" office, and, with a bland smile, informed Mr. Davis that he had been engaged by a local politician to punch his head.

"How much are you charging him?" inquired Mr. Davis.

"I've tapped his pocket for a hundred," was the reply.

"Have you got it with you?"

"I surely have," said the hireling, preparing to remove his coat.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Davis, rising and extending his hand, "you are a man of discernment. I should like to go into partnership with you. A fight, at best, is always an uncertainty, and it is a good idea for us to split the purse. Give me fifty. I'll send a man down to your friend with the news that you came in here and beat me to a pulp; that 'll satisfy your backer, and then, to-morrow morning, I'll print an item to the effect that a stranger waded in on the quiet of the 'Statesman' and without rhyme or reason pounded a printer nearly to death. You can explain that you made a mistake, and let it go at that."

The partnership was effected and the programme was carried out.

▲ ▲

Later Mr. Davis drifted to St. Louis, where he went to work on the "Republican." In an effort to liven

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up the river column, he precipitated a daily riot in the "Republican" building and was discharged. His next move was in the direction of Chicago, where he applied for a position on the "Times."

"Any credentials?" queried the city editor.

"None."

"Where were you last employed?"

"St. Louis 'Republican.'"

"That 'll do. Any man qualified to work on that sheet can 't get a job here,—"

"But I was discharged inside of a week," observed Mr. Davis, as he was being escorted to the door.

"Oh, I beg pardon! In that case you must be a good man. Please accept the political desk, Mr. Davis, I beg of you!" exclaimed the city editor, bowing with fine courtesy.

▲ ▲

Sam Davis prided himself on his ability to fill space whether anything important was happening or not. One day the owner of the "Times" met him in the hall and shook his hand warmly.

"Are you the man who manufactures those bogus stories?" he asked.

Davis blushed.

"Oh, do n't be embarrassed, young man. They 're great. If you do n't find news, make some."

This approval turned the journalist's head, and he went so far as to write a letter to the proprietor in which he set forth the fact that he was "worth more money than he was being paid." In referring to it Mr. Davis remarked that it "was the best fake he ever wrote,—but somehow or other it did n't seem to catch on."

▲ ▲

From Chicago Mr. Davis drifted to California, and at once became identified with the newspapers and magazines of San Francisco. He joked with everybody and wrote fiction and biography so true to life that much of it has gone into the historical works subsequently published. Endowed with tremendous energy, and considerable physical strength, he was able to cope with any and all conditions of western society. When he was not writing for half the publications in San Francisco he was occupied with the schemes and enterprises that involved a capital several thousand times greater than he was able to lay his hands on. The only man who was able to separate his serious hopes from his practical jokes was Davis himself.

▲ ▲

He once made a wager that he could successfully imitate the style of any living or dead poet, and do it so thoroughly that the difference was not discernible; and that the public, the press, and the critics would not detect the fraud. As a result he wrote "Binley and 46," to which he signed F. Bret Harte's name. The fake was put out in a publication known as "The Open Letter." It described an engineer who took his train through a snowstorm in the Sierras, dying at his post.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific the poem was copied. "Binley and 46" was given a full page in "Leslie's Weekly," with a portrait of Bret Harte, and described as "the best short poem of the decade."

It was many years before Mr. Harte denied its authorship. The poem has since been incorporated in several books of popular recitations, notwithstanding Binley freezes to death beside a roaring locomotive furnace with one hundred and fifty pounds of steam up and two cords of wood within reach.

▲ ▲

Another famous joke from Sam Davis was a yarn about a Nevada boy who was supposed to have a telescopic eye. The particular charm about the youngster was his ability to fix his magnifying optic upon a haystack or a barn located at a distance of one mile, and, by focusing the sun's rays in the retina of the said eye, produce a conflagration in the said haystack or barn with the same facility that one may make flame with a burning glass. Mr. Davis used his mythical incendiary in a story in which the boy was made to devastate the farming districts because of his hatred for agricultural life. A sufficient air of verisimilitude was given the story by Mr. Davis to entice the San Francisco Academy of Science to indulge in some correspondence on the subject.

▲ ▲

In the eighties he went to Carson, Nevada, and assumed the editorship of the Carson "Appeal," which, before he went actively into state politics, was one of the most widely copied country papers in the United States. When Sarah Bernhardt first passed through Nevada on her western tour, the "Examiner," of San Francisco, wired Davis to board the "divine Sarah's" train at Reno and escort her into California,—also to get a good interview *en route*. Mr. Davis made himself so agreeable to the entire company that Bernhardt insisted that the "romantic *monsieur* of the press" be assigned by the "Examiner" to escort her through the mazes of western life. Mr. Davis turned San Francisco upside down for her entertainment, and even arranged a number of attractions to show her a sample of western activity under the stress of strong emotion. When the company left San Francisco, and farewells were being said, Bernhardt walked up to Davis, in the presence of the admiring throng, and kissed him on either cheek and on the lips.

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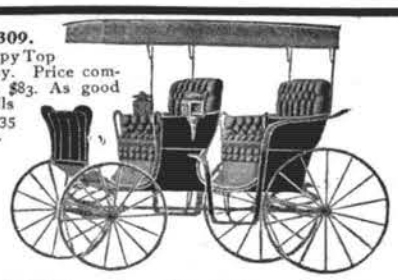

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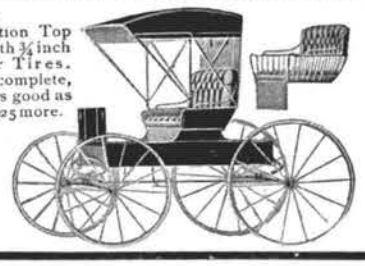

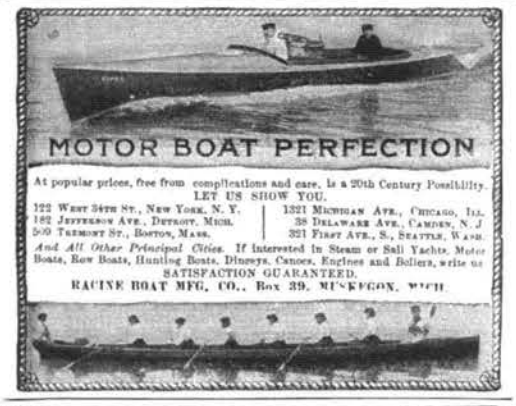

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"On the cheeks," she exclaimed, with a naïve toss of her head, "for the 'Examiner' and the 'Appeal'; on the lips for yourself."

Sam Davis, for the second time in his life, blushed, but recovered himself in time to remark that there were a lot more up-country papers that he represented, all of which would like to have him return to Nevada with similar tokens.

▲ ▲

As a story-teller he is famous in the West. He has written a great many short stories, one of which, "The First Piano in Camp," is included in a recently prepared edition of "Classical American Humor." He has n't the slightest objection to a joke on himself,—in fact, he appears to like it. Several years ago, when he was spending more time editing his newspaper than running the politics of Nevada, an advertising agent wandered into the "Appeal" office and requested information concerning the rates.

"What do you want to advertise?" inquired Davis.

"A cure for the drink habit."

"Habitual intoxication?"

"Yes," replied the advertiser; "I have a remedy that will positively cure drunkenness in its worst form."

"Do n't go any further. Sit right down here and sign this contract. I 've got the medium you need. Every inebriate in town takes my paper."

"But do they read it?" asked the advertising man, anxiously.

"Certainly they do. That 's their only reason for staying intoxicated."

Mr. Davis is a man who has not lived in vain. He is married, has two daughters, and gets all the peace out of life that is to be had on a comfortable farm two miles from the capitol at Carson. He is not disposed to the strenuous life, nowadays, though some who know him best are of the opinion that his attitude toward insurance companies who confess the use of a corruption fund in politics is not especially friendly.

❦ ❦

Making Good

By Strickland W. Gillilan

My boy, you think that all you have to do is "make a hit;"
To catch the public eye and ear, then evermore be "it;"
You think one stroke sufficient for one lifetime,—may be two;
That, once a man is famous, there is nothing left to do.
I hate to wake you, sonny, from your iridescent dream
And keep your skiff from drifting any further down the stream,
But here 's what I 've discovered: He who 's done the best he could
Is merely obligated just to keep on making good.

One little flight 's a promise that you 'll spread your wings and soar;
One decent job 's an earnest that you 'll do a thousand more;
One leap to public favor is a pledge that you will stay,—
You can't do that unless you make a new mark every day.
The jump you made to wealth or fame will do less good than harm
If, by your desultory style, you prove a "false alarm."
One well-directed arrow never made a Robin Hood;
One winning stroke but binds you to the task of making good.

This world was not constructed for the lazy man of dreams;
One flash is not a nugget,—gold is constant with its gleams;
The world keeps looking higher than the level you 've attained,
And thinks you retrograding till 't is certain you have gained.
No stand still will it tolerate; slide back, and you will see
Your name among the "has-beens" as a harmless "used-to-be."
The standard you established when you did the best you could
Was but your affidavit that you 'd keep on making good.

❦ ❦

Why do we choose to do as other people do, rather than as the best people do? Possibly because it is easier to float with the tide.

▲ ▲

There are comparatively few essentials to correct living, and they are all based on the golden rule; but there are innumerable nonessentials, and it is in these that bigotry and intolerence live and thrive.

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Then, two stick together,—it's *miss deal* and you held a good hand, too.

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The Habit of Governing Badly

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[*Concluded from page 237*]

When McCarter heard of this he asked the commissioners to grant the franchise in secret session *before the committee of fifty should arrive*. This the commissioners refused to do. The refusal so angered McCarter that when it was requested that the hearing might take place in some large, better ventilated hall than the small rooms of the board of works, on Halsey Street, he said, "No; emphatically, no." He intimated that they could crowd in there as thick as they liked and sweat to their hearts' content. Accordingly, on a hot afternoon in May, hundreds of citizens packed themselves into the two rooms, crowded the hall and the stairway, and massed themselves in the street outside. Then the unexpected happened.

There were men on the board of works who had meekly worn the "Public Service" collar, but who felt that McCarter's activity had passed all "reasonable" bounds. They hoped to save the city hall; they still dreaded voting openly against "Public Service." How to defeat the franchise without voting against it was their problem, and they solved it. It was recognized that to go to McCarter and ask him to withdraw his petition would, as one man put it, give him a chance to "gloat" over them. So they went to Colonel Hine, the general manager of the trolley department of "Public Service," and dropped a hint to the effect that it is not good business to make the long-suffering public too angry. Colonel Hine took the hint. What he did next can only be guessed at. Whatever it was, it had its effect; for, at the public hearing, before a dense crowd of determined-looking men with red faces and limp collars, Thomas McCarter withdrew his petition. He had supposed, he said, that the city hall loop would be a popular measure. It had been proposed first by a common councilman. He had spoken to two members of the city hall commission and to the mayor, who seemed to favor it. He did not add that the mayor was a large stockholder in the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, nor did he state that one of the city hall commissioners, an architect, had been heard to boast casually that he had done $400,000 worth of work for "Public Service."

