SUCCESS
MAGAZINE

♥ JUNE

♥ 1906

CHARLES H. WRIGH

Talks on Outdoor Advertising

The Blacksmith's Anvil Cannot Sound Grand Opera

MR. Outdoor Advertiser, let's talk common sense.

The space you are using on billboards and in street cars must either bring you a profit or net you a loss.

That's a self-evident fact.

You cannot afford to consider it with the idea of "furthering art for art's sake."

It's a merchandise proposition, pure and simple.

Yet most posters and car cards—in fact 99% of all posters and car cards—are prepared by color printers whose only knowledge of selling force lies in producing sketches to sell to you, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser.

This color printer is interested solely and entirely in his own work and in producing something so artistic, so finely finished and so perfect in technique that it will "Please the man who pays the bill"—and that's you—irrespective of whether it will induce people to buy *your* goods or not.

He knows, even if you do not tell him, that he is working in competition with other color printers and that to secure the order he must primarily submit a design to please the eye of the man who decides.

The *merchandising element* does *not* enter into the transaction at any stage except so far as it concerns his selling *you his* merchandise.

If, by flattering your vanity, by touching upon the distinction of having your name attached to such work of art as he submits, He can induce you to accept a design containing seven or eight colors instead of two or three, all the better for him. He has accomplished the purpose for which he made the sketch—to sell his own goods.

Every extra color means so much more money in his pocket.

No blame can attach to the color printer for presenting the product of his skill as a colorist in its best light, or of making his sketches as elaborate as he can induce you to take.

He gives you honest value *in color printing* for your money and has a right to sell you as large a bill as he can. That is what he is in business for—to sell his goods—not yours.

But, though he gives you full value in color printing, how about the value of the design from the standpoint of *advertising*?

As wisely expect a typesetter or electrotype foundryman to prepare a business-bringing magazine or newspaper advertisement as to expect a color printer, skilled artist and artisan though he may be, to prepare a poster that will economically sell your merchandise.

Because salesmanship is based on thorough business knowledge, guided by valuable experience—not upon "artistic" genius directing skilled hands.

The nature of art work and the personality of the worker causes the artist in particular to be acknowledged generally as a poor business man.

On the other hand, it is true that in many instances these "artistically" prepared posters and street car cards—the product of "art" instead of advertising experience—have resulted in profitable returns—in traceable increase in sales for the product advertised.

But it is also a fact capable of demonstration that such "art" posters have sold goods in spite of the copy used to fill a certain space rather than because of it.

And because of the intrinsic value of the billboard space itself, many a posting campaign has been a success in spite of the "art" copy used to fill the space.

It can also be convincingly demonstrated that this same valuable space filled with sales producing copy focusing the vital selling points of your proposition in a few words with an appropriate illustration, would have been multiplied in value many times and thus your results in profits on the advertising increased proportionately.

Maximum results in advertising however, can never come from mere "art" skill, no matter how great.

But a poster you say is designed principally to attract the attention, please the eye and give prominence to the name of your firm.

True, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser.

But the most important point of all you have overlooked.

If your poster or street car card is to reach the maximum of its effectiveness, it must also open the purses of those who read it and drive them into the stores to buy your goods.

Otherwise you are simply supporting art for art's sake and wasting money instead of investing it.

The great middle class—the buying class—are practical rather than aesthetic.

High art will not and does not loosen their purse strings when it requires studying or figuring to determine what is for sale, or for what purpose it is intended.

Take the case of Omega Oil.

You well remember their original poster—the boy, the geese and the bag of corn, with the words "Omega Oil" in the upper corner.

The color scheme was a symphony of harmonies, the composition beyond reproach, the technique perfect.

The work reflected great credit on the color printer who prepared it.

Its use also depleted the pocketbook of "The man who paid the bill," it has been said, to the extent of $140,000 before it was declared a failure and its use discontinued.

Then came a vital change in their copy, the necessity for which had been driven home at the price of thousands of dollars.

Their next poster copy told a story in each picture, instead of being merely a sacrifice on the altar of art.

The result is that the lost thousands were soon recovered after the new posters appeared.

The new copy—the bandaged arm with the words "Omega Oil for sprains and bruises"—the swollen leg being rubbed with "Omega Oil for Rheumatism" tells at a glance what is being sold, (with but few words to read) what it is for, and suggests relief from pain to those who suffer, in a manner that sent the people to the stores and opened their purses.

The millions in profits resulting from the sale of Cascarets were largely gained through the forceful posters with appropriate illustrations and the words "Cascarets—Best for the Bowels—They work while you Sleep."

Here again is condensed advertising—the whole story told in a nutshell. The name of the remedy, its purpose and the ease of its action—all told succinctly in one short sentence that drove the story straight to the mind of the reader.

Not merely the attracting of attention, you see, but the meat of your selling argument, freed from husks and shell until it is ready for sure and profitable digestion by the public—is the vital element in successful poster copy.

No color printer could originate such copy, however qualified mechanically and artistically he might be to interpret the selling idea once given to him, or how successful he might be in inducing *you* to buy the products of his brush.

The Impressario cannot perfectly render the opera Il Trovatore by means of the anvils alone, although the anvil plays an important part in its presentation.

For there is more to opera than mere sound.

Neither can mechanical nor "artistic" skill alone produce a poster or street car card which will economically sell goods any more than the mechanical skill of the electrotype foundryman alone can produce a magazine or newspaper advertisement which will clear the merchandise from your shelves.

The blacksmith's anvil cannot sound grand opera.

* * *

An advertising agency which devotes the greater share of its thought to copy is the logical place to look for selling force in poster and street car cards.

The business of the Advertising Agency is to economically sell the goods advertised by opening the purses of the masses through the use of printer's ink.

The more experienced the agency is in copy preparation and the greater the agency's ability to sell to the people through printer's ink, the greater will be the returns and lower will be the cost of the returns to the man who pays the bills.

These are acknowledged facts, proved so thoroughly and convincingly that there is no room for argument.

This holds quite as true with regard to the production of poster and street car advertising as with regard to advertising which appears in publications of general circulation.

But it has also been demonstrated that many copy writers who can prepare successful copy for magazines and newspapers cannot successfully condense the selling arguments to such tabloid form as the demands of outdoor advertising require.

These two forms of advertising, to wit—publication advertising and poster advertising—are as widely different as indoors from outdoors.—The methods as widely separated as selling goods over the counter and marketing them by mail.

With the single exception of Lord & Thomas no advertising agency in America is equipped with a separate and exclusive copy force trained in the production of posters and car cards designed to sell goods instead of to merely please the advertiser, with no result in view except an order for posting.

No other agency in America has had the courage or faith required to spend thousands of dollars in the equipment of a Special Organization devoted exclusively to the production of Posters and Car Cards which will market the most goods for the advertiser at the least advertising expense.

All other agencies either attempt to utilize their magazine and newspaper copy force in the preparation of poster copy and designs or submit to you the product of the same color printer to whom you might have gone in the first place without the agency's intervention—for it is not generally known that most agency posters are prepared both as to idea and design by color printers.

In either case you, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, are being given a stone when you crave bread, and have no just cause for disappointment if your posting campaign fails to show the desired results in stimulated trade.

Lord & Thomas alone have had the temerity to step into the gap at an expense of over $30,000 to give the same trained service on bill boards and street car advertising which is expected and demanded on advertisements which are to appear in general publications.

This has not been done hurriedly or carelessly. Quality of service and ability in the individual members of the staff has received sole consideration to the entire exclusion of cost.

It required over two years to secure the right men to be entrusted with this important department.

This trained service—the only exclusive specialized service of its kind in America—is at your command without added expense to you, Mr. Outdoor Advertiser, if you want it.

It will cost you no more to have your Posters and Car Cards prepared by Lord & Thomas' trained poster copy men than it does now to have them prepared by color printers.

Space on billboards or in street cars will cost you the same no matter from whom you buy it—whether from Lord & Thomas, or direct, or through any other authorized agency.

The Posting systems bear the expense of this service—not you. Because they recognize that in proportion as you succeed through Billboard and Street Car advertising, to just that extent will it mean success for them.

Therefore, if Lord & Thomas look after your bill posting and street car work your space will cost you basically no more and no less than it does at present, but this space will be immeasurably increased in value and productiveness by being filled with sales producing copy.

If you are interested in Outdoor Advertising, or contemplate Outdoor work, or if you wish your Billboard and Street Car Space to bring you BETTER RETURNS, write us for our Book on Outdoor Advertising—which fully covers in detail every phase of this form of publicity. We are also about to issue a series of small books (cloth bound) covering advertising—newspaper, magazine and outdoor—in all its phases.

The value of the information and data this series contains cannot be measured by the price they were intended to sell at—$4.00—but we will gladly send them free to any interested advertiser.

LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America

CHICAGO — Annual Volume Placed for Clients Approaching $4,000,000.00 — NEW YORK

ORISON SWETT MARDEN
EDITOR AND FOUNDER

ROBERT MACKAY
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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OTHER FEATURES, STORIES, AND DEPARTMENTS

Invest $5 To-day

—AT—

LINCOLN

New York's Model Industrial Suburb

If you can save $5.00 or more a month from your income, you cannot find a better or safer investment for it than New York suburban real estate.

Buy real estate anywhere within a radius of fifty miles of New York at a fair price and you cannot go amiss.

Your property is simply bound to increase in value.

New York City is a struggling, swarming mass of people—4,000,000 people—living on an island scarcely large enough to hold them.

900,000 New Yorkers in the past five years have found New York too small.

They have moved to the suburbs—especially to New Jersey, which every year is being dotted with new and beautiful homes and live, progressive suburban towns.

This rush has caused a tremendous jump in the price of suburban real estate there.

A property bought 25 years ago for $14,000 was sold just the other day for $500,000.

Hundreds of similar examples abound on every hand.

People who a few years ago were far-sighted enough to invest a few hundred dollars in New York suburban real estate are wealthy to-day.

The next five years will show even more rapid increase. By buying judiciously now you may win a fortune in the next few years.

Just $5.00, if you send it promptly, will secure for you a full size city lot in the beautiful New York suburb of Lincoln.

$5.00 to-day and $5.00 a month for twenty-six 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 28 miles from Broadway, located in Middlesex County, New Jersey, directly between the large towns of Plainfield and Bound Brook.

Five big manufacturing plants are daily sending forth smoke and steam, and are employing hundreds of busy workmen.

Birdseye View of Lincoln

Lincoln is on the main line of the Central Railroad of NewJersey and the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Twenty-nine trains a day stop there. The stations of these two railroads are within easy access of every lot in the town.

A splendid electric street car system runs through Lincoln with a 15-minute service, taking passengers to all surrounding towns, to Newark, Jersey City and thence by ferry to New York. Every lot we offer is within easy walking distance of the cars. 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. This summer, however, we have set aside a few of the very choicest lots in the residential section—full size city lots—and will offer them, while they last, at the rate of $135; payable $5.00 down and $5.00 a month until payments are completed, or for $120 cash.

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.

This summer we shall begin extensive improvements at Lincoln and in this we will be greatly aided by the present property holders. New streets will be opened, trees will be planted and a great many houses built. We are planning to erect 50 houses ourselves. More manufacturing industries are expected to locate there and the largest of the present ones has decided to double the capacity of its plant. In view of these improvements there can be no doubt that your lot will be held at a price much higher than you have contracted to pay even before the payments are completed. And if you are content to hold your lot still longer—say two or three years—you will be certain to realize magnificently.

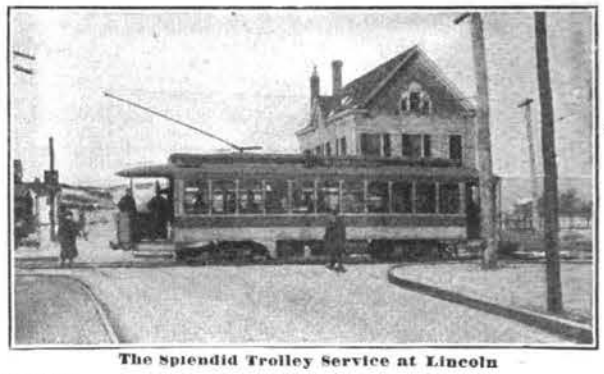
Before the end of the present year a tunnel now being constructed beneath the North River will be open for traffic to Jersey City, and through it will be run electric cars that will directly connect with Lincoln. Two other big tunnels will follow. The result in the saving of time over the slow inconvenient ferry service will increase enormously the value of all suburban property in New Jersey. Property in the vicinity of Lincoln will be practically as near the heart of the metropolis as are the subway stations to-day. Just try to realize what this means to New Jersey.

In our opinion every lot we sell to-day at $135 should be worth at least $1,000 inside of ten years; probably in a much shorter time.

We have had years of experience in the real estate business in every section of this broad United States, but we are more enthusiastic and have a firmer faith in the future of this project than of any other real estate operation with which we have been connected.

28 Miles from Broadway
2 Railroads
29 Trains a Day
Trolleys Every 15 Minutes
City Water
Gas
Lighted Streets
Sewers
Every Modern Convenience

50 Lots in the Heart of the Town at $135



The Splendid Trolley Service at Lincoln

BETTER THAN LIFE INSURANCE

One very unusual and particularly desirable feature that is included in the buying of a Lincoln lot is the 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 mails, your life will be protected for the full value of the lot, and the $5.00 will begin to earn profits on the entire investment.

This makes the purchase of a lot not only an unusually good investment, but the strongest kind of a protection as well.

The lot could be sold at any time, and your beneficiaries would thus realize on their property just as if it were an ordinary insurance policy.

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. The facts are plain.

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. Did not most of them make 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 one of the letters we have received from a satisfied citizen of Lincoln. See what others think. It's the best kind of proof.

LINCOLN, N. J., Feb. 12, 1906.

W. M. OSTRANDER, INC., Philadelphia, Pa.

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 city 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.

THE MATTER IN A NUT-SHELL

We are offering you an opportunity of making money easily, rapidly and with little outlay, with no risk and with no effort.

By sending $5.00 to-day you can secure a lot for $135.

By paying for your lot in easy little installments, you will in a comparatively short time own real estate that is almost certain to double 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, Dun's and Bradstreet's. We can refer you to National banks, in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago as to our financial standing.

We can refer you to thousands of satisfied investors who have placed with us over $2,000,000 for investment—and who have received in return in the past three years, $524,500 in dividends.

Many of these people are in your own State. Some of them may be in your own town.

You are taking no chances whatever when you do business with us.

DECIDE TO-DAY

We do not want you to invest a dollar until you are absolutely certain that your investment will be a safe and profitable one. Make your decision as a result of your best judgment, but be prompt. Now, if ever, is the time to invest. Only 50 lots have been reserved for the readers of this advertisement. These 50 lots are among the best in town, right in the heart of the unsold territory. As soon as your $5.00 is received we will pick out one of the best remaining lots for you. Then if for any reason you prefer some other lot, we will transfer it to you without extra charge. Or if the lot we choose for you is not in every way what we claim it to be, we will return your money with interest. But quick action is necessary here.

If you can save $5.00 a month from your income, and want to double your income, sit down, fill out the coupon printed below, enclose $5.00 and mail it to us to-day.

If the 50 lots are gone when your money comes, we will return your $5.00 promptly. Be sure of a lot by writing now—this minute—you will never regret it. It will be the best investment you ever made.

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

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

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5 as first payment on a LINCOLN lot. It is understood that you will select for me a good lot, and that if the property is not as you represent it you will return my money, with interest. I will pay the balance ($130) at the rate of $5 per month for twenty-six months.

Yours truly,

Name _____

Address _____

_____

W. M. OSTRANDER, (Inc.)

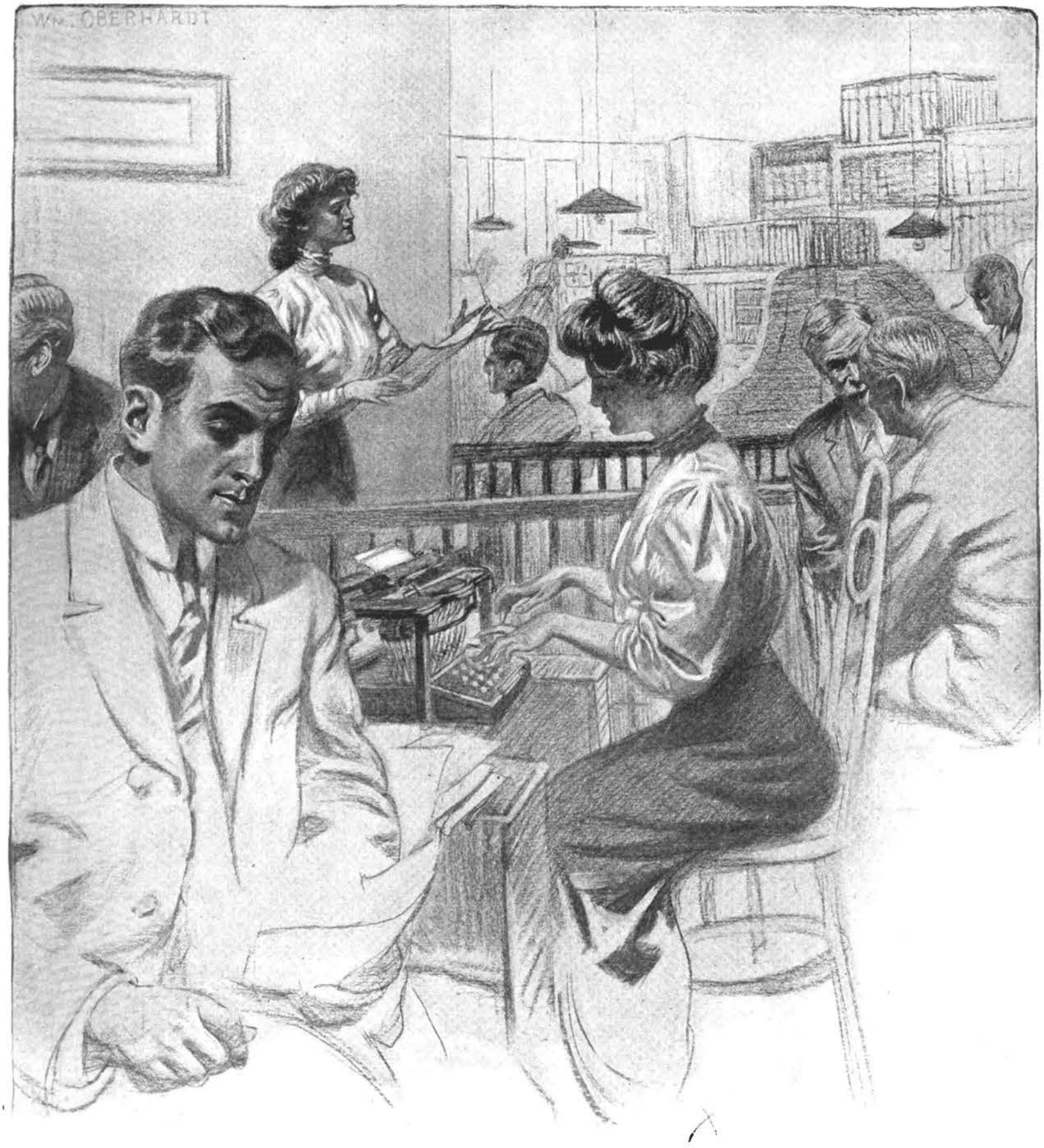
Exclusive Sales Agent

391 North American Building, Philadelphia

NEW YORK OFFICE: 25 WEST 42d STREET

VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, JUNE, 1906 NUMBER 145

SUCCESS MAGAZINE



The Human Side of Business

By ARTHUR WARREN

Illustration by William Oberhardt. Portraits by Homer W. Colby

MOST men are born disorganizers. Other talents and virtues by the thousand they may have, but for organization, and the proper means for effecting it, their comprehension is usually of the very smallest.

So it happens that the chief difficulties in the way of efficient organization may be imposed by the owners of a business, or, what is the same thing, by the board of directors. This statement will surprise only those who are still inclined to regard directors as persons of very superior wisdom.

How our great commercial concerns are so organized that a systematic business involving millions of dollars may be operated with the greatest effectiveness.—Some of the men who have shown their ability as successful organizers

A great stir has been made in the world about dummy directors. One would think this were a new discovery, whereas the fact is that most directors are dummies and have ever been so. The majority of them are on their respective boards because they were wanted for other purposes than directing. The statutes had to be complied with, custom, in most cases,

more zeal he has for the fees. Men do not become millionaires by ignoring gold pieces. But it may be that fees alone do not take our director into the rain and sleet and heat; that fees alone do not induce him to bring his ignorance of the business to the long table where he suffers boredom from the equal, or greater, ignorance of his fellows. There is, of course, another reason,—it is Opportunity.

JOHN WANAMAKER
Who has made system a science in his great department stores

Opportunity comes to "the man in the know." A director may know very little of the internal operations of his respective companies, but he does know a great many other things, and where to find a great many other things that make for his personal advantage. Directors have money, or, what is of greater importance, the control of money. They come into contact, daily, with men similarly circumstanced. At their meetings, in their friendly (or unfriendly,) conversations, they obtain a close and early knowledge of plans that are afoot, of chances for money-making, here, there, and everywhere. Nobody grows rich on salary, and nowadays nobody grows rich by hard work. It is making other people work, and seizing opportunities, and having nerve and cash to put into the opportunities that bring the multiplying dollars. Opportunity knocks frequently at the door of a professional director.

J. M. STUDEBAKER
The veteran of the carriage and wagon manufacturers

One of the first things that a man in an important position in a big concern learns, or should learn, is what his directors are like and what their attitude toward each other may be.

There Are Axes To Grind and Friends To Reward

If he does not learn all this he is at a disadvantage; for, although the worthy gentlemen may vote as they are told and may do all the nice little things that are expected of them, still they are human and they have their axes to grind. They have, also, their favorites to reward. Under the most plausible smiles they may be playing their own shrewd games and forming their own snug *cliques;* and, even then, one of their neighbors at the board may be pulling wool over their eyes. It is important to remember these things, because they bear on organization, and they bear hard. Remember, too, that a director, after he has got into a company with ease, may find it difficult to get out again,—with profit.

Things don't go as they should. The executive committee confers. Then it tells the full board that reorganization of the *personnel* of the company is what is wanted. Perhaps they buy another company, or half a dozen other companies, some of which they may personally own, some of which they don't. They roll them all in a bunch, and look around to find a practical executive who can reorganize the whole thing, and make it earn money, or pull it around to a point where they can sell out. That is where the executive's trouble begins!

GEORGE EASTMAN
Who has given the "Kodak" a world-wide reputation

Now there are many kinds of business, and no one human being knows them all.

A Corporation President, To-day, Must Be a Producer

The financial man's business is finance; it is not, let us say, manufacturing: so the financial men who compose the board secure a president who understands manufacturing and selling, a man of broad experience who has done these things before, and they leave the rest to him. That is, they theoretically leave the rest to him.

A good deal depends upon the kind of organization that is wanted,—not what is publicly stated and generally understood as wanted, but what is privately understood by the elect. Is it an organization for stock-jobbing purposes, or is it an organization for real work? There is a vast difference. What do the owners really want? Do they want to sell out, or do they wish to remain in business and reach leadership there? You can't always tell from their official proclamations.

Reorganizing a business, a big business, a big "trust," is harder work, far harder work, than organizing a new undertaking. The new president has an uphill road before him. That is why he was selected. He has had no connection with any of the *cliques* of the corporation, or with any of the concerns that were absorbed. He finds himself at the head of a huge business whose several manufactories are hundreds of miles apart, and whose directors, as likely as not, meet a thousand miles away from the head office. His selling organization, that is supposed to cover the country, is going to sleep, and a capital of—say forty or fifty millions, half of which is water, is not earning dividends. Of his board of directors he is the single member who has had a practical experience at manufacturing.

RICHARD W. SEARS
One of the kings of the mail-order business

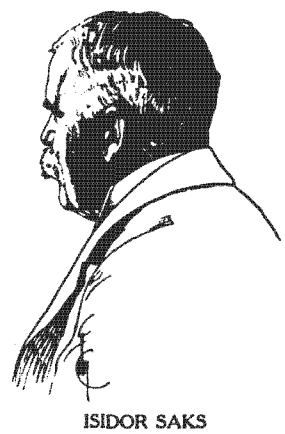
No diagram can suit all cases. It suggests actual conditions ratner than elaborate details. As the business management of the nation is divided into three parts,—executive, legislative, and judicial,—so the management of a many-millioned company has its three branches,—executive, (which furnishes the money and the policy,) manufacturing, and selling. It is one thing to lay this out on paper; it is another thing, a very different thing, to carry it into effect. For, consider: the company has bought, leased, and absorbed smaller companies. Each company thus brought into the fold increases the friction, for it brings in a fresh field for the exercise of jealousy, and jealousy is a very powerful force in business. The concern that is newly taken over finds very quickly that it is playing second fiddle, or even third, where formerly it was a star soloist, or, at any rate, the first violin. Now it takes orders instead of giving them. Its president becomes merely a director in the larger enterprise; its treasurer is swallowed up in the general accounting department; its chief engineer misses the "chief" from his title and is instructed to report to another chief in a distant city. The superintendent finds that he superintends only a wing of the army and reports to a general superintendent, perhaps a thousand miles away. The former sales manager directs the sales of Department Q, under the orders of a general manager of sales of whom he never heard until yesterday. A good part of his former authority has gone from everybody in the absorbed concerns, but his human nature remains intact.

FRANKLIN MAC VEAGH
A mogul in the wholesale grocery business

The First Requisite Is To Get the Right Kind of Men

There is resentment, of course, although it may not appear on the surface, and by dealing with it the new organizer will show what manner of man he is. If he is a bully, as some men in authority are, he will fill the rank and file with discontent; if he permits subordinates to approach him over the heads of their superiors, or behind their backs, as some men do, he will disrupt the service. If he mingle firmness with courtesy, and if, at the same time, his directors have the good judgment to back him, he will win. He may have these qualities, but the directors may not have the judgment. Under the best of conditions it will take him a year, at least, to straighten out all the tangles, find the new men he needs, and get his organization on a strong productive basis. You want time and money for this sort of thing.

First of all, it is a search for men. Some of the great companies have an understanding that they will not take men from one another. Others take them where they can be found. A company employing ten thousand men does not easily fill its roster. There are not so many geniuses, or exceptional men, in the woods as some professional preachers of progress appear to believe.



ISIDOR SAKS
Whose New York department store is a model of organization

The Cost System Is the Real Foundation of Profits

The three main branches of the business have to be coördinated, authority has to be defined, and overlapping has to be diminished, as far as possible.

At the head of the manufacturing end of the business a thoroughly trained man must be placed, responsible for all designs, all methods of production, and all products. A prodigious share of the reputation of the company will come from what he does for it. Under him is the general superintendent, and under the latter are the superintendents of the respective works; under the superintendents are the various shop departments and foremen, and under the foremen are the operatives.

