

The Genius of George Westinghouse, by Arthur Warren

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE

MAY

1906



THE SUCCESS COMPANY, NEW YORK—PRICE 10 CENTS

Be Fair to Your Skin and it will be Fair to You—and to Others

A Beautiful Skin can only be secured through Nature's work. Ghastly, horrid imitations of Beauty are made by cosmetics, balms, powders, and other injurious compounds. They put a coat over the already clogged pores of the skin, and double the injury.

Now that the use of cosmetics is being inveighed against from the very pulpits, the importance of a pure soap becomes apparent. The constant use of HAND SAPOLIO produces so fresh and rejuvenated a condition of the skin that all incentive to the use of cosmetics is lacking.

THE FIRST STEP away from self-respect is lack of care in personal cleanliness; the first move in building up a proper pride in man, woman or child is a visit to the bathtub. You can't be healthy, or pretty, or even good, unless you are clean. USE HAND SAPOLIO. It pleases everyone.

WOULD YOU WIN PLACE? Be clean, both in and out.

We cannot undertake the former task—that lies with yourself—but the latter we can aid with HAND SAPOLIO.

It costs but a trifle—its use is a fine habit.



HAND SAPOLIO neither coats over the surface, nor does it go down into the pores and dissolve their necessary oils. It opens the pores, liberates their activities, but works no chemical change in those delicate juices that go to make up the charm and bloom of a healthy complexion. Test it yourself.

WHY TAKE DAINTY CARE of your mouth, and neglect your pores, the myriad mouths of your skin? HAND SAPOLIO does not gloss them over, or chemically dissolve their health-giving oils, yet clears them thoroughly by a method of its own.

HAND SAPOLIO is

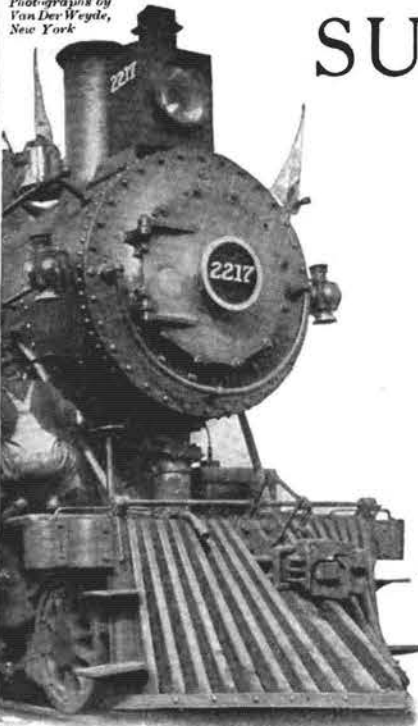
SO PURE that it can be freely used on a new-born baby or the skin of the most delicate beauty.

SO SIMPLE that it can be a part of the invalid's supply with beneficial results.

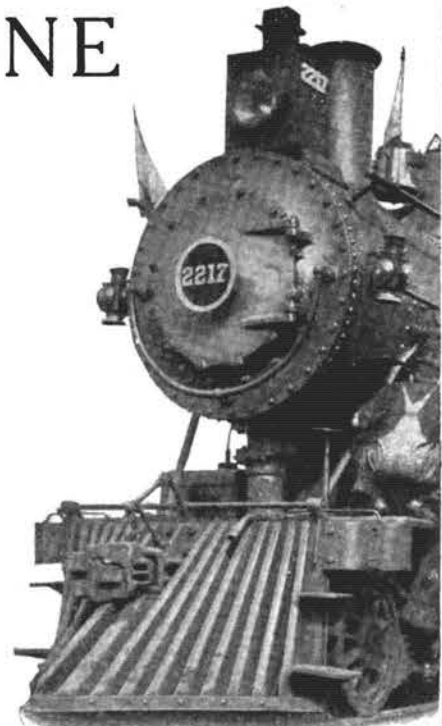
SO EFFICACIOUS as to bring the small boy almost into a state of "surgical cleanliness" and keep him there.

Photographs by
Van Der Weyde,
New York

SUCCESS MAGAZINE



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LET THE CITY OF NEW YORK



WORK FOR YOU

Invest \$5 To-day in New York's Model Industrial Suburb

If you want to make money easily, safely and quickly and are in a position to invest \$5 or more a month, put your money in New York Suburban Real Estate.

There are no doubts to consider—no possibility of loss—if you use only ordinary caution in making your investment.

New York must grow and the value of real estate surrounding New York must grow with it.

The possession of suburban real estate around New York gives you a gilt edged security that amply protects both your principal and future profits. Shrewd capitalists and business men—men who have made money before—are setting the pace and devoting every dollar they can rake and scrape to the purchase of land around the Metropolis.

And people in moderate circumstances are wisely following in their foot-steps.

People who live right in New York and work there—many of them for small wages—are putting aside little sums, penny by penny, and buying a lot or two in some suburb, as their means will permit.

These people live in New York—are on the spot and know, and you can make no mistake in following their example.

No matter where your home is, or what your means, you can afford an investment in New York Suburban Real Estate at present prices and it cannot fail to prove a profitable investment for you.

It is perfectly safe to say that every acre of land with transportation facilities within a radius of fifty miles of New York will within a few years from now be worth four or five times its present price.

All New York is rushing to the suburbs to live and to invest. Their very action is increasing values and the people who are far-sighted enough to judiciously invest a little money to-day will be well off within the next 20 years.

Hundreds of rich men have made the bulk of their money through New York Real Estate.

Your opportunity to-day is as good as their's was when they started.

The greatest opportunities in the world's history are before you now.

Just a \$5 bill if you send it promptly, will secure for you a full size lot in the beautiful New York Suburb of Lincoln.

\$5 to-day and \$5 a month for 22 months, will give you a deed to it. Read every word in this advertisement.

LINCOLN

We have been appointed exclusive sales agents for a valuable tract of land situated in the very heart of the prosperous and rapidly growing town of Lincoln, New Jersey.

Lincoln is not a waste tract of farming land, a mere prospect—as are many of the suburban real estate properties being offered for investment to-day. It is a present day reality.

Lincoln is a flourishing suburb 23 miles from Broadway, located in Middlesex County, New Jersey, directly between the large towns of Plainfield and Bound Brook.

Six big manufacturing plants are daily sending forth smoke and steam, and are employing hundreds of busy workmen. Lincoln is on the main line of the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Twenty-nine trains a day stop there. The stations of these two railroads are within five minutes walk of every lot we offer.

Big electric street cars run through Lincoln with a fifteen minute service, taking the passengers to all the surrounding towns and to Jersey City. Ferry to New York City.

Lincoln has city water, gas, sewers, and is lighted by electricity. It has its church, its school house and its hotel.

Lots in Lincoln have been selling in the past at from \$150 to \$500; never under \$150.

Beginning June 1st we will begin a big campaign on these lots, advertising them extensively all over the country. Hundreds of them will be sold at prices ranging from \$135 to \$500.

But, for the month of May, we have decided to offer another block of fifty lots to the readers of Success at the exceptionally low price of \$115, payable at the rate of \$5 down and \$5 monthly for twenty-two months, or for \$105 cash.

Every lot we offer is 25x125 feet in size and is within five minutes walk of train and trolley.

A concern in Bound Brook has loaned \$100 on these lots, proving them to be held at \$200 value even now.

Lots at Lincoln are certain to increase in value. Nothing can stop them. Nor will there be a long wait.

WHEN SUMMER COMES

When Summer comes we will begin further development on this property. Strong efforts will be made to locate other big manufacturing interests there. One of the big concerns already there intends to double its capacity at once.

Along with this great industrial development will come a great many people who are working in New York but who will come to Lincoln to live and build their homes.

To meet this certain increase in population and in order to more fully provide for the present needs of the community new houses will be needed and arrangements are now under way with one contractor alone to put up fifty new houses.

Last month's offering of 50 lots at \$95 have been taken up. To-day you cannot obtain a lot at such a price.

This month the price jumps to \$115 and last month's investors are ahead just \$20.

The present price of \$115 is good only until June 1st, when it will jump to at least \$135.

Invest To-day

Many of the individuals who have purchased lots have also decided to build, in the spring.

We are certain that prices will jump forward with surprising rapidity this summer.

If you are going to buy at all, buy now.

As you could have saved \$20 by buying a lot last month, so you can save \$20 by buying a lot now before the June 1st increase.

BETTER THAN LIFE INSURANCE

One very unusual and particularly desirable feature that is included in the buying of a Lincoln lot is the "better than life insurance" 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 in the mail, 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 purchasing of a lot not only an unusually good investment, but the strongest kind of a protection as well.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

We will agree to pay in cash your railroad fare in case you make the trip to Lincoln and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation.

We know that if you visit Lincoln you will purchase a lot. You could not help being as enthusiastic as we are now.

But even though you cannot visit Lincoln you can and should invest in one or more of its lots. You wish to make money—rapidly and easily, if possible. Moreover, you do not wish to incur any danger of losing your money.

There is no better way to make money safely, rapidly, and easily than to invest it judiciously in New York real estate.

Think of the wealthy people you know or know about. Haven't most of them made their money, or at least their start, in real estate?

Your chance is every bit as good.

No safer investment exists.

SOME EVIDENCE

Now we want you to read a few letters we have received from satisfied citizens of Lincoln. See what others think. It's the best kind of proof.

Gentlemen:—I recommend Lincoln as a good healthy town. It is located on high land and the air is splendid. It makes a good location for factories and for home sites.

I was the first settler in Lincoln and am thoroughly pleased with the place. There is good transportation, two railroads, the New Jersey Central and Lehigh Valley, and trolley to Jersey City and Trenton.

There is plenty of work here but not enough homes. Most of the people working in factories here now live in Dunellen and Bound Brook. Every house in town is occupied. As many more could be built and occupied at once, if someone would only undertake the work.

Yours truly, P. W. HANSEN.

And notice in particular the following letter from the General Passenger Agent of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, whose four track line runs through the heart of Lincoln:

To my mind Lincoln is capable of very great development. It is located in one of the healthiest belts of the state; the surrounding country is attractive, with innumerable beautiful drives, and when taken

into consideration with the fact that it is located but twenty-eight miles from the largest town in the country, with liberal train service, there should be no difficulty in bringing it favorably before the public eye, especially at this time, when all New York is becoming interested in suburban property.

C. M. BURT,
Gen'l Passenger Agent, Central R. R. of N. J.

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.

YOUR PROFITS

We do not positively guarantee any certain increase in value within a specified time, as we want to be conservative. We have every reason to expect, however, that values will increase from 30% to 50% during the coming year. They should be more than that each succeeding year for many years to come.

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 today you can secure a lot for \$115 which will be exactly like the ones we are going to begin selling at much higher prices during the summer.

By paying for your lot in easy little instalments, you will in a comparatively short time own real estate that will rapidly increase 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.

Most of the big houses in Philadelphia can tell you who we are. So can the big mercantile agencies, Dunn'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, over half a million dollars 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.

If before purchasing you want to ask further questions, write to us. Keep on writing. We want you to understand every detail of this opportunity.

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, enclose \$5.00 and mail it 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

and write now—this minute. You will never regret it. It will be the best investment you ever made.

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 (\$110) at the rate of \$5 per month for twenty-two months.

Yours truly,

W. M. OSTRANDER
(Incorporated)
391 North American Building
Philadelphia.

W. M. OSTRANDER, (Inc.)

EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENT

391 North American Bldg., Philadelphia

NEW YORK OFFICE: 25 WEST 42d STREET

Name _____
Address _____

Sign this Coupon, enclose \$5.00, and mail it to us to-day S

The Man Who Looks Ahead is the Man Who Gets Ahead at

PINEHURST

The New Suburb of Atlantic City

Eleven Minutes from the Boardwalk on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania R. R.

Offers the Greatest Chance of a Lifetime to Lay the Foundation of a Fortune

Look at the map—see how near Pinehurst is to Atlantic City



BECAUSE:

ITS NEARNESS TO ATLANTIC CITY makes a rapid and steady increase of its real estate values certain.

ITS HIGH ELEVATION and surrounding pines make it an ideal home site, summer and winter.

ITS RAILROAD AND TROLLEY FACILITIES ensure accessibility to Philadelphia, New York and Atlantic City.

ITS LIBERAL PLAN of development affords equal advantages to all purchasers, while the building restrictions guarantee a high class of residents.

ITS TAX-RATE IS LOW and there are no extra charges for deeds or improvements.

ITS PRESENT VALUATION and prices of lots are bound to double or treble in the near future.

Growth of Atlantic City

Few people who are not familiar with the subject realize the wonderful growth of Atlantic City.

A lot 50x100 feet that cost \$700 was sold a short time ago for \$50,000.

A property that cost \$6,000 five years ago was sold recently for \$150,000.

A property taken in exchange for a debt of \$800 is now worth at least half a million.

A quarter of a square originally traded for a cow worth \$15 is now selling at \$125 per front foot.

A conservative estimate shows that within the past twelve years Atlantic City real estate values have risen over 800 per cent., and are still rising. The city has outgrown the boundaries of the island on which it stands, and there has been a natural expansion to the mainland along the lines of the trolleys and the railroads. This has opened up home sites in many respects superior to those on the island itself.

Trolley Development

The electrification of the Newfield branch of the West Jersey Railroad has greatly enhanced values at Pleasantville Terrace. The trolley service is shortly to be extended to Pinehurst, bringing it within twenty minutes of the Boardwalk, and insuring quick communication at all times. With its other advantages, this will make Pinehurst the most favored suburb of Atlantic City, and the high class of residents assured has already created a large demand for building sites. Several fine hotels are projected and the development of this point promises to duplicate closely that of Lakewood. In its accessibility to the shore, Pinehurst has much the advantage over the former.

What Mayor Franklin P. Stoy, of Atlantic City, says:

Several months ago I purchased from the Atlantic City Estate Company, several lots at Pleasantville Terrace which, to my satisfaction, have been a good and substantial investment.

Since success has been fully assured to this lovely suburb, I have purchased a small block in the Pinehurst tract, which is operated by the same Company, and which bids fair to equal in value all of the suburban building locations near the large cities.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) F. P. Stoy,
Mayor of Atlantic City, N. J.
January 9, 1906.

From the Proprietor of Young's Pier

I am free to recommend the new suburban properties, Pleasantville Terrace and Pinehurst.

The ground is high, and values have so greatly increased in Atlantic City that these properties will undoubtedly make an ideal home site.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JOHN L. YOUNG,
Owner of Young's Pier and Young's Hotel.
January 8, 1906.

Two Hotels Going Up at Pinehurst

As a hotel man I am naturally interested in real estate and when my attention was called to the property of the Atlantic City Estate Company, known as Pinehurst, I was convinced that the rapid growth of Atlantic City and the high price of real estate there was destined to make lots at Pinehurst a very desirable investment. Upon further examination, I purchased two entire blocks at Pinehurst, and will erect a hotel there soon.

I feel that I am fortunate in securing such a desirable location at Pinehurst, as I find that Atlantic City people are daily becoming more alive to the fact that this property has a great future.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) WM. J. STORCK,
Atlantic City, N. J.
January 6, 1906.

I have bought one whole block of ground in Pinehurst. I have been on the ground and I was so impressed with the location that I gave orders at once to fell trees and prepare for building a hotel at the earliest possible opportunity. It is most convenient to that world-famous Atlantic City. I will cheerfully answer all letters in reference to Pinehurst.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) MRS. LOUISA TAYLOR,
Atlantic City, N. J.
January 4, 1906.

Pinehurst's Favorable Location

Situated on high upland, eighty feet above Atlantic City, Pinehurst offers advantages possessed by few other points near the shore. It is well wooded with pine and oak that is left standing on the properties for residential purposes. The land is being sold to those who will erect handsome dwellings with ample grounds.

The streets are all fifty feet wide; natural drainage; pure water. All improvements are at the expense of the company. A handsome park will be laid out, and there is a fine fresh water lake near by. The town site is traversed by one of the finest automobile roads in the world, connecting directly with the new \$200,000 Boulevard with Atlantic City.

Restrictions and Special Advantages

Lots are sold to white people only. No piggeries or fertilizer plants are permitted on the property.

Buildings restrictions do not permit the erection of objectionable or unsightly houses.

The hotels and buildings to be erected indicate the high character of improvements. If you die before lots are paid for we issue free deed to your heirs without further payments. A form of life insurance everyone may have.

We assure successful development by helping lot owners to build, refunding half the purchase price of lots to those who will build within the year. We also loan you money to build. Building plans free. Title guaranteed by the Integrity Title Insurance and Trust Company of Philadelphia.

Begin to Build Your Fortune With a Dollar

Are you a man with a dollar or a few dollars to invest.

Are you ambitious to get ahead in the world? Then take John Jacob Astor's advice, "Buy land near the great cities." Here is an unusually favorable opportunity to do it—A lot 25x125 at Pinehurst, 11 minutes from the most popular city in the world, at prices and terms like this:

1 Lot \$25. \$1 Down and \$1 Weekly
2 Lots \$45. \$2 Down and \$1 Weekly
3 Lots \$65. \$3 Down and \$2 Weekly
4 Lots \$80. \$4 Down and \$2 Weekly
5 Lots \$95. \$5 Down and \$2 Weekly
CORNER LOTS, \$5 extra. Sold only with four adjoining lots.

Weekly payments may be combined in one monthly amount.

We will allow you a discount of 5 per cent. for all cash.

If you have found it hard to save and invest a portion of your income, our system of easy payments will help you form this most desirable habit.

Owning a piece of real estate is a most important step toward success in life. An investment at Pinehurst combines absolute safety with certain profit.

Better decide to act at once—to-day—to lay the foundation on which most of the greatest fortunes were built—real estate. Write at once for illustrated printed matter, or, better still, fill in the attached coupon and send with \$1. This will reserve one to five lots until you can investigate.

If not entirely satisfied, your dollar will be promptly refunded.

(CUT THIS OUT AND MAIL TO-DAY)

ATLANTIC CITY ESTATE CO.
1008 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.

I enclose \$1. Please reserve _____ lots in Pinehurst, with the understanding that you will refund my dollar if I am not satisfied after further investigation.

Name _____

Address _____

Atlantic City Estate Co.

Address all letters to

VICTOR J. HUMBRECHT, President

MAIN OFFICE: 1008 DREXEL BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

Atlantic City Office: 937 Boardwalk, Opposite Steel Pier.

From the Land of the Rising Sun

come many delightful and charming sentiments, and one great food principle—the use of rice. It has been left to the cleverness of the American to originate a distinct improvement upon the Japanese way of using rice.

Quaker Rice <Puffed>

is the lightest, daintiest, most delicate food you have ever eaten. By a wonderful patented process the rice kernels are “puffed” or expanded to many times their ordinary size, and give a most delicious crispness. This marvelous process perfectly cooks the rice, making it ready to serve by simply warming in a pan as it comes from the package, with the addition of milk, cream or sugar to your taste.

The more you eat of Quaker Rice, the more you will want; it is so light and delicate that you cannot over-eat. Children fairly love Quaker Rice, and it is excellent for them, because it is easily digested and contains exactly the food values the growing child requires.

On each package of Quaker Rice you will find directions for making Quaker Rice Candy, Quaker Rice Brittle, etc. These very delightful confections can be easily and quickly made in your own home, and will give untold delight to every member of the family. Children can eat all they want without the slightest fear of consequences.

Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10c the package.

Made by the Manufacturers of Quaker Oats. Address, Chicago, U. S. A.

Copyright, 1906,
by American Cereal Co.



SUCCESS MAGAZINE



"The first train that was ever stopped by air pulled up at a standstill several feet short of the obstruction"

THE GENIUS OF GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE

By ARTHUR WARREN

Illustrated by Walter Jack Duncan

ONE of the foremost American editors said, the other day: "It is no longer safe to print appreciative articles about successful business men. So many reputations have been destroyed in the past year that if I ask for a biographical sketch now I am uneasy lest the subject be investigated or

This is the first of a series of *intimate sketches* of men who were not made by influence and money power which are being prepared for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. We chose Mr. Westinghouse because he is one of the greatest American inventors. He made our complex railway system possible. He has applied electricity to a myriad new uses. His chief invention, the air brake, has saved thousands of lives. He is one of the most notable living examples of the right kind of self-made man. Mr. Warren was, for many years, Mr. Westinghouse's personal representative, and is therefore in a position to know more about the great inventor than any other writer.

indicted before the proofs are corrected."

But here we have a man whose high station in the world has at no time depended upon politicians, or syndicates, or popular applause; a man whose integrity is recognized by his opponents no less than by his friends, and whose achieve-

ments have been in lines where influence does not count, but where character and vital force and brain-power are the constructive elements.

George Westinghouse has a creative mind. There is no country in the world where a train runs, or an engine works, or a dynamo turns, in which his name is not honored and familiar. He has brought new mechanisms and new industries into being; he has contributed largely to the progress in modern methods of transportation and communication which have shaped to such an extent the relations between individuals and communities, between nation and nation. The post office, the telegraph, the railway, and the steamship unite the most distant regions. Upon them modern life is wholly dependent in its social, industrial and commercial phases. Stephenson gave us the railway; Westinghouse made the modern complex railway system a possibility by his inventions which control the movements of trains. Had he done no more than this his name would still stand among the great achievers. But he has done much more.

George Westinghouse, Like William Pitt, Attained Prominence at a Very Early Age

At Pittsburg, and Newark, and New York; at Hamilton, in Canada; at Hanover, in Germany; at Havre and Freinville, in France; at St. Petersburg, in Russia; at London and at Manchester, in England, his workshops produce the remarkable devices which give light and power to the populations of the earth.

Nor are these all the avenues along which his energy travels. He has a great construction company which builds electric lines; converts steam roads into electric systems, and carries out many stupendous projects of other kinds. For instance, it is designing and equipping to the last particular all the electrical and mechanical devices for the gigantic new terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in New York.

George Westinghouse will be sixty years of age next October; he is built on a massive scale, tall, and as strong as a blacksmith. He is alert, farsighted, quiet, sanguine, and untiring, with a constitution strong as nickel-steel. He is a most agreeable man to meet, and has a rare faculty for inspiring others with his own enthusiasm.

A remarkable fact in his career is the early age at which he became prominent. In a biography of William Pitt one reads: "Pitt, at the age of twenty-five, became prime minister of England, the most powerful subject the country had known for many generations. From that date his life became the history of England and of the world."

There Are Nearly Thirty Westinghouse Companies

At the age of twenty-two years George Westinghouse made his first great invention, the air brake. This was the source of his fame and fortune, and since that time his life has been so intimately associated with the history of engineering and of manufacture that it is impossible to think of many of the great advances of the past forty years without thinking, instinctively, of him.

In Schenectady to-day, across the street from the only concern in America which is important enough to be considered a competitor of his in electrical work, there is a manufactory on which the name "The Westinghouse Company" appears. It is not by any means "The" Westinghouse Company in point of importance. There are, the world over, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty Westinghouse companies controlled by this incarnated energy, but the one in Schenectady is the smallest of all. It was his father's factory. There our famous inventor learned his mechanic's trade.

The name of the father of the George Westinghouse whom we know was also George. He lived in Schenectady and built agricultural machinery, and he sent his young hopeful to Union College, where he did not in the least wish to go. He wanted to enter the machine shop and learn the trade. But the father was obdurate: "Finish your college work first," said he; "go through college and then you can go through the shop."

Fate and fathers often disagree, but here they worked together for the common good. Still, there was a time when Fate seemed to have a compelling and intruding hand. When the Civil War burst over the land, workshops and farms and colleges in the North spilled a million men into the South. George Westinghouse, then in Union College,

Schenectady, was one of the million. He ran away from college and enlisted. He was not yet seventeen years of age.

That was in 1863, and he remained in the war till it ended. He served in the infantry, the cavalry, and the navy. This curious record came about through his characteristic daring and versatility. Once, after having been taken prisoner in an infantry action, he escaped, ran into the camp of a Federal cavalry troop, joined it, fought in it, was again taken prisoner, and again escaped. This time, by swimming and by the use of a boat, he managed to reach one of our naval vessels. They were short of hands in the engine room. As this was where he wished to be, he served the remainder of his time in the engine rooms of the navy.

When the war was over he returned to Union College. After leaving college he learned his trade in his father's factory. His father died some years ago, but the son has kept the old works going in honor of his memory, and he had the undertaking named "The Westinghouse Company," (note the significance of "The,") and he keeps the sign confronting the stronghold of his most powerful and bitter foes.

As a boy, George Westinghouse used to spend as much time as he could get in the railroad yards, roundhouses, and repair shops of the railroads which run through Schenectady. He wanted to see how things were done. By the time he had learned his trade he had invented a device for replacing derailed cars on the track. He went about introducing this invention to railway men, and everywhere he went, whether on one road or another, he noticed that the next most common thing to a train was an accident, small or large. Trains at full speed took too long to stop; trains making up were in the habit of bumping themselves into kindling wood; men were injured, men were killed, property destroyed, and nobody seemed to trouble himself about finding a way to prevent all this waste and pain.

The Old Style of "Hand Braking" Was Very Slow

Only those persons who are familiar with the manner in which railway trains were "braked" in the old days can appreciate the change that George Westinghouse wrought. Then, the brakeman was, next to the engineer, the most important member of the train's crew. There was a brakeman between every two cars, and anywhere from half a mile to a mile from the next station each one would begin to turn the iron wheel on one platform and slowly tighten a chain that set a pair of brakes. When he had wound that chain taut he hopped across to the opposite platform and repeated the operation. There were no "vestibules" in those days, but between the platforms, and also between the roof-ends of the cars, there were open spaces of anywhere from six to eighteen inches. The snow and the rain, and the wind and the cinders followed the draughts through these gaping spaces, and the brakeman pursued his duty under great discomfort, and passengers risked their lives or their limbs in going

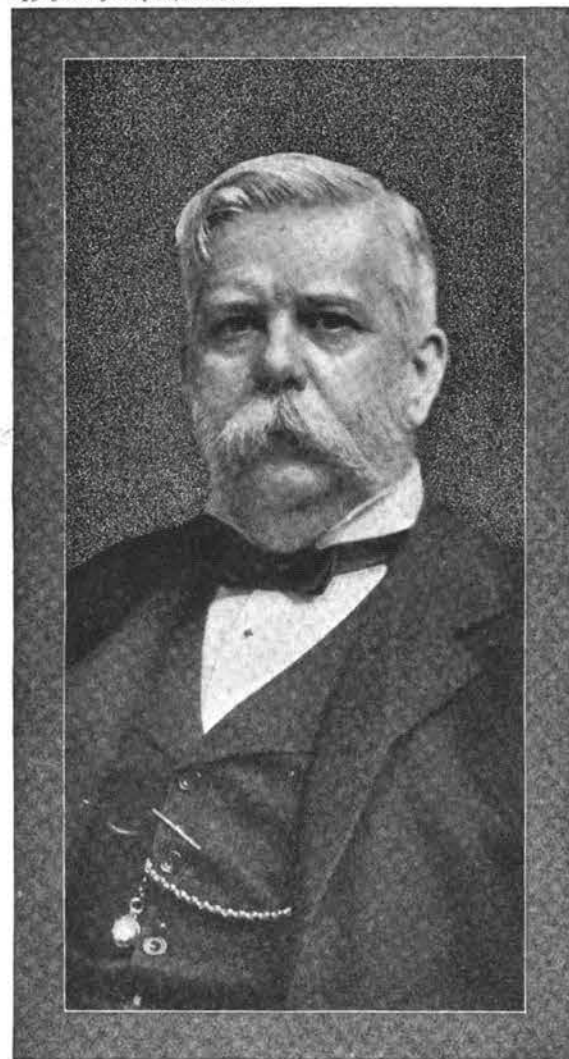
from car to car. No matter how smartly performed, the operation of "hand-braking" was tediously slow, and always uneven. If there were six cars to a train there were, or should have been, at least five brakemen. One car would be "braked" quicker than another, and the slowly "braked" ones would bump into those whose speed was more rapidly checked. If there was no damage there was discomfort. But "braking" a passenger train was play, compared with "braking" a freight train by hand. The latter pernicious system is not yet wholly abolished, although there is a law against it. The men rode, on the tops of the cars in all weathers, missed their footing in rain and snow and gales, were knocked off by bridges, or frozen in the dreadful exposure.

He Set Out To Devise a Brake That Could Be Operated from the Locomotive Cab

George Westinghouse set himself to the study of the "braking" problem, and the deeper he got into it the more complicated it became. It was not merely a question of abolishing brakemen and economizing labor. There were several other points:—

First: Find a mechanical method by which all the brakes on a train could be operated from a given position on the train. What should be that position? Obviously the cab on the locomotive. The mechanism should be controlled by the engineer at the very front of the train, and

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GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE

not by several men stationed at intervals throughout the train. But what should the mechanism be? It seems obvious enough now that we know all about it, but it was far from being obvious then. A great invention is not made by a man saying to himself: "Now this is the way to do it," and straightway accomplishing the result. Westinghouse experimented, and in experimenting he learned a great deal that he had not guessed.

As brakes had always been operated by chains he thought first of a chain running the length of the train. Trains and cars were much shorter then than now, and very, very much lighter. As there was steam in the locomotive he tried steam-power for turning a drum which would wind up the chain. But the scheme had too many faults. The drum would not turn fast enough, or could not be made big enough, or would not release quickly enough; and the chain sagged so that there was too much lost motion; and the pressure on the wheels would be uneven; and while the front car was stopping the rear one would be running too fast and punching its neighbor in front.

So a variety of devices had to be tried. Westinghouse had the right idea, but the difficulty was to apply it. The brake shoes had to be set gradually and firmly. If too suddenly set, the passengers would be thrown from their seats; or the wheels, ceasing to revolve, would slide along the smooth tracks. There were all sorts of difficulties. And getting a simultaneous operation throughout the train was not the least. An objection to steam was that it would condense in the pipes under the train. And in those days so little was known about electricity that an electrical method probably did not occur to the man who afterwards became one of the world's leaders in the electrical industry. Or if he tried it then it did not work.

He discarded everything that he had tried, and while he was wondering what to try next he read an account of what was then the world's wonder-work, the construction of the Mont Cenis tunnel, piercing the Alps, and connecting France with Italy. They were using compressed air in the construction work.

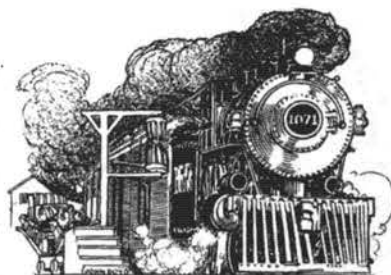
The Idea of Stopping a Train by Means of Air Appeared Utterly Visionary

Happy thought! Try compressed air for operating the brakes!

This meant beginning all over again. Well, Westinghouse began all over again, and made an entirely new set of apparatus. Of course, it was rather primitive, but, after a while, he got it to working as he wanted it to work.

The idea was that on the locomotive there should be an air pump operated by steam. This pump, or compressor, would force air into reservoirs on the engine and under the cars; the engineer would move a lever, the imprisoned air, under pressure, would be released, and on its way to freedom it would actuate the mechanism which would set the brakes from train-end to train-end. Before the air had been freed from its imprisonment it would release the brakes from the wheels, as soon as the engineer gave another movement to the lever.

This sounds very simple, and persons who should have known better thought the inventor visionary when they were told that he proposed to stop a train by air. Nobody seemed inclined to let him try his plan on a real train, but they did not object to his working a model



of it in a shop where he could not do any harm, nor involve anybody else in expense. He knew his scheme would work, but he could not make any one else believe it. So he continued to sell his invention for replacing derailed cars on the tracks, and to talk about his brake to any railroad man who was willing to listen.

"Well, have you ever stopped a train with this air thing of yours?" they would ask.

No, he could not say that he had done so. Nobody would let him try it even on a train of dump cars.

One day he arrived in Pittsburg, selling his other invention and talking about his brake notion to a man connected with a railroad out there. "That's a great idea of yours," said the man, "we will try it on our line!"

On Its Very First Trial the Westinghouse Air Brake Saved Life and Property

So the officials of this railroad permitted Westinghouse to put his new "kickshaw" on one of their trains. But he had to agree to indemnify the road for any damage that might be caused to the train as the result of the trials! The train was equipped. On the designated day the confident inventor and a group of skeptical railway men boarded the train on which the first air brakes were fixed. Off went the train on its trial trip; the engineer put on full speed, and just as he had rounded a curve he saw ahead, at a grade crossing, and in the middle of the track, a loaded wagon, a man and a boy, and a balky horse. The engineer moved his little lever, and the first train that was ever stopped by air pulled up at a standstill several feet short of the obstruction.

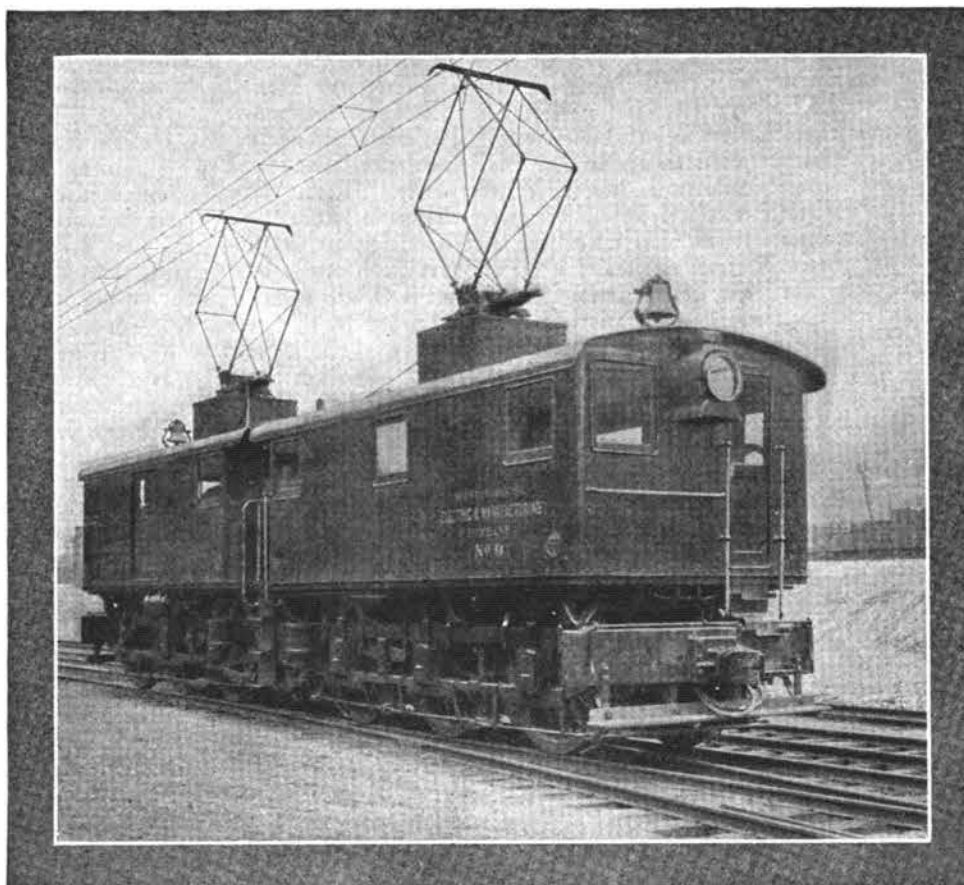
Thus, on its first trial the Westinghouse air brake saved life and prevented damage to property. Thenceforward talking was unnecessary; all that had to be done was to make brakes. The inventor thought of that clause securing compensation to the railroad for any damage he might do to the train, and he laughed. His fortune dated from that day. He was then only twenty-two.

George Westinghouse is an inventor with a capacious business head, and he gave a demonstration of that double capacity as soon as that successful trial trip had been made. Inventors usually have to part with their profits; or the control of the business, because they are rarely practical men of affairs. But the inventor of the air brake formed a company, and controlled it himself, and settled in Pittsburg to manufacture the appliances which were literally to revolutionize railroading the world over. In a short time this business made him wealthy and famous.

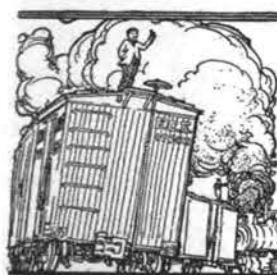
Mr. Westinghouse is often referred to as a man of great daring.

He is courageous because he knows. He takes long looks ahead, and by the time other men are debating the possibility of a thing, he has done it. When he made that trial trip he knew that the railroads would be able to run longer, heavier, and faster trains than the traffic-managers of that day dreamed of, because he had made it possible to control absolutely the movements of trains. So he began to think out other appliances, and, when railroad practices had been sufficiently developed, he had inventions ready which enabled the development to continue on broader lines. And as trains went faster, and became heavier, he improved the brake to meet

[Concluded on pp. 371 to 373]



This is the powerful new electric locomotive invented by Mr. Westinghouse and which has been put in operation on several of the large eastern railroads. It is the first alternating current locomotive to be used on the railroads in this country



WHAT DID DUGAN DO TO 'EM?

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

MR. DUGAN came into the kitchen with a hunted look on his freckled face. For the first time in years he went right up to Mary and kissed her. She knew at once that something was wrong.

"Mike," she said, "phwat is ut?"

"Nawthin'," he said, dreadingly; "nawthin' only Oi'm as good as dead. Oi knowed it all along, only Oi niver thought av ut. Oi've got viulent dyspepsy complicated wid sorosis ov th' liver, an' malarial consumption, an', mebbly, cancer ov th' lung, but Oi dunno for sure till Oi read over Case 64 ag'in. Annyhow, thim sorosises ov th' liver is plenty t' kill me. Thim is very dangerous diseases, thim sorosis things. Thim"—and he drew a soiled pamphlet from a hip pocket—"thim is set out in Case 26. 'Twas Rivirind A. M. C., ov Tuskyloosa, Georgia, had th' Case 26. Thim germ bugs done ut. 'Tis thim germ bugs does all th' damages."

Mrs. Dugan looked at him aghast.

"'Tis not thim ye've got!" she exclaimed, with horror; "'t is all up wid ye, then, Mike, poor felly! 'Twas thim same germ bugs Missus Murphy was tellin' me av that she heard av at th' free lecture th' gentleman gave what was sellin' 'King av Pain,' on th' corner in front av Clancy's grocery, fer wan dollar a bottle an' a scild goold fountain pen free wid iv'ry bottle. Sure, Oi know thim germ bugs! 'Tis th' same Missus Murphy says ye shud niver ate widout cookin' thim firrust! Hev ye been takin' thim raw, Mike?"

"Oi dunno," he said, despondently. "Oi dunno whin Oi tuck thim, at all. Mebbly 't was at Grogan's. Sure, 't was at Grogan's! Oi recall t' mind Oi says t' him, last Toosday,— 'Grogan,' Oi says, 'phwat meks th' beer taste so owdashus?' 'Sure, Oi dunno,' he says, an' he teks th' glass Oi was drinkin av an' smells ut, an' emptys ut out. 'Hev another glass, Dugan,' he says; 't is on th' house.' 'T was th' germs he smelled in th' beer, that's phwat!"

"An' him an alderman!" exclaimed Mrs. Dugan,—"an' you sich a stiddy customer t' him!"

"He did n't know ut," said Dugan, in an apologetic tone, "whin he set ut out. He did not smell of th' beer. But, annyhow, Oi've got thim."

Mrs. Dugan merely stood and wrung her hands.

"An' 't was funny," said Dugan, "that Oi did n't know Oi hed thim germ bugs till all ov a suddint. 'T meks me blood freeze t' think Oi might av lived all me loife an' niver knowed ut, an' me dyn' av sorosis av th' liver, iv'ry minute. Thim germ bugs is insidjoos things, Mary."

He shook his head at the insiduousness of them.

"Ye may be full av thim," he said, "so full av thim they be crowded fer room an' sleepin' four in a bed, belike, an' ye do n't know ut. There be but wan way t' know ut,— by th' symptoms!"

"Mike," cried his wife, "an' hev ye got thim, too?"

"Thim phwat?" he asked.

"Symptoms," she said. He frowned.

"Thim is no disease, Mary," he explained. "Thim is th' feelin's av you. There be forty-sivin koin's av feelin's ye kin hev, an' accordin' as th' feelin's is bunched 't is th' disease ye hev. Oi hev," he said, impressively, as he opened the pamphlet, "forty-six av thim."

"Blissed Saint Patherick!" cried Mrs. Dugan.

"Here's this felly, Judge G. P. Cornville, Idyho, thet hed viulent dyspepsy av th' stomach," said Mike, reading from the booklet



"'Tis no need of ye bein' so sure I'm dead, Murphy'"

with difficulty. "He's afther writin' t' th' doctor so: 'Dear Sur,—Me woife an' neighbors all give me up fer a corpus, Oi wuz so near dead. Me stomach wuz morbid, an' me liver hed ceased from palpitatin'. Th' coroner kem in an' sat on me stomach an' me liver an' says Oi was a real dead wan. Me woife sint fer th' undertaker an' he kem t' enbalm me mortal remnants, but by a good bit av bad luck he mistook th' bottle av 'King of Pain' me woife was takin' fer her nooralgy to be his stuff an' introdooed a quart ov th' same inta me constitootion. Th' result is Oi am t'-day a well man, an' justice av th' peace av th' town av Cornville. Marriages performed while you wait, \$1.00; engraved certificates, 50 cents extry.'"

"Think av that, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Dugan. "An' we was afther payin' two dollars fer th' same job!"

"Whist!" said Mike, "list t' phwat th' doctor book goes on sayin'. 'Poor sufferer, you who read this,' says th' book, 'hev ye anny av th' follyin' symptoms? If ye hev thim, ye hev an acute case av viulent dyspepsy av th' stomach caused by germs:—

"Symptom 1.—Hev ye a tired feelin' afther workin' all day?

"Symptom 2.—Do ye git hungry before meals?

"Symptom 3.—Are yer feet cold?—or hot?—or lukewarm?

"Symptom 4.—Does th' blood run t' yer veins whin ye lift hefty loads?

"Symptom 5.—Is yer hair gettin' thin an top av yer head?

"Symptom 6.—Do ye hear noises wid yer ears?

"Symptom 7.—Does yer stomach feel bad whin hit a jab wid yer fist?

"If ye hev anny wan av these sivin symptoms,

th' black-robed figger av Death is hoverin' behint ye. Haste! Do not delay! Take wan glass av 'King av Pain' before aich meal. Shake well before usin'. Folly th' directions. None genuine widout th' name blown in th' bottle.'"

He looked up at his wife and nodded solemnly.

"Oi've got that wan," he said; "an' Oi've got nummer 7, an' nummer 10, an' nummer 12, an' ivery wan up t' nummer 28, an' nummer 31, an' 32. No,"—here he corrected himself, quickly,— "that wan's fer ladies. Oi hev not that wan, but Oi hev plenty widout ut. Eighteen koin's av germ bugs Oi hev. Ye'll be afther havin' Father Garrity prache th' sermon over me, Mary? 'T is a fine gift o' spache he has. An' ye'll be tellin' him Oi'm wan av th' Dugans thet was kings av Oireland in th' ould days?"

"Wurra! Wurra!" moaned Mrs. Dugan. Mike looked at the book with an interest hardly in keeping with his prospective early demise.

"Look at ut, Mary," he said; "'t is a foine book. Here be th' photygrafs av ivery wan av th' germ bugs printed in ut. This wan wid th' sivin legs,—Oi've got this wan, an' this wan wid th' long tail, an' this wan, an' this wan loike a lobster, Oi hev. This wan Oi hev not, but Oi'm full of this wan thet looks loike a grasshopper. 'T is th' sorosis av th' liver germ bug he is."

"Full av thim?" asked Mrs. Dugan, surprised, "an' d' ye hev more than wan av aiche?"

"Wan av aiche!" exclaimed Mike,—"wan av aiche germ bug? Mary, by th' symptoms av me Oi hev sivin million av germ bug nummer twelve, an' Oi hev eight hundred thousand million av germ bug nummer sivin, an' Oi hev twinty-eight hundred thousand hundred billion million av nummer thirteen, an' forty-sivin billion—"

Mrs. Dugan, who had been leaning over his shoulder, moved away suddenly. She wiggled

her shoulders and scratched her arm nervously. "Ugh!" she said, "Oi kin feel wan av thim bitin' me. Wud ye better hev a bit av roach powder sprinkled an ye, Mike?"

"'T wud do no good," said Dugan, hopelessly. "Nawthin' will do anny good but 'King av Pain.' 'T is printed out so in th' book. But wan thing will cure th' forty-six symptoms an' eighteen cases an' billions av millions av germ bugs Oi hev, an' that wan thing is th' 'King av Pain.'"

"Put on yer hat, Mike, an' run out an' git a bottle. Th' money is behint th' clock. Waste no time, but git ut."

"D'ye think Oi'm a fool, Mary?" he asked. "D'ye think Oi'd bring mesilf home full av germ bugs widout bringin' a bottle av th' cure fer thim, if there was anny t' be had? Sure did Oi thramp th' city over, huntin' th' 'King av Pain.' Not wan droog store has th' 'King av Pain.'"

"But Mrs. Murphy—"

"Av coorse! Do n't tell me! 'T was befront av Clancy's grocery. Th' gentleman in th' carriage wid th' big gasoline torch was sellin' ut,—wan dollar th' bottle an' a solid goold fountain pen wid iv'ry bottle. Thry ut an' use ut, an' if not satisfied bring back th' impty bottle an' get th' money back an' kape th' pen. Oh, yis! 'T wud be aisy t' git th' 'King av Pain' if th' gentleman was still remainin' at th' front av Clancy's. But he is not, nor has he been for a week, Mary. 'T is gone he is."

"Gone!" she said. "But, Mike, if he's gone, phwat will ye be doin' fer th' germ bugs in ye?"

"Phwat shud Oi do," he asked, "but ixpire dacintly in me bed loike many another Dugan since th' shtart av th' worruld? 'T is th' only way t' murther th' germ bugs. 'T is t' bed fer me, Mary; Oi'm in a bad way."

"Do ye feel anny av th' symptoms bad at th' prisint moment, poor felly?" she queried. Mike nodded.

"Wan av thim Oi feel persistent at th' moment," he said. "'T is th' wan, 'Do you feel hungry before meals?' Oi feel that wan in th' regions av me viulent dyspepsy, an' 'tis a bad sign. But mebbly Oi will tek a bite t' eat, secin' th' table is ready set. 'T will do no harrum, me bein' as good as dead, annyhow."

He ate feebly. The results were unusually bad.

"'T is this way," he explained, as he let his wife aid him in his preparations for bed, "Oi've got so many av thim dang symptoms there's no room fer all av thim at wan toime, an' they must tek their turns loike forty-sivin kids wid wan roly skate bechune thim. An' so 't was nummer two, 'Do ye feel hungry before meals?' a bit back, an' now 't is nummer eighteen, 'Do ye hev a full feelin' afther eatin'?' Wan goes and wan comes, but th' germ bugs keep multiplyin' continuous. Iv'ry minute th' germ bugs double up in nummer, an' whin there be so many there's no more room for another wan av thim it's good-by, Dugan!"

Next morning the patient remained in bed. When Mary brought up his breakfast he complained of headache, a sinking sensation of the lungs, beating of the heart, pain in his left side when he pushed his thumb between the third and fourth ribs, a soft spot on top of his head, backache, and fifty-two other assorted symptoms. His appetite was so poor that he could hardly eat anything on the tray. He had a severe cough, of a bad variety, since it was intermittent, occurring only when Mary entered the room. This soon became worse, when Mary mentioned that he did not seem to cough when she was below, and it was thereafter unintermittent.

It would have been a long and tiresome day for him but for the solace of literature. He



"'Hev ye been takin' thim raw, Mike?'"

propped himself up in bed and read, but it was costly pleasure. By evening he had read his pamphlet through eight times, but had accumulated ten new diseases and several new symptoms, including flashes of light in the eyes, pain at the base of the brain, cold perspiration, and sneezing. He knew that he was a dying man. When Murphy dropped in, after dinner, to see why Dugan had been off the job that day, the sick man explained his condition and his visitor agreed that it was serious.

"'T is bad, Mike," he said; "an' 't is sorry t' see ye go Oi am! But 't will be a great blessin' t' Loiddy O'Toole, her b'y Pat bein' next in line fer yer job. 'T is an ill wind that blows nobody good."



"Dugan has a new symptom"

Mike's first impulse was to get out of bed, but his eye fell on his pamphlet and he sank back with a groan. A job is a job; but, after all, a dying man is a dying man, too, and can not push aside symptoms and diseases to merely keep Pat O'Toole out of his job.

"Oi'm near gone, Murphy," he said, weakly.

Murphy shook his head and smoked in silence. "Mike," he said, suddenly,—"about Mary. Do ye lave her well fixed, or phwat? 'T is a sin t' lave her hard up, if there's not some bit ov money put by."

Dugan stared at Murphy.

"Because," said the latter, "'t is me belief that iv'ry man phwat's on his dyin' bed shud tek out a policy av loife insurance. But Oi am not wan av thim phwat is crazy an' th' subjick, an' divil a bit good kin Oi see phwy a loive man shud tek out a policy av loife insurance, an' him well an' able t' earn a dacint livin'. But whin a man's dead, he's dead, an' th' pay shtops, an' phwin, loike you, he's dyin', an' knows ut, 't is toime t' tek out a policy av loife insurance."

Dugan still stared.

"'T is a good invistmint, Dugan," urged Murphy, "because ye can't lose. Ye pay in, mebbly, tin or twinty dollars t'morry, an' in foive days ye'll be a dead wan, an' ye'll git back wan thousand. Th' on'y way ye kin lose is by livin' an' Oi'll bet anny wan ye do n't lose. 'T is a cinch, Mike! Ye can't bate it."

Dugan moved uneasily and smiled sickly. "'T is wan av th' grandest evints av civilization," said Murphy, "is this loife insurance. 'T think, whin ye've got so many aches an' pains an' symptoms thet ye'd pay out money t' be dead an' rid av thim, along comes a loife insurance company an' hands ye a thousand dollars fer dyin'. 'T is gittin' money fer nawthin' at all!"

Dugan looked hard at Murphy. He opened his mouth twice before he could find words.

"'T is no need av ye bein' so dang sure Oi'm dead, Murphy," he said, with petulance.

"And ain't ye?" asked Murphy, surprised.

"Sure Oi am!" said Dugan, "but 't is annoyin' fer a dyin' man t' hear ye say so. 'T is different from phwat Oi've heard they be sayin' t' th' dyin'. Soothin' worruds they do be sayin' t' th' dyin', Murphy, an' not—not so,—so cheerful t' see thim go. Do n't worry, Murphy! Oi'll die, sure enough! Oi'll not disappoint ye! But do n't be so dang eager about ut!"

"Oi know a felly," said Murphy, thoughtfully,—his name is Comstock. Oi'll find him 'round in th' mornin'."

"Is he—is he th' undertaker?" faltered Dugan.

"He's a loife insurance policy man, an' a good wan," said Murphy,—an' he's no amachure. He kin tell ye more av th' advantages av loife insurance policies in wan minute than Oi kin tell ye in wan year. 'T is a pleasure t' hear him talk, Dugan."

Dugan frowned.

"Oi dunno do Oi want wan av thim policies," he said. "If I shud git rid av th' germs,—"

"'T is that is th' beauty av th' thing!" explained Murphy, cheerfully. "'T is always good, Dugan, an' ye can't lose. If th' germs immigrate out av ye, ye kin stop close t' th' blast whin it goes off, an' 't is no matter do they foind anny av ye or not, th' policy pays up! Ye can't lose. But wan thing, Dugan,"—and he arose to go,—"whin he comes, this Comstock, thry t' look well an' hearty. Let on t' him ye be a well man. 'T is a—'t is a queer idea th' loife insurance policy men hev t' give policies t' well men only." He leaned over Dugan and whispered, "Say nawthin' t' him av symptoms, ner germs, ner annything."

The next morning Dugan dressed as soon as he had finished breakfast and sat down in the parlor to await the coming of Comstock. The latter came early.

"Mr. Dugan?" he asked, with that kindly, whole-souled interest that only insurance men possess. "Glad to make your acquaintance! My name is Comstock. I represent—"

He ran on for about an hour. He proved to Mr. Dugan that his company was the best and most liberal, strongest and most conservative, and that the particular policy he recommended was the only one any sane man could think of taking. He compared it with every policy of every other company, and metaphorically spat on all the rest. He compared it with all the other policies issued by his own company, and metaphorically spat on them. He showed

Dugan statistics, and formulas, and computations in black figures and red figures, including amounts in dollars ranging from \$497,000,000, that was something, down to \$17.64, which was something else; and, when Dugan was thoroughly convinced, Mr. Comstock said:—

"'But,' you will ask, 'if our non-participating twelve-year policy grants the insured the tontine privilege plus the benefits of the dividend clause of the gold-bond cumulative-reduction policy, without the risk of the drawbacks accorded to the holder of our full-term, eighteen-year

[Concluded on pages 361 and 362]



"'Phwat meks it taste so owdashus?'"



FIGHTING THE TELEPHONE TRUST

By PAUL LATZKE

Cartoons by Clare V. Dwiggins

FOURTH ARTICLE

THE methods by which the telephone trust attempted to stay the opposition that was expected with the expiration of the Bell patents, in 1893 and 1894, were characteristic. The "underground railroad from the offices of the company's Washington solicitors to the patent office" was reopened. A press bureau was organized that for ingenuity has never been equaled in the world. It is still in operation and has laid some of the greatest newspapers and most dignified magazines in the country under tribute.

A United States judge, a post-master-general of the United States, and a United States senator, among other conspicuous national figures, were forced to appear in interesting rôles. Politics, high and low, was brought into the game. The local bosses, state and city, were marshaled solidly against the independents. And, hesitating at nothing, an attempt was made to swing four presidents of the United States—Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt,—indirectly to the support of the trust. But here the power failed, for in the end all four stood by the people. Enormous financial pressure was brought to bear through the great money centers of New York, Boston, and Chicago. Finally, a system of business chicanery was inaugurated that, in some respects, stands alone even in these days of "high finance."

The Bell Company Claimed an Extension of Monopoly through Another Patent

It is impossible to give, within the limits of a magazine article, all the details of these various schemes, or even to relate them in consecutive order, for they overlap at a dozen places. So we must rest content to pick them out here and there. The fruit of the alleged "underground railroad" to the patent office was the first thing to be sprung on the public in the effort to frighten off competition. It had to do with a patent granted in 1891 to Emile Berliner, of Washington, and assigned by him to the American Bell Telephone Company. Everyone who had studied the telephone situation from the outside supposed that the field would finally be open at the expiration of the Bell patents, in 1893 and 1894. Surprise was general, therefore, when, in the latter part of 1892, the Bell Company brought out the Berliner patent with a great flourish of trumpets. Large advertisements appeared in the lay and technical press announcing that, under this patent, the trust would still control absolutely "every form" of the modern telephone transmitter (the key to the whole business,) for seventeen years from 1891. Investigation of this claim showed a most extraordinary state of affairs.

It was found that Berliner had filed his application in the patent office in 1877, only a year after Alexander Graham Bell had filed his. His claims under this application had been bought immediately by the Bell Company. He was paid a round sum in cash, and given a contract for a salary and retainer extending over a long period of years, so that he became a Bell employee. Had the patent been issued in the ordinary course of business, it would have expired about the same time as Bell's. Instead, however, it had been allowed to drag for fourteen years, or until 1891, when it was finally allowed to issue. The result was that the Bell

MR. LATZKE'S series began in our February issue. It has attracted universal attention. One reader writes: "It clearly and plainly shows 'what fools we mortals be.'" In this installment the author brings to light, for the first time in any magazine, the method of *manufacturing public opinion*. For many years there has been a belief in many quarters that our corporations included, in their advertising bureaus, well-equipped secret departments for promulgating news and opinions on financial subjects, which they themselves created. Mr. Latzke's article shows with what system and effectiveness such a publicity bureau may be conducted.

Company, fully protected in its monopoly of the telephone business until 1893, by the Bell patent, was assured of a further monopoly until 1908, should the Berliner claims be sustained.

Some of the best experts outside of the Bell ranks held that the Berliner patent should not have been issued at all, because his claims simply covered the devices of others. Moreover, the opinion was expressed that, even if his claims were valid, the manner in which the application had been dragged along was clearly fraudulent, and that, on this ground alone, the patent could be set aside.

The exact force exerted by the Berliner claims in retarding competition will never be determined. We have seen that a few men in a few communities refuse to be frightened either by the patents of Prof. Bell or of Mr. Berliner. However, there is plenty of evidence to show that the independent movement, rapidly as it

developed, would have come along even faster but for this remarkable Berliner patent which was suddenly paraded by the monopoly. It hung, a dark cloud, over the business for more than nine years, until January, 1903, when the United States courts decided that the patent was invalid.

It was in connection with the Berliner case that Presidents Harrison and Cleveland were drawn into the telephone controversy. The belief that the application for the patent had been deliberately dragged out by the Bell Company for fourteen years, through a conspiracy between its attorneys and the officials in the patent office, was voiced in a concrete form just before the close of Mr. Harrison's administration, by Milo C. Kellogg, of Chicago, who was afterwards destined to play an important rôle in the development of the independent business. Mr. Kellogg had been prominently connected with the Bell interests, both as a stockholder in several operating companies and as a stockholder and officer of the Western Electric Company, the manufacturing branch of the Bell.

Both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland Favored the Cause of the Independents

Differences with his associates had led to lawsuits. Mr. Kellogg withdrew as an officer of the Western Electric, though retaining his stock. Knowing fully the opportunities that would come with the expiration of the Bell patents, he prepared himself to go into the opposition movement as a manufacturer of apparatus.

The appearance of the Berliner patent threatened to block his plans completely, and he therefore set about attempting its overthrow. He drew up a brief, going exhaustively into the matter, and presented it to Charles W. Aldrich, then solicitor-general of the United States. Mr. Aldrich had been Mr. Kellogg's personal counsel in Chicago and under the circumstances did not feel warranted in taking an active part in the matter. However, he presented Mr. Kellogg to Attorney-general

Miller. The attorney-general, after close study of the brief, concluded that the objections to the Berliner patent were well taken and that there was ample ground for proceedings by the government, which alone could act to have the patent declared void on the ground of fraud in its issue. He therefore laid the matter before President Harrison, who sustained his view. Every precaution had been taken, up to this point, to keep the matter

Four Presidents of the United States were drawn into this fight before it was settled



quiet. But the Bell Company has eyes and ears everywhere that serve its call. The President and the attorney-general, not familiar with this fact, were considerably astonished when W. W. Snow, one of the chief counsel of the Bell, called on them. His interview with the President was not very satisfactory. Mr. Harrison declined to accept the Bell view of the situation; namely, that the government should keep its hands off the Berliner claim and let matters stand as they were. Instead, the President retained Judge R. S. Taylor, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, an expert patent lawyer, in whom he had absolute confidence, to go carefully over the facts. Judge Taylor's opinion coincided with those of the President and the attorney-general, and he advised that the government should proceed.

Mr. Olney, though a Bostonian and therefore Considered Pliable, Proved Firm

Unfortunately, by this time, there remained only a few days of Mr. Harrison's term, and it was deemed wise to let the matter lie over for the succeeding administration. This gave the Bell Company a breathing spell and an opportunity to bring its machinery to bear once more. Both Mr. Cleveland and his attorney-general, Richard Olney, were approached in a circumspect manner. Mr. Olney being from Boston, where the Bell Telephone Company has always been supreme, it was thought he might prove more plastic than his predecessor; if anything, he was less so. As for Mr. Cleveland, he proved a rock. Wall Street, State Street, political, social, and personal influences were all used with adroit care, but without effect. The President decided that the case must go on.