It should be clear to the reader, by this time, that the Public Service Corporation exists solely for the purpose of extracting as much money as possible from the people of Newark and of New Jersey. In this connection, the use of the name, "Public Service," becomes humorous. The "service" given in all departments is singularly wretched. These local ordinances, which were devised to compel the corporation to run modern, well-heated cars on reasonably short headway and to put its wires underground, are held in derision by the corporation. The point of the business is that "Public Service" is not interested in doing these things well. What it *is* interested in is simply getting the maximum of money with the minimum of effort. There still exists, in the minds of a good many of us, a vague notion that these "public service" corporations are concerned in some unexplained way over the development and welfare of our communities. They are not, excepting as such development means the possibility of more money.

When I saw Mr. McCarter he explained clearly his theory of the legitimate activities of "Public Service." We were discussing the attempt of the corporation to grab one of Orange's boulevards, Central Avenue, under a perpetual franchise, an attempt which was defeated through the vigorous opposition of the citizens, led by Thomas A. Davis.

Mr. McCarter had just said, in answer to the charge that "Public Service" has made it a practice to "quiet" leading citizens by gifts or "easy" bargains in stocks: "The stock of these companies is scattered very widely. It would be hard to find a prominent citizen—oh, there *are* some, of course, but it would be hard,—who does n't hold shares in one or another of the companies."

Then we got down to a consideration of the Orange fight. "The Public Service Corporation trades with a city precisely as one merchant trades with another," said he. "The city wishes to buy something which we have to sell. We try to agree. Either our terms are accepted, or they are not. In either case it is all open and above board. It is free to buy our commodity or leave it."

"If it were,"—I suggested.

"But it is! It is wholly a matter of business."

"But does n't the fact that the Public Service Corporation is a monopoly"—

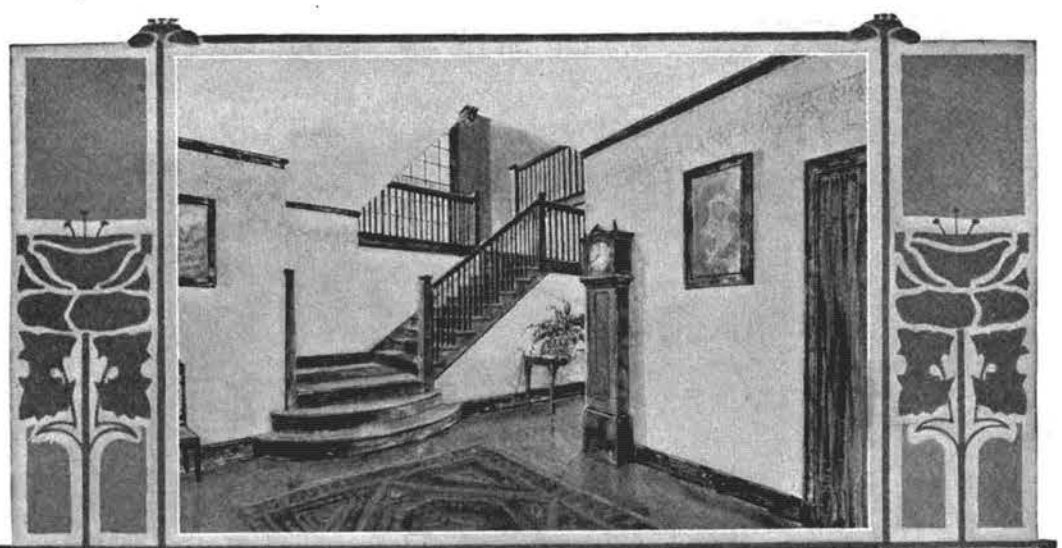
"It is n't a monopoly," he said.

"Well, you must admit, Mr. McCarter, that it would be rather difficult for another company to build a line in Orange."

"Yes," he replied, "I have no objection to admitting that. It *would* be difficult."

"And it would be difficult for the city of Orange to build a short line on Central Avenue and operate it in competition with you."

He paused to think of the complications implied in



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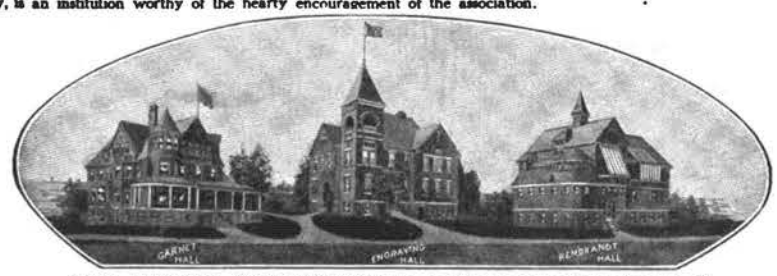

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this suggestion, then nodded. "Yes," he said, "that would be difficult, too."

"Well, then, Mr. McCarter, since Orange is helpless, do you think it is, as plain, cold business, a square proposition? If the people want greater traction facilities, they must accept your terms?"

"But they are n't helpless," he replied, rather sharply. "They did n't like our terms, and they declined them."

"Yes, Mr. McCarter, and they did n't get their street cars. You see what I am getting at,—that you can hardly consider it fair trading where there is a helpless community on the one hand, and a monopoly on the other."

"' Public Service' is n't a monopoly."

"Not absolutely, perhaps, but is n't it, *in effect?* Have n't you got control of about all the public utilities in this state that are worth controlling?"

Mr. McCarter's eyes suddenly flashed at me. "Why, yes," he said, leaning forward on his flat-top desk and speaking so rapidly that his words tripped over one another; "yes, sir, we've got everything. With six hundred and fifty miles of perpetual franchises, *what do you want of one mile in Orange under a twenty-five-year franchise?* We've got everything in the state that 's worth having, except Trenton street cars and Elizabeth gas,—*that belongs to Senator Kean!* They talk about passing a state law limiting all franchises to twenty-five years. If it 's monopoly they 're worrying about, they 're going at it in the way to create the strongest of monopolies; they would leave us secure with our six hundred and fifty miles of perpetual franchises, and limit everybody else to twenty-five years. That—*that*,"—and he banged his desk,—"will be a monopoly worth having!"

"In effect, then, Mr. McCarter, Public Service is a monopoly."

"Well,—yes," he said, "it is."

"And do you feel that, when a corporation has built up a monopoly at the expense of a community, it has thereby incurred a certain obligation to that community?"

"Oh, most certainly,—a great obligation."

"Then the only point of difference between Public Service and the citizens of Orange is the extent of this obligation?"

"That's about it."

Then the conversation took a curious turn. President McCarter, with a characteristic little bound, came suddenly over his desk, as if he were meditating a personal attack. His face was flushed; his fists were clinched in a tense way he has. He fairly spat out these words at me:—

"While we're exchanging compliments, I should like to tell you that if any business, if any profession in the country needs investigating, it's *yours*. It's the magazines that are raising hell with this country, and they're doing it for the money there is in it. Do n't tell me they care a rap about the right and the wrong of it. It's the money they 're after!"

I have given this part of the interview to the reader for three reasons. In it may be found the admission that "Public Service" is a monopoly and that it has "got everything worth having." In it, also, may be found a frank statement of the brutal disregard of this monopoly for anything but its own welfare, and a frank recognition that its officers do not regard themselves responsible members of the communities in which they live. And, finally, it gives, I think, a fair portrait of the man who has been running Newark, and a glimpse into the workings of his mind.

Here, then, we have a pretty good idea of the real governing force in an American city. The Public Service Corporation of New Jersey is the Old Man of the Sea under which Newark is staggering, and under which it has all but fallen. And it is a type, a little more open, a little more brutal than some, perhaps, but nevertheless a type of the burden under which not only our large cities but also our country communities are staggering. They said to me, in Manchester, "Of course you'll have trouble getting hold of your public utilities. You did n't begin early enough."

We *are* a little late in beginning. Wealth is against the right, and therefore respectability is against it, and therefore, too, in many instances, the church is against it. The outlook, to one who has never studied the Reformation, to one who is not familiar with the successful struggle of the Dutch Republic, or with our own Revolution, may seem discouraging.

But they have begun to fight in Newark. A few young men, some of them rich, some poor, but all imbued with the queer conviction that it is worth while to fight for honesty and cleanliness and for representative government, even against heavy odds, have taken the field against corporate wrong. The Newark radicals are not outcasts with nothing to lose. In order to give the reader a notion of the responsible class they spring from I have thought it worth while to publish pictures of the homes of the leaders. I should like to tell the story of their fight; but that would carry me away from the purpose of this article, which is to indicate how bad the government of the city has been. I can only say that they have won their first skirmish. Last fall they elected the entire county ticket,—the state senator, eleven assemblymen, and the sheriff, all clean young men who believe in something besides dollars. Their platform was very moderate, nothing more than "Equal Taxation and Limited Franchises. The story

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of the oposition of "Public Service" to this movement is interesting. Forged post cards were sent in to one assemblyman who had endeavored to get the opinion of his constituents on the perpetual franchise question. The campaign advertisements were barred from all the street cars. Every conceivable attempt was made to call off the abler of the "reformers," from political allurements offered by the machine to tips on the market that "easy" money was to be had. Yet this handful of men, Everett Colby, William P. Martin, Frank H. Sommer, Alden Freeman, F. W. Kelsey, Lathrop Anderson, John S. Gibson, Harrison Van Duyne, and a very few more,—this little band, in its first fight against the money power and the political machines of Essex County, *won!*

Why did Colby, Martin, and Sommer win? They did n't expect to. They were astonished when it had come about,—so astonished that they hardly knew what to do next. Why did they win? This question brings us to the point of these articles.

Government is largely a habit of mind. Perhaps the reader has observed that I have begun my account of the condition of Newark at the moment when "Public Service" began to lose ground. Until "Tom" Davis exposed the corruption of the Orange council, and with that magnificent body, the New England Society, behind him stopped the outrageous attempt to steal a boulevard, "Public Service" and its predecessors had done as they liked in Orange. Until Frank Sommer and "The Roseville Committee" began issuing their little pamphlets, and sending them at their own expense to every city officer and to every leading citizen, and until Martin and Sommer found a way to fight, almost single-handed, almost back to back, the "city hall grab," "Public Service" had done as it liked with the board of works. [The city council has lost most of its powers in Newark.] Those leaflets of Frank Sommer's were a force in themselves. The keen young lawyer who has said that "the cure for the evils of democracy is *more* democracy" managed to make the people sit up and think. Once, when he asked one of the street and water commissioners to do a certain thing, the official replied, "I 'll do anything, Sommer, if you 'll quit sending in those plasters!"

Why did those men win their first skirmish? Why is Colby in the state senate? Why are Martin and ten others in the assembly? Why did the voters go quietly to the polls and elect the whole ticket by a bigger majority than the machine has commanded? Nobody dreamed that they would do such a thing. But they did!