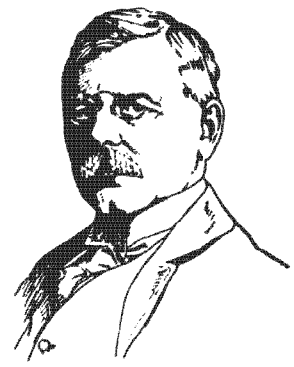
Between the receipt of an order for a cumbrous piece of machinery and the completion of the machine there is a vast and intricate system of records, instructions, and requisitions which is the despair of the layman. You pass through a huge manufactory where furnaces are glowing, forges roaring, steam hammers pounding, and lathes, planers, milling machines, boring tools, and so on, turning out thousands and tens of thousands of metal parts, and you wonder how it is that these myriad pieces traverse the great acreage between their design and completion and are ultimately assembled at their proper time and place to make a perfect-fitting, perfectly operating mechanical giant. Think of the clerical work that has been required to keep trace of it all,—all the material, all the parts, all the time, and all the costs! If the mechanical processes must be exact, the clerical processes must be not less so; yet there are big concerns that do not know their costs with anything like accuracy. That is one of the troubles with which our new organizer must deal. It took many pounds of paper to get this big machine through the shops.

H. B. TREMAINE
Organizer and president of the Æolian Company

Costs are too high. What costs? Shop costs. What about costs of administration, selling costs, general expenses, the "burden,"—"long costs?" They are too high, or your long cost is not high enough. We need a new plant at Brasstown. Impossible! Our old plant is valued at so many millions and should be sufficient. Yes, but it is n't. You have valued your old machinery at what it cost you ten, twenty, or twenty-five years ago. Ah, that must have been done before we were taking in, that is to say, combining other concerns, and before we had unloaded, that is to say, before we had admitted the public to our new flotation. That may be so, but the present fact is that the whole concern needs overhauling.

The new president reduces the non-productive costs by a couple of hundred thousand dollars, or a couple of million. He knows how to produce more work for less money. He discovers interesting things as he digs into the old organization. A head of a department had contracted to equip a great power house in an important city. The machinery was built and shipped just before the new administration came on the scene. The new administration finds that the head of the department had forgotten to provide foundations for the mighty machinery. There is a sudden vacancy.

The selling force, it seems, had been accustomed to modify designs to meet competition, and had been in the habit of instructing the works to make these alterations without in any way consulting the management. The results were heavy expense, lack of standardization, and unnecessary multiplicity of patterns and drawings. Costs, too, were made up on the road instead of at the works. The company's inspectors were under the shop foremen, upon whose work they had to pass judgment! The directors did n't know these things and a hundred things like them. How should they? Most of them never set foot in the works. Their meetings were held a day's journey away. Besides, the average director would n't know a pattern from a pill box. But they all knew that the many millions were not earning dividends.



HARLOW E. BUNDY
Whose adding machines have lightened labor

Autocracy, not Democracy, Is Demanded in Business

A great business has grown up partly on the strength of a great reputation, partly through the prosperous conditions of the country. The business amalgamates with others. A large corporation is the result. It is the work of a mighty group of financiers. Now the merits of democracy have no relation to business. Autocracy is needed. Where every man's judgment is as good as another's the business will go on the rocks. The component companies which have been taken over retain their respective officers and conduct business in the same old way. The men who had made the reputations of the component companies have died, or have been succeeded by their sons,—estimable gentlemen, but not masters of affairs. They had been friends, but they become enemies, and they hotly oppose one another in the board meetings and out of them. Then there are too many vice presidents with ill-defined authority. Each of them wishes to be president. Each thinks the concern he had formerly headed should have the strong hand in the new corporation. Each suspects the other of seeking undue advantage. Their subordinates take sides. Subordinates are very quick to perceive these contests, no matter what pains are taken to conceal them. The internal contest goes on. The new president has to call upon the board to reorganize itself. This is a bold step to take. The board reorganizes, but he is not forgiven.

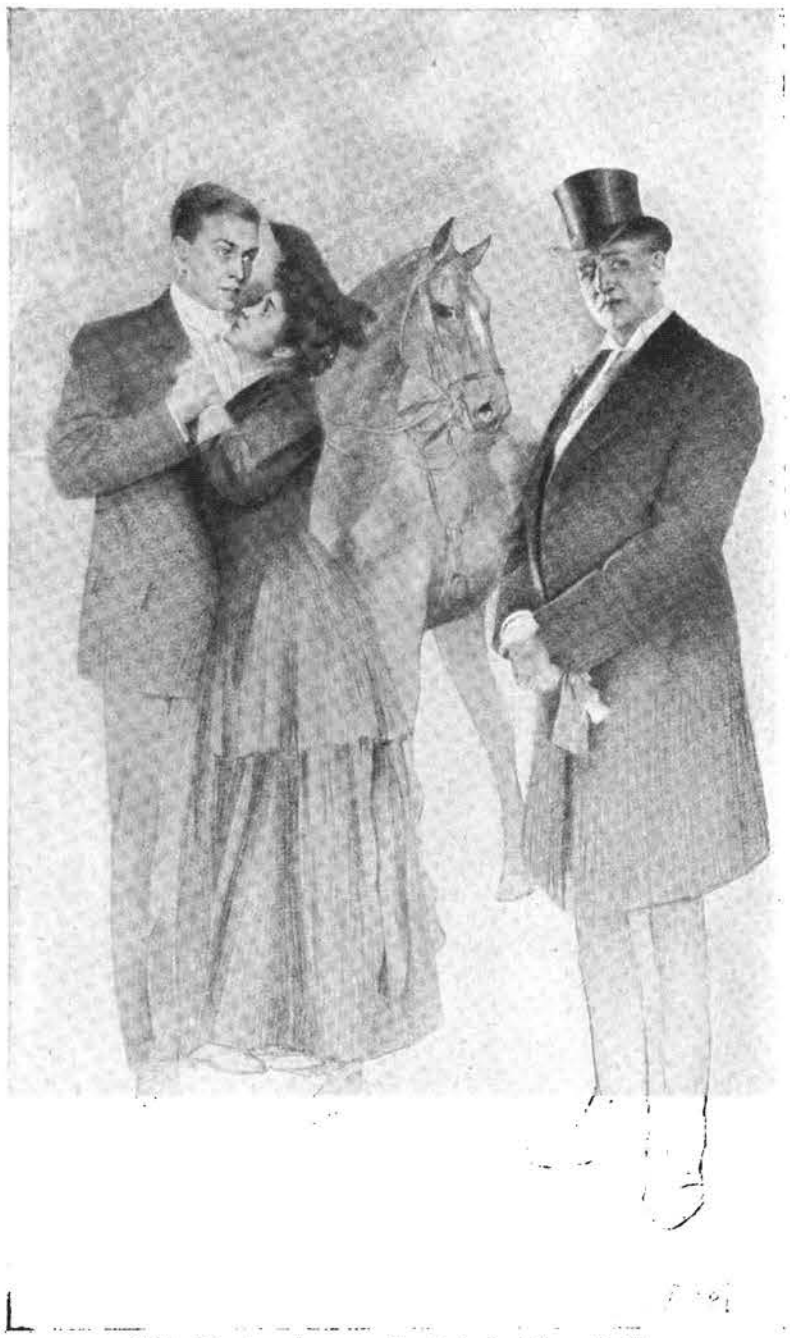
CHARLES H. STEINWAY
The employer of an army of people who make pianos

A strong man is bound to make enemies in business as well as in politics. He may be forced out of his position for doing his duty to the shareholders. In such cases the powerful directors take good care that he will never become connected with any of the ten, twenty, thirty, or forty other companies which they so serenely direct. They have a good deal of power in this way and can make the fortunes of a man, or mar them.

Many Capable Managers Are Swamped with Detail

There is no secret about successful organization. The method is clear enough: first, you must know what you want to do; second, you must get the right men to do it. The

[Concluded on pages 436 and 437]



"The Man turned away again,—to look at the squirrel"

The Man, the Boy, and the Girl

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrated by Carl Abel

As he entered the park, a bicycle policeman and a French nursemaid, who stood upon the corner diagonally across, ceased their desultory chat to gaze at his tall, erect figure.

"A foine lookin' man, indade," commented the nursemaid, critically.

"Yis, he is so," conceded the policeman, a bit jealously. "An' well set up, be hivins."

"How ould would you think he was?" queried the nursemaid, who was of an investigating turn of mind.

The bicycle policeman eyed the swinging figure judicially. "Thirty-foive or six," he returned, with the air of a connoisseur in ages.

"Shure," agreed the French nursemaid, "ye have a grea-at joodgemint, Magnus, darlin'."

And, indeed, any one gazing at the well-poised, faultlessly attired figure, from the distance at which stood the nursemaid and her companion, would have acquiesced in their estimate. However, if one had approached more closely, the slight lines about the eyes, the light hair touched in places with gray, and even with white, would have told plainly that the fiftieth milestone of life's road lay behind. Yet would it also have been evident that the passing years had dealt gently with him; and those whom the years treat gently ofttimes scarce realize their flight.

Through the crisp coolness of the perfect autumn morning he strode briskly along, whipping lightly with his cane at the frost-touched spears of grass that bordered the path. A belated robin, perching daintily amid the glories of red and gold and russet, raised its voice in full-throated song, and he stopped and looked up, quickly and with infinite appreciation.

When at length the robin had delivered itself of its song burden and flown away across the far-reaching lawn, the Man turned and resumed his interrupted walk. Humming lightly to himself, he crossed a little bridge and turned down the narrow way that led beside the bridle path.

Before him was a bench, prettily embowered by shrubbery and spreading boughs which, catching the sunlight, sifted it upon the path in strange arabesques of light. The spot afforded an excellent view of the ever-changing, spirited panorama of the bridle path, and the Man seated himself and gazed, sometimes with appreciation, sometimes with amusement at the changing pictures before him.

Several moments passed, and at length the Man withdrew his eyes from the bobbing figure of a beginner who was jouncing along painfully upon a stolid, stoical, riding-school hack, to rest them upon the boy who had just sat down beside him and who, having carelessly tossed his hat upon the sward, was sitting, chin in palms, elbows on knees, gazing moodily through the vista so profligately colored by the generous hand of autumn.

Perhaps it is scarcely just to call him a boy, for, if one had done so to his face, he would assuredly have been offended, perhaps even angry; and he would doubtless have informed you that he had voted twice, possibly three, or even four, times. And then you, after looking more closely at his strongly knit figure and fresh, manly face, would in all probability have apologized; at which he would unquestionably have smiled brightly and told you that really it did n't matter. And so we will call him a boy.

The Man half turned toward his benchmate.

"Beautiful morning, is n't it?" he said. The tone of his voice quite took all triteness from his remark, for it possessed the clear, full ring of good-fellowship.

"Yes?" replied the Boy, unenthusiastically, half inquiringly; "I had not noticed." His dark, frank eyes, which had for an instant looked into those of the Man, returned to their moody survey of autumn's masterpieces.

"It is a morning like this that makes one feel that life is worth the living," continued the Man. He inhaled a full, deep breath of the fragrant air.

"It is not so much the morning as the things that the morning brings to one," replied the Boy.

"From that I am to judge that the morning has dealt badly with you," said the Man, tentatively.

The Boy looked up at him. "And well with you?" he said, after a pause.

The Man smiled pleasantly. "Yes," he said, simply, "well, indeed."

"And with me," returned the Boy, "badly, indeed."

"The great troubles of youth are almost without exception molded by the little hands of Love," said the Man. Then he added, hastily, "But I beg your pardon. I am intrusive."

The Boy shook his head. "No," he said. Then, after a pause, he added, "Your surmise is correct."

The Man, turning, rested a sympathetic hand on the Boy's shoulder.

"And almost without exception," he went on, "the hands that tie the knots find a way to untie them, unless those whom the knots bind abandon hope too easily and so give those hands no opportunity."

But the Boy shook his head. "In this case," he said, half whimsically, "the boy with the bow and arrow has made a snarl that neither he, nor I, nor any one else can unravel."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Yes." He raised his eyes again. "If only I were n't!" he said softly, and with infinite longing.

The Man extended his hand; the Boy, understanding, took it.

"Tell me," the Man said, gently.

"There is but little to tell," replied the Boy. "But if you wish to hear, I will gladly tell you, —though it can do no good," he added, hopelessly.

"It may," the Man replied, cheerily. "Who knows?"

The Boy sat for a moment in silence, marshaling his thoughts. At length he said, slowly, "You have guessed the beginning. I love her. She loves me. That I know for, though she would n't tell me so in those words, she said that she did."

"Then why would n't she tell you in those words?" asked the Man, gently.

"Because it would n't have been honorable," replied the Boy. "You see, she 's engaged to marry some one else. So she thought that, while she might in honor tell me that it was so, it was n't right to speak the words themselves."

It was such a fine, such a youthful distinction! But the Man understood; and, understanding, he did not smile.

"It is to an old friend of the family that she is engaged," continued the Boy. "He stood between her folks and ruin, you know, and has always been very, very good to them, and very dear to them. Her father and mother have set their hearts on the marriage taking place, and she feels that it is her duty to them, and to him. Then she gave him her word, too. That," he added, "was before I had met her."

"And how old is he,—this other man?"

"Oh, he 's an old man," replied the Boy. "I don't know just how old for I 've never met him. But he's old."

"And doubtless very blind and very selfish," said the Man, thoughtfully.

"No," said the Boy, magnanimously, "he 's a good old chap. And if you could see her you would n't blame him. You see, he does n't know all this that I am telling you."

"Then why don't you tell him?"

"Why, she does n't think that that would be honorable."

"Do you?"

The Boy hesitated. "I 've wanted to think so," he confessed, "and I 've wanted to tell him.

But she said that I must n't." Clearly to his mind this was final.

The Man thought for a moment. "But, under the circumstances," he said, at length, "don't you think that it would not only be justifiable, but even the right thing to do? You see," he went on, "if you don't tell him, you are liable to ruin two, and probably three, lives; for the old man will find it all out sooner or later. Then, if he is a good old chap, as you say, how will he feel?"

The Boy turned thoughtful eyes upon the sun-flecked walk.

"We had n't thought of that," he said, slowly.

The Man traced little patterns upon the dirt with the ferrule of his stick.

"May I ask a very personal question?" he queried.

"Surely," acquiesced the Boy.

"Are you agreeable to her parents?"

"Why, yes. They like me and, except for the other man, there 's no obstacle, I 'm sure. And though of course I have not nearly as much money as he has, still I have enough."

The silver ferrule made a long sweep upon the path. "Suppose," said the Man, thoughtfully, "that some third person—some disinterested man, like myself, for instance,—should go to the other man and tell him?"

The Boy shook his head, doubtfully. "I don't know what she 'd say to that," he replied. "And, of course, I would n't do anything that she did n't approve of,—that was n't right."

"Of course not," answered the Man. "And I, I trust, would n't suggest to you anything that was n't right."

The Boy flushed. "I did n't mean that," he said, in confusion. "I beg your pardon."

The Man laid a kindly hand upon the Boy's knee. "I know," he said, simply.

"I suggested that course," he went on, "because I honestly believe it to be right. Women, you know, especially young women, are prone to exaggerated ideas of loyalty and sometimes these ideas stand before them so huge in their ideality that they obscure completely the results to which they will give birth. In this case," he went on, "we have an ideal of loyalty—pardon me, I do not mean to offend,—ruining two lives permanently to brighten one temporarily, and only temporarily. Whereas, if loyalty to a mistaken promise were disregarded, we would have two lives beautified, while the third would be no more, perhaps even less, shadowed than it would be were the promise kept. Is it not so?"

The Boy considered for a moment, then nodded, thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said, "I think you are right."

The Man smiled, cheerfully. "Then things are not so hopeless after all. Do you tell me the name of this blind old man and I 'll go to him and I guarantee that I 'll make him see the light."

The Boy looked up with a new-born hope in his eyes. "His name," he said, slowly, "is—"

But he did not finish, for just then around the turn of the bridle path dashed a young girl, mounted upon a clean-limbed little chestnut mare. She came toward them swiftly, her slender, graceful body swaying lithely with every movement of the galloping animal, her dark hair tossed by the playful fingers of the wind, the warm flush of health in the glowing whiteness of her cheeks.

She saw them, and reined in her mount so suddenly that it reared, shaking its head with angry, musical rattlings of silver chains.

The Boy leaped quickly to his feet. With one bound he hurdled the low wire fence and was at her side.

"Prue!" he cried, all eagerness, and something else that was not difficult to name.

She looked from one to the other. Then the color swiftly rushed to her cheeks, and there was in her voice an almost pathetic little note of confused constraint as she, accepting the Boy's aid, dismounted from her mare and, with extended hand, turned to the Man who stood before her, and said:—

"Why, Mr.—Gerard!"

The Man took her hand, held it for an instant, and then released it gently.

"What a surprise!" exclaimed the Girl. She spoke very swiftly, almost breathlessly,—not at all as either of them had ever before heard her speak. "To find you—either of you—in the park at this time of the morning! And I did not know that—that you were acquainted."

"But we 're not," laughed the Boy, happily; "though, to be sure, in a way, we are. You see," he continued, "I 've been boring him with my—may n't I say 'our'?—troubles." He turned and stroked the sleek neck of the little chestnut, which was becoming restive under unaccustomed restraint.

The flush on the Girl's cheek deepened and many emotions fought for mastery in her deep, frank eyes. She started as if to speak, but no words escaped the red lips.

The Man smiled down upon her, reassuringly.

"Yes," he said, and his tone rang with the good-fellowship that had filled it even as he had talked to the Boy alone, "he has told me of your trouble, and of his, and I have agreed to act as minister plenipotentiary for your majesties. I will see for you the other—the—old man," he hesitated for an instant, but for an instant only, "and I am sure that all matters will be satisfactorily and finally settled."

He turned away, following with his eyes the flying body of a scampering quirrel. And the eyes that gazed seemed to have lost their brightness, and the wrinkles to have deepened strangely. But when the Man turned once again to the Boy and the Girl before him, they saw no change. Very possibly it was the shadows. Shadows, you know, have strange powers at times.

"You really think it can all be arranged?" ask the Boy, eagerly.

The Man nodded. "Yes," he said, simply, "I know that it can."

The Boy turned to the Girl. "And it is right, is n't it?" he asked.

The Girl, standing with dark eyes confused, and with slender fingers lacing and interlacing themselves nervously, did not reply. But the

[*Concluded on page 440*]

"'If you don't tell him, you are liable to ruin two, and probably three, lives'"

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" "Carrots" "A Doll's House" "A Country Mouse"

Ethel Barrymore—"from Twelve to Two"

By GERTRUDE VIVIAN

I CALLED on Ethel Barrymore promptly at twelve, according to the terms of the appointment, "from twelve to two," and was ushered into the parlor of her apartment. This room shows the individuality of the occupant. It has not the picturesqueness of the ordinary artist's "studio," it is entirely unlike the usual residence drawing-room, and it has none of that overpowering gorgeousness that marks the *salon* of the home of a millionaire. There is about it an indefinable air of home, and every picture, every ornament, every piece of furniture shows careful selection. The effect of the whole is pleasing, and tells a tale of artistic taste and of a fondness for pretty things.

The floors are covered with carpet of a cherry color. The walls and ceiling, of rough plaster, are stained, or rather tinted, a pink terra-cotta shade. Extending the full width of the room, in front, are a series of leaded windows and a long, comfortable window seat, the latter partially covered with two enormous black bearskins. Around the other three sides of the room are bookshelves, except where the archway entrance and the piano interfere. The bookshelves are extraordinary. One is level with the floor, and there is but one above that, with a plain top. There is no glass, nor are there any curtains,—just plain shelves filled with books; there must be thousands of them.

Red and dark-brown or black predominates throughout in the furnishings of the apartment. The furniture is all of heavy oak, upholstered either in red leather or red velvet. Near the windows is a large writing table, on which were a number of red leather desk ornaments and accessories. The window seat is upholstered in red, and the *portières* are of cherry color. From the ceiling hang two chandeliers, or electroliers, of a unique pattern. Three black iron chains fastened together to the ceiling support a round iron plate, from the underneath side of which three electric bulbs, each incased in a red globe, protrude. Miss Barrymore, it was ascertained, designed these chandeliers herself.

Miss Barrymore Has Achieved Some Distinction as a Collector of Rare Volumes

Such, then, is the Barrymore home, and there was so much to see and admire that it paid to be early in calling. A maid informed me that Miss Barrymore had a severe cold, but would be ready to receive me in a few minutes. Evidently, the household had just taken possession of the premises, and was in the throes of "getting settled." A porter brought in a heavy box containing books. After some rearranging, a place was found for these books on one of the shelves, and then the porter and the maid both breathed very audible sighs of relief. Evidently, it was not the first box of books that had been received that day. The shelves were filled to overflowing; it would have been difficult to find room for even one more volume. The maid glanced about the room approvingly.

"All in at last," said the man.

"*Oui*," said the maid, smiling. She lifted the top of the window seat, and the smile disappeared.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she exclaimed, in desperation.

"What? More of 'em?" asked the man, and the maid nodded.

The window seat was filled almost to overflowing with books of all sizes. The maid shrugged her shoulders resignedly and closed the lid. The man looked disgusted. Both went away very much disgruntled. The task of providing a proper place for those books was apparently a difficult one.

A few minutes later a florist's man brought in an orange tree growing in a tub. It was fully six feet high,—so tall that it completely hid the man who was carrying it. Its branches were covered with blossoms, and two or three small, very green oranges were to be seen.

Word was sent that my hostess would be pleased if I would breakfast with her, and, a few minutes later, Miss Barrymore herself entered the room. There is in her manner a frankness and a cordiality, an air of friendliness and of belief in ideals that is indescribably pleasing. She is still a girl; her success has not spoiled her, and it never will, for there is a goodly store of hard common sense in her young head, and there is not the slightest trace of affectation in anything that she does. Meeting her for the first time, one notices, first of all, her eyes, and then, as she speaks, her wonderful voice.

Her greeting was not effusive, but most gracious and charming. She apologized for the delay, and then called to the maid to bring in the breakfast, which, it happened, we were to eat under the orange tree.

"Now, what are we to talk about?" she asked. "It is rather hard to talk when one is hungry, and [pathetically,] I'm so hungry."

This ingenuous remark opened the way to conversation immediately. I began about her books.

"As you see, I have any number of books," said Miss Barrymore. "In fact," with a laugh, "I have so many I don't know where to put them all, and several boxes have already been sent to the storeroom. I just simply can't resist buying beautiful books,—yes, I read them, too. I am particularly fond of rare and beautifully bound editions. If the truth were known, I believe I have more books than any other one person in New York, except those who make a specialty of their libraries, of course."

Glancing about the room and recalling the cases sent to storage one could easily believe the assertion. It would, of course, have been futile to ask who her favorite author is, for, as I remembered in time, Mr. Harry Graham, whom Miss Barrymore is to marry, has achieved success as a writer.

Some of Her Most Enjoyable Stage Experiences Were with Sir Henry Irving

"I am very fond of Richard Harding Davis's books," Miss Barrymore continued. "I think he writes the best short stories that are being written here in America. I like his plays, too. He has, in my opinion, great dramatic ability and a wonderfully keen insight into human nature. I went to see one of his plays in New York recently, and was delighted with it."

Very naturally, at this point, the conversation turned to the drama, and I asked Miss Barrymore, by way of directing the talk upon her

Reproduced from an original sketch of Miss Ethel Barrymore by John Singer Sargent, the celebrated American painter, now in London. Miss Barrymore specially loaned this excellent sketch for reproduction in Success Magazine

own rôles, to run through the list of plays in which she has appeared.

"Let me see," she said, thoughtfully. "My first appearance I remember very well. It was as *Lydia*, in 'The Rivals,' in Montreal. My grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, played *Mrs. Malaprop*, and Uncle Sydney was the *Bob Acres*. Grandma was awfully nervous about me, more nervous than I was myself. I remember at one point she watched me so closely that I thought she had lost her lines, and I commenced to prompt her. Impudent; was n't I?

"After that, I went into Uncle John's company, and stayed with him four or five years, playing small parts of all kinds. The parts were so small that I really don't think they would be worth mentioning, even if I could remember them all. I think the last part I played with Uncle John was *Priscilla*, in 'Rosemary.' That was a pretty good part.

"Next, I went to London with William Gillette, in 'Secret Service.' The part was very small, and not at all satisfying to my ambition, —I always wanted the best rôle in the play,—but once, when Miss Tyler, who was playing the *ingénue* part, fell ill, I played it until Hope Ross arrived from New York. Dear me, how I did enjoy that!

"Some of the very pleasantest recollections I have are of my next engagement. I joined Sir Henry Irving's company, playing *Mathias's* daughter in 'The Bells.' That was splendid! Then, when he produced his son Laurence Irving's play, 'Peter the Great,' I played *Euphrosyne*, and I remember that, after the first performance, Sir Henry came to me, as I was going off the stage, patted me gently on the back, and said:—'Little girl, you 've done well, very well.'

"Carrots" Was Miss Barrymore's Favorite Play and Inspired Her Best Work

"No praise I have ever received, nothing that has since happened to me, has given me quite so much encouragement as those few words did."

Miss Barrymore paused a moment. Evidently, her recollections of the great English actor mean a great deal to her.

"I came back to America after 'Peter the Great,' and appeared with Annie Russell in 'Katherine,' and then in 'The Liars.' Both were only small parts, but *Stella*, in 'His Excellency the Governor,' gave me a good chance. After that came *Mme. Tretoni*, in 'Captain Jinks,' and it was that play, you know, that brought success, and made me a star.

"As a matter of fact, I had never even thought of such a thing. I liked the part, and I played it just as well as I could. Mr. Frohman has told me since, that he found out that the people were going to the theater, not so much to see the play, as to see me. He said I was made a star by the public, not by my manager. He never said a word to me about it at the time, but one evening, when I was going to the theater with my maid, we turned the corner just before we reached the theater, and there, over the entrance, in electric lights, was my name. I just can't tell how I felt. It was so sudden.

"Since then, I 've played 'Carrots,' and 'A Country Mouse,' 'Cousin Kate,' then 'Sunday,' and now 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire.' Then I played *Nora* in 'A Doll's House,' for a special performance or two, and at the Actor's Home benefit I played a little one-act play by Hubert Davies, called 'Miss Civilization.' There, I think that's all."

"Which part did you like best of all?" I asked.

"Oh, *Carrots*," was the unhesitating reply. "That was the best part. I loved it, and I think I did my best work in it. I'm sorry I can't get something else like it, but such plays are very scarce,—most of them come from France."

Inquiry as to how Miss Barrymore likes her present part, that of *Alice* in Mr. Barrie's play, 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire,' elicited the fact that, not only is she thoroughly pleased with it, but that she is also confident that she is quite capable of playing it convincingly, notwithstanding the difference between the supposed age of *Alice* and Miss Barrymore's own age. Mr. Barrie's *Alice* is well over forty years.

"To say the least," said the actress, "the newspapers of this city were unkind to take the stand that I could not impersonate a woman supposed to be so much older than I am. The fact that Mr. Barrie had the whole world to choose from and picked me out is exceedingly flattering, but it also shows that the author of the piece had absolute confidence in my ability to play the part as he wanted it played, and that he believed that I could make up to look the age.

"When the play was first produced, almost every critic in New York commented on what they regarded as my inability to look as old as *Alice* should look, and to act as a woman of *Alice's* age would act. I don't think this criticism was justified, but it really does n't matter, because the fact that I can convince an audience of women and sway them as *Alice*, is proof positive that I do look the part.

"It is, to my notion," she continued, "quite absurd to suppose that a young woman is to play nothing but *ingénue* parts. If she cares anything at all for her art, if she is ever to amount to anything in her profession, she must get away from the regular line of 'young' parts, and, at least, attempt different and greater things. To her audience must be left the decision whether or not she is entitled to occupy the new place she has made for herself."