Judge Carpenter, of the United States circuit court, before whom the case was tried in Boston, found in favor of the government. The assault on the patent by the attorney-general had in itself had a very salutary effect on the development of competition. Many of the timid capitalists who had held off felt renewed confidence, and, under this stimulus, they rushed quite a number of opposition plants into existence. This spirit of confidence was tremendously reinforced by the government's victory in the trial court and the independents enjoyed a boom that promised to carry everything before it.

But this boom received a very decided check when, on appeal, the Bell Telephone Company secured a reversal. This reversal was sustained by the supreme court and the Bell Company was once more left practically in control of the telephone field, as matters stood.

However, the independents had tasted blood. The leaders of the movement had invested their own money and the money of their friends in the business and they were not prepared to see this money sacrificed. Moreover, they did not feel that the issue had been thoroughly fought out. The government had simply alleged fraud in the issue of the patent. The supreme court passed merely on this issue, holding that fraud had not been proven. The merits of the case—the question whether or not Berliner had had anything to patent,—had not been adjudicated at all.

After Four Years' Litigation, the Berliner Bugaboo Was Finally Wiped Off the Slate

The independents, therefore, continued, though more conservatively. They waited for an attempt of the Bell to enforce its rights under the Berliner claims. They were not kept long in suspense. Suits for infringement of the Berliner patent were brought by the monopoly against two small manufacturing concerns in Boston. The independents as a body rallied to the defense of these suits, engaging Judge Taylor as chief counsel. After four years' litigation, the independents finally achieved a complete triumph, wiping the Berliner bugaboo off the slate once for all. For the first time since they entered the field, the independents felt that they had a clear title to their business.

No one excepting those who were engaged in the industry during this time can appreciate the strain under which the independents had been compelled to operate. They did not know at what moment their business would be declared contraband, as had been the business of the opposition companies in 1887, and their apparatus used to feed bonfires lighted by the Bell Company. But, while they finally found legal emancipation, the independents were by no means left free from attacks in other directions. In fact, the Berliner club had been only one of many the Bell had swung over their heads from the very start.

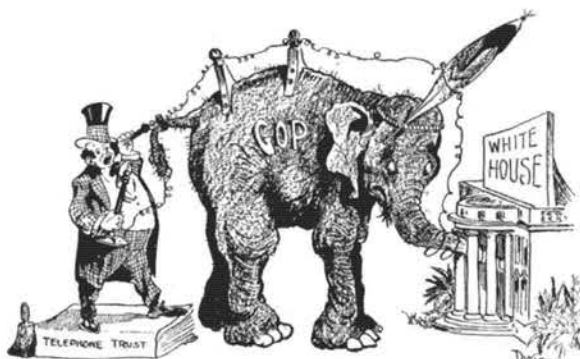


The talking octopus

In the latter part of 1893, when the last, or 1877 patent of Professor Bell had only a few months more to run, the company suddenly secured a temporary injunction, directed against a number of persons and corporations then manufacturing telephones and independent companies using them. It was charged that these concerns were infringing the 1877 patent. The fundamental Bell patent, issued in 1876, had expired in February, 1893, and no one had expected trouble under the '77 patent, which had never been directly adjudicated, and which covered merely the

specific form of the first apparatus perfected by Bell. In all the years of litigation it had hardly been referred to. Hence this injunction came like a thunderbolt.

When, a few days later, the order to show cause why this temporary injunction should not be made permanent came up for a hearing be-



"Hello! Give me the White House"

fore Judge Jenkins, there occurred an exchange of argument between the court and one of the lawyers for the defense that was significant in view of subsequent events. The lawyer pointed out that the time allotted the defendants was wholly inadequate, in view of the circumstances. The '77 patent, never having been thoroughly adjudicated, furnished, at the best, no real foundation for an injunction, the lawyer declared. Furthermore, he showed that, as the patent had only a few more months to run, there could be only slight damage, if any, to the Bell. This damage could be adjusted on a pecuniary basis, whereas the injunction meant ruin to the independents' business, established in good faith. The lawyer pleaded for an adjournment, that he might have an opportunity to make these facts clear to the court. The judge had listened without comment, but at this point he said:—

"I can not grant an adjournment, because I would not be able to hear this case later."

"But your honor's associate, Judge Woods, could hear us," interposed the lawyer.

"No; I am familiar with the facts, and these people would rather have me hear it."

Judge Jenkins Issued the Injunction, Asked for by the Bell Company, with Undue Haste

Who "these people" were did not transpire. But Judge Jenkins persisted in his determination to hear the case himself. He refused the adjournment and issued the decree requested by the Bell, a decree that put independent competition out of existence once more. And he did this within twenty-four hours, although he had given the defendants forty-eight hours within which to file additional affidavits, the decision being rendered before such affidavits were filed.

It was a serious blow; for, even though the judgment could hold the monopoly only a few months for the Bell, or until the expiration of the second Bell patent, it broke the spirit of many of those who had entered the lists. And the moral effect of the victory in other directions was even more valuable to the Bell. It gave them another "horrible example" to point to, an object lesson making clear the things that always happened to persons who invested money in opposition telephone enterprises.

On November 1, 1893, Judge Jenkins was indicted in Milwaukee, with five other directors of the Plankinton Bank, which had been wrecked. The charge was "fraudulently receiving deposits" on May 31, 1893, after the bank was insolvent. It was a singular coincidence that the two men who signed his bail bond were shining lights in the Bell Telephone Company of Wisconsin,—B. K. Miller, a large stockholder of the company and its chief counsel, and Frank G. Bigelow, its treasurer. This was the same Bigelow who last year stole over a million dollars from the First National Bank, of Milwaukee, of which he was president. He is now serving a term in the penitentiary for this crime. The indictment against Judge Jenkins was *not* pressed after being out for two or three years.



Teaching him his "h-e-l-l-o-s"

The Independents Took Judge Woods's Advice and Yielded Gracefully to the Situation

Another interesting coincidence developed later in connection with Judge Jenkins. One of the lawyers for the Brown Telephone Company, of Chicago, which was among those enjoined, endeavored in vain to secure a suspension of the injunction pending appeal. He applied

to Judge Jenkins, but he, of course, denied it. Appeal was then taken to the circuit court of appeal. Judge Woods, the presiding judge of the circuit court of appeals, consented to hear the arguments and report the same to the other members of the court. The lawyer for the Brown Telephone Company was sitting in the courtroom, when, to his amazement, he saw Judge Jenkins enter on the arm of Henry C. Payne, afterwards postmaster-general in President Roosevelt's cabinet, then president of the Wisconsin Bell Telephone Company and political boss of the state. The two gentlemen, after a cursory glance about the place, disappeared through the door leading into the private room of Judge Woods. As soon as he could get his breath, the lawyer turned to one of the Bell retainers, known as the "Bell spy," who was present in court, saying:—

"Did you see who that was with Judge Jenkins, going into Judge Woods's room?"

"No," said the spy, "I did n't know him."

"You are a liar. You do. That is Payne, president of the Wisconsin Bell Telephone Company."

"Do you mean to reflect upon a United States judge?"

"No," replied the lawyer, "I have n't yet, but if you had kept still, perhaps I would, and then you could have told him."

Tompkins simply grinned.

Judge Woods gave careful consideration to the petition of the independents and afterwards rendered a fair judgment. His own opinion, he said, was that the injunction should be suspended. But his colleagues had doubts in the matter, and he suggested, as the wisest and most economical course, that the case should not be pushed. Before it could possibly be reached on appeal the patents under which the injunction had been granted would have expired, and the defendants, in fighting the issue, would simply involve themselves in unnecessary expense. It was considered good advice on all sides. The independents, therefore, resigned themselves to the inactivity forced on them by Judge Jenkins, swallowed their loss, and nursed their wrath.

In Milwaukee the Independents Have Never to This Day Been Able to Gain a Foothold

The independents have always charged that the person mainly responsible for their defeat on this occasion was Henry C. Payne. Their feeling against Judge Jenkins was secondary, it being generally conceded that he had been influenced mainly through his well-known conviction, often expressed, that rights of property should be held more sacred than personal or individual rights. That Mr. Payne and Judge Jenkins were great friends is certain, though the one was a Republican, the machine boss of the state, and the other an appointee of President Cleveland, a Democrat. It was Judge Jenkins who appointed Mr. Payne one of the receivers of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Nor is there any doubt of Mr. Payne's subsequent "pernicious activity" against the independents. Most of the trouble they had in the Northwest was traceable directly to him. His control of the local and district bosses in Wisconsin proved a barrier, wherever the independents applied for a franchise in Wisconsin. Despite this barrier they forced their way, backed by solid public opinion, into one community after another; but to this day they have not gained a foothold in Milwaukee, where the influence of the ring was paramount, the people having "little or nothing to say. Nor did Payne's influence end at the Wisconsin line. With United States Senator Benton McMillan, who was president of the Michigan Bell Company, he managed the political end of Bell's campaign against the independents in national matters.

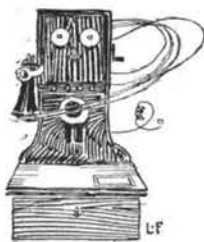
Mr. Payne's Elevation to the Cabinet Was Bitterly Fought by the Telephone Men

It was openly charged that between them, and with the aid of Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, one of Payne's chief lieutenants, they kept the national capital inviolate for the Bell. This was a comparatively easy task, as Babcock was chairman of the committee for the District of Columbia in the house, and McMillan was chairman of the corresponding committee in the senate. The following extracts from "The Telephone," (March, 1897,) a periodical published in the interests of the independents, are interesting in this connection:—

Senator McMillan has shown more activity toward making "The Star Spangled Banner" the national song than with the Columbia Telephone Company's bill to establish an independent telephone exchange in the city of Washington, D. C. Senator McMillan is chairman of the district committee, which has the bill in charge. He is also president of the Michigan Bell Telephone Company. But that is another song.

The Columbia Telephone Company, of Washington, D. C., has worked hard to get through congress a bill for the establishment of a telephone exchange in that city. Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, is chairman of the district committee and has doggedly refused to report the bill. It is stated that Babcock and Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, are most intimate friends. Possibly Mr. Babcock is waiting for Mr. Payne to be called to Washington, that he may consult with that shrewd politician about the advisability of better telephone service in the district.

It was to combat Payne that the independents brought the telephone fight into the White House, during McKinley's administration, and again during Roosevelt's first term. They had become much alarmed over the growing influence of the Wisconsin man in national politics; and when, after McKinley's election, it was formally given out that Payne



was slated for a cabinet position, the telephone men were in panic. Several consultations were held at Chicago, and out of these grew a movement to fight Mr. Payne's appointment. The independents had, at this time, no strong central organization, nor much money; but they had already a considerable popular following in the Middle West. And they had a very aggressive leader in the person of James E. Keelyn, who had developed a large business as a manufacturer of apparatus. All hands lined up solidly behind the protest against Payne. It was pointed out that, if the gentleman from Wisconsin was appointed as head of either one of the two departments for which the public reported him slated—postmaster-general or secretary of the interior,—he would be in a position to inflict serious damage upon the independent cause. As postmaster-general he would have control over the placing of an enormous amount of telephone service. As secretary of the interior he would have control over the patent office, and what this meant had already been demonstrated by the Bell's alleged manipulation of that office in times past.

The Bell Candidate at Last Reached Office Simply through the Neglect of His Opponents

President McKinley was placed in a most awkward position by this complication, for Mr. Payne had the solid backing of practically all the big powers in politics. Next to Mark Hanna himself, no one had worked so hard to secure the President's election. Nor was the political backing alone in its demand for Payne's reward. The great financial power which the Bell has always managed to control was no less insistent in pushing the claims of the Wisconsin man. But, in the end, this combined influence, great as it was, proved futile. Mr. McKinley, as ever, listened to the popular voice, and Mr. Payne was "turned down." The independents were jubilant. They had finally been revenged for all the difficulties that Payne had put in their way, and, more important than this, had overcome what they believed to be a serious menace to their business. That they did not exaggerate this menace was made clear enough by subsequent events, when Mr. Payne triumphed in his turn and landed the coveted cabinet position after Mr. McKinley had passed away.

It so happened that, when Mr. Payne made his second campaign for the cabinet, the independents, though much more numerous, were not as alert. Their central organization, for a year or two preceding, had rather drifted, and the individual operators were so busy meeting demands for enlargements, that they gave little or no attention to politics or to political conditions that might influence their affairs. Therefore, no concerted action was taken, as before, to prevent Mr. Payne's appointment, though the newspapers published the fact broadcast that Mr. Roosevelt had practically selected him.

The New Postmaster-General at Once Hurlled a Bombshell into the Independents' Camp

A few individuals in the industry sounded a warning, but no attention was paid to them. It was not long after Mr. Payne's appointment that the independents found what their lack of vigilance had cost them. An innocent order was issued by the postmaster-general, one day, instructing postmasters throughout the country that only one telephone system must thereafter be installed in post offices, and that this system must be one that had long-distance connections that would enable the postmaster to communicate with Washington. This meant, of course, that all telephones except those controlled by the Bell must be thrown out. Immediately there was clamor and uproar. The various state, county, and district organizations of independents got together to adopt defensive measures. Their situation was admirably summed up by a set of resolutions adopted by the Iowa state association. These resolutions pointed out that, as the Bell Company was the only one permitted in the District of Columbia, it was impossible for any independent company to have long-distance connection with Washington.

"Therefore," the convention declared, "this order of the postmaster-general is obviously issued in the interest of the Bell Telephone Company, this fact being made all the more evident owing to his long connection with the Bell Company, both as an official and stockholder."

The association also pointed out the injustice of this order to the people, because "subscribers of the independent telephone companies outnumber those of the Bell Company by more than 600,000." It was shown that, in hundreds of towns in Iowa, where there were none but independent exchanges, the people would, under this rule, be cut off entirely from the post office.

Following the lead of Iowa many of the other state organizations took the matter up, and representatives were sent to Washington to enter a protest with the postmaster-general. One of those representatives, A. L. Tetu, then general manager of the Home Telephone Company, of Louisville, Kentucky, reported to a convention of the national association, at Chicago, a most interesting and sensational interview he had had with Mr. Payne. It is worth while quoting Mr. Tetu's statement to the convention *verbatim*, as follows:—

I went to Washington because of the failure of the department to recognize a recommendation sent in by the postmaster at Louisville voicing his desire to retain the service of the independent company. After first approaching the subject and referring to the recommendation

[Concluded on pages 355 and 356]



THE PLAYS OF A SEASON

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Photograph by Hall, New York



MR. DAVIS

MR. HITCHCOCK

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AND
RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

This photograph was taken on the stage of the Garden Theater, in New York City, where "The Galloper" was first brought out. Mr. Davis is the author of the play, and Mr. Hitchcock the star.

ALTHOUGH the season in the theatrical world started out somewhat discouragingly, it has proved neither much worse nor much better than the average. It has been marked by many failures, but as well by several real successes; and these successes, it is gratifying to note, have been wholesome, clean, virile pieces of which we can well be proud. Imported decadence has received but short shrift, and the bedizened, bedollared spectacular musical productions, conceived primarily, it would seem, for the deaf and dumb, have bumped the bumps to ignominious failure. The day of those pieces that appeal to the eyes alone is, happily, past; and if the passing season had brought us this blessing alone, it were well worth while.

Perhaps the six biggest successes of the year have been "Man and Superman," "The Squaw Man," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Lion and the Mouse," "Mr. Hopkinson," and "Peter Pan." Three are by English playwrights, three by American; and the home team seems to have none the worst of it, though, under

the existing circumstances, the pieces are difficult of comparison.

The first of these, by George Bernard Shaw, is the story of a youthful iconoclast who earnestly and verbosely disagrees with most of our present-day conventions. His pet aversion is the marriage ceremony, but in the end he comes to it, and accepts it with more willingness than he wishes us to believe. The play is analytical and satirical, and very amusing, but it lacks in sympathy. Shaw laughs at, rather than with, the children of his brain. But the play was interesting and entertaining, and was very well acted by an evenly-balanced cast, headed by Robert Loraine and Fay Davis; hence its long and prosperous career.

"The Squaw Man" is essentially human. To certain points in its acting, characterization, and construction, one might take exception, were one in a critical mood. But to do this would hardly be worth while for, in the main, it is a wholesome play that runs the gamut of human emotion both earnestly and sympathetically. It tells the story of a young Englishman, a second son, who, renouncing the woman he loves, takes upon himself a crime committed by his elder brother, and thereby saves the family honor. He emigrates to America where, going West, he buys a ranch and then marries an Indian squaw. In the end, the squaw considerably dies, leaving him free to marry the woman of his heart and return to England to assume the title and estate which the opportune death of his brother has made vacant for him. The play is by Edwin Milton Royle.

"The Girl of the Golden West," written, produced, and staged by David Belasco, is a play of the California mining camps in the middle of the last century. It is far more beautifully staged than is "The Squaw Man," but in some places it lacks the dignity that is ever present in Mr. Royle's drama. The acting of Frank Keenan stands out particularly strong, and Blanche Bates, the star, gives a truly remarkable performance. The story told is of a girl who has inherited a mining-camp saloon and dance hall, and who runs her

Photograph by White, New York



THE DENUNCIATION SCENE FROM "THE LION AND THE MOUSE"

Shirley Rossmore (Miss Grace Elliston,) accuses John Burkett Ryder (Edmund Breese,) of attempting the ruination of her father, a United States senator. Miss Elliston plays the part of an authoress and Mr. Breese that of a multi-millionaire reveling in the power of his great wealth. Miss Elliston's rôle is said to have been suggested by Miss Ida Tarbell, author of "The History of the Standard Oil Company," and Mr. Breese's by John D. Rockefeller.



THEODORE ROBERTS,
in "The Squaw Man"



GRACE GEORGE,
in Rupert Hughes's new play
"The Richest Girl in the
World"



KATHERINE GREY,
in "The Redskin"

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio, N. Y.



Photo-Etching by White, N. Y.

MAY ROBSON,
in "The Mountain Climber"



Photograph by Byron, N. Y.

FRANK KEENAN,
as "Jack Rance"



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

CLARA LIPMAN,
who is appearing in her own play, "Julie Bonbon"

establishment alone and unaided. She falls in love with a road agent whom she shields from the posse in search of him. In the end, however, the outlaw is captured; but when the miners see how much she cares for him, their love for her impels them to release him, and the two, road agent and girl, leave for new lands. The last scene, where the two are alone in the mountains, is a wonderful bit of stagecraft, but it would be far better were the tiresome and bathetic dialogue that accompanies it, and which serves no purpose whatsoever, omitted.

In "The Lion and the Mouse," Charles Klein has treated upon that exotic of frenzied finance, the water-money plutocrat. An authoress has written a scathing arraignment of this money-mongering person, who becomes so enamored of her analytical and descriptive prowess that he sends for her to write his biography. Because she has concealed her identity under a pen name, he is in ignorance of the fact that

she is the daughter of a certain judge against whom he is bringing unjust impeachment proceedings. The millionaire's son falls in love with the woman, but, as she has revealed her true identity, the millionaire forbids the marriage and orders her from his house. Then, however, he experiences a revulsion of feeling, withdraws the charge against the girl's father, and the happy pair become one.

It is seldom that we have the pleasure of seeing such a bright, entertaining farce so uniformly well played as "Mr. Hopkinson," by R. C. Carton. The characterization is delightful, and the satire exceedingly brilliant. The work of Dallas Welford, in the name part, is a treat that few who see the play will forget. It comes near to perfection. Mr. Hopkinson is a ridiculous little "bounder" who suddenly inherits vast wealth and who is selected by an impoverished duke and duchess as an eligible *parti* for their marriageable ward. As the marriage is

Photograph by Hall, N. Y.

♥ HENRIETTA CROSMAN,
in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"

From a painting by Katharine Corbell Church



♥ ELSIE JANIS,
in "The Vanderbilt Cup" ♥

Photograph by Hall, N. Y.



♥ FRANCIS WILSON,
in "The Mountain Climber" ♥



DALLAS WELLFORD,
in "Mr. Hopkinson"



ELEANOR ROBSON,
in "Merely Mary Ann"



Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

HENRY E. DIXEY,
in "The Man on the Box"

about to take place, a lady's maid appears with a prior claim upon the prospective groom and is bought off for ten thousand pounds. In the interim, however, another impoverished noble has borrowed a thousand pounds from Mr. Hopkinson and has used it as a means with which to elope with the bride-to-be. Mr. Hopkinson thereupon gets his money back by marrying the maid. It is truly a delightful little farce with intensely amusing complications.

The sixth of the successes is "Peter Pan," with Maude Adams enacting the leading rôle. It is a play by James M. Barrie, fanciful with those beautiful imaginings that only Barrie can conceive. Its charm is intangible, evanescent, but none the less real. It lies everywhere and nowhere. It comes from where to-morrow will come and vanishes into where yesterday has gone. The story of the play is of "The Boy Who Never Grew Up," and it is a story not to be told, but to be seen and felt.

Pieces that have proved successful, but in a lesser degree than those that I have before mentioned, are "Her Great Match," which Clyde Fitch wrote for Maxine Elliott and which tells of a prince who sacrifices a prospective throne for the love of an American girl; "DeLancey," by Augustus Thomas, in which John Drew for a time scintillated as a somewhat improvident clubman, a *divorcé*, who marries a girl whose reputation he has saved; "The Prince Chap," Edwin Peple's charming comedy in which Cyril Scott enacts the rôle of a young sculptor who chooses between his sweetheart and his ward in favor of the latter, and who finally finds that, in choosing the one, he has found both; George Ade's "Just Out of College," which, unhappily, failed to attain the degree of excellency that his "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow" had led us to expect, and to hope for; "The Man on

[Concluded on page 374]



"Put in this sentence, Torrey"

THE SECOND GENERATION

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

Author of "The Cost," "The Master Rogue," "The Plum Tree," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

CHAPTER V.

WHEN HIRAM had so far improved that his period of isolation was obviously within a few days of its end, Adelaide suggested to Arthur, somewhat timidly, "Don't you think you ought to go to work at the mills?"

He frowned. It was bad enough to have the inward instinct to this, and to fight it down anew each day as a temptation to weakness and cowardice. That the traitor should get an ally in his sister,—it was intolerable.

"It might help father toward getting well," she urged, "and make such a difference—in every way."

"No more hypocrisy. I was right and he was wrong," replied her brother. He had questioned Dr. Schulze anxiously about his father's seizure; and Schulze, who had taken a strong fancy to him and had wished to put him at ease, declared that the attack began at the mills and would have brought Hiram down before he could have reached home, had he not been so powerful of body and of will. And Arthur, easily reassured where he must be assured if he was to have any peace of mind, now believed the fall of his father and his own outburst were merely coincidence. So he was all for firm stand against slavery. "If I yield an inch now," he went on to Adelaide, "he'll never stop until he has made me his slave. He has lorded it over those workingmen so long that the least opposition puts him in a frenzy."

Adelaide gave over the combat against a stubbornness which was his inheritance from his father. "I've only made him more set by what I've said," thought she. "He has com-

mitted himself. I ought not to have been so tactless."

Long after Hiram got back in part the power of

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

"The Second Generation" was begun in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for March, 1906. 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: "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.

For some time, Hiram Ranger conceals his state of health and mind. He becomes convinced that he has been training his son in the wrong way, and he determines to turn his son's footsteps at once "about face!" In doing this, he has the agonizing consciousness that he is teaching the boy to hate him. He announces, however, that he has determined to cut off Arthur's allowance and have him go to work in the mill. On the following Monday morning at nine o'clock Arthur reports for work, expecting a gentlemanly "office job," but he is immeasurably disgusted when informed that the only way to learn the business is to begin out in the mill. Later in the day, Arthur is indulging in a bitter tirade against his father, when the latter enters the room, and receives the full brunt of his son's angry outburst. The old man hears, hardly comprehending, with a terrible look of mortal hurt upon his face, then falls senseless upon the floor.

speech, he spoke only when directly addressed, and then after a wait in which he seemed to have cast about for the fewest possible words. After full a week of this emphasized silence, he said, "Where is Arthur?"

Arthur had kept away because,—so he told himself and believed,—while he was not in the least responsible for his father's illness, still seeing him and being thus reminded of their difference could not but have a bad effect. That particular day, as luck would have it, he for the first time since his father was stricken had left the grounds. "He's out driving," said his mother.

"In the tandem?" asked Hiram.

"Yes," replied Ellen;—she knew nothing of the last development of the strained relations between her husband and her "boy."

"Then he hasn't gone to work?"

"He's stayed close to the house ever since you were taken sick, Hiram," she said, with gentle reproach. "He's been helping me nurse you."

Hiram did not need to inquire how little that meant. He knew that, when anyone Ellen Ranger loved was ill, she would permit no help in the nursing, neither by day nor by night. He relapsed into his brooding over the problem which was his sad companion each conscious moment, now that the warning "Put your house in order" had been so grimly emphasized.

The day Dr. Schulze let them bring him down to the first floor, Mrs. Hastings—"Mrs. Fred," to distinguish her from "Mrs. Val,"—happened to call. Mrs. Ranger did not like her for two reasons,—first, she had married her favorite cousin, Alfred Hastings, and had been the "ruination" of him; second, she had a way of running on and on to every one and anyone about the most intimate family affairs, and to close-mouthed Ellen Ranger this was the quintessence of indiscretion and vulgarity. But Hiram liked her, was amused by her always interesting and at times witty thrusts at the various members of her family, including herself. So, Mrs. Ranger, clutching at anything that might lift the pall of gloom thick and black upon him, let her in and left them alone together. With so much to do, she took advantage of every moment which she could conscientiously spend out of his presence.

At sight of Henrietta, Ranger's face brightened,—and well it might. In old-fashioned Saint X it was the custom for a married woman to "settle down" as soon as she returned from her honeymoon,—to abandon all thoughts, pretensions, and efforts toward an attractive exterior, and to become a "settled" woman,—"settled" meaning purified of the last grain of the vanity of trying to please the eye or ear of the male. And conversation with any man, other than her husband,—and even with him, if a woman were soundly virtuous, through and through,—must be serious, as clean shorn of all allurements as a Quaker meetinghouse. Mrs. Hastings had defied this ancient and sacred

tradition of the "settled" woman. She had kept her looks; she was frankly eager for the admiration of men. And the fact that the most conscious old maid in Saint X could not find a flaw in her character as a faithful wife, rather aggravated the offending. For, did not her devotion to her husband make more dangerous her bad example of frivolity retained and flaunted, as a pure private life in an infidel made his heresies the more plausible and insidious? At "almost" forty, Mrs. Hastings looked "about" thirty and acted as if she were a girl or a widow. Each group of gods seems ridiculous to those who happen not to believe in it. Saint X's set of gods of conventionality doubtless seems ridiculous to those who knock the dust before some other set; but Saint X can not be blamed for keeping a sober face before its own altars and reserving its jeers and pitying smiles for conventionalities in high dread and awe elsewhere. And if "Mrs. Fred" had not been one of "the Fuller heirs," Saint X would have made her feel its displeasure, instead of merely talking and threatening.

"I'm making a round of the invalids to-day," began Henrietta, after she had got through the prescribed formula of sick-room conversation. "I've just come from old John Skeffington. I found all the family in the depths. He fooled 'em again last night."

Hiram smiled. All St. X knew what it meant for old Skeffington "to fool 'em again." He had been dying for three years. At the first news that he was seized of a probably mortal illness, his near relations, who had been driven from him by his ferocious temper and his parsimony, had gathered under his roof from far and near, each group hoping to induce him to make a will in its favor. He lingered on, and so did they,—watching each other, trying to outdo each other, in complaisance to the humors of the old miser. And he got a new grip on life through his pleasure in tyrannizing over them and in putting them to a great expense in keeping up his house. He favored first one group, then another, taking fagots from fires of hope burning too high, to rekindle fires that were about to expire.

"How is he?" asked Hiram.

"They say he can't last till fall," replied Henrietta; "but he'll last another winter, maybe ten. He's having more and more fun all the time. He has made them bring an anvil and a hammer to his bedside, and whenever he happens to be sleeping badly—and that's pretty often,—he bangs on the anvil until the last one of his relations has got up and come in, and then maybe he'll set 'em to work mending his fishing tackle,—right in the dead of night."

"Are they all there still?" asked Hiram. "The Thomases, the Wilsons, the Frisbies, and the two Cantwell old maids?"

"Everyone,—except Miss Frisbie. She's gone back home to Rushville, but she's sending her sister on to take her place to-morrow. I saw Dory Hargrave in the street a while ago. You know his mother was a first cousin of old John's. I told him he ought not to let strangers get the old man's money, that he ought to shy his castor into the ring."

"And what did he say?" asked Hiram.

"He came back at me good and hard," said Mrs. Hastings with a good-humored laugh. "He said there'd been enough people in Saint X ruined by inheritances and by expecting inheritances. You know, the creek that flows through the graveyard has just been stopped from seeping into the reservoir. Well, he spoke of that and said there was, and always had been, flowing from every graveyard a stream far more poisonous than any graveyard creek, yet nobody ever talked of stopping it."

The big man, sitting with eyes downcast, began to rub his hands, one over the other,—a certain sign that he was thinking profoundly.

"There's a good deal of truth in what he said," she went on. "Look at our family. We've been living on an allowance from

Grandfather Fuller in Chicago for forty years. None of us has ever done a stroke of work; we've simply been waiting for him to die and divide up his millions. Look at us! Bill and Tom drunkards, Dick a loafer without even the energy to be a drunkard; Ed dead because he was too lazy to keep himself alive. Alice and I married nice fellows, but as soon as they got into our family they began to loaf and wait. We've been waiting in decent, or, I should say, indecent poverty, for forty years, and we're still waiting. We're a lot of paupers. We're on a level with the Wilmots."

"Yes,—there are the Wilmots, too," said Hiram, absently.

"That's another form of the same disease," Henrietta went on. "Did you know General Wilmot?"

"He was a fine man," said Hiram, "one of the founders of this town, and he made a fortune out of it. He got overbearing and what he thought was proud toward the end of his life, but he had a good heart and worked for all he had,—honest work."

"And he brought his family up to be real down-east gentlemen and ladies," resumed Henrietta. "And look at 'em. They lost the money, because they were too gentlemanly and too ladylike to know how to hold on to it. And there they live in the big house—half

starved. Why, really, Mr. Ranger, they don't have enough to eat. And they dress in clothes that have been in the family for a generation. They make their underclothes out of old bed linen. And the grass on their front lawns is three feet high, and the moss and weeds cover and pry up the bricks of their walks. They're too fine to work and too poor to hire. How much have they borrowed from you?"

"I don't know," said Hiram. "Not much."

"I know better,—and you ought n't to have lent them a cent. Yesterday old Wilmot was hawking two of his grandfather's watches about, trying to sell them. And they've got brains,—the Wilmots have,—just as our family has. Nothing wrong with either of us, but—that stream Dory Hargrave was talking about."

"There's John Dumont," mused Ranger.

"Yes,—he is an exception. But what's he doing with what his father left him? I don't let them throw dust in my eyes with his philanthropy as they call it. The plain truth is he's a gambler and a thief, and he uses what his father left him to be gambler and thief on the big scale and so keep out of the penitentiary—'finance,' they call it. If he'd been poor, he'd have been in jail long ago,—and it'd have been better for everybody, and no worse, really, for him."

"A great deal of good can be done with



"'Father! What is it?' she repeated."

money," said Hiram, with much earnestness.

"Can it?" demanded Mrs. Fred. "It don't look that way to me. I'm full of this, for I was hauling my Alfred over the coals this morning,"—she laughed,—“for being what I've made him, for doing what I'd do in his place,—for being like my father and my brothers. It seems to me, precious little of the alleged good that's done with wealth is really good; and what little is n't downright bad hides the truth from people. Talk about the good money does! What does it amount to,—the good that's good, and the good that's rotten bad? What does it all amount to beside the good that being poor does? People that are poor and work hard are honest and have sympathy and affection and try to amount to something. And if they are bad, why at least they can't hurt anybody but themselves very much, where a John Dumont or a Skeffington can injure scores,—hundreds. Take your own case, Mr. Ranger. Your money has never done you any good. It was your hard work. All your money has ever done has been—Do you think your boy and girl will be as good a man and woman—as useful and creditable to the community,—as you and Cousin Ellen have been?"

Hiram said nothing; he continued to slide his great, strong, useful-looking hands one over the other.

"A fortune makes a man stumble along if he's in the right road, makes him race along if he's in the wrong road," concluded Henrietta.

"You must have been talking a great deal to young Hargrave lately," said Hiram, shrewdly.

She blushed. "That's true," she admitted, with a laugh. "But I'm not altogether parroting what he said. I do my own thinking." She rose. "I'm afraid I have n't cheered you up much."

"I'm glad you came," said Hiram, earnestly; then, with an admiring look, "It's a pity some of the men of your family have n't got your energy."

She laughed. "They have," said she. "We're all first-rate talkers,—and that's all the energy I've got; energy to wag my tongue. Still—You did n't know I'd gone into business?"

"Business?"

"That is, I'm backing Stella Wilmot in opening a little shop—to sell millinery."

"A Wilmot at work!" exclaimed Hiram.

"A Wilmot at work," affirmed Henrietta. "She's more like her great grandfather; you know how a bad trait will skip several generations and then show again. The Wilmots have been cultivating the commonness of work out of their blood for three generations, but it has burst in again. She made a declaration of independence last week. She told the family she was tired of being a pauper and beggar. And when I heard she wanted to do something I offered to go in with her in a business. She's got a lot of taste in trimming hats. She certainly has had experience enough."

"She always looks well," said Hiram.

"And you'd wonder at it, if you were a woman and knew what she's had to work on. So, I took four hundred dollars grandfather sent me as a birthday present, and we're going to open up in a small way. She's to put her name out,—the family won't let me put mine out, too. 'Wilmot & Hastings' would sound well, don't you think? But it's got to be 'Wilmot & Co.' We've hired a store,—No. 263 Monroe Street. We have our opening in August."

"Do you need any—" began Hiram.

"No, thank you," she cut in, with a laugh. "This is a close corporation. No stock for sale. We want to hold on to every cent of the profits."

"Well," said Hiram, "if you ever do need to borrow, you know where to come."

"Where the whole town comes when it's

hard up," said Henrietta; and she astonished the old man by giving him a shy, darting kiss on the brow. "Now, don't you tell your wife!" she exclaimed, blushing furiously and making for the door.

When Adelaide, sent by her mother, went to sit with him, he said: "Draw the blinds, child, and leave me alone. I want to rest." She obeyed him. At intervals of half an hour she opened the door softly, looked in at him, thought he was asleep, and went softly away. But he had never been further from sleep in his life. Henrietta Hastings's harum-scarum gossiping and philosophizing happened to be just what his troubled mind needed to precipitate its clouds into a solid mass that could be clearly seen and carefully examined. Heretofore he had accepted the conventional explanations of all the ultimate problems, had regarded philosophers as time wasters, own brothers to the debaters who lounged and whittled on dry-goods boxes at the sidewalk's edge in summer and about the stoves in the rear of stores in winter, settling all affairs save their own. But now, sitting in enforced inaction and in the chill and calm which diffuses from the tomb, he was using the unused, the reflective, half of his good mind.

Even as Henrietta was talking, he began to see what seemed to him the hidden meaning in the mysterious "Put your house in order" that would give him no rest. But he was not the man to make an important decision in haste, was the last man in the world to inflict discomfort, much less pain, upon anyone, unless the command to do it came unmistakably in the one voice he dared not disobey. Day after day he brooded; night after night he fought to escape. But, slowly, inexorably, his iron inheritance from Covenantant on one side and Puritan on the other asserted itself. Heartsick, and all but crying out in anguish, he advanced to the stern task which he could no longer deny or doubt that the Most High God had set for him.

* * * * *

He sent for Mark Hargrave.

Mark Hargrave was president of the Tecumseh Agricultural and Classical University,—to give it its full legal entitlements. The university consisted in a faculty of six, including Dr. Hargrave, and of two meager and modest, almost mean, "halls," and two hundred acres of land. There were at that time just under four hundred students, all but about fifty working their way through. So poor was the college that it was kept going only by efforts, the success of which seemed miraculous interventions of Providence. They were so regarded by Dr. Hargrave,—and the stubbornest infidel must have conceded that he was not unjustified.

As Hargrave, tall and spare, his strong features illumined by the light of a life spent in the unselfish service of his fellow-men, came into Hiram Ranger's presence, Hiram shrank and grew gray as his hair. Hargrave might have been the officer come to lead him forth to execution.

"If you had not sent for me, Mr. Ranger," he began, after the greetings, "I should have come of my own accord within a day or two. Latterly God has been strongly moving me to lay before you the claims of my boys,—of the college."

This was to Hiram direct confirmation of his own convictions. He tried to force his lips to say so, but they would not move.

"You and Mrs. Ranger," he went on, "have had a long life, full of the consciousness of useful work well done. Your industry, your fitness for the just use of God's treasure, has been demonstrated, and He has made you stewards of much of it. And now approaches the final test, the greatest test, of your fitness to do His work. In the name of the Most High, my old friend, what are you going to do with His treasure?"

Hiram Ranger's face lighted up. The peace

that was entering his soul lay upon the tragedy of his mental and physical suffering soft and serene and sweet as moonlight beautifying a ruin. "That's why I sent for you Mark," he said.

"Hiram, are you going to leave your wealth so that it may continue to do good in the world? Or, are you going to leave it so that it may tempt your children to vanity and selfishness, to lives of idleness and folly, to bring up their children to be even less useful to mankind than they, even more out of sympathy with the noble and beautiful ideals which God has implanted? All of those ideals are attainable only through shoulder-to-shoulder work such as you have done all your life."

"God help me!" muttered Hiram. The sweat was beading his forehead and his hands were clasped and wrenching each at the other—typical of the two forces contending in final battle within him.

"Have you ever looked about you in this town and thought of the meaning of its slow and steady decay, moral and physical? God prospered the hard-working men who founded it; but, instead of appreciating His blessings, they regarded the wealth He gave them as their own; and they left it to their children. And see how their sin is being visited upon the third and fourth generations! Industry has been slowly paralyzing. The young people whose wealth gave them the best opportunities are leading idle lives, are full of vanity of class and caste, are steeped in the sins that ever follow in the wake of idleness,—the sins of selfishness and indulgence. Instead of being useful workers, leading in the march upward, instead of taking the position for which their superior opportunities should have fitted them, they set an example of idleness and indolence. They despise their ancestry of toil which should be their pride. They pride themselves upon the parasitism which is their shame. And they set before the young an example of contempt for work, of looking on it as a curse and a disgrace."

"I have been thinking of these things lately," said Hiram.

"It is the curse of the world, this inherited wealth," cried Hargrave. "Because of it humanity moves in circles instead of forward. The ground gained by the toiling generations is lost by the inheriting generations. And this accursed inheritance tempts men ever to long for and hope for that which they have not earned. God gave man a trial of the plan of living in idleness upon that which he had not earned, and man fell. Then God established the other plan, and through it man has been rising,—but rising slowly and with many a backward slip, because he has tried to thwart the Divine plan with the system of inheritance. Fortunately, the great mass of mankind has had nothing to leave to heirs, has had no hope of inheritances. Thus, new leaders have ever been developed in place of those destroyed by inherited prosperity. But, unfortunately, the law of inheritance has been able to do its devil's work upon the best element in every human society, upon those who had the most efficient and exemplary parents and so had the best opportunity to develop into men and women of the highest efficiency. No wonder progress is slow, when the leaders of each generation have to be developed from the bottom all over again, and when the ideal of useful work is obscured by the false ideal of living without work. Waiting for dead men's shoes! Dead men's shoes instead of shoes of one's own making. Your life, Hiram, leaves to your children the injunction to work, to labor cheerfully and equally, honestly and helpfully, with their brothers and sisters; but your wealth—If you leave it to them, will it not give that injunction the lie, will it not invite them to violate that injunction?"

"I have been watching my children, my boy especially," said Hiram. "I don't know about

[Continued on pages 365 to 370]

THE HABIT OF GOVERNING WELL

Manchester—and Plain, Common Honesty

By SAMUEL MERWIN

Government, good, bad, or indifferent, is largely a habit of mind. In order to illustrate this thesis, we are setting before you comparative studies of two cities, Newark, New Jersey, and Manchester, England. Both are manufacturing cities. Both are governed by plain, healthy men. Yet Newark is governed badly; Manchester is governed well. There is a reason for the good government of Manchester. It is the aim of this article to point out just what that reason, that secret of honest government, is.

Second Article.—Mr. Merwin's first article, on Newark, appeared in our April issue.

I.—How Municipal Ownership Helps Pay the Taxes

THE visitor to Manchester, England, who sets out, map in pocket, to make the acquaintance of the local tramway system, is struck first by the cleanliness of the cars and the frequency of their trips; and a little later, as the acquaintance grows, he is impressed with the general efficiency of the service and with the skill with which the system has been laid out in order best to serve the community. If he spread out the map of Manchester and Salford and count the radiating trolley lines which run off the edge of the map into the surrounding country he will find that there are twenty-three different lines. And these will include "cross-over" lines only in two or three instances; at least twenty of them will be separate lines connecting the outlying regions with the business center of Manchester. They spread out like the spokes of a wheel. And if our visitor be open to impressions, the map will tell him that this remarkable system is the result neither of corporation scheming on the one hand nor of political jobbery on the other, but that it is the result of a simple, quite comprehensible intention to give the people of Manchester and of the suburbs quick access to and from the city in every direction. This simple purpose would seem also to account for the fact that all the lines are as nearly straight as they could be made. For all short distances, ranging from a mile and a half on certain lines to two miles and a half on others, the fare is two cents. Each line is divided into a few divisions. When a passenger pays his fare of one English penny he is given a ticket which indicates that he is free to ride to the end of that division. On each line the first of these divisions begins at a central point in the city and extends well out toward the city limits.

With a Two-cent Fare the Tramways Cleared a Quarter of a Million Dollars

The cars are all double-deck trolleys. They are neatly painted and varnished, and are kept in perfect condition. Both in Manchester and in the adjoining city of Salford no advertising is allowed on the cars.

The two city corporations run their cars, where convenient, over one another's tracks; and Manchester also builds and operates lines which extend far out into the country. In such cases it buys property as a private corporation would; and, excepting that it does not charge "all the traffic will bear" and that it conducts its affairs openly and honestly, its relations with the outlying communities are about what the relations of a private corporation in the same line would be.

And now what can be done in the way of earning profits with a two-cent fare?

I have before me on my desk a copy of the city treasurer's "Abstract of Accounts" for last year. This is a stout volume of eight hundred pages. In it may be found the city's balance sheet for the year. Following this are the reports of the thirty-six departments into which the business of the city is divided. Each of these reports is so direct and simple that any moderately intelligent person should be able to grasp the method of accounting with very little study. Figures need not always lie. Where the intent is honest they may even be employed as a means of conveying exact information. The significant thing about the Manchester accounts is that they are promptly issued to the public in clear, honest form, in a volume which is indexed and cross-indexed, and is evidently meant to be understood. If this were done in New York it would mean that any citizen, by simply turning a few pages, could see precisely what money, say, the dock department had handled during the preceding year, includ-



S. NORBURY WILLIAMS

THE able and fearless "elective auditor" of Manchester, who, for thirteen years, has told the ratepayers what the city council was doing with their money. He has been savagely attacked, even sued for criminal libel, but he has succeeded in establishing the principle of publicity in municipal affairs

ing the amount of work done and the exact sums paid to contractors. This would be a very easy thing to do. But only the man who has tried to get at certain data of the finances of an American city will fully realize how far we are from the attainment of this simple method.

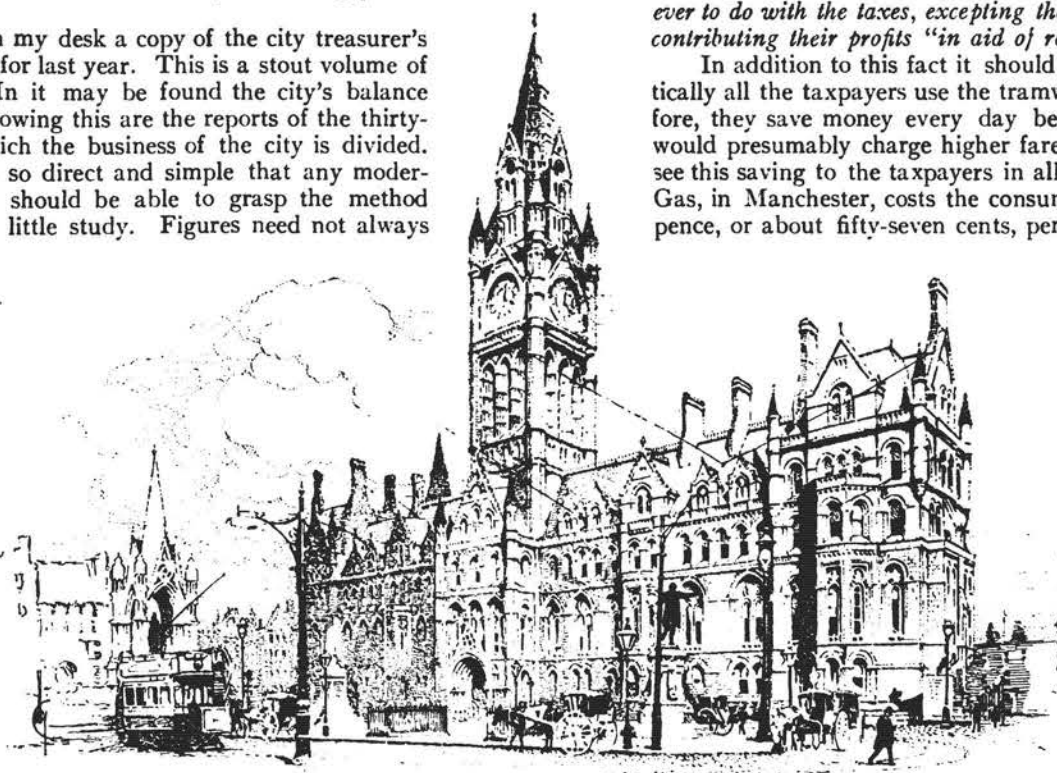
Last year the result of a two-cent fare in Manchester was a net profit of £51,000, (\$247,350.) This sum was turned over to the City Fund "in aid of rates." In other words, the total tax assessment levied on the ratepayers of Manchester was reduced by nearly a quarter of a million dollars from this one source. This, under an efficient municipal ownership régime, is where the people come in.

The Cost of Gas in Manchester Is a Little Over One-half That in New York

I wish to lay stress on this point because it has been claimed in this country that taxes would be higher under municipal ownership. *The municipally owned tramways of Manchester have nothing whatever to do with the taxes, excepting that they lighten the taxes by contributing their profits "in aid of rates."*

In addition to this fact it should be remembered that practically all the taxpayers use the tramways daily, and that, therefore, they save money every day because a private company would presumably charge higher fares than does the city. We see this saving to the taxpayers in all the other public utilities. Gas, in Manchester, costs the consumer two shillings and fourpence, or about fifty-seven cents, per thousand cubic feet. In

New York it costs a dollar, and at the time of writing all the corporation interests are united at Albany to fight the eighty-cent gas bill which has been lingering for a long time in the legislature of New York State. In New Jersey, under the benevolent hand of the Public Service Corporation, the price ranges from \$1.00 to \$1.35 per thousand feet. And in both New York and New Jersey the gas which is supplied is not honest gas. As if this were not enough, the Public Service Corporation of



THE TOWN HALL, MANCHESTER

New Jersey has recently made two petty and underhanded, yet singularly characteristic, attempts to add to the price of gas. A discount of ten per cent. was formerly allowed if a bill was paid within ten days after its receipt by the consumer. This discount has been changed from ten per cent. of the total charge to ten cents per thousand feet, and it is not allowed after the tenth of the month, even though the bills may not be, and they usually are not, sent out promptly on the first of the month. The new discount is a few cents smaller than the old, and, as it is effective for only five to eight days instead of ten, it makes it just a little more difficult for the average consumer to take advantage of the offer.

To give some notion of the profit to "Public Service" in selling poor gas at \$1.35 per thousand feet, (which is the price in the city of Plainfield,) it is only necessary to say that the *net profits* of the Manchester gas department last year (with gas at fifty-seven cents per thousand feet,) were £66,068, (\$320,429;) and of this sum a little more than \$290,000, or about ninety per cent., was turned over to the city fund "in aid of rates."

These facts are striking. I have selected them as fair illustrations of the results of municipal ownership in Manchester. I will pass briefly over the reports of some of the other city departments because I wish the reader to join me in considering the deeper significance of this sort of city government. Municipal ownership is no more than a symptom of a healthy, self-controlled civic body. The markets department last year contributed to the rates \$67,900. The electricity department cleared \$22,038, but did not contribute to the rates. For three years it has made no such contribution, but since 1894 it has reduced the price of electricity to the consumer more than one hundred per cent. These few figures should make it plain to the reader that in Manchester municipal ownership sustains itself and helps the people to pay their taxes.

II.—Running a City Honestly

WHEN Judge Edward F. Dunne was elected mayor of Chicago on a municipal ownership platform, he and his department heads were brought face to face with a situation which has come to be broadly typical of our cities. The conducting of a business house which handles a hundred million dollars in a year without some sort of co-ordinated central government would be everywhere recognized as a disastrous thing to attempt. Yet, in Chicago, the central government, on the executive side, consisted, and to-day consists of the mayor, the mayor's secretary, the secretary's stenographer, and the doorkeeper. Of these, the mayor, under our system, rarely knows anything about running a city, and, besides, is expected to give most of his time to politics and to petty routine business; the secretary must handle the hundreds of callers at the mayor's office, and give almost continuous attention to office detail and to correspondence; and the stenographer is, or ought to be, pretty busy over his machine. This leaves the doorkeeper to attend to the highly complicated business of administering the business of a great city and bringing together the widely separated departments in such wise that they may work together with the minimum of friction and waste and the maximum of practical results.

There was a time when a city council was expected to keep absolute control over the granting of franchises and the management of a city's funds. But the tendency in this country has been to take away, little by little, the power of councils, and place it in the hands of special commissioners or heads of departments. Either the power to grant franchises has been put into the hands of appointive instead of elective officials, or else the division of power has been complicated to a point where it passed the comprehension of the average voter. The underlying purpose of this gradual change is not hard to get at. The big business men succeeded in corrupting city councils until the thing became a stench in the nostrils of even moderately good citizenship. These corrupted aldermen were directly responsible to the people. As corporation arts grew more refined it was seen that the method was crude. It was too easy for the people to place the responsibility for the misdeeds of their representatives. Plainly the trouble, from the corporation point of view, was with representative government; and the obvious remedy was to undermine representative government by complicating it, by removing the powerful official farther away from direct responsibility to the people. And, still further to muddy the waters of city government, the principle was developed of extending the control of a legislature over the cities of its state; for a legislature is a remote, intangible thing to your average voter. In New York City we see the rapid transit board in control of the city's ownership of the streets. It seems hardly likely that Thomas F. Ryan or August Belmont could buy outright any of the present rapid transit commissioners, but it is quite as effective to appoint to the board men who honestly represent the rights of the public utilities corporation as opposed to the rights of the plain citizen,—and it is a good deal cheaper. In Newark, New Jersey, the privilege of giving away the city's property has been vested in the board of works; and until an awakened public opinion clamored at the doors, this board simply obeyed the instructions of its master, the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey.



Here, then, we have the important facts of the present situation:—The people have lost all the effective elements of really representative government, and have let slip, at the same time, the principle of home rule. The big business men have undermined our scheme of government and have corrupted or tempted away our officials; and when an effort is made on the part of honest citizenship to regain control of the city's property, the "better" newspapers, controlled or dominated in almost every instance by large business or financial interests, tell us that such control of the city's property, such operation of the city's utilities, is impracticable because we are too corrupt, too poor-spirited, too cowardly, to make it go. We are reminded that the spoils system—patronage, graft, and all their evils,—is permanently fastened upon us.

There Is Not Even "Honest" Graft in Manchester's Municipal Utilities

Are they right? Let us consider again what some plain Anglo-Saxons have done along this line in an English city.

In Manchester there is no spoils system, there is no observable graft, there are no bosses. The managers of the different departments of the city government are permanent officials who have, in most cases, worked their way up through the department. Thus, to the general manager of the tramways department, Mr. J. M. McElroy, the business of managing Manchester tramways is the business of his life. There is no graft in Mr. McElroy's department, because he is held strictly accountable for the expenditures of his department,—not loosely, but *strictly* accountable. There is not even "honest" graft, for a reason which I will bring up a little later, for a reason which lies at the root of good government. The obvious reason, which lies on the surface where anyone can see it, is the fact that Manchester has been developing and perfecting the idea of representative government, while Newark, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Pittsburg have, little by little, year by year, been losing their hold on the idea of representative government.

In order to work effectively representative government must be simple in its outlines. A certain number of men are chosen by their fellow citizens to carry on the organization of a coöperating community. In theory, every voter has a hand in the government. In fact, the town-meeting idea is so cumbersome as to be impossible in the management of a large city. So the city is divided into districts; and each district delegates its governing power for a time to certain individuals, who are, in return, held to account for their acts as parties to the government. These delegates, or representatives of the people, meet and organize in order to carry on the business of being a city. In Manchester, if you brush aside the surface complications, that is all there is to it. The business which these representatives carry on is not simple in detail, but it is quite simple in outline. It has been found that the business of conveying citizens about the streets and the business of supplying them with light and water and with a place to sleep after death, if transferred to private corporations as we have done it in America, invariably results in a greedy exploitation of the people. This, since the people control the government, it has been thought wise to avoid. Consequently, the representatives of the people, organized as a city council, conduct, for the people, those utilities which have come to be regarded as the secondary necessities of life.

There Is a Restriction upon Suffrage, Which Tends to Eliminate the Ignorant Vote

There seems to be nothing very radical, nothing very dangerous in this theory of government. It is, in spirit, a part of the theory on which the United States of America was founded, and we need not let even William R. Hearst scare us away from it. The lord mayor of Manchester is no more than a dignified and urbane figurehead. He has no such cabinet as is found in most of our cities, such as appointive directors of the different departments of the city's activity. He merely possesses a casting vote at meetings of the council. The real government of the city is held within the city council, for the quite obvious reason that the people see no object in delegating the power to individuals who would be further removed from direct responsibility. The theory of direct responsibility underlies everything, in the Manchester scheme. The general manager of, say, the tramways, is answerable to the tramways committee of the council. The tramways committee is answerable, in the matter of money and policy, to the whole council. The individual members of the council are answerable to their constituents. There is very little opportunity for shifting responsibility; the scheme is so simple that the average voter understands it perfectly.

The right to vote is limited in Manchester. In order to be recognized as a voter a man must have lived for twelve months at one address, at a rental of not less than ten pounds, or, roughly, fifty dollars. In other words, a man who is able to pay one dollar a week for a room is able to vote. In New York such a restriction might eliminate part of the slum vote. Manchester seems to have no slum. The campaign expenses of candidates for councillor are limited by law, and a detailed account must be submitted. If the account is not satisfactory the new member is removed from the council. There are thirty wards in the city, and each ward elects three councillors and one alderman. The aldermen are

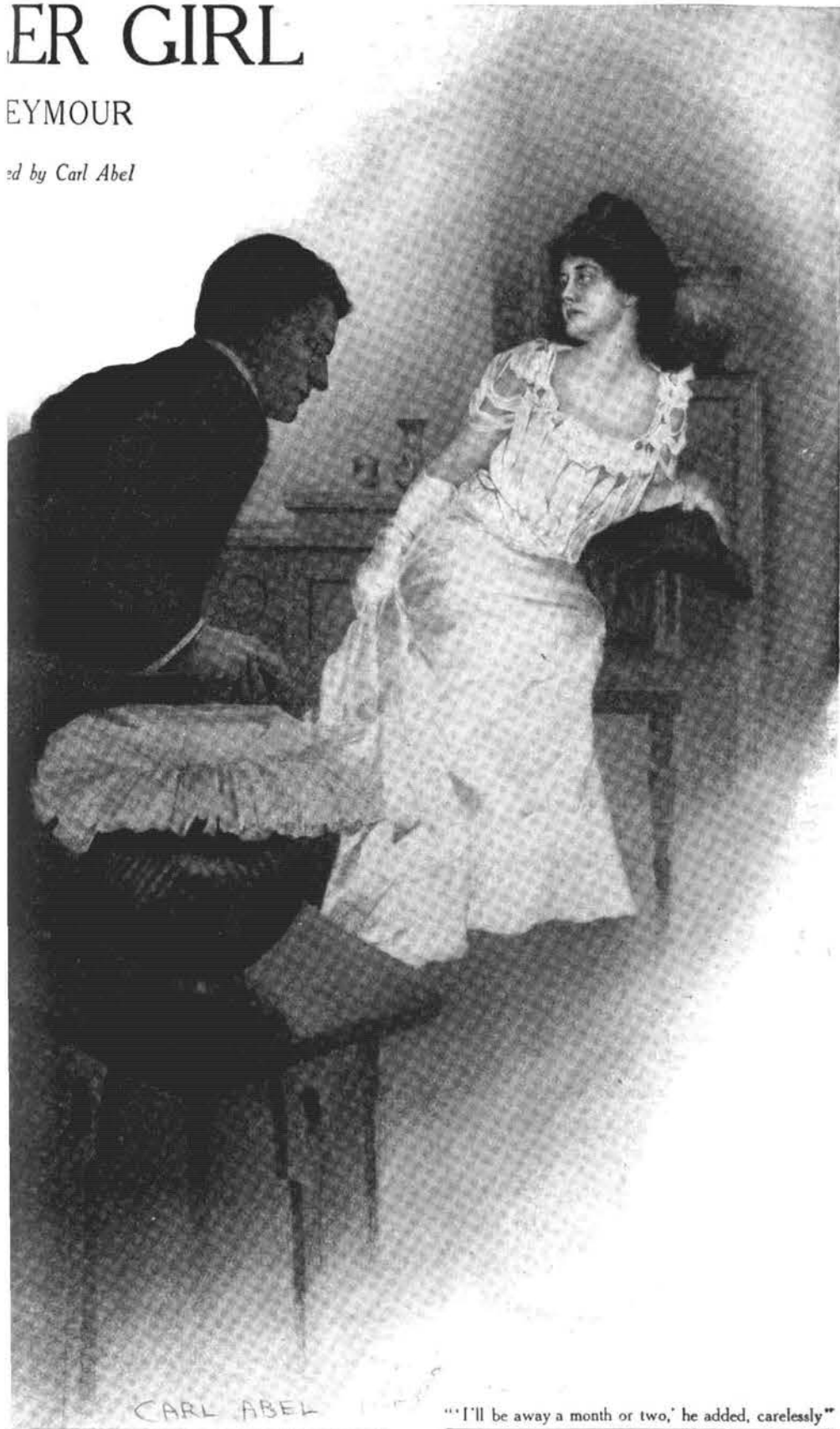
[Concluded on pages 357 to 360]



ER GIRL

EYMOUR

ed by Carl Abel



"I'll be away a month or two," he added, carelessly"

"I do," he said, vaguely. "Good-by, dear. I'm not so good-looking this would n't have. But you can't help it, I suppose. Good-by."