Government, I have said, is largely a habit of mind. The big business men, as Lincoln Steffens has so convincingly shown and as we now see for ourselves, have corrupted our governments because it paid. They have juggled bosses, machines, and party platforms. They have either backed "reform" campaigns or else turned them to ridicule; and the rest of us, misled, bewildered, and beaten, have fallen into the habit of believing that really good, really representative government is impossible. The big business men have encouraged us in this belief. When we have wavered,—have so much as glanced at the possibility of municipal ownership,—they have shouted at us through their newspapers that we are too dishonest and too low of spirit to conduct our own utilities. Then they have chuckled among themselves and have gone on charging us five cents for car fare, and ten cents for a telephone call, and $1.00 to $1.35 a thousand for gas, and outrageous prices for insurance. And we have submitted. But now, in a corporation-ridden city like Newark, where men go about breathing their dread in whispers, let half a dozen clean, honest young men take up their lances and fight the dragon; let the bewildered multitude once clearly know, unmistakably know, that these young men are really courageous and that they really think one's community is worth fighting for; then what do we see? Why, the people rise *en masse* and the dreaded monster trembles and shrinks back. Said Prieth to me, "I begin to think that 'Public Service' is a big idol with clay feet."

It is time for the great argument of the corporations to be met and overcome. We have been debauched, but we are not yet too weak and bad to run our own business. We are not bad; it is only that we have been discouraged. Next month I shall show you a city which runs itself; a city which stands, on the side which faces the people, for plain, perfectly simple, representative government, and which stands, on the side which faces the state, for home rule; a city where members of the council *do not trade with the city*. As one of my informants put it, "They are touchy about that." In Newark the Public Service Corporation has "got everything." In Manchester the people's government has got everything. In Manchester we have a fair example of what the New York "Times" has termed "that incoherent, uncoördinated, blind, and groping thing called municipal government."

Let me remind the reader that the men who run Manchester are, intrinsically, no bigger, no more honest, no higher-minded, than the citizens of Newark. They are plain, everyday Englishmen, a hard-headed manufacturing lot. They have got the habit of governing well. That is all.

❦ ❦

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Heinrich Conried,— Opera Builder

By J. HERBERT WELCH

[*Concluded from page 243*]

classic dramas, quite forgetful of the fact that I had to be at my loom at half past five o'clock in the morning.

"There were three years of this, and then the time came for me to weave my *meisterschaft*, a piece of cloth which would prove whether or not I was qualified to be called a master weaver. Every thread had to be perfect, or the cloth would not be accepted and the apprenticeship would continue. Into my *meisterschaft* I wove a representation of Marguerite and Faust, in threads of fifteen shades. It was found worthy of a master, and I was a full-fledged weaver.

"I might even now be toiling at the looms, as are most of those who were my companions, if I had been satisfied to follow the line of least resistance. I might be leading a peaceful life in the old town of Bielitz, instead of being in the vortex of the rush and whirl and perplexities of my present work. The former course would have commended itself to some philosophies, but not to mine."

Mr. Conried smiled, and then, for a moment, paused and gazed through the window.

"No," he continued, suddenly; "if a man yields to the obstacles in the path of ambition, he loses his quality and becomes a pale and most insignificant pattern in the great fabric of humanity. I wanted to be an actor and would not listen to the prohibitions of my family and the protestations of my friends. I turned my back on Bielitz and went to Vienna, which, to my youthful mind, was a vague but shining goal where all my hopes would soon be realized.

"I discovered that I was mistaken. I besieged the managers of the theaters. Those who saw me at all laughed at me. 'You can never be an actor,' they said; 'you are too small.'

"The little money I had gave out. Brothers of mine lived in Vienna. They might have helped me, but would not. They thought it would cure me of my folly if I suffered discouragement and privation. So I struggled on alone. To keep body and soul together, I obtained a humble position in a commission house, and afterwards in a bank. Every waking hour away from my distasteful work was devoted to the search for an opening on the stage.

"I took my breakfasts at a certain *café*, because an actor frequented it. I ventured, after a while, to seat myself at his table, and we struck up an acquaintance. I told him of my ambition. He taught a small class in acting, and invited me, casually, to drop in and see him. You may be sure that I did.

"One day, when I was there, Dr. Strakosch, of the Stadt Theater, came in. With a beating heart I asked him if he could give me a place in his company. He frowned down on me, and said, abruptly:—

" 'I have no vacancies. You are not fitted for the stage. You lack stature,—the stage presence.'

" 'Is that all there is to acting?' I inquired, with the boldness of despair.

"He glanced at me again, and I suppose he saw an eager listener, for he proceeded to deliver a little dissertation on the qualifications of an actor. I had read about every book on the subject that had been published and had formulated some opinions. Made reckless by his refusal to give me a hearing, I interrupted him at one point with the information that I could not agree with him. In his astonishment he paused, and I had an opportunity to say a word. I actually argued with the great Strakosch. The discourse became a controversy.

"It was the afternoon of a special performance of the pupils of my friend, the actor. There were

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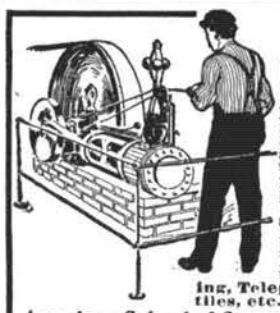

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numerous visitors. One of them stood near the director of the Stadt Theater and myself while we talked. He seemed amused, particularly when Dr. Strakosch became excited. Afterwards he touched me on the arm, and said:—

" 'And so, my boy, you want to be an actor. Well, you have spirit. Come to me, to-morrow, and recite something. I am Herr Foerster, manager of the Berg Theater.'

"It was the ambition of every actor to be in the stock company at the Berg. That night I slept little, and the next day I made a heroic effort before the man whom I regarded as the arbiter of my fate.

" 'I will give you a month's instruction, to see how you develop,' he informed me. 'Then I will put you in a test rehearsal. If you do well, you will be engaged for the company. If not, you must give up all hope of a stage career.'

"I told him that I could not get away from the bank during business hours.

" 'Well,' he said, 'I walk to the Kursaal every morning, at six o'clock, to drink the waters. You may join me, and I will give you your lesson as we go.'

"So, with the freshness and quiet of early morning on the streets of Vienna, we would walk to the Kursaal, I reciting and Herr Foerster correcting, illustrating the proper method, and laying down precepts. His colleague, Laube, also took the waters, and often accompanied us. They would discuss fine points in the actors' art, and did not always agree. The discussion would become warm. These two clever minds, striking fire against each other, taught me much.

"As the day of the test rehearsal drew near I became painfully anxious and redoubled my efforts to acquire fitness for the stage. In my room, until late at night, I would practice accent, intonation, gestures, and dramatic action. I thought of nothing else. Upon that rehearsal I felt that my destiny depended.

"Well, the day came, and I played my part; tremulously, at first, but with growing confidence. Out of the forty-two aspirants I was selected for the stock company. There I became imbued with the high traditions of the stage, and came to believe firmly in its value as an expression of art and as an educational and moral factor. These serious views of the drama have had a dominating influence on my life."

She Was Not Educated Abroad

Madame Marie Rappold Became a Grand Opera Singer by Studying at Home

By S. MORRELL HIRSH

It was twenty years ago that the first performance of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," ("Die Königin von Saba,") under the old German opera *régime*, took place. It remained for Heinrich Conried, director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, to revive the opera in New York. Lilli Lehmann was the original *Sulamith* in this country, but she never achieved the remarkable success in that rôle that has just been accomplished by an unknown amateur singer,—Madame Marie Rappold, who not only made her first appearance on the Metropolitan stage, but also her operatic *début*, as *Sulamith*.

She has a fine, high, soprano voice, especially good in its upper tones. She has a remarkable range, reaching from low "F" to high "E." Her high voice, without apparent effort, subdues some of the noisiest climaxes of the operatic stage, in the "Queen of Sheba."

Besides her remarkable voice, Madame Rappold is gifted with a charming personality. Mr. Conried first heard her at a Schiller celebration at the old Montauk Theater, in Brooklyn. He was sitting in a stage box, debating in his shrewd mind what a wonderful *Elsa* in "Lohengrin" this amateur singer would make. Immediately after she finished her part of the performance, Mr. Conried asked to be introduced to her and suggested to the astonished singer that she had the voice and personality for *Elsa*, which rôle she will assume late in the season.

She did not take him seriously, but thought that he wished to pay her a pretty compliment. However,

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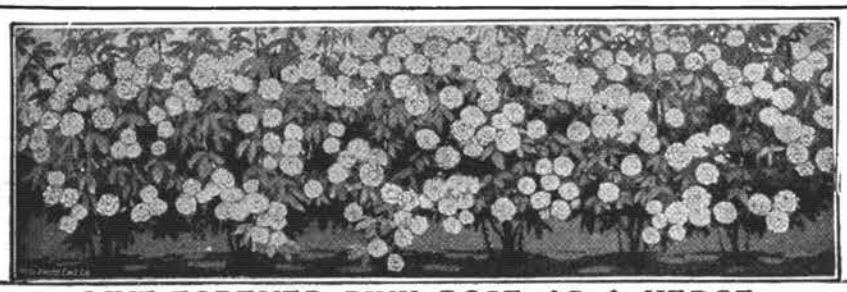

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when he asked her to go over to the Metropolitan Opera House and sing for him, things assumed a different aspect. Unfortunately, she was under contract for a concert tour, which kept her from accepting any other offers. After finishing this engagement, she wrote to Mr. Conried, asking for an interview, but he was in Germany. When he returned, she sang for him, and he immediately engaged her for the rôle of *Sulamith*, having been unsuccessful in prevailing on Madame Nordica to appear in this most difficult part.

▲ ▲

Marie Rappold was born in Barmen, Germany, about thirty years ago. She is the wife of a practicing physician in Brooklyn, and has one child, a pretty little daughter. Madame Rappold comes of a family of singers, her father having been a tenor, and her sister, also, possessing a remarkable alto voice. When five years old, Madame Rappold emigrated to this country with her parents, who settled in Brooklyn. She took a great interest in music, and was given an opportunity to cultivate her voice. She was preparing to go to

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MARIE RAPPOLD

Germany to finish her musical education, when her mother died. This broke up the home, and, after a lapse of three years, Madame Rappold appeared with the Amberg German Opera Company at the Irving Place Theater, New York.

When only seventeen years old, she married and was again taken away from an admiring public. She settled down to a life of domesticity and sang only at small charity affairs. She was in such demand, however, that she suggested to her husband that her voice had a commercial value, and that, as they were both very young, she might as well make a career. Her husband did not object, and that is how the New York public, which is proverbially cold to any new musical acquisition, got its opportunity to reverse its usual custom and take her to its heart.

▲ ▲

Most of the musical critics who heard her at her *début* agreed that she "made good." Perhaps the most encouraging incident for struggling young American singers connected with her success is her radical departure from the policy which once prevailed at the Metropolitan Opera House, according to which American singers were told that they possessed good voices and needed only to go to Europe and acquire a reputation. It is hard to recall the advent of any other new singer on the stage of the Metropolitan who has won so great success at her first appearance.

When Mr. Conried was congratulated on his "new find," he replied, "I am glad that the public has fully indorsed my views of Madame Rappold's voice, and I am quite sure that we shall never have occasion to regret that another American woman has found a place in the list of grand opera *prima donnas*. When, operatically, I engaged her, I felt confident that her reception would be just what it has been. Her stage presence, too, was admirable; and, when you consider that she has never had any dramatic training for grand opera, beyond the few lessons I have lately given her, you must realize that even greater things are to be expected of her."