From a painting by Katharine Corbett Church "A Country Mouse"

"Sunday"

Few Actresses Retire from the Stage on Marrying

Miss Barrymore informed me that she expects to be married during the present summer. We talked for a little while about Mr. Graham's book, "Misrepresentative Men," a copy of which lay close at hand on the desk, and then I asked whether the interesting ceremony would be followed by Miss Barrymore's retirement from the stage.

"Oh, no indeed," was the reply. "I shan't leave the stage, and I don't intend to say that I will. I know it is the usual thing to announce your retirement when you get married, but have you ever noticed how few actresses really live up to the promise?"

I said I never had noticed, and just then the clock struck two.

NORMAN HAPGOOD
"Collier's Weekly"
A vigorous enemy to all forms of graft

CHARLES E. RUSSELL
"Everybody's"
Who put a dent in the beef trust's armor

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS
"The Cosmopolitan"
Who has blasted the iniquitous race-track trust

THE MAGAZINE CRUSADE

By SAMUEL MERWIN

CLEVELAND MOFFETT
Success Magazine
Whose truths in "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth" struck home

IT is pretty clear that the tidal wave of magazine reform is receding. It has been an astonishing phenomenon, even to many who have been riding it. It has swept away landmarks which had come to be looked on as fixtures. Those persons who think that whatever is is right have regarded it with something like the same horror with which they regarded the destruction of Galveston by water, or the destruction of Chicago or Baltimore by fire. Those persons who think that whatever is is wrong have plunged in feverishly and appropriated the wave as their own.

Now William Travers Jerome, district attorney of New York, having little more than caught his breath after his own wholesale excoriation of the justices of the supreme court of New York State, cries out that the nation is in a state of hysteria. Mr. Hopkinson Smith drops his genial self long enough to exclaim that Thomas W. Lawson is "a stirrer-up of filth." Senator Lodge hotly defends his colleagues against those magazine writers who "seize upon the excitement of the moment and presently rise like a flock of shore birds and whirl away to another spot where they think they can find a fresh feeding ground."

Even the Staid "Contemporary Review" Went in for Exposures

The President's "muck-rake" speech, in spite of its frank and outspoken plea for honest, merciless exposure of rascals high and rascals low, was at once seized on by the rascals and their newspapers as gleefully as if it were a defense of second-story work and porch climbing. Already the rebaters and bribers and adulterers and respectable grafters are beginning to walk abroad with the old smile, and to say, "After all, this is a pretty good country and a pretty good world."

Magazines are conducted by human beings with the mixed motives common to human beings, and it may be conceded that the Lord is not in them. That lively thing, the anger of "the people," may belong in the same classification. Has there been, then, behind the whirlwind activity of the magazines, behind the anger of the people, something akin to what Elijah heard in the form of a "still, small voice?" That seems to be the question. And the present seems about the right time to give the matter a little sober thought.

Exposure is not new. It is the logical ultimate result of the right to free thought and free speech. It has always been a recognized weapon of our newspapers, and, to a greater extent than is, perhaps, realized, of our magazines. Even the staid "Contemporary Review," over in England, went in, years ago, for an exhaustive and savage *exposé* of Lord Roberts and the authorized supplying of young girls to the army stations in India. The *Crédit mobilier* scandal, which followed the ground and lofty financing of the Union Pacific, was dragged mercilessly out into the light.

Photograph by Pach

RAY STANNARD BAKER
"McClure's Magazine"
Whom the beef trust wants "put out of business"

These Corruptive Forces in American Life Were Pointed Out Forty Years Ago

But no sane adult, I think, denies in general terms the value of an inquisitive and somewhat unsympathetic press, and I will not linger to defend it. The thing is, that within five years a terrific wave of exposure has swept the country. For a while it seemed that no magazines could go far enough in denouncing our financial and political habits. But a few writers did seem to go too far. The socialists rose and roared. Jack London emerged from his chaos and flashed forth upon the lecture platform. And now David Graham Phillips has let his deep, hot convictions run away with him in his hasty attacks upon the senate.

It was almost forty years ago that Charles Francis Adams wrote, (in his "Chapters of Erie,")—"Cornelius Vanderbilt has introduced Cæsarism into American corporation life." Some years later, Henry Demarest Lloyd, in so staid a publication as the "Atlantic Monthly," arraigned the Standard Oil Company in good set terms for its crimes. The great railroad financiers of a generation ago went in frankly for stock watering, bribery, and all the little irregularities that finance is heir to. There is no more picturesque chapter in American history than that wherein is pictured the agile methods of the early Vanderbilts, Jay Gould, "Jim" Fisk, Daniel Drew, C. P. Huntington, and their sort. The traffic in justices of the New York State supreme court which led, after a long series of malodorous episodes, to the public disgracing of Justice Barnard, is a painful subject, but it has been set down by Charles Francis Adams, who could hardly be called, even by Senator Lodge, an "irresponsible writer" or a "shore bird."

If the fact that justices of a state supreme court have been bought and sold by corporations suggests anything at all, it is that the thing may conceivably happen again. To-day Mr. Jerome breaks out against the integrity of the present state court, and the bar association of New York seems, so far as a layman can understand such matters, tacitly to agree with him. Some of the most eminent lawyers in New York, roused by Mr. Jerome's

IDA M. TARBELL
"McClure's Magazine"
The relentless foe of the Standard Oil Company

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald

PAUL LATZKE
Success Magazine
He proves the telephone trust a hydra-headed monopoly

LINCOLN STEFFENS
"McClure's Magazine"
Who laid bare municipal corruption to public ridicule

Photograph by Garo

THOMAS W. LAWSON
"Everybody's"
His well-planned crusade led to the insurance investigations

What the "Men of the Muck Rake" have accomplished so far and what they still hope to bring into public scrutiny. Only a complete raking-away of the filth and letting-in of the sunlight of publicity will ever clean the corrupt places

attack, are reported in the papers as meeting to discuss ways of improving the *personnel* of the court. Next, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty casts a shadow on the integrity of the federal courts. For years it has been a matter of common gossip that many federal judges have regularly accepted substantial favors from the railroads. I have heard the accepting of passes hotly defended by the friends and associates of a federal judge on the ground that it was a general custom, and that it would be unlikely to influence his decisions in railroad cases.

The Corporations Do Not, as a Rule, Make Contributions in a Philanthropic Spirit

And, finally, nowhere has suspicion of the federal courts been more strongly in evidence than on the floor of the senate during the debate on the railway-rate question.

The plain citizen observes these things. If he has read history he knows that judges have been bought by railroads, in this country. He knows that railroads were never so powerful as now, and that they were never in such need of kept judges. Being a plain citizen, he knows a little about human nature. He read E. H. Harriman's testimony before the Armstrong Committee, in which was said something that certainly sounded like a boast of Harriman's political power,—which boast suggests many, many unpleasant things. He has seen what the Standard Oil Company has done for thirty years; he has seen what the beef trust did to Attorney General Moody. He recalls other cases,—cases, it may be, pretty well jumbled up in his mind, but all apparently pointing to an appalling control over courts and legislatures on the part of the big corporations. Thinking on these things, and despairing of the government, he writes to the magazines and newspapers. He wants the facts.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
"Collier's Weekly"
He exposed the pernicious manufacture of patent medicines

But Senator Lodge meets this widespread unrest by protesting, in an able, impassioned speech, against talking at all about the courts. "It is in this way"—I quote from the published reports,—"that the distrust is bred—which every reflecting man must believe to be an inestimable, if not an irreparable injury to the country." With all due respect to the very able and brilliant senator from Massachusetts, one plain citizen would like to ask him if anything could be more important to the country at large than to go back of this foggy, mystifying innuendo, which is felt as strongly on the senate floor as in the humblest railway town, and prove it, once for all, either right or wrong.

Photograph by Pach

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS
"The Cosmopolitan"
Whose articles on the senate roused the President to action

The subject of legislative iniquity is a very peculiar and difficult subject to handle. It is peculiar because in a general way everybody knows the facts. In New York, in New Jersey, in Ohio, in Rhode Island, in Connecticut, in Missouri, conditions have been disclosed which every moderately well-informed citizen believes to be typical. The first time I ever went, as an "irresponsible free lance," to a state capitol, I was offered a place "on the pay roll" for the two weeks of my stay. That was ten years ago. The incident, as I happen to know, was really typical in that state. Everybody knows now that legislators everywhere have been using railway passes. And one has only to follow the drift of legislation through almost any recent sessions in order to see, merely from surface evidence, how the corporations have stood behind the lawmakers in a good many states. Your plain citizen knows, too, something about the campaign contributions of the big corporations; he has heard it from the lips of no less experienced a corporation politician than Thomas C. Platt, president of the United States Express Company, and representative in the United States senate of the sovereign state of New York, that corporations do not contribute in a philanthropic spirit.

HARRY BEACH NEEDHAM
"The World's Work"
A vigorous campaigner against the special interests of the senate

The subject is peculiar, I say, because, even with all the plain citizens in possession of the main facts, these same citizens shrink from a public exposition of such facts. A man will denounce the Niagara grab bills, the apparently successful attempt to smother the bill for investigating the New York banks, and the shameful, shameful story of the building of the capitol at Albany; and yet the moment these things are laid bare he will turn about and denounce the exposer as a "sensationalist," as a "stirrer-up of filth." It seems difficult to make any headway at all against the collective hypocrisy of English-speaking peoples

The Widespread Grafting on Public Enterprises Is Nothing More than Thieving

The men who quietly diverted a large portion of the twenty-five millions, which that unfinished structure at Albany has already cost, were thieves. More, such colossal and widespread thievery, with ramifications extending into politics and business all over the state, would be impossible if the legislative structure had not been rotten all through.

[*Concluded on pages 449 to 452*]

OF THE ARMCHAIR

Sketch of the Senator from ıa, the Most Interesting Fig- ington at the Present Time

W. A. LEWIS

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and he has an aspect of conspicuous untidiness. He does n't devote sixty seconds a day to his appearance; nor so much as a glance at the appearance of others. He settles his chin down upon his chest and fastens that wonderful and lonely optic on you, keenly, penetratingly, studiously, not unkindly, not suspiciously, not contradictorily, but with the searching intent of a splendid listener.

Before he begins to answer you he twirls his eyeglasses about his finger and ponders. The reply comes deliberately, the thought-brand on it, uttered with the emphasis of decision. If there is an opportunity for a jest, he seizes it; if there is a chance to inject a story, he never misses it; if a quick, witty retort is apt, it drops easily from his lips; if a simile brightens the point, he has it at hand; if history furnishes the solution, he commands it; if logic is needed to sustain the premise, he never gropes for it; if irony is compelled by the crisis evolved by the query, he has it already poised; if a kindly, charitable, friendly, warm, unctuous spirit can, in any way, assimilate with the topic, it seems to be the mellowing of the environing calm, his deference for his family, his hospitality for his guest, his innate love for humanity, the softer, gentler side of this rugged giant, for him to smile and pass some pleasantry that is all the more welcome because so unlooked-for.

A Constant Struggle for Principle Has Marked His Career

Tillman's is a nature invariably armored with antagonism, born of a life of conflict for the maintenance of principles that are a portion of the masonry of his character. At heart, he is not inimical to the variable phases of individual opinion, although he appears such in his prompt defiance of what he believes to be the human propensity to serve some selfish end. Tillman has little respect for selfish aims in public men, and none at all for selfish aims in political parties. His comprehension of political parties is that they embrace the differences in the interpretation of the same principles, not different principles. Patriotism, he feels, is, or should be, a universal sentiment; and, if it be such, men may differ as to the way in which they will express it and embody it; and that difference represents the divisions of parties.

This may be illustrated by contrasting the sleek, well-groomed, and dressy appearance of some men, and the careless, indifferent attire of others like Tillman himself. Those differences are, with him, purely unimportant distinctions of the superficial. If the heart of the man is honest and his soul is brave, Tillman respects him, and if he be open and square and above-board, no man will try harder to love him for the sake of good-fellowship.

I do not think Tillman is a particularly pious man, for I detected him in spontaneous exclamations of a decidedly heedless consideration for the decorums of studied speech. But he is big and brave and honest and fearless and sincere, and earnest far beyond his physical strength.

Several times, indeed, has he verged on breakdown in his onerous tasks as senator, because he works unceasingly, and into every task, however trivial, he flings the full fervor of his intense nature. But he is a sober, serious, clean, wholesome, pure, upright, decent man in every sense of the word; brusque, abrupt, outspoken, candid, brutally frank. His word is his bond, and your word must be yours.

He is a man of angles; a man of edges; a man of no subtleties, a man who could not deliver an eloquent speech to save his soul; who would n't try; who abominates such trumpery; who is versed in the poetry, fine arts, and graceful rhetoric of all times and periods, but who aspires to emulate no such fawning of fame. Tillman is no orator, unless terrific earnestness and impassioned lashing of language into tumbling breakers of assertion and arraignment can belong to an orator. But he is a statesman,—broad, deep, resourceful, unwearying, faithful to his state, loyal to his country, devoted to the common cause of humanity.

Few senators so strongly believe in fighting for the right of things, regardless of consequences, as he.

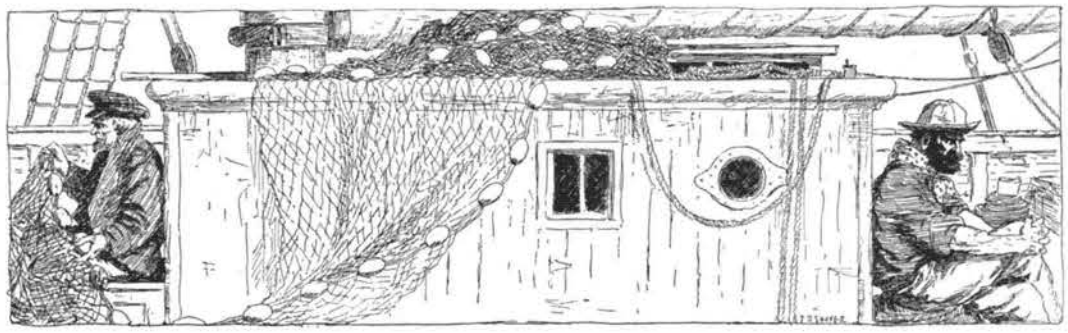
No other senator can arouse his compeers to greater activities. No other man exhibits a fonder tenderness to his family, or can provide more genuine hospitality to his guests.

"FRENCHIE" AND HIS MATE

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Author of "The Deep Sea's Toll"

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton. Headpiece by J. R. Shaver



"FRENCHIE" and his old-time chum had not spoken to each other since the vessel put out, and it was very awkward altogether. Here were two men who had to sit at the same table, to share the same bunk, and to overhaul trawls together in cramped quarters below, each trying, by every evasion of look, word, and deed, not to let on that he ever knew that the other even existed.

But there was no way out of standing watch, nor of taking the wheel the one from the other and passing the skipper's word,—"By the wind," "East, half south, and nothing to,"—or whatever else it might be. That was the hard thing,—they could not conceal it from the crew,—the having to speak to each other.

"And what's it all about?" queried the crew, and they would have liked to smooth matters out but knew better than to attempt it in the usual way, for neither was of the kind of men that open their hearts to casual inquiry, however well-intentioned. So, though the mystery had not been solved, it was a great relief to nearly all hands when, the vessel having arrived on the grounds, the two men put off to set trawls.

"To nearly all."—There were yet those who worried. "For, if a hundred-ton vessel is cert'nly narrow for two that's fallen out, what of a sixteen-foot dory?" mused these. "What of a sixteen-foot dory, where they can't be passing for'ard or aft without forever falling foul of each other?"—and in the most incidental sort of way in the world they glanced over their shoulders—casting about for weather signs by the way,—to see what the pair would do in the more restricted quarters.

But nothing happened,—leastwise not in the sight of the crew. They only saw that it was Arnold, handiest to the baited tub of trawls, who cast over buoy and anchor; and Frenchie, the man of noted endurance even among a fleet of trawlers, who yanked the thole pins into their sockets and rowed superbly to the west'ard.

Ordinarily those two expert fishermen would not have gone astray that day. In their instinctive fashion both noticed the sure signs of the fog line before it shut out the vessel; but the wires were still down,—neither was going to let on by so much as the least anxious exclamation that he felt the slightest concern. Even when the fog had enveloped them, and by concerted action there was yet time to haul their trawls and make the vessel before it was too late, neither betokened, by the faintest sign, his sense of impending peril.

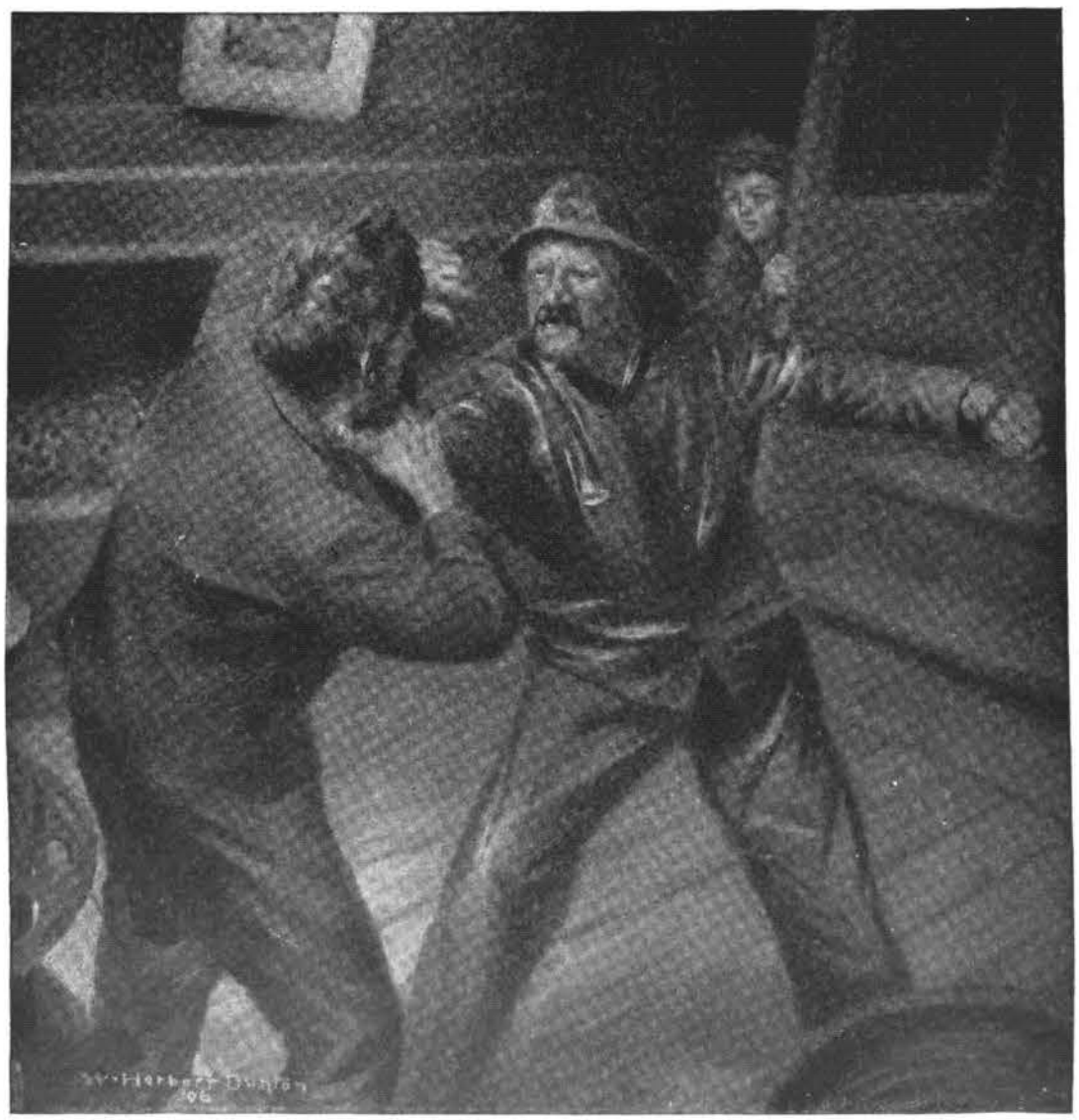
So, the tide carrying them gradually beyond the sound of the horn, they let her drift. Each was cheerfully prepared to be lost and to die of hunger, thirst, exhaustion, or of all three combined, before he would speak the first word; and even later, when they could no longer doubt, with fog as impenetrable as a wall about and dark night upon them, with death, most likely, close at hand,—even then they were prepared to continue the prideful silence.

During all that night their dory drifted, and neither man made move until dawn. Then did Arnold, who seemed to be waiting only for the light, pick up the low-marked water bottle and, carefully estimating with his eye, mark the half-measure of what remained with his finger nail. Long he held the bottle aloft, ostentatiously elevated it, gagging with thirst though he was, and even clinked his cold knuckles against the glass; but, Frenchie never turning to note the fair judgment, Arnold drank his religious half wrathfully and corked and set the bottle down with a rattle; whereat Frenchie turned leisurely, and, palpably without a look, drank what was left and tossed far away the empty bottle.

The splash of the bottle in the sea was like a signal to action. Arnold, taking the stern thwart and making a place for his feet among the fish, set his oars between the thole pins, and, auricularly assured that his mate was in position, began, by pulling on his left and backing on his right oar, to work the bow of the dory around. Instinctively Frenchie opened his mouth to protest, but, before the word could issue from his lips, bit it off savagely. No, he was not going to speak first; no, not even though speech might mean life to them.

Arnold's ear caught the gurgle behind, and, hoping that his mate was about to say something, paused gladly to hear it. Indeed, to his mind, the matter had gone far enough; but no word came to him, and sullenly he forced the oars through the water. His own ideas of the whereabouts of the vessel were vague, while his dory-mate, as all men knew, had a famous sense of location; and yet, if he didn't care enough about it to say a word, when he saw the dory being headed in the wrong direction, then he was n't caring either. So away from the vessel, Frenchie by his silence concurring, they rowed the dory.

Rowing and resting—each consulting his own will as to that, but each doing manfully what he considered his share,—they rowed on, night and day, and night and day again, with nothing to eat or drink, until the weary pain of it was beyond all mortal strength,—certainly for Arnold, who well knew he never could last with the iron man behind him. Arnold by then had lost all count of time,—whether three, four, or five days had elapsed he could not say,—but he was struggling desperately to hold out, determined not to admit himself beaten; and yet he had about made up his mind at last to quit—to say,



"Saying never a word, but smashing, griping, throttling"

"Frenchie, I 'm done," nothing else, when—

Frenchie, his eyes half closed, saw Arnold's back lunge forward, and, an instant later, the oars slide through the thole pins and the body fall off the seat and into the bottom of the dory. But he did not slack his stroke at once; only slowly did it dawn on him that Arnold really was unconscious. His first thought was of exultation,—and so he had worn him down? But, with another glance at the inert figure, tenderness and pity flashed from him. "No!" he cried, and bent over the limp body. "But so it ees." Even then he did not address a direct remark to the sagging body, but only picked him up and laid him in the stern. Long ago they had cast away the load of fish, and a light dory rides better for a weight in the stern. So Frenchie made a pretense of arguing, ashamed to admit even to himself that he had put his mate in the stern solely because it was the least uncomfortable place in the little boat. "And good summer weather," murmured Frenchie,—"and so he shall not freeze."

Two more days and a night of lonely labor and Frenchie made out a red light bearing down. Perhaps a point off his own course it was, but still a good distance away, and there might be time to place the dory directly in her course. He had hailed a sail only the night before and got no answer. No more hailing at a distance for him! "A good t'ing her was n't her starb'd light," said Frenchie, "or I would n't seen her so soon," and he tugged hard at the oars. "And now they must pick me up or run me down,—and I not certain I care so much if she run me down, for I been d—— tired."

But to be weary was not to be vanquished. No, nor near it. Long days and nights of hunger, thirst, and travail on the lonely sea had not quenched his spirit. They used to say of Frenchie, on the vessel, that, if ever he should come to die, he 'd certainly die hard. So "Aboard the bark!" he hailed now,—"h—i—i,—the bark!" There was nothing of deception in that barrel chest and bull neck. 'T was the rumble of an organ. "A—hoy,—hi—hi—i,—the bark!" he hailed again, and to such effect this time that not only was the slumbrous watch awakened, but the mate, having a mug of coffee for himself in the cabin, came bundling up the deck before the watch could call him.

The mate peered over the side. Coming suddenly from light to dark, he could as yet see nothing clearly. "Who is it?" he bellowed.

"Me!" answered Frenchie, from his dory.

The mate again peered over the rail, leaning now far out and down. He at last made out the shadow of the little boat below. "And who 're you, and what do you want?"

"I 'm Gloucester—American feesher—man,—strayed from my ves—sel in fog. And thees my dory-mate,—'most dead,—maybe dead. Lower your falls, plees, and hoist heem aboard."

The resolute tone of Frenchie influenced the mate to quicker action than he had intended. The tackle was unhooked and dropped over. Frenchie made the line fast about his dory-mate, and anxiously observed it as the falls creaked above; and "Tak' a care,—tak' a care,—he 'most dead!" he warned in a plaintive voice, as he saw that the body was allowed to knock once or twice against the side of the bark.

"Take care? Who 's doing this?" demanded the mate, and therewith, having Arnold's body inboard, he allowed it to drop roughly to the deck; and "Come on, you, and hurry," he added as he lowered the falls again.

"Yes, yes, but not so fast. Now, then, a'right—hoist away."

The man above tugged at the leads. The mate, noting what slow progress they were making, peered over the side. He soon understood what was wrong. "The blasted derelict! he 's made fast his boat, too!" Man and dory were being hoisted together. "What in the devil's name does he think?—we 're stevedores?" and he let slip the after falls.

Down splashed the stern of the dory and into it rushed the sea. It was up to Frenchie's knees in a moment, and, the men continuing to hoist, the bow of the dory was rearing up. Frenchie, barely grasping the bow falls in time, began to climb, hand over hand to the rope and feet to the side of the bark. A moment later he was on the deck, but such work!

"Cast off!" ordered the mate. "And you,—get below, you!" he barked at Frenchie, who was gazing over the side at his dory, now filled and drifting away, and almost sobbing as he gazed.

"You should not done that. Not right,—not right,—a beau—ti—ful do—ree, and four tubs fine trawl!" He repeated the words sadly.

"Blast you and your trawls,—go below!"

"Oh, yes, I go below." Frenchie leaned against the rail for a moment. "You skipper?"

"No, I'm not skipper. He 's below and asleep,—and knows better than to wake easy or interfere when it 's my watch. But go below, or I 'll—"

Frenchie raised a deprecating hand. "Oh, oh,—no need, sair,"—and he stooped to lift his dory-mate. Arnold moaned as Frenchy raised him from the deck, and "Gra-a—" gurgled Frenchie, and he turned to carry him below; and, as on the vessel he and Arnold bunked in the cabin, so now he headed for the after deck of the bark.

"Come out of that,—for 'ard with you!" spluttered the mate. But Frenchie, by that time, was carefully descending the cabin steps with never a notion of turning back.

He laid Arnold on the nearest locker. Arnold groaned; Frenchie patted the haggard cheeks. "Steady, boy,—steady! Soon you be all fixed up." For the first time since they had put out from Gloucester he touched Arnold with unrestrained tenderness, and the act gave him joy. "Hush, boy, hush!—you soon have the good hot coffee."