Following evening, Isabelle Parton, tall and in a white *chiffon*, carrying the illustrator's picture, entered the Sheraton's ballroom. She was of some particular meaning in their smiling. Her *fancé*, bursting with rage, explained the first dance they had together.

"a big picture of you and a lot of rot in the said he. "Everybody has read it. Come in this corner and I'll show it to you. I'm sitting in my pocket."

In an alcove, under the stairs, he produced the picture. Here was a big woodcut, bearing a coarse resemblance to herself, and underneath the following

"THE KREISLER GIRL"

MISS PARTON, OF EAST 70TH STREET, WAS THE MODEL OF THE FAMOUS KREISLER PICTURE. HOW LOVE HELPED THE ILLUSTRATOR TO HIS FORTUNE.

Richard Kreisler, the struggling young illustrator, met Miss Isabel Parton, a tall and brilliant

young society woman, living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Parton, at 957 East 70th Street, he had no idea she would prove to be the means whereby he might attain fame and fortune. They met, it is said, at an afternoon tea; for Mr. Kreisler, though poor, and almost unknown in the artist world at the time, had the blood of a fine old Southern family in his veins, and the *entrée* of some of the smartest and most exclusive houses of New York. He fell instantly in love with Miss Parton, but his pride would not permit him to intimate that he more than admired her. Miss Parton, it is said, discovering by accident the state of his affections, offered to pose for some pictures, which she persuaded him to send to one of the leading publishing houses in town. They were instantly successful. Since then the popularity of Mr. Kreisler as an illustrator has been constantly on the increase. Encouraged by the rising tide of his fortunes, the illustrator proposed to Miss Parton, and was immediately accepted. They expect to be married in a few months.

The fine olive of Miss Parton's face was swept across with a vivid pink.

"It's sickening," she cried; "it's outrageous; and the worst of it is, it's partly true." Struggling with two emotions, she buried her head in her hands and laughed, almost hysterically.

"Dick," she said, "it's so ridiculous."

"You're an angel to take it that way," remarked Kreisler; "it makes my blood boil. And to think I have brought it on you. It makes me sick."

"You did n't, either," retorted Miss Parton. "You know I wanted you to send those pictures to the publishers; I urged you."

"Well, anyhow," said the illustrator, "I'll never sell another picture that has anyone in it the least resembling you; that's certain. You won't be annoyed any longer than I can help. The trouble is, I don't know anyone else around here I want to draw. No one's so good-looking as you are; no one holds her head so beautifully as you; no one wears her clothes so well as you." He softly touched the hanging *chiffon* of her sleeve.

"I think I'll branch out in an entirely new line. I've been offered the illustration of a novel whose scene is laid in French-Canada. Of course I'll have to go, and make sketches of the country and the people. There's some good material there, I imagine, and I may get some new ideas. I'll be away a month or two, at least," he added carelessly.

Miss Parton suddenly sat up very straight, and said, coldly: "That will be very nice indeed for you; you'd better stay up there a long while, and have a complete change."

"Oh, you darling," said the man, unexpectedly; "don't you know I'll be missing you every day, every hour, every minute of the time I'm away?" The music of the silly little Irish song of several years back floated out to them from the ballroom: "Oh Bedelia, elia, elia, I've made up my mind to steal yer."

"I wish you were Bedelia," he said, whimsically; "I'd steal you and carry you off to the Canadian woods with me soon enough; and while you sat beside me under the pines, I'd make sketches that would make our fortune. But you are not,—you're a carefully brought up New York girl, and I owe it to my self-respect to have the wherewithal assured before I ask you to marry me. It was such a little while ago I was almost penniless."

Miss Parton, leaning back against the cushions, smiled. "Dickie, you are absurd when you talk about money. I could get along on awfully little, though I don't know whether I could make my own clothes or not. I did try to make some shirt-waists once, but the sleeves always turned out to be for the same arm. Anyhow, we would n't want to be married yet—it's so nice to be engaged, don't you think so?"

"Nobody's looking," said Kreisler,—apparently an irrelevant remark.

As Miss Parton drove home that evening, she smiled happily to herself. She would n't mind Dick's temporary absence very much; she was sure he loved her.

Kreisler departed the last of December. The bitter wind was howling round the street corners in the city. In April, when the little bushes were yellowing over all Central Park, he had not returned. But his first letters were cheerful and buoyant.

"I've found excellent material up here," he also wrote, within a week or two after his arrival, "and have already finished several illustrations for the serial. The 'habitants' of French-Canada are picturesque, and the scenery is wonderful."

Then followed some writing which, though it had

nothing to do with Canada, Miss Parton found interesting. At the end of the second month, he wrote that he thought of staying another month, as he was finding much more valuable material; adding, though extremely anxious to see her, it seemed best for him to wait.

This letter did not quite commend itself to Isabelle Parton. She did not use her reputed power of reading between the lines, as was her wont.

Near the end of the third month a letter came from him which his *fiancée* found even less satisfactory. It was written hurriedly, that was evident, and in his own handwriting, though somewhat demoralized:—

Dear Isabel,

I have just a minute to write to you, but I want to tell you that I shall be home before very long, and I have something particular to say to you when I get back. I know you will be sensible about it, and not mind, particularly after I have explained. In great haste,

Yours,

Richard.

What to make of this note, Miss Parton did not quite know, and, after puzzling sometime over it, she put it away in her desk, with a vague sense of uneasiness.

After that, the letters stopped coming; stopped suddenly,—inexplicably.

"Oh, my dear," said Mabel Wallston, stopping in three weeks later, for an early morning call, before going shopping. "I've just seen the new 'Wenton's Magazine,' and such stunning pictures as Mr. Kreisler has in it! Such a different style from the ones he has done before, too. But, of course, you know all about them. The girl in them is certainly lovely. By the way, he has n't done any of you for a long time, has he? People will stop calling you the 'Kreisler girl,' by and by. But you'll be glad of that, as you always hated the nickname."

"I loathe it!" cried Miss Parton, fiercely.

"Well, I must run along and get those things I spoke of," continued her friend. "I wish you'd come too; but as you are busy, I shan't urge you. You're looking pale. Don't go and get all worn out. Why, here, turn 'round! Yes, you actually are getting thin. Don't,—you were just right before. Now, I will go. Good-by."

Miss Parton sat for five minutes looking straight out of the window. Several remarkable and ordinary people passed, and four or five delivery wagons and strawberry vendors, but she saw none of them. As soon as her friend would be safely on the car, she would put on her things and go out and buy a copy of "Wenton's."

The illustrations,—his,—were beautiful,—the best work he had done so far. The very atmosphere of the Canadian woods, where the story was laid, was cleverly suggested, and in one picture, as a background of dark pine trees, with the water glimmering through; in another a winding stream, with mountains on either side, a little log cottage at their feet; and in the foreground of nearly all was the girl,—a girl of the wilds evidently; as different from the aristocratic, highly-cultured girl of his other drawings as could be imagined. But the later creation was as beautiful,—some might have thought more beautiful. Wild grace was in every line of her supple body; mystery and charm characterized the dark face; her eyes were bright with the merriness of her race; and yet, underlying their gayety, was the dark, tragic dignity and reserve of the savage.

Miss Parton studied the picture a long while; then she threw the magazine with all her might across the room. With it sprawling ignominiously on the floor, and she herself lying on the bed, her face buried in the pillow, she uttered not a sound. Then she arose and shook her fist at her *fiancé's* picture on the dressing-table:—

"Richard Kreisler," she said, and her voice sounded strange in the stillness of the room, "I hate you!" Then she took the picture, and locked it in a lower drawer of her desk.

The great American republic, girl-crazy, received and applauded the latest Kreisler girl as that of a type different from other illustrators', and strikingly beautiful. She was enlarged and colored; she was framed and hung in college girls' studies, and young men's dens; she was one of the stock subjects for conversation at afternoon teas. And it all happened in a surprisingly short time.

Miss Parton had to hear a great deal about her, and to parry many inquiries, presupposing information that she lacked. Too proud to make any complaint of the way in which Kreisler had treated her, she determined to wait until he came back; then she would publicly declare the engagement broken. Though exceedingly self-contained, she became a little quieter than usual. But one could attribute that to "spring fever," of which she complained, which took away her appetite and brought dark circles under her eyes, thinning also the happy outlines of her face.

One evening in late April, it seemed to her that the emotions—so bravely repressed usually,—would arise and overwhelm her. She was just about to go to the last after-Lenten dance, and was sitting alone in the drawing-room waiting for the carriage, while her mother was upstairs, putting the finishing touches to her toilet. To look at her casually, in the rosy, filmy gown, which matched her cheeks, one would have deemed her the picture of happy, frivolously-inclined young womanhood, but observing and discriminating ones would have seen in her eyes—glittering with unshed tears,—and in the line of her mouth—closed so firmly as to suggest the repression of a tremble,—some indications of a disturbing undercurrent of thought. She was walking back and forth across the room quickly, her white, ungloved hands clasped behind her back.

"If I only did not love him and hate him so much at the same time!" she exclaimed, almost aloud. "Or if he would only come back so that I could let him see how much I despise him, it would be some satisfaction. But to do nothing—oh, it's unendurable."

The butler came in and handed her a card.

"Show him in here, James," said Miss Parton, faintly, feeling weak and giddy. She rushed to the long mirror. Yes, she looked satisfactory—and how exactly like his picture, "The American Girl at the Dance." She thought of the time when he had drawn that, and of how happy she had been; sweetly, with certainly happy, his love being, as yet, undeclared. An overwhelming tenderness for him was with her; then the face of the Canadian girl, dark, bewitching, sad and merry at the same time, came upon her mind like a shock of cold water. She heard his familiar step. He pushed aside the curtains and entered,—entered, oh, wonderful hypocrite, in his old impetuous way. He looked ill and pale.

She drew back, her face and neck dead white against her pink dress. Perhaps she did it a little faint-heartedly, for the illustrator seemed not to notice, and—some how inexcusably, unexplainably, she was in his arms. Then, because she was tired and overwrought, because the strain of the last few weeks had been too much for her, because she was a woman, and loved him, she burst out crying, her face against his coat. Not a word of the anger, scorn, or cold contempt she had been saving up so carefully. The more she thought of it, the more helpless she felt, crying bitterly, with his arms about her.

His kisses fell upon her hair, and cheering words sounded muffled in her ear; but her speech had deserted her; the most she could say was—after several ineffectual attempts to loose herself from his arms,—the almost indistinguishable, absurdly-humble request, "P-please let me go."

He released her, then, while she buried her face in a sofa cushion. And he, sitting beside her, possessed himself of the hand nearest him, telling her to "cheer up," and speaking other ridiculous words to that effect.

Soon her sobs grew quieter, and she began to find words.

"I don't see how you dare come in this way, after you have been so perfectly horrid and nasty," came from the depths of the sofa pillow. "Not that I care particularly. I was going to tell you—if you had let me,—that our engagement was b-b-broken."

"Our engagement—broken?" repeated the man dully. "You don't—you *can't*—mean it, Isabel? Is there—is there somebody else?"

"No, there's not. But I should think you could understand that I'd never be engaged to a man who has acted the way you have."

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"That last letter of yours. And then, not writing to me for so long, and—and—other things."

"My last letter," he echoed, bewildered, "the one I wrote you after I was sick? What was the matter with that? That explained why I had not written."

"You've been sick!" cried Isabel, turning quickly to him. "You are pale. Why, Richard, I did not know! Were you very ill?"

"Pneumonia," Kreisler replied. "Pretty hard pull, I guess. Did n't you receive my letter telling you about it? I gave it to Pierre to mail. He must have forgotten. It was clear back of Ottawa, fifteen miles from a railway station, and I was staying at a farmhouse;—had been there a day or two sketching when I fell sick, and I came pretty near never leaving. There now, you've gone to the sofa cushion again! Why don't you come over this way? I tell you, darling, a fellow gets mighty lonesome up in those woods."

There was a pause.

Kreisler walked round to the other end of the sofa, and deliberately removed the cushion, throwing it to the far corner of the room.

"Look here, dear," said he, seating himself on the corner of the sofa nearest her, "you remember I wrote you I wanted to ask you something?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I have to go to Europe next month to do some illustrating, and I don't want to go alone. You understand what the question is?"

"I don't know," faltered Miss Parton. Then she asked irrelevantly: "Who was that girl you've been drawing?"

A smile of satisfaction dawned on Kreisler's face. "She is Rose Saint Germain, dear,—a French-Canadian girl from a little farm back on the Lievre River. She's going to marry Jean Goran next week, and I want you to pick out a wedding present for her, will you?"

"Yes," said Isabel, quickly; then whispered:—

"What question were you going to ask me, Dick?"

"What do you mean?"
he demanded"



MRS. WIMBALL'S MODE OF WARFARE

By LOUIS MINER

Illustrated by Maud Thurston



"'Though thou wash thee with niter and take thee much soap'"

RALPH BURNEY walked up the green, elm-shaded village street, and turned into the road leading to Mrs. Wimball's cottage. The evening air was vibrant with the robin's compline song, with the diapason of frog-music rolling up from the tamarack swamp, and with the plaintive calling of whip-poor-wills. The vivid riot of leafage, smothering the town and billowing over the mountains, was softening to tones of amber and olive in the fading light.

On arriving at Chesterman, that morning, from the arid Far West, Ralph had said to himself: "Through the summer this is the very greenest place on the foot-stool,—greener than England, for here there are green walls as well as a green floor. The atmosphere is impregnated with green. Even the river water under those hemlocks is like green Chartreuse."

He stopped at Mrs. Wimball's garden gate and looked about him. The purple shadows were deepening in the gorges, the northern peaks becoming more sharply outlined against the night-long, midsummer gloaming of high latitudes. Again he spoke to himself, and thought: "If the sun shows here the greenest spot on God's green earth, surely here is also as charming a valley of delight as the moon can shine upon. Here, if anywhere, man might dwell in peace, and Love enfold him in her tender hand."

He sounded the knocker upon Mrs. Wimball's door, and he heard the widow's faltering footsteps in the familiar passageway. He had known the widow well,—had sometimes written to her,—a handsome woman, unconventional and fearless; one of those forceful, unusual characters developed more often, perhaps, in rural New England than elsewhere. She had come to Chesterman at the close of the Civil War,—widowed by it,—with children and without resources. She labored hard and unceasingly, but always with cheerfulness. In time she owned a pleasant home, embowered in a wonderful little garden; but still she toiled, working in her garden when other tasks were over. Later, she had married again,—this husband had also been a soldier, a veteran of the great war,—and now, for the second time, she was a widow.

Her most salient characteristic was her extreme, vio-

lent, almost fantastic patriotism. She worshiped the flag. It was to be seen in every room of her house; it waved over her roof on every possible occasion. Next to the flag, she loved flowers, with nothing less than a passion. Not only was her garden the wonder of all visitors to Chesterman,—and in summer these are many,—but she also knew all species of wild flowers worth seeking in the valley, and just where and when they were to be found. One of Ralph's most vivid recollections of childhood was the picture of Mrs. Wimball returning from the woods, laden with blossoms for some festivity or other,—for church decoration, for a funeral, or for a wedding.

Loving both flag and flowers with such passion, as a matter of course her high day, her day of days, was Memorial Day. Such hosts of flowers did martial duty, that day, under her generalship! Such floral designs in red, white, and blue,—wonderful, and sometimes fearful to behold,—flowery flags, shields, cannon, muskets, drums, and even a brigadier's shoulder straps in flowers for the general's tomb! Anything in the least symbolic of a soldier was grist for her patriotic floral mill. Chesterman children would be as likely to dream of a Christmas without Santa Claus as a Memorial Day without Mrs. Wimball.

Her disposition, then, was essentially militant; perhaps, in consequence of this, what would most impress a stranger, if he chanced to talk much with her, would be her fearless—even obtrusive,—candor. She never hesitated to tell anyone of what she disapproved in him, and she disapproved of many things in most people. While this candid criticism may have shown the soundness of her estimate of humankind, it did not tend to make her neighbors lenient in their judgment of her,—nor did she wish them to be so. While all who knew her would acknowledge that her heart (when one knew how to reach it,) was of gold, none would deny that her tongue could—and often did,—cut like the steel of a Toledo blade.

Little "schooling," as she would have called it, had come in her way; life had been too busy with her for that. Her one book was the Bible; her one periodical, the Chesterman "Courier;" but her understanding of current events and of intricate questions in religion and politics was marvelous. She possessed, in a most marked degree, the artistic temperament; and, while her taste in decoration was still in the stone-age period of evolution, her dramatic power as a *racconteur* was not. The gift she had of bringing the action and scene of a story before a listener was amazing. The stories of Mrs. Wimball may seem commonplace, when read, but they were anything but that as she told them. Ralph longed to hear and see her talk again.

The door opened; the widow, bent with illness more than age, stood on the threshold. Ralph looked at her in the half light. He would have known her anywhere,—the same kindly but alert and fearless eyes, the friendly yet defensive expression,—the look of a soul that, through many hardships, has fought its own way in the world. He clasped her hand and was surprised to find it as soft and firm, after years of toil, as it used to be when he had roamed over the mountains with her, searching for the treasures of the woods.

"Do you remember me, Mrs. Wimball?"

"Remember ye, Ralph Burney? You mean, do I know ye? Yes, I do, and I'd 'a' known ye 'f I had n't heerd you was back ag'in from 'way out there. Was a-goin' in to your ma's to see ye, this even' after meetin', anyway. Here, let me take your hat, Ralph, and set right there by the winder so 's ye can see the evenin' star and smell the sweet-williams."

"Twenty years sence I seen ye! My! Time doos fly! And Amos dead and gone goin' on three years now. Sence Amos has went, I jest can't bear to go out evenin's,—mebbe I should n't 'a' gone to prayer meetin' to-night, anyhow,—seems so lonesome and dismal-like, with no candle lighted and sot in the winder like Amos always used to have it for me. Whin I get home nights now, and open the entry door into the dark settin' room, with everything so hushed up and solemn-like, seems 's though I c'n hear a voice 'way out in the back room or wood shed a-sayin': 'Be still and know that I am God!' Then I think of Amos, and I can't make a light; I can't,—I jest can't!"

"What 's the matter with your lamps, Mrs. Wimball? Don't you keep 'em filled? Perhaps you've become more like the foolish virgins than you used to be."

"I declare! You 're the same old Ralph, jest everlastin'ly a-funnin'. You 're gray as a rat, now, and consid'able wrinkled up, but you reely hain't changed much. You 're as humly as a hedge fence still, like you always was. Land o' love! As if you did n't know that my lamps was always in order! You know well enough it 's the lonesomeness and a-thinkin' of Amos and all. Now Amos he 's gone, and here you be back ag'in! Well, well!"

"It jest doos bring back old times to see you a-settin' there and talkin' to me so, Ralph; it jest doos. You

rec'lect that time, forty year ago, I guess, when Hi and me was up the mountain 'a-red-raws' ryin', and up there by Satan's Sullar Door we come on you a-diggin' up aquilegy roots? You and me was the first 'round here to get wild flowers and tame 'em in our garden beds. I got some mountain-fringe vines, that same day. 'Tain't all run out yet, and they 's no growin' thing so uncertain and unreliablelike as that same mountain-fringe Allegheny vine, and nothin' so pretty, neither. Plants are jest like folks, Ralph, ain't they? Prettier they be, the less you can depend on 'em. You had little yeller nankeen breeches on that buttoned up at the sides, and copper-toe boots. Hi had on copper-toes, too,—and Hi a grandpa, now! Good land!

"Remember how it come on to rain, that day, like Sam Patch? We legged it down to Cy Slocum's sap-house, and was stormbound till sundown. Rec'lect how I told ye 'bout Ethan Allen and the lost children, and how my grand'ther killed the bear over in Wash'n'-ton County, York State? I said off quite a few scripture texts, too, to pass the time, and when I repeated 'Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of dew?' you stuck to it they wa'n't no such text. Then I said so many more unbeknown verses to you that you give in and said I must know my Bible better than your Uncle Dan'el, even, who could repeat the 'Sa'ms in 'Piscopal meetin' without so much as openin' the leds of his prayer book."

"Dear me! It 's so many years sence I thought of that text 'bout the rain and dewdrops that I reely b'lieve I 'll go to meetin', this evenin', and spring it on 'em. 'T would be sort of celebratin' your comin' home,—and listen! It 's a-sprinklin', this minute, 's though heaven was jest invitin' of me to put on my bunnet and go and say it, by makin' it so appropriate to the occasion."

"What do you mean by saying the text, Mrs. Wimball? Do your people always repeat scripture passages in your mid-week meetings?"

"Well, I do. 'Tain't so often anybody else doos, nowadays. But I stick to it, and shall keep on a-stickin' till I 'm put away in the cemet'ry all wrapped up in the stars and stripes,—my hands amongst the stars,—like Amos was wrapped up and put away, and like a soldier's widder had ought to be."

"What 's the reason that you 're so determined to recite texts, Mrs. Wimball, whether the rest do or not?" Ralph asked, well knowing that a good story lay behind this determination,—a story sure to be more or less militant, and probably triumphant as well.

"It 's too long a story,—too many ins and outs to it. But look here, Ralph! If you 'll come to meetin' 'long with me, I 'll tell you all about it,—every word,—as much as time allows. I will, honest."

"To be sure I 'll go with you, and glad so. I remember going with you once when I was a boy; don't believe I 've been to an evening prayer meeting sence. Only don't expect me to do anything,—not even to say a text."

"Never mind 'bout my expectin'; but you need n't make no promise. The fuss began the time we had that last big row in our church."

"When the Boston man tried to go into business here?" Ralph asked. "I 've heard about that."

"No 't wa'n't the time that rank Unitarian feller opened up the new grocery store. That was jest a little common row. I mean the time when Mr. Havens was pastor, and they reely rowed him out. 'T was as bad a rumpus—twice as bad,—as the 'Piscopals had before you went off, when they started that surplus choir of their 'n. You never heerd tell of that big row of our 'n? Well, I am beat. I supposed everybody knew about that,—that it 'd got to the pope o' Rome, and up to the high priest at Jerusalem. That row, for fair, rent Zion,—rent it so hard it sort o' stayed asunder. Some of our folks down by the river 'jined the 'Piscopals and Methodists; some jest dropped out and did n't j'ine nothin',—and I ain't a-blamin' 'em none, not a mite, neither."

"To begin with, quite a few of us did n't like Mr. Havens any too much. He was sort o' come-uppity, and frazy, and 'Piscopal-like. But we liked him better as we got used to him,—leastways I was a-gettin' real reconciled to my pastor,—when kerflop, and things was worse 'n you 'd a' thought they could be in any real respectable church. 'T was a-locatin' the orphan 'sylum what done it, mostly. Mr. Havens was chairman of the Vermont committee, and folks thought he might a' bought land off 'm his own p'rishioners,—a-plenty had sites for sale. But he ups and buys Baptist land, handy to no church except the Catholic. That 'sylum, Ralph, 's most under the droppin's of Father Phil Smith's clargyhouse; and some was certain sure that Father Phil 'd gobble up the hull b'illin'. But, land! the site 's all right, and the priest hain't done a thing except help. But the flock could n't see it then, and was all actin' like goats about it, mad as hornets. Jest the maddest of all was 'Squire Stubbs and his wife. 'S I was a-sayin', I was beginnin' to like

Mr. Havens feel well,—was quite reconciled to him,—but I wa'n't reconciled to Sophi' Stubbs, and ain't yet. Mrs. Stubbs with all her ristercratic, uppity ways, ought to been born in Yurrupe, and a-married to the czar of Rooshy. That might a' suited her. Nothin' here doos."

"Oh, come, now! Mrs. Wimbball," Ralph interrupted "you know as well as I do that Mrs. Stubbs is as good a woman as there is in town,—kind, and charitable to the poor."

"Good land! Who's a-sayin' she aint' char'table and good? I ain't a-blamin' nobody; I'm only a-sayin' that I wa'n't reconciled to her, and I ain't."

"Long 'bout then Juley Benson was a-doin' a little dressmakin' for me. Juley's a master hand on sewin'-work,—I'm not denyin' that,—but she always seem's possessed to be trailin' 'round after some other woman. Most female critters are like that. In our church they's always an old-hen woman a-cluckin' and scratchin' 'round, and the rest a-scramblin' after, like a brood o' chicks. Jest then Juley was 'bout the best follerin' of Sophi' Stubbs's brood, and did n't dast peck at no church ga'bage 'thout a cluck from Sophi'. Mary Annar Homer was nigh as cluckable as Juley was."

"When Amos fetched my gownd back from Juley's, I was 'lottin' on havin' a good bunch of pieces. But they wa'n't any,—none; not a smitch of a scrap. I spread out that skirt on the dinin'-room table, got my tape medjure, and medjured it all jest as careful as I was able, a-settin' down each and every figger. After supper I showed them figgers to Amos, and ast him to sum 'em up. He done it, a-figgerin' all the evenin'; and, after all was done and said, he made out that some two yards less o' that cloth 'd been used 'n I 'd sent to Juley. Next day I made Amos get his square, medjure it himself, and figger it all over ag'in. Amos's figgers was consid'able more in favor of Juley 'n what mine was, but I was certain sure that some of that cloth ought to be a-comin' to me. I told Amos to go right over there and say that I wanted the balance of that black Henrietty-cloth. He did n't jest want to, but Amos never was real contrary-minded with me; so, after he done up his chores, he went. She told him they wa'n't no pieces,—not to 'mount to nothin'. To make 'surance sure, I had Amos medjure ag'in. It did n't come out like it done the first time,—not quite, it did n't; but some goods ought to be a-comin' to me; I could see that without medjurin' 'tall."

"Now, Mrs. Wimbball, you know perfectly well that Miss Benson did n't mean to keep any of your pieces. What in the world makes you think she did?"

"What makes you think you're hit when some one slaps ye? And look a-here, Ralph, if you keep up interruptin' me with your free-and-easy, out West kind o' comments, I shan't begin to get through before meetin' time. Well, we had it back and forth for quite a spell, she at last a-sendin' over by one of the school children a little passel of pieces,—snippin's, none of 'em much bigger 'n my hand; and the girl says that was every scrap o' black Henrietty-cloth Miss Benson could find in her rag-bag. That rag-bag talk riled me. I sent word that it might be the part of wisdom for Miss Benson to look behind her sofa, or bureau, or even into her bureau draws."

"Then Juley come a-rushin' over here, hot-foot and a-flouncin', wantin' to know 'f I thought she 'd stole and lied to boot. I said I did n't think nothin', 'thout 't was I wanted my Henrietty-cloth remnants. She sniffed and said: 'What you s'pose I 'd want with your old cloth? What on earth 'd I do with it?' I told her I was too busy to spend time s'posin' things; but when I got that cloth, I 'd save it for a new pair of sleeves, or, like enough, put another breadth into that scant skirt. She said she trusted the Lord 'd move me to stop my hateful talk about her, and I told her I guessed the Lord 'd begin his movin' about the time I got back what was mine, and not a breath quicker."

"It's more 'n likely, Ralph, that the doin's betwixt Juley and me 'd a' made some consid'able stir in church, if they wa'n't all so stirred up and by the ears a-ready 'bout that pesky 'sylum site. 'T was at the next Wednesday evenin' meetin', I guess, that I said a text or two that made some little confusion in the anti-Havens camp,—the last meetin', 't was, that Mr. Havens led. He went off, then, for three or four weeks, and when he come back he passes in his resignation. It fair went ag'inst my stomach. He 'd ought to stayed and fought

it all out, if it took from then till now, or even longer."

"You see, Ralph, the prayer meetin's 'd been sort o' hangin' fire sence trouble begun,—they seemed to have less and less form and void to 'em. Rows like that works as a hendrance to real, comf'table, social worship. Most folks—I wa'n't one of 'em,—could n't find much fit to say, and less to pray about. Guess Mr. Havens thought 't would boost things 'long a mite if we recited texts on the subject of the meetin'. He give out the subjects aforehand, nice, affectin' ones,—'Love,' 'Brotherly Kindness,' 'Longsuffrin',' 'Peace,' and such like subjects,—good and nice ones, all of 'em was. I forget the subject of that last meetin' Mr. Havens led; but you can be sure 't was a good one, Ralph, likewise that I had a good bunch of texts a' ready to coat accordin' to suitableness. When things went slow, as they mostly did, I 'd get up three or four times. That evenin' things dragged like 'Old Hunderd.' I coated a text or two, and, after a bit, Juley Benson she got up. 'I delight to do Thy will, O my God: yea, Thy law is within my heart,' she said, as soft and creamy as fresh eggs. I thought of that Henrietty-cloth when she took that 'law in my heart' to herself so smooth, but I did n't mean nothin' right down personal,—honest, Ralph, I did n't,—when I ups and coats: 'Let him that stole steal no more; but, rather, let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good.'

"For a minute 't was so still you could 'a' heerd a pin drop, and 't was borne right in on me that my word in due season wa'n't wasted,—it 'd fell in ialler dirt. Then



"I tell you, Ralph, he looked like a regular chromo"

Mary Annar Homer,—you remember her, Ralph?—well, she had that yellor ostrich feather on that they say used to be her grandma's. She wears it yet, and I d' know who'll get it when the old maid dies, 'less it's that big tomcat o' her 'n. She was hot on t'other side, and up she gets, her gimlet eyes a-borin',—somehow, Ralph, I can't think of that woman when she's not by, 'thout picturin' her a-bendin' over and peekin' through some keyhole. She coats,—Mary Annar doos,—a-borin' holes right into me: 'Wise men lay up knowledge: but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction.' Then, not satisfied with same as a-callin' me a fool, she goes on in her pernicky, too-good-for-this-fallen-world fashion, a-lookin' straight at Mr. Havens, as if he was the Old Boy 'himself, and she would n't have nothin' to do with him, noway: 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'

"You better b'lieve, Ralph, I wa'n't a-goin' to stand no such sassiness to Mr. Havens as that,—not much, I wa'n't. But 't was so sort o' funny, as well as sassy, I kind o' hung back for an instant, and—"

"How funny?" Ralph interrupted. "It seems to me rather awful, you know."

"So it should, Ralph. 'T was awful; jest scandalous. By funny, I mean that old maid a-talkin' about her house,—for house, you know, Ralph, consid'able often, in the Bible, means household; it certain doos in that place. I almost laughed, for Mary Annar's household 's made up of a parrot, the tomcat, and a stub-legged, long, crawlin', reptyle-lookin' dog—"

"A dachshund?"

"Mebbe. Pr'aps daxnunt. Dog-by-the-yard, I call it. I almost laughed when I thought of that ca-

boodle a-servin' the Lord. Don't know but they 'd make about as good a job of it as Mary Annar doos, though, come to think it over. Anyhow, before I 'd quite got my text ready and was on my feet, Mr. Havens was up and makin' the closin' prayer. I tell you that meetin' did n't drag—not any to speak of,—after it once got a-goin'."

"Would you mind telling me what the text was that you were about to fire at Miss Homer?" Ralph asked, his eyes twinkling.

"Yes, I would mind. And it's no proper way for you to speak,—you know 't ain't—about me a-firin' off texts at her nor nobody. Mebbe 't was lucky I see the funniness of that household o' her 'n, and did n't get to coat the text. I don't say 't is, and I don't say 't ain't. It's jest mebbe. Things seem different, come to look back to 'em."

"The row was a-b'ilin' worse and worse for a week after. The men, they got into it more,—got to shakin' fists, a-callin' names,—and worse, I guess, if the truth was told. Next Wednesday evenin' meetin' dear old Dr. Janes had charge. You remember what a blessed saint that old man was,—jest the best minister and about the best man, even, I ever knew. He was a-gettin' pretty feeble then, and that made his lovin' talk jest so much more affectin' to us. He called us his children, and the subject was 'Brotherly Love.' I never had anything move me more than the beautiful things he said about bearin' and forbearin'. I had to cry. Yes, Ralph, I had to,—I jest had to. Others did, too, some others."

Mary Annar Homer, she set right acrost from me, and did n't shed no tear. Seemed 's though she was sort o' pattin' herself and a-thinkin': 'There, sinners, why don't you try to behave yourselves like this righteous old saint of the Lord tells ye to?'

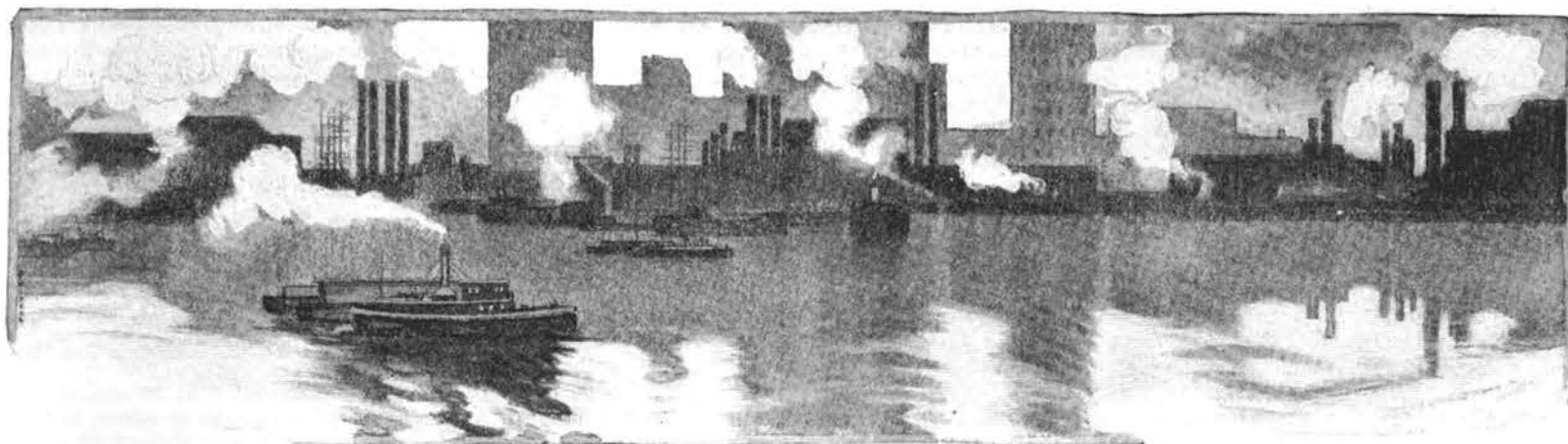
"When the dear old man gets through his lovin' words, he says the meetin's open. No one makes a move, so he calls on Deacon Doolittle for prayer. Now I 've got nothin' ag'inst the deacon,—nobody else hain't, I guess,—'less it's him a-lettin' his name be such a jest-right index to his make-up. He's too endurin' fat and lazy to take sides with nobody ag'inst nothin'. I don't believe he cared a red cent whether they built that 'sylum in Beartown, or over in Winhall Holler. But he never could say 'no' to nobody, 'specially women folks. Mary Annar—she's his cousin, you know, Ralph,—had jest pulled and dragged him into that rumpus. No, I 've got nothin' ag'inst the deacon, but nobody can say he's got any gift in prayer. That night he stumbled 'round in a fog a mite worse 'n ordinary. Mebbe the Lord listened to him and understood, but I'll warrant no one else did. When the deacon said his 'amen,' the old doctor talked a spell longer, as beautiful as the first time, sayin' we 'd all

be blameworthy if peace and love did n't hover over us and abide with us. He calls for remarks; no one respondin' ag'in, he says mebbe some one would recite a pertinent text. I was jest a-goin' to begin with 'Behold, how good and how pleasant,' when Mary Annar—she, one of the corner stuns of the ruction; the most cacklin' of the women folks a-scratchin' up such a dust,—she ups and says: 'I will wash mine hands in innocency: so will I compass Thine altar, O Lord.'

"Ralph, it made me sick,—it did, fair sick,—but the sickness turned to madness quicker 'n a wink. Before I reely know what I'm up to, I'm on my feet, a-sayin': 'For, though thou wash thee with niter and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God.'

"Oh, Mrs. Wimbball!"

"Now, Ralph, if you put in any more of your Cal-iforny comments before I'm done, I won't finish, I declare I won't, not if you tease me from now till doomsday. Well, I set down, and it seemed to me a solemn moment. I 'd rebuked presumption by the inspired Word, an' I 'd drove the rebuke good and hard right home. It seemed solemn there 's if we was in one o' them Jerusalem upper rooms, 'stead o' that tucked-up basement vestry. But, if you 'll b'lieve me, when I looked 'round some of 'em was a-laughin',—laughin'! That light-headed fibbertygibbet, 'Mandy White, giggled right out loud. It was scandalous! Old Dr. Janes was so took aback by that indecorous gigglin' that he got right up and offered a beautiful, affectin' prayer; and, though 't wa'n't nigh time for meetin' to let out, he said 'the peace of God' to us and I come



The Varied Activities of New York

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

THE activities of Greater New York have been exploited so in story and vain description that the tale is trite. It has remained for the prosaic statistician to give romantic interest to the story, for the comparisons his weighty figures make possible show those activities in the light of oddities. When some ingenious fellow recently took these dry figures from the federal and the city census takers and drew calculations by the old rule of striking averages, the real New York of to-day was shown and some revelations were made which do not, at first, invite credence. The records of the board of health of New York City show that 78,060 persons died there in a single year. There is nothing particularly strange about this, when it is considered that the population of the greater city, by the latest census of the health board, is around the four-million mark. But, when the figures representing the total number of deaths are divided by 365 to find how many persons die in a single day, and this result is divided by 24 to ascertain how many persons die in an hour, and the figuring is carried on until it is shown that one person dies every seven minutes, by the rule of averages, the proposition takes on new interest.

By this same rule the ingenious statistician has shown many other remarkable facts about the activities of New York and the casualties and conditions which mark life in the great city. Every two hours, someone is killed by accident; every two days, someone is murdered; and every eight and one-half hours, some pair is divorced. A building catches fire about every fifty minutes, and every forty-eight minutes a ship leaves the harbor.

According to the official reports of the board of health for a year there were 99,555 births in the city, and it is easy to prove the calculation of the statistician that this means a child born every six minutes. By the same official reports there were 39,436 marriages in New York in a single year, which bears out the reckoning that a couple gets married, on an average, every thirteen minutes,—the unlucky number which may, or may not, explain the rapidity with which the divorce courts work.

These figures of the board of health, interesting as their averages are, may be carried further. More persons die in New York of consumption, or tuberculosis of the lungs, than

of any other disease. The number for a year was 8,512 or nearly the same as is required to make up ten regiments of United States soldiers. Pneumonia, not including broncho-pneumonia, caused the death of 7,900, while broncho-pneumonia carried away 4,469, and nephritis and Bright's disease came next, with the awful harvest of 6,220. According to estimates that have been based upon the records of the cemeteries of New York there are about one million more dead than the living population, which means that there are about five million graves about the metropolis. One cemetery, Calvary, has more than 600,000 graves. Records of the department of charities and outdoor poor show that there are 100,000 paupers buried in the city cemeteries, 4,207 having been interred in the potter's field and other pauper burial grounds last year.

Somber as these figures appear, they really bear no such significance in the study of New

York's population. There was an increase of 3,500 babies, for the first six months of 1905, over the corresponding period of the previous year, which does not indicate a condition of race suicide as applied to the metropolis. More than one million foreigners landed at Ellis Island, last year; and, while many of them went to other districts of the country, thousands proceeded no farther than the city limits. Besides these there are thousands coming each year from other parts of the United States to make their homes here. In this connection New York's population is shown in a most interesting phase by calculations made from the federal census. These establish pretty accurately the fact that, of New York's four million inhabitants, 1,270,069 are foreign-born, and there are about 400,000 who came from other states in the Union. It is estimated that there are 56,000 from New Jersey, 36,000 from Pennsylvania, 25,000 from Massachusetts,

22,000 from Virginia, and 12,000 from Ohio. As the total population of Trenton, New Jersey, the capital city of the state, is 73,000, it is seen that there are only 17,000 more inhabitants there than there are New Jerseyites living in New York. There are 675,000 Jews in New York City, and it has been figured that twenty-seven per cent. of Manhattan's population is Jewish. The floating population of the city is estimated at 185,000, or three times as great as the enlisted strength of the United States army, which is, staff and line, 60,476. There are 44,000 commuters who come in every day to attend to business, or more than two thirds as many as the standing army of the United States. The daily income to the hotels of New York City from the floating population is \$200,000, which shows that many of the strangers within Father Knickerbocker's gates each day return home that night, after their shopping trips, and do not register at hotels. These visitors each day outnumber the entire population by the latest census of Providence, Rhode Island, or Kansas City, Missouri, or St. Paul, Minnesota, and are more than double the entire population of Atlanta, Georgia.

There are more Jews in New York City—675,000,—than there are men, women, and children of all nationalities or races in Boston,—560,892. There are 380,000 Italians in New York, and the population of Rome, Italy, is only 462,783,

ODD FACTS ABOUT NEW YORK CITY

A child is born every six minutes.
One person dies every seven minutes.

Every two hours someone is killed by accident.

Every two days a murder is committed.

Every forty-eight minutes a ship leaves the harbor.

Every thirteen minutes a couple is married.

Half a million passengers ride in the subway daily.

The daily average income from street cars is \$60,000.

Each man, woman, and child is allowed 105 gallons of water a day.

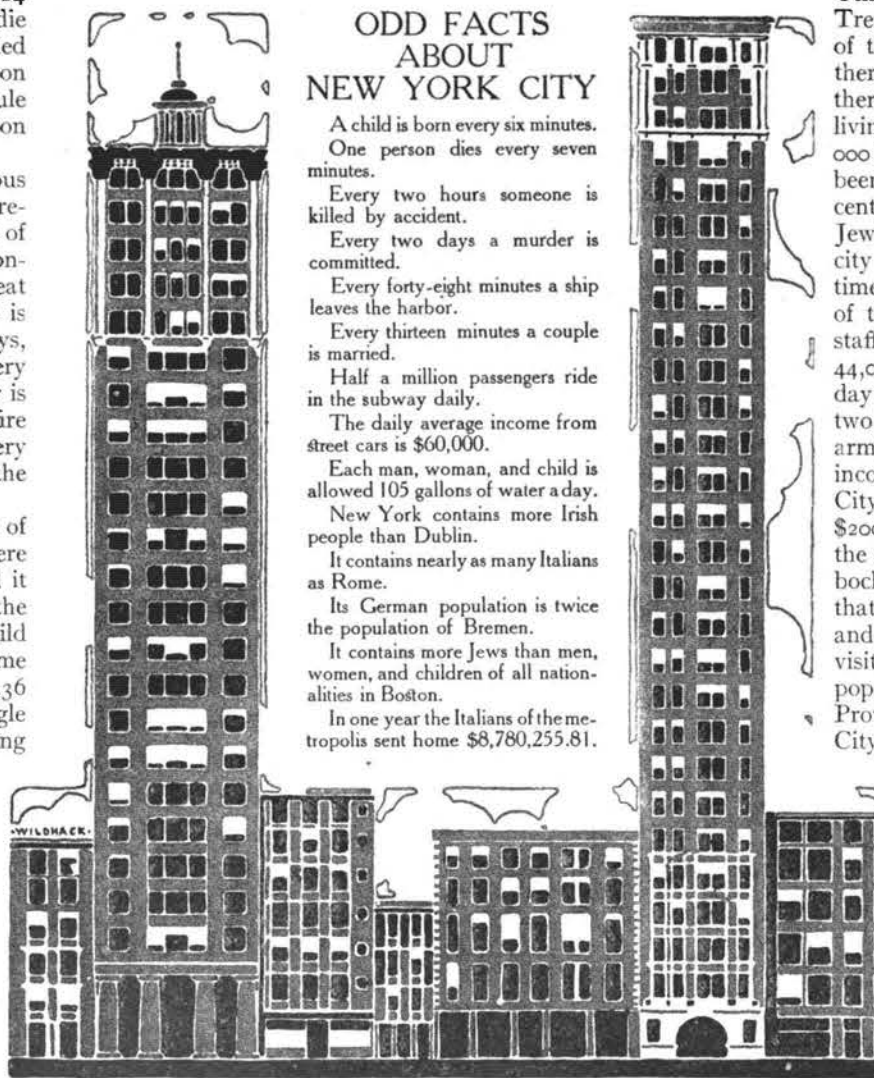
New York contains more Irish people than Dublin.

It contains nearly as many Italians as Rome.

Its German population is twice the population of Bremen.

It contains more Jews than men, women, and children of all nationalities in Boston.

In one year the Italians of the metropolis sent home \$8,780,255.81.



including those who are not native Italians. There are 305,000 Irish in New York, and the total population of Dublin is but 290,638, by the census of 1901. There are 350,000 Germans in New York, or twice the population of Bremen,—163,297,—and it has been estimated that the Russian population of the American metropolis is more than 80,000.

These stubborn facts would seemingly justify the comment, so often made about New York, that it is not a real American city; but this conclusion can not be fairly drawn. Results prove the contrary. For spontaneous uprisings of patriotism New York City is famed, and the demonstration to Admiral Dewey, returning victorious from Manila, a year after his great achievement, may be taken as an evidence of how readily the people of the metropolis, of whatever nationality or birth, do honor to the American hero and the American flag. The ceremonies marking the dedication of the Grant Tomb furnished still another instance of New York's patriotism. There is a puzzling power of assimilation about New York. Sir Thomas Lipton once said, as he stood at the gateway of immigration on Ellis Island: "There was never anything like it in the whole wide world,—how this great American city assimilates the foreign element. The alien comes to-day with an exultant shout of joy at the very sight of the Statue of Liberty, and tomorrow he has entirely changed himself into a veritable American citizen, far ahead of the naturalization laws."

In One Year the Italians Sent Home Eight Million Dollars

Like the countless legions of Xerxes, these aliens come flocking to a new land, filling the tenement houses to overflowing, finding work without delay, and entering fully into the spirit of citizenship without much ado. A striking testimonial of the industry and thrift of the newly-arrived is found in the vast amount of money they send back to their home countries through the New York post office. For the calendar year of 1904, the money orders certified to Italy by the postmaster at New York amounted to \$8,780,255.81; those to Great Britain were \$7,462,850.54; to Germany, \$3,468,896.84; to Sweden, \$2,629,583.12, and to various other countries amounts equally surprising in proportion to the number of foreign-born people residing in New York. The money orders certified to Italy alone for the year would more than pay the bonded debt of the state of Georgia,—\$7,537,000,—or of North Carolina,—\$6,598,950,—or of South Carolina,—\$6,684,883,—and would pay the bonded debts of several states of the Union combined.

Average quantities of mail matter disposed of in one day for the year 1904 showed some astounding totals. The average number of letters originating in the city in one day was 1,833,713, and they weighed 42,644 pounds. The average number of letters received in mails for a day was 295,958, weighing 6,883 pounds. The number of pieces of mail sent to the dead letter office from the New York post office for the same year was 2,318,287, and the total number of letters handled was considerably over a billion.

One City Block Contains Over Four Thousand Persons

By the federal census of 1900 there were counted in New York 707,843 houses, of which 603,783 were rented and only 34,831 were owned free of incumbrance. There were 47,793 owned with incumbrance, and the conditions surrounding the habitations of the remainder were unknown. Nothing could illustrate the commercial activity of the city more strikingly than the computation that, every forty-two minutes, a new business firm starts up, and, every fifty-one minutes, a new building is erected. The report of the bureau of buildings for the first nine months of last year showed that, in Manhattan alone, which is built well-nigh to the water's edge on all sides already, there were 2,028 applications for erecting new buildings, to cost more than a hundred million

dollars. For the same period, in Manhattan alone, the applications for making alterations in old buildings numbered 3,404 to cost more than eleven millions.

There is a single block in New York City which has 4,105 persons living within the small area bounded by four streets. This block is between Second and Third Streets, extending from Avenue B to Avenue C. There are several other blocks in Manhattan which have more than 3,500 population. These figures have been carefully tabulated by the federal and the police-census authorities, and also by the tenement house commission and the federation of churches, which, under the direction of Dr. A. H. Laidlaw, has compiled some valuable statistics concerning life in the tenements of the metropolis. Four such blocks in New York hold as many persons as there are in well-known towns like Tampa, Florida, Ithaca, New York, New London, Connecticut, Rutland, Vermont, or Nome, Alaska.

A Whole City Population Is Carried in a Few Elevators

Wherever the fame of the New York sky-scrapers has spread some vague idea of the enormous capacity of these colossal structures must have been formed, but it is not improbable that few persons living right in the metropolis have ever made a careful study of the activities of these commercial centers. Perhaps there are those who would laugh to scorn the statement that a single building in New York is entered daily by 50,000 persons, or as many as the entire population of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, or other similar cities of the United States, like Houston, Texas, Akron, Ohio, Lincoln, Nebraska, and more than there are persons in cities of the size of Montgomery, Alabama. Wherever such a statement may be discredited, it is necessary only to point out the fact that an accurate count was made one day by F. T. H. Bacon, superintendent of the Park Row Syndicate Building, one of the most conspicuous of the New York sky-scrapers, of every person who entered the elevators in that edifice. It was a simple matter to station guards at every entrance to the building and give each person entering a ticket, which ticket was taken up by the elevator drivers. At the close of the day these tickets were counted and it was found that something more than 50,000 persons had ridden in the elevators that day. This is said to exceed the number of fares collected by the entire street car system of Nashville, Tennessee, in a single day, this information coming from a former superintendent of the trolley service of that city who was subsequently employed as one of the agents of the Park Row sky-scraper.

A Down-town Elevator Travels Twenty-five Miles a Day

In this building alone there are 5,500 tenants and employees of tenants, meaning lawyers, doctors, insurance men, railroad officials and clerks, and men employed in several departments of the municipal government of New York City.

Taken for the purpose of comparison, this conveys the interesting fact that there are as many persons at work every day in this one building as there are men, women, and children residing in such towns as White Plains, New York, Concord, Massachusetts, or Tuscaloosa, Alabama, according to the last census figures. In the care of this single structure 120,000 gallons of water are used daily, the same being consumed by the ponderous steam boilers which furnish the power for the elevators, by the heating apparatus, and by the wash basins throughout the offices which honeycomb the twenty-nine main stories. In order to light these offices, 6,500 incandescent electric lamps are employed, and to cool the water in the various coolers ten tons of ice are used every day.

The elevator shaft in this building is 320 feet high, and each elevator driver makes, on an average, twenty trips to the top and back an hour. He works ten hours a day, which means that he travels skyward, every day of his life, 64,000 feet, or twelve and one-eighth miles, and makes the

same distance downward again. As Whitaker is authority for the statement that the earth's sensible atmosphere is generally supposed to extend about forty miles in height, but "becomes, a few miles from the surface, of too great a tenuity to support life," the conclusion is most reasonable that the sky-scraper's elevator drivers travel quite far enough each day to lose their lives, except for the limitations to the wild dreams of the New York architect, which, up to date, have held him down to 382 feet in planning the tallest of these structures.

New York's Streets, End to End, Would Cross Two States

If a farmer started out with an ox team to travel over the entire mileage of streets in New York, he would better make terms with his wife and get a leave of absence that would make a Rip Van Winkle immune from domestic difficulties on his return home. On Manhattan Island alone he would have to travel 448.55 miles, if he traversed each street, which is a greater distance than from New York to Buffalo, or Pittsburgh, or Richmond, Virginia, or Montreal, and just exactly half the distance from New York to Chicago. Of this street mileage in Manhattan 418 miles are paved and the rest is unpaved. The distance from New York to Buffalo is 410 miles, and it takes the fastest express trains eight hours and fifteen minutes to make the trip. If the farmer with the ox cart could make twenty-five miles a day, which he might do, barring accidents and bad weather, he could get over a hundred miles every fourth day, and, at sundown on the eighteenth day, he might heave a sigh of relief and pitch his tent at Spuyten Duyvil, after starting at the Battery. After arriving at Spuyten Duyvil, on the eighteenth day, and being informed that the Bronx, with its hillside streets and roads, must be explored, and then Brooklyn, with its magnificent distances, must be invaded, and then the borough of Queens, and, last of all, the long and winding streets and roads of Staten Island must be traveled, it is quite possible that the farmer, like the statistician, would beg to be excused.

All Vehicles, in a Line, Would Extend to Cincinnati

There is a serious side to this reflection. With all its 448 miles of streets, the borough of Manhattan finds itself, to-day, confronted with the most vexatious question that any city of the earth has had to wrestle with,—the traffic question. It has been pretty generally conceded that this problem is far more serious in New York than in any other of the very large cities of the world, not excepting London. There are 22,300 licensed vehicles in Manhattan. This has no reference to the uncounted carriages and rigs of all kinds belonging to individuals and used only for private comfort and pleasure. It does not include automobiles. The licensed vehicles are thus divided: 10,000 public trucks, 1,000 carts, 1,700 express wagons, 700 peddlers' wagons, 5,000 push carts, 800 junk carts, and 3,000 coaches and cabs for public use. The calculation has been made, by a conservative official of the city who is familiar with the traffic regulations and requirements of this and other cities, that the total number of vehicles, private and public, will not be overstated at 133,000. Allowing that each team stood in a procession, taking up thirty feet, horse and vehicle, the whole procession would be 3,990,000 feet long, and this, reduced to miles, would show the parade of New York's vehicles to be 755 miles long! This is greater than the distance from New York to Cincinnati, which is 744 miles, and greater than the distance to Detroit from New York, which is 661 miles. If the procession was headed southward from New York, it would extend fifteen miles beyond Charleston, South Carolina. Headed northward from New York, it would reach 200 miles beyond Quebec; and, if headed westward, it would extend to within a hundred and forty-five miles of Chicago. There is one department store in

[Concluded on pages 356-A and 356-B]



OSTRACISM

CE IRWIN

And when the Four Thousand exclusively nosed
The taint of dishonor that clung to his millions,
Four thousand front doors were exclusively closed;
And poor Cræsus, Jr., was dropped from cotillions,
From box parties, tea parties, gin parties, clubs;
And good Mrs. Cræsus was greeted with snubs
By matrons whose daughters had married the peerage,
(Whose fathers, 't is true, had come over by steerage.)

And next the Four Million their favor withdrew,
Attempting to do as the Four Thousand do.
When Cræsus appeared
On the streets, as he neared,
The gamins threw missiles, the populace jeered.
In Wall Street the reign of his terror was ended,
The stock exchange posted his name as "suspended;"
The newsboys and "Micks,"
And the cabbies said "Nix!"

When he offered 'em money,—good land, what a fix
For the wealthiest man in the world, whose lost glamor
Had bared his stark form
To a national storm,
A popular wave of unpopular clamor.

III.

'T was Sunday, and Cræsus, a poor wealthy man,
Stole forth when the chimes of the church bells began.
A wallet of bank notes, which no one would take
He held in the fingers which no one would shake;
And now and again, with a sly, guilty flutter,
He 'd let a bright greenback fall into the gutter.

At length, lonely soul,
He arrived in his stroll
At the prosperous Church of St. Lucre, which proud
New edifice Cræsus himself had endowed.
From out the broad doorway there floated a hymn,
And people were entering, churchly and trim.
"There 's peace," muttered John, "in the reach of
yon dim
Brown arches!" And, touched by the thought,
he was glad,—
For his doctrines were good as his ethics were bad.
So, doffing his hat,
He entered, and sat
In a pew in the middle aisle, close to the rail.
The Reverend Oiler on "Right Shall Prevail"
Was reading the text, when a deacon, turned pale,
Seeing Cræsus, cried "Tainted!" and instantly
fainted.

There fell a tense hush,
Then a general blush
Waved over the worshipers, ere, with a rush,
They bolted from church and left only the two,—
The pastor, and Cræsus alone in his pew!

But Reverend Oiler had labored so long
In vineyards well-watered and aristocratic
His dogma was weak, but his finance was strong,
And his sense of diplomacy quite automatic.
So, when from his book he turned with a look
Of saintly reflection, he never forsook
The rule of redemption which buttered his bread,
But, calling the sexton, he quietly said,
'Dear friend, while the organist plays a selection,
We 'll pass down the plate and take up a collection.'



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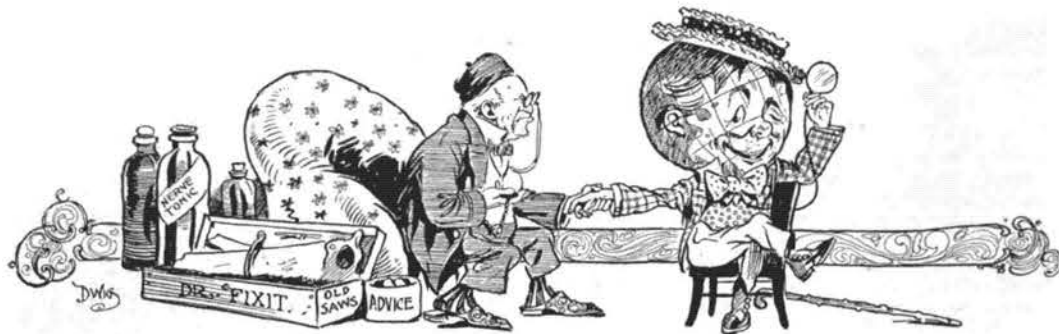
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THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

Conducted by Samuel Merwin



"HE wants to be governor," said H. H. Rogers of Attorney-general Herbert S. Hadley, of Missouri. "He is playing politics,—he is a demagogue!"

"Playing Politics" cried the conservatives when the present Senator La Follette addressed a meeting of laboring men in his shirt sleeves. In the piping present, over in New Jersey, Everett Colby and William P. Martin,

who have been fighting for a legislative investigation of the banks and insurance companies of the state, have been accused of "playing politics." And perhaps they are. Perhaps Mr. La Follette is a demagogue. It may be that Hadley would like to be governor. It may even be that Abraham Lincoln was "playing politics" during those days when he avoided taking sides on the slave question; or that Martin Luther was playing a sort of politics in publicly burning the papal bull of excommunication before the Elster Gate of Wittenberg, when he might as easily have tossed it into the kitchen fire. Human motives are usually mixed. The greatest leaders have not been above rousing the people to action in great causes. That a young man can, to-day, perform a nobler work than to break into the great game of politics and play it hard and well may be questioned. It has been played too long by professionals, in close formation, with the ball concealed from the spectators, and with the transparent object of winning at any cost. But to-day, from coast to coast, we may see clean, honest, determined young men entering the contest. They stand, as Mr. Colby has wittily said, for "the open game." May they be vouchsafed strength and courage to play it long and hard!



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON is a venerable figure. He has served for thirty odd years in congress. His shrewd humor and cynical worldly wisdom have raised many a smile in committee meetings. Perhaps no farmer ever became a more skillful routine legislator. And even his enemies admit that he looks very well in the clothes and necktie with which the two Carolinas, out of the goodness of their hearts, presented him. But when he advised Mr. Lincoln Steffens to study for twenty years before criticising further the political methods of to-day, he ventured farther afield, it would seem, than he realized. It may be doubted whether twenty years' study would bring Mr. Steffens appreciably nearer to a clear perception of right and wrong, of honesty and dishonesty, than he has already attained. Up to the present time, Mr. Steffens's disclosures, one is almost so daring as to say, have had quite as much to do with the inspiring moral awakening of the country as anything Uncle Joe ever did in his shrewd, hard-headed life. Very young men may sometimes know that bribery is crime. It is the middling old men who tell us that the end justifies the means. We might easily hold forth here on the immense influence on this shift' old world of the enthusiasm, the hope, the ideal quality of youth. Says Stevenson, "All sorts of allowances are made for the illusions of youth; and none, or almost none, for the disenchantments of age." Perhaps we had better make allowances for the disenchantments of the homespun speaker of the house.