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The Story of Steel

By FRANK FAYANT

[*Concluded from page 231*]

making steel rails, opened a period of railroad building such as the country has never seen since. In 1882 the St. Paul built to Omaha, the Burlington to Denver, the Nickel Plate from Buffalo to Chicago, and the Lackawanna from Binghamton to Buffalo. Jay Gould was taking up the country west of the Mississippi, while Commodore Vanderbilt was building lines in the East. Up in the Northwest "Jim" Hill was planning to push his new road westward to the coast.

From '78 to '83, the railroads in the country increased from eighty-two thousand to one hundred and twenty-one thousand miles; railroad earnings increased from $490,000,000 to $764,000,000; and railroad dividends, from $53,000,000 to $101,000,000. The effect of this boom on the steel industry was that the pig-iron output doubled in four years, from two million, three hundred thousand tons, in '78, to four million, six hundred thousand tons, in '82; the steel-rail output increased from five hundred thousand tons to one million, three hundred thousand tons; the shipments of ore through the lakes increased from one million, one hundred thousand tons to two million, nine hundred thousand tons. With the increased demand for steel products pig iron rose from $16.50 to $41 a ton, and steel rails rose from $41 to $85 a ton. The American mills could not supply the demand and in three years we imported half a million tons from England, and, with the wave of extreme optimism that spread over the country, with increased activity in all lines of industry, higher wages, and higher prices, prices of securities on the stock exchange, the barometer of business, rose one hundred per cent. from the beginning of '78 to the winter of '80–'81.

The reverse of this picture was seen in the depression of '93 and '94. In the early 90's the corn crop fell off eight hundred million bushels in three years, the wheat crop two hundred and thirty-five million bushels in two years, the oat crop two hundred million bushels in two years, the cotton crop two million, three hundred thousand bales from '92 to '93, and the production of coal, petroleum, and copper declined from '92 to '93. Fortunately for the country, the gold supply kept on increasing at an accelerated rate. But the country was plunged into "hard times." Railroad earnings declined; banks, manufactories, and commercial houses failed; and forty thousand miles of railroad went into receivership hands in two years. The railroads cut down their orders for steel products to the lowest possible minimum. The effect of the curtailment of railroad orders was that the pig-iron output fell from nine million, one hundred thousand tons, in '92, to six million, six hundred thousand tons, in '94, and the rail output from one million, five hundred thousand tons, in '92, to one million tons, in '94, or to less than it had been thirteen years before, in the first year of the railroad boom. Pig iron fell from $18 to $12.50 a ton and rails from $35 to $22 a ton. The steel industry was a "pauper" again.

Two years ago, after a six-year period of rising production and prices in all lines of industry, as a result of big crops and an enormous increase in the gold production, with a large leaven of confidence, we had another setback in the steel industry. It is of no purpose here to discuss its causes,—they were largely artificial. We had good crops and an increasing flow of new gold, but we had overspeculated in our prosperity and a toppling over of the inverted pyramid of gambling in the hundreds of millions of newly created securities, largely of overcapitalized industrial companies, or "trusts," chilled business confidence. The managers of railroads, fearing a recurrence of the "hard times" of '93 and '94, suddenly curtailed their orders for rails, cars, locomotives, and other steel products, and the steel industry suffered. Furnaces and mills were shut down, and the pig-iron output, which had been rising on an unprecedented scale, fell off from eighteen million to sixteen million, five hundred thousand tons. The rail output declined from three million to two and one-quarter million tons, and the price of pig iron fell precipitately from $24 to $12.50 a ton.

The setback in the steel business, in 1904, became more a matter of public concern than it ever had been before in the history of the country, because, in the industrial boom that halted in 1902, hundreds of millions of dollars of securities of new companies were sold to investors throughout the land. The boldest of these flotations was that of the Steel Trust, by J. P.

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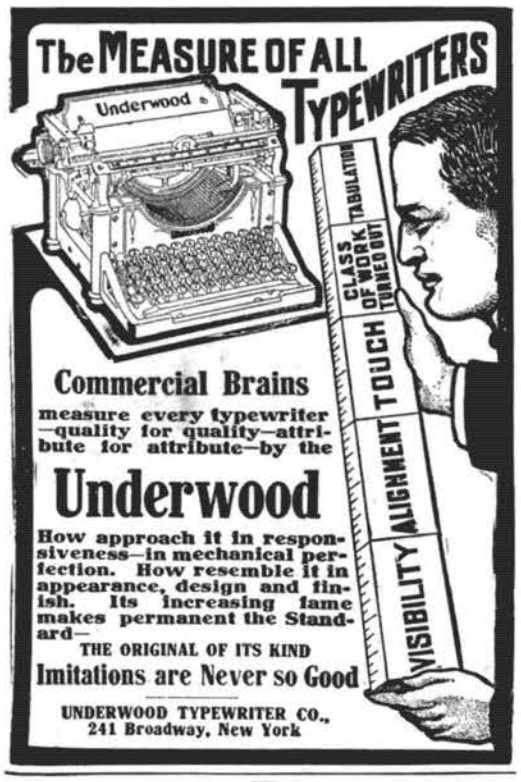

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The effect of declining prices and consumption on the profits of steel-making is to wipe them out in a short time. If a steel company, for example, in "good times," makes a million tons of finished products at a cost of $50 a ton and sells its tonnage at an average price of $68 a ton, it makes $18 a ton, or $18,000,000 on its output. If, in a reaction in the steel business, the company's output declines to seven hundred and fifty thousand tons, while prices fall only twenty-five per cent., with no reduction in operating costs, the profits are cut from $18,000,000 to $1,000,000.

In 1902 the Steel Corporation received $560,000,000 for eight million, two hundred thousand tons of products, which cost to produce $420,000,000. It had a profit, therefore, of $140,000,000. Two years later, although its output had fallen off only seventeen per cent., and the average selling price per ton had declined only four and one-half per cent., and the average cost had risen only four and one-half per cent., the profits declined to $80,000,000, or a loss of forty-three per cent. The Steel Corporation is now producing ten million tons a year. A variation of only $5 a ton, or seven per cent. in the average ton price of its product, if unaccompanied by a variation in cost, means a variation of $50,000,000 a year in its profits. This is enough to pay ten per cent. dividends on the half billion dollars of common stock. This is why Andrew Carnegie says steel is either a "prince" or a "pauper." The increase in profits on an increasing business is accentuated by the fact that the cost of production per unit decreases as the number of units increases. A hundred thousand pairs of shoes, for example, can be made in a factory at a much lower cost per pair than a thousand pairs.

While the railroads are the big consumers of steel the consumption of the metal for other uses is growing at a very rapid rate. The most striking development in the industry, in the past few years, is the demand for structural steel. The American "skyscraper," the growth of the past fifteen years, has opened a new chapter in steel-making. All large commercial buildings and hotels are now built on the steel-skeleton plan, and it is as simple a matter now to erect an office building of thirty stories as one of five. The engineer who draws the plan for a thirty-story, steel-frame building calculates mathematically how strong his skeleton must be to support the brick and stone walls, the floors, and all they are to support, and, when he turns his plan over to the builders, he has estimated the exact weight of structural steel in the building. Just as it is difficult to imagine what great commercial towns like New York would do without the electric car and the telephone, which are the means of intramural transportation and communication, it is even more difficult to imagine what a water-circumscribed city like New York would do without steel-frame buildings. It is conceivable that, within a few years, the average height of office buildings in the financial quarter of New York will be fifteen stories. There are half a hundred buildings in New York now from fifteen to thirty stories high. With a fifteen-story average the housing capacity will be three times what it would be with a five-story average. A typical New York office building, like the Broad Exchange Building, houses three thousand people, and the elevators, eighteen in number, carry from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand passengers a day. Without the modern elevator the "skyscraper" would be useless. In the building of the Broad Exchange eleven thousand tons of steel were used. The Trinity Building, when completed, will have fifteen thousand tons of steel. The New York builders, when their work is not halted by strikes of the building-trade workers, use from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand tons of steel a year. Chicago has in sight, for this year, new buildings which will use fifty thousand tons, of which ten thousand tons will be used in the new County Building. The new Union Bank in Pittsburg will take eight thousand tons. The amount of structural steel now being

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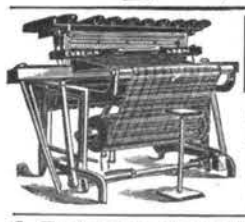

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used by the railroads is enormous. The Pennsylvania has ordered thirty-five thousand tons for its new terminal in the heart of New York, while the New York Central will require twenty thousand tons for its new terminal. Not only above ground, but also below ground, the use of structural steel in large cities is growing rapidly. One of the Hudson River tunnels will need seventy-three thousand tons, or as much as the entire country used thirty-five years ago. As much was used in the building of the New York underground railroad. The use in bridge building is also growing rapidly. American steelmakers are shipping bridge material all over the world.

Among the varied new uses for steel the wire mills have found a very large share. The wire-nail industry is a big one in itself. Our output of wire nails is now more than twelve million kegs a year, or twenty times what it was two decades ago. Still more remarkable is the increase in the output of fence wire. Many American millionaires have made their fortunes out of barbed wire. The fence-wire output is now three hundred and fifty thousand tons, or eight times what it was only five years ago.

The astonishing growth of the American steel industry could not have been possible without men of energy, ambition, and genius to blaze new trails. All the natural resources of the land would never have been developed at such an astounding rate, had not this country been prolific in producing men with a genius for grappling with material problems.

It has been full of rich opportunities. No other industry has paid such lavish rewards to men who have invented new processes, or cheapened the cost of manufacture, or who possessed the genius for organization. Hundreds of men have amassed great fortunes in the smoke of Pittsburg, while thousands are earning the highest wages paid to any workingmen anywhere in the world. And the opportunities to-day are greater than ever before. The American steel industry never before was in more need of men who can do things, nor better able to pay for them.

"A young man who intends to go into the steel business must be prepared to find conditions there different from those of many other lines of business that he might enter," said a prominent steel man, recently. "It is a business that must be learned from the ground up. A new man can not 'get familiar with the line' in a few weeks or months. His equipment should include a knowledge of the very basic elements of the manufacture of iron and steel. To master the subject thoroughly, a man must have some specialized training in the chemistry of the subject, and should then enter the shops and begin his intimate acquaintance with the actual processes of production.

"Pittsburg and other steel centers are full of young men of excellent education and special training who are working in the shops and foundries from early in the morning until late at night, at very meager wages,—seemingly a useless and unnecessary hardship. But they are learning the actual processes and preparing themselves for preëminence. The large companies take on a lot of young men every year, preferably college men of technical bent and training, putting them, in many cases, on the footing of 'apprentices,' and giving them what is, in effect, a practical course of instruction in the business. Of course, a certain number of these men fall by the wayside or drift away. The companies expect this, and aim to gain to their service out of the whole number a few good men who will be worthy of being advanced to the highest places.

"Advancement comes rapidly in some cases. And the rewards are great, not only to the executive heads, but to the workmen, as well, who have become skilled. Out in the mill towns of western Pennsylvania a visitor sees many comfortable, and, in some cases, quite pretentious little homes, and is astonished to find that they are the homes of workers in the steel mills. An expert roller can easily make twenty dollars a day,—a yearly wage as great as that of the general manager of many a smaller industrial concern."