"Say it again,—the good hot what?"

Frenchie looked up. The mate was at his shoulder, his eyes gleaming satirically. "The good hot *what*, did you say?'

"Coffee," repeated Frenchie. "He 'most dead. One, two, three,"—he counted on his fingers,—"seex, maybe seven days, seven nights, astray in hees do-ree. You been astray ever,—not'ing to eat, not'ing to drink? He 'most dead, I say."

"And s'pose he *was* dead altoge ther,—who 's in command here? You d—— Gloucesterm 'n, it 's just like you to think you c 'n jump aboard here in the middle of the night and step into the officers' cabin and give orders. But not here, you don't. Maybe you can do that under your fast-and-loose American-manned, but not on no British bottom. Here"—he slid back a door in the bulkhead partition,—"here 's where you chaps go."

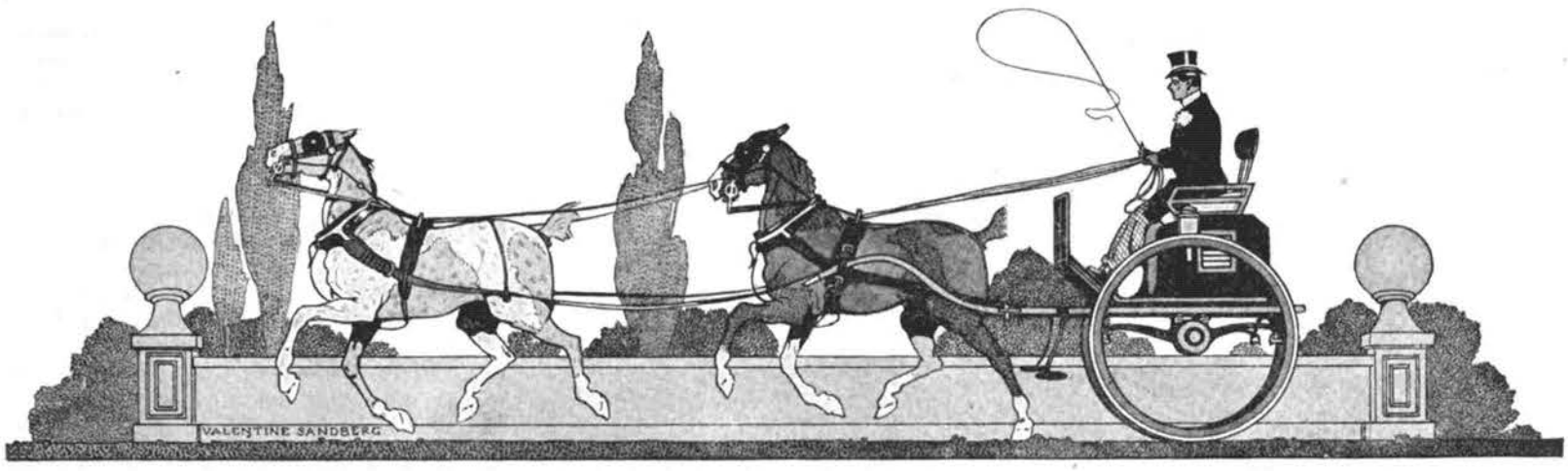
Frenchie peered in. What he saw was the hold of the bark, black and forbidding, piled high with coal. "In there?" Frenchy shook his head. "For me, ver' good; for my doree-mate, no. He need hot coffee and bunk. And hot coffee and bunk he *shall* have. Shall have, I say." Frenchie articulated those precise words with exceeding distinctness. "And right away,—at once, I say. No?" Then, thanking the good God for the strength which all men said was his in abundance, he rolled back his sleeves. The uncovered forearms loomed round, bronzed, and abnormal in development. Small wonder he could row a dory. "Hot coffee for my doree-mate, I say. Do you hear it?" and, with the veins swelling large under his ears, he was about to leap on the mate when the cabin boy, awakened from his sleep, stepped into the light. Frenchie spied him. What need to fight, after all? "Get hot coffee and mak' up bunk,—a good bunk for my ship-mate. Jump! or I lick you, too!"

The boy looked to the mate.

"Oh, you want heem to give order?" Frenchie grinned frightfully. "Well, in one mo-ment he shall order. Geev him order. No?" The battle was on. An immense creature was the mate, but a creature of nothing behind

[*Concluded on pages 453 and 454*]

"He saw the body fall off the seat and into the bottom of the dory"



THE SECOND GENERATION

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

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 an accident, which necessitates consultation with a physician. He is further disturbed by the return from Harvard of his son Arthur, whose fashionable attire and snobbish 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 great mental distress.

Hiram Ranger becomes convinced that he has been training his son in the wrong way, and he determines to turn the boy's footsteps at once "about face!" He announces that he has determined to cut off Arthur's allowance and have him go to work in the mill. 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, and he rebels.

Hiram at last decides that inherited wealth means ruin for his children. He, therefore, prepares his will, in which he gives most of his great wealth to a neighboring college, providing his wife and daughter with only a moderate income for life, and his son with practically nothing but a chance to work in the mills and build up his own future. This done, remorse overcomes him at the thought of how his children will hate him, in the midst of which his malady assumes a sudden turn for the worse, and he loses control of the power of speech.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. RANGER consented to a third girl, to do the additional heavy work; but a nurse,—no! What had Hiram a wife for, and a daughter, and a son, if not to take care of him? What kind of heartlessness was this, to talk of permitting a stranger to do the most sacred offices of love? And only by being on the watch early and late did Adelaide and Arthur prevent her from doing everything for him herself.

"Everybody, nowadays, has trained nurses in these cases," said Dr. Schulze. "I don't think you ought to object to the expense."

But the crafty taunt left her as indifferent as did the argument from what "everybody does."

"I don't make rules for others," replied she. "I only say that nobody shall touch Hiram but us of his own blood. I won't hear to it, and the children won't hear to it. They're glad to have the chance to do a little something for him that has done everything for them."

The children thus had no opportunity to say whether they would "hear to it" or not. But Arthur privately suggested to Adelaide that she ought to try to persuade her. "It will make her ill, all this extra work," said he.

"Not so quickly as having some one about interfering with her," replied Adelaide.

"Then, too, it *looks* so bad,—so stingy and—and—old-fashioned," he persisted.

"I don't think you quite see mother's point of view," said Adelaide, quietly.

Arthur flushed. "Always putting me in the wrong," he sneered.

"Is it I, Arthur,—or something inside you of which I am simply the irritating echo?"

Arthur, somewhat shamed, went on, presently: "I suppose this sort of thing appeals to the romantic strain in you."

"And in mother," said Adelaide.

"Whereupon they both smiled. Romantic was about the last word any one would think of in connection with frankly practical Ellen Ranger. She would have died without hesitation, or lived in torment, for those she loved; but she would have done it in the finest, most matter-of-fact way in the world, and without a gleam of self-conscious heroics, whether of boasting or of martyr-meekness or of any other device for calling attention to oneself. Indeed, it would not have occurred to her that she was doing anything out of the ordinary. Nor, for that matter, would she have been; it is as true as paradoxical that in this world the unheroic are, more often than not, heroes, and the heroic usually most unheroic. We pass heroism by to toss our silly caps at heroics.

"There are some things, Artie, our education has been taking out of us," continued Adelaide, "that I don't believe we're the better for losing. I've been thinking of those things a good deal, lately, and I've come to the conclusion that there really is a rotten streak in what we've

"Not until Arthur stepped upon the doorsill did they lift their heads"

as he had recovered from the last effort and failure; then the idea came to him that if he would hoard strength, he might gather enough to force a passage for the words,—for he did not realize that the connection was broken, and broken forever. So, he would wait, at first for several hours, later for several days; and, when he thought himself strong enough or could no longer refrain, he would try to burst the bonds which seemed to be holding him. With his children, or his wife and children, watching him with agonized faces, he would make a struggle so violent, so hideous, that even that dead body was galvanized into a ghastly distortion of tortured life. Always in vain; always the same collapse of despair and exhaustion. They brought everything they could think of his possibly wanting; they brought to his room everyone with whom he had ever had any sort of more than casual relations—Torrey, among scores of others. But he viewed each object and each person with the same awful despairing look, his immobile lips giving muffled passage to that eternal "Yes! Yes! Yes!" And at last they decided they were mistaken, that it was no particular thing he wanted, but only the natural fierce desire to send some message through those prison walls, invisible, translucent, intangible, worse than death.

Sorrow and anxiety and care pressed so heavily and so unceasingly upon that household for several weeks that there was no time for, no thought of anything but Hiram. Finally, however, the law of routine mercifully asserted itself; their lives, in habit and in thought, readjusted, conformed to the new conditions, as human lives will, no matter how chaotic has been the havoc of forces which demolished the old routine. Then Adelaide took from her writing desk all Ross's letters, which she had glanced at rather than read as they had come; when she finished the re-reading, or reading, she was not only as unsatisfied as when she began, but puzzled, to boot,—and puzzled that she was puzzled. She read them again,—it did not take long, for they were brief; even the first letter after he heard of her father's illness filled only the four sides of one sheet, and was written large and loose. "He has written short letters," said she, "because he did not want to trouble me with long ones at this time." But, though this excuse was as plausible as most of those we invent to assist us to believe what we want to believe, it did not quite banish a certain hollow, hungry feeling, a sense of distaste for such food as the letters did provide. She was not experienced enough to know that the expression of the countenance of a letter is telltale beyond the expression of the countenance of its writer; that the face may be controlled to lie, but that never yet was a satisfying and fully deceptive lie told upon paper. Without being conscious of the action of the sly, subconscious instinct which prompted it, she began to revolve her friend, Theresa Howland, whose house-party Ross was honoring with such an extraordinarily long lingering. "I hope Theresa is seeing that he has a good time," she said. "I suppose he thinks as he says,—that he 'd only be in the way here. That 's a man's view! It 's selfish, but who is n't selfish?"

Thus, without her being in the least aware of the process, her mind was preparing her for what was about to happen. It is a poor mind, or poorly served by its self-conscious half, that is taken wholly by surprise by any blow. There are always forewarnings; and while the surface mind habitually refuses to see them, however plain, the subconscious mind is not so stupid,—or so completely under the sweet spells of that arch-enchanter, vanity.

At last Ross came, but without sending Adelaide word.

His telegram to his mother gave just time for a trap to meet him at the station. As he was ascending the broad, stone approaches of the main entrance to the house at Point Helen, she appeared in the doorway, her face really beautiful with mother-pride. For Janet she cared as it is the duty of parent to care for child; Ross she loved. It was not mere maternal imagination that made her so proud of him; he was a most distinguished and attractive figure. Of the medium height, with a strong look about the shoulders, with positive features and a clear skin, with gray-green eyes, good teeth, and a pleasing expressing, he had an excellent natural basis on which to build himself into a type of fashionable gentleman. He was in tweeds of pronounced and even noisy pattern which, however, he carried off without vulgarity. His trousers were rolled high, after the fashion of the day, to show dark red socks of the same color as his tie and of a shade harmonious to the stripe in the pattern of shirt and suit and to the stones in his cuff-links. He looked clean, with the cleanness of a tree after the measureless drenching of a storm; he had a careless, easy air, which completely concealed his keen and self-complacent self-consciousness. He embraced his mother with enthusiasm.

"How well you look!" he exclaimed; then, with a glance round, "How well *everything* looks!"

His mother held tightly to his arm as they went into the house; she seemed his elder sister rather than his mother, and he delighted her by telling her so,—omitting the qualifying adjective before the sister. "But you 're not a bit glad to see me," he went on. "How 's Adelaide?"

His mother's face became serious. "Adelaide is very well," was her reply in a constrained voice.

"I could n't stay away any longer," said he. "It was tiresome up at Windrift."

He saw her disappointment, and a smile flitted over his face which returned and remained when she said: "I thought you found Theresa Howland interesting."

"Oh, you did?" was his smiling reply. "And why?"

"Then you came because you were bored?" she said, evading.

"And to see you, and Adelaide. I must telephone her right away."

"I should n't be too eager," counseled his mother. "A man ought never to show eagerness with a woman. Let the woman make all the advances, Ross. They 'll do it fast enough,—when they find that they must."

"Not the young ones," said Ross. "Especially not those that have choice of many men."

"But no woman has choice of many men," replied she. "She always wants the best, and when *you 're* in her horizon, you 're the best, always."

Ross, taking advantage of being in the privacy of his own family, gave himself the pleasure of showing that he thought so himself. But he said: "Nonsense. If I listened to you, I 'd be making a fearful ass of myself most of the time."

"Well,—don't be too eager with Adelaide," persisted his mother. "She 's very good-looking and knows it, and I 'm afraid she 's getting an exaggerated notion of her own value. She feels *so* certain of you."

Ross tried to conceal that this had touched him. "Why should n't she?" said he.

"It is n't in human nature to care especially for what one feels sure of."

"But she *is* sure of me," said Ross, almost hiding the wincing of his vanity. "We 're engaged, you know."

"A boy and girl affair. But nothing really settled."

"I 've given my word and so has she."

Mrs. Whitney looked more approving than she felt. A high sense of honor had been part of her wordy training of her children; but she had relied—she hoped, not in vain,—upon her children's common sense to teach them to reconcile and adjust honor to the exigencies of practical life. Her first impulse, as always, was

to command; her second, again as always, was to finesse. "That 's right, dear," said she. "A man or a woman can't be too honorable. Still, I should not wish you to make her and yourself unhappy. And I know both of you would be unhappy if, by marrying, you were to spoil each other's careers. And your father would not be able to allow or to leave you enough to maintain an establishment such as I 've set my heart on seeing you have. Mr. Ranger has been acting very strange of late,—almost insane, I'd say. I more than suspect he 's leaving a large part of his fortune to Tecumseh College." And she related—with what she thought were judicious omissions and embroideries,—her talks with Hiram, and the events that centered about it.

Ross's face retained the impassive expression he had been cultivating—with increasing success,—ever since he read in English "high life" novels descriptions of the bearing of men of the *haut monde*. "That 's of no consequence," was his comment, in a tone of indifference. "I 'm not marrying her for her money."

"Don't throw yourself away, Ross," said she, unruffled though much disquieted. "I feel sure you 've been brought up too sensibly to do anything reckless. At least, be careful how you commit yourself any more deeply until you are sure. In our station, people think of a great many things before they think of anything so uncertain and so more or less fanciful as love. Rest assured, Adelaide is thinking of those things. Don't be less wise than she."

He changed the subject, telephoned to Adelaide after a few minutes, ordered a cart, and set out to take her for a drive. Mrs. Whitney watched him depart with a heavy and anxious heart. "Ross is sensible beyond his years," she said to herself, sadly, "but youth is *so* romantic. It never can see beyond the marriage ceremony."

* * * * * * *

Adelaide, with as much haste as was compatible with the demands of so important an occasion, was getting into a suitable costume. Suddenly she paused, and laid aside the hat she was about to put on. "No, I 'll not go," she said aloud.

Ever since her father was stricken she had stayed near him, had borne practically the whole burden of trying to talk to him—him who could not answer, could not show whether he understood or not. He had never been easy to talk to; now, when she could not know but that what she said jarred upon a sick and inflamed soul, aggravating his torture by reminding him of things he longed to know yet could not inquire about, tantalizing him with suggestions—. She dared not think along those lines; to do so would have made it impossible for her to send him any message beyond despairing looks.

Sometimes she kissed him, feeling, and believing he felt, that they two, separated as by a heavy, grated prison door and unable to have the electric thrill of touch, yet got some joy out of the sight of the dumb show of caresses. Again, she would give up trying to look cheerful, and would weep,—and let him see her weep, having an instinct that he understood that the tears were a relief to her, and that she let him see them to make him feel her loving sympathy. Again, she would be so wrought upon by the steady agony of those fixed eyes that she would leave him abruptly,—to hide herself and shudder, tearless, with the utter misery and hopelessness of it all. She wondered at her mother's calm until she noticed, after a few weeks, how the face was withering with that shriveling which comes from within, when a living thing is dying at the core.

She read the Bible to him, selecting in the evenings, with the aid of a concordance, consolatory passages. She was filled with protest the while, because it seemed to her that this good man, her best of fathers, thus cruelly stricken, was proof before her eyes that the sentences executed against men were not divine, but the devilish emanations of brute chance. Still the promises, so confident, so lofty, so searching, worded so that they seemed like responses to the longings and cravings of every kind of desolation and woe, gradually had a soothing effect upon her; and her mind began to find for conversation—or, rather, for her monologues to him,—subjects which her instinct told her would be cheerful visitors in that prison.

She talked to him of how he was loved, of how noble and fine his influence had been in their lives. She analyzed him to himself,—saying things she would never have dared to say had there been the slightest chance of so much response as the flutter of an eyelid. And as, so it seemed to her, the sympathetic relations and understanding between them grew, she became franker,—talked of her aspirations, new-born aspirations in harmony with his life and belief. And, explaining herself for his benefit and bringing to light her inmost being to show to him, she saw it herself. And when she one day said to him, "Your illness has made a better woman of me, father, dear father," she felt it with all her heart.

It was from this atmosphere and enveloped in it that she went out to greet Ross.

His expression was scrupulously correct,—joy at seeing her again shadowed by sympathy for her calamity. When they were safely alone, he took her hand and was about to kiss her. The resolves with which he had come were already shaking. But, instead of responding, she drew back, just a little,—perhaps it was a mere coquetry; perhaps it came from an instinct deep down and hidden from her. Anyhow, it was enough. He instantly suspected her of being in the state of mind into which he had been trying to get himself. He dropped her hand. A trifling incident, but a trifle is enough to cut the communications between two human beings; it often accomplishes what the rudest shocks would not. They went to the far, secluded end of the garden, he asking and she answering questions about her father.

"What is it, Del?" he said, abruptly, at length. "You act strained toward me." He did not say this until they were both oppressed almost into silence by the height and the thickness of the barrier between them.

"I guess it's because I've been shut in with father," she suggested. "I've seen no one to talk to, except the family and the doctor, for weeks."

"No, it is n't that," he insisted, his eyes upon her curiously, resentfully,—with genuine suspicion of her. "I think I know what it is. This is the first time in our lives that we 've been separated so long."

"Just think!" she exclaimed. "It's six month since you came to see me in New York. What a beautiful evening we had,—was n't old Mrs. Scoresby good to us?" And with an effort she laid her hand in his.

He held it loosely. "It 's the first time," he went on, "that we've really had the chance to judge how we actually feel toward each other, —that's what's the matter." He looked at her with sad reproach. "Del, I don't believe you—care. You've found it out, and don't want to hurt my feelings by telling me." And he believed what he was saying. It might have been—well, not quite right, for him to chill toward her, and contemplate breaking the engagement; but that she should have been doing the same thing,—his vanity was erect to the last feather. "It's most kind of you to think so considerately of me," he said, satirically.

She took her hand away. "And you?" she replied, coldly. "Are your feelings changed?"

"I,—oh, you know that I love you," was his mocking answer.

She half stretched out her hand, —stretched it far enough for him to see what she wished. She saw that he was not going to take it and drew back. She laughed with an attempt at raillery. "You 've been seeing too much of Theresa Howland," said she.

He looked coldly at her. "I have never interfered with your many attentions from other men," said he, stiffly. "On the contrary, I have encouraged you to enjoy yourself; and I thought that you left me free in the same way."

The tears came to her eyes. "Whatever is the matter with you, Ross, this morning? Or, is it I? Am I—"

"It certainly is not I," he interrupted, icily. "I see you again after six months, and I find that you have changed completely."

Her look stopped him. "Oh!" she exclaimed with a dangerous smile. "You are out of humor about something and are looking for a quarrel."

"That would be impossible," said he, haughtily. "I never quarrel. Evidently you have forgotten all about me."

Her pride would not let her refuse the challenge, covert in his words, frank in his eyes. "Possibly," said she, forcing herself to look amusement at him. "I don't bother much about people I don't see."

[*Concluded on pages 441 to 444*]

"I don't believe you—care"

HAD MONEY BUT LOST IT

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says, "I have little respect for the man who does not put himself in a position both to provide and retain enough material means to support comfortably those who are dependent upon him."

A prominent New York lawyer of wide experience says that, in his opinion, ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who make money or inherit it, lose it, sooner or later.

What a spectacle everywhere in this land of plenty, of inexhaustible resources, this land of opportunity, where every man ought to be a king, to see God's noblemen living like European peasants because they never learned to do business in a business way!

How many thousands of good, honest men and women there are in this country who have worked very hard and made all sorts of sacrifices of comfort and luxury in order to lay up something for the future, and yet have reached middle life or later without having anything to show for it; many of them, indeed, finding themselves without a home or any probability of getting one, without property or a cent of money laid by for sickness, for the inevitable emergency, or for their declining years!

Risking Savings in Foolish Ventures

It seems especially incredible that a strong, sturdy, self-made man, who has had to fight his way up from poverty, and who feels the backache in every dollar he has earned, should let his savings slip through his fingers in the most foolish investments, with scarcely any investigation, often sending his money thousands of miles away to people he has never seen and about whom he knows practically nothing, except through an advertisement which has attracted his attention, or through the wiles of some smooth, unprincipled promoter.

Great numbers of vast fortunes in this country have been and are being built up on the very ignorance of the masses in regard to business methods. The schemers bank on it that it is easy to swindle people who do not know how to protect their property. They thrive on the ignorance of their fellows. They know that a shrewd advertisement, a cunningly worded circular, a hypnotic appeal will bring the hard earnings of these unsuspecting people out of hiding places into their own coffers.

For the sake of your home, for the protection of your hard earnings, for your peace of mind, your self-respect, your self-confidence, whatever else you do, do not neglect a good, solid business training, and get it as early in life as possible. It will save you from many a fall, from a thousand embarrassments, and, perhaps, from the humiliation of being compelled to face your wife and children and confess that you have been a failure. It may save you from the mortification of having to move from a good home to a poor one, of seeing your property slip out of your hands, and of having to acknowledge your weakness and your lack of foresight and thoughtfulness, or your being made the dupe of sharpers.

Many men who once had good stores of their own, are working as clerks, floorwalkers, or superintendents of departments in other people's stores, just because they risked and lost everything in some venture. As they now have others depending on them, they do not dare to take the risks which they took in young manhood to get a new start, and so they struggle along in mediocre positions, still mocked with ambitions which they have no chance to gratify.

How many inventors and discoverers have fought the fight of desperation amidst poverty and deprivation for years and years, and have succeeded in giving the world that which helps to emancipate man from drudgery, to ameliorate the hard conditions of civilization, and yet have allowed others to snatch their victories away from them and leave them penniless, just because they did not know how to protect themselves!

Thousands of people who were once in easy circumstances are living in poverty and wretchedness to-day because they failed to put an understanding or an agreement in writing, or to do business in a business way. Families have been turned out of house and home, penniless, because they trusted to a relative or a friend to "do what was right" by them, without making a hard and fast, practical business arrangement with him.

Put It in Writing

It does not matter how honest people are, they forget, and it is so easy for misunderstandings to arise that it is never safe to leave anything of importance to a mere oral statement. Reduce it to writing. It costs but little, in time or money, and when all parties interested are agreed, that is the best time to formulate the agreement in exact terms. This will often save lawsuits, bitterness, and alienations. How many friendships have been broken by not putting understandings in writing. Thousands of cases are in the courts to-day because agreements were not put in writing. A large part of lawyers' incomes is derived from the same source.

Many people have a foolish idea that others, especially friends or relatives, will be sensitive and think their honesty questioned if they are asked to put their proposition, or agreement, or understanding in writing. It is not a question of confidence. It is a question of business, and business should be done in a business way, so that no matter whether death, or what unforseen event occurs, everything has been properly done. The very people you may think will be sensitive or offended because you are so exacting, will really think more of you for your straightforward business methods and your carefulness in avoiding misunderstanding.

A Business Education Is Rare in Women

Many a cultured girl has been thrown suddenly on her own resources by the failure or the death of her father, and has found herself wholly incapable of administering his affairs or of earning a living. Many women, whose husbands die suddenly, are left with large business responsibilities, which they are utterly unfit to assume. They are at the mercy of designing lawyers or dishonest business men, who well know that they are mere babies in their hands, when it comes to important transactions.

Business talent is as rare as a talent for mathematics. We find boys and girls turned out of school and college full of theories, and of all sorts of knowledge or smatterings of knowledge, but without the ability to protect themselves from human thieves who are trying to get something for nothing. No girl or boy should be allowed to graduate, especially from any of the higher institutions, without being well grounded in practical business methods. Parents who send their children out in life, without seeing that they are well versed in ordinary business principles, do them an incalculable injustice.

I have heard a young woman boast that she did not know anything about money matters, and had no desire to. She said that she had no idea of the value of a dollar, that she could spend all the money she could get, but that it was distasteful to her to discuss economy. Many such women object to any common-sense consideration of the financial question. They think it is not necessary for them to know anything about money from the purely business point of view, as that phase of life belongs wholly to their fathers or brothers or husbands.

An instructive example of the result of such spirit and ignorance I found in a lady who had lost her property through a lack of business knowledge. She told me that she knew nothing whatever about business. She had never known the value of money. Her husband died and left her with a large property, and it was her custom to sign any paper or document that her lawyer or agents presented to her, usually without reading. The people who had charge of her property knew that she knew nothing about business and took advantage of her ignorance. They got her property away from her, and he did not have enough left even to conduct a legal fight to get it back.

Signing Documents without Reading Them

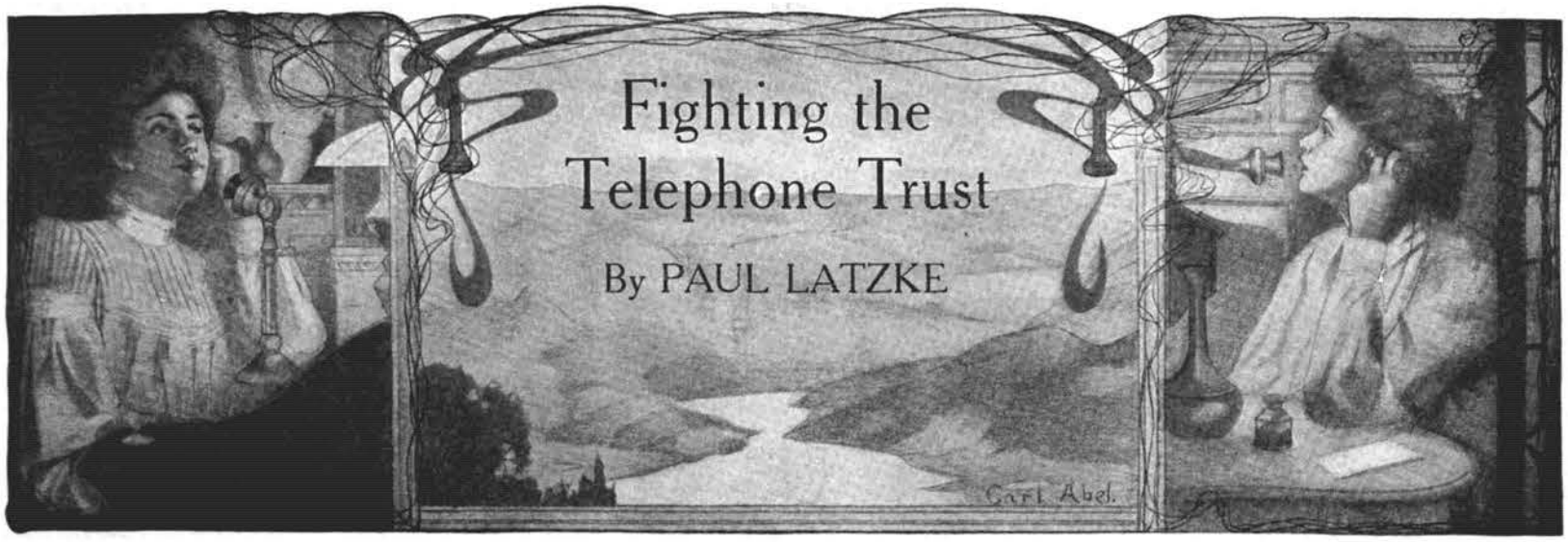
Thousands of girls are sent out into the world with what is called finished educations, who can not even give a proper receipt for money, to say nothing of drawing a promissory note, a draft or a bill, or understanding the significance and importance of business contracts. Such a woman presented a check for payment to the paying teller of her bank. He passed it back to her with the request that she be kind enough to indorse it. The lady wrote on the back of the che k, "I have done business with this bank for many years, and I believe it to be all right. Mrs. James B. Brown."