"Uncle Joe" and Lincoln Steffens

For "Uncle Joe" is a farmer. He believes in breaking a colt to harness just as strongly as he believes in breaking a congressman to harness. He wants no young Pitts, no young Winston Spencer Churchills, in his house of parliament, but rather wind-broken, spiritless legislators, who may be counted on to stand without hitching. Says Stevenson again: "The sentiments of a man while he is full of ardor and hope are to be received, it is supposed, with some qualification. But when the same person has ignominiously failed, and begins to eat up his words, he should be listened to like an oracle." We are inclined to think that a strong minority of young, ardent members in the house, of men who are so foolish as to believe in something, would be of a certain value. It is probably a great thing to be "practical." It may be that it is inspiring to sit at the booted feet of "Uncle Joe" and hearken unto his kindly, sordid wisdom. But we venture very respectfully to suggest that if ever legislative body cried out for a few so-called "theorists" with the courage of their convictions, it is the present machine-made house of representatives. "Uncle Joe" would not like this. He is a much-loved man, and the homely prejudices of which he is so proud carry weight in Washington and elsewhere. But we are inclined to think that the vast majority of sensible voters would "leap as an hart" at the spectacle of a group of clean, enthusiastic young congressmen making themselves heard for plain, old-fashioned right, and against plain, old-fashioned wrong.

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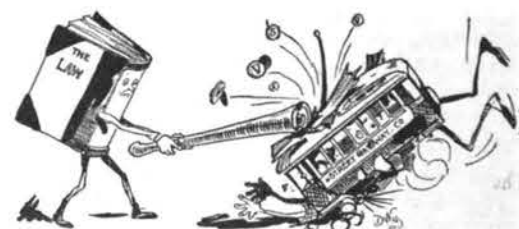
On Breaking Congressmen to Harness

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A CORPORATION is "an artificial person" created by the state. Lately we of this country have taken to wondering if these artificial persons of our creation were not to turn out Franksteins and overpower us. We have seen a good deal of subsidized state officials and legislatures and, we have almost thought, of subsidized courts of justice, and the spectacle has not been pleasant.

The notion that the corporations have been able to go into all manner of rascality and then able to resist the probings of the court on the ground that their business was "private" or that disclosures might tend "to incriminate and degrade" has been disturbing to our national peace of mind. But at last the United States supreme court has taken a hand by declaring that the fifth amendment to the constitution, which confers the right on the part of an individual to decline to produce evidence of an incriminating nature against himself, can not be taken to include corporations. This, on the surface, appears to be an epoch-making decision. There is certainly nothing ambiguous or over technical in Justice Brown's reasoning when he says: "It would be a strange anomaly to hold that a state, having chartered a corporation to make use of certain franchises, could not in the exercise of its sovereignty inquire how those franchises had been employed and whether they had been abused, and demand the production of the corporation books and papers for that purpose."



BUT this is not all the startling news from that tremendously imposing little room under the dome of the capitol. Another decision, which the popular mind at once interpreted as a corollary to that recorded above, really seems to add force to the conclusion that government is still bigger than the corporations it creates. The attempt of a majority of the citizens of Chicago to undertake an interesting experiment in municipal ownership had been run off into a tangle of legal byways. The various street car companies were operating under city ordinances when, in 1865, the state legislature extended their charters for

Rough on Corporations

ninety-nine years. It is not difficult to imagine the hopeless muddle in which high-priced attorneys managed to land what was at first a comparatively simple question. But the supreme court has re-simplified the issue. The legislative act, holds the court, may extend the franchises, but it does not overrule the original city ordinances which granted the specific right to occupy the city streets. This seems to mean that the companies are welcome to their franchises but that they must get off the streets if the city requests them to do so. When this decision was announced there was a tumble in Chicago traction stocks. Municipal ownership, so far as Chicago is concerned, seems near. And the reestablishment of the authority of city, state, and nation in corporation affairs seems nearer still. We take it that the day is passing when "trust magnates" will laugh at supreme courts.



KILLING human beings is not the finest sport in the world. The not wholly satisfactory reports of the latest killing in the Philippines, which have drifted piecemeal to the American public, suggest that the Jolo exploit was even less sportsmanlike than usual. Something between six hundred and nine hundred Moros—men, women, and children,—were slain. There seem to have been no prisoners taken, and few, if any, wounded. And all this with an American loss of fewer than twenty. General Wood has explained the killing of the women on the ground that they wore trousers and fought with the men, and that of the children on the ground that they were employed as shields. This magazine is not a newspaper, and we have not the space for an extended discussion. But the episode is distinctly unpleasant. Six hundred killed and none wounded,—this hints ominously at a massacre. To the non-militant laity it would seem almost better to spare the Moro men than to slaughter the women and children. Truly, the subjugation of the Philippines, if paid for in American character, can conceivably be pretty costly business. It is about time that we found out a little more about this Philippine business. Too much censor is not healthy.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY was a jest, sixty years ago. That sense of humor of which we are, as a nation, so justly proud was tickled by the notion of a woman in public life. And not only was Miss Anthony in public life, but, to add to the uproarious laughter of a joyous people, she was also agitating for woman's rights, so-called, and for temperance, and—more and more absurd!—for the abolition of slavery. Then the world rolled on, and we found other and equally funny things to laugh at. The actual abolition of slavery weakened the old joke a bit, for one thing; the temperance cause somehow became less funny; and we seemed to grow accustomed to the gradual entrance of women into the minor issues of politics. So we took to laughing at the comical antics of the social reformers, and absent-mindedly removed our hats and rose to our feet in honor of Miss Anthony's eightieth birthday. Now, at eighty-six, she is gone; and conservative journals dwell on her long life and pay it homage in leading editorials. A great woman has passed on, leaving womankind stronger and better for her splendid example. We sigh,—and turn hastily to laugh at the good-government cranks while they are still funny.



TWO NAMES stand towering above the debris of shattered reputations with which the nation is strewn.—Marshall Field and Stuyvesant Fish. The great Chicago merchant who never borrowed, and who always gave his customers an honest value in merchandise, passed out of this life leaving behind him not only great riches, but a good name, as well. There have been clouded hours of late when it seemed that all our prominent financiers had been swept into rascality by the overpowering lust of gain and power. But with the memory of Marshall Field and the vigorous living presence before us of Stuyvesant Fish, the world looks a bit brighter. Mr. Fish is a railroad man all through, and very possibly he and his Illinois Central Railroad have slipped now and then into those peculiarly bad habits which beset railroads in these brisk times. But there seems to be little doubt that as a director of the Mutual Life Insurance Company he has fought uncompromisingly for a genuine housecleaning with the doors and windows all open and the sunlight flooding in. And there seems to be no doubt also that the powerful "interests" who have been obstructing his search into the dark corners of the Mutual Life have been at the same time attacking his

intrenchments in the Illinois Central. It is not permitted to us to lay bare Mr. Fish's motives. But he seems to be an honest man. He has launched out boldly against an exceedingly active and powerful accumulation of capital, and with all our heart we bid him God speed! in his work of opening the Mutual caverns to the light of day.

FRANCE hates Germany. Germany smiles meaningly on France. Twice within a twelvemonth has the international wireless flashed rumors of an armed frontier and of the tread of marching feet. Now it is Morocco; next month it may be Siam. Diplomacy is a pretty game which covers a number of ugly motives, and we may accept a superficial controversy over the control of an absurd little North African police department for what it is worth, which is very little, indeed. The real controversy has been, these thirty-five years,—France and Germany. It is not pleasant to forecast a recurrence on the earth of that amiable sort of conflict which was so succinctly epitomized by General Sherman. But the French government is not spending hundreds of millions in order that the Bois de Boulogne may be prettily decorated with red and blue uniforms. The German government is not exhausting the peasantry in order to decorate neatly the walks and lakes of Potsdam. It is perhaps well that European troops are gaily dressed. Red coats and pipe clay mitigate the essential ugliness of big armies. These particular armies mean that Germany dictated the last treaty of peace at Paris, the capital of a crushed nation, and that she appropriated two French provinces to pay her for the trouble of getting so far from home. Now she seems to want something further. Just what that something is we Americans can no more than guess at. But it seems unlikely, if blows are ultimately to result, that the Germans will be able to make a second record march to Paris.



THE doctrine of the divine right of kings to rule is obsolescent. The constitution of the United States is based upon a denial of that right. In this country we have come to take so much as a matter of course the theory that all government must spring from the people that the spectacle of an American reader of this magazine holding forth for divine right comes with the force of a shock. The letter from which we quote below was provoked by a cartoon of the German emperor which appeared in a recent issue. "It has been brought home to me"—so runs this remarkable communication,—"that cartooning those whom God has placed here as earthly rulers is also cartooning God, who placed them there in charge of his people. Such things ought to be out of your uplifting magazine."

It would be impossible to answer in print a hundredth part of the letters which pour into this office; but in the face of this curiously un-American comment we are moved to a firm and, we trust, gentle reply. Through the long centuries, during which the peoples of the western world have been struggling upward out of the darkness and misery in which their kings have endeavored to hold them, no more effective weapon than publicity has so far been found. Publicity is effected through a free press and the cartoon. It was the fearless, merciless cartoons of Thomas Nast that sent "Boss" Tweed, sometime ruler of New York City, to the penitentiary. The cartoon is not always properly employed, but it has accomplished much in the long fight for liberty by throwing the light of humor and good sense about the seats of the mighty. It was a great step forward when the American people learned to laugh at kings.

SARAH BERNHARDT, that wonderful embodiment of youth and energy, the envy and despair of woman-kind and the great puzzle of the age, won the greatest triumph of her career when she played "Camille" to eight thousand enthusiastic Texans last month in a tent at Dallas. Eight thousand people! The largest theater in the world holds only half that number. Not since the great arenic contests of ancient Rome have so many people gathered at any dramatic spectacle. The theatrical syndicate that debarred her from its southern theaters did not count upon this tremendous outpouring of sympathy and support for a great actress compelled to play in a tent. The American people love a fighter. Nowhere is this sentiment stronger than in Texas, and the great cosmopolitan optimism of "God's Country" turned out to see that she got a "square deal." The "Divine Sarah" for one day owned the whole state. And the trust had tried to snuff her out!

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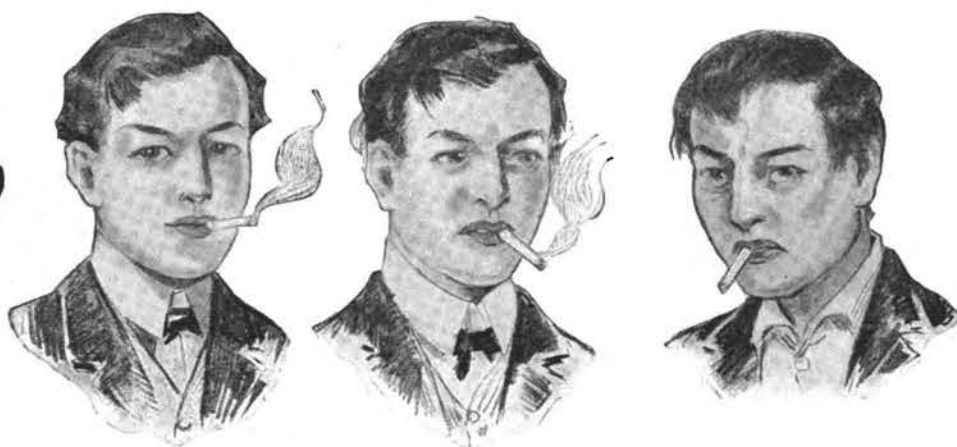
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THE CIGARETTE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN



NO WORDS can tell the cigarette story as graphically as the pictures on this page. I advise every cigarette victim to have his photograph taken every year and put side by side in a frame in his room, where he can see the gradual, fatal deterioration in himself from year to year. If this does not startle him and bring him to his senses, no preaching will ever do it, for the pictures will be a sermon more eloquent than ever came from any pulpit.

I leave it to others to discuss the moral side of cigarette smoking. I denounce it simply because of its blighting, blasting effect upon one's success in life; because it draws off the energy, saps the vitality and force which ought to be made to tell in one's career; because it blunts the sensibilities and deadens the thinking faculties; because it kills the ambition and the finer instincts, and the more delicate aspirations and perceptions; because it destroys the ability to concentrate the mind, which is the secret of all achievement.

The whole tendency of the cigarette nicotine poison in the youth is to arrest development. It is fatal to all normal functions. It blights and blasts both health and morals. It not only ruins the faculties, but it unbalances the mind, as well. Many of the most pitiable cases of insanity in our asylums are cigarette fiends. It creates abnormal appetites, strange, undefined longings, discontent, uneasiness, nervousness, irritability, and, in many, an almost irresistible inclination to crime. In fact, the moral depravity which follows the cigarette habit is something frightful. Lying, cheating, impurity, loss of moral courage and manhood, a complete dropping of life's standards all along the lines are its general results.

Magistrate Crane, of New York City, says: "Ninety-nine out of a hundred boys between the ages of ten and seventeen years who come before me charged with crime have their fingers disfigured by yellow cigarette stains. . . . I am not a crank on this subject, I do not care to pose as a reformer, but it is my opinion that cigarettes will do more than liquor to ruin boys. When you have arraigned before you boys hopelessly deaf through the excessive use of cigarettes, boys who have stolen their sisters' earnings, boys who absolutely refuse to work, who do nothing but gamble and steal, you can not help seeing that there is some direct cause, and a great deal of this boyhood crime is, in my mind, easy to trace to the deadly cigarette. There is something in the poison of the cigarette that seems to get into the system of the boy and to destroy all moral fiber."

He gives the following probable course of a boy who begins to smoke cigarettes, "First, cigarettes. Second, beer and liquors. Third, craps—petty gambling. Fourth, horse racing—gambling on a bigger scale. Fifth, larceny. Sixth, state prison."

Not long ago a boy in New York robbed his mother and actually beat her because she would not give him money with which to buy cigarettes. Every little while we see accounts in newspapers all over the country of all kinds of petty thefts and misdemeanors which boys commit in order to satisfy the cigarette mania.

Another New York City magistrate says: "Yesterday I had before me thirty-five boy prisoners. Thirty-three of them were confirmed cigarette smokers. To-day, from a reliable source, I have made the gruesome discovery that two of the

largest cigarette manufacturers soak their product in a weak solution of opium. The fact that out of thirty-five prisoners thirty-three smoked cigarettes might seem to indicate some direct connection between cigarettes and crime. And when it is announced on authority that most cigarettes are doped with opium, this connection is not hard to understand. Opium is like whisky,—it creates an increasing appetite that grows with what it feeds upon. A growing boy who lets tobacco and opium get a hold upon his senses is never long in coming under the domination of whisky, too. Tobacco is the boy's easiest and most direct road to whisky. When

opium is added, the young man's chance of resisting the combined forces and escaping physical, mental, and moral harm is slim, indeed."

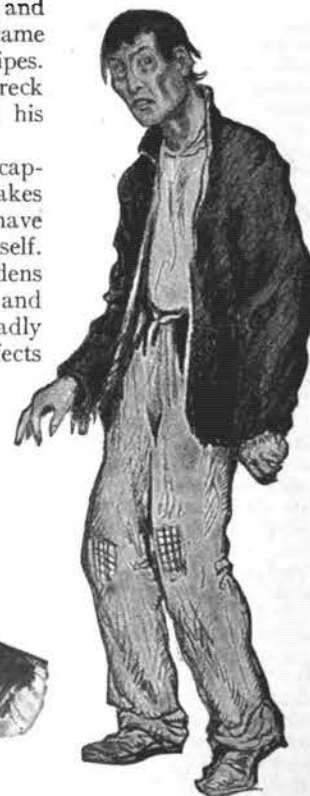
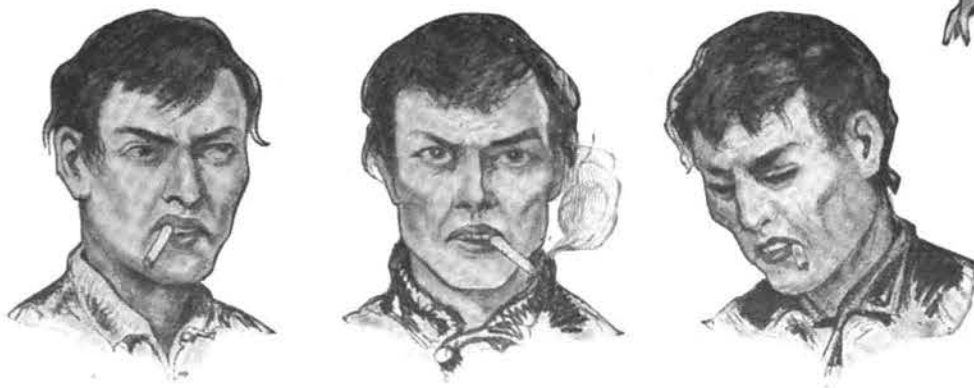
Young men of great natural ability, everywhere, some of them in high positions, are constantly losing their grip, deteriorating, dropping back, losing their ambition, their push, their stamina, and their energy, because of its deadly hold upon them. If there is anything a young man should guard as divinely sacred, it is his ability to think clearly, forcefully, logically.

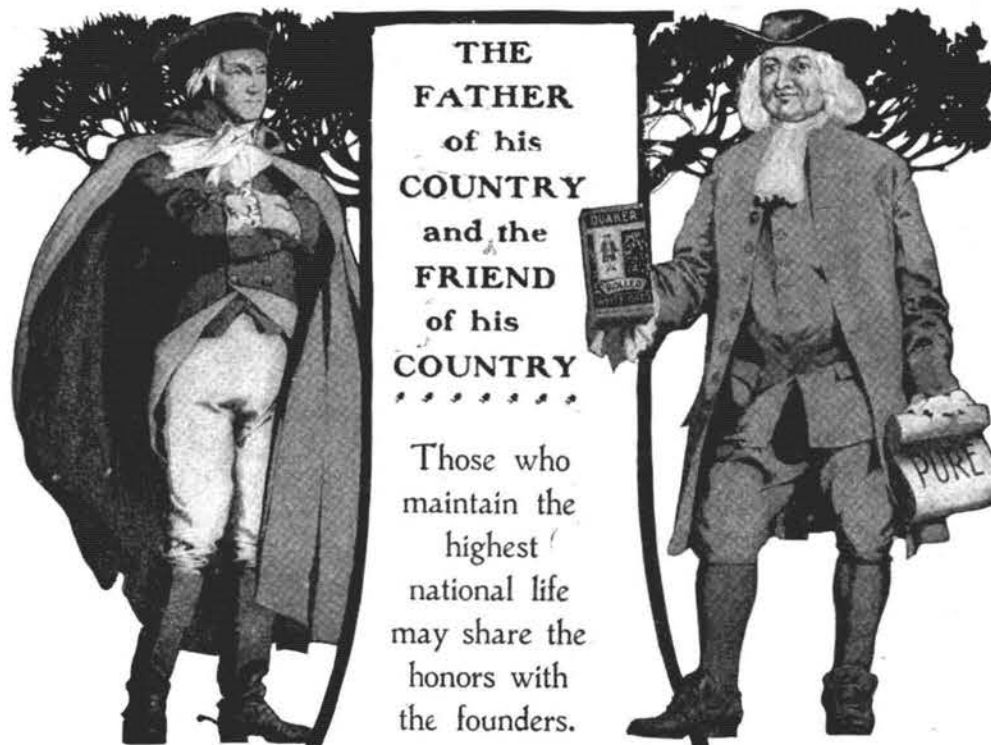
Dr. J. J. Kellogg says: "A few months ago I had all the nicotine removed from a cigarette, making a solution out of it. I injected half the quantity into a frog, with the effect that the frog died almost instantly. The rest was administered to another frog with like effect. Both frogs were full grown, and of average size. The conclusion is evident that a single cigarette contains poison enough to kill two frogs. A boy who smokes twenty cigarettes a day has inhaled enough poison to kill forty frogs. Why does the poison not kill the boy? It does kill him. If not immediately, he will die sooner or later of weak heart, Bright's disease, or some other malady which scientific physicians everywhere now recognize as a natural result of chronic nicotine poisoning."

A chemist, not long since, took the tobacco used in an average cigarette and soaked it in several teaspoonfuls of water and then injected a portion of it under the skin of a cat. The cat almost immediately went into convulsions, and died in fifteen minutes. Dogs have been killed with a single drop of nicotine.

A young man died in a Minnesota state institution not long ago, who, five years before, had been one of the most promising young physicians of the West. "Still under thirty years at the time of his commitment to the institution," says the newspaper account of his story, "he had already made three discoveries in nervous diseases that had made him looked up to in his profession. But he smoked cigarettes,—smoked incessantly. For a long time the effects of the habit were not apparent on him. In fact, it was not until a patient died on the operating table under his hands, and the young doctor went to pieces, that it became known that he was a victim of the paper pipes. But then he had gone too far. He was a wreck in mind as well as in body, and he ended his days in a maniac's cell."

Anything which impairs one's success capital, which cuts down his achievement, and makes him a possible failure when he might have been a grand success, is a crime against himself. Anything which benumbs the senses, deadens the sensibilities, dulls the mental faculties, and takes the edge off one's ability, is a deadly enemy, and there is nothing else which effects





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THE EDITOR'S CHAT

When the Responsive Clay Has Hardened

WHAT folly it would be for a sculptor to half finish a clay model of a statue he wishes to carve out of marble, and then leave it until the clay should harden! Imagine the annoyance and extra labor the postponed work would involve! When clay is moist and plastic it yields readily to the sculptor's touch and follows the outlines of grace and beauty he has in his mind, but after it has hardened it will no longer respond to his will, and his work must be done all over again.

What is true of the sculptor's clay model is true of the character model in human clay, in a much more painful degree. It is nothing short of a tragedy to find, in middle life, that the unfinished or misshapen character model, through neglect, has become so hardened that it will not yield to any ordinary impression. The molding period has passed, and what would once have yielded easily and quickly to the touch, and taken any shape of grace or beauty desired by the sculptor, must now be chiseled and carved with infinite pain and difficulty.

Youth, the plastic morning of life, is the time when we must do our effective work in character-building. If it is neglected then, or postponed, it will be well-nigh impossible to mold a perfect character. I say "a perfect character," and I mean it in its full sense. We should aim at nothing less. "Quite beneath all discussion of electives and vocations, as whether I will be an engineer or a clergyman," says Edward Everett Hale, "is the certainty, for every youth who would be truly successful, that he must be a man,—that he ought to be 'a full-grown man,' as the old version read squarely and none too strongly,—to be 'a perfect man.' However far we may fall short of it, we shall reach greater heights if perfection be our aim."

We can not be too careful in molding the statue that will represent us for all time. Marble or bronze, gold or brass, any material from which a sculptor may mold a statue will perish. The only statue that time can not deface or destroy is that of character.

What was said of Hercules, the god of strength, that, "whether he stood or walked or sat, or whatever thing he did, he conquered," may, with even greater force, be said of character. Men and women of noble parts, they who commenced in youth to mold the indestructible statue of a perfect character, are conquerors wherever they go or whatever they do. Whether they stand, or walk, or sit; whether they speak, or remain silent; whether they work with their hands for daily bread, or are among the world's intellectual giants, they dominate others. The power of their personality rises superior to wealth, fame, genius, or any other human possession.

The Crime of Nerves

NO ONE is himself when his nerve centers are exhausted, whether from excessive use or from lack of proper food. The quality of one's thought, ambition, energy, aims, and ideals, is largely a matter of health.

Who can estimate the tragedies which have resulted from exhausted nerve cells? Many crimes are the result of abnormal physical conditions consequent upon exhaustion. Men do all sorts of strange, abnormal things to satisfy the call of these exhausted tissue cells for nourishment. They try to restore them by drink and other kinds of dissipation.

If it were possible for the people of this country to follow the laws of health for six months, it would change the entire condition of our civilization. The unhappiness, misery, and crime would be reduced immeasurably, and the general efficiency would increase marvelously. Ignorance of the laws of health is responsible for a large part of the ills we suffer.

It seems strange that we should spend so much time and money learning about a hundred things which we shall never use practically, but which are, of course, of great value as discipline, and almost wholly neglect to find out what we are ourselves. It is really an insult to the Creator, who has fashioned us so marvelously, that we should not spend as much time studying the physique which it has taken Him a quarter of a century or more to bring to maturity as we would spend upon a single dead language which we know we shall never use except indirectly.

Reading Biographies as a Stimulus

DO NOT believe that anything else will take the place of reading stirring biographies of the world's great people. Think of the influence of holding these inspiring models constantly in the mind, of having these

magnificent characters actually living in the mind's gallery! Young people, especially, should be saturated with inspiring biography. I can not urge too strongly the reading of life stories of men and women who have done things worth while.

It is a constant spur to ambition. The stories of success under difficulties whet the appetite and make us hungry to do something worth while ourselves. There is nothing like the romances of achievement to spur us on to do our best and to make the most of ourselves. They keep our ideals bright, and arouse latent energies. If your early education has been neglected and you are anxious for self-improvement, read of the struggles of men and women to get their educations, to improve themselves. It is the greatest encouragement to self-improvement. When you read these great life stories you will constantly say to yourself, "If Lincoln in the wilderness could get an education with all his handicaps, why can not I do it? If deaf, dumb, and blind Helen Keller can go to college, I certainly ought to be able to overcome any handicap in my own path."

Think what it means, when we are in the depths of despair, to be able to call into our presence all the grand characters who have fought and won! No matter how poor or humble our lot, no matter if ostracized from society, the imagination enables us to surround ourselves with the choicest spirits that ever lived. To be able to live in intimate relations with our heroes, to commune constantly with those whom we admire and love, to be able to summon into our presence in an instant those whose triumphs over poverty and hardships can be a perpetual encouragement to us, can drive away our melancholy or prod our lagging energies, and spur us from laziness into ambition, is a boon which no wealth or influence can bestow.

We can not help living in some degree the lives of heroes who are constantly in our minds. Our characters are constantly being modified, shaped, and molded by the suggestions which are thus held.

The most helpful life stories for the average youth are not the meteoric ones, the unaccountable ones, the astonishing ones like those of Napoleon, Oliver Cromwell, and Julius Caesar.

The great stars of the race dazzle most boys. They admire, but they do not feel that they can imitate them. They like to read their lives, but they do not get the helpfulness and the encouragement from them that they do from reading the lives of those who have not startled the world so much.

It is the triumph of the ordinary ability which is most helpful as an inspiration and encouragement. The life of Lincoln has been an infinitely greater inspiration to the world than the life of Napoleon or that of Julius Caesar.

Right Thinking and Self Control

ZOPYRUS, the physiognomist, said, "Socrates' features showed that he was stupid, brutal, sensual, and addicted to drunkenness." Socrates upheld the analysis by saying: "By nature I am addicted to all these sins, and they were only restrained and vanquished by the continual practice of virtue."

Emerson says, in effect, "The virtue you would like to have, assume it as already yours, appropriate it, enter into the part and live the character just as the great actor is absorbed in the character of the part he plays." No matter how great your weakness or how much you may regret it, assume steadily and persistently its opposite until you acquire the habit of holding that thought, or of living the thing, not in its weakness, but in its wholeness, in its entirety. Hold the ideal of an efficient faculty or quality, not of a marred, or deficient one. The way to reach, or to attain to anything is to bend oneself toward it with all one's might; and we approximate it just in proportion to the intensity and the persistency of our effort to attain it.

If you are inclined to be very excitable and nervous, if you "fly all to pieces" over the least annoyance, do not waste your time regretting this weakness, and telling everybody that you can not help it. Just assume the calm, deliberate, quiet, balanced composure, which characterizes your ideal person in that respect. Persuade yourself that you are not nervous or excitable, that you can control yourself; that you are well balanced; that you do not fly off on a tangent at every little annoyance. You will be amazed to see how the perpetual holding of this serene, calm, quiet attitude will help you to become like your thought.

No matter what comes up, no matter how annoying,

or exasperating, things may be, just persist that you are calm and serene and composed, and you will, in time, form a quiet, deliberate, calm habit, and nothing will throw you off your center, no matter how excited or disturbed other people around you may be. All we are or ever have been or ever will be comes from the quality and force of our thinking.

People Who Are Always Driving Success Away from Them

ONE of the strangest paradoxes in human nature is that men and women struggling, apparently with all their might, to succeed, are yet constantly doing things, saying things, and thinking things which drive the very success they are after away from them. They are all the time counteracting their efforts by some foolishness, or weakness, or indiscretion. They are saying things which prejudice people against them, and doing things which destroy confidence. Although they apparently try very hard to build a foundation, they are all the time undermining themselves.

Men work like Trojans to get a coveted position, and then by getting puffed up with conceit, or by some foolish or weak act, knock the scaffolding, which they have been years in building, out from under them, and down they go. Their lives are a series of successive climbs and tumbles, so that they never get anywhere, never accomplish anything worth while. Always tripping themselves up, neutralizing their work; this is their greatest stumbling block.

I know a powerful editorial writer who wields a strong, vigorous pen, but who at sixty years of age is just where he was at twenty. He has had scores of good positions, but he could not keep them because of his indiscretions, because of a hot temper, and a sensitive nature which was always being wounded by trifles. There is no harder worker than he is. Every time he gets knocked down, he begins at the bottom and starts planning and reclimbing, only to fall back again like the fabled frog trying to get out of the well.

Now, if this man had taken an inventory of himself in his youth, and strengthened two or three little weak points, he would have been a giant in the field of letters.

There are thousands of men who are working as clerks, or in very ordinary salaried positions, who might have been employers or proprietors themselves but for some unfortunate weakness, some little deficiency in their natures, or some peculiarity,—something which might have been remedied by a little discipline and self-study in youth. It is not an unusual thing to see a man in some subordinate situation who, but for one of these little lacks, would have been a bolder man than his employer. And so he has to submit to the humiliation of plodding through life in a mediocre position, when he feels conscious that he has superior ability to those who are over him.

It is tragic to see thousands of people constantly pushing away from themselves through life the very success they are trying to achieve, pushing it away because they do not control a hot temper, because of some little indiscretion, or other weakness or lack in their nature.

Others are always driving success away from them, by their doubts, their fears, their lack of courage, their lack of confidence,—driving it away by thought habits which repel success conditions. They never make themselves magnets to attract success, but keep so many enemies of achievement in their mind that there is no home for harmony there, no place for a strong purpose. They hold the failure thought, the doubt thought, the poverty thought, instead of clinging to the success thought, the thought of abundance, until they attract achievement and plenty.

The Cheerful Man

THE cheerful man is preëminently a useful man.

The cheerful man does not cramp his mind and take half-views of men and things.

The cheerful man knows that there is much misery, but that misery need not be the rule of life.

The cheerful man sees that everywhere the good out-balances the bad, and that every evil has its compensating balm.

A habit of cheerfulness enables one to transmute apparent misfortunes into real blessings.

He who has formed a habit of looking at the bright, happy side of things, has a great advantage over the chronic dyspeptic who sees no good in anything.

The cheerful man's thought sculpts his face into beauty and touches his manner with grace.

It was Lincoln's cheerfulness and sense of humor that enabled him to stand up under the terrible load of the Civil War.

If we are cheerful and contented all nature smiles with us; the air is balmy, the sky clearer, the earth has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers are more fragrant, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars are more beautiful.

All good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer. It is the normal atmosphere of our being.

High-minded cheerfulness is found in great souls, self-poised and confident in their own heaven-aided powers.

Grief, anxiety and fear are the great enemies of human life, and should be resisted as we resist the plague. Cheerfulness is their antidote.

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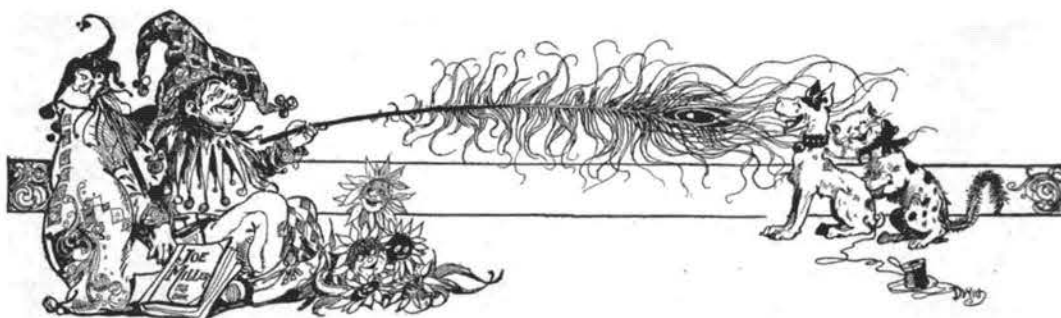
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THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

The Phonetic Phenomenon of the Phenix

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

THEY were talking about spelling reform and the idiosyncrasies of English spelling in general.

"There's that very word 'phonetic,'" said one of the men; "that's a sample of English spelling. The reformers call their system the 'phonetic system,' and yet they have to spell 'phonetic' with a 'pho' in order to let people know what they mean. The very word that means 'spelled as pronounced' is as far from it as possible."

"Now! now!" drawled his friend. "You're too hard on the good old English speller. You ought to be proud of 'phonetic.' Why, that word is so trimmed down, and sawed off, and cut short that I would n't know it was English if I met it alone on a blank page. You ought to thank the language for that word. It is a beautiful word. That 'pho' might have been spelled like 'dough,' and the 'net' like 'ette' in 'rosette,' and the 'ic' like the 'liq' in 'liquor.' That would be a good old-style English word,—*phoughnetteiq*. But it is coming! Phonetic spelling is coming! Look at that word 'phenix.' It is spelled 'phenix' everywhere now, and I remember it always used to be 'phoenix.' The 'o' has gone. That shows——"

"Nothing!" said the objector. "What does it show? That the phenix is a bird. Is n't the phenix a bird? Yes! Well, that round thing you say was an 'o' was an egg. That's all. 'T was just an egg, and the phenix laid the egg. That's all."

Truth Crushed to Earth

THERE is a gentleman in Brooklyn known to Marshall P. Wilder, who tells the story, who is particularly careful to see that none of the youngsters in his family shall escape the penalties of telling a falsehood.

One evening a caller, taking some interest in the eight-years-old lad of the family, endeavored to get the boy to draw nearer, desiring some confidential chat with him. But the boy hung back.

"James," sternly exclaimed the father, "won't you go to Mrs. Blank?"

"No, sir," sullenly responded the lad.

"Why, don't you like me?" asked the lady, interposing a remark before the father could speak.

"No, ma'am, I don't," was the frank response.

"Look here, young man," shouted the now angry parent, "what do you mean by talking so disrespectfully to this lady?"

"Indeed, father, I don't know how to please you," said the lad; "yesterday you nearly licked the life out of me for telling a lie, and to-day, when I'm taking no chances, you get mad because I tell the truth."

Too Much "Funny Business"

A WELL-KNOWN Kentuckian tells of a marriage ceremony that a justice of the peace in the Blue Grass State was hurriedly called upon one day to perform.

It appears that the bridegroom, a big mountaineer very roughly dressed, had brought his prospective bride with him to the office of the clerk of the court, thinking to secure his license and have the ceremony performed at one visit. When his license had been duly granted the mountaineer asked if there was a justice of the peace then in the courthouse who could tie the knot. Upon being advised by the clerk that he himself was a justice of the peace and that he was willing to join the two lovers, the bridegroom said:—"Waal, then, we're ready; go ahead!"

"But you'll have to secure two witnesses," smilingly observed the clerk and justice, "before I can proceed."

At this the mountaineer demurred, saying that he did not care for witnesses. Nevertheless, he was convinced in a moment that this formality was an indispensable one, and accordingly the necessary witnesses were procured and the cere-

mony began. When the couple had promised to love, obey, etc., together with the rest of the service, the justice of the peace quite innocently observed that the bridegroom should "kiss the bride."

Thereupon the mountaineer exhibited fresh impatience at the exactions of the official. "Look here!" he exclaimed, angrily, "it seems to me that you're draggin' in a lot of funny business in this weddin'. Why, I kissed her before we came in!"

The Strenuous Call

IN the office of William Loeb, at the White House, there is constructed in the wall near his desk a device that registers calls from the President. This device, which some one has likened to a dovecot with two little windows, at once notifies Mr. Loeb that the President wishes to see him in the private office or the cabinet room, as the case may be. When Mr. Roosevelt pushes a button there ensues a startlingly snappy sound in Mr. Loeb's room.

One afternoon there called a very meek, elderly lady who much desired an audience with the President. Mr. Loeb had gone to another room to effect the desired interview, leaving the mild old lady sitting in his room in front of the calling device.

The caller was suddenly startled nearly out of her wits by the alarming snap of the device just back of her head. "Merciful heaven!" she gasped, "what's that?"

"Merely the President calling for Mr. Loeb," smilingly explained a clerk.

"Tell me, sir," she said, in tremulous tones, "does the President always fire a pistol when he wants to see his secretary?"

He Got It Fixed

THE following story illustrative of the red tape that used to prevail in a certain department of the federal government at Washington is told by an official who began his service there in the humble capacity of clerk:—

"Shortly after entering upon the discharge of my duties," said the official, "I witnessed a scene in the division to which I had been assigned that astonished me to a degree. One day an elderly clerk whose desk was near mine suddenly rose from his seat, dragged his chair to a fireplace, and, seizing a poker, attacked the offending piece of furniture with what appeared to be maniacal fury. When he had broken a leg off the chair his passion seemed to be exhausted. He flung the damaged chair into a corner of the room and, getting another chair, calmly resumed his work just as if nothing had occurred.

"When the time came to leave the office that afternoon, I ventured to ask a fellow clerk, who had been a witness of the scene, what it meant. 'Is that clerk,' I inquired, 'subject to attacks of that kind?'

"The clerk questioned smiled indulgently. 'Oh,' he explained, 'there was nothing the matter with him. You see, one of the castors had come off his chair.



The Horse: "You see, they can not get along without us."

This department will not replace castors,—it repairs nothing less serious than a broken leg. So Blank broke one of the legs and now he will be able to get the castor put on again."

Their Patience Was Rewarded

ONE afternoon a couple from an adjoining town presented themselves to a Boston divine just as he was about to enter the pulpit to conduct an afternoon service. They advised him that they were anxious to be married just as quickly as possible. The minister, an extremely methodical man, replied that he regretted that he could not, at that moment, comply with their wish; but that, immediately upon the conclusion of the service, he would take pleasure in performing the ceremony.

The lovers after some demurring seated themselves in the rear of the church, there to remain in ill-concealed impatience till the discourse should be ended.

When the minister had finished his remarks, he cleared his throat, and made the following remarkable announcement:—

"The parties who are to be joined in matrimony will present themselves at the chancel immediately after the singing of hymn 415, 'Mistaken Souls that Dream of Heaven!'"

Numbers Told

WILLIAM COLLIER relates a story of the days when he was a member of a "fly-by-night" combination doing small towns in the Middle West.

"One night," says Mr. Collier, "while waiting for the curtain to rise, I asked our manager, who had his eye glued to the peep-hole in the curtain, what sort of a house we were going to have.

"Some of the seats are filled," he answered, 'but we're still in the majority, my boy.'"



Mr. Bugg: "Well, isn't it lucky that this bell grew right in front of the church"

His Word Was Good, Though

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN S. WILLIAMS tells of a case tried in a southern court where counsel for the defendant endeavored to impugn the testimony of a negro witness. The latter regarded the lawyer with a mixed expression of astonishment and resentment. Then, turning to the judge, he said:—

"Yo' honah, I'se a pore but respectable man. I'se always behaved mahsel'. I ain't never been lynched an' the only mule I ever stole knocked me down an broke one of my laigs."

An "Exclamatory" Ailment

A COLORED man in the employ of Representative James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, was detailing to a friend the particulars of a relative's illness, when, according to the congressman, the following dialogue ensued between the two darkies:—

"Yes, sirree!" exclaimed the negro first referred to, "Mose is sure a sick man. He's got exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory rheumatism," explained the better-informed colored man; "de word 'exclamatory' means to yell."

"Yes, sir, I knows it does," quickly responded the other, in a tone of decided conviction, "and dat's jest what de trouble is,—de man jest yells all de time."

It Was not His Fault

DISTRICT ATTORNEY W. T. JEROME is said to have told an amusing little story of a certain minor "boss" who carries in the pocket of his broad-checked vest the votes of an east side ward. As the winter drew on, this boss was approached by one of his retainers, with a tale of hard luck and a request for help.

"Help you? Why, did n't I get them to promise you a job with the snow-shoveling gang?" the boss demanded.

"Sure," the voter replied; "but it has n't snowed this winter."

"Well," the boss exclaimed, petulantly: "I can't help that! Do you think I'm runnin' the weather bureau?"

January 1st 1906

I am going to begin the New Year by taking out a Policy in The Prudential. No more lying awake nights and worrying days about the future for me. I am going to make the future safe at least for the family.

February 4th 1906

I must take out that Prudential Policy this month without fail.

March 1st 1906

Was reminded by seeing an advertisement of The Prudential company, that I had not yet taken out that Policy. Must do it at once

MORNING NEWS

March 18th, 1906.

The affairs of John Smith, who passed away so suddenly a week ago, are being wound up. The estate is heavily involved. He left his family without life insurance.



Good intentions are worthless unless carried out. There's just one time to insure—that time is to-day. Make the future sure by taking a Policy in

The Prudential

INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office
NEWARK, N. J.

Write your name and address on the margin of this leaf and send it in for Information and Rates of Policies, Dept. 33

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

1876

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President
ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

1906

Fidelity Bonds : : :
Employers' Liability :
Personal Accident :
Health : : : : :
Steam Boiler : : : :
Plate Glass : : : : :
Burglary : : : : :
Fly Wheel : : : : :
Bonded List : : : : :

This Company has been engaged in the several MINOR MISCELLANEOUS LINES of insurance for THIRTY YEARS, and has built up gradually and prudently A VERY LARGE CASUALTY INSURANCE BUSINESS. Its annual income from premiums is about FIVE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS of dollars. Its business is protected by assets of about SEVEN AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS, including an unearned premium reserve of nearly THREE MILLIONS of dollars, and a special reserve against contingent claims of nearly ONE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS. It has paid nearly TWENTY-TWO MILLIONS to its policy holders FOR LOSSES. Its constant effort is to give to its clients not only INSURANCE indemnity, but prompt and effective INSPECTION and ADJUSTING SERVICES.

Insurance that Insures

Capital : : : : : \$1,000,000.00
Surplus : : : : : 1,908,082.84

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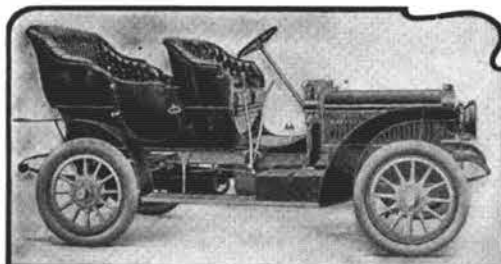
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Principal Offices, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, New York

Agents in all considerable towns



Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,600
f. o. b. Detroit. (Lamps not included.)

Thorough *mechanical finish*—so fine and minutely wrought as to bespeak more than ordinary pains and skill—is one of the many features that make the

CADILLAC

notable for its smoothness of running and virtually trouble-proof in its construction. This carefulness of building, coupled with mechanical principles of proven correctness, result in never-failing dependability of service—in surprising economy of maintenance.

Cadillac value is most apparent under the severest tests of travel. Ask your dealer to give you a demonstration. His address and illustrated Booklet AB sent on request.

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, \$750
Model M, Light Touring Car, \$950
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,500
Model L, 40 h. p. Touring Car, \$3,750
All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.



I WILL MAKE YOU A Prosperous Business Man

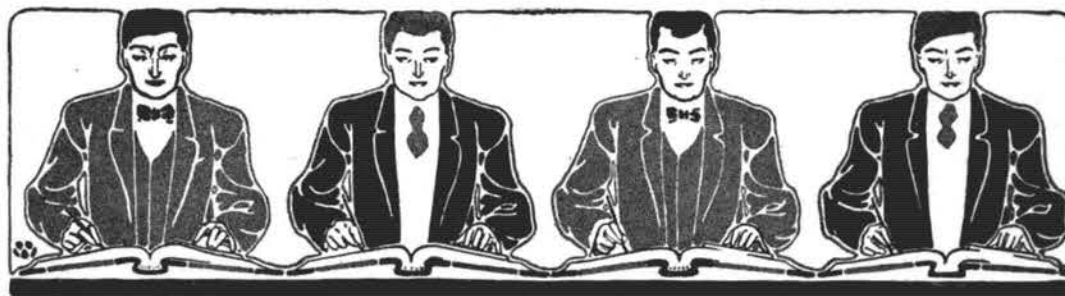
If you are honest and ambitious write me to-day; no matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business thoroughly by mail; no business, trade or profession in the world to-day offers better opportunities to progressive men without capital; practical co-operation has opened the doors everywhere to profits never before dreamed of. I will appoint you **Special Representative** of the largest and strongest co-operative Realty Company in the world; furnish you large, weekly list of choice salable properties and investments; help you secure customers; afford you the constant advice and co-operation of our powerful organization with over 1,500 assistants. I have had lifelong successful experience and have helped hundreds of inexperienced men to immediate and permanent success and I will help you.

This is an unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life.

Cut out this ad and send for my free booklet, proof of my statements and full particulars. Address nearest office.

EDWIN R. MARDEN, PRES'T
NAT'L CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.
1378 ATHENAEUM BLDG., CHICAGO
1378 EVANS BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Young Man Entering Business



CLINCHING THE POSITION

By HENRY C. WALKER

Vice President of the Boston Leather Binding Company

Part II. This Series was begun in the April Number

IN order that you may get a still further idea of the value of a few well-chosen sentences in letter-writing, as against the vague expressions often used by inexperienced persons, I herewith reproduce a very fair specimen of a letter once received by me from a bookkeeper who wanted a position, followed by a *poor one* received in answer to an "ad." for a salesman:—

GOOD

PORTLAND, ORE., Dec. 5, 1905.

Dear Sirs:—

In regard to your morning's advertisement I would say, I am thirty-five years of age, married, and have handled the bookkeeping end of a large manufacturing company for nine years. Am thoroughly familiar with double entry systems, can take care of a pay roll, and am quick and accurate at figures, having had considerable experience in figuring factory costs, etc.

If you wish a faithful, efficient, and industrious worker, I shall be glad to demonstrate my ability.

Awaiting an early reply, I am,
Very truly yours,

Several good references were given here.

POOR

NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 1st, 1905.

RICE & Company,

Dear Sirs:—

Your advertisement in this morning's "World" has just reached my notice, and I think I would like to try the position you offer, as I feel sure I could sell goods. What salary do you pay and how much time should I be away from home?

If you will have the kindness to grant me an interview I would be pleased to go over the ground with you, and am sure I can fill the position satisfactorily.

Very truly yours,

Here are two lines wasted in telling how the applicant happened to see the "ad." (which does not interest the advertiser;) he wants to *try* the position, (any one could *try* it;) feels sure he could sell goods, (gives nothing to prove assertion;) asks the pay and length of time from home, (the advertiser is the one who wants information;) wants to go over the ground thoroughly, (giving no good reasons for the advertiser sparing the time without some justification;) feels that he can fill the position satisfactorily, (but gives no reason why the advertiser should feel so.) In fact, the applicant, instead of *giving* information, endeavors to put the advertiser through a course of questioning first before deigning to accept.

Yet this is an average letter, and business houses receive hundreds of similar communications whenever they advertise for help. It is a strange thing that men, as a rule, in writing for a position seem to take it for granted that the advertiser will jump at the chance to hire them at the first opportunity. Again I say, don't ask questions, but state your qualifications briefly and to the point.

References are usually the last thing to be inquired into,—not the first. Few business men want to bother with them until they have themselves sized up the applicant. If a merchant is going to hire help, adopt a son or daughter, or even to get married, he wants to use his own judgment first, and, if this proves the person in mind to be to his liking, then he will listen to the opinion of others and cast his eye over past records, but not before.

It is, of course, always a good plan to give your references, so as to act as a clincher, if the rest of the letter is satisfactory, but they will attract more favorable notice if written last, or they may even be tabulated under the letter itself at the bottom of the page, thus:—

References, city (or other address if out of town):—

J. B. Smith, of Smith, Jones & Co.

Wm. Brown, of Brown & Green.

A. B. Sullivan & Brother.

All business houses to-day use what is called a "follow-up system" in correspondence, by which is meant a method of reminding or calling the attention of a possible customer to their goods, after waiting a reasonable time for an answer to their first letter. This is almost always productive of good results, yet, to the author's knowledge, it has never been used by an applicant for a mercantile position.

I would suggest the following form to be written, say a fortnight after mailing your first letter, provided, of course, you have the actual address of the advertiser other than that furnished by the newspapers for his convenience, as this latter privilege is only held open for about ten days:—

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 10, 1905.

Dear Sirs:—

After waiting some little time, I am still without a reply to my letter on the subject of the position which you lately advertised in the papers.

I am anxious for an interview, and believe, if granted one, I can prove to you the statements set forth in my previous writing and absolutely satisfy you as to my qualifications for the place.

Trusting that I may yet have this opportunity, I beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

If the position has not already been filled, or if the applicant chosen proves ultimately unsatisfactory, you will find that a letter of this kind often proves very effective.

If you have carefully followed the simple rules set down so far, you should be successful in gaining the desired interview in the majority of cases. A few words may be helpful on what might be termed "breaking and entering" a business house which has not given any evidence of desiring a person of your qualifications, but which is ready, as many concerns are, to consider an application from a valuable man at any time.

All of the great advertisers whose advertisements appear in the various magazines are willing to pay quite a little money for the first sign that a person is interested in their goods, depending on their follow-up systems, giving a further recital of the merits of their goods, to eventually land the customer. In this particular instance you are the advertiser and the goods you are advertising are your own personal talents or qualifications. Therefore, it will be best to set them down briefly as shown in this letter:—

Dear Sirs:—

I am a bookkeeper and wish to better my present position. I am writing you because I believe my services will be valuable to you, and that any salary paid me will prove an investment for your house.

My qualifications are as follows:—

- 1st. A complete knowledge of bookkeeping in all its branches;
- 2nd. Accuracy in every department of my work;
- 3rd. Responsibility and loyalty in carrying it out;
- 4th. An appreciation of what is necessary in this particular line, with integrity and quickness in its execution.

My experience consists of (here state what you have done in the past to qualify you for the position,) and I can furnish references (provided you have them,) to substantiate all of the above. If you have a vacancy at the present time, may I ask for a trial? If not, will you kindly file my application for future use?

Thanking you in advance for a reply should my qualifications appeal to you, I remain,

Very truly yours,

You can readily see from the above how a

letter applying for any other position should be framed, the important point being to acquaint the firm with your particular talents, and to do it briefly and coherently. A self-addressed envelope should be inclosed with this letter, as previously explained, and, if a reply is not forthcoming within a reasonable time, say two weeks, you should bring your follow-up system into play by sending a letter calling attention to your original communication.

THE INTERVIEW

We will now presume that you have passed through the intermediate stage of preparing your letter and mailing it, and that you have received a request to call from the firm addressed. Do not be surprised if you do not get this for a week or a fortnight after writing, as the average concern usually has in the neighborhood of a hundred letters written them in regard to positions advertised.

The interview is the crucial test, and many a man or woman who has written a letter which has caused the business man to believe he has secured just what he has been looking for, fails to make good when he enters the office and comes under the eagle eye of the employer.

It may be superfluous to speak of your general appearance in this connection, but you will find that it has considerable to do with your success. The trained observation of the average man of affairs can take in, in the fractional part of a second, your outward characteristics, and, if these are unfavorable, before you open your mouth, you are very likely to lose any good impression your letter may have created. Carefully polished shoes, neatly brushed clothes, clean linen and finger nails, with the absence of gaudy neckwear and jewelry are the initial requisites in order to secure attention.

It will now be up to you to do all the talking, or the greater part of it, and the fewer questions you ask in regard to the situation, the better chance you will stand, as a business man does not care to be put through an examination in regard to his affairs. The time to make your inquiries is after you have satisfied the man regarding all matters relating to yourself, and when you feel that the position is actually within your grasp.

Be prepared to look the man at the desk square in the eye at all times. Furtive glances at the ceiling and office furniture are not calculated to inspire confidence.

Don't show any embarrassment. If necessary, rehearse carefully beforehand the general remarks you are to make, and remember that every man, no matter how high he has climbed in the business world, is nothing but flesh and blood, after all. If you are going to be terrified or nervous because the person you are talking with seems to occupy an important position, and wears clothes that may have cost several hundred dollars, you will never make a good impression. Do not think for a moment that you must be otherwise than entirely respectful, but tell your story in a straightforward, unvarnished manner, and as simply as possible.

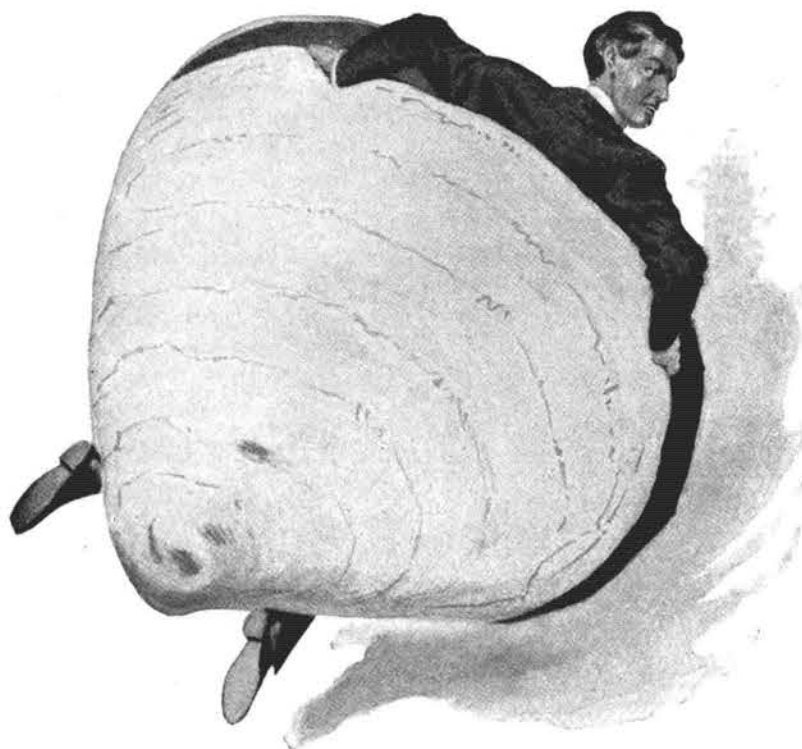
You will find that the man not only wants to know what you have been doing during the past six months or year, but will very likely be interested in hearing of all your business experience since leaving school. Any length of time that you can not account for, or a discrepancy of any sort in this recital will leave him to suspect that there has been a period in your experience that you wish to skip, and you must not arouse any suspicion in his mind as to your absolute honesty in regard to your past.

State the qualities which you believe you possess and which you think will fit you for the position, briefly and to the point, and, most of all, show that you actually want the place, and let enthusiasm over the prospect of your getting it show very strongly in your speech.

Never inquire about the hours of work. This is one of the worst possible breaks you can make. One of the things which pleases a business man most will perhaps be an offer on your part to work for a week or longer on trial, leaving it to him to decide what you are worth for this length of time. This will show that you mean business, and that you are so confident in your ability to satisfy him that you are willing to take all the chances yourself.

Do not refer to your relatives or influential business friends in trying to prove your ability, for the man you are talking with is going to hire you because of what he sees in you himself, and does not care what another man's opinion in regard to you may be, aside from the references, which it will be well for you to show him at the close of your remarks.

After you have rehearsed your various qualities and past experiences, it will be a good time for you to stop and let him ask you any particular question in which he may be interested. You can usually tell a busy man all he wants to hear in ten minutes, if you systematize your remarks and do not waste words. Any questions which he may see fit to ask you should be answered readily and to the point without hesitancy. Remember that there are likely to be other applicants whom he will talk to after hearing you, if he has not already done so before, and that your story must be the best and your appearance tally with your remarks, if you are to meet with success.



Get Out of the Shell

Many people are "pinched" and held back because their food does not properly nourish and build a strong, successful, thinking **BRAIN**.

You can feed the Brain just as surely and successfully as you can fatten a steer by feeding corn—

If you know how.

A Food Expert devised a food for the purpose.

It proves its claim by actual results.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

explained on the pkg.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

The Piano of the Period is the Knabe



More than the allotted "span of life" has been spent in bringing the Knabe to its present high state of piano perfection. Descriptive catalogue of the "World's Best Piano" sent upon request.

WM. KNABE & CO., New York - Baltimore - Washington

Build It Yourself

That launch, canoe sail or row-boat you would like so much to own. You can do it at home if you buy our exact size printed paper patterns, and enjoy every minute of the work. Our paper patterns come to you in the exact size of every piece that goes into a boat, and we give you illustrated working instructions showing just how to build a boat. Also an



itemized bill of all material required, omitting nothing, not even a nail. We show you and tell you exactly how to do everything necessary. You require no extra

tools or help. You can do it yourself, do it quick, and do it good. Every pattern we sell is from a boat we have made and tested. We guarantee them perfect or return the money. Patterns \$2.50 and up, according to size and style of boat.

Boat Frames

We sell the complete frames for all boats, with a full-sized set of plank patterns and illustrated working instructions for finishing. Each frame is set up for the planking in our own factory before shipment. Every piece is numbered, then taken apart and shipped to you in knock-down form. Frames cost \$10.00 and up, according to size and style of boat.

W. L. DOLSON, Bath, N. Y., writes:—"It's a picnic to construct a launch from your patterns and frames."

Prices of complete boats on application.
Send for FREE catalogue.

Pioneer Boat and Pattern Co.
Wharf 32, Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.

THIS BOOK FREE

Write for it to-day



Tells how to preserve the natural beauty of the hair—how to regain this beauty if it has been lost, and how any woman may acquire it. 48 pp., including list of latest styles of switches, wigs, and every kind of fine hair goods at lowest prices. We send goods on approval—pay if satisfied. Write to-day for the free book; it is compiled from the best known authorities.

PARIS FASHION CO.,
Dept. 455
209 State St., Chicago
Largest mail order hair merchants in the world.