Franklin's Prophetic Insight

Perhaps the most remarkable of the faculties of Franklin were his prophetic insights. In many ways he showed or proved that "the unforeseen was seen by him."

A case in point may suffice, for instance. His experiments with electricity are of a historical nature. His apparatus was, considering the times, of an elaborate sort. Once, when he was entertaining a number of friends at his house, a violent thunderstorm arose, during which some of the ladies present manifested a good deal of fear. In order to quiet them, he took them into a room which he used for his experiments and entertained them with some. Somebody complimented him upon his scientific knowledge and ingenuity. Franklin shook his head almost sadly, and, pointing to his surroundings, said:—

"These things are mere nothings,—the childish sportings of a science which is but in its cradle."

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The world generally deals good-naturedly with good-natured people.

Tight-fitting underwear in hot weather creates unnatural warmth. Wear Loose-fitting

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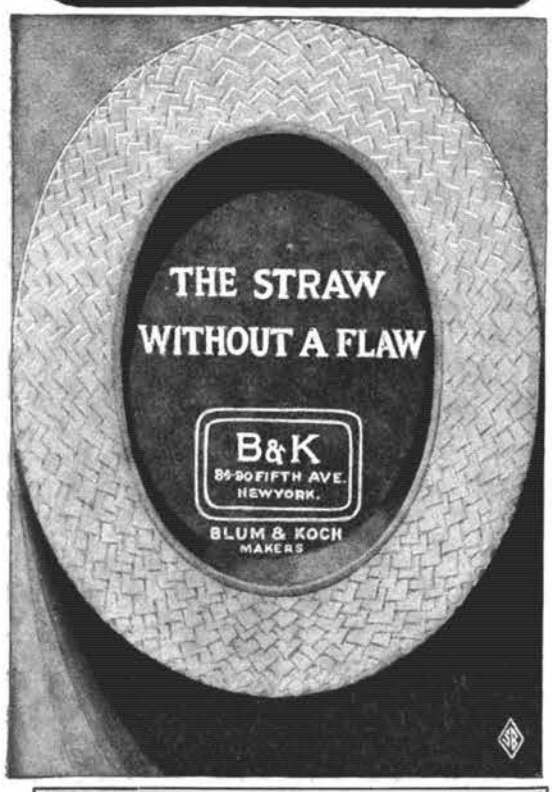

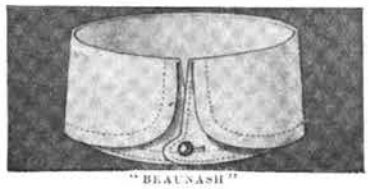

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Two Smart Forms

are portrayed here that are really new and quite uncommon. There's a leaning just now among young men toward collars with a V-shaped opening in front. The "Beaunash" and the "Tobin" reflect the mode with precision.

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The above mark means *linen*, not trashy cotton. Look for it on your collars.

Write for booklet, **"Information About Collars."** It's free. Ask your retailer for *"Triangle"* collars.

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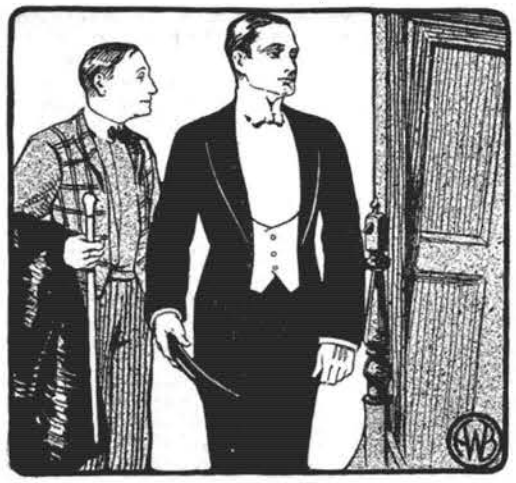

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted by
ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

CHANGES in the essentials of dress always come slowly.

Indeed, it usually takes three or four seasons for the mode to execute a complete face-about. Hence, it is not surprising to find the fashions of this spring treading closely upon those of last autumn and winter. Jackets are still to be long, cut a bit *à la militaire*, rounded in front and with the narrow cuff finish. As I said a year ago, and perhaps again since, we are being markedly influenced in our manner of dress by English standards, though, to be sure, those standards are not accepted in every expression, but are modified to soberer American taste. The fundamental difference between the English and American standard of dress is that the Englishman makes "hang" the supreme consideration while the American pins his faith to "fit." Really, I fancy, it is the union of hang with fit that produces the most harmonious result.

▲ ▲

The spring sack or jacket suit for the man of average height—five feet, eight inches,—will be thirty-one inches long. It will be decidedly shaped to the back and waist and will have full, flaring skirts. The lapels will be about one and three-quarter inches wide and about eight and one-half inches long and will not be pressed flat, but ironed with a soft "roll." This gives the jacket a much more agreeable, "loungier" appearance of graceful softness. The jacket is made without a stiff haircloth front and with a bit of "chestiness" across the breast. The back of the jacket has one deep center vent—about eight inches,—instead of the ten and twelve inch vents which were proper enough with the extremely long jackets, but are clearly incongruous on a shorter garment. The "ultra" jacket for spring is portrayed in the accompanying sketch. It will be observed that this is cut at the bottom with an out swinging edge which deflects from the straight line and forms a sort of bulging curve. I do not especially recommend this cut, though it has the indorsement of those who lean toward the English suggestion in clothes. As an alternative to the cuff finish, many young men will use the double or folded-back cuff, cut exceedingly narrow. This I do recommend, because it tends to differentiate the jacket from the formal coats, and to stamp it unmistakably with an air of informality. Moreover, the fold cuff on jackets is not old enough to have become common and that is a consideration of moment among those who must at all hazards dress differently from their fellows. The vertical pocket is another innovation to which young men have given countenance. The youngster is fond of thrusting his hands into his pockets with an easy-breezy air and the flapless vertical pocket is much better suited to this habit than the regulation horizontal flap pocket. The spring jacket has a breast pocket which is welted, not flapped, though the two side pockets do usually have flaps.

▲ ▲

Five is the customary number of buttons on the spring waistcoat, and it may have a collar or none, it matters not. He who affects the "English" in his clothes will have his waistcoat cut high so that it shows well above his jacket. On the other hand, many men do not like this because it necessitates wearing a narrow cravat. The modish waistcoat is, as hitherto, sharply cut away at the bottom and has a button and a buttonhole which are not supposed to be used. Parenthetically, it may be interesting here to trace the origin of the so-called "mock" button at the bottom of the waistcoat. It was first adopted by horseback riders, who found that their "Tattersall" when buttoned down to the bottom made them tight and uncomfortable in the saddle. Hence one of them simply unfastened the last button and thus the fad was launched. I fancy, though, that the inventor of it has been reverently blessed by unnumbered diners-out who have discovered the added space at the bottom of the waistcoat to be of priceless advantage when the "wine and walnuts" period of the feast is reached. For some time, the "mock" button was quite a fad, but of late it has become a matter of taste.

The 1906 spring style

▲ ▲

Gray and blue are the leading spring colors, and it is not remarkable that gray clings so tenaciously to favor, as such admirable new cloths have been introduced. The very latest for spring are so-called "shadow" plaids which are indeterminate plaids on gray grounds not visible to the casual eye and only to be seen on closer scrutiny. These are notably new and markedly fashionable.

▲ ▲

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.]

GARLOCK.—The correct dress for the bridegroom at a day wedding (this means up to six o'clock,) is the black frock coat, gray striped trousers, white waistcoat, white shirt, poke or lap-front collar, white or gray Ascot cravat, (according to the color of the gloves worn,) white

The Wrong — The Right

FITS AND MISFITS.—No. 1

If you run to avoirdupois, if you are inclined to obesity, be sure that your clothes are made sufficiently large to cover your body. Nothing is so ridiculous as to see a fat man going about with a little sack coat clinging so tightly to his body that it shows every curve. When you order clothes from your tailor insist that they shall hang from your body and not fit snug. In this manner you create a figure. Nothing wrinkles and wears so quickly as ordinary clothing and the minute it begins to show the sign of wear it is harrowing. So if you are a big man have your clothing made big enough. Remember that the bigger the ship the more sail it can carry.

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or gray gloves, patent-leather shoes, and silk hat. Or, if the frock seems a bit over-formal, the cut-away or semi-frock may be substituted, and the details of dress are the same as with the frock coat. The bridegroom is expected to supply the Ascots and gloves worn by his best man and ushers, and to present to them some memento of the occasion, such as a cravat pin or a pair of gold or jeweled cuff buttons. For a circumstantial account of the wedding ceremony see SUCCESS MAGAZINE for February, 1906.

A Folded Four-in-Hand and Wing Collar

* * * *

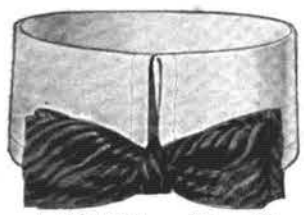
FOREST.—At the graduation exercises of a boys' high school the scholars usually wear Tuxedo suits, though if they are anywhere from eighteen years upward, evening suits would be more proper. It is clearly impossible though, to apply to boys the same rigid rules as govern men, and therefore any black suit with white linen and a black tie would be in good form.

* * * *

PRUYN.—Both single and double-breasted coats will be worn this spring and summer according to personal preference. There is only this point to be remembered,—while a square cut sack is extremely becoming to a tall man, it makes the slight man look undersized. The spring coats will be a trifle shorter than last season and slightly shaped to the waist. Waistcoats are still cut high and show above the coat lapels. The bottom corners in front are decidedly rounded. So-called "peg-top" trousers have not been in fashion for several years. Have your trousers cut full around hip and knee and moderately full at the bottom. Gray and blue and indeterminate plaids in both these colors are much indorsed. The question of colors, though, should be determined rather by what suits a man's physical peculiarities than by the mode. Some men, to illustrate, absolutely can not wear brown, while to others it is very becoming.

* * * *

ANN ARBOR.—When the "Tuxedo" jacket was introduced it was intended altogether for club use. Manifestly, it was impossible to lounge comfortably in a tailed coat and stiff collar, so the "Tuxedo" was designed in response to the widespread demand for a free-and-easy garment. Some men, not blessed with a sense of the fitness of things, misused the "Tuxedo" with the result that there is to-day a decided reaction against it. Purely and primarily a lounging jacket, it should never be worn at any ceremonious affair, at which women are to be met. The only exception to this are family dinners and gatherings, which are marked by an intimate and very informal spirit. The whole question is simply one of good taste, and good taste requires that a man show both by his manner and his dress a nice deference to the gentler sex. A simple evening call, or a little evening at cards, such as you mention, does not call for special evening dress at all. On the contrary, one may wear the cutaway with perfect propriety. It is only the avowedly formal affair which necessitates the "swallowtail" coat and its accessories.