Another society woman in New York presented a check for payment at the bank, and the teller told her that it was not signed. "Oh, do they have to be signed?" she responded. "What an awful lot of red tape there is about the banking business.'

I know of a lady whose husband made a deposit for her in a bank and gave her a check book so that she could pay her bills without annoying him. One day she received a notice from the bank that her account was overdrawn. She went to the bank and told the teller that there must be a mistake about it, because she still had a lot of checks left in her book. She knew so little about business methods that she thought that she could keep drawing any amount until the checks were all gone.

This sounds ridiculous and almost incredible, yet the very girl who laughs at it may make even more absurd blunders. Many an accomplished woman, when given a pen and asked to sign an important document drawn up by an attorney or a long-headed business man, will sign it without reading it or even asking to be informed of its contents, only to learn afterwards by disastrous results that she has signed away her property and turned herself out of home. Only a short time ago I read of a lady who had won a suit involving about $20,000. New evidence, however, was brought forward, which caused the court immediately

[Concluded on page 425]



FIFTH ARTICLE

This series was begun in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for February, 1906. In this installment, Mr. Latzke shows how the chief safeguard of our liberty, a free press, is jeopardized by many newspaper owners who are eager and willing to sign away their consciences for a consideration

ONLY the inner circle, at Bell headquarters in Boston, knows what the press campaign, of which I gave a few illustrations last month, has cost. It must show a fabulous total.

A single month's work in such a small place as Evansville, Indiana, it was shown, cost the Cumberland Telephone Company, one of the Bell subsidiaries, over $11,500, divided between the two local dailies. One of these, the "Journal News," finally revolted, under pressure of local merchants, who threatened to withdraw their patronage. In an editorial published March 9, 1904, it announced its reformation and told all the facts connected with the sale of its columns and the columns of its contemporary. But such incidents as these have no effect on the activities of the Bell press bureau and the disbursement of its great corruption fund. For more than twelve years it has been in active operation, and there is hardly a city, town, or hamlet that has not been "worked."

In New England hundreds of newspapers of the second class have tied themselves to the Bell, hand and foot, under regular contracts which contain, among others, these two clauses:—

1.—The party of the first part (the newspaper,) . . . . hereby agrees . . . . to furnish whenever called upon to do so by the second party, (the New England Bell Company,) a three-inch space, single column, ... for such advertising *or other matter* as second party may desire. . . . .

3.—It is further understood that said first party (the newspaper,) *will at all times exercise its good will in said second party's interest and coöperate with said second party.* . . . .

What becomes of the chief safeguard of our liberties, a free press, when newspaper owners are found eagerly willing to sign away their consciences like this?

The "Special Correspondence" Letters in the Different Papers Were Similar

In Omaha a strong independent company, backed with plenty of local capital, applied for a franchise. The company guaranteed valuable returns to the city, low rates to the subscribers, and high-grade service. It promised to free the people from the take-it-or-leave-it policy prevailing here as elsewhere. Immediately the local papers began to publish "letters from our special correspondent," dated, apparently, at St. Joseph, Kansas City, Louisville, St. Louis, and other cities where independent plants were operating in opposition to the Bell. These letters told with harrowing detail the loss and annoyance the people in these places were suffering, and how anxious they were to be rid of the independent plants. These letters were anywhere from a column and one-half to three columns long, and appeared under some such headlines as these, which are taken from the Omaha "Bee":—

'PHONE TROUBLES IN ST. JOE.

BY TWO SYSTEMS OF WIRE TALKING THEY ARE MULTIPLIED.

INTERESTING SIDE LIGHTS ON THE TELEPHONE SITUATION IN A THRIVING MISSOURI TOWN.

The good people of Omaha who read these "letters" did not, of course, dream that they were simply the paid advertisements of the Bell Company, though their suspicions should have been aroused when the "World-Herald" printed a lot of similar "letters." Any novice might have seen that these "letters" were written by the same gifted hand. The "News," published in the same city, was retained to work along somewhat different lines. It published matter showing what the people might expect in the way of poor service, one

article appearing under these headlines:—

INDEPENDENT 'PHONES HAVE LIGHT WIRES.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SECURE SATISFACTORY SERVICE FOR LONG DISTANCE WITHOUT COPPER METALLIC SERVICE.

In the space at my disposal I shall content myself with reference to one other incident that illustrates the workings of the remarkable press bureau maintained by the Bell.

On April 10 of last year, the New York "Tribune" printed on its front page what appeared to be a special dispatch from Sioux City, Iowa, occupying something over a column of space. It was headed:—

BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY FORCED TO SURRENDER.

FARMERS OF IOWA WIN THEIR TWENTY YEARS' FIGHT AGAINST THE MONOPOLY.

Here was surely an attack on the Bell Telephone Company. It began by stating that "The American Bell Telephone Company, for twenty years the most haughty and uncompromising monopoly in America, has been forced by the farmers of Iowa to an unconditional surrender."

The Bell Managers Sought To Lull the Farmers into a Feeling of Security

In the years that I have followed the telephone fight I have made a special study of the Bell Company's press work. Naturally this should make me reasonably expert in picking out material disguised as news matter that has been run "at reading-notice rates." But, in this instance, I, myself, was completely taken in, until my attention was specially called to certain peculiarities about the article, by the manager of an independent plant in New Jersey.

Still I couldn't make out what object the Bell Telephone Company could hope to attain by the publication of such matter.

"Why," declared my Jersey friend, "that's as clear as day. They are trying to lull the suspicion of the farmer by having it appear that they have been beaten and that they have thrown up their hands. They are seeking to create a condition of mind that will make the farmer believe it is now perfectly safe to tie up to the tamed monopoly. I happen to have had personal experience of the way this article is working. It was reproduced in the weekly and tri-weekly issues of the "Tribune," which have probably as large circulations among farmers as any publication in the United States. One of the farmers down my way, who represents a coöperative company with which I am negotiating a traffic arrangement, showed this article to me as a complete refutation of my statement that it was dangerous for the farmers to ally themselves with the Bell under any circumstances, because the monopoly would in the end swallow them up."

Two paragraphs in the article, on close study, revealed the "nigger in the woodpile" clearly enough. One of these paragraphs reads: "This means that, in the end, all lines and exchanges must be connected; the two systems will be, for every purpose of physical operation, merged into one. It will mean, in the end, that two systems can not be maintained side by side."

That is the stereotyped matter sent out from Boston day in and day out, from year's beginning to year's end, only this time it was approached from the other direction.

A little further along occurred the other paragraph which gave the key to the motive. This paragraph read:—

In Iowa, it is true, the (Bell) Company has been defeated, but that has been accomplished only by peculiar local conditions.

The farmers of Iowa won the victory with their rural lines. The Bell people still have their powerful position, their immensely valuable business in other states. They are still strong in legislatures and with congress; they are still able to buy every promising improvement, every device protected by patent that is offered to them.

Not long after my attention had been called to this article its fruits began to appear. From a hundred small country papers came clippings summarizing the "Tribune" story. These summaries were, as usual with the Bell press work, exactly alike even in the matter of punctuation; they wound up with this paragraph:—

The result will be that the latter (The Bell Telephone Company,) will now permit connection to be made between its instruments and those of the other companies, (the independents,) and it will no longer be necessary for anybody to rent two telephones from antagonistic establishments.

It was the siren's song with which the monopoly hoped to lull the fears of its opponents in the backwoods districts so that they would yield themselves to its protection and friendly assimilation. One of the telephone periodicals put it thus, in commenting on this stroke of literary genius:—

Could anything be much "smarter" than that? It will no longer be necessary for anybody to rent two telephones from antagonistic establishments. "Come right into our parlor, Mr. Farmer; we 're harmless now." Where is the "green goods" circular that can touch this precious document for clean-cut knavery?

Several years ago the Bell managers made up their minds to try a new way of cornering the business. They decided that they would buy the chief independent manufacturing plants, not openly, but secretly, and trap the operating companies in a manner that, had it succeeded, might have resulted in serious damage. The two leading concerns then engaged in making apparatus for the independents were the Stromberg-Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Company and the Kellogg Switchboard and Supply Company, both of Chicago. Neither was more than five or six years old, but their success had been extraordinary. Conditions lent themselves admirably to the scheme so far as the Kellogg Company was concerned, and it fell. Fortunately the Stromberg Company escaped, and it is, to-day, the foremost manufacturing concern in the independent field.

By Control of the Kellogg Trade the Trust Planned to Entrap the Independents

The Kellogg Company was controlled by Milo G. Kellogg, who had started the fight against the Bell Company in the Berliner patent case. Various causes had contributed to break down Mr. Kellogg's health, and he had been forced to relinquish all business. He turned the Kellogg Company over to his brother-in-law, Wallace L. DeWolf, under a power of attorney, and went to California, where, it was generally supposed, he would die.

In June, 1903, the industry was startled by the information that the Kellogg Company was owned by the trust. The Kellogg stock had been sold to representatives of the American Bell Company, by Mr. DeWolf, while Mr. Kellogg lay helpless in California, and without his knowledge. The facts were dragged into the open through a suit instituted by some of the minority stockholders, who sought to set the sale aside. The pleadings laid bare a plot that, for sheer business immorality and mean rascality, has not often been equaled.

For eighteen months, before the bringing of the suit, it developed, the Bell had been secretly in control of the company. It had bought the Kellogg stock from Mr. DeWolf under a pledge that the latter would keep the facts of the sale a secret and continue as the directing head of the concern. The object was simple. It was desired to load the independent operating companies with Kellogg apparatus. Some of the most vital parts of this apparatus were at that time in suit, under claims of alleged patent infringement brought by the Bell Company and the Western Electric Company, the manufacturing branch of the Bell. Unless these suits were properly defended, the Bell and the Western Electric Companies would be in a position to shut down every company using the apparatus. With the Bell secretly in control of the Kellogg, there would be only a mock defense of these patent suits, judgment would enter for the plaintiff, the "infringing" apparatus would be seized, scores of independent operating companies with millions invested in plants would be forced out of business, and the trust would come into its "own" once more.

The Kellogg Company Secured Coveted Contracts through a Favorable Technicality

Only one thing interposed to prevent the consummation of this pretty plot. Mr. Kellogg did not die. Everything else had moved along beautifully. Two of the biggest independent plants in the country, one at Buffalo, the other at Los Angeles, had come into the market for equipment. Contracts for both were secured by the Kellogg Company. The lengths to which the conspirators were prepared to go developed in connection with these contracts. As generally happens in such transactions, rumors untraceable but persistent regarding the Kellogg sale to the Bell had been heard in the trade despite the care with which the facts were guarded. When the Buffalo and Los Angeles work was up for letting, rival concerns came out flatly with the statement that the Kellogg was nothing but a Bell dummy and that no independent operating company could afford to tie up to it for apparatus at any price. The representatives of the Kellogg Company were confronted with these accusations. They were men in whom the managers of the Buffalo and Los Angeles companies, as well as the trade in general, had and have the most absolute confidence, and they were told that, if they would give their personal assurance, based on knowledge, that these allegations were unfounded, their company should have the contracts. The Kellogg men thereupon sought out Mr. DeWolf and secured from him a statement in writing to the effect that the Bell Company was not in control of the Kellogg Company, never had been, and never would be. It developed, afterwards, that this was technically true, as the sale of Kellogg's stock had been made not to the Bell Company as such, but to its agents, though it was admitted that all the money had come out of the Bell Company's treasury. Armed with this denial and on the strength of their own reputations, the Kellogg agents had no difficulty in securing the coveted contracts.

Mr. Fish, of the Bell Company, Has been Regarded as Our Greatest Patent Lawyer

Worse even than this was an incident in connection with this matter that transpired in St. Louis. An infringement suit had been brought by the Western Electric Company against the Kinloch Telephone Company, of St. Louis, the first opposition company launched in any of the big cities. This company, backed by the millions of Adolphus Busch and other capitalists of St. Louis, had had a very successful and prosperous career, and its downfall lay particularly close to the hearts of the Bell officials. It had been equipped by Mr. Kellogg, when he first started his factory, and it was charged by the Western Electric Company that certain switchboard patents owned by that company had been infringed. Judge R. S. Taylor, who conducted the Berliner litigation, and Francis Dunbar, the Kellogg Company's patent expert, were in charge of the defense of this suit, under retainer from the Kellogg Company, which was the real defendant under its guarantee to the Kinloch.

When the St. Louis suit came to trial, in 1901, prior to the sale, these two men were on hand to look after the interests of the Kinloch Company, which, under its contract, had a right to look to the Kellogg corporation for proper defense of the suit. On the other side, with other eminent counsel, appeared Frederick P. Fish, president of the American Bell Company. Mr. Fish had for years been the chief patent attorney of the Bell and acted as counsel for its manufacturing branch, the Western Electric Company. When John E. Hudson died, Mr. Fish was selected to succeed him in the presidency of the trust, but this did not put an end to his appearance as special counsel whenever important patent suits were to be argued.

Mr. Fish occupies an eminent position at the American bar and is, by many, regarded as the greatest patent lawyer in the world. It is possible that he may be able to explain his position in this case. He may be able to show that his company had a right to appear in court against the Kellogg Company at a time when he owned and controlled this company either in his individual or official capacity. That is a matter that it is not necessary to argue here. I can content myself by stating the facts, which are these:—

In April, 1902, after the sale of the Kellogg Company, the counsel of the Bell interests demanded of the court that an injunction might issue restraining the Kinloch Company from using the switchboard sold to it by the Kellogg concern, and that this injunction might issue immediately. In other words he asked that the Kinloch Company might be judicially put to death.

By Working Night and Day the Kinloch Company Was Barely Saved from Ruin

Judge Taylor met this demand with a plea for pecuniary adjudication. He admitted the infringement, as he had to under the decision of the higher courts; but he pointed out that the patents under which the Bell sued had only a few months longer to live, and that, in the meanwhile, the ends of justice would be met if his clients, the Kinloch and Kellogg Companies, were permitted to liquidate the damages by the payment of a fair sum of money. This did n't suit the Bell counsel at all. He said the Bell people did not want money damages. They wanted their rights, —their pound of flesh,—an injunction to choke off the Kinloch Company then and there. Judge Taylor protested that such a course would work inestimable hardship; it would cut off thousands of people depending on the Kinloch Company for telephone service; it would cause a loss of millions to the Kinloch stockholders; to stop the operation of this plant even for a month would mean its ruin. It would cease to be a property.

Fortunately, despite the Bell counsel's protest, the court was swayed by the consideration of grave public damage. The peremptory injunction was denied. But, as the court was bound to grant the plaintiff some measure of relief, the Kellogg and Kinloch Companies were directed to alter the switchboard equipment forthwith so as to avoid infringing on the Bell Company's patents. Then there was another struggle. Judge Taylor begged for thirty days in which to make the alterations. Both he and Mr. Dunbar declared it practically impossible for the Kellogg Company to do the work in less time.

The Bell counsel sternly objected. Finally the court compromised matters by giving the defendants fifteen days. By working day and night Mr. Dunbar and his engineers managed to get barely within the time limit. The Kinloch Company was saved by a scratch, and the Bell Company was denied the opportunity to reëstablish its monopoly in St. Louis.

I asked Mr. Dunbar, on one occasion, why the Bell owners of the Kellogg Company did not make sure of their case by dismissing both Judge Taylor and himself as soon as they came fully into control.

"They did n't dare do that," was Mr. Dunbar's answer. "That would have given the whole thing away. The rumors of a sell-out that

[*Concluded on pages 438 and 439*]

THE CLEEVE INSULATOR

The Story of a Financial Freeze-out

By ROBERT MACKAY

Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove

"Two silver-haired spinsters, clad in black corded silk, acted as chaperons"

On leaving school Waldron Cleeve became boy-of-all-work to a grocer. For nearly eight years he labored amid sugar barrels, tea chests, coffee bags, and the like. Fifteen hours of each day he worked, and at odd intervals and between church hours on Sunday he read, read, read such books on physical science as he could get from the local public library, or borrow or buy, which last, poor chap, were not many, seeing that he religiously turned over seventy-five per cent. of his starveling earnings to his foster parents.

The talk and society of one Prospect Harper were of vast solace to him, and, likewise, that of Dolly Harper, his only child; for Mr. Harper, in addition to keeping a drug store, was a bit of an experimental chemist and had rigged himself up a neat little laboratory, the freedom of which he gave to Waldron. It was in that laboratory that Waldron first knew the delight of test tubes, deflagrating spoons, gas jars, retorts, crystallizing saucers, sand baths, and mercury pumps. There the nervous joys of qualitative and quantitative analyses became his. But the dinner and supper hours only could be given over to these matters, together with the too infrequent holidays. So Waldron would go to bed and dream of long days that were one round of weird odors and thin, snaky flames from blowpipes, jewel-like "beads" blossoming out of the flux in the charcoal saucer, hydrogen jets that, burning, sang when you put a glass tube over them, and the endless miracles that only the chemist is privileged to work and witness. In these dreams Dolly invariably acted as his assistant.

She, like Waldron, had her ambitions. These lay in the direction of art. Outside of his books, Waldron loved best Dolly's clever little water-color sketches, but he was undoubtedly biased in the artist's favor. Yet the local art school had given the girl two prizes and the director had urged her father to send her to New York to further her studies.

As for the feeling that existed between the boy and the girl,—for, after all, they were not much more,—it was as tenderly undefined as a misty morning in May and as rich in beauty of promise. Waldron was lacking a year or so of his majority and Dolly was two years his junior. Each thought the other the most desirable of mortals and each would have resented the suggestion that they were in love.

Prospect Harper, apart from his regard for Waldron, sympathized with his aspirations and condoled with him on the score of his narrow horizon and want of opportunity. So, one night, after Waldron had "put the shop to bed," the druggist had a long talk with him.

The outcome of the interview was that Waldron opened his heart and revealed his objective to his friend. He wanted to locate in New York, obtain a job where he would have short hours, go through a preparatory course at Cooper Institute, and, later, with the aid of industry and economy, take a further course at the School of Mines, Columbia College. He had no fear of the future that would follow the latter portion of his programme. His grand objective was a position in connection with which he could indulge his passion for experiment.

Mr. Harper listened and approved. The young man's ideas showed the earmarks of consideration. They were devoid of the unwise sanguineness which comes to grief because it can't or won't admit of prospective obstacles.

Then he made Waldron an offer of the loan of such funds as would enable him to put his project into effect without delay. He anticipated the youngster's refusal to accept the money by informing him that he should require him to give promissory notes for six, twelve, and twenty-four months, "precisely as all transactions of the same nature are treated, you know," he added.

* * * * * *

Nearly three years later Waldron was fingering his last bill. In the interval much had happened. Mr. Harper had died, leaving Dolly an equity in some property that brought her a modest monthly check. After a period of mourning the girl went to New York and entered a famous art school.

Dolly had taken quarters in a very select boarding house on the West Side within sound of the whisper of the trees of Central Park. The proprietors of the establishment were two maiden ladies of impoverished Knickerbocker stock and stately presence. To become an inmate of the house one had to have references from his pastor and be introduced and proposed by a current boarder, and any one of the latter had the privilege of verbally "blackballing" the applicant. Nevertheless, when one had passed the preliminaries, he found the establishment to be the factory of a quaint sort of jollity. Many students, of both sexes, of the art school were there,—these being, for the most part, from out of town. The food, the rooms and the service were good, the rates moderate, and there was nearly always something going on in the evenings, including a dance on Thursdays, at which the two silver-haired spinsters, neatly clad in black corded silk and rare white lace, acted as the chaperons.

Dolly and Waldron had kept up a constant and confidential correspondence during their separation, and in each case absence appeared to have had its proverbial effect on their individual hearts. The death of Mr. Harper seemed somehow to establish an additional bond between them, but still they veiled their actual feelings from each other and themselves.

Waldron met Dolly on her arrival in New York. He had forgotten that a couple of years changes a maiden vastly, for better or for worse, and, in Dolly's case, she had developed along lines of poise, symmetry, and beauty. So, when the tall, graceful, "well-groomed" girl greeted him with dignity as she descended the steps of the car, he was conscious of a curious little shock of surprise and strangeness which stayed the welcome that he was prepared to give the Dolly of old. However, the feeling wore off before long, for Dolly could be nothing but her magnetic self in spite of added stature and good clothes and the unconscious self-possession that comes from both.

The next night Waldron called on her. It happened to be Thursday and the dance was about to begin. Now, one of the statutes of the boarding house was that its unmarried residents should entertain their visitors in one of the two big reception rooms. These rooms, however, were given over to the dancers on the night in question, so that Waldron had to pay his *devoirs* amid distracting surroundings. He was the only man present not in evening dress, and, furthermore, for the first time in his life it came to him that ready-made clothing of the cheapest sort differs somehow from that produced by expensive tailors. A young man sang, in a fair tenor, a verse or two of a song, accompanying himself on the piano. Waldron envied his accomplishment and simultaneously despised himself for so doing. A couple took a preliminary turn around the room, and he caught himself regretting his inability to waltz. Dolly introduced him to some of the young people, and he discovered that he was utterly unable to talk the talk of a world which was unknown to him. One of the chaperons presented a good-looking young fellow to Dolly, who asked for and secured the first waltz. Waldron felt aggrieved, heartsick, and desolate, as he saw the girl gliding rhythmically over the floor, smiling at her partner and enjoying herself with evident zest.

He left early, registering many unwise and contradictory vows regarding his and Dolly's future, by which it will be seen that young Mr. Cleeve was at length compelled to face the fact that he really cared for the girl and would have to grapple with the ensuing complications. When he reached home he threw aside his best, but now despised suit, donned jumper and overalls that had been stained and eaten with acid, and went furiously to work at the experiments to which he had been giving every moment of possible time for months, and in regard to which he had hopes of so iridescent a sort that they mentally blinded him whenever he permitted his mind to rest on them.

Up in the fifties and west of Sixth Avenue is a street of ancient mansions that enjoy a sort of arrested development of degeneracy by being metamorphosed into bachelors' apartments and studios. One of the big attics of one of these houses was rented by Waldron, with the distinct understanding that he was to do precisely as he liked therein, which was an unnecessary stipulation on his part, seeing that every other tenant lived or worked in the building because of its freedom from hampering rules and regulations. So, placing the few articles of furniture which he was buying on the installment plan at one end of the room, he built a partition midway, on the farther side of which, at the cost of infinite labor and economy, he installed a sufficient, if rudimentary, laboratory. A skylight that opened overhead and a "safety box" that he installed in the small open fireplace gave him the needed ventilation, while his water supply was furnished by a "cooler" he had picked up at a junk shop. Much of his apparatus was homemade, as were not a few of his chemicals.

"A Mr. Chigford arose"

Waldron Cleeve was hoping to discover no less a thing than that unrealized dream of the electrician,—an absolute insulator. Of the attempts that have been made to secure such a compound or substance, you, reader, need not be reminded, if you have a smattering of scientific knowledge. But the subtle "juice"—as the initiated call electricity,—had insisted on leaking through all incidental products of all the crucibles, ovens, or hydraulic presses known, and the field was, therefore, fully open to Waldron when he undertook to enter it.

The weariness, discouragements and exasperating haltings on the apparent eve of success that are inevitable to a quest of this nature are almost overwhelming. Waldron had rather more than his share of them, aggravated and multiplied, as they were, by two circumstances. Starting with the proposition that the electric conductibility of a substance is the result of the arrangement of its molecules, and taking glass and porcelain as types of the most perfect "made" non-conductors, he sought to bring into being a vitreous compound whose atomic economy should be such as to present a flawless obstacle to the passage of electricity through it.

One of his experiments, however, gave him a hint which he was not slow to recognize. It was to the effect that a substance of a celluloid order might, under certain circumstances, show better results than glass and its allies. Working on this line, Waldron, after months of effort, did succeed in producing

a cube from a material of grayish hue and of the consistence of cheese that, under test, showed that he had distinctly achieved something. Other experiments followed, each of which marked an advance toward the desired goal. A touch of the magnificent improvidence of the inventor seized on him with each result, and he began to draw somewhat heavily on his hoardings and more heavily on the hours that he ought to have given to rest. More than once it seemed as if he had attained success, but on each occasion the outcome of the experiment fell short of being final. It was at this juncture that Dolly appeared. The morning following the evening that he had called on the girl found him heavy-eyed from overwork. He had planned his future, so far as Dolly was concerned, and, although it was n't of the easy sort, he set his stubborn nature and prepared to meet it. He and she would be as good friends as they were in the old days, if she so pleased; he would see her as little as possible and not permit thoughts or hopes of her to interfere with his work or ambitions; and, if he should do that which he had set out to do, and she were still free,—here he could n't repress a sigh,—he 'd try to win her. And—Waldron flushed at his weakness,—he 'd quietly join a dancing class, afford himself at least one suit of good clothes, and study social usage at long range.

The plan went through fairly well. Dolly was somewhat puzzled and rather hurt at finding Waldron reserved where he used to be spontaneously frank, and grave where he once was perpetually jolly. Furthermore, she was more unhappy than she cared to confess because she saw so little of him and because he never wrote her in the intervals. As to his garments, she never dreamed of comparing him with others. Yet, being but a woman, she felt a due thrill of satisfaction the first time that he appeared in a "fetching" new suit. She was distinctly proud of the stalwart, well-set-up young fellow, who wore his clothes as if he was n't conscious of them.

One of her student friends was the daughter of a Mr. Hasply, who bought or sold or did something with inventions, as Dolly declared with true womanly vagueness. She had spoken to Miss Hasply about Waldron, and Miss Hasply had told her father, and the latter had said that, if Waldron had anything really worth while, he might call upon him at his office.