Mechanical Engineering

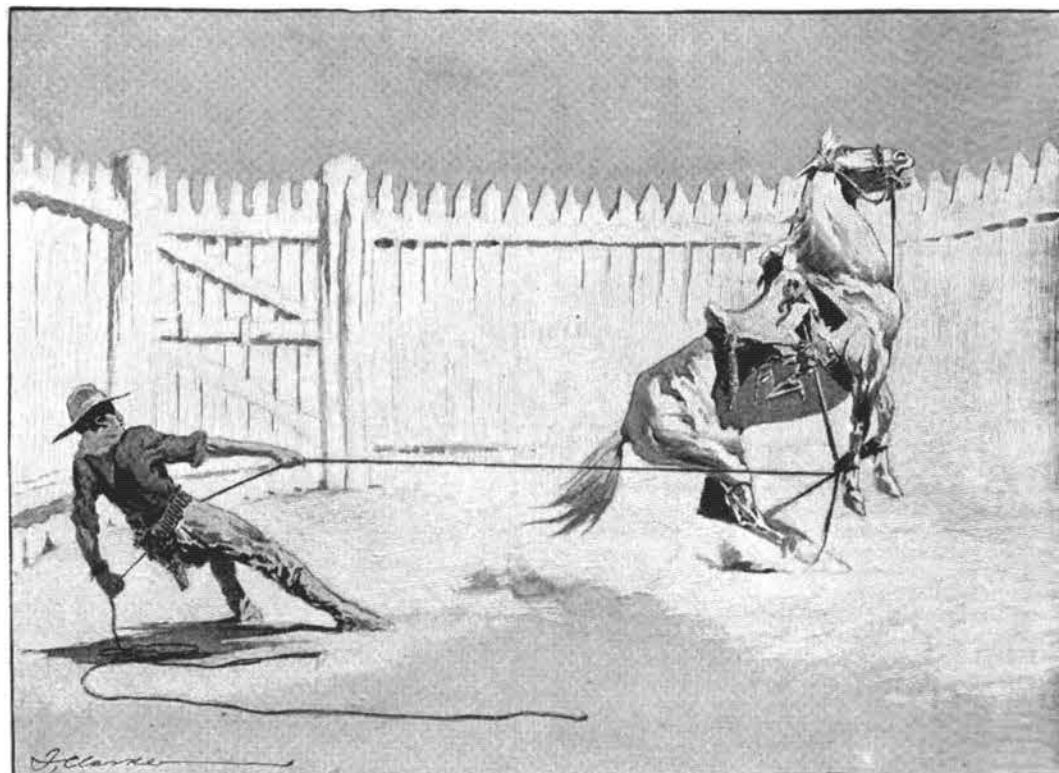
offers an attractive field to those desiring to fit themselves for better paying positions. Fill out and send this advertisement to us to-day and receive our 200-page handbook (FREE) describing our **Mechanical Engineering Course** and over 60 others including Electrical, Steam and Civil Engineering, Heating, Ventilation and Plumbing, Architecture, Architectural Drafting, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Textiles, etc.

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, Ill.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____



"He might as well have tried to halter a mountain lion"

Paint, the Pinto Outlaw

By CHARLES H. THOMAS

PAINT was an "outlaw," or spoiled horse; that is, spoiled for an ordinary rider, but the men of the 7—D ranch could ride anything that wore hair and ranged in the Rio Grande Valley. Paint was snow-white, with yellow spots in the most unexpected places. He had the appearance of being painted, and thus had been called "Paint" from the day that the 7—D brand had been put upon his hip. One fall he had been run in from the range with the rest of the saddle horses to be ridden on the beef round-up; but, being treacherous and vicious and a very hard buck, he had been left untouched in the big pasture. No man cared to ride him. In fact, Paint never had been ridden except at Fourth of July celebrations, or by some cowboy who talked too freely of his riding and was requested to ride the outlaw to show that he was a rider.

All the men were going on the round-up, and Tim was to be left alone. He was seventeen and had left the East early in the spring to try his luck in the West. He had made the acquaintance of the 7—D foreman in the post office at Soda Springs, and had been brought out to the ranch to help the cook. His official title was "the cookee." This being his first trip West, he was, as P. O. Dick said, "a little green," and was the cause of a great deal of fun at the ranch; but for all that Tim was an honest, good-hearted fellow, and the men all liked him. He had but one serious fault, that of too freely expressing his unasked opinion.

He had helped to brand the calves, in the spring; to keep the fire and the branding irons hot had been his work, and, as he had passed the white-hot irons through the corral fence and heard the calves bawl and smelt the burning hair, he had remarked that it was "cruel and unnecessary." But that day, at dinner, after he had been told how impossible it would be to raise cattle on the open range without branding, he had agreed with the men that branding is a necessary evil. One thing, however, he would not and could not believe was right, and that was the way P. O. Dick broke horses for the outfit.

Dick had ridden many years for a ranch that used the "P. O." brand, and thus had gained the handy name of P. O. Dick. He was the broncho-buster for the 7—D ranch, whose regular job it was to ride all the bad horses, and he followed the methods of almost all western riders.

"Rope colt by front feet, throw, and tie down; spale on saddle, bridle, blindfold, and let up. Mount and jerk off blindfold; quirt and spur him at every jump, when he bucks, till he don't want any more of it," was how P. O. Dick explained his system. Some horses get gentle this way, but, after turning on pasture, will buck as hard as ever when next ridden. Others never get gentle, but get worse as they are handled. In time these get so bad they can be ridden only by regular broncho-busters; other men have no business on them, and generally don't stay long. These horses are called "outlaws." Paint was one of them. Over this method Tim and P. O. Dick had many an argument; but, as Dick could ride and Tim could not, the former seemed to have the best of it.

It was the first day of August and the round-

up was to start that day. Every man was busy getting ready. After the beds had been packed in the bed wagon, Tim helped the cook store away the Dutch ovens, tinware and grub in the grub wagon; but, as he worked, he watched the horses that had not been ridden since the spring round-up, bucking and pitching here and there with their yelling riders or with empty saddles. Tim was downhearted: he was to stay at the home ranch and "bach" for six weeks, while everyone else was going off to enjoy the cowboys' best time of the whole year, the fall round-up. He had not cared so much the night before; but seeing the other men mounted on their best horses, some waiting round the grub wagon, others guarding the bunch of fifty extra saddle horses, made him wish that he, too, was to go with that outfit of happy, care-free fellows. As he helped hook the four horses to the grub wagon he said nothing, but watched P. O. Dick blindfold Headlight, a bald-faced sorrel and noted buck that no man could mount without blindfolding.

"Ever blindfold a horse in Ohio?" asked P. O. Dick. "Never saw it done there, and you would n't have to here if you would break them as it should be done," answered Tim. Dick only laughed as he swung into the saddle, and, reaching forward, pulled his silk handkerchief from Headlight's eyes. As he bucked and galloped down the road after the outfit he called back to Tim:—

"If you get lonesome, try your way of breaking a horse and see if you can ride Paint."

"Ride Paint!" Could he do it? What would the men say when they returned if they should find him riding Paint!

"I will try and ride him," said Tim to himself, as he watched the outfit strung out along the road, and, to be alone for the next six weeks, turned and walked slowly to the house to wash the breakfast dishes. While he washed and put away the tin plates and steel knives and forks his mind was busy planning a way to ride Paint.

As soon as the last dish was put away and the bacon and beans put on to boil for his dinner, Tim went out to the log barn and saddled Ben, the old cow pony that had been left for his use. He led the lazy old horse out of the barn to the big corral gate, put a stick against it to keep the wind from blowing it shut, mounted, and loped slowly to the bars of the big pasture. He soon had the horses rounded up and on the way to the ranch.

Paint led the bunch, and, as they galloped along the worn trail, Tim could not help but admire him. He was not a pretty horse; the short back, broad chest and arched neck were perfect, but the Roman nose and the glass eyes of the broncho spoiled it all. The longer Tim looked at Paint the closer his heart seemed to creep to his throat.

"If I'm scar't now, how will I feel when the time comes to ride him?" said Tim to himself; but he cinched up his grit, and his next thought was: "I've said that I'd ride him,—and I will." He drove the bunch into the big corral, rode in, and shut the gate. Then he unsaddled old Ben and tied him in his stall.

"Now I'm ready for you, old fellow," he said, as his eyes followed Paint around the corral. He opened the gate that led from the big



corral into the small round corral then drove Paint and three or four others into the small round corral, cut the others back into the big corral,—and the outlaw was caught.

When once in the small round corral, there is no danger of a horse ever getting out. "You can fight it out with yourself now," said Tim, "while I go to the house and find something to break you with."

He knew just what he wanted. Out of a stout pair of bridle reins he made an over-check rein, and buckled it into the bit of his bridle. Taking the bridle on his arm, he returned to the barn and got a pair of hobbles and a long rope. These things he laid beside the corral fence for Paint to snort and blow at. He then took his rawhide *reata*,—rope,—and a hair hackamore,—a cowboy halter,—and went into the corral.

Paint was fairly wild with fright. Tim knew that he could do nothing with him until he had the hackamore on his head: to get it there he knew that he would have to throw and tie him down. He tried to rope him by the front feet, as he had seen P. O. Dick do, but soon found that, for one of his short experience, this was almost impossible. He had often seen cowboys choke wild horses to the ground, and this was something that he had often said was cruel and should not be done; but it was his only way. He might as well have tried to halter a mountain lion as this pinto broncho that was to come and who would fight every move that Tim made.

After many throws he succeeded in catching the pinto around the neck, then quickly wrapped the end of the rope around the snubbing post in the middle of the corral before Paint came to the end of it with a jerk that tumbled the broncho a somersault in the air. Back and forth the pinto rushed, now falling, now standing in the air and throwing himself over backward, only to be on his feet again in an instant to renew the fight. As Paint plunged here and there the rope would slacken for an instant, and not an inch of this slack did Tim lose; but foot by foot he drew the pinto to the snubbing post, till at last the beast had but four feet of rope, and the fight began in earnest. Tim stood back out of danger while the pinto struck at the post with his fore feet, bit at the rope, and screamed with rage. Finding that fighting did no good, he became sulky and would not move a muscle and would do nothing but sag back on the rope that was drawing tighter and tighter around his neck. At last, with eyes half closed and gasping for breath, he sank to the ground.

Tim was kneeling on his head in an instant; and, quickly putting the hackamore on, he loosened the rope from around the neck and let him to his feet; then he waited till the pinto got his breath. With a hackamore on, it was an easy matter to throw and tie him down.

Now that Paint was tied so that he could not kick or strike, Tim had little trouble in buckling the hobbles around his fore feet. Then he put the saddle on and cinched it to stay. Next he put on the bridle with the over-check, and, pulling the pinto's head well back, he tied the over-check to the saddle horn. He then buckled a strap around the pinto's nose, ran it down between the fore legs, and fastened it to the front cinch of the saddle. After tying a long rope to the hobbles on the pinto's front feet and running it through a ring that he had fastened to the front cinch, he was ready to let him up.

As soon as the rope that held Paint down was loosened he jumped to his feet, with every muscle rigid and hard as steel in readiness for the few minutes of hard and terrible bucking he had been used to after being saddled. He tried to throw his head down between his front feet, but the over-check held it high in the air. Without his head down he could not buck. Then he tried to throw himself over backward, but the strap from his nose to the front cinch held him down. What could he do but run? But at the first jump that he made, Tim pulled the rope that was attached to the hobbles and brought him to his knees in the soft sand of the corral. Time and time again Paint tried to run, but a pull on the rope brought him to the ground, and at last he gave up.

Tim now, for the first time, walked up to Paint. The horse tried to strike at him, but the hobbles held his fore feet within six inches of the ground. Tim now petted him, pulled the burrs from his long, tangled mane, scratched his neck, and rubbed his nose; so that Paint, learning that he was not going to be hurt, allowed Tim to come near without striking or even trying to get away.

Tim had now no trouble in mounting Paint, who, as before, tried to run and buck and fall backward,—anything to get rid of his rider,—but with the over-check he could not buck, the under-check held him down, and the hobbles kept him from running, so Tim had little trouble in slowly riding Paint around the corral.

This was the first lesson; it was repeated the second and third day. The fourth day Tim took the hobbles off, and within a week he rode out to the big pasture without an over-check. In two weeks Paint was a well-broken horse and took Old Ben's place about the ranch.

Tim could hardly wait for the men to return; so, one day, when, at the post office, he learned that the returning outfit was camped thirty-five miles away, he swung himself astride of Paint and headed for the round-up camp. Late that afternoon Tim and Paint climbed a high bluff and sighted the camp three miles to the north. It is needless to say that the men were a trifle surprised to see Tim ride into camp on a horse that for years, and until six short weeks before, had been the worst outlaw in that country. P. O. Dick had nothing to say.

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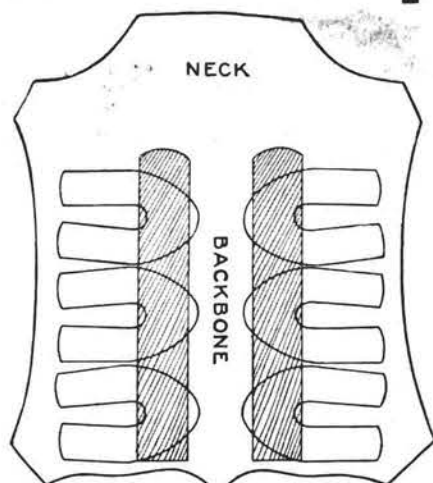


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NEW IDEAS FOR EVERYBODY

CONGRESS will consider this session a bill to establish a post check, a device by which government notes can be made into checks payable only to the indorsee. They would replace money orders, and would afford a cheap and easy way to remit small amounts. The illustrations show how this is accomplished by leaving blank lines for payer, payee, and receipt, the notes being ordinary currency so long as these blanks are not filled. Once properly filled they are no longer money, but personal checks which can be deposited in a bank or exchanged for fresh, blank checks. Clean, frequently renewed currency would be one of the results of the plan. Sufficient public demand on congress may cause the bill to become a law.

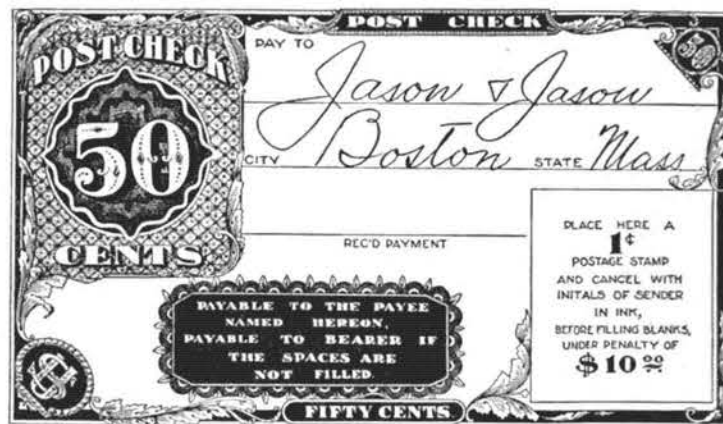
A practical horseshoe carrier, clamped on the hoof by a single bolt, has been invented by a New York man. Any type of shoe—iron, paper, leather, or rubber,—can be bolted to the carrier and then applied to the hoof in a few minutes without nails to spoil the hoof.

A San Francisco dentist, Dr. Crittenden Van Wyck, has invented an obtunder that sprays ether upon the tooth to be operated on, the rapid evaporation producing numbness that prevents all pain. Drilling, filling, and grinding can be carried on in connection with the spraying, and the odor of the ether can be disguised by perfume.

Thomas A. Edison has invented a method of recording two or more different phonograph records on one cylinder by reducing the diameter of the recording-tools. Reproducing styluses of corresponding diameters

A machine that will bore a square or an oblong hole has been invented by Fred Bryan, of Mainesburg, Pennsylvania. It is a chain auger in which the cutting is done by a chain whose links are knives.

Two bureaus in New York and one in Boston are engaged in distributing free tickets to concerts and musicals to blind people. The tickets are those that have not been sold and the plan fills the halls and



A fifty-cent post check. Money transformed into a check for sending through the mails



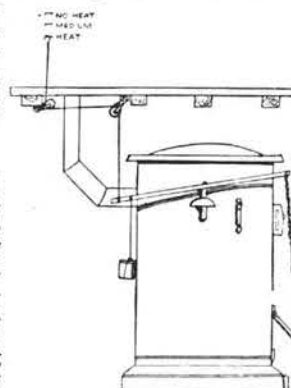
A two-dollar post check, unfilled

must be used and the superimposed indentations do not interfere with each other.

To Save Time and Strength

Fasten a wire to the damper of the furnace and run through pulleys to the kitchen. In the morning the furnace fire may be started without the trouble of going downstairs. When the rooms are warm enough, the fire may be turned off without going downstairs, or the furnace may be partially opened. I find this device a great step-saver.—M. P.

Two Viennese scientists have devised an apparatus for filtering and purifying the breath so that the wearer can breathe for ninety minutes in the presence of noxious gases and fumes. Boxes of sodium-potassium peroxide and an eight-quart bag of oxygen are attached to a jacket, and suitable mouthpiece and nose connections confine the breathing to the apparatus. The chemical air filters absorb the carbon dioxide and vapor.



To regulate the furnace

The trench was filled with good garden soil, made very rich with leaf mold and well-rotted manure. In May, when the soil was warm enough, the cucumber seeds were planted. Each vine was trained on a string fastened to the top of the fence, and all summer long they completely covered the fence, making a beautiful screen and supplying our table.—MRS. MORGAN EMERY.

A Substitute for Gaslighting Tapers

I take discarded linen collars and cut into narrow strips for use in the gaslighter instead of wax tapers. They make a steady flame and have the advantage as well of not dripping grease.
ELIZABETH B. BERRY.

Creased for a Month

To keep trousers creased for one month, powder and mix half an ounce of gum arabic and half an ounce of laundry starch. Dissolve one eighth of the above in one ounce of water for each pair of trousers; let stand for twelve hours. Shake the mixture be-



MONESSEN, PA.

THE CITY OF INDUSTRIES

Eight years ago a number of Pittsburgh's most prominent business men and bankers got together under the name of the East Side Land Company, and founded the town of Monessen on the banks of the Monongahela River in the Pittsburgh district. Several mills and factories were immediately established and the town grew rapidly, yet substantially.

Monessen now has a population of 10,000 and is a wide awake, bustling city, with prosperous and increasing industries, which give it permanency and assure substantial growth.

Real estate values have increased steadily ever since the town was founded—lots in the central part having enhanced at the rate of 111 per cent. per year for eight years.

This is rapid growth, but it has been substantial—nothing of a boom or mushroom nature about it—just a natural development to meet existing needs.

Monessen is an industrial town, and as its industries increase the town grows. Its industries are large and varied. It is not a one industry town, but has a diversity of interests, which lends stability and assures continued prosperity.

Monessen is the greatest money-making town on the Monongahela River. It is right in the center of the richest and most cheaply mined coal fields in the world.

The pay roll of its industries exceed \$4,000,000 each year.

Its street car lines tap several of the most thriving towns in Western Pennsylvania.

Monessen is on the P. & L. E. division of the great New York Central Railroad lines. Transportation facilities are exceptionally good, and the tonnage tariff is the same as that of Pittsburgh.

The deposits in Monessen banks are in the neighborhood of a million dollars.

There is work for everybody who wants work,

and at good wages.

Monessen is the home of the American Sheet & Tin Plate Company; the Pittsburgh Steel Company; the Page Woven Wire Fence Company; Carnegie Steel Company; Monessen Foundry; the Seamless Tube Company of America and the Monessen Brewery—employing in all over 6,000 men. The majority of these are skilled workmen earning high wages.

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We believe that they will be worth at least 25 per cent. more by this time next year. The town is bound to grow and a 25 per cent. increase is quite conservative as compared to that of the past few years. Every lot we have sold has increased in value and made money for the purchaser.

You can buy these lots now by mail on easy payments. Some of the lots are as low as \$100. From that the prices increase by slow degree up to \$800.

If you have a few dollars to invest profitably, write us. We want to tell you more about Monessen—its history, its present flourishing condition and its bright prospects for future development.

You will be interested whether you finally decide to invest with us or not.

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Read the following resolution passed by the International Association of Photo-Engravers in convention at St. Louis, June 22, 1904, regarding the Bissell College of Photo-Engraving:

"The International Association of Photo-Engravers in our Eighth Annual Convention Assembled, do find after a careful and thorough investigation that the Bissell College of Photo-Engraving located at Effingham, Illinois, and conducted in connection with the Illinois College of Photography, is an institution worthy of the hearty encouragement of the association.



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"We further find that the school is well equipped and provided with competent instructors, and we do most heartily endorse the same, and recommend anyone desiring to learn the art of photo-engraving to take a course of instruction at this college.

"We further agree to accept a certificate of graduation as sufficient recommendation for a position in our workrooms."

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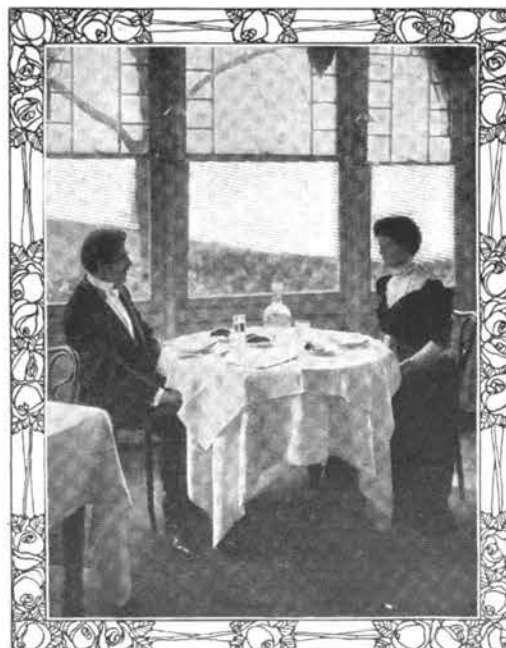
A formal introduction



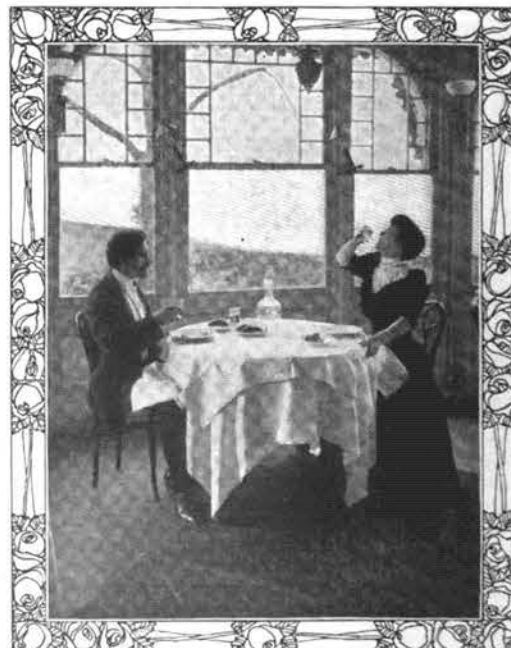
The bridegroom takes the bride by the right hand and receives her from her father



An egg should be broken at the end, and not at the side



To sit correctly at table one should sit erect and keep the hands down



Tilting back the head in drinking savors of a champagne revel

[This series of etiquette by photograph was commenced in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for February. The photographs in the first row are by Tonnelle, New York. Those in the two lower rows are by Byron, New York.]



Leaving cards at an afternoon reception



An informal after-theater supper is sometimes indulged in at home



The napkin should not be spread over the lap, but only half unfolded

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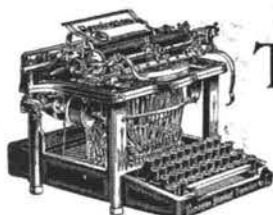
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The Fine Art of Housewifery

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUD THURSTON

"WHAT is the happiest fate for a girl?" a great and wise woman repeated, musingly: "as I see things, it is, unquestionably, to grow up to be a healthy, happy woman, doing womanly work in womanly ways. Not I am not setting my face against progress, nor denying, nor denying, the good that lies in widened opportunity; but, the longer I live, the more I understand that our elders were not far wrong in setting down this as a liberal education for a girl: she must know how to pray to God, to love man, to knit, and to sew. There were other things, of course,—frumpieries of ornamental knowledge,—such as playing on the virginals, distilling essences, fine cookery, and the gathering of simples. But the essentials were prayer, love, and work. Any life that holds those three in unstinted measure is bound to be a happy one."

The lady, for all her wisdom, was a thought too narrow. She might well have included love for the work,

bringing up, but was, in a manner, dragged up, as we went here, there, everywhere, hunting for the climate that would mean health to her. Many hotels made me precocious,—at nineteen I wrote a book, under a masculine name, that should n't have been attempted by anybody under fifty. But it hit the public, so I have kept in the game, all the while feeling that there must be something else, and something better.

A Well-used Workbasket Is a Sworn Enemy to Divorce

When I was thirty I set up for myself in an apartment with a dear little maid, but even that did not bring full content. My fairy godmother, if I have one, inspired somebody to give me a gold thimble at Christmas. It had to be used, of course; as a result I am now an accomplished seamstress. Isn't it pitiful to think I learned this so late in life?"

The poet nodded. "Yes; I understand," she said.

"My mother died when I was a baby, so boarding schools of various sorts have to answer for me. None of them taught me so much as to darn my own stockings, and after I came out, nobody thought of such a thing. Indeed I think the aunt who mothered me would have shrieked at sight of a thimble,—it was, to her mind, so much the badge of spinsterhood, and she was bound I should marry. Well? I did it. For five years afterwards my husband and I lived pretty much in a whirl. We went out, or had visitors every evening, mainly because there did not seem to be anything else to do. It got desperately wearing, but we kept at it, until by a good chance I learned to make lace. You never will believe the change that has made. The work so fascinated me that I stayed at home and my husband concluded, for the sake of novelty, to try staying with me. He is still staying with me. Either he reads aloud or we talk, or, maybe, somebody we really care for drops in, and there's a delightful intimate, informal evening. I've gone a long way from lace making. Plain sewing is not beyond me. I have discovered, also, that I never in the least knew my husband until I began to sew. He says he has discovered quite as much about me. Of course we still go out, upon occasion, and have visitors, but the deadly rush is off. Judging from my experience I should say that the workbasket is a sworn enemy to divorce. How can you quarrel with a husband who falls into raptures over your lace, or be snippy, and frosty, with beauty growing right under your fingers?"

Once upon a time the members of the senior class at a girls' college were asked to write down, just before commencement, what each of them hoped to be. Of the seventeen, nine had literary aspirations, divided about equally between history and poetry, four

were for a trained nurse's career, two chose business, one missionary work, and one, the youngest and sunniest of all, hoped to be a cook. Her choice made the others laugh, if not scornfully, then mournfully, for her wasted education. She only laughed back at them, and a year after proved her sincerity by undertaking to cook for a good man all their two lives. But her genius ran far beyond family needs. She could cook almost anything as never it was cooked before, but sweets were her specialty, and she was forced, in spite of her husband's protest, into the business of making and baking cakes that are, in truth, works of art. Flowers bloom all over them as true to nature as if growing in a garden; they are of the most entrancing flavors, the most original combinations, and so much in request that she could set extortionate prices; but, being essentially fair-minded, she asks only a fair rate. Now her hardest work is to keep the business from outgrowing the limits of her tidy kitchen and modest gas ranges. She could easily swell it



"She had carried a covered basket, and packed her find neatly inside"

whatever it is. Love for the work is the soul of artistic effort; without it anything, even writing poetry, painting flowers, or sewing gauze wings for make-believe angels is drudgery of the most weary kind. It is only by loving the work that one ever reaches the supreme of excellence in it. Love alone is not sufficient,—else would the world be crowded with masterpieces. Genius has been well defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Nowhere is there more room for taking pains than in the fine art of housewifery; nowhere, also, do such pains bring greater reward.

"I Never Knew Real Happiness Until I Learned to Sew"

It is an elastic art. The greatest capacity does not transcend its potentialities, nor the narrowest opportunities forbid its exercise. Witness this talk between a novelist and a poet, women both, and more than well-known. Said the novelist: "I never knew what real happiness was until I learned to sew, and that was only last year. You see, my mother was so delicate, I had no

to unwieldy proportions, if she cared only for the money. Being an artist, no less a gentlewoman, she will send out no cake that is not, in truth and fact, of her own making.

She demonstrates afresh that some may be born to careers, and others have careers thrust upon them. It is illuminative to note that, of all her ambitious classmates, but one has escaped the submerging of matrimony and struggled into print. The fact makes nothing against the wisdom of their choosings, but does show how easily one may mistake inclination for capability. A college course is apt to prove a hotbed for that "passion for distinction" which Ruskin pronounces the strongest and most pervasive of human emotions. Speaking in the vernacular, the girl graduate has so grown into regarding herself as IT that she can hardly conceive herself sinking into a mere human unit. She so yearns to be somebody, with the capital letter, that she feels in honor bound to "go in for" things wholly apart from woman's work.

She would be wiser and happier to realize that it is only the hundredth, or the thousandth, woman who is born for other than woman's work. In the liberal arts success never happens; the writer, the artist, the musician, the *savant*, must needs be born with that special bent, then made, equally by work and opportunity. But the slenderest dove-eyed slip of girlhood may do wonders if she will but take up those things nearest at hand. It needs only time and patience to develop the gift of finger-tips, and to-day, as never before, the hand-made girl has come to her own.

One Woman Has Achieved Much Success with Rare Flowers

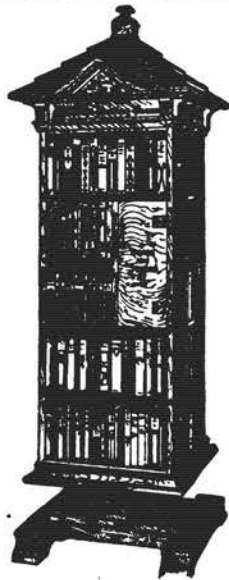
Examples might be multiplied, but here is the last. Once upon a time a woman with an eye for color, and



"But her genius ran far beyond family needs"

very bad lungs, found herself at the breaking of her last five-dollar bill. How to earn more money before it was quite gone was a problem. She could n't sew, or write, or paint,—teaching meant sitting still indoors, and, besides, she had no pupils. But somehow, in taking stock of herself and her capabilities, she remembered that she had had, in happier days, a knack with flowers,—not merely of tending and loving them into growth, but also of seeing, mentally, just how they would look in a given environment. People had always looked twice at her arrangements,—she remembered, too, that they had looked hardest, and with most pleasure, at what was unusual or unexpected. So there flashed over her a determination to be a flower merchant,—not in the regular way of market blossoms, but such as must be looked for apart from commercial sources. Straightway she went far out into the suburbs and began a wandering that lasted half a day. It ended, indeed, only when she had found, in a wayside garden, a big bed of late deep purple iris, which the owner was glad to sell at the rate of ten cents per dozen blooms. She had carried a covered basket, and packed her find neatly inside it. Three hours later she opened it inside a big shop whose proprietor was tearing his hair because he had not a single blossom purple enough for a specially wealthy and fastidious customer. All the irises of the gardeners were two weeks past bloom,—orchids would not answer, and he was at his wits' end. So she left the shop with an empty basket, a purse much fuller than common, and a feeling that she had found something she could do,—the shopman had said he would take all the out-of-season things she could find. From that beginning she has gone up, and on, until she has a recognized place as a purveyor of uncommon things,—which, oftener than not, return her uncommon prices. She has found health, too, and happiness,—and all because she had not, in her youth, disdained the homely task of caring for the flower vases.

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—the Valley Line, over Great Salt Lake and thro' the Scenic Rockies

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P129

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FREE To those who write we will send a sample of "Snowy White" or "Sanitaire Gold" finished tubing, one of the handsome finishes put on "Sanitaire Beds," and our book, "How to Sleep Well." Address

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A Wonderful Musical Instrument

By E. E. HIGGINS

It is not often given to one man to create an absolutely new art,—an art so fundamentally, so radically, so wonderfully unique as to startle one's imagination and belief. Edison, Bell, Marconi,—it is with none less than these great masters of creative intelligence that the name of Dr. Thaddeus Cahill must hereafter be associated. A daring statement is this, but it is one that time will demonstrate to be true. For over fifteen years, work of the highest order of scientific investigation, mechanical invention, and mathematical ability has been quietly going on in laboratory and workshop, until now there has been brought into being,—what? No less wonderful a thing than the production by a grimy, oily, and more or less noisy dynamo electric machine of sweeter, purer, truer, more beautiful music than has ever been produced by any other known musical instrument or combination of instruments on this hemisphere.

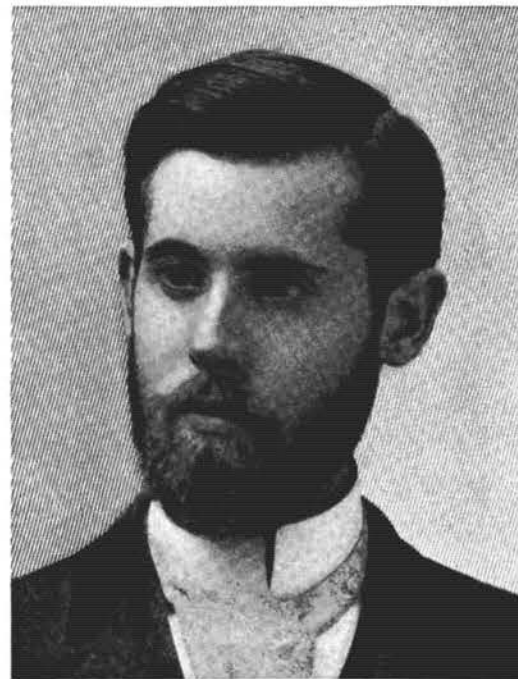
How describe this marvel! When your little daughter strikes "middle C" on the piano you know (if you remember your "physics,") that the "C" string is vibrating about 256 times a second, and that "middle C" is the result of that vibration. If Jan Kubelik draws his bow lightly across the string of his marvelous Stradavarius, producing the same "middle C," you know that this string, too, is vibrating 256 times a second. If some great cornetist thrills your heart with the same sweet note, you know that the reed of his instrument is throwing the air column into 256 sound waves a second. In all three of these beautiful musical instruments the qualities of this "middle C" differ because of the differences in the production of the "overtones," or minor vibratory sounds which accompany the main wave movement.

Suppose, now, that you set for yourself the task of developing "middle C" in a telephone. It is obvious that you must in some way make the telephone disk vibrate 256 times a second. One way of doing this is to sing "middle C" into another telephone in the same circuit, and when you do this, you make the other telephone a small dynamo which generates electric waves, (at the rate of 256 a second,) and these in turn act magnetically upon the receiving telephone disk, causing the desired vibration.

Now, there is another way of producing these 256 vibrations a second in the telephone circuit, and that is to actually build a tiny dynamo of the usual sort, with field magnets and rotating armature. This dynamo, if specially designed for the purpose and run at a predetermined speed, will produce 256 alternating current electric waves per second in the telephone circuit,—or in a primary circuit of which the telephone circuit is the secondary. This tiny dynamo, therefore, will produce "middle C" in the telephone receiver, and a very much stronger, sweeter, and truer "middle C" than can be produced by even the vocal cords of the greatest singer, or by the strings of the finest violin or piano, because there is no mechanical handicap of hoarseness, or rasping of the bow, or noise of the piano "hammer."

This, in essence, is what Dr. Cahill has done. He has built a little dynamo for "middle C,"—and many other little dynamos, each separately wound and speeded so as to produce, all told, nearly 150 different tones,—more than double the number found in the grand piano. He has combined all these little dynamos in an exceedingly ingenious way into one great music dynamo or "Telharmonium," as he calls it, built in eight sections, and forming what is perhaps the grandest musical instrument ever constructed.

But this is not half the story. In the hands of an artist musician this great dynamo is and will be capable of yielding music more pure and scientifically correct than that given by any other instrument, not only because of the greater delicacy in the tone gradations caused by the larger number of notes, but also because many of the more or less brutal compromises in tone vibrations found in nearly all modern instru-



DR. THADDEUS CAHILL

ments become unnecessary. The usual chromatic scale, for example, is an imperfect thing,—a cheap compromise only. Starting with 256 vibrations for "middle C," the piano note representing the third above (E,) should be produced by 320 vibrations. Actually, however, "E" is produced by 322½ vibrations, and in nearly all the other notes there is an even wider variation. In the piano, "F" sharp is the same as "G" flat, but in the true scale this is all wrong, and there is really a wide difference between the two notes, which the virtuoso violinist is careful to bring out in his double-stop solo work.

In this music dynamo, however, all of these notes can be made absolutely pure, or as nearly so as is desirable, taking existing customs and prejudices into account, and there are also found in the "Telharmonium" more than one veritable "lost chord,"—chords

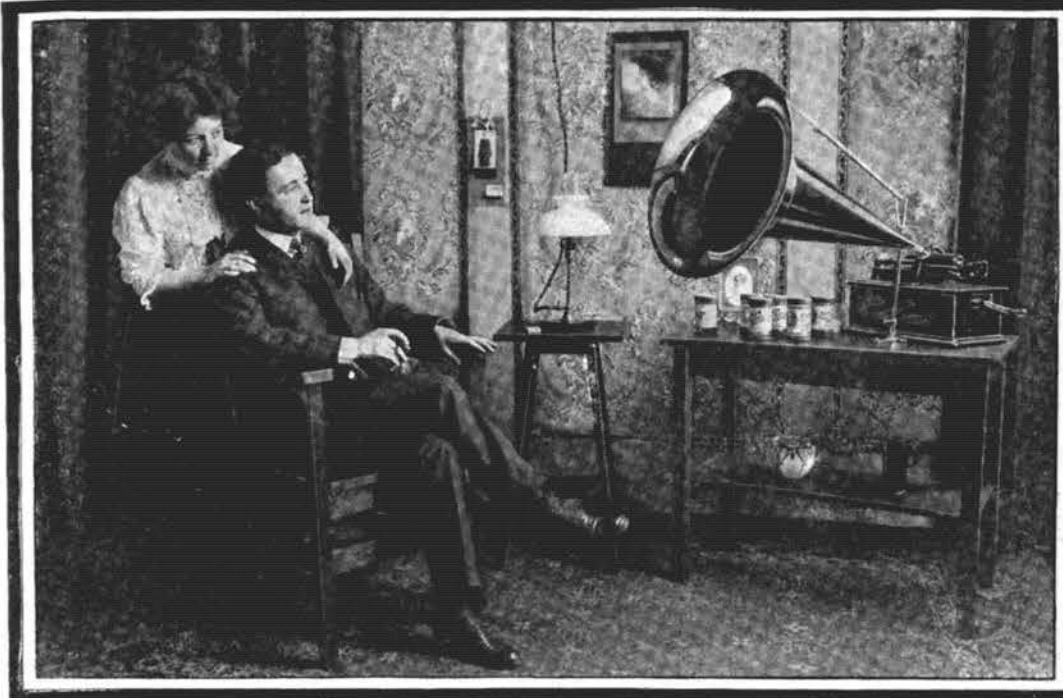
which are not produced in equal purity by any other existing instrument.

The existence of a musical instrument of this character presupposes, of course, a method of playing and a master musician of the highest type. In the simplest form of the Telharmonium there is a single keyboard which is really an electric switchboard switching into the telephone circuits, the dynamo currents giving the notes and chords called for by the musician as he plays. The keyboard lies in front of the musician in four banks of keys, and may be played upon with both hands, as with the piano or organ. But musical effects far richer than those of either piano or organ are produced upon this keyboard by a special system of controlling the overtones through stops and pressure regulators, similar to the stops of an organ, but far more delicate and capable of variation. The overtones may be completely cut out or may be reduced in number; or additional strength may be given to some of them, while others are softened; while—most marvelous of all,—it is possible to so manipulate these overtones as to produce from this one machine or keyboard the effect of almost every known musical instrument,—organ, cornet, violin, trombone, cello, etc.

These can not, however, be all produced at the same time with one keyboard, and in the complete Telharmonium system there are found several keyboards, each played by its own musician, and all working together upon the same music dynamo to produce a full orchestral effect in the telephone circuit. Perhaps the most wonderful feature of telephony, by the way, is the fact that a little, common, sheet-iron telephone receiver disk can be thrown into such complicated tone waves as to reproduce the music of a great orchestra as it is poured into the transmitter.

Even yet we have by no means finished the tale of this wonderful music dynamo. It is in the coming commercial application of these principles that we breathlessly exclaim, "What next!"

Within the next three months the first great "Telharmonium" manufactured by Dr. Cahill will, it is expected, be installed in a central station in Broadway, New York City, situated in the heart of the theater district. In this central station the musicians now in training will manipulate the several keyboards controlling the production of the music. Up and down Broadway will run a pair of telephone main wires, from which will be tapped individual telephone circuits leading to music halls, hotels, theaters, and private residences. The artistic touch of the musicians at the central station will thus be transmitted to perhaps a thousand telephones, all working "in parallel," exactly like incandescent electric lights, and each provided with special means for softening the music to meet the individual requirements. The music will be delivered in volume sufficient to fill the largest theater or hall, exactly as a special orchestra ought to do, or it can be toned down by resistance coils to form pleasing music for private apartment dances. The currents produced by the music dynamo are, of course, "telephonic," and are therefore so small that there is little loss in trans-



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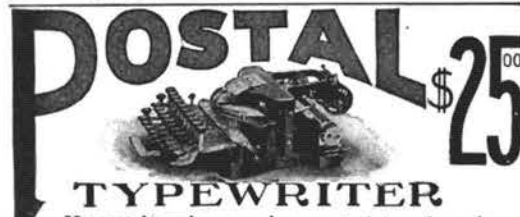
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A Remarkable Motor Car for \$400

Agents wanted in unassigned territory. Write for Catalogue telling the Buckboard Story.

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Fisherman's best indestructible bait for all game fish—casting or trolling. Used by all fishermen who "get the fish." The "Minnow" is about four inches long,

beautifully enameled, green mottled back, white belly with red stripe to exactly resemble a live minnow; has sure-lure glass eyes, five best treble hooks and two nickel-plated spinners. No fish can resist it. The regular price is 75c, but as a special advertising offer we will fill orders enclosing this advertisement, at 29c each, 4c extra for postage and packing. We are the largest manufacturers of artificial bait in the world. Send for our large cut-price catalogue—it's free. Dealers write for discounts.

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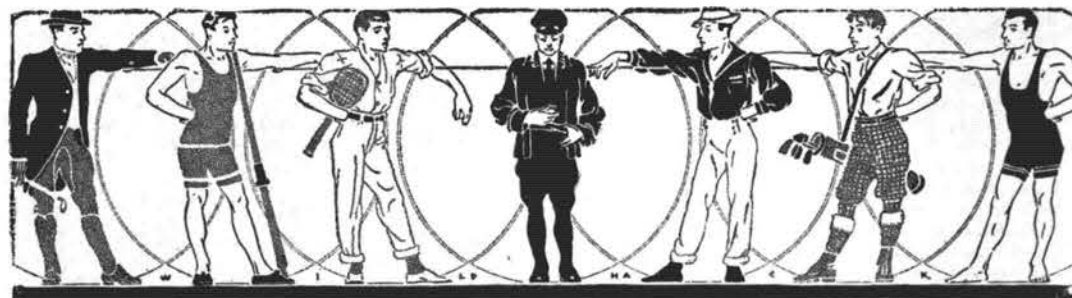
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You can have a complete league base-ball uniform made to your measure (boy or man), sent anywhere in U. S., express prepaid, for \$4.50. It includes shirt (with name of club); pants; cap, belt and stockings—strong materials that defy wear. You could not buy this anywhere under \$6.50—our immense business, and complete facilities, enable us to make them for \$4.50. We also have big values in uniforms at \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

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RECREATION AND SPORTS

Conducted by Harry Palmer

NO FORM of sport has made more amazing progress of late years than has athletics. The clubhouses erected and the grounds maintained for this sport are among the most costly and beautiful in the country, while, at the present time, the average young American, of both sexes, is, by inclination, if not by training, an athlete. And enthusiasm for athletics has not been confined to the clubhouses of athletic organizations, for it has found its way into the public schools of every city in the country, until the city authorities, in response to the irresistible demands of five millions of school children, have equipped outdoor gymnasiums and public athletic parks, that are, in every way, models of such enterprises. Americans have been characterized, rightly, perhaps, as the hardest working nation of people on the globe, but they find ample time for outdoor life, recreation, and physical culture, with the result that, in nearly every popular branch of competitive sport, they are, to-day, superior in skill and training to the peoples of all other countries.

The Power-Boating Season

The power-boating season promises to be even more active this year than last, and that is saying much, for, as the representative of a comparatively new sport, the motor boat was an exceedingly busy type of craft during the summer of 1905. During the winter, motor boat clubs have been organized in such numbers as to make glad the hearts of boat-builders, while the old-established yachting clubs, with few exceptions, will go into commission this year prepared to give the motor boat all due recognition in their race and regatta programmes. A red-letter event of the season will be the ocean race from College Point to Marblehead.

Rough Work in Basket Ball

The degree of enthusiasm and strenuous effort which the American girl is developing in basket ball has been causing her parents and teachers some anxiety, during the past year or two. There is scarcely a college or training school for girls that has not its representative team of this class, and just so surely as the team develops any considerable degree of proficiency, it becomes ambitious to try its mettle against the team of some rival institution. That the spirit of rivalry, when such teams meet, is fully as keen as that between competing teams of college boys, is a matter of record. Indeed, it is amazing, how completely the mere donning of a team uniform can transform a girl of gentle mien and dignified bearing, into an active, determined, and watchful defender of her college colors, and, in most instances, the moment the ball is put into play, she becomes as aggressive as the most stalwart and self-confident man in the line of a football team.

Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, Barnard, Smith, and other great colleges for girls, both east and west, have each developed one or more strong and successful basket-ball teams, and success in basket ball means hard and, not infrequently, rough work, whether the game is played by boys or girls. Of course the accepted style of team uniform is one affording all necessary freedom of action and protection to the player; the rules of the game are such as to minimize the danger of accident or injury; but, in the desire for victory, girls, in athletic competition, seem apparently as reckless as are their brothers, and, while there is no indication as yet that basket ball will be barred in women's colleges, it is still true that many girl players are causing the faculties of these colleges no little alarm.

"What would you have us do,—play like a lot of old women, or as though we had dressed for the opera and feared ruining our gowns?" asked a young woman of the writer, when the question of "rough house" was being discussed. "Basket ball, my dear sir, is not chess, or billiards, or ping-pong. It is basket ball. Please

understand that; and the girls of my team, [She is captain.] always play to win!"

Athletics for Boys

That love for athletics has been greatly strengthened in the juvenile heart of Greater New York during the past year was most impressively demonstrated by the remarkable turn-out of youngsters for the first annual novice games which were held under the auspices of the

Public Schools Athletic League, in Madison Square Gardens, April 17, and in which nearly fourteen hundred boys who had never before won or competed in these events, were entered. Never before had the great amphitheater presented a scene so gratifying to those who are working for the advancement of athletics. The spirit of rivalry, determination, and earnest endeavor that had taken possession of every entrant, was plainly evident in the bearing and manner of the boys, as they came to their marks for the various events. So earnest were the little fellows in the "midget" events for boys in the elementary classes, weighing under 80, 95, and 100 pounds respectively, that they were controlled with difficulty.

It was an inspiring sight for both young and old, and the degree of enthusiasm that prevailed, as well as the surprising number of competitors of all eligible weights and ages, proves the movement for the further advancement of athletics in the public schools of New York to be one wisely conceived.

This, and other important events in Manhattan and Brooklyn on the same date, practically closed the indoor athletic season in the metropolis, and no past year has recorded so great an outpouring of athletes and athletic lovers upon any one day.

The Movement against Race-Track Betting

The opening months of each year record the introduction in the legislature at Albany, of some measure ostensibly designed to restrict or prohibit betting on horse races, and the year 1906 has joined the ranks of its predecessors in this respect. In all instances, bills of this class have been either so weak, or so drastic in character as to make them either ineffective, or to preclude all possibility of their passage. The Lansing-Cassidy Bill is one of the last-mentioned. It provides for the absolute prohibition of betting on all race tracks,—a provision which its sponsor must have known would quite surely result in its defeat. That the measure, in its construction, should have been made impossible, surprises no one familiar with the wording and provisions of similar measures of past years, for it is generally understood that bills of the kind are not framed with an honest belief that they will become a law. It they can be so presented and discussed as to frighten the Jockey Club and the Metropolitan Turf Association into giving up part of their ill-earned wealth, anti-betting bills seem to serve the purpose for which they were designed. At least, so soon as this result is attained, the bills are allowed to die in committee, or are otherwise effectually squelched.

The farcical side of this year's attempt to put a stop to betting is not so much in the measure presented, as in the attitude of the legislative committee of the State Conference of Religions, for which the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer has been spokesman. Dr. Slicer, after a conference with the Jockey Club stewards, announced that, having become convinced that the prohibition of betting on race tracks would greatly increase the number of pool rooms throughout the country, his committee would not favor the passage of the bill. "It is the pool rooms," said Dr. Slicer, "at which we are striking. For every man who makes a bet on a track, there are ten who go to



a pool room, and this, it seems to me, is the most harmful form of betting."

It must be obvious to all that there would be no more effective method of striking at the pool rooms than by stopping betting at the tracks, for, with betting eliminated, horse racing, as a sport, would cease, until it could be revived upon radically different and more wholesome lines; and with no racing, there would be no possible reason for the existence of a single pool room. If, therefore, the Rev. Mr. Slicer is really sincere in his expressed desire to wipe out the pool-room evil, he should have given his earnest support to the Lansing-Cassidy Bill, for it is a pitiable fact that horse racing, as at present conducted, is the only recognized form of sport dependent for its existence upon the professional gambler. It is the great revenue derived by the tracks from the betting ring which makes the sport possible; and the betting ring—not the racing,—is responsible for more than one-half of the gate receipts.

The Growing Army of Automobilists

That the ranks of automobilists will be increased by many thousands this season is assured by the sales records of leading manufacturers and importers since the opening of the 1906 shows in New York and Chicago. Notwithstanding the fact that all of the larger factories prepared last summer to put out a larger number of machines than each had built the year before, there is every prospect that not a few tardy purchasers will have cause to grumble over late deliveries. Yet for months factories have been operating to their full capacities. With many states throughout the North and the East spending money more liberally than ever before in road improvements, the motor-car owner may look forward to increased enjoyment in the use of his machine this summer, and the opportunity to penetrate many new sections, which a year or two ago, he was deterred from visiting because of poor or indifferently conditioned highways.

The Glidden Trophy Tour



The big event in the touring schedule this year, as last, will be the tour for the Glidden trophy. This tour has become so widely known as an annual fixture, and so many car owners have signified their intention to participate this year, that some alarm is being felt by Glidden tour veterans, lest the procession become unwieldy. Then, too, the greater the number of entries, the more difficult will be the task of the tour committee in selecting a route that will please the majority of the participants. Already, earnest protests, in considerable number, have been filed with Chairman Paul Deming against the proposed route from Buffalo, through Canadian territory to Montreal and Quebec, the return being by way of the White Mountains, Lake Champlain, and Albany to New York. The basis for protest seems to be poor roads and inadequate hotel accommodations for so large a party as the tour will be very sure to attract.

With a view to overcoming these serious objections, and to accommodate the several contingents representing at least a dozen cities between Boston and Chicago, it is proposed to divide the party into four divisions, and have these divisions start simultaneously from New York, Boston, Cleveland, and Chicago, the four divisions finally joining at Toronto and proceeding to Montreal, where the tour proper will end. Participants may then return via the

White Mountains, Saratoga, or any other route that best suits their ideas. The "division and simultaneous start" proposal is that of Mr. Andre Massanat, the Panhard representative, and is finding much favor among intending entrants. It certainly seems well calculated to afford the greatest possible degree of satisfaction to the largest number of participants. This is the end to which the tour committee will work, but whatever the route that may be finally determined upon, the Glidden tour is sure to be this year, as it proved to be last year, one of the most enjoyable functions of the summer in the automobile world.

The probability is that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., will drive a 200-horse power Mercedes car in the great annual road race of which he is patron and cup donor. In holding aloof from competition for the past two years, Mr. Vanderbilt has acted in line with the admirable spirit of sportmanship that has won him so many admirers during his career as an automobilist and motor-boatman, and though he will be a member of the German team in the contest, and a dangerous factor in the race, his decision to start will very surely be received with approval.



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"A ribbon hair ornament simulating a coronet braid"

the summer be without the summer girl? We can imagine a birdless summer, a flowerless summer, a sunless summer; but a summer without its girl is a frame without the picture which it should embellish.

The summer girl, then, is a girl with the summer as a background. Naturally, she must fit herself to her surroundings,—must array herself for the part. As one who prepares for a ball sees herself advancing through stately corridors or whirling over polished floors, so the summer girl should see herself amid the golden vistas of summer as the mental model for her plans and preparations. A great cause of poor taste in dress is the lack of this careful consideration. One can scarcely expect to get what one wants without first knowing what one wants. A girl should first see herself as she would be, before expecting others to see her in the same light; in other words, to visualize the personality is the first step to sensible and becoming dress. And the more the summer girl associates herself with the lights and shades, the warmth, the glow, the natural hues of summer, the more will she realize her ideal picture.

The summer girl, then, in preparing for the season which blesses her, even as she graces it, should bear in mind adaptability, harmony, and individuality. In looking a natural and pretty part of every summer scene she should always look herself. She finds much, this year, in the frocks and the new little fashion frills to help her in dressing to fit her many different parts. The 1906 summer girl is more feminine, coquettish, and captivating than ever. And she allows her clothes and even her hair to reflect her pose and her mood.

Last year, during the morning, she was invariably a shirt-waist girl; this year, she is a baby princess girl. Perhaps the uninitiated could not tell the difference, so far as the detail of the fashion goes, but the general effect is more picturesque, and, to the student of style, there is a decided difference in the fashion. The baby princess dress consists of a waist and a skirt made of the same material and sewed together at the waist line, the joining concealed by a narrow band of trimming. These gowns simulate in effect the princess dress, which is the ruling fashion of the hour. The summer girl whomakes a study of her clothes will seldom be seen this year, wearing a separate shirt-waist and a

The Well-Dressed Woman

Conducted by

GRACE MARGARET GOULD

It is the duty and the delight of the summer girl to adapt herself to the season of which she is the ruling spirit. For what would

skirt which do not match. She may not always wear a baby princess dress, but she should, if she wishes to be at the head of the fashion procession, make a point of having her shirt-waist and skirt of the same color and of the same material. The baby princess dresses which are most in favor are those which are simplest in design. The waists button in the back, and, of course, have elbow-length sleeves, and even shorter sleeves for midsummer wear, and frequently the neck is cut in pompadour style. A beading of white embroidery run with narrow black velvet ribbon makes an attractive trimming for a linen or a chambray baby princess dress. It is always easy to change the effect of a dress so trimmed by varying the ribbon which runs through the beading.

The summer girl who finds she has already planned too many Eton jacket suits for her wardrobe will be glad to hear that cape costumes are to be among the new fashions. These gowns have a quaint look about them, and are as useful as they are effective. They make up very attractively

in linen, trimmed with either linen lace or cotton crochet lace, where the pattern shows a raised flower. The costume consists of three pieces: a skirt, let us say, of *maize-Alice* linen, made walking length and decorated with coarse white lace, a separate blouse of the same lace, and a captivating little cape which reaches to the elbows, though it does not look quite so long, because it flares so much.

The capes most in demand are shaped with rather long stole fronts, and, of course, the cape is trimmed with the same sort of lace that is used on the skirt.

Roughly woven silks will also be used for this style of costume. The cape suits will be fashionable made of Rajah silk, Bagdad crash and rough-surfaced Shantung. When silks are used, not only for the cape costumes, but also for coat and skirt suits, they are often trimmed with tapestry designs worked in colored silk threads. The effect of this tapestry trimming is very beautiful and a pleasant change from the lace and *broderie anglaise* effects.

The summer girl's hair is something to wonder at. She treats her *coiffure*, this season, in an entirely new way. The new effect is to have the hair and the hat seem as one. There should no longer be any space between the hair and the hat; no one should be able to detect where one ends and the other begins. Bewitching little curls and tiny puffs are tucked in here and there, and the hair at the sides is drawn up and pinned securely to the *bandeau*, so that there is an undulating soft line of hair from the temple straight to the hat, the *bandeau* being entirely covered. All sorts of large hat pins are used.

Those with a ball of tortoise shell as the head are very fashionable. Flower hat pins made of enamel and matching the flowers which trim the hat are used.

A little fad of the summer girl is to have her hat match her gown in



The new linen and lace cape costume



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THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted by
ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

BECOMINGNESS is a marked feature of dress this spring and summer. Fads and follies are few, and the mode follows rational lines. Of course, there are bizarre forms and fabrics for those to whom dressing differently from the rest of us is the be-all and end-all of clothes, but these aberrations need not be considered here. The college boy is unappeasable in his pursuit of the new and the odd, and, with the sportiveness of youth, he sometimes does not pause to distinguish between novelty and eccentricity. However, he is "in a class apart," and, while the young man follows him to a certain extent, he does not follow him to the brink.

I have just returned from a trip to the university towns, and I must own that I was very favorably impressed with the well-set-up air of the American college boy, and the close and intelligent attention that he bestows upon dress. He is a bit of a faddist, to be sure, but he is a much more discerning faddist than he used to be. The expression of the wearer's personality in his clothes is the object which every truly well-dressed man seeks. A common standard would make our manner of dress colorless and insipid. Fortunately the mode is plastic and sanctions many little deviations that would not have been tolerated five years ago.

What has become of the covert top coat, without which no well-rounded wardrobe was complete? It is worn this spring, of course, but it has been shouldered aside by a newer aspirant for approval. This is the Chesterfield oversack, made of gray herringbone worsted, with a gray velvet collar to match, a deep center vent, flaring skirts, and pressed side seams. This coat is about forty-two inches long and fits snugly over the back. The covert top coat lost much of its distinctive character when it was cut to hug the figure last season. This detracted measurably from its comfort, and was wholly unacceptable. On the contrary, the short covert should always be fairly loose so that it may be slipped on and off with ease, and so that it will not bind. It is the handiest, "comfiest" coat for town wear and short trips, and I believe that its retirement is only fleeting. Young men, particularly, like it, and, after the fad for form-defining coats has waned, the good old covert will undoubtedly come into its own again.

Frock coats this spring are made of both black and gray vicuna, about thirty-six inches long, and cut snug of waist and belled of skirt. Indeed, the whole appearance of the frock hinges upon giving it just a dash of jaunty grace. There are three buttons, the topmost of which is not supposed to be fastened. It may be added, in passing, that the frock is much less used than

formerly, and is now reserved for occasions decidedly and strictly ceremonious. The morning coat has taken the place of the frock for informal weddings, visits, and other functions of a like character. The braided morning coat has lost caste, and, in truth, it never had much to recommend it.

All morning coats should be cut to fit the figure closely, and gray is a color peculiarly well suited to spring. Be it understood, I do not mean to imply that the frock is in any sense less fashionable than before. It is not. As long as grace and distinction count in the dress of men, the frock will be the preferred formal coat for day wear. But a somewhat informal spirit reigns just now in clothes, and hence the appearance of the morning coat as an alternate.

A notable departure for spring is a collar made of the same fabric as the shirt. It is not, of course, a colored collar, as that is generally understood, but is made of white linen and has faint color lines that harmonize with the color of the body and bosom of the shirt. For example, if the shirt has blue stripes or figures, the "self" collar to accompany it shows faint tracings of blue on a white ground. This idea is an ultra one not likely of general adoption, and I mention it merely as a manifestation of the drift of the mode in the club and college set.

Collars cut in front to resemble a "V" have won general countenance, if not for their comfort, at least for the fact that they offer something a bit different from the common run. When a high cut waistcoat is worn, that is, a waistcoat which shows over the lapels of the jacket, an extremely narrow four-in-hand tie is required for the best effect. These new four-in-hands are of the soft, folded-in sort, and such colors as moss green, wine red, swallow blue, helio and the like are approved. With the wing collar, however, a wide four-in-hand, measuring two to two and one-half inches, is worn. The tabs on the modish wing collar for spring are only moderately large, and not deep and flaring as they were for winter. From indications, the fold or turn-down collar will be most favored for spring, as it is more in accord with the informal "lounge" tendency always apparent as we near summer.