A Fold Collar and Bow Tie

* * *

ARLINGTON.—Summer trousers will be worn turned up at the bottom, as usual, and it is wise to have them made a few inches longer than spring trousers, so that they will fit comfortably. You are mistaken in assuming that the turning up of the trousers bottoms is only a "fad." On the contrary, it is a custom founded upon good sense and fitness. Very few men have mastered the trick of keeping their trousers up without suspenders, and with a belt they are almost sure to trail at the heel and scrape the ground unless the bottoms are folded up. Bear in mind, though, that only trousers made of such soft stuffs as flannel, tweed, and homespun should be turned up at the bottom, and then only during the blistering days of summer.

* * * *

CARR.—If a very wide white bow hides your evening collar, wear a narrow bow. In our fashion information

THE man who takes pride in his personal appearance, who has a clear conception of what he wants, will find it in Kuppenheimer Clothes — he'll also have the advantage in "first impressions."

You will always be in good company if you wear Kuppenheimer Clothes. Let our Guarantee Label be your guide. Go to the merchant in your city who advertises Kuppenheimer Clothes.

A booklet, Styles for Men, volume 38, sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

MAKERS OF GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

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A Good Style

Here's a good collar for every-day wear—the Corliss-Coon "Rumford"—2 for 25c.

It comes close together at the top, but rounds off sharply, allowing wide space for the stylish large four-in-hand.

"Rumford" is an easy collar to put on, and the tie slips easily into place.

Corliss-Coon Collars are made to fit perfectly. They set well, bringing out their good lines of style.

These collars are expensively made — the Corliss-Coon way — but you get collars at two for a quarter that look unusually well, are comfortable and outwear others — no matter what you pay.

They Wear Longer Here

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Ask your furnisher to show you Corliss-Coon Collars, or write at once for "Collar Kinks"—our book of new and leading styles. If your dealer does not willingly send for any style you like, we will supply you by mail direct from our factory on receipt of the price—2 for 25c.—$1.50 per dozen.

Write at once for "Collar Kinks" or send 25c. for two Rumford Collars and enjoy their perfect fit, good style and long wear.

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EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

ALWAYS EASY

The high-cut spring waistcoat

we give the weight of opinion concerning a mode, but we do not expect every man to adopt every fashion regardless of whether it is fitted to him or he to it. The best-dressed man is he who follows the golden middle path and makes becomingness to the individual his first consideration. For example, we think that the poke and the lap-front collars are much more distinguished-looking with evening clothes than the wing collar, and yet there are men a-plenty who absolutely can not wear a tightly fitting collar such as the poke and the lap front. These must wear the wing. True fashion is not based upon the slavish observance of a set of hard-and-fast rules, but upon common sense.

Correct Principles in Footwear

By WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON

THE subject of footwear seriously concerns almost every individual, as most of us use our feet the greater part of the waking hours. Physical culture is receiving the keenest attention, and walking in the open air has been scientifically demonstrated one of the best forms of general exercise, and one of the greatest benefits to health. For this reason, the proper clothing of the feet becomes of vital importance.

Sixty per cent. (we might be more nearly correct if we said seventy-five,) of adults have some form, or degree, of flat foot, often causing the most excruciating pain, affecting the whole nervous system, and reaching to the brain. The beginning of nervous breakdown is very often caused by ill-fitting shoes.

The human foot has the most complex mechanism of any portion of the body. There are twenty-six bones, peculiarly constructed and put together, each yielding, bending, or moving in some way, whenever the body is in motion. Owing to the delicate, flexible structure of the bones they are especially liable to deformity. Their functions are a marvelous provision for strength, elasticity, and freedom of movement, and should be carefully studied.

▲ ▲

The most important part of a shoe is the heel, (inside,) next is the arch, then the ball and toe. Unless the shoes are adapted to meet the normal features of the foot, there is always discomfort, and often torture in walking.

What kind of shoes are worn and wherein do they fail to meet the natural requirements of the feet? Most of the present style of shoes are too long from the back of the shoe to the ball, too short from the ball to the toe, and give little or no support to the arch of the foot. The heel inside of the shoe is made unnecessarily large and too flat. This, with the entire lack of support to the arch, allows the foot to slide forward in the shoe while walking, and causes a tremendous strain upon the cords and muscles of the ankle joint, which is the beginning of flat foot.

The heel of the foot is round, or, more accurately, egg-shaped, and should have a similar shape to rest on in the shoe. The heel receives the whole weight of the body first, and should receive normal support.

There are many details and technical features regarding the construction of the heel of a last which are important to the wearer, but of which manufacturers show little interest. The shoe should also hold up the scaphoid, or instep bones. Nine-tenths of the strength of the foot comes down the inside of the instep into the great toe. This shows the need of support for the arch, and calls for the most scientific and painstaking modeling of lasts.

▲ ▲

Ready-made clothing has been so throughly systematized that men of almost every variation in form and size can be neatly and well fitted. Why should not shoes be made with the same perfection of system and classification? There is as great a variety in shapes of feet as in forms of bodies, heads, or faces, and, because the feet bear the weight of the body, it is of greatest importance that they should be properly fitted.

Children need classified shoes. Their feet grow very rapidly from six to thirteen or fourteen years, and at the latter age are about as long as they will ever be. No conventional shoe is made which provides for this rapid growth, consequently most children wear shoes too short. These force the great toe outward and make a wide toe-joint, which can never be wholly restored. This, in a degree, causes the instep bones to flatten, or the arch of the foot to fall, and greatly weakens the motive power of the body. A special last providing for a wide toe-joint should be made for this

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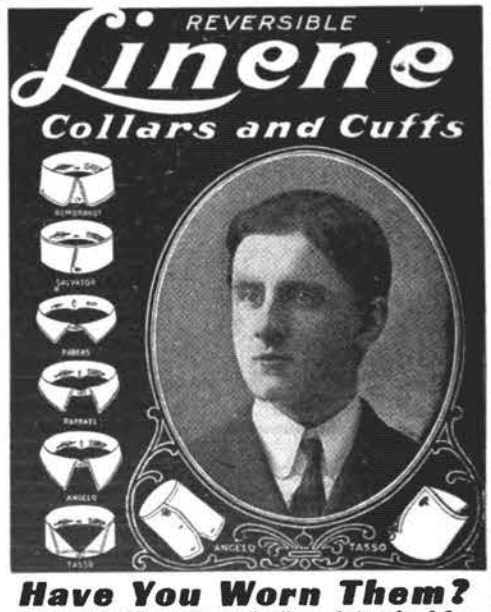

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Not "celluloid"—not "paper" collars;—but made of fine cloth, exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. Price at stores, 25 cents for box of ten (2½ cents each).

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled discard. By mail, 10 collars or 5 pairs cuffs, 30 cents. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cents in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. M, Boston, Mass.

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class of feet. This one class of shoes (and there are dozens of others,) is very much needed, and the public are vainly demanding it. If made, this class alone would keep the largest factory in the country running day and night and would not even then half supply the demand.

A large proportion of feet have the second and third toes nearly as long as the great toe. This form requires a wide-toe shoe, for the toes are the propelling power of the body. If such a shaped foot is cramped into a narrow-toed shoe, the dorsal bones are wedged together, and, becoming inflamed, people think they have rheumatism in their feet. This inflamation often affects the limb up to and above the knee, causing intense pain. A last should be modeled for thin, bony feet, while a very different one should be provided for short, thick, fleshy feet.

Another form should be made for people who are obliged to be on their feet continually through the day, such as salesmen, school-teachers, nurses, policemen, railroad men, and expressmen. Students should give their footwear the most careful attention. Brain workers can not afford to lose or waste any nervous energy. Perfect fitting shoes are restful to the whole nervous system.

What will bring about a decided and permanent improvement in footwear?

The public should continuously and persistently demand from the retailer a shoe which shall support the arch of the foot, hold the heel firmly, prevent great strain upon the ankle joint, and provide room enough for the toes. Such a shoe must be made on a comparatively straight last, with no "spiral twist," and without freak styles in the shape of the toe.

The "Two-Ninety-Eight" Derby

A Tale of the Hat Trade

By H. D. VARNUM

COMPETITION between rival firms dealing in similar lines of goods does not always cause underhand methods to be used to win customers from each other, but there are cases where traveling men have not hesitated to employ unscrupulous schemes to get the better of competing salesmen. It never happened to me but once. It was during the recent bitter fight in the hat trade. I had gone West with a line of felts, intending to work the Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois markets, and from there further toward the Pacific Coast. My route had been mapped out very carefully in the office, but it happened that I reached Cincinnati twenty-four hours ahead of the schedule. On notifying the house of my arrival, I received a wire in reply. It read as follows:—

"Information received that S. W. and P. are hurting us through Middle West. Watch for them, especially Kelly, who is now in Ohio. Keep us fully posted."

As I knew of the acrimonious warfare being waged between certain hat firms, the telegram did not surprise me. I resolved to keep a sharp eye out, however, and to fight back at the first sign of trouble. The opportunity came sooner than I anticipated.

The first local firm on my list was the department house of Cutting and Jones. It had been a very good customer in the past, and I felt assured of a reasonably large order, so I strolled into its place, shortly before noon, with my sample boy carring some extra fine stock which had been held out of the trunks. The manager returned my greeting with a curt nod, which I noticed at once.

"Been wanting to see you," he said, briefly. "I wrote your house day before yesterday. What in the world is the matter with your stock? Half a dozen hats have been brought back, during the past three days, by persons who do not hesitate to call us fakes and cheats. We can 't stand for anything like that, you know. It 's that Regent shape, too, which you talked up so much."

At first I was nonplused; then, like a flash, the wording of the firm's telegram recurred to me. I was certain that I could see the fine Italian hand of the S. W. and P. Company's man, Kelly, in this sudden failure of the Regent hat, which was our favorite derby. The question was, how to prove it, and also, how to placate Cutting and Jones.

"Have you many Regents left in stock?" I asked.

"About twenty, I should think. What has that got to do with it?"

"May I look at them?" I asked, ignoring his question.

The manager led the way to his hat department, which was located in one corner of the second floor, As we entered the space we heard a man say to one of the clerks:—

"When I gave you two dollars and ninety-eight cents for a derby, I thought I was getting my money's worth, instead of this rotten bonnet. Look at that brim. It tore before I had had the hat two days. Say, what kind of a joint is this place, anyway?"

The manager nudged me and whispered: "There you are. It 's another Regent. Did n't I tell—"

"Mr. Richards, if you want to do me a great favor, get that man to come to your office," I interrupted, hastily. "Get him there under some pretext, and I 'll give you

Old "Dr. Goose" is a Great Friend of the Tailor

THE Flat-iron is the "dope" of the clothing business.

With the hot pressing Iron a slack section of cloth can be *SHRUNKEN* in a minute, to any desired degree.

Or a tight section may be *stretched* to any given degree in the same manner, at trifling cost as compared to the sincere hand-needle-work required to produce a similar result in a *permanent* manner.

* * *

Now practically 80 per cent. of all clothes are *faked* into shape in the making, by Old Dr. Goose, the hot Flat-iron.

And, any Garment that owes its shape to the *Flat-iron* will need the *constant* use of that same Flat-iron to *keep it* in shape.

That's a big thing to remember, Reader.

We are telling you about this vital point of Style-insurance, and Economy in Shape-retention, because *we* are makers of the "Sincerity-Clothes."