According to the legend painted on the dingy doors of his dim offices on the fourth floor of an ancient Lower Broadway building, Nathan Hasply was a counselor-at-law and notary public. On the lower left-hand corner of the glass panel of each door, however, was the word, "Patents," and that word was the clue to his business proper; for Mr. Hasply was a specialist, and, as such men invariably have enemies and traducers, those that appertained to Mr. Hasply said that he was less a patent lawyer than a patent shark; that he bled his clients, at the best; that he stole their inventions if he possibly could, provided that the latter had unmistakable merit in them; that no man ever entered his office without departing minus a portion of his financial or mental hide; that his money—of which he was reputed to have much,—had for the most part been made through companies floated to exploit filched inventions; and that his clientage was a floating one for two reasons: one being that his first transaction with a man was his last, and, secondly, that, when the supply of the unwise having ready cash and patentable ideas was at a low ebb, it could always be raised by a newspaper advertisement. For the rest, Hasply was a tall, scraggy, elderly man, with vulpine features and a set of big, perfect, unnaturally white teeth. He smiled snarlingly, and purred when he talked. A purplish scar ran arc-wise from his right-hand lip corner to his chin, the same being the work of an ex-client, who averred, to the accompaniment of dirk thrusts, that Hasply had robbed him of the fruits of many years of experiment.

Waldron, not knowing of Hasply as he really was, called upon him the day following that which brought him Dolly's letter. The patent lawyer listened to the young man, purred, and smiled. His inventory of his visitor was rapid and fairly accurate. The youth, who was evidently no crank, was apparently on the trail of something that might yield gigantic results,—to Hasply. Even as the matter stood there was every possibility of its being successfully promoted. Hasply, of necessity, was familiar with the needs of the commercial and scientific world, and knew, therefore, that an insulatory substance that showed any appreciable gain in economy of manufacture and nonductility over those in use was instantly marketable, while a perfect or approximately perfect insulator could be,—even his grasping imagination could n't conceive of the fortunes that awaited its owners. He was careful not to let Waldron have a ghost of a glimpse of his conclusions in regard thereto.

"Well," said Mr. Hasply, with a suggestion of a yawn, when Waldon had finished giving an outline of his work, "what do you want or wish to propose?"

Waldron hesitated. He was eager to work out his experiment to the end on any terms. For the moment the enthusiasm of the inventor who sees full fruition of his hopes before him overcame the urgings of the other side of his nature. Then, as he thought of Dolly, he felt that he must be prudent, little knowing that the invention of prudence had no show in the presence of the Hasply cunning.

"I want," said he, after a pause, "to make some arrangement that will enable me to—to—perfect this thing."

"You seem certain of being able to do so," interrupted Hasply.

Waldron looked at him, wide-eyed.

"Certain, Mr. Hasply? Why, of course, I 'm certain, if I get the chance."

"Well?"

"I think that 's all," replied Waldron, lamely.

The lawyer smiled, indulgently.

"Scarcely all, Mr. Cleeve," he replied. "Remember that I 'm not admitting that I 'm even interested in your project, but if I was I should want to know very much more about it than you 've outlined. For instance, you have n't said anything about the approximate cost of the experiments that will bring you—as you hope,—to within hailing distance of a fortune; of the prospective cost of manufacturing the insulator,—if you really do discover it,—which, if you will pardon me for so saying, I think is doubtful; of the nature and probable expense of a plant for commercial manufacturing purposes; of the terms that you are prepared to offer a financial backer if one can be found, and,—ah, a great many more things that will occur to you on consideration."

Waldron shook his head. "It is true, Mr. Hasply," he said, "I had n't thought of these affairs."

"Of course not; of course not," replied Hasply; smiling dazzlingly. "This visit of yours is just of a preliminary nature. If you want to think the thing over, however, drop in again, in, say, two or three weeks, and I 'll be glad to see you, anyhow,"—and he rose as if to intimate that the interview had ended.

Cleeve's heart sank within him. Two or three weeks, and but four dollars and some odd cents in hard! But his courage rose with the emergency.

"I 'd prefer to bring the matter to a head before that, if it can be done, Mr. Hasply," he said, with an effort; "I 'm so placed for the present that—that—I can give all my time to the work, while later—."

"All right, Mr. Cleeve," broke in the lawyer, with an apparent heartiness that won the unsophisticated Waldron on the instant, "let me hear from you as soon as you please. I only suggested the delay in order that you might not act too hastily. But remember I make no promises."

Waldron saw Dolly that evening and related the gist of the interview with the lawyer. The girl listened attentively, but, much to the other's surprise, did n't seem to share in his elation. He asked her the reason why.

"The truth is, Waldron," said she, "Mr. Carrington called on me last night." Cleeve winced. Carrington was a good-looking young lawyer who had recently become acquainted with Dolly.

"Well?" queried Waldron.

"Well," went on Dolly, slowly, "he says that Mr. Hasply's professional reputation is not of the best, that he has the name of being a sharper, and that he has been twice before the bar association on charges preferred against him by clients. He advises you to be careful of him."

"And why is Mr. Carrington so concerned about my welfare?" asked Waldron, ungraciously, urged by a shooting twinge of jealousy.

Dolly turned calm, clear eyes upon him. "He is concerned, as you put it, because you are a friend of mine, I suppose. Besides, he likes you, he says."

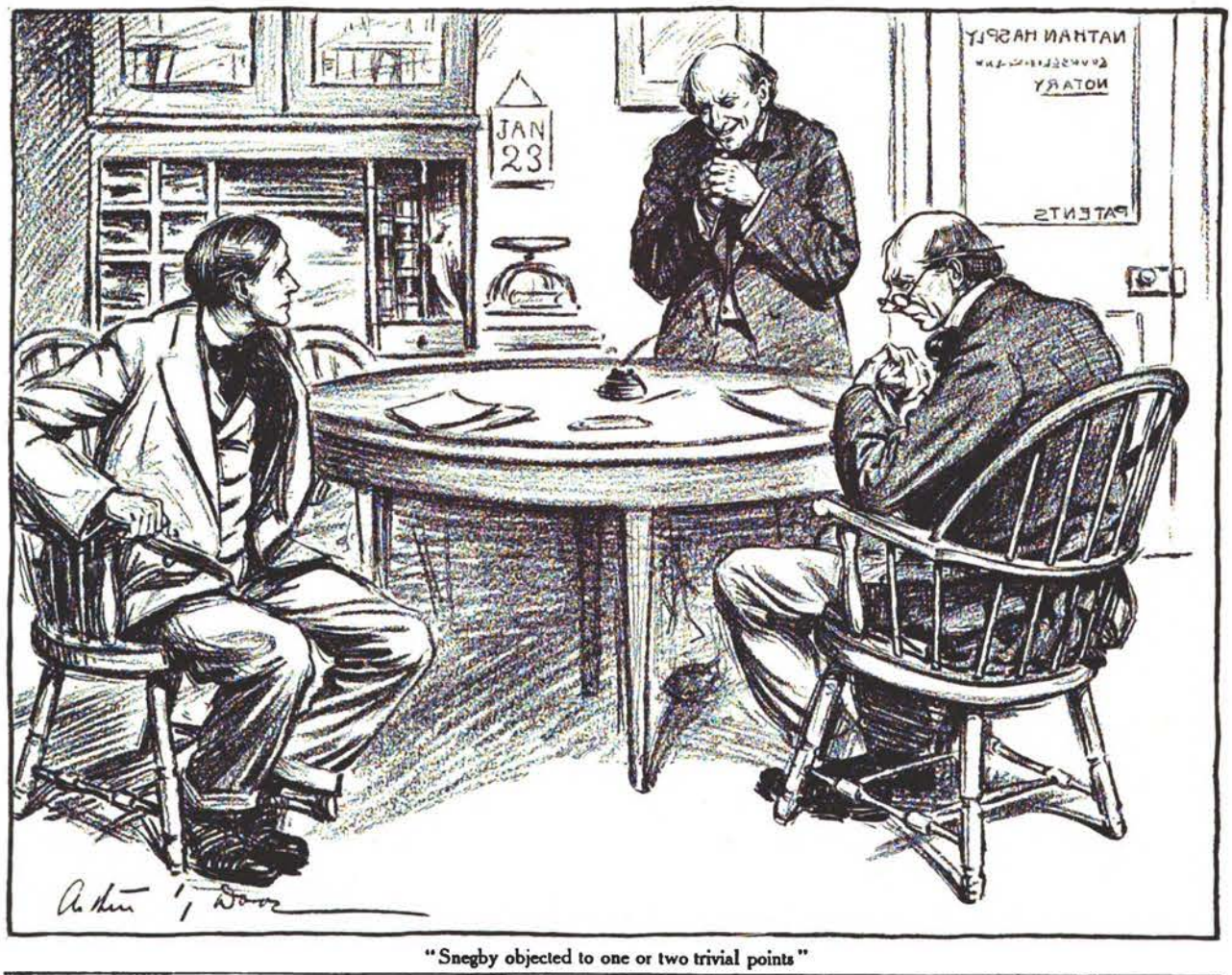
"Much obliged to him," answered Waldron, his tone belying his speech. "And what do *you* advise?"

"That you, at the least, remember Mr. Carrington's caution."

"Have n't you an idea of your own outside of those of your lawyer friend?" asked Cleeve, almost brutally.

The girl looked at him with hurt amazement. It was the first time that he had ever been guilty of anything that even suggested impatience with her. Their eyes met, and she understood. Their hearts telepathed. Waldron swayed on the uttermost brink of his self-constraint. Nevertheless, he recovered himself and spake not. But Dolly put a warm little hand in his and its touch was a promise, and Cleeve felt as if life was arched with rainbows. So they walked slowly home, and, as they parted, Waldron promised Dolly not to make any arrangement with Hasply except under legal advice.

That night he spent some hours in trying to formulate a proposition to be presented to the lawyer, but only partially succeeded. The next day he called on Hasply and submitted an abstract of his terms. The lawyer glanced at the paper and put it in his desk. Then, during a half hour chat, he ascertained precisely with what manner of young man he had to deal, the extent of Waldron's current needs, and the nebulous nature of his future. Then he remarked that every day he had to



"Snegby objected to one or two trivial points"

pass upon inventions whose promises were as opulent as their fruitage was barren, cautioned Waldron against being unduly optimistic, and declined to give him any immediate reply on his proposition, but suggested that he, Hasply, would visit the attic laboratory and see and hear more about the insulator. Waldron assenting, the inquisition, as it really was on the part of the lawyer, took place that night. Hasply was amply satisfied, although he did n't let Cleeve have an illuminating glimpse of his conclusions. But he failed in one thing,—his attempt to get Waldron to give him a lien on the constituents of his invention. The young man was sufficiently unsophisticated in other matters, but on that one thing he was the embodiment of jealous alertness. The astute lawyer left, promising to let Waldron hear from him in the course of a few days. By that time, he concluded, in the light of his knowledge of Cleeve's circumstances, the youth would be in such straits that he would be glad enough to make any contract that would fall short of sheer larceny of the invention.

A touch of the hope-deferred feeling enveloped Cleeve as the lawyer left, but this disappeared when he reflected on the promise of the present as compared with the hopelessness of the past, and then came the remembrance of the light in Dolly's eyes and the touch of her hand.

"'You scoundrel!' he began"

Much to his surprise, however, during the afternoon of the following day, he received a note from Hasply asking him to call at his convenience. The lawyer, after thinking the matter over, had come to the conclusion that the insulator, even in its incomplete form, was too valuable a property to flirt with, and so he had determined to get his grip on it without further delay. He opened his talk with his visitor with the ancient fiction of an unexpected meeting with a friend who was willing to invest a moderate sum in a promising invention, but who, for certain reasons, did not wish to appear in any of the contingent transactions. He, Hasply, was, under certain restrictions, delegated to act in his behalf. Then came more of the old claptrap, the sum and substance of which was that he was empowered to offer Waldron from fifty to one hundred dollars for experimental purposes, and that, while such experiments were in progress, he was to receive a weekly salary of fifteen dollars, provided that not more than twenty-four weeks were consumed in the work. At the termination of that period the salary was to cease, provided that the outlook did not warrant its continuance.

Here Hasply looked inquiringly at Waldron. The proposition seemed to be fair, if not extravagantly liberal, and the inventor, having in mind his nearness to "hard pan," nodded, whereupon the lawyer smiled vulpinely and proceeded. If the insulator was or was not perfected, patents were to be taken out in Cleeve's name, in whatever form or stage it was, he agreeing to turn over such patents to a company to be formed later to market the invention, in return for stock or cash. Another pause followed and again there was a gesture of assent on Waldron's part. The inventor was to be made manager of the company at an equitable salary and was to receive his due proportion of stock. The details of the formation of the corporation were to be undertaken by Hasply, he also agreeing to defray the expenses of the patent.

Waldron considered. "When I have finished my laboratory work," he said, at length, "some time will elapse before you 'll get the patents through, will it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Hasply, you see I can't afford to remain idle for weeks and months, maybe, and that 's the truth of it." Waldron choked over the confession, although he knew that Hasply already knew just how he was placed.

"My dear boy," purred the lawyer, elevating the corners of his eyes obliquely, precisely as a fox does when viewing a fat pullet, "I 've anticipated your needs in the direction indicated. Now I intend to form a provisional company right away that shall handle the preliminaries up to the point of your attaining success. Upon my word, Cleeve,"—here he smote the young man regardfully on the shoulder,—"you see that you 've made me believe in the invention as thoroughly as yourself, or I should n't be thus counting on the end of your experiments."

Waldron being one of those souls who are as responsive to kindness, real or apparent, as they are resistant to coercion, thanked Hasply warmly, and the lawyer felt that his estimate, at least on one side, was vindicated.

"And," said Waldron, after some further conversation, "what will be my salary as manager, what my share of the company's stock, and what does the company propose to give me for my—or our—patents?"

Hasply laughed the laugh of a patient parent who loves his impatient child.

"Why, my dear fellow," he replied, "I can no more answer those questions, just now, than I can tell you just what our first year's profits will be. Consideration of and action on these matters must be left with our board of directors. I'll see to it that they shall be upright and fair-minded men,—believe me. In all forms of coöperative business the factor of trust or confidence enters, or such business would be impossible. That I shall look to square dealing, you may depend. Without you and your genius this thing could not have been. Shall we, then, in any way seek to limit the source of our prosperity that is to be? Indeed, no. On the contrary, I, for one, shall encourage a still freer flow of your talents by seeing that you are taken care of in every way. But you must at this stage have a certain, if limited, confidence in the integrity of my intentions."

Waldron, warmed by the thought that the conception of his brain was soon to escape from the laboratory, and being also comforted by the reflection that he would not have to worry over bed and board for many weeks, could do naught else but acquiesce, being further incited by the sleek tones and flattery of the lawyer.

"I have here," went on Hasply, "a sort of memorandum of the things we 've been talking about. It will hold me to my bargain, you know,"—and he laughed a laugh that was like unto silk velvet.

"And now," said he, "if the arrangement in general is satisfactory to you, I must ask you to sign—ah—a memorandum to that effect in order that you and I may clearly understand just where we—we—are."

Waldron hesitated. Mr. Hasply eyed him angularly with his foxy eyes. A pause ensued.

"Well?" said the lawyer.

"The fact is, Mr. Hasply," replied Waldron, haltingly, "I am not much accustomed to affairs of this nature and so I hardly care to sign the memorandum until I have had advice—"

"Precisely," interrupted Mr. Hasply, with a cornerwise smile. "I honor your objection, which, however, can be easily overcome. There are a number of lawyers in this building,—indeed, two or three on this floor. In fact, my neighbor is, like myself, a limb of the law. I know nothing of him professionally, but I do not see why he will not answer your purpose as well as any one else; in fact, better, from a business standpoint, considering that he is a stranger to me. Shall I call him in?"

Waldron nodded. Perhaps, if he had had time for consideration, he would not have so readily acquiesced. As it was, Mr. Hasply was adroitly rushing things, so he touched the "buzzer" on his desk and the answering office boy was directed to see if Mr. Snegby, the legal neighbor in question, was in his office; and, if so, would he come to Mr. Hasply's sanctum.

Mr. Snegby, who was white-haired, bent, and wore an expression of permanent disappointment, was introduced by Mr. Hasply, who made a brief statement of the situation of affairs. Mr. Snegby bowed first to his professional colleague, then to Waldron, and next glanced over the memorandum. He objected to one or two trivial points, remarked that the interpolation of an equally trivial clause would be of advantage to his client, and asked Mr. Hasply to retire for a few minutes. A brief and unnecessary chat with Cleeve followed, after which Mr. Hasply was recalled, and, five minutes later, Waldron's and Hasply's signatures were attached to the document, the witnesses being one of Snegby's and one of Hasply's clerks. Even as he was signing, Waldron had an uneasy conviction that the memorandum was of an exceedingly voluminous and somewhat bewildering nature. But that impression, if indeed it was such, was temporarily removed when the lawyer intimated, with a certain purring delicacy, that he would pay Snegby's fee. So, after handshakes all round and wheezy congratulations on the part of Snegby, Waldron, with a copy of the memorandum in his pocket, left the office and proceeded uptown a trifle dazed, but, on the whole, very happy at the rapid sequence of events.

He saw Dolly that night and acquainted her with all that had happened. The girl shared in his hopes and anticipations, though, with the intuition of her sex, she felt that somehow or somewhere things were not as they should be. So, prompted thereby, she suggested that Mr. Carrington should look over the memorandum. A couple of weeks before Cleeve would have objected strenuously to the young lawyer interjecting his professional or personal being into his affairs; but, at the moment, his mind was too full of happiness to allow of the harboring of such an inappropriate emotion as jealousy, so he consented. Two mornings later, however, he somewhat repented of Dolly's suggestion and his acquiescence therein, for the gist of a note that he received from Mr. Carrington was that, if Hasply was the soul of honor, all would be well; but, if not, there were several cleverly concealed loopholes in the instrument which would permit of the entrance of trickery, or, indeed, such juggling as might result in Waldron's undoing.

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Then came the crowning day, or, to maintain continuous accuracy, the crowning night; for it was precisely 8:30 P. M. when the young inventor realized that

[*Concluded on pages 445 to 448*]

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

Conducted by SAMUEL MERWIN

NEW YORK CITY is to be "done" in 1910. By that date the casual traveler will be able to journey by tunnel to New Jersey, and by a choice of tunnels to Long Island. Three new bridges will relieve the pressure on the shaky but beautiful structure which at present is the scene of daily mob battles. The marble public library will be nearly ready; the customhouse quite so; the New York Central Railroad will be running electric trains into its new terminal, and subway trains will be burrowing in every direction. Altogether, it will be very easy to get about in 1910, and extremely easy to spend money. The New York Central, and the Pennsylvania, and Mr. Ryan will have such a magnificent grip on our biggest city that the advisability of continuing the forms of independent government may possibly be a grave question in the glorious days to come. Running our city machinery costs us a good deal of money. Paying Mr. Ryan a few hundred million five-cent fares costs a good deal more. And since we have got to support Mr. Ryan and the railway gentlemen, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to retrench in other quarters,—or we shall have nothing left for the beef trust.

"Being Done Good"

IN the ebb and flow of happenings which go to make up a coal strike, a monthly magazine can take no part. These happenings are played up from hour to hour in the dailies, and threshed out pretty thoroughly in the weeklies. But whatever may be the present stage of the discussion,—and as we go to press it is announced that twenty or thirty miners have been shot by deputy sheriffs, and three of them killed,—there are certain underlying questions which may be pertinently touched on in these columns. At the first appearance of the strike scare, coal went up a dollar a ton in New York. For this move, the dealers blame the operators, the operators blame the dealers. But such discussion is academic, in view of the actual rise in price. President Baer, in a recent ukase, intimated that as usual the consumer would have to pay for the strike. To everybody except the attorneys for the coal roads, it is absurdly clear that the railroads, under one front or another, operate the coal mines, and cover any too-obvious profits by taking them out in the form of railway earnings. The upshot of it all seems to be, that the only possible losers from a strike are the miners and the consumers. The operators run no chances. If the pay of the miners is increased, the price of coal goes up. If there is disorder and rioting, all the forces of law and order array themselves inevitably on the side of "property." Whatever the result, the operators are masters of the situation, through what is practically a combined monopoly in railroads, coal, and police. The thing seems clear enough. It fetches us up short before the merry old game of monopoly. Strike settlements usually turn out to be makeshifts, mere surface patches. It looks as if we were getting nearer and nearer to the deeper question, a question which can hardly be solved by shooting down a lot of muddle-headed foreigners.

Coal, and the Real Issue

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WHAT are we going to do about the lynchers? We have them North as well as South. Just at present the trouble seems to have attained its most virulent form in Missouri, which is neither North nor South, but which seems to combine, in a way, many of the bad and good qualities of both. Lynching is a particularly hateful, and, this side of the extreme frontier, a particularly unnecessary thing. The lynching at Springfield, Missouri, was in flagrant defiance of that sense of law and order which is supposed to have its roots in every American community. It ran on into a race riot, and from this into more lynchings. Governor Folk met the situation squarely by ordering that the lynchers be arrested and brought to trial under charges of murder in the first degree. As we go to press, some two hundred warrants have been issued, and a number of them have been used in landing the white slayers behind the bars. It has been said many times, but it may well be repeated here, that the vice of lynching shows its worse effects, not so much in the mutilated bodies of the victims as in the character of the lynchers, and, perhaps, ultimately, in the character of the community which harbors the lynchers.

Getting After the Lynchers

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WAR is unpleasant. Peace, we like to believe, lies at the end of all earthly struggle. But here on this incongruous planet, where we are forced every day to see the fierce temper of primordial man breaking out through the fine-spun garment of civilization, the beginnings of peace seem difficult of attainment. The lynchers, for one thing, have a way of popping up at the wrong moment and reminding us of what we were. Then Cossacks will be Cossacks. And the Moros will be so inconsiderate, now and then, as to get in front of our machine guns and darken the charms of a smiling landscape. The czar, in particular, lately did a neat job of pacifying over in the Baltic provinces. The photographs and the piecemeal accounts of this latest step toward peace which have slipped through various underground channels to the English and American papers, suggest that it was accomplished only at the expense of the landscape, as in the Philippines. Burnt homes and an overplus of graves have a depressing effect on the mind, and inevitably lower real estate values. But at any rate, the Japs and the Russians have quit killing each other, for the present, in Manchuria; and, except for a little German war or two in South Africa and the sporadic activity of General Wood's machine guns, Spring seems at liberty to smile and look her prettiest. The czar, moved perhaps by the song of the earlier birds outside his window, perhaps by that inconsistent little demon who seems to guide his impulses, has seen fit to move that The Hague Peace Conference come to order and take up the unfinished business of the last session. He neglected, it seems, to sound this country on the subject, and fixed on a meeting day when our chief peacemaker, former War Secretary Root, is booked to dispense his latest specialty in South America. The oversight has ruffled up some of the diplomats. There has been a little loose talk about considering the czar's slight as an affront to this country. But we trust that our alleged national sense of humor is too strong to permit of a quarrel over a peace conference, particularly over a peace conference whose work, we are told, is to be limited mainly to a discussion of the quieter and less ungentlemanly methods of killing.

The Beginnings of Peace

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN won't stay put. At one time or another he has occupied about all the pigeonholes from the extreme left of radicalism pretty nearly over to the extreme right of the conservatives. Since President Roosevelt's advocacy of a stiff inheritance tax, at least one cynical newspaper has suggested the possibility of Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt running against each other for the presidency next election, with the latter vigorous gentleman as the radical candidate and Mr. Bryan as the conservative. So runs the world away! The writer of these paragraphs is not yet gray, but he is old enough to remember when Mr. Bryan was a pariah in the eyes of "respectable" people. And, only the other day, the "New York Times," which never by any chance oversteps the bounds of respectability, held up the sometime pariah as a dignified example in a little editorial lecture to the so-called socialists. It is not necessary to be classed

The Interesting Vitality of Mr. Bryan

among the unqualified admirers of Mr. Bryan to admit that the mountain of public opinion has pretty nearly gone over to him. Certainly he has not moved very far from the position he occupied in the middle nineties. If it is true that he has stifled his "sixteen-to-one" yearnings, he has merely dropped a weapon, not a principle. When he first said that capitalism was becoming a menace, some of us laughed at him. We are not laughing at any such statement to-day.

POLITICAL events are marching fast. A general "opening up of the tariff" was averted recently in the house only by a close shave. Until the "Watch Trust" case came up, the would-be "openers" were hampered by a certain want of popular material. Steel rails made in Pittsburg, have long been sold abroad for a third less than in this country, but it is not easy to arouse enthusiasm over steel rails. A Broadway watchmaker, however, provided the point of the wedge by sending agents across the sea to buy up all the American Trust-made watches they could find in the European markets. He could do this, it appears, transport them back to this country, and still sell them at a profit for two-thirds to three-quarters of the tariff-made prices prevailing in this country. He was exempt from the tariff because he was only bringing back American goods. It may be safely assumed that the big watch companies are too well established to feel the necessity of selling in any market at a very extensive loss; and the fact that they actually do sell extensively abroad at so low a rate is not an easy fact to answer. It looks as if the much-talked of American consumer was being worked pretty hard by our friends the watchmakers. And, more unfortunate still for their arguments, the watch is n't half bad as campaign material. It may not equal the "full dinner pail," but, since it is a handy little article which we buy and put in our pockets, it does vastly better than steel rails.

Opening the Tariff

THERE are other significant straws floating on the political breezes. The widespread cry for reform is inevitably directed at the Republican Party. It has been the only national party worth corrupting of recent years, and the job seems to have been pretty thoroughly done. The interesting thing here is that the cry comes mainly from within the party. The La Follette movement, in Wisconsin, has developed inside, as has the Colby movement, in New Jersey. Since the insurance scandal, there has not been the slightest doubt—there was precious little before, for that matter,—that the "stalwart" Republican leaders have been collecting campaign tribute from the corporations and rendering made-to-order legislation as an equivalent. The fight is between this stalwart old guard, the men who have been running the party so long that they have forgotten its real owners, and the plain people of the country. As the fight grows hotter, the lines are more sharply drawn. The exploited worm has turned. Several million such worms are hastening to crawl under the reform banners. It was never before so easy for a reformer to get office. There is a marked tendency on the part of the healthy Republicans to draw away from their leaders and expose them standing there with their backs against the money bags. The leaders inevitably draw closer together, and display an ugly front. The reformers—the real, not the imitation,—begin to unite their forces regardless of party. We see a Republican secretary of war advising the Republicans of Ohio to vote against the Republican Cox Machine. We see the Republican President striking hands with the Democratic governor of Missouri. The new line of battle runs at right angles to the old. Now and then, when the smoke lifts for a moment, we can see the new line quite clearly,—on one side all the plain, healthy citizens, on the other the sinister genii of the money bags.

The New Line of Battle

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IN SHORT, the Republican Party has been split. It does n't particularly matter who did it. Some would say Roosevelt, some Hughes, some Lawson; to us the fact appears to be no more than a phase of the political and ethical evolution of the nation. But the fact stands, and facts are always interesting. It was a singularly interesting fact that when the grafters rallied round the old flag expecting to hear President Roosevelt sound their praises in the "muck-rake" speech, they were astounded to hear him deliver what may prove to be one of the final shots in the war on the money bags, —a proposal to check the transmission of fortunes beyond certain "healthy limits." An inheritance tax with confiscatory features seems to be what the President has in mind. He is now, more strongly than ever, on the side of the "new" Republicans. He sees, with every clear-headed, unbiased man, that behind the municipal, state, and national corruption, behind the ship-subsidy issue, the railway-rate issue, the tariff issue, lies that one all-pervading source of evil, the little bunch of money bags. There can be no doubt about this sort of proposal. Yesterday the stalwarts would have laughed it down. To-day it means political war. So much sober thinking has never been demanded of the voter as is demanded to-day, and it is pleasant to think that he promises to prove equal to the emergency.