The Tuxedo waistcoat portrayed this month is made of velvet chiffon, in a color midway between plum and purple. The buttons are amethysts, and are sold separately from the waistcoat. This idea is, of course, a very extreme one. Another novel idea for evening dress is a waistcoat made of green rep silk, with a green tie to match. These are to be worn with a gray Tuxedo suit. The waistcoat buttons are cat's-eye.



The Wrong



The Right



The Wrong



The Right

FITS AND MISFITS, NO. 2

A great deal is to be taken into consideration when one purchases a hat. Remember always in this connection that a small man should never try to wear too much on his head, but a large man can crowd on any amount of headgear and look well. Nothing is so ludicrous as to see a man with a very slim face overweighted with a large hat, whether it be a Fedora, a "cowboy," or a derby. A man with a small face invariably looks well in a small hat. A man with a round countenance, who tries to "look swell" in a derby that might do service for his little son, should be made to stand in front of a mirror until he becomes frightened at his own appearance. He should always wear a large hat, and the larger the hat is, in a great many cases, the more becoming he will find it to be.

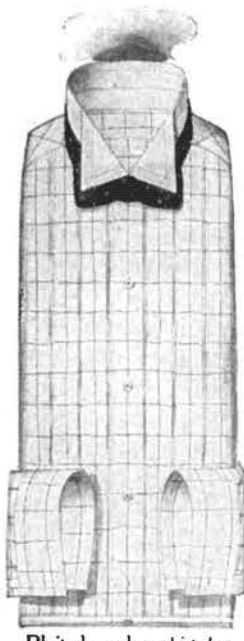
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Silk plaited shirts to accompany the Tuxedo in summer are new. These shirts are made wholly of a very fine, soft silk, and many of the very smartest cut have double linen cuffs.

Among the newest cravat tints from Paris are such delicate shades as violet, orange, salmon, and ocean green. To accompany four-in-hands made in these shades, a biscuit *glacé* glove has been introduced. This is somewhat like a chamois, but has the highly polished surface of the evening *glacé* glove. It fastens with one large pearl button.

The soft flannel collar here illustrated is held in place with a safety pin, which prevents the collar from sagging or musing during use. Notwithstanding the fact that some men wear this collar in town, it is clearly out of place there, and only intended for motoring, steamer use, golf, and the sports. It has largely replaced the hunting stock, this season.



Plaited madras shirt for spring

Questions About Dress

[Readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE are invited to ask any questions which puzzle them about good form in dress. If desired, writers' names will not 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 of personal interest.]

GAINESVILLE.—The double-breasted jacket suit for spring should be cut rather long and well shaped to the back. The lapels are low and broad. We do not recommend the cuff finish on the double-breasted jacket, as this garment depends for the best effect upon extreme plainness of cut.

LAFAYETTE.—If you intend to marry in a jacket suit, gray striped trousers are preferable to trousers of the same fabric as the coat, because of the agreeable contrast that they lend. A white waistcoat would be out of place with the jacket suit.

ALEX.—Most of your questions were answered in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for April. Your gray suit ought to be as serviceable this spring as last, for gray is the season's color. In spite of your unusual height and weight, a good tailor should be able to fit you.

FINDLAY.—The so-called "morning coat" is a garment midway between the cutaway and the frock coat, and may be worn as a substitute for either. It is seldom braided, now.

BELLMONT.—Lemon juice usually suffices to clean a Panama hat. As far as re-shaping it goes, that can be done only by an expert.

B. H. C.—White waistcoats are worn with formal dress, rather than with informal. To accompany the jacket suit we suggest a soft flannel waistcoat, with a faint stripe or an indeterminate plaid in the pattern.

HUTCHINGS.—It is purely a matter of preference whether your jacket has a center or two side vents, or no vents at all. The object of the vent is to prevent the skirts of the jacket from musing when one sits, and to allow greater freedom in walking.

Soft flannel collar and tie

The center vent seems to be most favored this season.

VARNUM.—Spring trousers measure about twenty inches at the knee and seventeen inches at the bottom. The length of the English walking coat is thirty-eight inches.

PIERPONT.—The peaked or notched collar has supplanted the roll collar on the evening coat. This coat should fit snugly over back and waist. Evening



NOTICE the style, the fit, the general tone of quality and good taste in this Kuppenheimer Sack Suit. 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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TRADE MARK

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

for

Young Men,
Old Men,
All Men,

who prize coolness and cleanliness from the skin out. Porous, soft, absorbent, elastic, and "tailor-made."

50 Cents Retail

Ask your dealer.

Booklet in blue and gold, "From Dawn to Bed," free if you write for it.

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To give good wear and perfect satisfaction
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GOOD CLOTHES**
THEY NEED NOT BE
EXPENSIVE CLOTHES



The man who buys
"The Guaranteed Kind"
gets maximum value at minimum cost—\$10.00 to \$25.00.
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Under the Overshirt Over the Undershirt

Put it on like a Vest. Fastens at each hip button of the trousers and supports them properly. It has a double adjustable feature, and may be tightened or loosened in front or back to suit wearer's fancy or comfort.

For sale at all good shops. If your dealer can't supply you, we'll mail a pair, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS
The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4th, 1905

CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY
Makers of "Crown Make" Suspenders, Belts and Garters
837 Broadway New York City

trousers should be cut fairly wide, to allow ease in dancing.

PETERBORO.—It would certainly look incongruous to appear at an evening wedding in a square-cut jacket suit. If you do not care to wear evening clothes, wear a cutaway coat, or, at least, a round-cut jacket.

Y. M. C. A.—You misjudge the purpose of "The Well-Dressed Man" in assuming that clothes are treated in that department from the view-point of "the club and college set." When a fashion is ultra, we state that fact, and when a fashion has won general indorsement, we likewise state it. Remember this, however—a mode starts at the top and works its gradual way downward. It is perfectly natural, and it should be perfectly clear that fashion originates in goods of the highest cost. It is the man who pays eighty dollars or one hundred dollars for a suit or an overcoat who sets the mode, and there's no blinking that fact. We have frequently expressed our opinion in no uncertain terms of the mere "fop" who chases each fresh will-o'-the-wisp of the mode, bent only upon being "in it." Becomingness to the individual has always been the guiding principle of "The Well-Dressed Man." In fashion there must be a standard, and that standard is fixed by the set with the means and the



The new Tuxedo waistcoat

leisure to devote to the subject.

B. O. F.—Glove trees are useful, but not necessary if ordinary care be used. Keep dress gloves in tissue paper to guard against soiling and dampness. Glove powder freely used is the price of a pair of gloves in many instances. A perspiring hand forced into a dry glove, often one or two sizes too small, means certain ripping. Put on a new glove gradually, using the thumb and forefinger of the other hand for gentle stroking. In removing a glove, peel it off inside out,—it will hold its shape better. If a glove has become stiff, warm it before a fire and work the skin with the hands. This will soften the leather. White kid evening gloves may be washed in gasoline, but do not wash them near a fire.

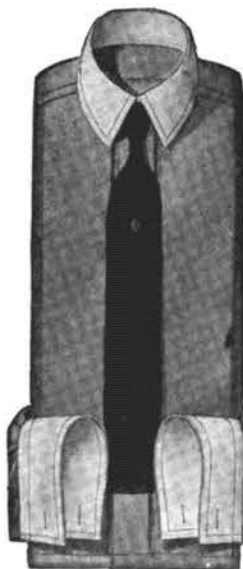
NEENAH.—The "frock" coat is also, though vulgarly, called "Prince Albert," and means a long coat reaching about to the knee and cut with full belled skirts. The "Tuxedo" is another name for the dinner or club jacket.

CONWAY.—At an evening wedding white kid gloves are worn by bridegroom, best man, and ushers. We assume, of course, that it is to be an evening dress affair.

POTTER.—It is customary for the guests at a formal evening wedding to go in evening clothes. The bridegroom always determines what mode of dress is to be worn, and best man, ushers, and guests must take their cue from him. If he appear in a sack suit, it would be clearly improper for the others to wear ceremonious clothes, and thus render him the target for unwelcome notice.

ATWOOD.—Never use alcohol for removing grease stains from cloth, as it hardens the cloth. Ammonia is the best all-round cleaning preparation. If the stain does not yield to immediate treatment, send the garment to a tailor. Many men have ruined clothes by attempting to do work that only a tailor can do satisfactorily.

NEWCOMB.—A man ought to have at least two serviceable business suits, say one of dark-blue serge, and another of some unobtrusive fancy fabric; a cutaway or a frock coat for formal wear, and an evening suit for dances, receptions, formal dinners, and the like. You are the best judge of the number of shirts, ties, and collars you require. An excellent shirt may be bought at the shops for \$1.50, a good collar for fifteen cents, and a tie of acceptable quality for half a dollar. If you can afford to spend more, spend it, for every twenty-five cents higher that you go in price means correspondingly



A spring shirt with "self" collar

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FOR
THIS
LABEL



It's on all
Michael's-
Stern
Fine
Clothing
and
identifies it



To Be Well Dressed

at moderate cost, in clothing of style and quality—that will fit you perfectly, stay in shape and wear well—be sure to buy

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The new Spring and Summer fashions in
Suits and Top Coats

\$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$25
and upwards

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cool and comfortable.
Made of light, durable
Nainsook.

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ERLANGER BROS.,
70-72 Franklin Street, New York.

higher quality and greater durability. Don't put all you earn above necessary expenditures into clothes, but put as much as is needed to present an agreeable appearance at all times. Well-cut clothes of good material are a business asset, nowadays, whose value no sensible person disputes. What you term "making a flash" is quite distinct from dressing well, so as to impress favorably the people you meet.

The "B&B" Decade Scheme

The Story of a Drummer Who Did not Wear a Yellow Tie

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

It was a test case for me. I realized it at the start, and somehow the old hustling blood boiled up and I registered a vow to win or leave the "road" once for all. It was not my fault that Wilson, White and Company failed, but when I presented my credentials to



"It's a go," he said. "Good proposition!"

Symmons, sales manager for our biggest competitor, I saw at once that he was not very enthusiastic about employing me.

In selling goods on the road, a man is subjected to as many prejudices, dislikes, and personal antipathies as fall to the lot of any class or condition of professional men. These prejudices are encountered not only among customers, but also at times in the very firm employing him. I once knew a sales manager who took a violent dislike to a "road" man simply because he wore a yellow necktie.

I did not wear a yellow necktie, but when I approached Symmons I saw by his manner and curt way of speaking, and by the look he gave me, that breakers abounded ahead. His first direction was for me to spend a week in the manufacturing department, although I knew the watch business like an expert, and my old firm could give the present one cards and spades in manufacturing pointers.

"I want you to leave for Chicago on the 10.32 train," he said, brusquely. "The Hooper Company is getting up a big premium scheme, and we understand that they intend to use something like thirty thousand cheap watches during the next three months. We want that order."

I looked at the man in amazement. The Hooper Company's proposition was ancient history. Not only had I known about it before the failure of my former employers, but it was understood that the contract had been given to the Steller Watch Concern, two weeks previous.

"Mr. Symmons," I said, apologetically, "I beg your pardon, but was n't that contract awarded to the Steller people, last—"

"I know my business," snapped the sales manager. "I did not ask you for information. That contract is supposed—supposed, mind you,—to have been given out, but it is n't signed yet. We want that order. If you don't think you can get it, you need not try. We want men who will act first and then talk about probabilities. The train leaves within an hour. Will you go?"

I knew by his tone that it was go or get out. At the very first blush I felt like resigning, but a second thought convinced me that it would be like retreating under fire. Better a forlorn hope!

"I'll go, Mr. Symmons," I said, quietly; "and, if I do n't land the Hooper order, I'll not come back."

Twenty minutes later I left the office with my little sample case, a mileage ticket, and some bitter thoughts. It was evident that Symmons had no expectation of getting the order. He would not have given such an important assignment to a new man if he had thought there was any chance of selling to the Hooper people.

As the train sped along through the country, I concentrated all my thoughts on the question of some method of persuading the buyer of the Hooper Com-



The Man with the "Sore Coat"

By A. Taylor-Cutter.

HE certainly had a Grouch! There was Blood in his Eye, as he walked down the aisle of Mc-Martin's.

He was looking, he said, for the Party who Sold him that Coat—and he put an unnecessary accent on the word "Sold."

But the said Party saw him first, and Got Busy with another Customer in a jiffy.

The Man said the Coat was a Cripple—and it needed no affidavit to prove it.

He said It looked All Right when he bought It a week ago, but he guessed there was Dope in the Mirror, or the Salesman had mesmerized him.

Because, not even his Wife would believe that He could have put up such a Job on himself as to pay REAL MONEY for a Coat that made him Look like a Monkey, as this did.

He showed the Floorwalker how the Coat was trying to Get the Best of Him, by Climbing up his Shoulders, and over his Ears, every time he swung his arms about in Conversation.

He pointed out that the left Lapel bulged up as if he had a live kitten under it, and that it "set-away" from his vest as if it was built to display a Knight Templar badge the size of a platter.

Then he caught hold of the Floorwalker by his two Lapels and Pulled him down round-shouldered.

He did this to illustrate how Unhappy he felt, at the back of his Neck, while wearing the pinchy Coat-Collar he then suffered from.

Oh, Mr. Man had a Sore-Coat, for fair! And, he Wanted his Moneybak, quick!

But the Floorwalker had an Easier Way of Fixing Things than that.

He knew Mr. Man had merely drawn the wrong coat in the usual Clothes Lottery, and

that its Flat-iron Faking had just wilted out in the recent damp weather.

The Floorwalker was a Wise-Guy and he was used to quick thinking.

So, he said he's just have the Bushel-man "fix" that Sore-Coat in a jiffy, so it would fit Mr. Man as slick as a Whistle.

That's if the Man would just let him have the Coat for a Little While, so the Tailors could make a Few alterations.

So the Sore-Coat was "shaped-up" in a hurry, once again, by old Dr. Flat-iron, and restored to its Original Elegance.

Its Bulging Lapel was shrunken to the limit, its tight Collar stretched out and "set" as smoothly as on the day the Man bought It.

Then the exuberance of Cloth which lay in wrinkles over the shoulder-blades was sweated away, into a contraction, by old Dr. Goose—the Flat-iron Fakir.

★ ★

When The Man put the Coat on again he hardly knew himself in it—such a Slick Proposition had the Flat-iron developed in a bare thirty minutes.

But—the Floorwalker spoke from his heart when he "hoped we would now have a month of Fine Weather!"

Because—he knew that the first Damp day would again bring out all the doctored defects, in the Sore-Coat, as badly as ever.

He knew these had not been permanently removed by Sincere hand-needle-work, but were only covered up by old Dr. Goose—the Flat-iron Fakir.

You see 80 per cent. of all Clothes made by Custom Tailors, and by Clothiers, are faked into their final shape by the Flat-iron.

Because, that is the quickest and easiest way of remedying practically all defects in the Tailoring—of shrinking and stretching the Cloth into shape, through moisture and heat, instead of Working it into permanently corrected shape by expensive hand-needle-work.

So the Coat that's a "Beaut" when you first put it on, at the mirror, may go into a Spasm when the first damp day gets after its Flat-iron faking.

★ ★

We are telling you this because we want to Open your Eyes to some Tricks of the Trade that we have to fight against, in the sale of our "Sincerity" Clothes.

It Costs us Good Money to correct every flaw in each Garment that we make, with sincere hand-needle-work, instead of with Flat-iron faking, before we let old Dr. Goose have even a Look-in for the finishing.

That's why our Sincerity Clothes hold their shape, and the Style we put into them, till worn out, and hold it in damp or dry weather.

If they fit you "right" when you buy them you may bank on it that they'll keep on fitting you "right" till you're through with them.

That's a Great Thing to Know, and you're sure to find it True in every Coat or Overcoat that bears the label (below) of the Sincerity Tailors.

If you want an absolute Test to reveal Flat-Iron faking, which test you can apply to any coat before purchasing, enclose a two-cent stamp to Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., Chicago, for it.

And don't you forget this label:

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO

This Underwear Always Feels Clean

It's Linen—pure Irish Linen and nothing but Linen.

And Linen is immaculate in its cleanliness.

It never gets "sticky" because its firm glossy fibres stand apart as woven.

The air circulates freely through pure linen mesh—Kneipp Linen Mesh—and quickly evaporates all the moisture the body gives off.

That means the pores are free to act and regulate your temperature as nature intended they should. You feel clean and comfortable all the time.

Cotton and Wool "mat" and pack," get perspiration soaked and encase the body in clammy dampness.

Then the pores are choked—stop work—and you take cold, mayhap contract grip, pneumonia or rheumatism.

You feel much cleaner and more comfortable in Kneipp Linen Mesh Underwear because it is the only Nothing-but-Linen underwear you can buy. All other so-called Linen Mesh Underwear is a mixture—an assertion we would not dare make if we could not prove it.

Your own Doctor will tell you that you really ought to wear Linen next the skin.

And for perfect healthfulness it should be Kneipp Linen because the mesh is "open weave" next the skin. And the closer weave built up on this "open weave" prevents sudden change in the natural temperature established by the body.

The streamers of the seal show a strip of Kneipp Linen Mesh folded so you can see both sides—but write for samples of our several weights and weaves—they will be sent free.

Sent for Free Inspection

The best dealers everywhere sell Kneipp Linen Mesh Underwear for Men, Women and Children. On request we will send samples of the different weights and weaves and give you the names of our dealers in your town. If we have no dealer near you we will send Kneipp Underwear direct to you for free inspection. Write today for free Linen Book. It tells the simple proved truth about Linen for Comfort and Health.

Kneipp Wear-Guarantee

The manufacturer's strong wear-guarantee stands behind every garment. If it does not wear satisfactorily your dealer will replace it on his judgment without consulting us—or we will if you deal direct with us. Our sweeping wear-guarantee protects both our dealers and the wearer.

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Here is your opportunity to start a big paying business with small capital. BOX BALL is the NEW BOWLING GAME. Not a gambling device. It is for amusement and physical exercise and is liberally patronized by lawyers, bankers, merchants, clerks, mechanics, teachers. In fact all classes of both sexes play Box Ball. Nearly 3,000 alleys sold. 30 to 40 feet long. Portable. No pin boy needed. Can be installed in 2 hours. Be first to start it in your town. Booklet FREE. Write for it.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

CLEANSER AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR
PROMOTES A LUXURIOUS GROWTH
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color
Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling
50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists

pany to reconsider his decision to patronize the Steller Concern. That the Stellers had gone below our price was evident, and it was also evident that I had no authority to underbid them even if I had the opportunity. Symmons's final instructions were to meet the Steller quotation, but not to go any lower.

Early the next morning, an hour before the train was due to arrive at Chicago, I opened my sample case and fell to studying our cheap watch. Then I gave some attention to the Steller Concern's watch, a sample of which I had brought along. They were practically the same in material and workmanship. The Steller watch carried a bit more polish on the case, but it would be imperceptible to the ordinary customer. With both watch and price the same, there was no ground upon which I could ask the Hooper buyer to give my house the preference.

A while later, as we rolled through the extended suburbs of Chicago, I sat idly thrumming upon the window sill and glancing abstractedly at the multitude of factories. A sign upon a three-story building caught my eye, and by some remarkable process of reasoning I saw a way out of my difficulty. The plan came like a flash, but it was full-born. When the train stopped, I sprang from the car and entered a cab. I sent an urgent telegram to Watson, the Hooper Company's buyer, and held several interviews with the manager of the factory I had noticed from the car window.

I did not communicate with Symmons, or any other member or employee of the house, however. The plan I had evolved was a desperate one, in truth, and I did not care to risk either approval or disapproval. If the plan should succeed, it would secure the order, while if it should fail, I had no desire to hear of my failure from Symmons's lips.

The following morning, exactly at nine, I handed my card to the boy in Watson's outer office. A few minutes later, I was ushered into the great man's sanctum.

"You are Mr. Webb?" he queried, abruptly.

I bowed.

"Representing the Capstone Watch Company?"

I bowed again.

"Well, what is the meaning of this extraordinary telegram?" he asked, fingering a yellow paper upon his desk. "You say, 'Do not close watch contract. Have remarkable offer. Greatest plan of the age. Will add hundred per cent. to interest of premium scheme. Make no mistake. Wait for the great B and B Decade Plan. See you' nine, sharp.' Now, sir, that I have been fool enough to see you, what have you to say?"

I opened my sample case and placed three watches upon his desk. Each bore a label. The first was the Steller watch; the second, our watch; the third was similar in construction, but the case was gold.

"Mr. Watson," I said, slowly, "I have been sent here to ask you to reconsider your decision to award the contract to the Steller people. We know their price, and we are prepared to meet it. Our watch is as good as theirs and we stand on even ground there. Our watch is no better, however, nor is our price. But I have a plan to offer you which should carry the scale to our side. This third watch, as you see, has the appearance of gold. It is slightly washed, enough to carry it about one year with easy handling. With every thousand watches ordered we will give you one hundred of these washed watches, or one in ten, which you can offer as an extra inducement. The price will be the same. That's my Decade Scheme."

Watson slouched down in his chair and eyed me fixedly for a minute or two; then he nodded his head, and something like a smile crept about the corners of his mouth.

"It's a go," he said. "Good proposition! Bet it did n't originate with your company, however. Now did it?"

"I represent the company," I replied, evasively. Then I thanked him and prepared to leave.

"I'll send the contracts on so they will reach your office when you do," said Watson, still smiling. He added, as I reached the door, "Oh, by the way, what did you mean by the B and B Decade Plan?"

"Decade means ten, you know,—every tenth watch; and B and B means bread and butter. That's just what I stood to lose if I had n't landed the contract."

I could see the Hooper Company's dignified buyer shaking like a jelly fish in his chair as I walked out. He evidently appreciated the point.

I was slightly delayed in reaching the main office, the following day, and I saw at once by the expression on Symmons's face that the contracts had preceded me. Moreover, I had hardly reached his desk when the president of the company entered. He paid no attention to me, but waved a paper at Symmons, and exclaimed:—

"Good work, Symmons,—good work! I am glad to see that your department can do something extraordinary now and then. I would n't have lost that Hooper contract for anything. It's just nuts to beat out the Steller crowd. How did you happen to think of that washed-case scheme?"

Symmons reddened, then jerked his thumb in my direction.

"This is Mr. Webb, our new traveling man, sir," he said. "He did it. He was sent out to get the contract, but he had no authority to—"

"No authority!" roared the president. "Why, man, it was an inspiration! Men with ideas, let alone inspirations, are worth their weight in gold to us. Mr. Webb, I'd like to see you in my office."



What's Your Tailor?

What are his facilities for giving you one hundred cents of value for every dollar you pay.

Does he buy his cloth direct from the mill?

Does he buy his trimmings from the manufacturer?

Is all waste eliminated from his shop?

We have such facilities, besides the largest tailor shops in the world and they are at your disposal.

These are some of the reasons why we can for \$25 to 35, which is about the price of ready-made clothing, give you as good value in a suit or overcoat as you can get from the local tailor for 100% more.

Ask your dealer to show you our woollens.

Ed. V. Price & Company
Merchant Tailors Dept. C Chicago

Our samples of cloths are shown by leading dealers everywhere. "Who's Your Tailor?" appears on them.

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Fasten your papers together securely by using Washburne's Patent Adjustable "O.K." Paper Fasteners.

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Made of brass. Three sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

At all enterprising stationers. Send 10 cents for sample box of 50, assorted sizes. Booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

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TELEGRAPHY

Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher. 5 styles. \$5 up. **ONITIGRAPH CO.** Dept. H, 88 Cortlandt St., New York.

Fighting the Telephone Trust

By PAUL LATZKE

[Concluded from page 320]

of the postmaster, Postmaster General Payne sarcastically remarked, "Oh, well, I suppose this representation was brought about because the postmaster there is a stockholder in your company." I said, "Mr. Payne, I am not in a position to say whether he is or not. I do know, if he is, he has as much authority to be a stockholder in our company as you have to be a stockholder in the Wisconsin Bell Telephone Company." I said, further, "I propose to take this matter before the President. I will get it there some way or other, and I want him to consider the fact that the investors in the independent telephone enterprises consist of farmers, small business men, and capitalists, and not capitalists alone."

The fight on Mr. Payne's order was kept up for nearly a year without avail. Then the independents took the bull by the horns and laid the whole situation before President Roosevelt.

What occurred between the President and his postmaster-general is not known. But a great while did not elapse before the order giving the Bell Telephone Company a monopoly in the United States post offices was rescinded as quietly as it had been issued. Ever since the postmasters of the various cities and towns have been at liberty to install whatever telephone system connects with the greater number of people in their locality.

From a consideration of the Bell Company's work in the field of politics, one turns naturally to its manipulation of another powerful agency,—the public press. Its record here has certainly never been approached, and it is well that it has not. If all the other great public corporations should learn to use the press as this telephone corporation has used it, the people would have real cause to fear industrial enslavement.

Very early in the fight a literary bureau was established at the Boston headquarters of the Bell Company, which had for its mission the dissemination of matter that should mold public opinion along the lines desired by the trust. It was hoped to establish these false premises firmly in the public mind:—

That the telephone is a natural monopoly.

That a dual or competing telephone system is a hardship on the people and that it brings no advantages in the end to the subscriber.

That the Bell Company was alone equipped for giving a satisfactory service and reasonable rates.

That competition was wasteful and must necessarily increase rates in the end.

That persons investing in independent securities must inevitably lose their money.

That the independent companies were simply being promoted by scheming manufacturers to unload worthless apparatus.

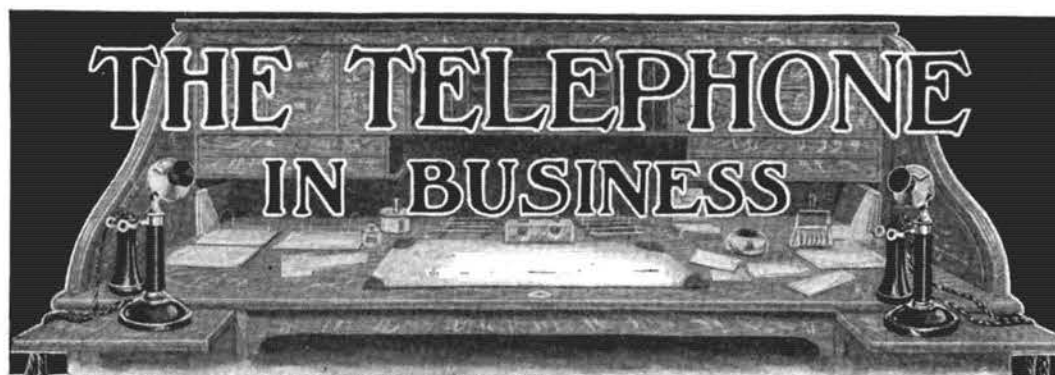
That the Bell Company could furnish long-distance connections and that, without such connections a telephone service was worthless.

That Bell telephone securities alone offer safe investments in this industrial field.

That the independent companies are going into bankruptcy almost as fast as organized, and—

That the whole independent movement is small, unimportant, and doomed to early extinction.

How well the Bell press bureau has done its work, every reader of this article may ascertain for himself. Ninety-nine men out of every hundred, in communities where the independents are not in actual operation, will affirm every one of these propositions, though without exception they are untrue. And, even in places where the independents are actually at work, plenty of people may be found who hold to these false ideas. Ask them where they get their opinions on the subject and they will be unable to tell you, except that they "know them." They are unaware that the impressions they are giving out as facts have been carefully drilled into them by the agents of the Bell Telephone Company operating through the newspapers and other publications that are willing to lend themselves to this sort of work for a money consideration. The process is as simple as it is effective. As soon as telephone opposition threatens to manifest itself in a community, there will suddenly appear, in that section of the local press that is willing to sell its reading columns for a good price, a grist of articles detailing most minutely the "severe financial loss that has come in other places to investors in independent securities." These articles, all of them paid for at the highest "reading matter"



Mr. Manufacturer:

You would not think of deliberately throwing money away, yet every minute that is unnecessarily lost in the conduct of your business, in the office, in the factory, by yourself and your employees, is money "thrown away."

Do you know in dollars and cents how much money is being "thrown away" in lost time every day and every year in your establishment?

Do you know that the unnecessary time lost by the average ten employees in going from department to department, to the office for instruction, etc., which can be entirely saved by a STROMBERG-CARLSON Private Branch Telephone System, would pay the cost of such equipment in a short time? After that the saving is all gain.

The more departments you have—the more employees—the more you need such a system.

THINK IT OVER—

Meanwhile send for our book, No. 827.

It will help you to locate the leaks—it will show you how to stop them.

Mr. Manager:

It is you who must take the brunt and burden of making the business profitable, successful.

It is you who must pass the sleepless nights, do the worrying and planning, to keep the cost of operation low and productive capacity high.

It is you, then, who will be deeply interested in learning how to save time, how to accomplish more work and do it easier in less time. It is you who will be interested in what we have to say about STROMBERG-CARLSON Private Branch Telephones in our book, No. 827, because it deals with problems you know are difficult to solve.

We want you to have a copy of this book. You will find it very helpful, because it is a resume of our years of study and experience in solving the operating problems for hundreds of manufacturers by means of Private-Branch telephone systems.

Mr. Merchant:

If there is one thing, aside from price, which holds and develops old custom and increases new patrons of your store it is prompt service.

It is the means to bigger business development, greater success and larger profits, and the modern key to this is a private telephone system.

It means that you can make the transactions

STROMBERG-CARLSON TEL. MFG. CO., Rochester, N. Y., Chicago, Ill.

in your establishment more expeditious, the execution of orders quicker and more accurate, and at the same time put yourself at once in a commanding position over each and every department, no matter how large or how many they may be.

Just figure out how much time can be saved in communicating by 'phone from one department to another compared to the time wasted by personal conversation. It does not take much of a mathematician to reckon the multiple of this cost, which is necessitated day after day, year in and year out by the old method of running from office to department and back again.

Then, too, the time wasted is usually that of the heads of departments—or your own—the most expensive on the payroll.

Mr. Banker:

No one knows the value of time better than YOU. For no business man is required to accomplish so much business in so short a time.

No one ought to be more interested in equipment that will save time than you, especially when it adds dignity and despatch to your bank.

It does not require much argument to convince the average business man of the economy, convenience, and need of the "telephone in business."

Interior telephones are an absolute necessity to the best results in the execution of interior business, because the major part of every transaction is transacted inside the business house.

Our book No. 827 shows the right equipment for banks. It will interest you.

Mr. Farmer:

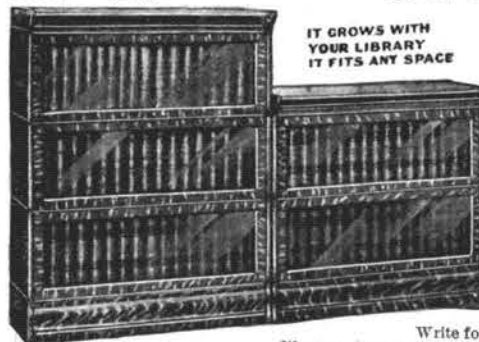
You need a telephone in your business just as much as the business man.

You can't step next door or into the next room when you have business to transact. You must go to town or to your neighbors, which always means much time and trouble.

When you need the doctor, need farm help, need repairs, need supplies, need almost anything on the farm it means a trip to town and back. A telephone will save nearly all these trips, save you money and put you in position to accomplish more in less time and with less labor.

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EUGENE G. MILLER, Manager

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to music room
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far cry, but,
it is merely
the step of a
Lilliputian if you
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The Krell Auto-Grand Piano is a delight to the artist's soul. Its singing quality and exquisite tone cannot be excelled, and the same unsurpassed points are brought out mechanically by the *simple turning of a lever*. That action transforms it into an automatic instrument, operated by perforated rolls of music. It will play any standard music of 65 notes, and over 25,000 selections are already on the market. This gives the purchaser a larger selection and variety, than if requiring music made for only some one particular player.

The Krell Auto-Grand Piano possesses a durable charm. The tubing is all of metal, and *will never wear out*. Others use rubber. Easily tuned and adjusted. *Fully guaranteed for five years*. Catalog K and terms, in themselves superlatively attractive, for the asking.

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for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, *silk web*, not mercerized cotton. All metal parts nicked, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

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Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

rates, generally appear under such headlines as these, taken from the New York "Press" of June 25, 1905:—

LOSSES IN TELEPHONE FIELD

INVESTORS IN INDEPENDENT COMPANIES SUFFER
THROUGH MANY FAILURES

In the course of a year I have received through the clipping bureaus as many as two thousand articles of this nature. They came out of all classes of papers, from the poor, cheap country weekly to the metropolitan daily. Most of the articles were exact reproductions, even to paragraphing. Invariably they were full of false statements. They appeared as regular reading matter, generally without marks to show they were paid advertisements, though now and then some publisher, with a finer sense of the proprieties, would put the tell-tale "adv." or three asterisks at the bottom. During last summer I determined to test the moral right of a publisher to use his columns in this manner. I selected the Brooklyn "Eagle" for the test, because that paper has always ranked as one of the leaders in all sorts of reforms, and one had a right to look to it for a high sense of duty toward its readers. I therefore wrote two letters to Dr. St. Clair McKelway, the editor, saying, among other things:—

I beg to call your attention to the inclosed clipping from your columns. It had always been my belief that the "Eagle" was a thoroughly honest paper, which would not lend its columns for a price, in order to deceive and mislead its readers.

The matter set forth in the clipping is along lines to which we have become very familiar. It emanates from the press and advertising bureau of the American Bell Telephone Company, in Boston, and is paid for at so much a line.

While we expect to find this sort of work tolerated in spots by the country press, I certainly believe you and your editorial associates on the "Eagle" will not sanction the misuse of your columns for pay, if the facts are properly called to your attention.

The Bell Telephone Company is putting out this stuff for the purpose of preventing capital from investing in independent securities.

Incidentally, it may interest you to know the real facts connected with the alleged independent "failures" set forth in the matter published by your paper.

In the case of the North Manchester Telephone Company, the trouble is only between the stockholders. The company is a dividend payer, but the man that controls a majority of the stock is manipulating the profits so that the holders of the common stock receives no dividends.

The United States Telephone and Telegraph Company, of Waterloo, was sold at auction simply to get a clear title. It is now owned by a company called the Corn Belt Telephone Company and is in the best of hands.

The Orr Telephone Company, of Buffalo, was merely a wildcat scheme of an inventor. This was not an operating concern, but was organized to develop a patent.

The State Telephone Company, of New Jersey, was a company bought up by the Bell, and used by them to be held up as a horrible example. There are dozens of such instances on record.

I received no reply from Dr. McKelway, but an early mail brought a letter from the *business office* of the "Eagle" asserting that the matter had not been published as a "paid advertisement," but "as an attractive bit of financial gossip." My answer was to send the writer a score of articles clipped from papers throughout the country. They were exactly like the one published in the "Eagle," word for word, paragraph for paragraph, except that at the bottom was the fatal "adv.," which the "Eagle" had left off. I sent him also the following extract from the Erie, Pennsylvania, "Times":—

Every few days there appears in the columns of the monopoly and coal baron sheets of this city cleverly worded paid reading notices, having for their purpose the destroying of confidence in the financial standing of the Mutual and Union Telephone Companies of this city in particular, and of independent telephone companies in general. These paid notices, of course, can originate only from competitors who are being severely hurt and it is pleasant to state that, so far as Erie people are concerned, Mutual and Union telephone stockholders only laugh at the ineffectiveness of the effort. The Mutual and Union Companies, of this city, are money-makers of the first order, and the future of both of them grows brighter and brighter every day. The mutual has more business than it knows how to take care of, and the demands are greater than its facilities will supply. The companies are owned by Erie people, and they are managed by Erie men who have the entire confidence of our people.

A book might be filled with an account of the doings of the Bell press bureau, with not a dull line in the whole story.

[Mr. Latzke's next article in this series will appear in our June issue.]

We know people who always seem to have just met with some streak of good luck, which they cannot suppress but must tell us about. They seem never to get over congratulating themselves that they were born just in the nick of time and in just the best possible part of the universe. It is a delight to meet such people. They are a perpetual inspiration. We never see them without renewed confidence in the great good and the beautiful purpose which underlie everything,—without a fresh conviction that every bit of good will struggle somehow toward light and beauty, no matter how dark and unpromising it may seem at the time.

▲ ▲

A cheerful man dwells on the sunrise side of life.

The Activities of Greater New York

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

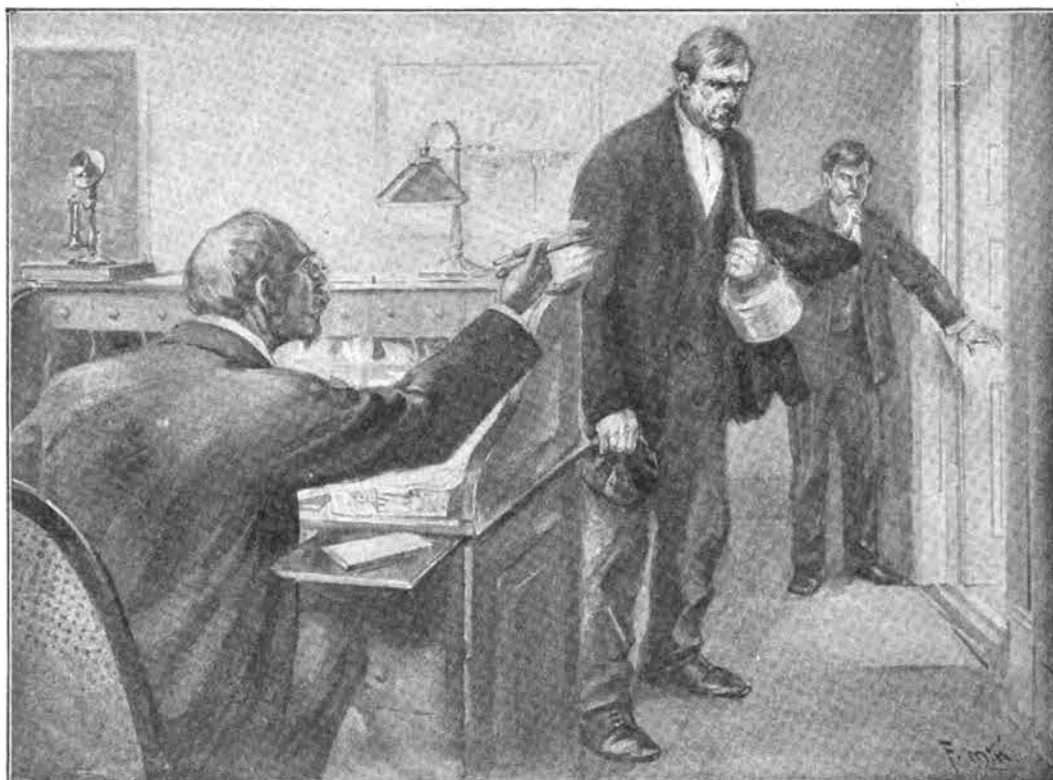
[Concluded from page 332-B]

Manhattan which has 756 delivery wagons, which serves to show to what enormous expense the free-delivery system has put the modern metropolitan merchant. This firm's wagons are sent far into the suburbs.

Another very serious problem that arises from the vast street mileage of New York City is the removal of snow in winter time. During one month of the severe winter of 1904 enough snow was removed from the streets to build a cube 318 feet high, or sixty times the size of Madison Square Garden. This gigantic work required an army of 10,000 men and 3,500 teams, to cart the troublesome flakes away as fast as they banked themselves on the sidewalks and in the streets. The cost was \$250,000, which sum, for the most part, went into the pockets of men who were out of work and who were glad enough to shovel snow to raise money to buy food, fuel, and clothing for their impoverished households.

One of the greatest wonders of New York City is often expressed in the question, "Where do all the people come from who ride on the cars?" Never was this question more pertinent than after the opening of the subway, for it was remarkable that this vast increase in transportation facilities did not seem to diminish the crowds in the surface cars and left the elevated railway trains apparently as choked with passengers as ever during the rush hours, although, from the very opening of the underground railway, it has been taxed in handling the thousands clamoring for admission to the express and the local trains, running, although they do, at very frequent intervals. It seemed that more persons were riding than had been riding before, for all lines were loaded as heavily as ever with the hordes of business folks who hurried down town in the morning and back home in the evening. The corner where the most passengers cross in New York is at Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue. There are two surface car tracks leading across town to and from the ferry to Long Island City, and two surface trolley car tracks underneath, which pass through the Park Avenue tunnel uptown and downtown; and now the subway has burrowed under the old tunnel and has built a new tunnel for its local trains and still another deeper yet for its express trains, making, in all, four sets of double tracks which cross this corner. In one day recently the subway broke its record by transporting 515,000 passengers; and, on that same day, the elevated railroad system of Manhattan alone hauled 865,000. These figures are significant. They show that these two lines of transportation alone, saying nothing of the 1,040 miles of surface car lines, collected in one day a total of 1,380,000 fares. If it be reasonable to assume that each person rode twice that day, once down town and once up town, these figures show that these two lines of transportation, on Manhattan Island and in the Bronx only, transported 690,000 passengers. This assumption seems reasonable, because there must have been a great many more persons who rode only once during the day than there were who rode three times, so the allowance of two rides to a passenger is fair. If the subway and the elevated railways carried 690,000 passengers in a single day, they handled more persons than there are in Liverpool, with its population of 684,947; more than there are inhabitants of St. Louis, with its population of 575,238; more than there are in Boston, with its 560,892; more than there are in Cairo, Naples, Madrid, or Mexico City.

Every member of Father Knickerbocker's family is allowed 105 gallons of water a day, including man, woman, child, and babe in arms. John E. Mc Kay, principal assistant engineer of the department of water supply, is authority for the statement that the borough of Manhattan



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What qualifications for another job could you offer? Would you have to take anything you could get, at whatever they would pay, and thus start all over again? Or do you possess some special training that entitles you to consideration and a good salary wherever your kind of ability is needed? This Training is the thing—the exact technical knowledge of some branch of trade or industry—that makes you valuable and in demand. It is easy to get.

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Foreman Plumber
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Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Build'g Contractor
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Architect
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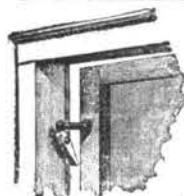
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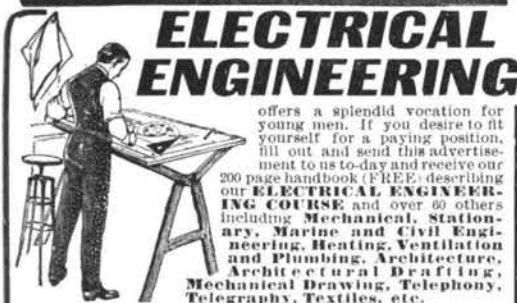
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gets 280,000,000 gallons a day; the Bronx, 40,000,000; and other boroughs, 100,000,000, making a total daily supply of 420,000,000 gallons. Divide this by the four millions of the population and the result shows that the supply *per capita*, by the rule of average, is 105 gallons each day. Divide 105 gallons by the twenty-four hours of the day, and it is clear that the supply *per capita* by the hour is four and one half gallons. Now, one would ask, what on earth does a citizen of New York do with 105 gallons of water a day? The answer is plain. What he does n't drink, or use for cooking and washing, he lets go for street cleaning and street sprinkling, and steam heating and steam power in his neighbors' factories and great buildings, and the thousand and one other things which make water the salvation of a great city. The *per capita* calculation is made simply to show an odd comparison.

This is the story of the statistician, the man who deals with cold, hard figures that can not falsify. It is the real story of the great storm wave of commercial activity which sweeps the shores of Manhattan Island every day. It is a fairy tale in figures and facts, as marvelous as the most fabulous of fables yet as true as that two and two make four. Description sometimes distorts; comparison may be connivance; but addition and subtraction and division are as artless as a child with a slate and pencil.

How German Railroads Prevent Accidents

It would not, of course, be accurate to suppose that railroad traveling in Germany is entirely free from accidents, but there can be no question that the danger to life and limb is much less than in America. What is the reason for this greater security? This was the question put to Baumeister Demminghoff, of Berlin, who is engaged in connection with the experiments with electrically-driven cars on the military road, Berlin-Zossen, on which a maximum speed of one hundred and thirty-one miles an hour was obtained, a year and a half ago. His reply to this many-sided question was both interesting and instructive.

"It is not possible," said he, "to answer such a question with absolute accuracy, since so many elements enter into its discussion, yet attention may not improperly be called to certain points. In the first place, the railroads of Germany belong to the state, and this precludes competition between various lines, which often leads to disregard of the proper precautions. The entire system of railroads is under the direction of a responsible minister whose political existence depends upon their proper administration. Naturally this tends to their conservative and cautious management. These, however, are only general statements, which require to be substantiated by proof in detail. The greatest safeguard yet devised in connection with railroads is the block system. Statistics show that, in 1892, this system was in use on only a few hundred miles of road in the United States; and, although it has been rapidly developed until it has been applied to one seventh of all the lines, yet considerable time is likely to pass before it will be in universal use, as in Germany.

"Next to the block system the greatest factor in the safety of the public is punctuality. Once let the timetable become disarranged, and the entire system falls into disorder. In Germany punctuality is regarded as vitally important, and it is unusual for a train to arrive behind time at its destination. Moreover, if with us a delay occurs, from a hot box or other cause, all the following trains on the same line are held up, and no effort is made to slip past the obstructing train on the adjoining track. Cast-iron regulations exist to govern the conduct of locomotive drivers in every conceivable contingency, and nothing is left to their discretion. This question, of course, is not so simple in America, where the distances are greater and the freight traffic heavier. It is, however, both possible and desirable to arrange the time-tables on a basis liberal enough to preclude late arrivals save under exceptional circumstances. A most fruitful cause of accidents lies in the efforts of engine drivers to make up lost time at any cost. All heavy through trains, in Germany, are provided with a supplementary engine as a safeguard against delays. As a matter of fact, engines in America are, on the whole, in better condition than in Germany, since with the Germans there is too much attention given to repairing them after their natural term of service; whereas, in America, they are replaced by new machines. In the majority of collisions, both in America and elsewhere, it will be noticed that one of the 'offending' parties is usually a freight train, and it will be difficult greatly to decrease the number of accidents in any country until separate tracks have been laid for passenger trains.

Success Magazine

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

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Sold Out!

WE take pleasure in announcing that the editions of SUCCESS MAGAZINE for February, March, and April, 1906, have been completely exhausted. So great was the demand for these issues that, much to our regret, we were unable to supply the many extra orders. It is gratifying, indeed, to hang out the "Sold Out" sign so often, but more gratifying to announce that our circulation is growing to meet the demand.

Popular, clever, interesting reading matter, pictures by artists of note, good paper and clear type are largely responsible for this growth.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE is built to reach a wide range of people. We are widening this range every month. For instance: in this (May) number we commence a department on Recreation and Sports, conducted by Harry Palmer. Every healthy man and woman goes in for some sort of out-of-door sport nowadays. Mr. Palmer is an authority on all kinds of what are commonly known as gentlemanly sports. He was the organizer of the American Sportsmen's Show. He has written for all the publications devoted to out-of-door matters. Mr. Palmer will write on Recreation and Sports exclusively for this magazine.

A man in a small mining town in Idaho writes: "A man borrowed my March SUCCESS and failed to return it. I would rather that he had stolen my watch." Another man writes: "David Graham Phillips's 'The Second Generation' kept me up so late one night that my wife threatened not to cook me any breakfast if I did not come to bed." A Missouri woman writes: "I had a dress made from one of Miss Gould's styles and all my friends are jealous."

These are just a few of thousands of encomiums that have come our way of late. We would publish more if we had the space.

We have just closed a contract with one of the most intense writers of the United States for a serial story that promises to be the greatest exponent of that much-abused expression, "a literary sensation."

Our June number will be an unusually large one. In it will appear Arthur Warren's article on the organization of great corporations. Not a dry, statistical article,—but a real live wire. Samuel Merwin will write on "The Magazine Crusade," and Paul Latzke will conclude his series on the Telephone Trust. Gertrude Vivian will tell of a breakfast with Ethel Barrymore, "from twelve to two." David Ferguson will tell about the peculiar methods of "dummy directors." Among the fiction stories will be a charming love tale by Porter Emerson Browne, a humorous story by Anne O'Hagan, an adventure story by Henry Rideout, a dainty tale of old life by Zona Gale, and a half dozen short stories of human interest.

The Habit of Governing Well

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 328]

usually men who have sat in the council for a great many years. They sit with the councillors, but on account of their larger experience they are usually made chairmen of the committees.

The practical work of the government is carried on by these committees. They actually conduct great enterprises, reporting from time to time to the whole council. The watch committee looks after the fire and police departments, the theaters, street trading, cabs, and weights and measures. The tramways, waterworks, gas, electricity, sanitary, rivers, markets, parks, cemeteries, paving, sewerage, highways, cleansing, education, finance, baths and wash-houses committees are responsible for their several departments. The lord mayor, the aldermen, and the councillors all serve without pay.

Of all the departments of the city, the one, next to the tramways, of which a stranger sees the most is the police. And in the conduct of the police department we find a striking comparison with our American notion of police work. In Manchester, as in London, the policeman is always the servant of the public. As in London, he carries neither club nor revolver. His duties are very nearly the same as those of a New York officer; it is in his method of doing his work that the striking difference lies. He is always quiet, always neat, always respectful, even deferential, in his treatment of the public. Such overbearing manners as we sometimes see in New York policemen would not be tolerated in Manchester,—or in London, for that matter.

Graft in the police department is almost unheard-of. The laws on this subject spring out of a lively public spirit, and are meant to be enforced. Ten years ago an officer was accused of grafting to the extent of about twenty-five dollars. As a result of the investigation that followed the exposure, two or three officers were dismissed from the force. A policeman is not allowed to enter a saloon while on duty, even for shelter from a storm. In New York I have sat for two hours in a hotel *café* with the policeman who was supposed to be patrolling the street in front of the hotel. The enforcement of the law by the police is as nearly absolute as is consistent with fair government. An interesting illustration of this fact is found in the enforcement of the liquor law. Saloon keepers are forbidden to sell liquor to drunken men. If an officer suspects that the law has been violated he takes the recipient of the "drop too much" to the police station, where the sergeant puts him through the crude, but roughly effective, "chalk-line test." If the man is technically adjudged drunk, the license of the saloon keeper is indorsed on the back by the police. At the second offense the license is revoked. Laws enforced in this manner are not likely to be violated.

III.—How the People Watch the Council

THE government of Manchester is a business. Its liabilities are about \$156,000,000; its assets are about \$147,000,000; and the deficiency, about \$9,000,000, represents the amount which the ratepayers have to contribute each year. The figures indicate that it is a big business. The management of this big business is absolutely in the hands of the city council, acting through its committees. As I have said, the system is simple, and the responsibility can not be evaded as it can be in a muddled-up, complicated system like that of New York or Chicago or Newark. The people know what has to be done, and they know who



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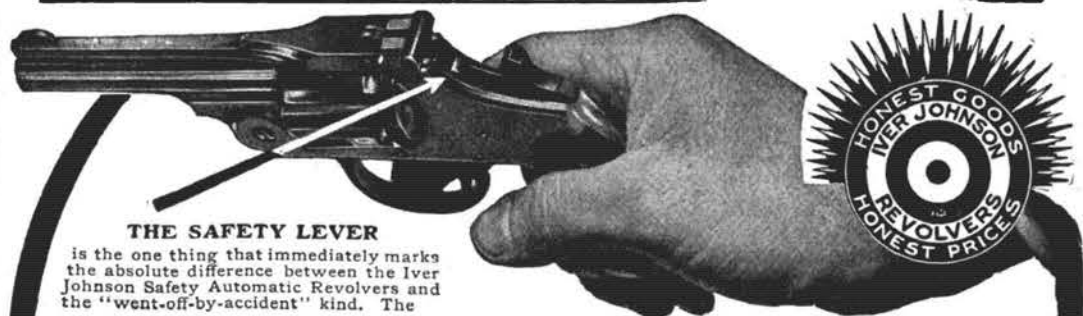
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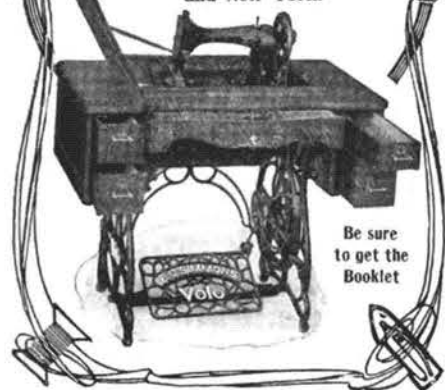
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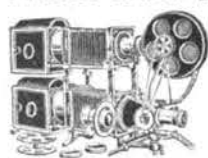
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has to do it. But, even at that, big figures are confusing to the average mind. And then, too, it is well to submit the figures which a city council publishes to an unsympathetic eye. And so, because the people of Manchester propose to know what is done with their money, they have in their service two men whose business it is to investigate and publish, at regular intervals, every tendency of the council toward carelessness or extravagance. Never for a moment are the councillors permitted to forget whose money it is that they are managing with such fluent ease.

These two men are known as "elective auditors." They are elected directly by the people, and the more merciless their attacks on the council the better they please the people. They are free from the slightest obligation to the council. They have access to all facts and figures, for the people of Manchester find it difficult to understand why their government, managed by their personal representatives with their money, should not work wholly in the light. And it is in the reports of the more aggressive of the present auditors, S. Norbury Williams, that we get what is, perhaps, to an American, the most interesting view of the Manchester way of governing.

These reports are published weekly in the Manchester "City News." Mr. Williams is a fearless man. He is bent on exposing every questionable tendency in the city's governing body. He is determined that the people shall know the worst. And the readers of this article, in the light of what they have lately learned of the worst in American city governments, will be interested in learning what is the worst that a fearless investigator can say about Manchester. Will it be graft: members of the council awarding themselves million-dollar city contracts? Will it be betrayal of the people: rapid transit commissioners and a mayor signing away the streets, and the earth under the streets, and the air above the streets, for a thousand years, to an unprincipled band of robbers? Will it be a shameful record of city governors afraid to vote against the interests of such robbers? Will it lead us into disclosures of city officials elected to office with the help of organized intimidation at the polls, and wholesale bribery, and fraud in recording ballots? Will it be that agents of corporations sit in the council chamber and tell the councillors what measures they shall consider and how they shall vote? Will it disclose a patronage system under which all the employees of the city are swept out of office after every election, regardless of record or fitness? We shrink away from the facts in our American cities. Now, by way of comparison, let us take down a file of the Manchester "City News" and bid Mr. Williams give us the bitter truth about Manchester. In the issue of October 21, 1905, we find the following spirited comment. The occasion was the visit of the council to the gas works:—

"I have already stated," says Mr. Williams, "that it would be wearisome to give long columns of figures in relation to eating, drinking, and so on. In the town hall books, invoices for these things are everlastingly cropping up. . . . I had so many letters at the time, and since, asking me what the affair cost, that I venture to give a few figures in relation to it. . . . The entry [One of about seventy on this one sheet.] was in these innocent words:—

"Thomas Williams, expenses, . . . £78 19s. 0d."
"But on this same sheet appear also, at intervals, these items:—
"John Sandbach and Sons, wines, . . . £34 14s. 8d."
"Thomas Wilson, cigars, . . . £5 3s. 0d."
"I can quite understand the finance committee men making the defense that the first of these items looked so legitimate that they signed the sheet without any qualms of conscience. But they could see plainly that the other two items are strictly illegal."

A week earlier, October 14, 1905, Mr. Norbury Williams discovered the fact that the council, after building a small brick-and-stone bridge over the canal, had decorated it with two granite tablets, each of them bearing "a suitable inscription." I quote his comment on this monstrous extravagance:—

"Mark you, two tablets! One was not enough. If the names of the men who constructed this hop-skip-and-jump bridge must be handed down to posterity for the next ten generations, surely one solid granite tablet, eighteen inches thick, would have been sufficient.



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"But not so! This committee does nothing by halves. The men who are not satisfied with fewer than two feeds are not content with less than two tablets. The councillors who favor feeds and tablets are the men who can swallow quite easily the waste of £20,000 on a bath, or of £10,000 on a bungled culvert. It is this spirit of sheer cussedness that I object to; this spending of our moneys as though we picked them up in the street."

It occurs to me, in glancing back over this article, that I have, perhaps, given the impression that Manchester is a perfect sort of a place. If I have, it has been unintentionally. Compared with New York or Newark, Manchester throws out the light of an exalted civic ideal. But the citizens are, without doubt, some distance lower than the angels. Mr. Williams, who is generally recognized in England as a pioneer in his particular work, has uncovered, at one time or another, several moderately ugly facts. He has made public the fact of great extravagance on the part of the council in a number of city undertakings. His exposure of the "scamped sewers" scandal, a case in which contractors were supplying inferior brickwork, resulted in a more effective system of inspection. In 1900, he delivered an address to the citizens in which he charged that the lord mayor-elect—Alderman Lloyd Higginbottom,—had made a profit from contracts placed with the city. A special committee investigated the charges and substantially indorsed them; whereupon Alderman Higginbottom resigned his connection with the council.

These occasional discoveries go to show that the citizens of Manchester are human beings. But I have been able to find nothing even suggestive of an organized system bent on business or political plunder. There is no Tammany Hall in Manchester, there is no Public Service Corporation. There has been extravagance in carrying out public works, but nothing to compare with the twenty-five-million-dollar capitol at Albany, or with the hundred-million-dollar street-car system of New Jersey. Individuals have now and then gone wrong, but a clean, vigorous public opinion has continually made itself felt. Norbury Williams has been attacked again and again by an angry council, but for thirteen years the 90,000 voters of Manchester have kept him in the office, where, without pay, he has ably, fearlessly, and more than vigorously shown them how their money was being handled. He has been asked three times to stand for parliament, three times to become a magistrate, and forty-four times to stand for the Manchester city council. All of these requests he has declined.

In 1891, Mr. Williams's searching criticisms led the corporation of the city to sue him for libel. The case was decided in his favor by two judges of the Queen's Bench, in London, with the costs against the corporation. Later, in 1897, the question of the right of the burgesses (or voters of a borough) to inspect the minutes of any proceedings of a city corporation became a fighting issue in England. Mr. Williams settled the question, not only for Manchester, but for all the cities of the United Kingdom as well, by bringing an action against the Manchester Corporation to compel it to allow any burgess, on payment of a shilling, to inspect any minutes of the corporation. He won the case. Besides his frequent articles in the "City News," he has, on occasion, employed circulars and posters to arouse the citizens. In short, Mr. Williams is to Manchester what certain magazines and weeklies, and the livelier newspapers, are to-day to our American cities.

IV.—"They Are Touchy about Their Honor" in Manchester

I HAVE given you, I think, a fair superficial view of the Manchester idea in city government. And, having done so, I must attempt to answer the question that takes us straight to the heart of the matter of citizenship, good, bad and indifferent. The scheme works in Manchester. But why does it work? What is to prevent a gang of contractors from buying up the leading councillors, giving stock and tips on the market to the lesser ones, letting Norbury Williams in as vice president of the contracting company, intimidating the citizens through the banks, "influencing" the leading newspapers, and, with bought officials and a muzzled press, what is to stop them from running up the annual budget, and from eating up, by means of an intricate system of contracts, the profits of the various city departments? There would be money in the deal for the councillors, and for Williams and the newspapers. And the people would have an endless job getting at the facts. Even if they should uncover a few irregularities they would have another endless job sending any of their "leading citizens" to the penitentiary, for our contractor friends would give stock and railway passes to the judges, who would, with all proper dignity and decorum, wrap the big men about with the money-protecting formalities of the law. Besides, the big men would by this time be leaders in parliament, and would be giving a small per cent. of their stealings toward new universities and needy hospitals. It would be easy to do. We in America have reason to know how easy. For this is our struggle.