And every "Sincerity" Garment is faithfully shaped to a finish *by the needle* instead of by the faky Flat-iron.

* * *

Every defect in workmanship of Sincerity Clothes is investigated and, when found, is permanently corrected by Sincere *hand-needle-work*, instead of by the quick, easy, and tricky Flat-iron.

That's practical Shape-insurance—isn't it?

And, a Coat so made, inspected, and so revised (if necessary) will hang well, look square shouldered without excessive padding, and *keep* its shape with one-third the "Pressing" that a Coat *faked into* shape by the Flat-iron would need.

To men who would dress well on a moderate outlay this fact is mighty important.

* * *

Now, if Shape-insurance, and Style-retention are *worth* anything to you, Mr. Reader, look for the label of the "Sincerity Clothiers" on your next Coat or Overcoat.

That label reads, as follows:

"SINCERITY CLOTHES"

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY

KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.

CHICAGO

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Hawes $3 HATS

2802

4371

THE HATS OF LATEST VOGUE

4370

HAWES, VON GAL CO., Inc.

FACTORIES—DANBURY, CONN.

WHOLESALE OFFICES:

NEW YORK—CHICAGO

BOSTON

U.S.A.

4372

FOR EVERY FACE FIGURE AND FANCY

GUARANTEED

On the "Money Back" basis, to give better all-around hat satisfaction than comes with hats offered at nearly twice the $3 price.

The Hawes $3 Hats are made and marketed by modern methods in largest quantities and the greatest varieties of styles, shapes and colors, and are sold to a larger number of discriminating wearers than any other hat offered at an equal or higher price.

2803

HIGHEST AWARDS AT ST. LOUIS AND PORTLAND

MAIL ORDERS

In the cities where we have no Agency the hats shown herewith are delivered, express paid, at all points covered by Express Companies, on receipt of $3.25. (The extra 25 cents is for express delivery.) Send your orders to our factories, Danbury, Conn., with your age, height and waist measure; giving the size of hat worn and naming the hat number and color wanted. The hats are made in light, medium and dark brown and pearl, and black.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE S, 1906

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OUR BROAD CLAIM

is that no fashionable haberdasher will sell you the equal of any of the goods we offer, at anything like our prices. We deliver at your door, all charges paid. We take all the chances, knowing we must please you or refund your money. We have no store rent to pay—no salesmen. We keep but a few samples in our office, and receive from day to day only what goods are necessary to fill our orders—often, in fact, shipping direct from factory. You are sure to get no old stock—or old styles.

OUR OFFER: We will send postpaid on receipt of price, any of the goods named below, subject to your approval. Everything is guaranteed to be as represented. If dissatisfied with the goods, you may return them, and we will exchange them or refund your money, as you wish. Under this offer you are taking no chances.

If we did not do just as we say, responsible magazines would refuse our advertisements.

We make our reputation on our NECKTIES. Examine those you are paying 50c. for at your retailer's. Note how the silk wears off the surface, showing the cotton back. Then examine the one of ours and see that the material is all silk. Retailers will ask you 75c. or $1.00 each for good ties of this kind. We sell you at wholesale prices, though you need not buy large quantities.

"This is the tie that binds."

FOUR-IN-HAND TIES: All silk, full size and length, will outwear two or three of the regular 50c. kind. Latest New York styles and patterns. We can send you plain white or black, silk or satin, or assorted colors that will please the most fastidious.. **$3 for box of 6**

LONG STRING OR CLUB TIES to wear with pleated bosom or negligee shirts, or for ladies' wear. All silk, 50 inches long, 1¼ inches wide, assorted colors, or in plain black or white silk or satin..... **$3 for box of 6**

BAT TIES for evening wear, with standing or turn-down collars, all silk, in black, white or assorted colors. **$3 for box of 6**

No ties made up; all to be tied by wearer.

The Metropolitan style, and exclusive designs and high quality that mark our ties is characteristic of everything else we offer you.

WHITE SHIRTS: Pleated linen bosom, open front, full length so as to be used if desired without waistcoat. Body best muslin..... **6 for $7.50**

DRESS SHIRTS: Three-ply, open front and back. Size 9½ in., 11 in. and 13 in. from collar-button to bottom of bosom. Cuffs attached or detached. Made also in coat style **6 for $7.50**

Extra quality, 4-ply, 14½ in. linen bosom, open front and back with eyelets for studs; also coat style; equal to any $2.00 shirt on the market **6 for $9.00**

COLORED SHIRTS: Fine Percale Negligee Shirts, with or without cuffs attached, with pockets. With or without pleated bosom..... **6 for $7.50**

The same in Madras **6 for $9.00**

DRESS BOSOM SHIRTS: In colored Percale, striped or figured, 3-ply bosom, full length, open front and back, or in coat style, detached cuffs..... **6 for $7.50**

The same in four-ply Madras ..... **6 for $9.00**

COMBINATION UNDERWEAR:

No. 400.—Short sleeves, knee or ankle length in white, pink, blue or flesh color..... **2 sets for $6**

No. 90.—Combination suit, white and ecrue; the daintiest piece of underwear a man ever put on in warm weather; made of fine twisted Sea-island cotton; fit like tights..... **$9.00 per one-half dozen**

PAJAMAS:

8 suits Sateen Pajamas, blue, white or pink.....**$7.50**

8 suits Percale.....**$4.00**

8 suits Madras **$6.00**

Always send these measurements when ordering shirts or underwear: size of collar worn, size of neckband, chest measure and length from point 2 inches below back collar button to point of shoulder, thence to wrist. Thus, 9-21-32. This insures perfect fit.

SUSPENDERS: Finest quality, full elastic, full length, in white, gray or black, regular $1.00 kind..... **$1.00 for box of 2 pairs**

METROPOLITAN FAST BLACK HOSE: The very finest and most satisfactory that ever went on men's feet. Like our neckties, these socks have made us lots of friends. We have seen poorer quality socks retail at 50c. per pair. Unquestionably the best bargain you ever had offered you. Our price..... **Box of 6 pairs, $1.50**

REMEMBER, everything sent prepaid. Anything not satisfactory may be returned for exchange, or refund of your money. Send by P. O. or Express Money Order, or add 10 cents to check to cover exchange.

Our Motto: "A Satisfied Customer Comes Again."

Send for Descriptive Letter.

Metropolitan Neckwear Co., 1 Madison Avenue, New York

Metropolitan Building.

Made for Men Women and Children

Radium Shoulder Brace

Makes your shoulders square and your lungs strong. **We guarantee** it will correct stooping shoulders, promote deep breathing, make your lungs strong, assure good health. **Not a harness**, weighs only seven ounces. **Physicians recommend it.** At dealers or sent by mail, prepaid, sateen $1.00, silk $1.50, white or drab. In ordering give chest measure around body under arms. Send to-day for free book.

ILLINOIS SUSPENDER COMPANY
Dept. G, 163 Market St., Chicago, Ill.

Collars and Cuffs

"BARKER BRAND"

MADE OF LINEN

1/4 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 3/4 SIZES

the surprise of your life. No, please, do n't ask any questions. You will soon see what I am driving at."

I rather think the manager caught a glimmering of the truth, for he left me and politely asked the fellow to give him the pleasure of a few minutes' private conversation. The irate customer, who was a shifty-eyed sort of individual, obeyed with evident reluctance. He and the manager had hardly entered the former's office when I joined them. There was no time lost in preliminaries. I had mapped out my plan of action, and, although it seemed to be a desperate expedient, I felt angry enough to take long chances.

Without giving the fellow an opportunity to dodge, I caught him and forced him up against the partition.

"Now I want a confession out of you, and I want it quick," I said, savagely. "You have been hired by a man named Kelly to 'knock' that hat. There are about a dozen of you thugs in the game, and I 'll have every one in jail before dark. Furthermore, I intend to take about thirty dollars' worth of satisfaction out of your hide. What have you to say?"

I gave the fellow an extra twist with my hands, and then he began to whimper. I knew then that I was on the right track. He made a complete confession, and, as luck would have it, he had barely concluded his description of how he had been employed by a stranger who had promised him five dollars, when the door opened and a stout, middle-aged man entered. It was Kelly.

Before either Richards or I could utter a word, the salesman for the S. W. and P. Company backed out and disappeared. He was fairly caught in his own trap. When I left Cutting and Jones's store, that noon, after placing a most satisfactory order with Richards, the latter said:—

"You can thank your stars that you guessed right that time, old man. If you had made a mistake and had attacked the wrong customer, it would have cost you a pretty penny, and our trade, too."

"'All 's well that ends well,' you know," I retorted, but he was right. Anyway, I have never explained to my house just how I caught Kelly. There are some details it is well to forget.

He Worked the Pass too Hard

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

"I HAD my chance many years ago," said a moderately successful business man, meditatively, "and I was not wise enough to take advantage of it. A little wisdom at that time might have brought me success.

"I was made director of a little railroad that afterwards became part of a great system. As a matter of fact, the great system owned the little road from its inception, but there were reasons why it should be managed temporarily as a separate property. So I was given the necessary stock, which was allowed to be in my personal possession only long enough for me to indorse it in blank, and an annual pass over all the roads of the great system. I knew nothing about the "dummy" director business at that time, and took my railroad-director job as a great joke. I knew about as much about railroads as a cow knows about gunpowder. You see, all great promoters and financiers need directors in their business. When they get a good one, who has the technical knowledge that enables him to do the right thing in the right way at the right time, they glue to him and make a prominent and successful citizen of him. It is a right profitable profession in some instances, and it might have been in my case. The great system needed a director, and, if I had made good, I probably would now be on the inside in many great undertakings, and on so many boards of directors that I would have to have a clerk to keep track of them. But I was young and foolish,—and the pass was my undoing."

"I never had a pass before," he sighed; "I always had had to pay cash for everything, and this seemed too good a chance to lose. I began traveling. The great system ran trains to many places that I wanted to visit, and I visited some towns that I did n't care about just for the sake of using the pass. The conductors and the porters were so deferential that it flattered me. I just hunted for excuses to go somewhere on the great system.

"Meanwhile, the business of putting things in shape to merge the little road with the great system was going merrily on, but I was not attending the directors' meetings. Somehow, they always seemed to hold these just when I had important business with the pass, and the meetings were dull, while the pass gave me great divertisement. As I did n't know anything about railroading, anyhow, I could n't see why my absence should make any difference. But one day I received formal notice that my pass had been canceled, and a request to return it. I did so in person.

"'Is n't a director entitled to a pass?' I demanded.

"'But you are no longer a director,' I was informed.

"'How is that?' I asked, indignantly. 'My term has n't expired, and I certainly have written no letter of resignation.'

"'Quite true,' was the suave reply, 'but a man must be a stockholder to be a director, and you naturally ceased to be a director when you ceased to be a stockholder. The stock that you signed in blank was filled in and transferred to another. You did n't seem to be much interested in the road.'

"And that," added the business man, "is how I stumbled on the threshold of a career."

We wouldn't pull the wool over any man's **eyes.**

He who appropriates $20 for a suit made for him will receive the maximum of value in both fabric and workmanship, but of course not the quality and grade that the man who pays $35 will procure.

We make a specialty of good workmanship that only the best local tailors' product equals, and at prices not exceeding those of the better class of ready-made clothing.