The President on the Firing Line

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MAXIM GORKY came in like a conqueror. Enthusiastic admirers met him at Quarantine. Other enthusiasts gathered by the thousands at Hoboken, and rushed the customs officers in order to get a look at him. Nothing but a band of determined policemen stayed these wild friends from removing the horses from the carriage and hauling him to the ferry by hand. There were dinners for Gorky, and dozens of those interviewers and sketch men so abhorred by the Standard Oil gentlemen. Mark Twain, who always speaks out for liberty and character, got at him within twenty-four hours and told him, in vigorous Mississippi Basin English, what he thought of him. And then, most unexpectedly, a certain unfortunate light was thrown upon M. Gorky's domestic arrangements. His new friends fairly tumbled over one another to get away from him. Within twenty-four hours he was evicted from three hotels, and hounded into seclusion, a sadly bewildered man. We hold no brief for M. Gorky, and feel not the slightest impulse to defend his actions. But the man is frankly a revolutionist. He is not officially recognized in Russia; and his divorce from his first wife seems to have been granted by the underground "republic," of which he is an honored citizen. Since that separation, both Gorky and the woman who first bore his name have married again. His union with Mme. Andreieva, while perhaps repugnant to high-minded Americans, has long been recognized in a land where the moral code is based on a somewhat different notion than ours of what is right and what is wrong; and it is, it must be conceded, a bit less repugnant than a great many unions which are sanctioned by so-called society leaders in nearly all our large cities. To a certain extent, the question of M. Gorky's domestic arrangements lies between himself and his Maker. As a revolutionist he has suffered and achieved. He has worked up out of the dark, submerged region without kicking away the ladders that helped him rise. He has gone to prison for his courage, and has been beaten and robbed by the minions of what in Russia is called the law. He has employed a master pen in the effort to make submerged Russia understandable and understood. As a revolutionist, in short, he seems to be the real thing. And he seems to have been honestly unable to understand the torrent of abuse which followed his overwhelming welcome. On sober second thought, one thinks somewhat better of Gorky, and somewhat worse of the friends who left him so abruptly.

Gorky

MR. CASTRO, of Venezuela, has an affinity for the spot light. His success in adding that useful stage accessory to the effulgence of his own unique person is, at least on the southern hemisphere, supreme. We venture to guess that the present reader could not name, off hand, the ruler of Brazil, or even give his official title. It would be equally hard to name the rulers of Chili, Peru, Bolivia, Uruguay, or the Argentine. And as to British Guiana, we are still trying to convince ourselves that it is not somewhere over in Africa! But there is no doubt whatever about Castro. He exists. He radiates. He frequently has the front page, right column, to himself, which is a feat indeed in these stirring times. And his latest exploit, to which, as the reader may guess, this comment is introductory, unmistakably broadens his footing on the airy pinnacle of genius. The world—or at any rate the world of international diplomacy,—has been getting tired of Castro. That original flavor which had been quite his own has seemed more frequently to elude his touch of late. He was beginning to repeat himself, when, at the moment of embroiling several big and important nations for the twentieth time in the petty affairs of Venezuela, he restored himself to the front page by the brilliant device of announcing his retirement from the government. Nobody seems to know how nearly permanent this new

Mr. Castro and the Spot Light

condition is to be. But it would seem to be a fairly safe guess that nothing in which Castro is involved can ever settle down into anything approaching permanency. We shall hear again from the nimble little man with the black beard, for he feeds on turmoil, and he always feeds in the light.

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The Balloon Club

SINCE automobiling and even motor boating have inevitably grown common, there is nothing left for the advanced "sportsman" but to go up in the air. The Aëro Club of America had to come. That all its early ascensions have been conducted by imported Frenchmen is somewhat amusing, but doubtless its members, despite the sad, inexplicable death of Paul Nocquet, the brilliant young sculptor-aëronaut, in a Long Island marsh, will soon be blowing about in the upper air. So far, we have been able to detect in the many public utterances of Aëro Club members no hint of a desire to advance the work of scientific ballooning or of the study of the aëroplane. The principal aim of the enthusiasts seems to be no higher than that of stirring the jaded pulses of a little group of money spenders with a new sensation. Meanwhile the real workers on the coming airship, the successors of Langley and Chanute, are hard at work all about the country, puzzling out their many inventions. The Wright Brothers seem even to have achieved results, if we may judge from the fact that the French government has actually paid a considerable sum of money for their aëroplane. So long as a little work is being done here and there, it will probably do no harm for the Aëro clubmen to gather about old-fashioned, spherical balloons, once in a while, and watch a hired aëronaut risk his neck. We hope they get their money's worth. They could get it for fifty cents at the circus; but circuses, alas, are "common" too.

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From Balloons to Dowie

SPEAKING of balloons suggests Dowie. He has soared pretty high in his time,—too high and too long, we fear. Balloons, sooner or later, must come down. The finest quality of gas will lose its lifting power in time. Dowie, not so long ago the proud "Elijah III.," was apparently booked for destruction, for the gods seem to have made him mad. He felt the lust of power. His little kingdom, for such was his "Zion" in substance, seemed to grow and prosper. The fool-killer stalked at large, gathering money and recruits for him. Dowie, the persecuted, became pompous and grand. He overdrew his bank account and traveled luxuriously abroad. And then, like "The Man Who Would Be King," whose head came home at the last in a sack, he reached the final stage of asserting his power over womankind. There was to be a polygamous "Zion," it seems, somewhere over the border in Mexico, and Dowie was to number his wives by the half-dozen. At this time of writing, he is hovering, a broken man, without the limits of his little kingdom, treating for liberty and the right to live in moderate comfort. Everybody, to his immediate family, is against him now, and a hint of tragedy is in the air. There have been many Dowies in history. Some curious element in human nature, some craving for miracles and a short cut to happiness seems to welcome the false prophet whenever and wherever he appears. It is only half a century since "King" Strang was killed, not so far from this latest "Zion." It is not a quarter of a century since George Schweinfurth blasphemously established a "Heaven" in Northern Illinois. So the false prophets come, and so they go, all thriving for a time on the timid but undying hope, which was long ago planted in the breast of man, that one of them, some day, somewhere, however lowly and despised, may turn out to be a true prophet. Meantime, the younger among us will probably live to see a good many more "miracle-workers" appear, blaze up for a while, and go out, leaving the sound of laughter, and of sobbing, behind them.

Sterilized Betting at the Race Tracks

GAMBLING, in general, is not a good thing. We are pretty well agreed on that. Lotteries are bad; they undermine the moral tone of a nation. Roulette is even worse; an American Monte Carlo would not be tolerated for a single instant. Poker is vicious, and should be everywhere discouraged. And as for "shooting craps" for pennies, that is horrible, and usually ends, as it deserves, in arrest and imprisonment or fine. The only form of gambling which we frankly tolerate is that which is known in certain quarters as "playing the ponies." Race-track gambling, conducted and patronized by many of the "best" citizens, seems to belong somehow under a different heading. The bill to prohibit it, which has been under consideration by the New York legislature, is meeting with strong and, we suspect, exceedingly respectable opposition. Rather than advocate anything so radical as elimination of the authorized Monte Carlos, which are maintained by the owners of the race tracks, certain of the New York clergy have been led into a sort of compromise with Mr. August Belmont, who is recognized as the leading figure in what has been sometimes called the "race-track trust." This compromise is intended to result in a sort of "sterilized" betting; that is, betting at the tracks is to continue, as heretofore, under police protection; while betting (on the same races,) at the city poolrooms is to be, as heretofore, a horrid and a distinctly unlawful thing. The only perceptable effect of the compromise is that the Western Union is now actually made to withhold all race news from city patrons until it is to bet.

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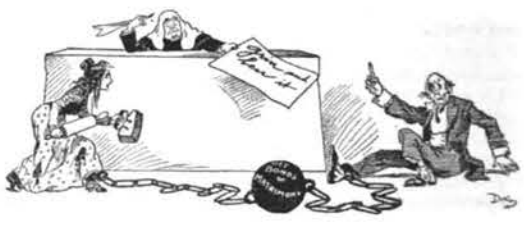
Building on the Ruins

THE wonderful recuperative power of our country is one of its best assets. Not to speak of the splendid example of sound healing which followed the Civil War, a good many of our cities have seemed to rise after disaster almost stronger than before. Chicago and Galveston are to-day triumphs of American vigor. Baltimore, say many of its citizens, is really the gainer from the fire that laid it waste; for the new Baltimore is rising on the impulse of a higher and stronger civic pride. San Francisco boasts to-day the melancholy distinction of one of the worst disasters in history. Her misfortune has shocked the country and the world, and has drawn forth a generous and heartfelt response from every other city in the land. But after the immediate sense of bereavement shall have been lightened by time, we may expect to see the wonderful healing forces set quietly and unerringly to work. This is the note of hope in what must otherwise go down in our history as a moment of sad, stunned bewilderment and horror. San Francisco will rise again. Laws almost as strong as those which govern earthquakes insist that there be a great city on that magnificent harbor. The focal points of trade can survive almost any disaster. In a moment when all is black ruin in the smiling city by the sea, it is fitting to look back on the other tragedies of history and draw a lesson from them. That lesson seems to read that American blood is sound and American muscles are rugged and tireless. There can be little doubt as to what the word of San Francisco's future will be.



Making Divorces Hard to Get

THE Federal Supreme Court is having a busy spring. From corporation tangles it turns to marital tangles, and unravels them with equal clarity and vigor. After a good deal of lively discussion, especially among churchmen, on the intricate question of divorce, the court has entered the controversy with what appears to be the first step toward a solution. The decision seems to mean that a divorce, to be binding in all the states, must be obtained in the state where the husband and wife actually lived together. This ought to stop, at a stroke, the Dakota divorce mill. It by no means settles the whole grave question, but it lops off the one most flagrant abuse of the divorce laws. It makes a divorce decidedly harder to get, and this is, it seems to us, an exceedingly good thing to do. We are not so ready as some to settle the question by abolishing all divorce.

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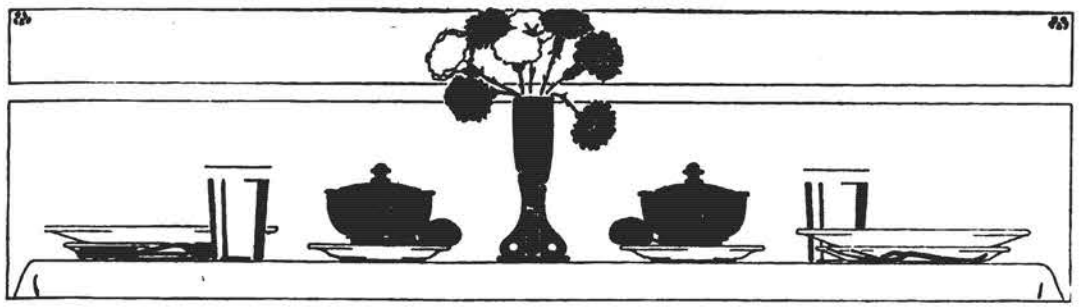
M. Curie Dead

THREE years ago the world was aroused by the reported discovery of a wonderful new element, radium, which was to realize for us moderns all that the philosopher's stone ever promised to the alchemists of old. The other day Dr. Pierre Curie, the discoverer, was run over and killed by a wagon in Paris,—an ignoble and unworthy end to a career that promised much. Now our thoughts naturally come back to this: what has radium really done thus far to justify its discovery? We recall in this connection the great unrealized predictions made for liquid air. Sometime in the misty future these things may work out their wonderful transformations. At present we are fallen heirs mainly to promises of wonderful future achievements, and M. Curie's fame will depend more upon the later developments of this hitherto unknown substance than upon its present status.



Dr. Walker's Talks on Diet

THE growing appreciation of the value of fruit in our dietary is merely following the return swing of the pendulum. Anciently, in the sacred writings, the apple was compared with the precious metals; and it is certainly within the memory of many of our readers when oranges, which we now consider a necessity, were a decided luxury. Within recent years, the greater attention that has been given to food values has emphasized the important part that fruit plays in diet. Several factors have contributed to the facilities for obtaining fruit, even out of season, the most important of which are improvements in matters of transportation and of cold storage.

The famous Dr. Abernethy once said that a large part of the diseases of human kind are caused, and may be cured, at the table. One of our recent fiction writers symbolized the value of fruit when he made it the sole diet of his mystic heroine "She." Feeding on its lusciousness alone, she retained her youth and beauty unimpaired for three thousand years!

Nature, that discerning and dexterous provider, has endowed the fruits with many attractions, so that their very appearance appeals to us and subtly invites us to partake. They are beautiful to the eye, seductive to the smell, and luscious to the taste. Fruit offers us, not only a cooling drink, but a food as well. Fruits are not high in the scale of tissue formers, but, in concentrated and attractive form, they contain food elements essential to life,—sugar and the vegetable salts. If one is deprived of the latter, a serious condition of malnutrition results, often ending, finally, in scurvy. Few modern mothers, if they have been unfortunate enough to feed their children on foods exclusive of these salts, have not completed this experience by noting the magic effect of a few teaspoonfuls of orange juice given daily. The alarming symptoms of this painful disease are dispelled, as it were, by the wave of a wand. This disease, which used to be so common among the men on sailing vessels, is now rarely met with in adults, for steam and electricity and growth in civilization have relieved the necessity for long voyages on a diet deprived of these necessary elements.

Right in line with specific diseases, an interesting point to note is that the chief sugar found in fruits is known as lævulose. This form of carbohydrate is more easily assimilated by diabetics than any other that we have.

DR. EMMA E. WALKER

DR. WALKER is a graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School, (1898), a member of the County Medical Society, the Academy of Medicine, the Woman's Medical Association, and clinical assistant at the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled, New York. She is a contributor to "The Medical Record," "The Ladies' Home Journal," and other leading medical papers and popular magazines.

All of us are familiar with the commoner varieties of fruits, but some of our so-called vegetables, such as tomatoes, cucumbers, egg-plants, pumpkins, squash, and vegetable marrow, are also fruit products. Fruits may be classified in many ways, according to their different characteristics and curative value. One dietician groups them instructively as the acid, the sweet, the oily, the mealy, and the astringent. From another point of view, certain fruits excel in nutriment, others in water. Among those which contain the most water, thus being especially suitable for use in the warmer months, are limes, lemons, melons, berries, pineapples, and juicy pears.

Fruits are sometimes classified as "flavor fruits" and "food fruits." The flavor fruits belong rather to the summer months, and include the berry class. They are eaten, chiefly, for their agreeable flavor, and for the vegetable salts of potash, for which they are so valuable. The food fruits, which include the fig, banana, date, and other dried varieties, belong rather to the winter months, and will be considered later on.

The palate, if well educated, as a general rule, proves itself a good guide. Fruits in season almost invariably prove more delectable than those which are forced unseasonably, and it has been said that they are more digestible in their own season. Who has not been disappointed at the insipidness of a watermelon eaten at a winter festival?

One of the values of fruit is the variety it affords for the table. It stimulates and improves the appetite and digestion. It relieves thirst by introducing water into the body. Fruit of certain kinds is nutritious, and is one of the most important sources of the organic salts which are essential. Most fruits act as laxatives, and also stimulate the kidneys.

Not long ago, the department of agriculture devoted several years to the investigation of the dietary value of different foods. Various experiments in digestion were carried on. In the majority of these, fruit and nuts made up all or nearly all of the diet. The results of these experiments proved that both fruit and nuts ought to be considered as true foods, rather than food accessories.

The subjects of the experiments were two university students, two elderly men, two women, and three children. All of the men did hard manual labor during a part of this time, and the students supported themselves by their work, while pursuing their course of study. Cheese and eggs were the sole animal foods allowed, and they were given in limited quantities only. The cost of this diet varied from fifteen to eighteen cents a day. The health and strength of the subjects seemed in no way lessened, even if not improved, although it was discovered that this diet afforded only about sixty per cent. of the protein which is consumed in the average meat diet. Two or three of these people gained slightly in flesh and weight.

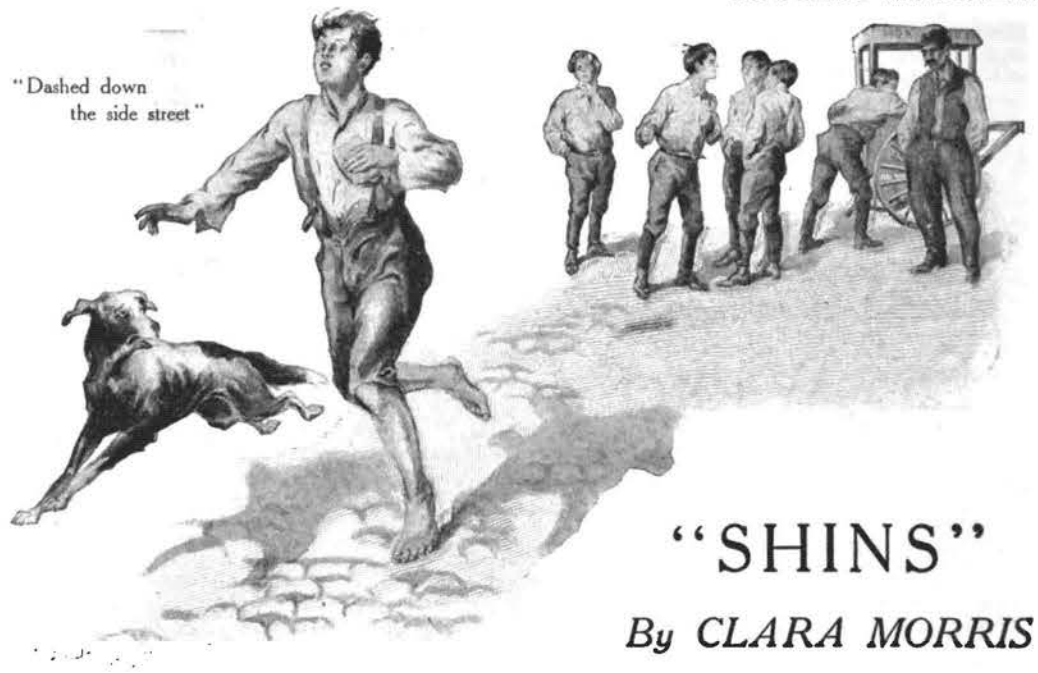
Fruits contain little protein, but they are rich in carbohydrates,—sugar. The pineapple, which in these days is so abundant, comes, from the most part, from Cuba, where it is picked green. It has long been noted for a certain ferment, which digests the proteids. It also acts like rennet in coagulating milk. The juice of this fruit is very wholesome, and is excellent for people with weak digestions and for children. It is the fiber which is indigestible, and which causes some people to think that they can not eat the fruit in any form. The ferment of the pineapple, which is called "bromelin," on account of its remarkable digestive powers, is sometimes used in the preparation of "predigested foods." The juice of the pineapple, too, is noted for its specific effect on throat troubles.

The apple, which, for some reason, has recently become so expensive in the cities that it is now one of our food luxuries, often lies rotting on the country hillside in unconsidered quantities. Individuals vary greatly in their power to digest raw apples. I know some people who can not eat them without the greatest discomfort. When eaten in this way, they should be ripe and carefully selected. They are more digestible when cooked. The baked apple is slightly laxative, and is advised in habitual constipation. The potassium and sodium, lime, and magnesium salts are all found in this fruit, as well as a trace of iron. A recent analysis gives the percentage of water as eighty-five and that of sugar as seven and a half. Other analyses make the percentage of sugar higher. When the apple is dried, its carbohydrates are concentrated, for it then contains almost fifty per cent. The laxative effect of apples is increased when they are eaten on an empty stomach. The most digestible form is the baked apple.

Pears are especially useful for stimulating the appetite. When eaten raw they are more digestible than are apples. They also have a laxative effect.

Great care should be taken to avoid plums and cherries which are unripe. Plums in this state are very apt to be irritating to the digestive organs. Cherries, when unripe, have in their seeds a most virulent poison, hydrocyanic acid. Cherries contain a large amount of sugar. Peaches, apricots, and nectarines are very refreshing, although they have little nutrient value. It is said that they do not contain as much sugar as do apples and pears, and, consequently, form a good article of diet for the gouty and diabetic.

The common berries, the strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, gooseberry, currant, huckleberry, mulberry, and cranberry, are especially valuable for the free acids and the sugar which they contain. The strawberry, one of the earliest of these, is rich in lime, soda, and potash, and contains iron as well. It has laxative, diuretic, and cooling qualities. It is the free acid, indeed, which makes these various kinds of berries so grateful.



"Dashed down the side street"

"SHINS"

By CLARA MORRIS

WHEN I hear the word "philanthropist," there springs up in my mind the picture of a large, clean, white, or silvery-haired man, with a strong gleam of gold about him; perhaps it's the spectacles; perhaps it's his chain; perhaps it's only his teeth,—a sort of gold-filled smile,—but there's gold about him somewhere.

Now, it never occurred to me, till the other day, that a philanthropist was not born in that state of gold-gleaming plumptness and grayness,—already ripe, so to speak,—but that back of him there must have been a dark-haired, lean man of energy, and still farther back a boy! A boy! Good heavens!—a boy and a philanthropist? They are farther apart than the poles,—and yet, and yet, the other day, I saw an embryo philanthropist.—I'm sure I did, and he was—.

But let me tell you all about it. I know him, you see,—his name is Brown,—Jimmie Brown, but he is called "Shins." His mother lives in what she, poor soul, calls a "tenement flat," but Shins simply lives in the street. He is small, he is dirty, and he has just reached that age where he is denounced by every living creature, save his confederates and the generally blamed mother who bore him. With a strong prejudice against clothing of any kind, he has been coerced into wearing portions of two small garments,—a shirt and trousers,—but doing it against his will makes him ever ready to cast them from him, upon the slightest excuse. Therefore he takes all his baths in public places, selecting, usually, some stream commanded by the windows of crowded passenger cars,—though the basin of a park fountain has received his patronage when he was too hurried to go further afield in search of greater publicity.

In the invention and practice of nerve-destroying noises Shins "beats de band." Could Dante have heard the sounds produced by him, through one long summer's day, the great Italian's commodious, varied, and ingenious hell would have been the richer by one more torture, I am sure.

The sole tie that binds Shins to the human race is his mother. Without that tie, he would be an imp, pure and simple; a creature of torment,—in short, a small devil. But, as he is so little, hunger and stress of weather still send him home occasionally, and he therefore remembers some of her peculiarities,—how she had his father larrup him once, for cruelty to a caged rat, and how she looked at him with her tired gray eyes, shining through big tears, the day he pulled off the fly's wings,—and he wonders why the tear-filled eyes hurt worse than the licking did. He can remember, too, how she nursed and fed a poor, homeless cat, whom one of the neighbors had heartlessly injured,—this mother, who has tried hard to make him truthful. But Shins finds truth-telling incompatible with a high position in "de gang,"—so, to compromise matters, he lies when occasion demands, and promptly licks any other boy who says he lies.

"Fell upon and devoured it"

The other day, while the hot wave was with us, for my sins I had to visit the city,—so I thought, going down; coming home, I changed my mind, as that visit had brought me my discovery. It was the second dreadful day, and Mrs. Brown, noticing the signs of sleeplessness and suffering in the face of her small savage, Jamesie, withdrew, from her hard-earned capital, the sum of three pennies which she placed in his hot little fist, telling him he might treat himself. Shins's dull eyes had brightened quickly. He flung his arm's around his mother's knees in a rough embrace, and dashed whooping down the stairs and off on a wild chase after a hokey-pokey man,—the puissant lord of that push-cart, in which a battered and dingy ice-cream can is high enthroned.

In his search, he was attended by several of "de gang," who followed him as fast as various stages of stone-bruise would permit. Not that they had pennies to spend for themselves, but because they liked to see "de deal," and there was always a small chance of "swipin'" a piece of ice from "de cart, see?"

"Every nerve cried passionately for that moment of refreshment"

They were on the corner of Fourth Avenue and a down-town cross street when word came from a flying messenger, that "De hoky-poker is a comin';" so they rested there, waiting, and, as Shins wiped his steaming face on his sleeve, he noticed a boy near him with an enormous slice of bread in his hand. It was not only thickly buttered, but it was also fairly covered with a mighty cut of meat. The bare sight of it, that hot day, sickened him. He turned his head away and looked straight into the face of a famished dog, who stood a living-longing before the boy with the monster sandwich. Shins, trying not to see, turned his glance down the avenue. No use!—he saw the ridgy rib bones, the mangy marks on the yellow-brown coat; saw how the sad, swagging tail gave a piteous little deprecating quiver, now and then, that seemed to say: "Yes,—y-e-s,—I think a crumb—is going—to come—my way,—this time! A crumb—for me!"

Shins turned quickly to see—but no, the boy gave no crumb, though the strained, bright eyes upon him were anguished and the creature swallowed convulsively at each bite the boy slowly took.

At that moment a wild shout proclaimed the appearance of the hokey-pokey man. Great excitement followed and the boys swarmed about the cart. Shins secured his coveted morsel of icy delight, and, hoping a great big hope that the dog might be gone, turned round to see him limping after them, his nose high in air, following the maddening scent of the meat,—and, to cap the climax, just at that moment the creature staggered and nearly fell on the blistering stones. Shins shut his teeth hard, one instant; then, turning back his lips contemptuously, he shouted out his really splendid lie.

"Y-ah!" he yelled; "Y-ah! dis cold sweet stuff's only fit for gals! When I eat I wants to eat meat,—de stuff dat gives a feller muscle! Say! you, Soapy! does yer want to make a deal? I'll swap dis sweet mess wid yer, if you'll swap even, for yer hunk of bread and meat?"

Did Soapy want to swap? Did not Soapy—so called because he was the dirtiest boy in the ward,—did he not know a good thing when he saw it? In a moment more the ice cream had changed hands. Shins had the bread and meat, and, with wild hoops of pretended satisfaction, he dashed down the side street, the mangy, panting dog, with hope almost gone from his eyes, forced by gnawing hunger still to follow.

The "gang" remained by the cart, and, at the first area-way, Shins turned in, and, with a look of loathing, cast the food upon the stones, where the following hunger-pressed animal found and with faint growling fell upon and devoured it.

"A famished dog who stood, a living longing"

But Shins, poor, little, heat-worn Shins!—every separate nerve in his city-sick little body cried passionately for that moment of refreshment, that icy, icy, *icy* touch upon his dry, parched lips,—and it was gone! Soapy was eating it!

He could not help it! His arm was against the area-gate, his dirty, weary, little face was buried in it, and he cried as if his impulsive little heart would break. He cried until a small noise attracted his attention. He looked around, and, through his tears, saw that the dog had already finished his real work and was attending to a few details, such as picking up the widely scattered crumbs and carefully licking the butter off his upper lip.

The lightning quickness of the whole performance so delighted Shins that he cried out: "Well,—you *are* a high roller!" and, as the dog wagged a pleasant assent to the assertion, Shins told him to come on and he'd get him a drink. I saw them at a leaky hydrant,—Shins had caught some water in his torn, old hat, and the "high roller" drank,—and drank; and, as Shins was telling him how easy it was for a smart dog to learn to walk on his hind legs, I looked long and carefully into his tear-brightened eyes shining above his dirty, streaky cheeks; looked long and carefully, as any one should look who finds something great in embryo, and there surely is a future philanthropist in this little street gamin.

HE DUG

By Louis E. Thayer

He wanted a job and, like everyone else,
He wanted a good one, you know;
Where his clothes would not soil and his hands would keep clean,
And the salary must n't be low.
He asked for a pen but they gave him a spade
And he half turned away with a shrug,
But he altered his mind and, seizing the spade,—he dug!