This is the struggle of Newark, and of New York, and of the other big and little cities.

But the inspiring fact is that Manchester does n't do it that way. The council may not be a model of scientific economy, but it is pretty nearly honest. Its

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members give their services without pay—they are proud to serve. That old-fashioned principle of government which establishes the protection of the unthinking many from the wiles of the unscrupulous few, really works in Manchester. And yet the citizens of Manchester are plain, everyday Englishmen, in no essential different from the plain Americans of Newark. They are manufacturers; so are the men of Newark. They buy and sell to one another. They compete pretty sharply with one another. They lie a bit, now and then, as men will. But fortunately for them, and for their example to us, they have got the idea of simple, honest, real government fixed in their minds. Surface political conditions are bound to be symptomatic, not necessarily of the deeper principles of a people, but of its casual habit of mind.

In a quite materialist spirit, in an almost sordid spirit, the citizens of Manchester have come to see that *bad government is expensive*. Graft is always paid by the taxpayers. Every penny that Boss Murphy's contracting company receives for New York City work comes from the taxpayers. Every penny which corporations pay to campaign committees comes from the people.

The citizens of Manchester have learned this lesson. When their elective auditor says, "I object to this spending of *our* moneys as though we picked them up in the streets," they understand what he means. Since they know that every penny of municipal graft or extravagance must come out of their own individual pockets, they propose to run their city as honestly and efficiently as they can. And, since they know that every penny of the money employed by a "public service" corporation to corrupt a city must come out of these same individual pockets through excessive street-car fares and gas and electric-light bills, they propose to run their own gas and electric-light works and their own street cars.

But this is not all. There is a finer strain in the civic character of Manchester. I asked Mr. Sullivan, the editor of the "City News," if it was the custom of the members of the council to take advantage of their political power to trade in the city's necessities. It is a thing that we have come to expect in America. Here is Mr. Sullivan's reply; and it is the finest thing that could be said about Manchester.

"Oh no, no," he said; "the councillors don't trade with the city. You know what happened to Alderman Higginbottom. Oh, no!"

"Why don't they?"

"Oh, it would n't do at all. *They are touchy about that.*"

And there, I think, you have the root of the matter. They are "touchy" about their honor in Manchester. They of Manchester are plain, hard-headed men, as are the men of Newark. The men of Manchester have got into the habit of governing well—on the whole, exceedingly well. The men of Newark have fallen into the habit of governing badly. It comes hard to break habits. But can it not be done?

To answer this question in the negative would be to say the saddest thing that could be said for American citizenship.

Mr. Bryan in Japan

THE recent visit of Mr. William J. Bryan, whose masterly article on the horrors of Chinese immigration appeared in the April issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, to the Orient called forth many expressions of esteem from eastern dignitaries, newspapers, and commercial bodies. After his weeks' stay in the Japanese capital, a Tokyo paper published an editorial estimate of his character which is interesting as showing the impression that his strong American personality has made on his foreign hosts.

"Mr. Bryan," says the paper in question, left many instructive lessons during his week's stay in the capital.

"1.—He taught to the 5,000 students of Waseda the secret of oratory and mentioned three elements of its success: knowledge, sincerity, and simplicity. He is the very example of these three elements. He is a man of great memory. When he once stands on the platform, rich materials easily come to his mouth. He is a man of sincerity, and full of spirit when he speaks. We lack orations full of spirit.

"2.—He is a man of principle. He insisted upon the importance of ennobling ideals for political parties of each country, and expressed his desire for the promotion of justice, not only among individuals, but also among nations.

"3.—He is a Christian who does not consider it a shame to be a Christian, or to preach the gospel. His faith in Christ is the foundation of everything. His opinions of business and education come from this spring. He failed in the candidacy for the presidency but this is not failure of his faith and character, but only the result of difference from his noble and profound political opinions.

"4.—The fourth lesson is that he is not a too serious man, but one who understands humorous talk, and he is open-hearted.

"May his instruction given to our countrymen bear fruit and produce such a great personality as he is among our people."

All the great achievements in the history of the world are the results of quick and steadfast decision.

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What Did Dugan Do to 'Em?

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

[Concluded from page 317]

conservative beneficiary endowments, why,— why does not the twelve-year reactionary cut-off policy of the Immutible Company do the same?" I will explain why it does not."

He explained it.

Dugan, by the time it was explained, had a new symptom,— a dizzy feeling in the brain. It was more pronounced than any other symptom he had yet had.

Mr. Comstock already had out his pen.

"Age?" he asked,— "age of father, mother, father's mother, father's father, mother's mother, mother's father? Age of brothers, sisters?" Then he paused, and asked, impressively, "Have you ever had dyspepsia?"

The life insurance examinee's moral debasement seized Dugan. He did not hesitate. A man may be dying of dyspepsia; but, when the examiner asks the question, no man ever answers, "Yes." As soon as the sheet of questions is spread out on the table the sickest man becomes whole. He has never had fits, measles, bronchitis, or shortness of breath. He has never had consumption, insanity, or spasms in his family. He and his ancestors back to the days of Noah have been sound in wind and limb. He has not smoked too much, or used liquors to excess. His habits become temperate and his health good. He becomes miraculously cured. His chest swells, he breathes deep, he stands erect, and his eye gleams.

Dugan shed a million germs a second, for about sixty seconds. He could not remember an ill day, or a pain, or an ache, or a symptom. He stood, proudly erect, a marvelous example of perfect manhood and health.

He signed his name on the line the agent pointed out, was told that the examining physician would see him the next day, and Mr. Comstock departed, quickly and unhesitatingly.

For a moment Dugan stood dazed. He was so well that he felt sick. Then his eye fell on the paper Mr. Comstock had left behind. Dugan ran to the door with it, but Mr. Comstock had disappeared. Mary looked in from the kitchen door.

"Is he gone, Mike?" she asked; "an' how did ye stand ut, poor man?"

"Oi dunno!" he said; "Oi dunno! Oi dunno anything, yit, Mary. But wan thing Oi do know,— 't is mortal sick Oi must be, fer niver wan av thim symptoms kin Oi feel. Oi'm so sick Oi feel well, Mary! Th' felly talked thim germs out av me, fer th' minute, beloike! but 't is back they'll be, immejut. Oi feel wan av thim now."

He sank into a chair and listlessly gazed at the paper he held. Slowly he realized that it was a printed paper, and suddenly he saw the words, "KING OF PAIN," in large letters at the head of the page that was toward him. "EXPOSED," it also said.

"If I live till th' docthor comes," he said, slowly, "'t examine me, thin Oi can die anny toime. An' 't will not be long, there bein' no cure fer me but th' 'King av—'"

His eyes caught this sentence halfway down the page in the *expose* he held in his hands:—

"'King of Pain' is, in fact, no more than four parts bad whisky with six parts water. Every result obtainable by the use of 'King of Pain' can be quite as well obtained by the use of simple whisky and water!"

Dugan read the paragraph in italics twice.

"Mary," he said, "hand me my hat, for Oi will be goin' down t' Grogan's. Oi see by th' paper Grogan has got a cure for th' germs in me."

He read the paragraph again.

"Shud an insurance policy docthor call t' see

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It dries with a beautiful luster as hard as flint. Heel prints, mars or scratches will not show white on floors. Tables, Chairs, Andirons, Chandeliers, Window and Door Screens, Weather-beaten Doors, Ranges, Wicker Furniture, and, in fact, everything of wood or metal you may have about your house is better for a can of JAP-A-LAC.

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\$3.00



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Send for Our Catalogue "Beacon Light"

It is a guide to correct footwear. With this in your possession you can buy the Beacon Shoe of the proper style and shape to suit your requirements and with as much certainty of satisfaction as though you were fitted in a store.

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is on all genuine Cooper's "Spring-Needle" Derby-Ribbed Underwear. Knitted on machines invented and patented by Charles Cooper.

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I dislike to admit that rubber heels are a benefit, but I have to. Come down to business and be honest with yourself—rubber on your heels is the correct thing. Be sure and secure O'Sullivan's; they are the only heels of New Rubber. Remember the name when ordering—don't cost you any more. Any dealer or the makers, O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., - Lowell, Mass.

\$1.00 AN HOUR MALE OR FEMALE
Introducing Dr. Hall's Electric Combs. Samples to Agents
C. S. HORNOR CO., 1417 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

me, t'-morry mornin', Mary," he said, opening the door, "spake him koindly an' say"—and he scratched his ear and grinned,— "say th' corpus has decided t' thry th' twilve-year reactionary cut-off policy av th' Immutible Insurance Company phwat Mr. Comstock spoke so hoighly of."

He closed the door and Mary stood looking at it. It opened almost immediately and Dugan came in. He walked up to her, and, before she could realize his intention, kissed her.

"Oi know wan av two things," she said to herself, when he had gone out again, — "ayther Mike has hed a dhrink, or he's goin' t' hev wan moighty suddint."

A Long Toss to Chile

"IN ANTE-BELLUM days," said Colonel Thomas Nelson, an old friend of Abraham Lincoln, "the stage from Paris, Illinois, on arriving at Terre Haute, always stopped at the Clark House, at that time the principal hotel in the city. I happened to be on hand, one day, when it brought with it a single passenger, a long, lanky customer, who, after eating a hurried breakfast, re-entered the stage and resumed his journey to Indianapolis. I was also a passenger, and, to while away the time, I endeavored to scrape an acquaintance with the lanky individual, whom I took to be some untutored country storekeeper from an outlying settlement on his way to Indianapolis to replenish his stock of goods. His remarks, however, were sensible, and he told amusing stories in quite an effective way. I also talk'd,—talked very learnedly,—and soon had the stranger gazing at me with parted lips and open eyes, in evident admiration of the great wisdom of his traveling companion.

"On arriving at our destination, I put up at the hotel, and, after an elaborate toilet, made my way to the office. There, to my astonishment, I beheld my late traveling companion the central figure of a group of gentlemen most of whom I had met before and knew to be men of the highest social and political positions in Indianapolis. Stepping up to the counter, whereon rested the open register, I looked hastily at the last entries upon its pages, and read, written in a bold hand, just below my own signature, the name, 'A. Lincoln.'

"The perspiration oozed through the pores of the skin of my forehead, and, hastily calling for my carpetbag, I incontinently sought quarters elsewhere.

"In 1861 my friends succeeded in securing an appointment for me. Governor Morton, who was then at Washington, telegraphed for me to 'come on,' and, when I called on him at the capitol, he informed me that, in all probability, I would be appointed minister to Chile. Calling upon the president was another matter; but, after so long a time filled with events of the greatest moment, I hoped he would not recognize his fellow passenger who, years before, had aired his erudition in the stagecoach on the way from Terre Haute to Indianapolis.

"Mr. Lincoln greeted me cordially, and, after notifying me of my appointment and expressing the hope that I would accept it, looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, and said: 'Colonel Nelson, do you know I have often thought of your dissertation on the interrelation of centrifugal and centripetal forces, during a stagecoach ride we once took together. I shall never forget it. And now, colonel, what would you call a force powerful enough to toss you away off to Chile?'

Why Poe Left West Point

SEVERAL army officers were sitting in a New York hotel, recently, discussing old times at West Point. The talk turned on the instructors who used to put them through their paces.

"I shall never forget old Professor Church," exclaimed one. "He always impressed me as being about a hundred years old, and I guess he was pretty well along, because, one day, up in the library, when I happened to be looking at a portrait of Edgar Allan Poe, he informed me that he had taught the poet mathematics, and explained how the young man came to leave.

"It was as much of a crime in those days as now for a cadet to be off limits without permission. It meant dismissal. Poe, being an untamed spirit, could n't resist the temptation to take a chance now and then and run down to a resort at Highland Falls. He and four other cadets stole off late, one night, and were having a high old time, when they heard a squad from the Point coming down the road. You can imagine the wild scattering. Two cadets sought the cellar, and two more the rooms above; Poe was small and was lifted into a convenient sugar barrel. The four other fugitives were quickly discovered. It was an afterthought on the part of the lieutenant in command to lift up the lid of the sugar barrel. He dragged Poe out, and marched him, with the others, off to the guard house. He had offended before, and was regarded as the ringleader in the escapade, and so his career as a soldier came to an end."

"And a mighty good thing it was," exclaimed one of the listeners, "for the world of letters!"

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If you mention this magazine when ordering, we will send you a return check for 25 cents which we will accept as cash in a future order. Free to all who ask for it, whether ordering the above collection or not, the 37th annual edition of **Our New Guide to Rose Culture for 1906—the Leading Rose Catalogue of America**, 116 pages. Tells how to grow and describes our famous Roses and all other flowers worth growing. Offers at lowest prices a complete list of Flower and Vegetable Seeds.

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Has cleaned out the worst infested "rat-holes." Rats and mice leave choicest food and grain for it. Dry, clean; never leaves a mark.

All Druggists—15 cts. a box

If yours hasn't it, send us 25c. for one box or 60c. for three boxes, express prepaid.

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Dr. Walker's Health Talks

Food for Mental Workers

By EMMA E. WALKER, M. D.

A GIRL student, who had spent some years in Paris, was so overcome on her return to New York by the desire for a dish of smoking American griddlecakes that she could never pass by a certain restaurant, near her down-town office, where the white-capped cook deftly flops these delectable morsels on his window-gridiron every noon-time. So for a space of six weeks she feasted upon hot griddlecakes, melted butter, and maple syrup.

Although it gives one a shiver to think of the task set before her digestive organs, nevertheless she had youth on her side, and could commit this dietetic sin with apparent impunity, whereas her mother or her grandmother would have paid a penalty in proportion to their increasing years.

The other day I had the opportunity of being taken through one of our large Eastern engine yards. I was struck by a remark made by my grizzled old guide, who

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DR. WALKER

said, "You see, it's a great deal harder to manage an old engine when her pipes and flues get clogged up, than it is to clean out a new one."

I immediately thought of the griddlecake girl, for though she was still in her twenties, the limit of her digestive powers was soon reached. As she afterwards told me, she found that, to continue with her work, she would have to make a decided change in her methods of eating. She had the good sense to realize that she, herself, better even than her physician, could find out, by experimenting, what foods she could best digest. For she had learned what an important part personal idiosyncrasy plays in the diet, and she is now carrying out practically the following regime:—

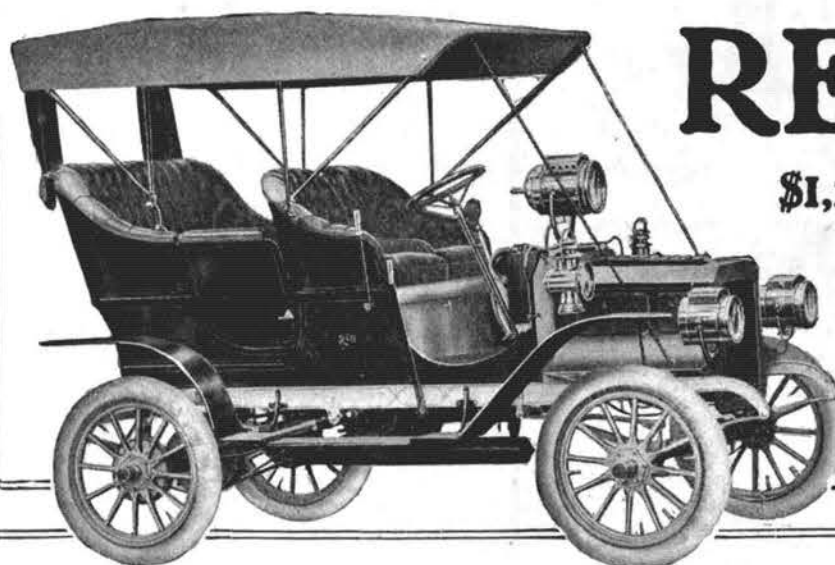
As every penny has to count, she gets her own breakfast in her room. This consists of a baked apple with cream, a roll and butter, and a cup of hot milk which she sips very slowly. The apple she buys the night before, already cooked, at a delicatessen store. The cream, milk, a crusty French roll and butter she gets there too. But these are sent to her room early in the morning, so that she is sure that they are perfectly fresh. As she is a disciple of Fletcher in methods of mastication, everything taken into her mouth is chewed so thoroughly that there is no consciousness of any voluntary effort in swallowing. Every bit of food before passing from her mouth is thoroughly divided and mixed with saliva.

At noon, there is but a limited time for lunch, only half an hour, and rather than to choke down a conventional meal, she visits a neighboring drug store, with its immaculate white marble counter, where the druggist has learned to make for her a concoction consisting of one or two fresh eggs, malted milk powder, some coffee for flavoring, the whole mixed with hot water and topped with whipped cream. This little outing gives her a breath of fresh air and a bit of exercise, as well as allowing her plenty of time to take this nourishing mixture.

Our bachelor girl at dinner finds that, since she has been eating more slowly, she does not care for as much food as she used to think necessary. Although not an extremist, she has cut down the quantity of meat to about one-third of her former allowance. An average dinner now consists of one lamb chop, asparagus, creamed potatoes, bread and butter, orange salad with mayonnaise dressing, cream cheese and crackers, and a *demi tasse* of coffee with sugar. Her improved appearance would be enough, without her enthusiastic praises of this new mode of living, to convince you of its wisdom. She is a hard worker, too, being confined six hours a day to her office, using her brain constantly during working hours.

Do not think, however, that the diet was adopted at once. She fell into it so gradually that the morning steak and cereal, the rich luncheons and heavy dinners were not missed.

Another business woman whom I know is more favored in her allowance of time at noon. She has the opportunity, too, of heating anything she wishes. She has run over for me several favorite lunches. She is not a stickler for brown bread,—although appreciating its



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"We have driven our REO five thousand miles, with a repair bill—excepting tires—of less than two dollars," writes *W. R. Strait, Wolcott, N. J.*

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"Near Cathedral Spires at the foot of Pike's Peak," says *Albert J. Cole, of Denver, Colo.,* "our gradometer showed that our 16 h. p. REO engine was driving a total weight of 2,725 lbs. up a grade of 18 to 20 per cent. through three inches of red sand. Any one ever making this trip by machine, or otherwise, will verify what I say. It is remarkable what the REO can do as a hill climber."

These are only a few of the countless examples of the REO's thorough making good.

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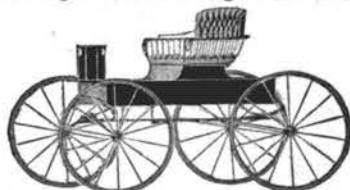
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When soiled discard. By mail, 10 collars or 5 pairs cuffs, 30 cents. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cents in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

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25 Cents at all druggists. Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wis.

ordinarily excellent laxative effects,—for she has studied this subject and knows that bread made from the coarser flours is not so completely assimilated by the body, on account of the quantity of cellulose, as is the same quantity of white bread. Flour is so carefully manufactured in these days that food made from it, if properly cooked and eaten, is very nutritious. Wheat flour contains gluten, starch, and various salts. So bread and butter forms a most excellent article of diet. This young woman often uses, instead of butter, a mayonnaise dressing, the secret of which she has handed over to me. One should be most particular regarding the quality of all the ingredients. The yolks of two perfectly fresh eggs are beaten; then olive oil is slowly added, a few drops at a time, the beating still going on. Care must be taken until about half of the cup of oil which is used has been added, for, if there is too much haste, these ingredients will separate or curdle. After the oil and yolks are thoroughly amalgamated, a scant tablespoonful of vinegar, a pinch of salt (about half a saltspoonful,) and, the crowning point, a bit of red pepper, are thoroughly beaten into the mayonnaise. If it should seem too thick, a little ice-water will give it the proper consistence. The great drawback with this dressing is that one never wishes to stop eating it. The red pepper is so appetizing that there is always the desire for one little taste more.

Sometimes the lunch consists of a bread sandwich with thin slices of roast beef or turkey or chicken and the mayonnaise. A little celery and a few nuts are a pleasant addition. When plain bread and butter is used with the chicken, a tiny dish of stewed cranberries affords a good relish. This girl, having lived originally in the South, is very fond of buttermilk, and as the office is near a down-town dairy, she often indulges in a pint of this delectable beverage, and with it prefers some kind of dark bread.

On other days a vegetable soup or a *bisque*, together with plain bread and butter, take their turn. A favorite dessert consists of dates stuffed with chopped nuts. She has also learned that figs and raisins make a good "top-off."

Egg sandwiches make another lunch on the list. The eggs are boiled for ten minutes, and the yolks are then rubbed through a sieve and delicately seasoned. When there is an opportunity of taking raw eggs to the lunch room to boil at noon, instead of the conventional three and one-half minutes' cooking, they are plunged into a pan of boiling water, which is then put on the back of the stove and left for ten minutes. In this way the white of the egg is uniformly coagulated, and the yolk has just the right consistence. On the unusual occasions when stomach and head for some reason or other have become upset, and our worker feels not quite in trim to digest even these light lunches, she goes either to a drug store for a bottle of koumiss or to a dairy for buttermilk.

Choosing the Way

By Louis E. Swarts

Show me the pathway of duty
Where judgment would lead me astray.
Point, O my heart, to the beauty,
And joy of the heavenly way.

Show me the way to a future
That gives, with its meed of success,
The thoughts and ideals that will nurture
Life's efforts with love,—not duress.

Teach then to live with the spirit,
To do for the sake of the deed;
Where the lifetime of justice and merit
Is reward in itself without need.

When on the marge of life's forest
False judgment may lead me astray,
Point, O my heart, to the beauty,
And joy of the heavenly way.

A Poor Fit

A NUMBER of Missourians at Washington were one day swapping stories illustrative of the keen wit of the late George Vest, for so many years a senator from that state.

"I once heard of a case," said Champ Clark, "in which Vest was retained as counsel for the defense, where he turned the scales by a neat retort.

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The Second Generation

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[Continued from page 326]

all this that you've been saying,—it's a big subject; but I do know about this boy of mine. I wish I'd 'a' taken your advice, Mark, and put him in your school. But his mother was set on the East,—on Harvard." Tears were in his eyes at this. He remembered how she, knowing nothing of college, but feeling it was her duty to educate her children properly, a duty she must not put upon others, had sent for the catalogues of all the famous colleges in the country. He could see her poring over the catalogues, balancing one offering of educational advantage against another, finally deciding for Harvard, the greatest of them all. He could hear her saying: "It'll cost a great deal, Hiram. As near as I can reckon it out, it'll cost about a thousand dollars a year,—twelve hundred if we want to be v-e-r-y liberal,—so the catalogue says. But Harvard's the biggest, and has the most teachers and scholars, and we want our Arthur to have the best." And now—By what bitter experience had he learned that the college is not in the catalogue,—is a thing apart, unrelated and immeasurably different! His tears were hot with anger as he thought how the boy's honest, conscientious mother had been betrayed.

"Look here, Mark," he blazed out, "if I leave money to your college, I want to see that it don't become like them eastern institutions of learning." He made a gesture of disgust. "Learning!"

"If you leave us anything, Hiram, leave it so that any young man who gets its advantages must work for them."

"That's it!" exclaimed Hiram. "That's what I want. Can you draw me up that kind of a plan? No boy, no matter what he has at home, can come to that there college without working his way through, without learning to work,—me to provide the chance to earn the living."

"I had worked out just such a plan," said Hargrave, drawing a paper from his pocket. "I have had it ready for years waiting for just such an opportunity."

"Read it," said Hiram, sitting back and closing his eyes and beginning to rub his forehead with his big hand.

And Hargrave read, forgetting his surroundings, forgetting everything in his enthusiasm for this dream of his life—a university, in fact as well as in name, which would attract the ambitious children of the poor, would teach them how to live honestly and nobly, would give them not only useful knowledge to work with but also the light to work by. "You see, Hiram, I think a child ought to begin to be a man as soon as he begins to live—a man, standing on his own feet, in his own shoes, with the courage that comes from knowing how to do well something which the world needs."

He looked at Hiram for the first time in nearly half an hour. He was alarmed by the haggard, ghastly grayness of that majestic face; and his thought was not for his plan probably about to be thwarted by the man's premature death, but of his own selfishness in wearying and imperiling him by importunity at such a time. "But we'll talk of this again," he said sadly, putting the paper in his pocket and rising for instant departure.

"Give me the paper," said Hiram, putting out his trembling hand, but not lifting his heavy, blue-black lids.

Mark gave it to him hesitatingly. "You'd better put it off till you're stronger, Hiram," he said.

"I'll see," said Hiram. "Good morning, Mark." Judge Torrey was the next to get Ranger's summons; it came toward mid-afternoon of that same day.

Like Hargrave, Torrey had been his life-long friend. "Torrey," he said, "I want you to examine this plan"—and he held up the paper Hargrave had left—"and, if it is not legal, put it into legal shape, and incorporate it into my will. I feel I ain't got much time." With a far-away, listening look—"I must put my house in order—in order. Draw up a will and bring it to me before five o'clock. I want you to write it yourself—trust no one—let no one see it—no one!" His eyes were bright, his cheeks bluish, and he spoke in a thick, excited voice that broke and shrilled toward the end of each sentence.

"I can't do it to-day. Too much haste—"

"To-day!" commanded Hiram. "I won't rest till it's done!"

"Of course, I can—"

"Read the paper now," said Hiram, "and give me your opinion."

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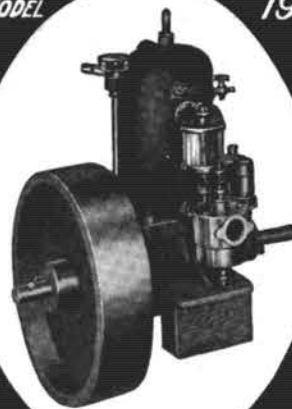
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Torrey put on his glasses, opened the paper. "Oh!" he exclaimed. "I remember this. It's in my partner's handwriting. Hargrave had Watson draw it up about five years ago. We were very careful in preparing it. It is legal."

"Very well," continued Hiram. "Now I'll give you the points of my will."

Torrey took paper and pencil from his pocket.

"First," began Hiram, speaking as if he were reciting something he had learned by heart, "to my wife, Ellen, this house and everything in it, and the grounds and all the horses and carriages and that kind of thing."

"Yes," said Torrey, looking up from his note making.

"Second, to my wife an income of seven thousand a year for life—that is what it cost us to live last year. Seven thousand for life—but only for life."

"Yes," said Torrey, his look at Hiram now uneasy and expectant.

"Third, to my daughter, Adelaide, two thousand a year for her life—to be divided among her daughters equally, if she have any; if not, to revert to my estate at her death."

"Yes," said Torrey.

"Fourth, to my son, five thousand dollars in cash."

A long pause, Torrey looking at his old friend and client as if he thought one or the other of them bereft of his senses. At last, he said, "Yes, Hiram."

"Fifth, to my brothers, Jacob and Ezra, four hundred dollars each," continued Hiram, in his same voice of repeating by rote, "and to my sister Prudence, five thousand dollars,—so fixed that her husband can't touch it."

"Yes," said Torrey.

"Sixth, the rest of my estate to be made into a trust, with Charles Whitney and Mark Hargrave and Hampden Scarborough trustees, with power to select their successors. The trust to be administered for the benefit of Tecumseh University under the plan you have there."

Torrey half rose from his chair, his usually calm old face now reflecting his inner contention of grief, alarm, and protest. But there was that in Hiram's face that made him sink back without having spoken.

"Seventh," continued Hiram, "the mills and the cooerage to be continued as now, and not to be sold until fifteen years have past. If my son Arthur wishes to have employment in them, he is to have it at the proper wages for the work he does. If at the end of fifteen years he wishes to buy them, he is to have the right to buy, that is, my controlling interest in them, provided he can make a cash payment of ten per cent. of the then value; and, if he can do that, he is to have ten years in which to complete the payment,—or longer, if the trustees think it wise."

A long pause; Hiram seemed slowly to relax and collapse like a man stretched on the rack who ceases to suffer either because the torture is ended or because his nerves mercifully refuse to register any more pain. "That is all," he said, wearily.

Torrey wiped his glasses, put them on, wiped them again, hung them on the hook attached to the lapel of his waistcoat, put them on, studied the paper, then said, hesitatingly: "As one of your oldest friends, Hiram, and in view of the surprising nature of the—"

"I do not wish to discuss it," interrupted Hiram, with that crustiness of manner which he always used to hide his softness, and which deceived everyone, often even his wife. "Come back at five o'clock with two witnesses."

Torrey rose, his body shifting with his shifting mind as it cast about for an excuse for lingering. "Very well, Hiram," he finally said. As he shook hands, he blurted out huskily, "The boy's a fine young fellow. Hi. It don't seem right to me to disgrace him by cutting him off this way."

Hiram winced. "Wait a minute," he said. He had forgotten the public,—how the town would gossip and insinuate. "Put in this sentence, Torrey." And deliberately, with long pauses to construct the phrases, he dictated: "I make this disposal of my estate through my great love for my dear children, and because I have firm belief in the soundness of their character and in their capacity to do and to be, and feel that they will be better off without the wealth which would tempt my son to relax his efforts to make a useful man of himself and would cause my daughter to be sought for her fortune instead of for herself."

"That may quiet gossip against your children," said Torrey, when he had taken down Hiram's slowly enunciated words, "but it does not change the extraordinary character of the will."

"John," said Hiram, "can you think of a single instance in which inherited wealth has been a benefit,—when a man has become more of a man than he would have been had he not had an inheritance?"

Hiram waited long. Torrey finally said: "That may be, but—." But what? Torrey did not know, and so came to a full stop.

"I've been trying for weeks to think of one," continued Hiram, "and whenever I thought I had recalled one, I'd find, on looking at all the facts, that it only seemed to be so. And I recalled nearly a hundred instances right here in Saint X where big inheritances of little had been ruinous."

"I have never thought on this aspect of the matter before," said Torrey. "But to bring children up in the expectation of wealth, and then to leave them practically nothing, looks to me like—like cheating them."

"It does, John," Hiram answered. "I've led r

boy and my girl far along the broad way that goes to destruction. I must take the consequences. But God won't let me divide the punishment for my sins with them. I see my duty clear. I must do it. Bring the will at five o'clock."

Hiram's eyes were closed; his voice sounded to Torrey as if it were the utterance of a mind far, far away,—as far away as that other world which had seemed vividly real to Hiram all his life,—it seemed as real to Torrey, looking into his old, old friend's face. "The power that's guiding him," Torrey said to himself, "is one I dare not dispute with." And he went away with noiseless step and with head reverently bent.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Rangers' neighbors saw the visits of Hargrave and Torrey. Immediately a rumor of a bequest to Tecumseh was racing through the town and up the Bluffs and through the fashionable suburb. It arrived at Point Helen, the seat of the Whitneys, within an hour after Torrey left Ranger. It had accumulated confirmatory detail by that time:—the bequest was large; was very large; was half his fortune,—and the rest of the estate was to go to the college should Arthur and Adelaide die childless.

Mrs. Whitney lost no time. At half past four she was seated alone with Hiram in that same back parlor. It was not difficult to bring up the subject of the two marriages which were doubly to unite the Rangers and the Whitneys,—the marriages of Arthur and Janet, of Ross and Adelaide. "And, of course," said Mrs. Whitney, "we all want to see the young people started right. I don't believe children ought to feel dependent on their parents. It seems to me that puts filial and parental love on a very low plane. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Hiram. "The young people ought to feel that their financial position is secure. And, as you and Ellen and Charles and I have lived for our children, have toiled to raise them above the sordid cares and anxieties of life, we ought to complete our work now and make them—happy."

Hiram did not speak, though she gave him ample time.

"So," pursued Mrs. Whitney, "I thought I would not put off any longer talking about what I've had in mind for some months. Ross and Janet are coming day after to-morrow, and I know all four of the children are anxious to have the engagements formally completed."

"Completed?" said Hiram.

"Yes," reaffirmed Matilda. "Of course they can't be completed until you and Charles have done your share. You and Ellen want to feel that Arthur and Adelaide won't be at the mercy of any reverse in business that Charles might have—or of any caprice that might influence him in making his will. And Charles and I want to feel the same way as to you and our Ross and Janet."

"Yes,—I see," said Hiram. A stern smile roused his features from their repose into an expressiveness that made Mrs. Whitney exceedingly uncomfortable—but the more resolute.

"Charles is willing to be very liberal both in immediate settlement and in binding himself in the matter of his will," she went on. "He often says, 'I don't want my children to be impatient for me to die. I want to make 'em feel they're getting, if anything, more because I'm alive.'"

A long pause, then Hiram said: "That's one way of looking at it."

"That's *your* way," said Matilda, as if the matter were settled.

"No," said Hiram. "That's *not* my way. That's the broad and easy way that leads to destruction. Ellen and I," he went on, his excitement showing only in his lapses into dialect, "we hain't worked all our lives so that our children'll be worthless, shiftless idlers, settin' 'round, polishin' their fingernails, and thinkin' up foolishness and breedin' fools."

Matilda had always known that Hiram and Ellen were hopelessly vulgar; but she had thought they cherished a secret admiration for the "higher things" which were beyond them and were resolved that their son should be a gentleman and their daughter a lady. She found in Hiram's energetic bitterness nothing to cause her to change her view. "He simply wants to hold on to his property to the last, and play the tyrant," she said to herself. "All people with property naturally feel that way." And she held steadily to her programme. "Well, Hiram," she proceeded, tranquilly, "if those marriages are to take place, Charles and I will expect you to meet us halfway."

"If Ross and my Delia and Arthur and your Jane are fond of each other, let 'em marry as you and Charles, as Ellen and I married. I ain't buyin' your son, nor sellin' my daughter. That's my last word, Matilda."

On impulse, he pressed the electric button in the wall behind him. When the new upstairs girl came, he said: "Tell Arthur and Adelaide I want to see 'em."

Arthur and Adelaide presently came in, flushed with the exercise of the game of tennis the girl had interrupted.

"Mrs. Whitney, here," said Hiram, "tells me that her children won't marry without settlements, as they call it. And I've been tellin' her that my son and

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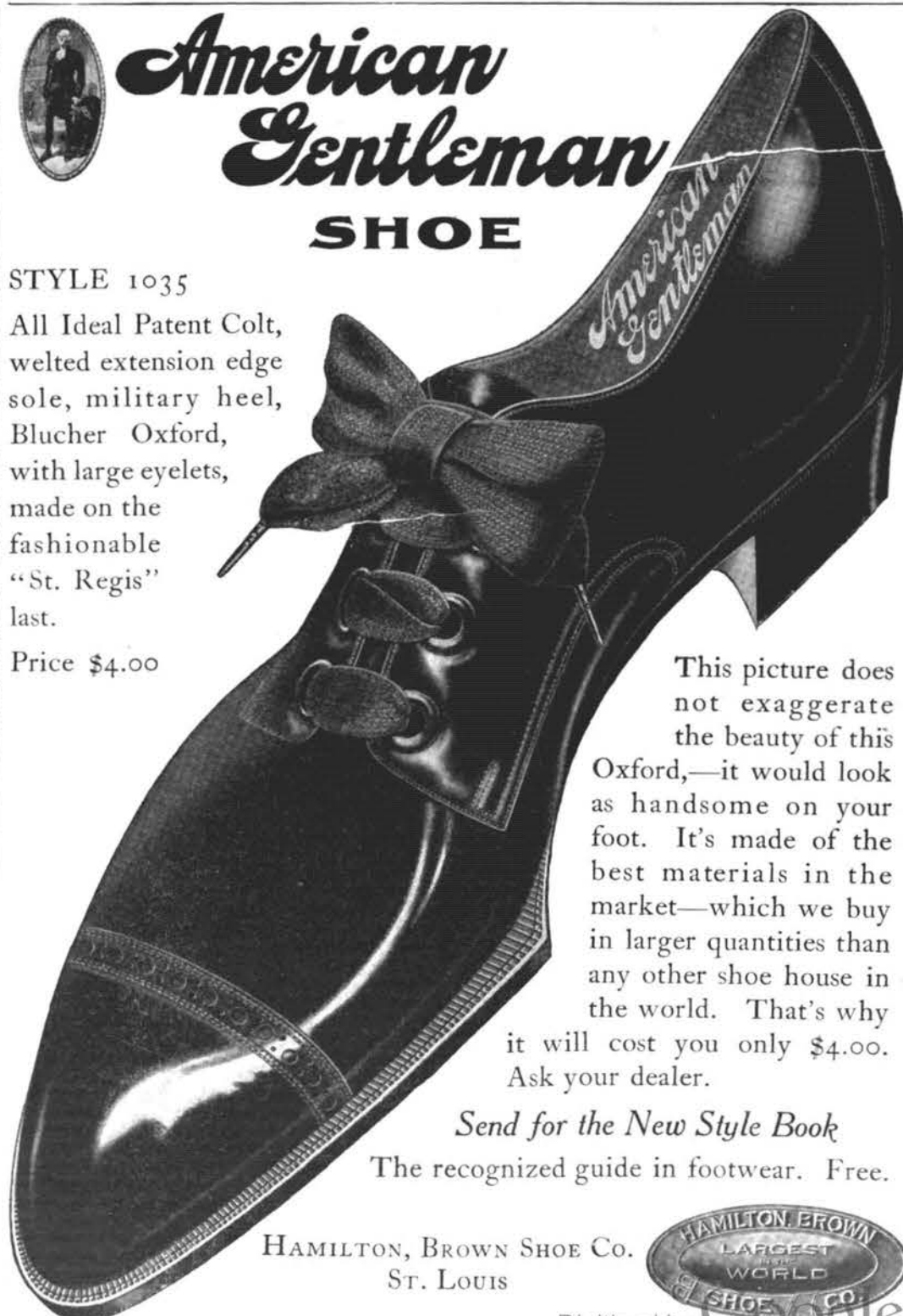


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my daughter ain't either of 'em buyin' or sellin'." Mrs. Whitney hid her fury beautifully. "Your father has a quaint way of expressing himself," she said, laughing elegantly. "I've simply been trying to persuade him to do as much toward securing the future of you two as Mr. Whitney is willing to do. Don't be absurd, Hiram. You ought to know better than to talk that way."

Hiram looked steadily at her. "You've been travelin' about, 'Tilda," he said, "gettin' together a lot of newfangled notions. Ellen and I and our children stick to the old way," and he looked at Arthur, then at Adelaide.

Their faces gave him a sharp twinge at the heart. "Speak up!" he said. "Do you or do you not stick to the old way?"

"I can't talk about it father," said Adelaide, her face scarlet and her eyes down.

"And you, sir?" said Hiram to his son.

"You'll have to excuse me, sir," said Arthur, coldly.

The anger faded from Hiram's face. He leaned forward and, looking at his daughter, said: "Del, would you marry a man who would n't take you unless you brought him a fortune?"

"No, father," Adelaide answered; "but, at the same time, I'd rather not be dependent on my husband."

"Do you think your mother is dependent on me?"

"That's different," said Adelaide, after a pause.

"How?" asked Hiram.

Adelaide did not answer, could not have answered. To have answered honestly would have been to have confessed that which had been troubling her greatly of late,—the feeling that there was something profoundly unsatisfactory in the relations between Ross and herself; that what he was giving her was different not only in degree but even in kind from what she wanted, or ought to want, from what she was trying to give him, or thought she ought to try to give him.

"And you, Arthur?" said Hiram, in the same solemn, appealing tone.

"I should not ask Janet to marry me unless I was sure I could support her in the manner to which she is accustomed," said Arthur. "I certainly should n't wish to be dependent upon her."

"Then, your notion of marrying is that people only get married for a living, for luxury. I suppose you'd expect her to leave you if you lost your money?"

"That's different," said Arthur, restraining the impulse to reason with his illogical father whose antiquated sentimentalism was as unfitted to the new conditions of American life as were his ideas about work.

"You see, Hiram," said Mrs. Whitney, good humoredly, "your children outvote you."

Hiram brought his fist down on the arm of his chair—not a gesture of violence, but of dignity and power. "I don't stand for the notion that marriage is for living in luxury and lolling in carriages and showing off before strangers. I told you what my last word was, Matilda."

Mrs. Whitney debated with herself for full half a minute before she spoke. In a tone that betrayed her all but departed hope of changing him, she said: "It is a great shock to me to have you even pretend to be so heartless—to talk of breaking these people's hearts—just for a notion."

"It's better to break their hearts before marriage," replied Hiram, "than to let them break their hearts on such marriages. The girl that wants my son only if he has money to enable her to make a fool of herself, isn't fit to be the wife of any man. The man that looks at what a woman *has* will never look at what she *is*—and my daughter is well rid of him."

A painful silence, then Mrs. Whitney rose. "If I had n't suspected, Hiram, that you intended to cheat your children out of their rights in order to get a reputation as a philanthropist, I'd not have brought this matter up at this time. I see my instincts did n't mislead me. But I don't give up hope. I've known you too many years, Hiram Ranger, not to know that your heart is in the right place. And, when you think it over, you will give up this wicked—yes, wicked,—plan old Doctor Hargrave has taken advantage of your sickness to wheedle you into."

Hiram, his face and hands the color of yellow wax, made no answer. Arthur and Adelaide followed Mrs. Whitney from the room. "Thank you, Mrs. Whitney," said Arthur, gratefully, as soon as they were out of his father's hearing. "I don't know what has come over him of late. He seems to have gone back to his childhood's days and under the spell of the ideas that seemed, and no doubt were, right then. I think you have set him to thinking. He's the best father in the world when he is well and can think about things clearly."

Mrs. Whitney was not so sanguine, but she concealed it. She appreciated what was troubling Hiram. While she encouraged her own son, her Ross, to be what had become her ideal of a gentleman, she had enough of the American left in her to see the flaws in that new ideal of hers,—when she was looking at another woman's son. And the superciliousness which delighted her in Ross, irritated her in Arthur; for, in him, it seemed a sneering reflection upon the humble and toilsome beginnings of Charles and herself. She believed—not without reason,—that, under Ross's glossy veneer of the gentleman, there was a shrewd and calculating nature; it, she thought, would not permit the gentleman to interfere in those matters which, coarse and sordid though they were, still must be looked upon sharply if the gen-

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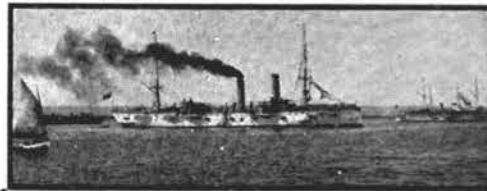
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tleman was to be kept going. But she was, not unnaturally, completely taken in by Arthur's similar game, the more easily as Arthur put into it an intensity of energy which Ross had not. She, therefore, thought Arthur had no such substratum of common sense as her son's, but was as impractical as he so fashionably professed, and really regarded as genuine the polite pretenses of aristocracy for appearance's sake. "Of course, your father'll come round," she said, friendly, but not cordial. "All that's necessary is for you and Adelaide to show a little tact."

And she was in her victoria and away,—a very grand-looking lady, indeed. In the gates she swept past Torrey and his two clerks, accompanying him as witnesses. She saw and understood; her face was anything but an index to her thoughts as she bowed and smiled graciously in response to the old judge's salutation.

Torrey read the will to Hiram slowly, pausing after each paragraph and looking at him for sign of approval or criticism. But Hiram gave no more indication of his thought, by word or expression or motion, than if he had been a seated statue. The reading came to an end, but neither man spoke. The choir of birds, filling the great trees round the house, flooded the room with their evening melody. At last, Hiram said: "Please move that table in front of me."

Torrey put the table before him, laid the will upon it ready for the signing.

Hiram took a pen; Torrey went to the door and brought in the two clerks, waiting in the hall. The three men stood watching while Hiram's eyes slowly read each word of the will. He dipped the pen and, with a hand that trembled in spite of all his obvious efforts to steady it, wrote his name on the line to which Torrey silently pointed. The clerks signed as witnesses.

"Thank you," said Hiram. "You had better take it with you, Judge."

"Very well," said Torrey, tears in his eyes, a quaver in his voice.

A few seconds, and Hiram was alone, staring down at the surface of the table where he could still see and read the will. His conscience told him he had "put his house in order;" but he felt as if he had set fire to it with his family locked within, and was watching it and them burn to ashes, was hearing their death cries and their curses upon him.

The two young people, chilled by Mrs. Whitney's manner, flawless though it was apparently, had watched with sinking hearts the disappearance of her glittering chariot and her glistening steeds. Then they had gone into the garden before Torrey and the clerks arrived. And they sat there thinking each his own kind of melancholy thoughts.

"What did she mean by that remark about Dr. Hargrave?" asked Arthur, after some minutes of this heavy silence.

"I don't know," said Adelaide.

"We must get mother to go at him," Arthur continued. Adelaide made no answer.

Arthur looked at her irritably. "What are you thinking about, Del?" he demanded.

"I don't like Mrs. Whitney," said she. "Do you?"

"Oh, she's a good enough imitation of the real thing," said Arthur. "You can't expect a lady in the first generation."

Adelaide's color slowly mounted. "I do n't like that remark," said she. "It sounds more like her than like—Hiram Ranger's son."

He frowned and retorted angrily: "There's a great deal of truth that we don't like. Why do you always play the hypocrite and get mad at me for saying what we both think?"

"I admit it's foolish and wrong of me," said she; "but I can't help it. And if I get half angry with you, I get wholly angry with myself for being contemptible enough to think those things. Don't you get angry at yourself for thinking them?"

Arthur laughed, mirthlessly—an admission.

"We and father can't both be right," she pursued. "I suppose we're both partly right and partly wrong,—that's usually the way it is. But I can't make up my mind just where he begins to be wrong."

"Why not admit he's right through and through, and be done with it?" said Arthur, impatiently. "Why not tell him so, and square yourself with him?"

Adelaide, too hurt to venture speech, turned away. She lingered a while in the library; on her way down the hall to ascend to her own room, she looked in at her father. There he sat, absolutely still,—so still that but for the regular rise and fall of his chest she would have thought him dead. "He's asleep," she murmured, her tears standing in her eyes, and raining in her heart. Her mother she could judge impartially; her mother's disregard of the changes which had come to assume so much importance in her own and Arthur's lives, often made her wince. But the same disregard in a man did not offend her; it had the reverse effect. It seemed to her, to the woman in her, the fitting roughness of the colossal statue. "That's a man!" she now said to herself proudly, as she gazed at him.

His eyes opened and fixed upon her with a look so intense, so agonized, so burning in its torture of pain that she leaned, faint, against the door-jamb. "What is it, father?" she gasped.

He did not answer,—did not move,—sat rigidly on, with that expression unchanging, as if it had been fixed

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home and business address—and in any manner that is convenient and agreeable to you introduce yourself to me. I'll take all the risk and send, prepaid, a Sterling Safety Razor with 24 blades, or an Old Style Interchangeable Razor with 12 blades.

You see the Sterling Razor is so much better than any other razor that I can afford to send one without any payment or deposit.

When you have tested it 7 days, if you find it the finest and easiest shaving razor you ever used, keep it. Then the razor must pay for itself—that's my new plan.

You see the average man should be shaved at least three times a week—at 15c a shave that's 45c a week for shaving.

So, if you decide to keep the razor, all I ask you to pay me is what you'd pay the barber—45c a week for a few weeks until the razor is paid for.

That way I make the barber buy you the razor.

At that my razor doesn't take any more money to pay for itself than you would have to pay out of your own pocket for an ordinary razor.

And I go even farther.

I see to it that your blades are kept sharp forever—free.

With any other safety razor you are always paying out money because you must keep on paying for new blades or sharpening as long as you live.

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That's really "no honing and no stropping."

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It's this way—the reason I can make this offer is because I'm not in the least doubtful or afraid of my razor.

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Success-5-06

there by the sculptor who had made the statue. She tried to go to him, but at the very thought she was overwhelmed by such a fear as she had not had, since she, a child, lay in her little bed in the dark, too terrified by the phantoms that beset her, to cry out or move. "Father! What is it?" she repeated, then wheeled and fled along the hall, crying: "Mother! Mother!"

Mrs. Ranger came hurrying down the stairs. "It's father!" cried Adelaide.

Together they went into the back parlor. He was still sitting with that same frozen yet fiery expression. They went to him, tried to lift him. Ellen dropped the lifeless arm, turned to her daughter. And Adelaide saw into her mother's inmost heart, saw the tragic lift of one of those tremendous emotions which, by their very coming into a human soul, give it at once the majesty and mystery of the divine.

"Telephone for Dr. Schulze," she said; then, to her husband: "Where is the pain? What can I do?" But he did not answer. And if he could have answered, what could she have done? The pain was in his heart, was the burning agony of remorse for having done that which he still believed to be right, that which he now thought he would give his soul's salvation for the chance to undo. For, as the paralysis began to lock his body fast in its vice, the awful thought had for the first time come to him: "When my children know what I have done, they will hate me! They will hate me all their lives."

Dr. Schulze examined him. "Somewhat sooner than I expected," he muttered.

"How long will it last?" said Ellen.

"Some time,—several weeks,—a month,—perhaps," he replied. He would let her learn gradually that the paralysis would not relax its grip until it had borne him into the eternal prison and had handed him over to the jailer who makes no deliveries.

[To be continued in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for June.]

Out of Step

At a recent banquet of the promoters of the proposed Jamestown Exposition, a committee of congressmen were the guests of honor. After the visiting statesmen had been entertained in true Virginia style an effort was made to do some missionary work to convert Representative A. P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, chairman of the Committee on Expositions, to support the Jamestown demonstration.

Representative Legare, of South Carolina, speaking for his congressional associates, said they were somewhat embarrassed by the attitude of their chairman, Mr. Gardner. The clever South Carolinian said he was reminded of a story applicable to the present situation.

"There was an old Irishwoman who had a do-nothing son named Danny. Nevertheless the fond mother was very proud of her boy and encouraged him in his idleness. Subsequently Danny joined a local militia company whose principal attraction was its gaudy uniform. There was a turnout of the company on St. Patrick's Day and the fond mother, with several of her neighbors, assembled on the sidewalk to watch the parade.

"As the troops filed by the fond mother exclaimed, enthusiastically: 'Look at that for you! See my boy Danny, how fine he looks in his uniform! What a beautiful soldier he is, and every other member of the company is out of step but Danny!'"

Senator Cockrell's Bait

SEVERAL congressmen were indulging in a free and easy talk on the subject of railroad rates, the interstate commerce commission, and rebates.

"Talking about bait," said a jolly western congressman, "did you hear about old man Cockrell's fishing experience up the Potomac River, not long ago?"

"Senator Cockrell," as he is still called, "went fishing up the Potomac with a Missouri constituent who holds down a small job in one of the departments, hired a boat, and the constituent volunteered to row it. After proceeding about two miles up the river they anchored the boat by a large stone which the keeper had placed on board for that purpose. After several hours of ill luck Cockrell decided that he had had enough fishing for one day and ordered the constituent to turn the boat homeward. Both the occupants forgot about the anchor stone, and the oarsman could not understand why pulling down stream with tide and current favoring should be so much harder than it was coming up. Late in the afternoon the senator and his friend pulled up at the boathouse and made a vigorous complaint to the keeper about the heaviness and slowness of what seemed to be a light craft. The boatman's quick eye discovered the cause of the hard pulling and he exclaimed:—

"Why, senator, no wonder you had hard pulling! You have been dragging your anchor all the way down the river."

Neither Cockrell nor his companion was willing to acknowledge his ignorance of the fact, and the former indignantly declared:—

"It's none of your business if we did; we had a right to get some exercise even if we did n't get any fish."

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The Genius of George Westinghouse

By ARTHUR WARREN

[Concluded from page 315]

all the varying phases of the new conditions.

Nowadays trains of fifty freight cars, each car carrying one hundred tons, are common sights on American railroads. These trains were made possible by the inventions of George Westinghouse. Given locomotives of sufficient power, rails of sufficient weight, bridges of sufficient strength to carry these huge loads, it is necessary that these trains shall not break apart, that each car shall be able to withstand tremendous impacts, and that the brakes on the fifty or more cars shall act so quickly that their movements are almost simultaneous. Years before such trains were operated, Mr. Westinghouse had worked out a device which prevents these monster trains from pulling apart, and which takes up the tremendous shocks to which freight cars are subjected. It was the result of long and costly experiments, and it is one of the conspicuous successes of recent years.

Last summer, when the delegates to the International Railway Congress were in this country, Mr. Westinghouse gave them an exhibition such as neither they nor anyone else had ever before seen. Two trains, each of twenty-five steel freight cars, each car having a carrying capacity of one hundred tons, were speeded in opposite directions on the same track, and the engines which were pushing the rear ends of the two trains, were disconnected. The engines stopped, the trains went on and met in collision. No damage was done. The shocks were absorbed by the Westinghouse Friction Draft Gear. The two trains coupled up automatically and became one train, and an engine pushed and pulled it about as if collisions were an ordinary part of the day's work.

Mr. Westinghouse never sits down and rests contentedly after a success. He works up something new, and either builds up a new industry out of it, or adds it to one of his existing concerns. When he had established the brake business he began the manufacture of railway signals. That was a logical step. All his advances have been logical. Each has grown out of its predecessor. Having shown the railways how to stop a train, he proceeded to show them when to stop it—by a system of signals. Again he used compressed air. He also used the electric current. He called his signal enterprise the Union Switch and Signal Company, and he established it at Pittsburg. Out of the little electrical laboratory connected with this concern grew the great development of the present day, the electrical industry associated with his name.

It was away back in the early eighties that he fitted up a laboratory in the switch and signal works to experiment with electricity in the operation of his signals and switches. Electricity fascinated him; the possibilities of utilizing the mysterious current in a variety of ways, now familiar to everyone, but then hardly dreamed of by the public in general, fixed his attention. He was already a thoroughly trained mechanical engineer; and he became an electrical engineer. Then he formed a company for the manufacture of electrical apparatus. That was in 1885 or 1886. That company grew with astonishing bounds, and in the face of every kind of opposition. It soon became world-famous, and the name, Westinghouse, was blended with the marvelous electrical developments of the age.

George Westinghouse seems to flourish on opposition. When everybody says it is impossible to do a thing, he does it. They said the brake was impossible, but for nearly forty years it has been controlling the movements of trains in all countries. They said that the alternating current was impossible to use in commercial practice. But Westinghouse used it. Then they said that it was a dangerous thing to have in a community, and that it would kill populations. "They" were the experts. And they tried to have laws passed forbidding the use of this death-dealing current. In the files of the "North American Review" of about twenty years ago may be found a well-written and forcible article supporting these pessimistic contentions, and warning the country against the impracticability and danger of the alternating current. The article was written

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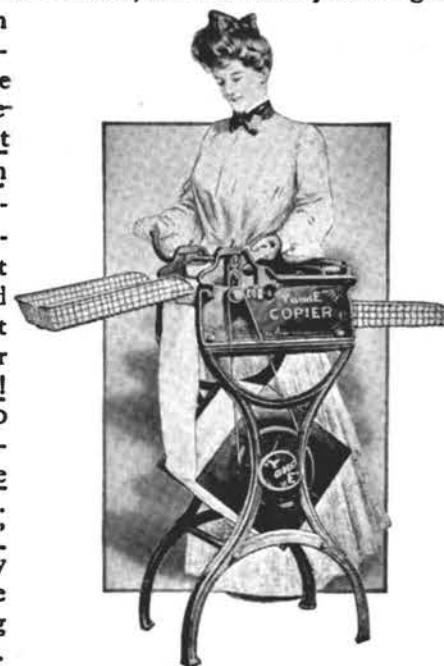
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by Thomas A. Edison. Westinghouse backed his belief with his courage, his fortune, and his inventiveness, he employed experts of his own and brought others from abroad, and before long the alternating current was everywhere in use for the transmission of electrical power over long distances. He made it practicable and conquered the dangers.

In Pittsburg there is a dingy lane that leads to one of the big, muddy rivers,—the Allegheny. Garrison Alley is its name, and at one end of it is a rambling, old-fashioned sort of factory where many Westinghouse undertakings first saw the light. After awhile this place became inadequate, and Mr. Westinghouse looked about for more space. He had to go a dozen or fifteen miles to find it, and he found it on the banks of a little stream called Turtle Creek, in a farming valley. He bought as much of the valley as he could get, and at one end of it he built new works for the brake industry. At the other end he built new works for his engine and electric companies. And everybody said, in the cheerful way that everybody has, when a man who does things does more and outdistances their calculations: "How rash! He will ruin himself. There will never be work enough for those big shops!" But since then the big shops have trebled in size, they cover all the available land, and three towns are filling up the sides of the hills. More works had to be built, and it was necessary to go half a dozen miles further afield to find acreage for them.

Those big undertakings in the Turtle Creek region—"East Pittsburg," they call it now,—were hardly begun when the hard times came in the early nineties, when men were going bankrupt everywhere, and rich men were worried about paying their grocers, and employers had to borrow money to pay wages, and an economic darkness brooded over the land. George Westinghouse felt the pinch as hard as anyone, harder than most, but he kept all his works in motion, and paid his men, and cut his own personal and household expenses down to the lowest possible point. Like so many other employers of labor, he was pressed for cash, credits had to be kept up, material had to be bought, wages had to be paid, and collections were not coming in. At one time it looked as if the fabric he had built with so much care would crash down upon him. In that case he could begin again, but thousands of men would be thrown out of employment, thousands of families would suffer, millions of dollars' worth of machinery and buildings would stand idle, and the effect upon Pittsburg itself would be grave indeed. He applied for assistance to the bankers of Pittsburg. He pointed out to them the danger of permitting this threatened catastrophe. If not for his sake, then for the sake of the vast industries which had been built up there, the calamity should be stayed. The bankers conferred around a long table, looked wise, and told him to call again next day for their answer.

He called, and realized how true it is that a prophet is without honor in his own country and among his own people. The bankers made nice speeches, but they deplored and regretted their inability—and so on. It was a cold day, in all senses. Mr. Westinghouse stood before the fireplace, and listened in silence to the speeches and regrets. When they ceased, his eyes twinkled, and he told the bankers a funny story about Farmer John, who had long feared that a certain dreadful trouble would befall him, and, when it did so, jumped up, joyfully exclaiming, "Thank God, that's over!"

That was all he said. Taking his hat, he left the room, and that evening was on his way to New York, where he made new friends, stated his case, and in a little while obtained the required millions and then went on to greater things than he had ever done before.

How much temperament has to do with health, or health with temperament, and both with success, we do not always know, but we can sometimes guess. Mr. Westinghouse is one of the most sanguine of men and has never had an illness. In that big frame of his the red blood flows and the human engines work full-powered. He has been written of as "a hundred thousand horse-power man." No phrase could better describe him. The men who are near him say that his capacity for work is greater than that of any ten of his subordinates, and he has twenty-five thousand men working in his industries. These industries employ at least seventy-five millions of capital, and the individual who controls all of this energy is one of the least ostentatious of men. He uses money not for display and the gratification of vain tastes, but as he uses compressed air, steam, and electricity; it is a force which aids him in creating mechanisms and industries. As soon as he makes one thing a success, he starts another.

A peculiar fact about him is that in this era when financial men, instead of trained technical men, control so many of the world's industries, he knows all his workshops from A to Z, and could probably do any mechanical operation in any of them. He has always maintained, in Pittsburg, a small machine shop for his own personal use, and in which he has been the only workman. In that place he has made some very interesting experiments which have resulted in improved methods and machines. He takes the keenest personal interest in practical work. He has done so ever since he was in his teens. He was only fifteen when he designed and built a rotary engine in his father's factory.