In our line of 500 patterns of woolens, men of whatever taste or station in life are provided for.

Ed. V. Price & Company

Merchant Tailors 276 Franklin St., Chicago

Ask your dealer to show you samples of our cloths, and insist on wearing clothes that are made for you.

Suits $12.50

Made to Your Order

$6 Trousers Free

Perfect Fit Guaranteed

$100 FORFEIT *will be paid to anyone who can prove that we do not cut, trim and make every suit and extra trousers strictly to order.*

FREE

We will send you free of charge handsome assortment of high-grade all-wool cloth samples of the very latest fabrics, together with new Spring Fashion Plates, and will make for you strictly to your order, a Suit for $12.50, $15, $18 or $20, and give you an extra pair of $6 all-wool Trousers, absolutely free.

Money Refunded If Not Satisfactory

If you want the satisfaction of having your new Suit cut, trimmed and tailored to your order, and to fit you perfectly; if you wish to save $10 to $15 in cash; and if you will accept a pair of $6 Trousers made to your measure, as a present, write today for our Samples, Fashion Plates, Tape Measure, Order Blanks, asking for special Free Trouser Samples, which will be sent you by return mail, postpaid.

Owen T. Moses & Co. 215 Moses Bldg. Chicago

References: Our 1,000,000 satisfied customers or the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock, $250,000.

COMMON SENSE SUSPENDERS

DO NOT SLIDE FROM THE SHOULDERS

Elastic throughout

Yield to every motion of the body

Made in long, medium and short lengths

Price 50c

Sold at all stores or by mail postpaid.

Common Sense Suspender Co., Morristown, N.J.

START MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS at your home; stop working for others; big profits; money comes with orders; our plan for starting beginners is a "SURE WINNER." Particulars for stamp. A. FRANKLIN-HOWARD Co., Kansas City, Mo.

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ıey as the Astors Did

O=DAY
)LN
;TRIAL SUBURB

.les from Broadway
roads
ains a day
:ys every 15 minutes
water

.ed streets
rs
y modern convenience

) lots in the heart of the town at $95

new homes that will be needed. Think how this rill increase the value of Lincoln property.
xpect that in the coming year several other new ıg concerns will build their plants on our property ir employees to Lincoln.
ıad years of experience in the real estate business ıon of this broad United States, but we are more ınd have a firmer faith in the future of this project than of any other real estate operation with which we have been connected.

ıts at Lincoln

BETTER THAN LIFE INSURANCE

One very unusual and particularly desirable feature that is included in the buying of a Lincoln lot is the protective clause.

If you should die before you have made all the payments, your wife, children or estate will be given the deed to the property without a single additional payment. This is the best kind of protection. You can get it in force at once. The moment you deposit $5.00 in the mails, your life will be protected for the full value of the lot, and the $5.00 will begin to earn profits on the entire investment.

This makes the purchase of a lot not only an unusually good investment, but ıst kind of a protection as well.
could be sold at any time, and your beneficiaries ı realise on their property just as if it were an ordinıce policy.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

agree to pay in cash your railroad fare if you live 0 miles of New York—in case you make the trip to ıd find one word of this advertisement a misrepresent-

ıw that if you will visit Lincoln you will purchase a could not help being as enthusiastic as we are now.
ın though you cannot visit Lincoln you can and should ne or more of its lots. You wish to make money—ıd easily if possible. Moreover, you do not wish to danger of losing your money.
is no better way to make money rapidly and easily vest judiciously in New York real estate.
of the wealthy people you know or know about. Did of them make their money, or at least their start, in e.
hance is every bit as good.
er investment exists.

SOME EVIDENCE

re want you to read a few letters we have received from citizens of Lincoln. See what others think. Its the of proof.

ıly I located in Lincoln principally because I found it nt to my business. It is a central point from which there of train service and a good trolley line passes the door. street there is gas and water, electric lights and in fact provement, and as far as health is concerned I cannot end Lincoln too highly. CLINTON C. PLUME.

ı lived in the town of Lincoln for the last five years ıld not change except for a big consideration. It nly the most healthful place I have ever seen. r is unknown to our family. e pleasure in recommending this place to any) wishes to make it his home.
CHARLES ROMPH.

ıated in Lincoln eight years ago as a carpenter as I was attracted to the place both for business and as it was one of the most healthful places in this part of the state.

My residence here has been very satisfactory in every way and I hope soon to see lots of mechanics coming in.
J. C. DAVIS.

And notice in particular the following letter from the Atlas M. & M. Company, whose big factory affords employment to a great many Lincoln citizens.

"With reference to your inquiry as to conditions at Lincoln, N. J., for manufacturing industries, would say that we located at this place nine years ago, and in that time have never had a single regret on account of having chosen this as a permanent location.

We find the facilities for handling freight both in and out to be excellent, the C. R. R. of N. J. connecting with all the "trunk lines" and giving excellent service.

Coal supply is as favorable here as any location that we have knowledge of in the state of New Jersey, and certainly far more favorable than many points.

Owing to our ability to reach almost any part of New York City quickly and conveniently it is possible for us to conduct almost all of the commercial details of our business direct from here.

Since locating here we have made several additions to our plant and are preparing at this time to further extend our business by adding to our present plant.

Facilities for obtaining help of all classes are excellent and we have never suffered from lack of help.

So far as our experience goes all reasonable business and manufacturing requirements are met here,
THE ATLAS M. & M. COMPANY.

These are only samples, but they reflect the spirit in which people who know regard Lincoln.

Their endorsements mean more than anything we could say.

THE MATTER IN A NUT SHELL

We are offering you an opportunity of making money easily, rapidly and with little outlay, with no risk and with no effort.

By sending $5.00 to-day you can secure a lot for $95 which will be exactly like the ones we are going to begin selling at much higher prices as soon as the Spring comes.

By paying for your lot in easy, little installments, you will in a comparatively short time own real estate that is almost certain to triple in value while you are paying for it. You will deposit your $5.00 each month through us just as you would in a savings bank. Your money will be just as safe and decidedly more profitable.

YOU WILL BE SAFE

You can feel perfectly safe in doing business with us.

We have been selling all kinds of real estate for eight years.

We have the largest real estate business in the country.

During all these eight years we have been right here in Philadelphia. We are not strangers to you. You have undoubtedly seen our advertising time and time again during the past seven years.

Most of the big houses in Philadelphia can tell you who we are. So can the big mercantile agencies, Dun's and Bradstreet's. We can refer you to National banks in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago as to our financial standing.

We can refer you to thousands of satisfied investors who have placed with us over $2,000,000 for investment—and who have received in return, in the past three years, $324,500 in dividends.

Many of these people are in your own state. Some of them may be in your own town.

You are taking no chances whatever when you do business with us.

Decide To-day We do not want you to invest a dollar until you are absolutely certain that your investment will be a safe and profitable one. Make your decision as a result of your best judgment, but be prompt. Now, if ever, is the time to invest. Only 50 lots have been reserved for the readers of this advertisement. They must be sold within thirty days or they will be held for the regular price. These 50 lots are among the best in the town—right in the heart of the unsold territory. As soon as your $5.00 is received we will pick out one of the very best of the remaining lots for you. Then if for any reason you prefer some other lot, we will transfer it to you without extra charge. Or if the lot we choose for you is not in every way what we claim it to be, we will return your money with interest. But quick action is necessary here. If you can save $5.00 a month from your income, and want to double your income, sit down, fill out the coupon printed below, pin a $5.00 bill to it, and mail it to us to-day. If the 50 lots are all gone when your money comes, we will return your $5.00 promptly. Be sure of a lot by writing now—this minute, you will never regret it. It will be the best investment you ever made.

Sign this Coupon, pin a $5 bill to it, and mail it to us to-day

W. M. OSTRANDER
(Inc.)
391 North American Building
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find $5 as first payment on a LINCOLN lot. It is understood that you will select for me a good lot, and that if the property is not as you represent it you will return my money with interest. I will pay the balance ($90) at the rate of $5 a month for 18 months.
Yours truly,

Name _____

Address _____

_____

ER, (INC.)

)ELPHIA

Street

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SUCCESSFUL *Through* SYSTEM

A Successful Wholesaler

"The value of SYSTEM as a business magazine can never be estimated accurately. By direct instruction and constant timely suggestions, it turns many a life, not only of an individual, but of an institution, into a different channel. And the change is always more profitable."

Alexander H. Revell,
President, Alexander H. Revell & Co.

A Successful Retailer

"No business can succeed without system, the principle, and no business man can afford to be without SYSTEM, the business magazine. It is one of the best helps I know of and every aspiring merchant in the land ought to have it. I recommend it to every business man and clerk."

Samuel Brill,
Of Brill Brothers.

A Successful Manufacturer

"I have been a subscriber to SYSTEM since it was first published and have received many good ideas. I believe that any man, employee or employer, seeking improvement, can use SYSTEM to good advantage. It is especially helpful in its description of actual systems."

Walter H. Cottingham,
General Manager, Sherwin-Williams Co.

A Successful Sales Manager

"SYSTEM is to the unsystematic business man what an oasis is to a desert traveler. It leads him out of the wilderness of detail and confusion. It shows him the paths that lead away from despair and loss into the goal of profit, satisfaction and success."

J. W. Binder,
Commercial Graphophone Department,
Columbia Phonograph Co.

What SYSTEM has done for these men it can and will do for you

A Successful Accountant

"You are certainly to be congratulated on your current issue. It presents an unusually strong series of practical, helpful articles, pertinent to any business man or manufacturer. In appearance, in make-up, in advertising patronage, SYSTEM is the acme of excellence" CHAS. A. SWEETLAND,
Auditor and Systematizer.

A Successful Physician

SYSTEM is a perpetual gold mine! Pay ore every month! It is a bullion to the business world. M. HUDDLESON, M. D.

A Successful Insurance Agent

When I first took SYSTEM I had no idea whatever of modern business methods. Today it is a recognized fact that I have the most up-to-date system found in any small town in this province. And the men who tell me this are men in a position to know.
FRANK P. WRIGHT.

A Successful Broker

You are right. I cannot and **will not** do without SYSTEM as long as I can raise the necessary two dollars. C. D. VINCII,
The West End Finance Co.

A Successful Cost Accountant

I have been a subscriber to SYSTEM ever since it was a tiny pamphlet, and if you had never published anything whatever but J. P. Blake's articles entitled "The Application of General Burdens," I would still feel that I had a good big return for my money. I would advise anyone who comes up against any cost problems to keep this magazine at hand. R. W. MCDOWELL.

A Successful Mail Order Man

SYSTEM is particularly valuable to those engaged in soliciting trade in mail. We always find something of interest and valuable in each mail. MILWAUKEE BAG CO.

A Successful Real Estate Man

I learned more from a year's reading of SYSTEM than from ten years of hard knocks in business. F. A. PHILBRICK.

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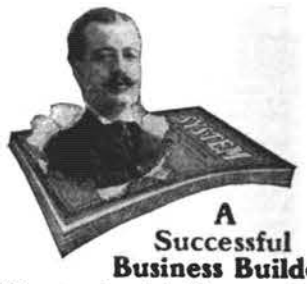

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