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at Jersey City, always in readiness to take him, at short notice, to Pittsburg, or wherever on this continent he wants to go. At Pittsburg, when he is there, the car similarly awaits him, and the train to which it is attached pulls up at a platform close to his lawn, so that there is no waste of time or energy in his travel. His private car, the "Glen Eyre," is not kept as a luxury, but as a means for the conservation of energy. It keeps away intruders,—both the merely curious and the persons with axes to grind; it enables him to do any amount of traveling without fatigue, and it enables him to transact business without interruption. His private car is, in fact, a combination of residence and office on wheels.

Mr. Westinghouse has his home in Pittsburg. The house is named "Solitude." It was a country place when he bought it, but is now in the heart of a thickly settled and prosperous suburb. It was right away in the country when he drilled for natural gas and found it under his lawn. His winter residence is in Washington, in the house that was once Mr. Blaine's, in Dupont Circle. His summer home is at Lenox, Massachusetts, in the Berkshire Hills. He has an apartment in New York. Twice a year he goes abroad to look after his European interests. His London office is in the Westinghouse Building, at the corner of Norfolk Street and the Strand. Every day, wherever he is, he receives reports from his principal managers in all parts of the world. The cables, telegraph, and telephone wires between himself and the headquarters of his chief interests keep him in constant touch with his lieutenants.

Every day some representative from some corner of the earth reports in person. There is something imperial in the scope and administration of all these affairs. In all countries this man's enterprises are represented; in many countries he is personally known. The Europeans have liberally honored him. The King of Belgium gave him the Order of Leopold. King Humbert gave him the Order of the Royal Crown of Italy; the government of France awarded him the Legion of Honor. He is one of the only two living honorary members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and within the present year he has received from his own countrymen the John Fritz Gold Medal.

What explains a man of this stamp and achievement? Energy and concentration and training do not, singly or together. There is another faculty or force which we do not commonly associate with mechanics, and manufacturing, and commerce; we are accustomed to associate it only with the poets and the painters, the architects, and sculptors and musicians; it is imagination, and what Tyndall called "the scientific use of the imagination."

"Physical investigation, more than anything else besides, helps to teach us the actual value and right use of the imagination, of that wondrous faculty which, left to ramble uncontrolled, leads us astray into a wilderness of perplexities and errors, a land of mists and shadows; but which, properly controlled by experience and reflection, becomes the noblest attribute of man; the source of poetic genius, the instrument of discovery in science. Without its aid Newton would never have invented fluxions, nor Davy have composed the earths and alkalis, nor would Columbus have found another continent." When Sir Benjamin Brodie uttered those thoughts in his presidential address before the Royal Society, in November, 1850, a boy of thirteen was browsing about in the railroad yards of a central New York town and wondering how fast a train could safely be driven if it could be brought to a stop in a distance equivalent to two or three times its own length. There were no fast trains then,—none that we would call fast. But the boy saw them with his mind's eye. If a certain thing could be done! Well, he did it within nine years.

There are many men who see the future and wait for it. We call them "visionaries." There are a few men in a century who see the possibilities of the future and convert them into actual present facts. George Westinghouse is one of these few. When he stopped that train a few yards distant from the balky horse, the railway men realized that he was not a dreamer. Then they began to alter the conditions of traffic. Then some of the giant industries of Pittsburg were born.

Men like Westinghouse are among the primal forces of the world. They make things grow.

A "Dotty" Question

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"My visitor seemed much interested in all he saw in the study. Chancing to stop at a table that was loaded down with the weight of incomplete musical manuscript, my gay friend turned over several sheets in a reflective sort of way. Finally he glanced at me and said:—

"Say, old man, there's one thing about all this that puzzles me. I can understand how you rule these sheets, but who puts in all the little dots for you?"



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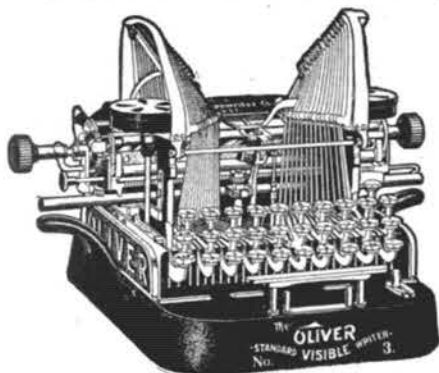
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The Plays of a Season

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

[Concluded from page 323]

the Box," a dramatization of Harold McGrath's novel of the same name, with Henry Dixey and a capable company; "Zira," Henry Miller and J. Hartley Manner's play, founded upon Wilkie Collins's novel, "The New Magdalen," in which Margaret Anglin won much approbation for her exceedingly capable rendition of the title rôle; "Before and After," Leo Dietrichstein's amusing and well-played farce; "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," another Barrie play, with Ethel Barrymore, which sympathetically and amusingly depicts the possible, even probable effects upon a young girl of the modern problem play; "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," a third-rate melodrama, saved by the excellent work of Victor Moore and Fay Templeton; "The Galloper," by Richard Harding Davis, in which Raymond Hitchcock, having swum ashore from the wreck of "Easy Dawson," is steering most encouragingly toward legitimate farcical success, and which tells of a young New York society man who changes identity and trouble in various forms with a war correspondent during the Greco-Turkish War; "The Little Gray Lady," in which Julia Dean, by her excellent work, attracted much favorable attention; "Gallops," David Gray's play of the hunting set on Long Island, which was presented by the Garrick Theater Stock Company; "The Walls of Jericho," in which James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering appeared at the Savoy Theater, New York, and which told of an Australian who went to London, who saw and was disgusted and went home again, carrying his bride with him; "The Duel," with Otis Skinner, Guy Standing, and Fay Davis, a French play that depicts the fight for a woman between two brothers, the one a priest, the other an atheist, and which is a play strong and intense and, for the most part, well acted; "Julie Bonbon," carried to semi-success by the work of Louis Mann and Clara Lipman; "Brown of Harvard," a college play with Harry Woodruff in the leading part; Maurice Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," with Bertha Kalisch; "The Man Who Was," a dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's story of the same name, strongly acted by E. S. Willard; "The Clansman," a lurid melodrama of the reconstruction period, ill-advised and grossly sensational; "The Fascinating Mr. Vandervelt," by Alfred Sutro, with Ellis Jeffries, and "A Case of Arson," introducing to us Henri de Vries, that wonderful Dutch character actor.

We can cover the season's musical productions by saying that nothing of any real exceptional merit has been put forth. "The Catch of the Season," with Edna May, held possibilities, but these possibilities were never realized. "Mlle. Modiste," Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom's musical vehicle for Fritz Scheff, proved entertaining but not startlingly so. "Happyland," by Reginald DeKoven and the late Frederick Ranken, was cast in the same old mold that has done service for untold years but lasted many weeks at the Lyric Theater, New York, and lived to play a return engagement at the Casino Theater, where it replaced "The Earl and the Girl," which but little resembled "The Earl and the Girl" that I saw over a year ago in London, because "The Earl and the Girl" that I saw in London was but a *mélange* of stuff that I had seen in New York the year before that. "Wonderland" was an excellent piece of the spectacular variety, but was badly handicapped by being placed in a second-rate house. "Veronique," an English production, was of a higher grade than the usual run nowadays and was pretty and dainty but anemic. "The Vanderbilt Cup," carried to success by the clever little comedienne, Elsie Janis, and the automobile-race effect, held one amusing act laid in the "Marjorie Wellington Hotel," a travesty on the Martha Washington Hotel, that far-famed hostelry for women. "The Press Agent," "The Mayor of Tokio," "Dolly Dollars," "The Babes and the Baron," "Mexicana," "The Gingerbread Man," "Coming Thro' the Rye," and "George Washington, Jr." comprise this season's list of musical productions.

One of the curious things that the season has aduced is George M. Cohan. Mr. Cohan is a young man of ideas and force. He is a capable stage manager, good eccentric dancer, and has a deal of crude originality, and, if he were content to write plays and stage and act them, and write songs and sing them, and count houses and receipts, and otherwise ramble along the primrose path of financial achievement, far would it be from me to intrude upon the more or less even tenor of his ways. But this diffident and retruding young man comes forth and blatantly announces that he is "the creator of American comedy!" If this be so, then should shame sink deep into the hearts of us Americans, for American comedy is not even second-rate melodrama embellished with hopelessly puerile lyrics and set to more or less original music. Mr. Cohan's plots are childish, his pathos is bathos, his sentiment is sickening, his characters as artificial as their stage complexions, his humor but slang, and his ideal of manhood the horse jockey and the gambler.

Mr. Cohan delights to tell at length what he has done to advance the American stage; but if I may be permitted, the American stage will progress in spite of, not because of, George M. Cohan.

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Mrs. Wimbball's Mode of Warfare

By LOUIS MINER

[Concluded from page 332]

let out, he said 'the peace of God' to us and I come home. I did n't say nothin' to nobody about that meetin', not even to Amos."

"For a few days after that we had an old-fashioned spell of weather. I did n't get out none, not even to Sunday church, and Amos, he only went two or three times down street to the post office. Come Tuesday,—day before the next prayer meetin', you know, Ralph,—the storm broke and cleared up into the finest kind of Injun summer weather,—warm as June, if 't was well on in November. The evenin' turned sharp and frosty, so Amos he kindled up a good log fire on the h'a'th here in the settin' room. I was a-settin' in my big rocker in the west winder here, lookin' up street and a-watchin' the new moon sailin' like a silver boat in a rosy-pink sea, as if 't was a-makin' for port in that notch of the mountains back o' Spinner's Holler. We had n't no light but what the fire give us,—'t was blindman's hollerday. Pretty soon I see a-comin' down the street a man and a woman, a-huggin' the hedge and sort of uncertain-like 's though off their bearin's. Then, at my garden gate, I see somethin' wallerin' along on its belly like a crocodile. At the same time I glimpsed that yeller feather a-waggin' over the hedge. Of course 't was Mary Annar and that outlandish dog-critter o' her 'n. Jest 's much, of course, 't was Deacon Doolittle with her, for I'd go bail he 's the only man in this town or country she could drag along for a walk 'twixt dark and daylight,—and he a-gettin' goutish, even then. But I was beat a-seein' 'em turn in at the gate, for neither one of 'em ever done it afore, nor sence, neither, that I know of."

"'Amos,' says I, 'you make a light and set it on the entry table. Mr. Doolittle and Miss Mary Annar Homer are a-comin'.'"

"I lighted the hangin' lamp, and drewed the curt'ins. Before I was nigh ready, Amos fetched them in, that cringin' dog a-wrigglin' along the floor ahead. The cat Amos had wa'n't afraid o' dogs,—used to play with 'em,—but that crocodile critter was out o' her experience. She shot into the dinin' room and onto the side-board, smashin' a cut-glass pickle dish that 'Squire Stubb had give me when I nussed his 'Natus through a run o' fever. 'T was a kind of all-round confusion, but the deacon was a-smilin', or grinnin', or a-leerin', as you might say, and a-rubbin' his hands together, seemin' embarrassed and shook-up like, and 's though he did n't know what under the canopy to do next. I set Mary Annar in that high, stiff chair, there by the door, and said: 'Amos, you fetch a cricket so 's Miss Homer's feet can rest on somethin',—'t was kind o' mean, Ralph, but you know how short her legs be, and I guess that 's why she sets such store by that ridic'ulous dog. I put the deacon in that armchair. 'T was in the bay window, under that hangin' basket, then. They was Bermudy oxalis in the basket, jest covered with yeller blows; and, with plants all 'round him, I tell you, Ralph, he looked like a picture,—a regular chromo. You know what a fine lookin' man the deacon was,—the best lookin' man in the county, they used to call him. They might 'a' said the state, or New England, either, for I don't b'lieve you 'd find a handsomer one from the Canady line to the Sound. But that was before the gout took him so bad,—before his foot was done up in swaddin'-clothes, bigger 'n a market basket, most of the time, and propped up on his lib'y table."

"Yes, Ralph, the deacon sot right there,—fine as fig leaves,—but, though he looked like a prince on a floral throne, I'll be bound he did n't feel like one,—not the least little bit."

"I set here on the sofy, and Amos, there by the entry door. The deacon keeps up his grinnin' and hand-rubbin', a-lookin' 'round at my flowers and the fire, and them chromos of Lincoln and Grant, and at the flag a-drapin' the mantelpiece."

"'You're very comf'table, here,' says he, smilin' as sweet as pease; 'very comf'table, indeed. Your plants beat them in my conservat'ry, all holler. I did n't know you was so comf'table.'"

"Mary Annar did n't say a word, but sot there a-borin' with her eyes, her feet a-swingin',—for she pretended not to notice the cricket Amos fetched. I did n't let out I watched her, but I answers the deacon and says:—"

"'Your own fault, deacon, for Amos and I'd been proud to see you all times. Amos and me 've been a-livin' here, jest so, for quite a sizable spell,—sence long before your conservat'ry was built, or you kept more 'n one hired girl, or had a feller to wait on ye. My chrysanthemums ain't nothin' to what they was last year.' Then I felt a mite—jest a mite,—sorry for him, and puts in: 'I wish you could see that tree pyny you give me the root of quite a few years back. It 's a wonder. Fifty-seven blooms it had on it, last June,—worth a-comin' from as far as Troy or Albany jest to look at.'"

"He looked at me kind o' blank, and I don't believe he knew, more 'n the babe unborn, what I was a-talkin' 'bout. A-judgin' from this len'th of time, I d' know but what the deacon done about what-he thought right accordin' to his lights. But, sho! I did n't think so, then."

"While the deacon 's a-tryin' to talk to Amos, and



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a-makin' more of a botch of it, even, 'n when he 's a-
speakin' in meetin', we hears the knocker on the front
door. Amos goes to open up, and I rises as he flings
back the entry door. In comes Julye Benson, perky
and head-uppy, and a-draggin' in after her a big, hulk-
in' good-natured feller, all hands and feet and grin,—his
name was Bender,—a marble stonemason, he was,—
guess you never knew him, for he went to Rutland,
'listed for Kewby, and got killed off at San June Hill.
I never could b'lieve that Julye was a-fishin' for that
great lummax. Julye 's a good woman,—as Chester-
man women goes,—if she did act queer about that left-
over Henrietty-cloth of mine, and sendin' word about
her rag-bag and all. I never was a-claimin' she cab-
laged it herself. Some o' her customers might 'a'. Old
Injun Liz might 'a' come along and chucked it into
that big willow basket she lugs 'round everlastin'. The
Widder Bradshaw might 'a' hankered after it for that
unendin' wool patchwork of her 'n,—like she done
after a red flannel petticoat of mine, once, and hankered
so hard I had to take it right out of her big, flappin'
carpetbag, where she thought I had n't seen her stuff
it. Oh, they 's more ways 'n one to account for them
pieces a-goin'. But the p'int is, Julye hain't 'counted
for it,—never tried to,—and I hain't a woman that
da's n't say right out what 's in my mind; nobody—not
a single soul,—can say I am.

"I says: 'Good evenin', Miss Benson, I 'm proud to
see ye. Amos and me seems to be well honored with
our callers, to-night.' Any child 'd know that Julye
and Mary Annar had fixed it up betwixt 'em, and 'd
brought the men along to sort o' back 'em up. As if
any man alive could scare me, let alone such men,—both
too good-natured and spunkless to hurt a 'skeeter.
P'raps Mary Annar thought that creepin' dog would
terrify me. They don't neither of them know me as
well as you do, Ralph,—or did n't then.

"I offers Julye the chair by the fireplace there, and I
made a place for that leg-and-arm Bender to sprawl on,
'longside me on the sof' here. I tried to take his
hat, and put it away like as it 's polite to do, jest as I 'd
done with the deacon's. But, gracious Peter! he clung
to it like grim death,—'s if he was 'fraid 't would turn up
missin', Henrietty-cloth fashion. You can be certain
sure, Ralph, every soul and body in Chesterman knew
about them missin' pieces, by that time.

"I set stiff and dignified, but I had my knittin'-work,
and did n't say nothin'; of course Amos did n't say
nothin'; Julye held her head up, a-stickin' out her chin,
kind of silent sassy; Bender, he grinned, sheepish-like,
and kep' a-twirlin' his hat on his knee till it fair made me
seasick; Mary Annar, with her toes jest a-touchin' the
floor, bored her eyes into that spinnin' hat; the 'longated
dog stretched itself on the h'a'th-rug, reachin' the hull
len'th with a foot or two to spare; the deacon, like he
doos in meetin', kep' hemmin' and hawin', and a-mopp-
in' his face with a hemstitched cambric han'kerchief. At
last he fires away.

"Mrs. Wimball,—ah,' says he, still a-moppin' and
tryin' to look as if he was playin', not fightin', 'Sister
Wimball, us friends have come—ah,—to suggest,—ah,—
—that it might be expedient—that is, best,—ah,—to re-
frain—refrain, for a season,—ah,—from recitin' further
scripture texts in meetin',—ah!

"I 'd been sure, for certain, that some kind of battle
was a-goin' to be fought right here in my settin' room;
my loins was girt and my hull panoply of warfare was
on; but I had no idee of a-gettin' such an audacious shot
as that. Sure not, Ralph. No scripture texts! Land o'
Goshen, what 's a church for? I was so took aback
that jest for a minute I could n't say no word,—not
even a scrap of text. I rec'lect a-thinkin', not sayin' out
loud: 'Zeal hath consumed me, because mine enemies
have forgotten Thy word;' but, after that minute, and
ca'm as untroubled waters, says I:—

"Deacon Stubbs, do I understand you that the First
Church has gotten too good for scripture, or that scripture
is now too good for the First Church,—or, rather, for the
squabblin' rows, rebelliousness, and stiffneckedness the
the First Church has fell into?"

"He hemmed and hawed a spell, then says, 'ily and
unctuous-like 'By no means, Sister Wimball. Scripture
—ah,—'s too good for nobody, and nobody 's too good
for scripture, ah,—as you know very well, Sister Wim-
ball,—ah. We—ah,—simply wish—feel moved,—ah,—
to confer with you,' says he; 'and I take it on myself to
suggest—ah,—that you refrain—that is,—ah,—stop,—
for the time bein'—cease to utter scripture texts; else it
would be—ah,—wiser to refrain from 'tendance at the
Wednesday evenin' meetin's,—ah.'

"Deacon,' says I, 'when the First Church, as a church,
shall decide to separate scripture from its meetin's, and
all hands 'round forbear from a-usin' scripture in public,
—when the church comes to that, I 'll know what to do.
But when three or four members—though they be "in
good and regular,"—comes and asks their Sister Wim-
ball to abstain from utterin' Bible in public, and say
nothin' about a likewise course for themselves, I make
bold to say that those three or four members has more
gall 'n charity. All Chesterman knows—'t ain't my
fault if it don't,—that Mari' Wimball can't be
scared easy. Certain she can't at sly-shot threats fired
at early candlelight, when the neighbors can't see what's
a-doin'. And, though the threats comes from the
mighty on the seats,' says I, lookin' at the deacon and
Mary Annar, 'as long as they ain't official, I ain't a-
carin' that,' an' I snapped my finger good and loud,
'an' I guess that them who come here to lock up the

Do You Need a Little Extra Money This Summer?

Most people cherish some hope or plan that requires for its execution more ready cash than a limited or uncertain income affords. Maybe it is a home site, a trip to Europe, or to another section of the United States. Perhaps it is a sailboat or a steam launch, an automobile or a motor cycle. Possibly it is an education, either musical, classical, or technical; or it may be simply an all-round need for more money than is afforded by present sources of supply.

How to solve the problem is the important question, and we want to offer a suggestion which may point the way.

You are a reader of "Success Magazine." If you are like most readers, you not only like the magazine above all others, but also tell your friends and associates that you do, and why.

Did it ever occur to you that if you might carry this sort of thing a little further and secure the subscriptions of those with whom you talk about "Success," and then, by going a little further still and mapping out a definite campaign among those who *ought* to take so good a magazine, but do not, you would find yourself not only sowing the seeds of cheerfulness, inspiration, character, and self-help, but at the same time increasing your bank account with amazing rapidity?

And then we help you in various ways, not the least of which is to send you lists of expiring subscriptions which can be renewed for the asking. "I am sending you ten nice ones," says George H. Hunter, of New York. "The work goes even easier than a year ago. No trouble to renew them."

"I took, in all, fifty-three in the five days I canvassed," says G. N. Mathews, a Nova Scotia enthusiast.

"On Monday I canvassed twenty people, and took twenty subscriptions. The outlook is for a lot of business," is the way Fred Scott, of Mississippi, talks about his initial effort.

"I am sending you herewith the results of half a day's work," says W. B. Greer, of Louisiana, in forwarding an order for nine subscriptions. "I find it easy to renew 'Success.' While many have dropped other publications, 'Success' is always wanted."

"I have now taken a total of twenty-one subscriptions in two days and have covered only a small portion of the town. I have little difficulty and am very much encouraged," is the way in which Miss Mabel Clarkson, of Illinois, summarizes her start.

C. E. Morgan, of Alabama, has so far sent nearly 300 subscriptions. He began in October, and credits his success in a large measure to our plan of instruction. "Your course in Magazine Salesmanship," he writes "is the production of a genius, and compared with other correspondence courses now on the market, should sell for \$50.00 at least. Every time I went out and talked with one or two men, I returned to the office and read over the first five 'Talks.'"

"'Success' is the easiest magazine on the market to get subscriptions for," is the confident assertion of William L. Wilson, of Maryland. "I have represented several in the past five years—and some good ones, too. I find renewals very easy to secure, and each year I climb higher in the cash prize contest. I devote only a small portion of my time to the work."

We might go on with column after column of these enthusiastic statements, but our space is limited, and the moral would be the same: "Success" is the easiest magazine to get subscriptions for; "Success" pays more liberally for subscriptions than any other popular magazine. Write to SUCCESS, 32 Waverly Place, N. Y. City.

Bible from me, like they used to chain it up aforetimes, will be scattered in the imaginations of their hearts, and like Luke's rich, will get fooled by bein' sent empty away."

"On that Julye bounces up, all in a fluster, and says: 'I s'pose I 'll have to say good night to ye, but I 'll be whipped if I 'll shake hands,—wild hosses could n't make me.' She says to the deacon: 'I told Miss Homer that 't would n't be no use to come here, Mr. Doo-little.' Then she turns to me ag'in an' says: 'I b'lieve I 'd ruther be called a thief by the hull town—not bein' one,—than be such a rampageous old engyne of obstinateness as what you be. If you did n't keep Mr. Wimball ground down like the nether millstun, mebber he might make you behave yourself,—leastways, sometimes;—but, as 't is, he don't dast to say his soul's his own."

"She outs with her han'kerchief and sniffs,—a-gettin' hystericky. I wa' n't mad a mite,—felt sort of sorry for 'em,—scin' 'em a-goin' down before me like I was an army with banners. I jest says:—

"You 'll wait, Julye,—wait till ye hear me out. I never called you a thief and right well you know it. I coated scripture, and if the coat fits, and you 're bound to put it on and wear it, can I help it? If you 're 'fraid of scripture,—any or all of ye,—I 'm right down sorry for ye. Yes, I am,—I jest be. Now, listen! All of ye! If the church wants to punish me for a-speakin' out the word of God, to stop my mouth in its meetin's, the church may. Let it call a meetin'. I 'll be there, and so 'll Amos; I promise that. But I want that meetin' in broad day,—not 'twixt dark and daylight, when good folks are to home, a-eatin' their suppers, a-tendin' to their business, an' not prowlin' 'round so's folks can't see what they 're up to. In daytime I want it, and well advertised. Put a notice in the Chesterman "Courier;" let it be known up and down the county that Mrs. Amos Wimball's a-goin' to be hauled over the coals by the First Church for searchin' the scriptures and a-speakin' of 'em. If the First Church stops my mouth, why, they 's other churches in Chesterman what, mebber, ain't afeared of the Bible. I guess the Methodists ain't too advanced and Unitariany for scripture; not yet, they ain't, and won't be in my time. I 'm ready for the church to rule me and my texts out of meetin', any minute,—provided that minute is in broad day, and all 's open and above board."

"They was all standin' before I 'd done my say, none of 'em any too smilin' except that Bender feller. He was still a-grinnin' and kep' on spinnin' that hat of his'n the hull endurin' time. My land, Ralph! To this good day I never see that marry-go-round over to the Valley Fair, with the mountain fellers and their sweet-hearts a-scurryin' 'round on them swans and hobby-horses and things, without a-thinkin' of that feller's twirlin' hat. Mary Annar had n't done a thing durin' the hull 'sposulatin' visit, except to bore with her eyes, swing her feet, and wag that yeller feather; but, when she was fair out the house, she calls back.

"Good night, Sister Wimball," says she; 'I hope and I 'll pray that you 'll come to a better mind.'

"Don't bother yourself 'bout the prayin'," says I; 'for if you mean an *unscriptural* mind, no prayin' won't switch my mind off 'm scripture, nor my tongue, neither.'

"Then Julye, she calls back: 'I should think you 'd be ashamed, Mrs. Wimball, jest ashamed to go to meetin' ag'in'."

"Come and see how ashamed I be," says I; 'for, if their wranglin' and unseemliness lets the flock gether for refreshment, you 'll find me with 'em, Julye, and with 'em with some selected texts,—and, the Lord willin', I 'll say 'em, too.'

"And, Ralph, I was there, with a len'thy 'sortment of select texts. A lucky thing for the meetin', too, 't I was, for, besides old Dr. Janes, who had charge, 'Mandy White, and the sexton, they wa'n't scarce none of our own folks there. But that vestry was jest full-up with outsiders. Looked like they expected some kind of show, instead of worshipin' in spirit and in truth. It was a great occasion, though, with all that crowd,—some from over East Chesterman way that had n't ever been in that vestry before,—a great occasion, Ralph, and Dr. Janes and I made the most of it."

"If you 'll b'lieve me, that was the first and last I ever heerd of text-stoppin'. Since then the usin' promiscuous texts has sort of fell into noxious desuetude, so to speak. But I keep on a-walkin' along the scripture road they tried to turn my steps from,—jest keep on a-trudgin' along, my feet 'shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.' Yes, Ralph, I still sticks to texts, and shall always stick to 'em till earthly meetin's knows me no more."

"But, hark! Hear the bell? You know you promised to come to meetin' 'long with me. Your hat 's on the stand in the corner. It 's pretty dark, so be careful you don't upset that bowl of swamp pinks. 'T won't take me more 'n a minute to get ready."

"Of course I 'll go with you to the church, and come around afterwards to walk home with you, but I did n't really promise to go in, did I? I was never very much at home in prayer meetings, you know, and after your story I should feel less at home than ever," Ralph said.

"You did so promise, and you know it, Ralph. Now don't keep up disputin' and arguin', the first time I 've seen ye in twenty year."

"All right! A promise is a promise, and that story was worth more than an evening in meeting."

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We make tents from \$1.50 to \$1500.00 and everything else that can be made of canvas or canvas and leather and will sell direct from our factory at special prices. Tents, camping outfits, boat cushions, sail cloths, gunner's coats, horse covers, mail bags, etc., etc. Send today for FREE catalog, free circulars and special booklet on wigwams.

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The H. Channon Co. supplies thousands and thousands of tents to the United States Government, large contractors and others. We know of no larger manufacturers of canvas goods in the United States than the H. Channon Company. They also make all kinds of machinery and other supplies for manufacturers.



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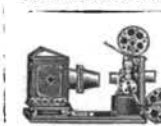
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MAKE MONEY

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Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.



THE LATE SUSAN B. ANTHONY

To Susan B. Anthony

Yours was a mighty struggle. Goaded on
By the grim courage of a heart of steel,
You smiled at all the world's pernicious jeer
And for the ages set one high ideal.

R. M.

"Certain, 't was worth it. And 't was worth even a-stayin' home from meetin' for me to tell it. But the Lord be thanked I don't have to pay no such price for my gabbin'. Wait till I get my umbrel', though it 's only a little sprinklin' shower. That water you hear 's jest a-droppin' through the pipe from the porch eave trough. *'One deep calleth another because of the sound of the water pipes: all thy waves and storms have gone over me.'* Now you must 'a' had all kinds of experiences, 'way out there, the waves and storms on your v'yages, and that 'd be jest a grand text for you to say,—considerin' the pipes a-soundin' to-night and all,—jest grand for you to say. Won't you say it to 'em,—*All thy waves and storms,*—jest to please me, Ralph? Jest spring that on 'em! What if you ain't a professor? Jest a scrap of text don't commit ye to nothin', and 't would show 'em so good and well that folks out there in the wide West ain't so afeared of texts as they 've got to be in these little, narrer valleys; that 's what, Ralph."

"Oh, come, now! Is n't that a little too much to ask even for such a rousing story? I 'm going with you like a good little boy; but, my dear old soldieress, don't expect me to repeat a text in meeting."

"Oh, yes, I shall expect it, and you 'll do it, too, Ralph, you know you will,—jest to oblige me."

"But—"
"Now, don't begin to argue. You ought to know first rate, Ralph, it don't pay to argue with me. *'Hath the rain a father?'* and *'The sound of the water pipes'* go grand together,—jest made for us to say, to-night. Won't they stare when you coat it! There, I 'm ready. You can stoop easier 'n I can, so jest tuck the key under the doormat. The bell 's a-tollin',—so come on!"

Ralph went.

Character needs no recommendation. It pleads its own cause.

Many of the failures of life are due to the want of grit or business nerve.

PREVENTING A WAR

By Edward G. Holden

LATE one Sunday evening, in December, 1861, George W. Balch, a young telegraph operator at Detroit, Michigan, was visited at his home by Edmund Brush, a prominent citizen, with a request to send a message from General Cass to Secretary Seward, at Washington.

"I don't see how it 's possible," he replied. In those days, with the exception of two in New York, there were no Sunday papers, and few telegraph offices were open for business of any sort. "I would do anything I could for the general," added the young man, who was under obligations to him for kindness when a boy, "but I can't see any way. However, I 'll try. Perhaps I can get General Buell's headquarters in Kentucky. He 'll be in communication with Washington."

"Do n't fail!" said the Detroit gentleman; "it may prevent a war with Great Britain."

Such a calamity seemed by no means improbable, for a large majority of the newspapers and the people of the North had insisted that the Confederate commissioners, Mason and Slidell, captured from the British steamer "Trent" by the American commodore, Wilkes, should not be surrendered to Great Britain, even at the risk of a war with that country in addition to the struggle with the seceding states. "We whipped Great Britain in 1776 and 1812," it was urged, "and we can do it again." The cabinet was unanimous in opposing the surrender. Gideon Welles, the secretary of the navy, had congratulated the commodore, and, in his annual report just issued, had approved his action. The people of Boston had given him a banquet. Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, in a speech in the senate, had protested against yielding, and had said that in all his travels he had not met a person in favor of it. Even Mr. Lincoln, it was said, though at first opposed to it, was reluctantly considering the necessity of heeding the popular outcry. In the meantime the British government had been making preparations for war. It had embarked eight thousand troops and large supplies of arms and ammunition for Canada, and was making ready its fleet. In Canada itself, volunteers were enrolling and mustering. The merchants of Montreal and Toronto were subscribing money for war. Many employees of the Grand Trunk and other Canadian railroads were being organized into military companies by their officials. The specific demand for the surrender of the Confederates, then in Fort Warren, Boston, was being discussed in long and continuous sessions by the cabinet and the president, at Washington.

Detroit being practically defenseless, the property owners had requested General Cass, a resident of the city, to lend the weight of his influence against precipitating a war before the nation was prepared. On account of the secession sympathies of Buchanan's cabinet he had resigned from the office of secretary of state about a year before. It was thought, therefore, that the opinion of the statesman and War Democrat would have great weight. After some hesitation he wrote a long dispatch, urging, on the ground of international law and polity and the condition of the country, that

the administration should sacrifice everything for the sake of peace, disavow Wilkes's action, and return the commissioners to British custody. As the cabinet might at any moment decide otherwise, it was imperative to forward it without delay.

The operator began his task of signaling for Cincinnati, but got no response. He waited a few moments and then called again. Finally, recollecting that the Louisville operator had a "best girl" and that it was a bare possibility that he might, as he had occasionally done before, stop at his office on his way home, he began calling "Louisville." But no one answered. Unless it should come speedily, he feared that Cincinnati might not remain open, and that would block him hopelessly. He kept up his signaling, but all in vain. He gave himself ten minutes more, but got no answer; another ten minutes, but no reply came. Five minutes more he tried. Three minutes passed. Then both the expected and unexpected happened. The operator broke in.

"What do you want?"

"Cincinnati."

After an effort of some minutes came the discouraging words, "Can't get him."

"Try once more!"

He did so, but with no better luck.

"Try Indianapolis!"

But the Louisville man thought he would rather go home. However, on learning the importance of the message, he agreed to try "just once more."

There was no trouble with Indianapolis. Indianapolis was asked to call Cincinnati, and Indianapolis, by way of Lafayette, had no trouble in getting Cincinnati. Buell's headquarters were at length reached and the receipt of General Cass's message was finally acknowledged in Washington, and its cost,—nearly one hundred dollars,—paid by the state department a few days subsequently.

A few years afterwards, Mr. Seward, on his voyage around the world, met at Detroit some of the gentlemen who had been instrumental in soliciting the Cass message. He told them that the cabinet was unanimously opposed to the surrender. It feared the popular clamor that would be provoked by their consenting to it. There was even a prevalent belief that a war with England might arouse the old patriotism of the South and bring it back into the Union. General Cass's argument, he said, had great weight with them, and, in the long and agitated cabinet meeting, reinforced Mr. Lincoln's views and greatly aided them in deciding to accede to the British demands.

"I believe," said Mr. Brush to the young operator, after this meeting with Mr. Seward, "that we saved the nation."

Comfort and independence abide with those who can postpone their desires.

Many a ruined man dates his downfall from the day when he began borrowing money.

Rise Liars, and Salute Your Queen!

Ho, All Ye Faithful Followers of Ananias, GIVE EAR!

A Young Girl said to a Cooking School Teacher in New York: "If You make One Statement as False as That, All You have said about Foods is Absolutely Unreliable."

This burst of true American girl indignation was caused by the teacher saying that Grape-Nuts, the popular pre-digested food, was made of stale bread shipped in and sweetened.

The teacher colored up and changed the subject. There is quite an assortment of traveling and stay-at-home members of the tribe of Ananias who tell their falsehoods for a variety of reasons.

In the spring it is the custom on a cattle ranch to have a "round up," and brand the cattle, so we are going to have a "round up," and brand these cattle and place them in their proper pastures.

FIRST PASTURE.

Cooking school teachers—this includes "teachers" who have applied to us for a weekly pay if they would say "something nice" about Grape-Nuts and Postum, and when we have declined to hire them to do this they get waspy and show their true colors.

This also includes "demonstrators" and "lecturers" sent out by a certain Sanitarium to sell foods made there, and these people instructed by the small-be-whiskered-doctor—the head of the institution—to tell these prevarications (you can speak the stronger word if you like). This same little doctor conducts a small magazine in which there is a department of "answers to correspondents," many of the questions as well as the answers being written by the aforesaid doctor.

In this column sometime ago appeared the statement: "No, we cannot recommend the use of Grape-Nuts for it is nothing but bread with glucose poured over it." Right then he showed his badge as a member of the tribe of Ananias. He may have been a member for some time before, and so he has caused these "lecturers" to descend into the ways of the tribe wherever they go.

When the young lady in New York put the "iron on" to this "teacher" and branded her right we sent \$10.00 to the girl for her pluck and bravery.

SECOND PASTURE.

Editors of "Trade" papers known as grocers' papers.

Remember, we don't put the brand on all, by any means. Only those that require it. These members of the tribe have demanded that we carry advertising in their papers and when we do not consider it advisable they institute a campaign of vituperation and slander, printing from time to time manufactured slurs on Postum or Grape-Nuts. When they go far enough we set our legal force at work and hail them to the judge to answer. If the pace has been hot enough to throw some of these "cattle" over on their backs, feet tied and "bellowing," do you think we should be blamed? They gambol around with tails held high and jump stiff legged with a very "cocky" air while they have full range, but when the rope is thrown over them "it's different."

Should we untie them because they bleat soft and low? Or should we put the iron on, so that people will know the brand?

Let's keep them in this pasture, anyhow.

THIRD PASTURE.

Now we come to a frisky lot, the "Labor Union" editors. You know down in Texas a weed called "Loco" is sometimes eaten by a steer and produces a derangement of the brain that makes the steer "batty" or crazy. Many of these editors are "Locoed" from hate of anyone who will not instantly obey the "demands" of a labor union and it is the universal habit of such writers to go straight into a system of personal vilification, manufacturing any sort of falsehood through which to vent their spleen. We assert that the common citizen has a right to live and breathe air without asking permission of the labor trust and this has brought down on us the hate of these editors. When they go far enough with their libels, it is harsh for us to get judgment against them and have our lawyers watch for a chance to attach money due them from others? (For they are usually irresponsible.)

Keep your eye out for the "Locoed" editor.

Now let all these choice specimens take notice:

We will deposit one thousand or fifty thousand dollars to be covered by a like amount from them, or any one of them, and if there was ever one ounce of old bread or any other ingredient different than our selected wheat and barley with a little salt and yeast used in the making of Grape-Nuts, we will lose the money.

Our pure food factories are open at all times to visitors, and thousands pass through each month, inspecting every department and every process. Our factories are so clean that one could, with good relish, eat a meal from the floors.

The work people, both men and women, are of the highest grade in the state of Michigan, and according to the state labor reports, are the highest paid in the state for similar work.

Let us tell you exactly what you will see when you inspect the manufacture of Grape-Nuts. You will find tremendous elevators containing the choicest wheat and barley possible to buy. These grains are carried through long conveyers to grinding mills, and there converted into flour. Then the machines make selection of the proper quantities of this flour in the proper proportion and these parts are blended into a general flour which passes over to the big dough mixing machines, there water, salt and a little yeast are added and the dough kneaded the proper length of time.

Remember that previous to the barley having been ground it was passed through about one hundred hours of soaking in water, then placed on warm floors and slightly sprouted, developing the diastase in the barley, which changes the starch in the grain into a form of sugar.

Now after we have passed it into dough and it has been kneaded long enough, it is moulded by machinery into loaves about 18 inches long and 5 or 6 inches in diameter. It is put into this shape for convenience in second cooking.

These great loaves are sliced by machinery and the slices placed on wire trays, these trays, in turn, placed on great steel trucks, and rolled into the secondary ovens, each perhaps 75 or 80 feet long. There the food is subjected to a long, low heat and the starch, which has not been heretofore transformed, is turned into a form of sugar generally known as Post Sugar. It can be seen glistening on the granules of Grape-Nuts if held toward the light, and this sugar is not poured over or put on the food as these prevaricators ignorantly assert. On the contrary the sugar exudes from the interior of each little granule during the process of manufacture, and reminds one of the little white particles of sugar that come out on the end of a hickory log after it has been sawed off and allowed to stand for a length of time.

This Post Sugar is the most digestible food known for human use. It is so perfect in its adaptability that mothers with very young infants will pour a little warm milk over two or three spoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, thus washing the sugar off from the granules and carrying it with the milk to the bottom of the dish. Then this milk charged with Post Sugar is fed to the infants producing the most satisfactory results, for the baby has food that it can digest quickly and will go off to sleep well fed and contented.

When baby gets two or three months old it is the custom of some mothers to allow the Grape-Nuts to soak in the milk a little longer and become mushy, whereupon a little of the food can be fed in addition to the milk containing the washed off sugar.

It is by no means manufactured for a baby food, but these facts are stated as an illustration of a perfectly digestible food.

It furnishes the energy and strength for the great athletes. It is in common use by physicians in their

own families and among their patients, and can be seen on the table of every first-class college in the land.

We quote from the London Lancet analysis as follows:

"The basis of nomenclature of this preparation is evidently an American pleasantry, since 'Grape-Nuts' is derived solely from cereals. The preparatory process undoubtedly converts the food constituents into a much more digestible condition than in the raw cereal. This is evident from the remarkable solubility of the preparation, no less than one-half of it being soluble in cold water. The soluble part contains chiefly dextrin and no starch. In appearance 'Grape-Nuts' resembles fried bread crumbs. The grains are brown and crisp, with a pleasant taste not unlike slightly burnt malt. According to our analysis the following is the composition of 'Grape-Nuts': Moisture, 6.02 per cent; mineral matter, 2.01 per cent; fat, 1.60 per cent; proteids, 15.00 per cent; soluble carbohydrates, etc., 49.40 per cent; and unaltered carbohydrates (insoluble), 25.97 per cent. The features worthy of note in this analysis are the excellent proportion of proteid, mineral matters, and soluble carbohydrates per cent. The mineral matter was rich in phosphoric acid. 'Grape-Nuts' is described as a brain and nerve food, whatever that may be. Our analysis, at any rate, shows that it is a nutritive of a high order, since it contains the constituents of a complete food in very satisfactory and rich proportion and in an easily assimilable state."

An analysis made by the Canadian Government some time ago shows that Grape-Nuts contains nearly ten times the digestible elements contained in ordinary cereals and foods, and nearly twice the amount contained in any other food analyzed.

The analysis is familiar to practically every successful physician in America and London.

We print this statement in order that the public may know the exact facts upon which we stake our honor and will back it with any amount of money that any person or corporation will put up.

We propose to follow some of these choice specimens of the tribe of Ananias.

When you hear a cooking school teacher or any other person assert that either Postum or Grape-Nuts are made of any other ingredients than those printed on the packages and as we say they are made, send us the name and address, also names of two or three witnesses, and if the evidence is clear enough to get a judgment we will right that wrong quickly.

Our business has always been conducted on as high a grade of human intelligence as we are capable of, and we propose to clear the deck of these prevaricators and liars whenever and wherever they can be found.

Attention is again called to the general and broad invitation to visitors to go through our works, where they will be shown the most minute process and device in order that they may understand how pure and clean and wholesome Grape-Nuts and Postum are.

There is an old saying among business men that there is some chance to train a fool, but there is no room for a liar, for you never can tell where you are, and we hereby serve notice on all the members of this ancient tribe of Ananias that they may follow their calling in other lines, but when they put forth their lies about Grape-Nuts and Postum, we propose to give them an opportunity to answer to the proper authorities.

The New York girl wisely said that if a person would lie about one item, it brands the whole discourse as absolutely unreliable.

Keep your iron ready and brand these "mavericks" whenever you find them running loose.

"There's a Reason" for
Grape-Nuts and Postum

A FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITY

The Earning Power of Money Invested in

KORBIT

The Earning Power of MONEY

HERE is a financial Opportunity to make an investment in an up-to-date, energetic, money-making Industrial Manufacturing Company, which owns all the United States patents, processes and exclusive rights for producing Kornit, a product never before manufactured nor sold in this country. The demand for Kornit is great, and the profit of manufacturing and selling is ENORMOUS. Read every word of this announcement and ACT AT ONCE.

IN a recent article in "Success," Henry Clews says: "Money represents the efforts of man." If one has a million dollars, he can, for a day, control a force equal to a million men. Every dollar one saves gives him practical control of the services of one man for one day. The man who has the ability and strength to save money can make these moneys work for him as if they were men. The question is, HOW and WHERE can it be used to the greatest advantage? If you invest it at a small rate of interest, you simply give some one else the opportunity of making your money earn money for THEM; if you spend it, all possibility of making it work for you is lost.

One hundred dollars invested at 16 per cent. interest will earn in a year as much as sixteen men working for you one day. It is, however, possible to make one hundred dollars do the work of ten, fifty or even one hundred men: it depends on how and WHERE you invest it.

Every man is desirous of securing for himself a competency which will enable him to enjoy the fruits of his labor at as early a period in his life as possible. This is a problem, however, which is becoming more difficult and more complex each year.

Consider these facts seriously, and decide if it is not wise to invest at once in THE KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and draw a handsome yearly income from its enormous earnings.

THE STORY OF KORBIT

By President Charles E. Ellis

KORBIT was invented by JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, a subject of the Czar of Russia, residing at Menkenhof, near Livenhof, Russia, and is a Homogeneous Horn or Hoof substance. Kornit is produced by grinding horn and hoof shavings and waste into a palpable powder and then pressing under heavy hydraulic pressure with heat into a homogeneous slab. This slab produces a substance which can be sawed or turned the same as ordinary wood. It is of a beautiful black consistency and is EXTREMELY VALUABLE as a NON-CONDUCTOR FOR ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES. It is a matter of record that the electrical industry in this country AT THIS TIME DOES NOT HAVE A satisfactory material for heavy or high insulating purposes. A slab of Kornit one inch thick was tested in Trenton, New Jersey, by the Imperial Porcelain Works and was FOUND TO HAVE RESISTED 66,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY. It may be interesting to note here that the heaviest voltage which is transmitted in this country is between Niagara, Buffalo and Lockport, New York. The voltage transmitted by this company is between 40,000 and 50,000 volts. Kornit is equally as good as a non-conductor for electrical purposes and supplies as is hard rubber.

The average price of hard vulcanized rubber for electrical purposes is to-day considerably over one dollar per pound—at the present writing something like \$1.25 per pound.

KORBIT CAN BE SOLD AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER POUND AND AN ENORMOUS profit can be made at this price, so that IT CAN EASILY BE SEEN that where KORBIT IS EQUALLY AS GOOD AND AS A MATTER OF FACT, in many instances, a BETTER non-conductor than hard rubber, it can compete in every case where it can be used with great success on account of its price. For electrical panel boards, switchboards, fuse boxes, cut-outs, etc., there are other materials used, such as vulcanized paper fibre, slate, marble, etc. A piece of vulcanized paper fibre, 3x4x1 inch, in lots of 1,000, brings 20 cents per piece. A piece of Kornit of the SAME DIMENSIONS could be sold with the ENORMOUS PROFIT OF OVER 100 PER CENT, at ten cents. The absorptive qualities of Kornit render it such that it is FAR PREFERABLE to that of vulcanized fibre. It will not maintain a flame. Of all the materials which are now in the electrical market for supplies and insulators there is, as we have stated above, none that are satisfactory. Kornit will fill this place. Its tensile strength per square inch averages from 1,358 pounds to 1,811 pounds, which the reader can readily see is MORE THAN SATISFACTORY. This test was made by a well-known electrical engineer, who is now acting in that capacity for the United States Government with a Standard Kliebe Bros. testing machine.

Waste horn and whole hoofs are being sold by the ton to-day principally only for fertilizing purposes. There is one town alone, Leominster, Mass., where they have an average of eight tons of horn shavings every day. These waste horn shavings are now only being sold for fertilizing material. These eight tons of horn

other spoons, salad sets, cigar and cigarette cases, cigar and cigarette holders, match boxes, and hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles, all at a large and remunerative profit.

The Great Demand for Kornit in this Country

There is one manufacturer ALONE here in New York that uses 60,000 square feet of insulating material for panel boards every year. He is now using slate and marble, but IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY, for the reason that in boring and transportation IT BREAKS SO EASILY. KORBIT WILL ANSWER THE PURPOSE OF MANUFACTURING PANEL BOARDS VERY MUCH MORE SATISFACTORILY. On 60,000 square feet of Kornit there would be a net profit of over \$30,000, or 50 cents for every square foot used. THIS ONE EXAMPLE is cited to show you THE ENORMOUS PROFITS which can be made. There are a great many other panel and switchboard manufacturers in this country. You may be interested to know that a panel board in a small switchboard. There is one or more on every floor of all large buildings where electricity is used. They each have a number of switches mounted on them, so that those in charge can turn certain lights on or off, and by these panel boards all the electrical power in the building is controlled. They must be of a reliable non-conducting material. Kornit can be used for this purpose almost exclusively. The largest electrical manufacturing concerns in Riga, Russia, ARE USING KORBIT ONLY FOR THIS PURPOSE, after having tried all other so-called non-conducting compositions. The electrical trades alone can consume a great many tons of Kornit every day in the year. If only two tons of Kornit is manufactured and sold every working day in the year it will ENABLE THE KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY TO PAY 16 PER CENT DIVIDENDS EVERY YEAR. Of course, if four tons a day are sold the dividends would be over 32 per cent. per year. THIS IS NOT IMPROBABLE. AN EXPERT ELECTRICAL ENGINEER who holds one of the most responsible positions here in New York City made the statement, after thoroughly examining and testing Kornit for electrical purposes, that in his most conservative estimation there can be ten tons of manufactured Kornit sold every working day in the first year. This would mean that the Kornit Manufacturing Company would pay a dividend out of its earnings the first year of over seventy-five per cent. (75%). This is probably more than will be paid the first year, but there certainly seems to be a good prospect of paying a large dividend the first year.

THERE WILL BE SUCH AN ENORMOUS DEMAND FOR KORBIT AFTER IT BECOMES INTRODUCED THAT FROM YEAR TO YEAR THE DIVIDENDS EARNED WILL BECOME LARGER. THIS IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE AN INVESTMENT THAT YOU HAVE EVER HAD.

It is a well known fact that the THE MOST LEGITIMATE AND PROFITABLE way to MAKE MONEY is by manufacturing some product that is "NECESSARY" and ONE THAT CAN BE FULLY CONTROLLED so that nobody else can manufacture the same article. Look at Sugar (which is protected by a high tariff) at Standard Oil, the Telephone, the Telegraph, and we might go on and enumerate many more monopolies. THEY ARE THE BIG MONEY MAKERS OF TO-DAY. KORBIT CANNOT BE MANUFACTURED BY ANYBODY IN THIS COUNTRY EXCEPT OURSELVES OR OUR AGENTS. We own all the patents issued by the UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT to the inventor, MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH, IN RUSSIA. These patents HAVE BEEN BOUGHT FROM MR. BIERICH and are DULY TRANSFERRED TO THE KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the same is DULY RECORDED IN THE PATENT OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

We Have a Fine Factory

Our factory is located in Newark, N. J. (Belleville Station). The machinery is now being assembled. To this end the services of the son of the inventor, MR. KURT BIERICH, who is a graduate of FREIBURG UNIVERSITY, GERMANY, have been retained. He is now on his way to this country, coming direct from the Russian factory, to take full charge of the scientific completion of the factory. MR. KURT BIERICH spent two years in his father's factory at MENKENHOF, RUSSIA, and six months at the workshops at RIGA, RUSSIA, mastering every minute detail of the manufacturing and working departments. MR. BIERICH, JR., has been employed for six months recently in superintending the erection of a Kornit factory for the English company at Stoke Newington, N. London, which he has just brought to completion in the most satisfactory manner. MR. BIERICH, JR., will have full charge of erecting and maintaining the KORBIT FACTORY IN THIS COUNTRY. It is planned that OUR FACTORY WILL BE COMPLETED DURING THE PRESENT MONTH AND THAT KORBIT SHALL BE A WELL KNOWN AND UNIVERSALLY USED ARTICLE IN THE ELECTRICAL AND OTHER TRADES OF THIS COUNTRY EARLY AND PAYING LARGE AND SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS EACH AND EVERY SIX MONTHS. A few shares obtained now may be the foundation for a fortune or the much desired income for support in the unknown years that are to come. We leave it to you if it would not seem good judgment to take immediate advantage of this opportunity. Anyway, please write me at once and let me know just what you will do. It is not possible for you to take shares now, write and tell me how many you would like and how soon it will be convenient for you to do so, provided I will reserve them for you. As soon as I receive your letter I will answer it with a PERSONAL LETTER and will ARRANGE MATTERS AS YOU WISH TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY.

REMEMBER, I HAVE A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS INVESTED IN THE KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and the minute you buy a share or more in this Company we become CO-PARTNERS AS CO-SHAREHOLDERS. It is for our mutual benefit to watch and guard each other's interests. I WILL BE GRATEFUL IF YOU WILL WRITE ME TO-DAY, so that I may know just what you will do.

I know you will agree with me that you have never had presented to your notice a better opportunity to make an investment where such large profits can be made because of the exclusiveness of control, and the great demand and the low cost of the raw material, which is now almost practically thrown away. Join me in this investment, and I assure you it is my sincere belief that in

If you will carefully cast over in your mind and pick out twenty of the wealthiest people you personally know, you will find in each case that it is a fact that years ago each one of these persons, or their ancestors, learned how to make a little money do a whole lot of work, and now they and their children reap the benefit in a golden harvest.

You can do the same. Only you must make a beginning. Here is a Financial Opportunity. Take advantage of it now—not to-morrow but right now, to-day. You are making money. Why not invest a little and later on reap the benefit? It is the wise thing to do, and the wise and thoughtful people who are doing it are the ones that live in ease.

the future you will say: "That is the day I made the most successful move in my whole life."

My Offer to You To-day

THE KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey and is capitalized with 50,000 FULLY PAID NON-ASSESSABLE shares at \$10 each. It is my intention to sell a LIMITED NUMBER ONLY OF THESE SHARES at the par value of \$10 each. TEN DOLLARS WILL BUY ONE SHARE. TWENTY DOLLARS WILL BUY TWO SHARES. FIFTY DOLLARS WILL BUY FIVE SHARES. ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS WILL BUY TEN SHARES. ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS ONE HUNDRED SHARES, AND SO ON. After you have bought one or more shares in THE KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY you may feel as I do, that you have placed your savings where THEY WILL DRAW REGULAR AND SATISFACTORY LARGE DIVIDENDS.

YOU SHOULD NOT BE A BIT SURPRISED if these shares paid dividends as high as one hundred per cent. in the not far distant future. Consequently, a few dollars invested now in the shares of the KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY will enable you in the future to draw a REGULAR INCOME from the large profits of the Company as they are earned. THE DIVIDENDS will be paid semi-annually, every six months, the first of May and November of each year. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST OPPORTUNITIES YOU WILL EVER HAVE PRESENTED TO YOU IN YOUR WHOLE LIFE-TIME. I HAVE INVESTED A GREAT MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THE KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, AND I FEEL SURE IT IS ONE OF THE BEST INVESTMENTS I HAVE EVER MADE. I CAN TRUTHFULLY SAY TO YOU THAT I FULLY BELIEVE that you will be more than pleased with your investment and that YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY. REMEMBER, that you here have an opportunity to become interested in a large industrial manufacturing concern manufacturing a product, with an exclusive monopoly, which HAS NEVER BEFORE been manufactured or sold in this country.

Remember, that it is by no means an experiment, as IT HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY MANUFACTURED AND SOLD FOR OVER FOUR YEARS IN RUSSIA AT A LARGE PROFIT, and the manufacturer and inventor recently wrote that the DEMAND IS INCREASING EVERY DAY, beyond the capacity of their manufacturing facilities.

Now is the time for you to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity to make an investment in these shares. I EARNESTLY BELIEVE that in a few years THESE SHARES WILL BE WORTH FROM FIFTY DOLLARS TO ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS each on account of the LARGE DIVIDENDS which the company will earn and regularly pay each and every six months. It is a well-known fact that \$10 shares that pay fifty (50) to one hundred (100) per cent. dividends will readily sell in the open market for \$50 to \$100. THE OUTLOOK FOR THE KORBIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY is such that it seems impossible for the earnings to fall far short of these figures. If the company only makes and sells two tons of Kornit a day for the first year, and makes a profit of only two hundred dollars per ton, it would mean a profit of over sixteen per cent. (16%) the first year. If this business were doubled the



MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH

The inventor of Kornit, in his Summer Garden at Menkenhof, Russia

shavings manufactured into Kornit and sold for electrical purposes would easily bring \$3,000. At this price it would be selling for less than one-fifth of what hard rubber would cost, and about one-half what other competitive materials would sell for even though they would not be as satisfactory as Kornit.

Kornit has been in use in Russia about four years. In Riga, Russia, which is the largest seaport town of Western Russia, the Electrical Unions there are using Kornit with the greatest satisfaction, finding it preferable to any other insulating material.

The expense of manufacturing Kornit from the horn shavings is not large, as the patentee, Mr. Bierich, has invented an economical and satisfactory process which produces an article that, in the near future, will be used in the construction of almost every building in this country.

Besides electrical insulators, Kornit can be used for the manufacturing of furniture, buttons, door handles, umbrellas, cane, knife and fork handles, brush and sword handles, revolver handles, mirror backs, picture frames, toilet accessories, such as fancy glove boxes, jewel cases, glove stretchers, shoe lifts, etc.; office utensils, such as paper knife and pen holders, ink stands, pen racks; medical instruments, such as syringes, ear trumpets, etc., etc.; pieces for games, such as draughts, chessmen, dominoes, checkers, counters, chips, cribbage boards, etc.; telephone ear pieces, stands, etc.; piano keys, typewriter keys, adding machine and cash register keys, tea trays, ash trays, scoops, mustard and



PRESIDENT CHARLES E. ELLIS

second year, of course the earning capacity would double and the dividends would be over thirty-two per cent. (32%). Prominent and well-known Electrical Engineers assure me that this product cannot help and is bound to make enormous profits. I would recommend that you send for as many as you wish at once. You, in my opinion, can safely count on the large earning capacity of these shares. I will at once write you a personal letter with full information, and send you our illustrated book, "A Financial Opportunity," containing a score of photographs of the KORBIT industry, taken in Russia. Please let me hear from you. Yours very truly,

CHARLES E. ELLIS, President

709 Temple Court - New York City, New York.

[Mr. Ellis, besides being president of this company, is also president of two other large and successful companies now paying large dividends, owning shares therein valued conservatively at over \$250,000.00. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks and mortgages to the amount of many more hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any bank or mercantile agency will tell you his guarantee is as good as gold. This is a successful man who wishes you for a Co-partner as a Shareholder and Dividends Receiver in this Company. Remember, you will do business personally with Mr. Ellis in this matter.]

I WANT TO SEND YOU MY MAGAZINE SIX MONTHS FREE



I want you to read my magazine, "THE MONEY MAKER," and so become acquainted with my method of doing business.

I am a broker in reliable investment securities that offer the investor a good conservative profit and much more than the usual amount of safety.

I am not selling the stock of one company or one security, but am handling nearly a dozen—every one good and on a paying profitable basis—and my clients select the security that seems best to them. I have no interest in influencing them toward any especial stock.

All of these investments are offered on an easy payment plan, so that any person who can save \$5 or more a month can share in their profit.

These small investments multiply enormously, and, as a result, my clients have placed over \$2,000,000 through me and in return, in the past three years, they have received over half a million dollars in dividends.

The whole theory of my plan of business is placed on the co-operation of small amounts. I believe that the \$100 of one thousand people is as good as the \$100,000 of one person.

If you are interested in making a dollar earn a dollar, ask me for "THE MONEY MAKER," and I will send it to you six months free.

Your name on a postal card will do. Write to-day and address me simply:

I am responsible and trustworthy, and I can refer you to National Banks in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia and to Dun, and Bradstreet. I can also refer you to satisfied clients all over the land—some of them quite possibly in your own town.

The stocks I sell pay 8, 10 and 12 per cent, and are ably managed by sound conservative interests.

I want to get in touch with men and women of moderate income or savings, who want their money to earn more than the 3 to 6 per cent afforded by Banks, Trust Companies and Building and Loan Societies, and who can still feel the same sense of security that these investments afford.

I have an interesting proposition for them.

I don't want a cent of their money until they know all about me and our business. But I *do* want them to learn about us.

My monthly investment magazine, "THE MONEY MAKER," tells all about our business—what we do and how we are doing it. It not only tells about the various investments we are offering, but gives a great deal of information about investments and money matters in general.

W. M. OSTRANDER, President
391 North American Building, Philadelphia



That may be the Reason

Why you do not climb the ladder of
Success.

If your mental and physical machinery
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