He worked with a will that is bound to succeed,
And the months and the years went along.
The way it was rough and the labor was hard
But his heart he kept filled with a song.
Some jeered him and sneered at the task, but he plugged
Just as hard as he ever could plug;
Their words never seemed to disturb him a bit—as he dug.

The day came at last when they called for the spade
And gave him a pen in its place.
The joy of achievement was sweet to his taste
And victory shone in his face.
We can't always get what we hope for at first—
Success cuts many queer jigs,
But one thing is sure,—a man will succeed—if he digs.

The Funny Side of Things

Another Advocate of Spelling Reform

THERE is a representative in congress from a southwestern state, a shrewd man, of great natural intelligence, though lacking in "book learning;" who recently afforded an amusing illustration of his weakness in orthography.

A clerk showed him one day a most entertaining letter from a friend in Arkansas. "Funny way to spell 'horse,' isn't it?" he asked, referring to his correspondent's rendering, which was 'horce.'

The statesman took the letter and looked at it long and earnestly. "Yes," he finally answered, "why did n't he leave off that 'e'?"

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She's Young Yet,—But Wait!

ONE of the wittiest men that ever sat in the house of representatives was the Honorable John Allen, of Mississippi, better known perhaps by his self-imposed title of "Private" Allen. Mr. Allen affects an extravagant faith in the future of his town, Tupelo, and is ever ready to enlighten the stranger as to its wonderful resources and advantages, as compared with any town in the South.

A New York politician was one day "joshing" Mr. Allen, with reference to Tupelo, when he chanced to ask:—

"Say, Allen, how large is Tupelo, anyway?"

"Tupelo," replied Private Allen, "is about the size of New York City. The only difference is that Tupelo is not entirely built up. But that's a mere technicality."

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Only Part Way Gone

THERE is a young Frenchman in the sophomore class at Harvard, sent thither by his father at the earnest desire of his wife, an American woman by birth.

The Frenchman was once invited to a musical entertainment given by his classmates, where there were sung, in honor of the foreigner, a number of French songs, rendered in the best American French.

"I say, old man," observed one of the sophomores, after the entertainment, "I suppose those French songs made you feel a little homesick, eh?"

"No," responded the Frenchman, "only sick."

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Some Specimens of Modern Learning

By Obedience Hickman

THE other day, the writer was visiting at a friend's house, when a young daughter of the family, who expects to "graduate" from grammar school this spring, told of a little experience she had had with her teacher that day.

"We were studying about a Mr. Monroe, who made something called the 'Monroe Doctrine,'" she said, "and I told Miss X. that papa knew Mr. Monroe, and that they were good friends. And she said, 'Your father must be very old.' Then she said she guessed it was another Mr. Monroe. But I told her that I was sure that it was this same Monroe, because papa fought with him in the Revolutionary War of 1812. Then everybody laughed, and Miss X. told them to hush, that I only had things mixed a little. Was n't this Mr. Monroe your friend, papa?" And the father had to explain that the teacher was right; that this particular Monroe had been dead a long, long time, and that his friend had been a William Monroe, who was with him in the Civil War.

Another instance of "getting things mixed" was the case of a young lady who held a diploma of graduation from both a high school and a manual training school in a western city. She had come to visit me, and one day I was humming a tune from "The Mikado."

"What is that air?" she asked. And in a spirit of fun I replied, "It is a strain from the 'Rubaiyat.'"

"Oh, yes," she answered, slowly, as if recalling something. "From the 'Rubaiyat' of Rudyard Kipling. I thought it sounded familiar!"

But the limit of scholastic ignorance seems to have been reached by a young lady who underwent examination by a superintendent of schools with the idea of becoming a teacher. The following are answers given to the questions, which will suggest themselves:—

The properties of nouns are kinds, whether it is relative or personal, etc.

A pronoun is a word used instead of some person or thing.

The possessive plural is formed by adding an apostrophe to the past tense.

A preposition is a word used as a noun from an adjective.

An adjective is a word used to aid in devolving more exactly what is the equivalent of a noun.

Person is that part of the noun that denotes the person.

Sentences are classed according to structure, as prime and composite; as, Jane's hat, Charles' books.

Possessive case is formed by "ed," —as, "he passed by."

A regular verb is always used; an irregular verb is not used very often.

A regular verb has its past tense already formed.

Sentences are classed according to number, gender, and person.

A regular verb is one that by adding "ed" to the positive can form the comparative and superlative.

THE FAT ONE.—The balloon is collapsing, the last bag of ballast is gone, and we 'll never reach dry land!

THE THIN ONE.—If that's the case, the only thing to do is for you to jump overboard.

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Paderewski's Musical Bellboy

ROSAMOND JOHNSON, of Cole and Johnson, composers of that once popular song, "Under the Bamboo Tree," once held a position as bellboy in Young's Hotel in Boston. This place he once nearly lost, through taking the liberty of playing Paderewski's "Minuet" for the great pianist. Paderewski, who was staying at that hotel, had rung for a bellboy, and young Johnson answered the call.

Being so fond of music, he made bold to ask the great composer and pianist to play the "Minuet" for him. Paderewski could not understand English then, and the boy thought from his gesticulations that he wished him to play it. So he sat down at the piano and commenced playing. Paderewski's manager happened to enter the room just then, and, enraged at the bellboy's presumption, threw him out of the room and went directly to the management and had him discharged.

As soon as he learned what had been done, Paderewski, who had been pleased with the lad's playing, sent for the manager of the hotel and had Johnson reinstated in his position.

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Social Hints

By Chester, Field, Jr.

MAKE your guests entertain you, else what's the use of having guests.

Never leave a guest alone for a moment. Force your entertainment upon him, even if you have to use chloroform.

Keep your nails and your conversation clean.

Don't reply to a dinner invitation until you are sure that you are not likely to be invited by some one who has a better cook.

When giving a studio tea, remember that there should be no soft lights and hard drinks.

It is easier to climb into swell society in a gilded chariot than on a water-wagon.

Never refer to carrots in the presence of a red-headed hostess.

When eating, let your communication be yea and

nay. If your mouth is full, you may give a curt nod.

Dinner calls should be made when you are sure that your hostess is not at home. It pleases her and is creditable to your tact.

When dinners entice thee, consent thou not.

It is no longer considered good form to gossip about your guests until after they are gone.

If you *must* manicure your nails at table, do it unostentatiously with your hands under the cloth.

For the ballroom, the fashionable flower is the orchid; but wallflowers are still to be seen at exclusive affairs.

One can be a snob without being in society.

▲ ▲

Not an Alma Mater!

PRESIDENT IRA REMSEN, of Johns Hopkins University, was attending, at one time, a meeting of educators, at which were discussed a great many questions regarding certain abstruse and technical subjects dear to the professional heart. The discussion waged warmly for severel hours. During all this time, Dr. Remsen observed seated near the platform a business man of his acquaintance, whom he had never known to take any part in such meetings, and whom he was, therefore, quite surprised to see present.

He went up to him at the close of the meeting and, greeting him, said:—

"I am very much pleased to see you here. I hardly thought you would be interested in a meeting of this sort."

"Well," said the other, "I like to get among educated men once in a while. You know I'm not an *alma mater* of any college, myself."

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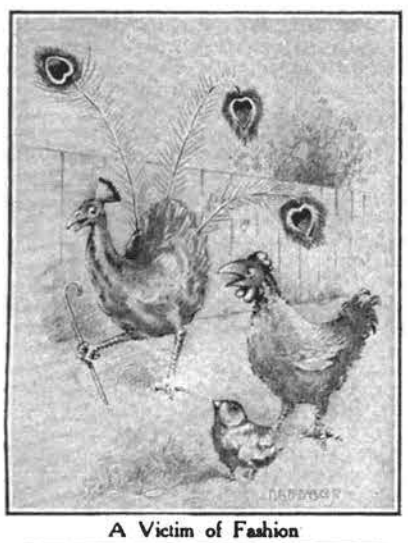

A Victim of Fashion

The Stock Was Sold Out

MRS. E. H. HARRIMAN was one of a company of Americans who visited Mexico some years ago, in connection with railroad and mining investments there. At the little city of Durango, which, although inhabited by a very cultivated and progressive class of people, yet retains many of its primitive customs, Mrs. Harriman was very much interested in the little one-mule street car that ran down the principal thoroughfare, and was especially amused at the tiny tin horn with which the driver announced his coming. She said that she wished to secure one of these tin horns as a typical memento of Mexican primitiveness.

The railroad agent undertook to get one. He finally had to announce his failure. He said:—

"I can't get you one just now; we'll have to wait until the next shipment comes from New York."

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They Looked Different

TWO IRISHMEN, while eating their luncheon in the shade of the tool house during the noon hour lull in building operations, fell to talking over the current happenings reported in the newspapers.

"Who is thim fellers, Morgan an' Gates," asked Tim, "that I see so much about in the pa-a-pers? Not a day but what I see them doin' somethin' or other."

"Morgan an' Gates ar-re rich men," answered Pat, "what collects a lot of money from other people an' uses it to buy railroads fer themselves with. Ye 'll see thim some of these days on the streets."

A day or so later as Pat and Tim were going home, two Germans boarded the car from either end, and met inside, "Guten Morgen!" cried one, extending his hand. "Wie geht's?" said the other.

"By golly!" exclaimed Tim, "there's thim two fellers now,—but hanged if they look to me like they wuz the rich men they tell me!"

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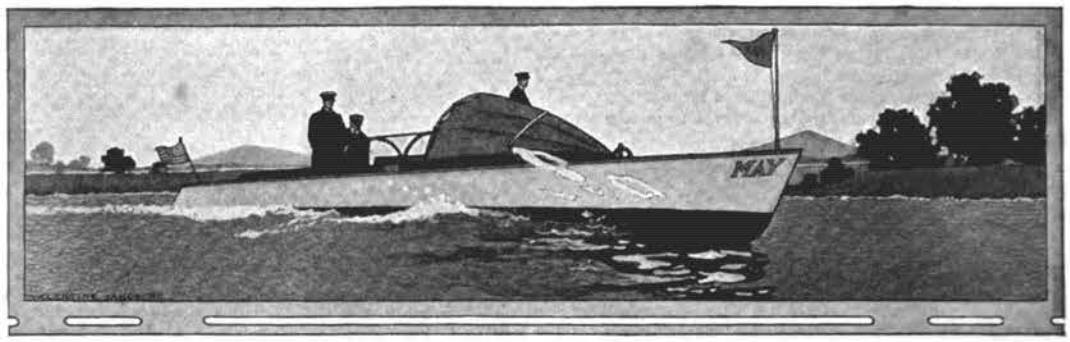
Do not try to drive your employees ahead of you, but keep ahead of them and invite them to come on



RECREATION AND SPORTS

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

The Grand American Handicap

Of the national, or world's championship events in all branches of sport, none, perhaps, is more democratic in character than the annual trap-shooting contest for the Grand American Handicap Trophy, which takes place this month at Indianapolis. It is a tradition of this big target-smashing competition, that the trophy has never been won twice by the same man, save in one instance, that of Thomas Marshall, mayor of Keithsburg, Illinois. In *all* instances, the "crackerjacks" have fallen down, either in the "weed-out," or in the final squad of twenty-five, and the coveted trophy has gone to a "dark horse," usually from some point in the backwoods, of which the trap-shooting fraternity at large had never before heard.

There are no social distinctions in the ranks of G. A. H. competitors. Any shooter is eligible, so long as he is a member, in good standing, of a regularly organized gun club. The two hundred or more starters in the race are divided into squads of five each, and in these squads, standing at their respective marks, may be found millionaire and wage-earner, broker and farmer, merchant and lawyer, with butchers, bakers, barbers, grocers, and men of many other occupations and callings.

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The handicap proper is preceded by the preliminary handicap, and followed by the "consolation," but the main event, 100 flying targets to each man, is that in which interest is really centered throughout tournament week. Contestants for the trophy represent nearly every state in the union.

As an instance of how the unexpected may happen in this big shoot, the trophy was won last year by R. R. Barber, of Paulina, Illinois. "Mr. Barber," says John Fanning, one of the old guard of trap shooters, who has participated in every Grand American tournament since the first, "was a barber by occupation, as well as by name. No one at the shoot had ever before heard of either Mr. Barber or his firm, but we all marveled when he won the preliminary with 98 out of a possible hundred. Then he went into the main event and broke all previous records by capturing the G. A. H., of 1905, with 99 out of a possible hundred." No one on the grounds doubted that he could have taken the "consolation" also, had he desired. As it was, he scored 97, and 98 won the event. Weeks afterwards, the story came out that Mr. Barber had stepped out of his shop every day for nearly a year before coming down to the big shoot, and had shot at twenty-five targets daily, at 21 yards rise. Thus he was in fighting trim when he was put at the 16-yard mark in the preliminary, and the 17-yard in the big handicap.

* * *

The Trout Waters of Maine

While the open season for trout is inaugurated in New York, and in the states just south of the Great Lakes, in April, there are comparatively few fish taken, outside of the streams and ponds of sportsmen's clubs, until the ice leaves the trout waters, further north. This is due to two reasons: first, the fishing in these states is not what it once was,—there are too few fish, and too many fishermen; second, the discriminating fisherman—he who has had experience enough to enable him to tell a really first-class fish story,—wants sports of a different kind from that obtained so near home. In Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, in Michigan, in Maine, and beyond the Canadian border, are trout streams so rich in speckled treasures, that any story concerning them, however true, would seem to the man who had never fished them, like a piscatorial yarn of the mile-long variety. It is to these waters that the veteran fisherman repairs, as soon as the ice has left them, and the rapacity with which the hungry fish, who have been hibernating in the depths of the lakes all winter, arise to the fly, as well as the size of the fish themselves, amply repays any city fisherman who makes the journey.

Canada undoubtedly offers the finest trout streams in America, and offers them in almost countless numbers, and yet there are no finer fishing waters anywhere, than are to be found in Maine,—all parts of it, from border to border of the state. The beautiful Rangeleys and the incomparable Moosehead Lake, together with their many tributary streams and the innumerable smaller lakes that lie about them, are as rich in speckled beauties to-day as they have been at any time within the memory of man. As a rule, the ice leaves Moosehead and the Rangeleys between May 10 and 15, and in anticipation of this event, fishermen, many of them from distant points in the South and West, to the number of many hundreds, arrive at the various camps and hotels to wait for the "break-up." This comes suddenly, the ice on Moosehead, which is forty miles long by from four to eight miles wide, frequently disappearing within twelve hours' time, although just before the "break-up" it may have lain in one solid mass, three feet in thickness, and over which heavy wagon teams have traveled all winter. Just where the ice goes, no one seems to know. In any event, its disappearance is complete, and the Indians offer one or more interesting legends in explanation. The transformation is a beautiful one, for instead of the unbroken stretch of snow-covered ice, are to be seen the rippling waters of the lake, and the boats of hundreds of fishermen, all bound for their favorite coves and "trout holes." For a period of three, or perhaps four weeks after the going out of the ice, the fishing in the big Maine lakes is the best of the year; then, as the water becomes warmer under the sun's rays, the fish go to cooler depths, and it is more difficult to induce them to rise to the fly.

▲ ▲

Maine is to-day, and because of her rigidly enforced fish and game laws, will be for many years to come, a paradise for sportsmen. During the past ten years, there seems to have been no diminution whatever in her supply of trout and land-locked salmon, while her moose have held their own in size and numbers, and deer have increased until during the closed season, they are a source of loss and annoyance to the farmers, among whose crops they not infrequently play sad havoc. The game-shooting season, however, is still some months away, and it is the trout that will furnish sport from now on until September 1.

Maine is exceedingly watchful over her fish and game resources, as well she may be, for the visiting sportsman and tourist leave with the Maine guide, hotel keeper, and camp proprietor, about $5,500,000, between May 1 and November 1 of each year.

* * *

The Aëro Club

It was predicted a few years ago, with the advent of the motor car, that the balloon would be the next candidate for public recognition as a factor in American sport. The activity shown by members of the Aëro Club of America, as well as the degree of public interest aroused by the ascensions that have taken place this spring, indicate the probable fulfillment of this prediction. The pioneers of the movement in America have shown no desire to devote time to experiment with the dirigible type of airship. At heart, they may be profound students of aërostatics, with ideas and theories upon the subject of aërial navigation that may one day startle the world, but just at present, they seem determined upon action, rather than research, and the good old-fashioned silk envelope of spherical shape, carrying any old kind of basket, and filled from the most convenient gas tank, seems capable of supplying all the thrills desired by the venturesome who are blazing the way for the sport in this country.

The study of aviation may proceed laboriously, and satisfactory results may be slow in developing. Not so with *ballooning*, however, for, once the sport is

fairly under way, and any considerable number of Americans have experienced the novel and delightful sensation of moving through the air at a speed of thirty miles an hour, with the earth from 3,000 to 5,000 feet beneath them, there is strong likelihood that balloon ascensions will become of common occurrence in many states of the union.

Without doubt, the development of the sport will be marked by many accidents and not a few tragedies, but in ballooning, as in nearly all other branches of popular sport, accident and tragedy will act rather as a stimulant than a deterrent.

Notwithstanding the assertions of enthusiasts to the contrary, ballooning is essentially dangerous, if only in the chances necessarily taken in effecting a landing. That precaution, experience, and a knowledge of the air currents at various altitudes will diminish the danger, is undoubtedly true, but experience, as a rule, is dearly purchased, precaution too often neglected, and the acquirement of knowledge too frequently considered unnecessary by reckless devotees of hazardous forms of sport.

Save for the unfortunate ending of Paul Nocquet, ballooning has thus far been gratifyingly free from accident. The Aëro Club seems to realize fully the disastrous results that may ensue from ascensions by unexperienced aëronauts, and has been exceedingly careful in granting sanctions for events under its auspices. Not only should it continue this policy, but as the sport develops, it should also establish a school for aëronauts from which every applicant for membership in the club would be required to graduate before being eligible.

* * *

Pool Rooms and the Law

THE compact made by Rev. Thomas R. Slicer for the legislative committee of the State Conference of Religions with the Jockey Club, turns out to be a mare's-nest. Turning the track managers and the Jockey Club onto the pool-room keepers, may have commended itself to Dr. Slicer as a brilliant conception, but, in truth, this will bear only dwarf fruit at best, and the tree will die with the first crop.

Pool-room keepers, like all criminals, are never surprised when the shadow of the law lies athwart their path; and when the *hand* of the law falls upon their shoulders, they are safe in presuming—basing their presumption upon precedent,—that it will not remain for long, and forthwith philosophically determine to make the best of it. Like the English school "fag," they know it is their mission to do the dirty work, and they do it uncomplainingly, for well they know that they will be amply compensated in the final adjustment. So closely allied are the interests of the Jockey Club, the Metropolitan Turf Association, and the pool rooms, that there is little ground for hope of crippling any one of them, by setting one against the other. Of this Dr. Slicer will quite surely be convinced before the present racing season is ended.

* * *

Motor-Car Notes

ONE excellent provision in the recently enacted New Jersey automobile law, which goes into effect July 1, is that prescribing a fine of $250, or thirty days' imprisonment to be imposed upon *chauffeurs* who seek safety in flight after they have collided with a pedestrian or a vehicle. Such an act is both heartless and cowardly, yet it is being recorded with growing frequency of late in many leading automobile centers. Ninety per cent. of motor-car owners would be glad to see other states enact a similar law.

The action of the A. A. A. racing board in limiting the number of entries for the American team to twenty-five, and in increasing the entrance fee from $500 to $1,000, indicates that there will be a greater number of aspirants for a place on the team, among American car owners and builders, this year, than last. The dates selected for the elimination trial, September 22, and for the race itself, October 6, should find both road and weather conditions favorable. The distance for the elimination trial will be equal to that of the race, and the first five American cars to cover the course will be chosen to comprise the American team. The maximum weight of competing cars will be 2,204 pounds, this year, as last, and the minimum weight 881 pounds.

* * *

"No past year in my career as a designer and builder of boats, has opened up so auspiciously for the power boat as has 1906," says H. N. Whittlesey. "Of course the ranks of automobilists will not feel the defection, but it is none the less true that there will be fewer $15,000 motor cars and many more motor boats in use this year than last. The water has a fascination for those who seek out-of-door recreation that even the motor car can not overcome."

* * *

The composition of the American tennis team that will compete for the Davis challenge cup in England this summer, seems to give general satisfaction in American tennis circles, although the friends of Larned and Whitman would like to see them as members. Of the team selected, Messrs. Wright and Ward held the doubles championship, and Wright holds the single. Little is a former title holder at Princeton, and Collins is the Western champion.

Songs of the Unsuccessful

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by Charles Grunwald. Headpiece by Louis Fleming

THE VOICE OF THE SPECTER

I.

I AM the Ghost of Failure, whom all men shun and flee;
I drive the foolish multitude to strive with panting breath;
The doctor without patients, the lawyer without fee,
The merchant without customers grow pallid when they see
The grayness of my presence,—I am haunting them to death.

II.

And some I mark in babyhood who never shall be strong,
And some I stripe in manhood till they droop and fall behind;
But some I meet in Arcady, ajourneying along
So merry in the sunlight and the roses and the song
They can not feel my shadow. They are blessed as God is kind!

III.

I meet men in the battle when the fires of hazard glow,
I break their lusty lances and I turn their courage cold;
And some I dog in silence from the springtime to the snow,
In waking and in sleeping,—yet they never seem to know
My hand upon their shoulders till they 're old,—ah, very old!

IV.

I am the Ghost of Failure, who haunts the daylight gleams;
The hero meets me with a smile, the coward with a grimace;
The artist sees me in his paints, the plotter in his schemes,
The king confronts me from his throne, or flees me in his dreams;
But the wise man smites me to the earth,—he looks me in the face.

THE MAN AT THE DESK

I.

THE Man at the Desk has a patient look
As he writes and writes in his open book,
And he bends his back to the task before
Like a galley slave to his hand-rubbed oar.

"Debit, credit!"

Columns of figures he marshals by,
Piled up decimals, mountains high,
Which seem to sing to his well-ruled brain
His long, monotonous life-refrain:—

"Debit, credit, voucher, pay,—
Discount, balance, day by day;
Carried forward, interest, duns,—
So the monotonous river runs."

II.

The Man at the Desk with the patient look
Has followed the rule of the copybook:—
"Early to bed and early to rise,"
Yet he 's neither healthy, wealthy, nor wise.
Honest, industrious, sober, chained
To his office cell, he has long remained
Dead of ambition, busy of pen,
Adding up figures for other men.

"Debit, credit, remit, amount,
Carried forward, close account;
Daybooks, draftbooks, interest, duns,—
So the monotonous river runs."

III.

The Man at the Desk with the patient look
Has written his life in the open book,
Has charged up Youth with a small amount,
And crossed off Love as a closed account.
Yet bright are the tears in his faded eye
As the column of figures marches by,
Black of ink and with mourning brave,
Like a last parade to a yawning grave.

"Debit, credit," the bugles play,
"Discount, balance, voucher, pay,
Carried forward, interest, duns,—
So the monotonous river runs."

THE WRONG GIRL

I.

Barlow might have carried
Something by surprise—
Barlow 's gone and married
A pair of velvet eyes.
So they 've packed and rented
Somewhere out of town;
Barlow 's quite contented,
And they have "settled down."

II.

Barlow's loafing habit
Surely needs a spur;
Pretty, downy rabbit,
There 's no zip to her,—
Nothing of the battle
Women put in men.
She can pout and prattle
Nicely—but what then?

III.

Barlow's Great Idea
Now must go to air.
Surely, she must be a
Heavy weight to bear,
To his collar dangling
With her fluff and floss,
Like a courage-strangling
Little albatross!

IV.

Other men may marry
Women right or wrong,

"Well, let Barlow tarry"

Other men can carry
Burdens and be strong,
Feebleness appealing
To the Greater Man,—
But I have a feeling
Barlow never can.

V.

Barlow needs a heaven
For his mind, no doubt,
What in earth or heaven
Can *she* talk about?
Can her chatter smuggish
Carry zest again
To his lazy, sluggish
Genius of a brain?

VI.

Well, let Barlow tarry
With his fate, if need;
Other fellows marry,
(Other men succeed,)
They 'll grow great and wealthy
He 'll grow small and poor,
Shabby, easy, healthy,
Happy,—and obscure.

AN EPITAPH

BENEATH these stones recline the bones
Of 'Pologetic Brown,
Most pathetic, 'pologetic
Feller in this town.
Asked to be forgiven, sir,
Minute he was born;
'Pologized fer livin', sir,
Reg'lar, night and morn.

"Cur dogs was 'sicked' on 'im"

'Pologized fer eatin',
An' when he went to meetin'
Prayed the Lord, "Excuse me, please, fer askin' so and sol"
When he courted Susan
He went right on excusin'—
'Pologized fer askin' her as soon 's she 'd answered, "No!"
Everyone picked on 'im,
Cur dogs was "sicked" on 'im;
Brown he took 'is martyrdom with pious, humble pride;
Fin'lly, jest to spite us,
He got 'pendicitus,
'Pologized fer troublin' us, then went away and died.

Here lies Brown, and let us speak
With due respect fer such;
Heaven loves the mild and meek,
But *we* don't need 'em much.

* *

STATE'S EVIDENCE

I.

THER''S stripes around me summer suit, —me number 's 83;
It 's seven years fer Spider Jones and seven years fer me;
But William Whipple, where is *he?* Oh, married to 'is gal
And livin' quite respectable,—he split upon a pal.

"Fer splittin' on a pal"

II.

The nights are long, the days are long,—we takes 'em like the bunch,—
It 's chain-gang to the quarry yard and lock-step back to lunch;
But William 's got religion, so they tells me, wit' 'is gal,
And hollerin' salvation, —since he split upon a pal.

III.

This prison ain't Delmonico's. The tableware is rough,
The beef is like the boarders, jest a little trifle tough,—
And William Whipple probably despises our corral
Since he 's livin' free and prosperous,—by splittin on a pal.

IV.

I can't fergit that window job we engineered, us three,
How William watched the street fer Jones, who passed the goods to me;
I can't forgit the fly-cops' game, (I think I never shall,)
When William got the third degree,—and split upon a pal.

V.

It 's treadmill, treadmill while we live, and quicklime when we die;
Yet them in jail has whiter hearts than some what sees the sky,—
Ther' 's self-respect in prison clothes, and what us convicts call
The honor of the chain-gang, says, "Don't split upon a pal!"

VI.

Oh, seven years is seven hells, and I 'm agittin gray,
And Spider Jones is coughin' in a peevish sort o' way;
But we 're a-livin' fer release,—then William and 'is gal
Won't git no easy jury law fer splittin' on a pal!

Little Hints for Graduation Day

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

Illustrated by Clara D. Davidson

"Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossoms under her feet."

THESE words of Tennyson's acclamation of welcome to Alexandra, when she came as a bride to England, are just what our hearts want to express when we see the young girl graduates stepping forth eagerly, yet half-timidly, to take their places in the big world, for which a course of training for ten years or more has been preparing them.

It is a great event—the first in their lives,—when, on graduation day, in the presence of the friends of the whole school or college, they are awarded their diplomas, certificates of merit, prizes, or whatever honors their fidelity has entitled them to receive.

It is like a rehearsal of the judgment day,—those who, by industrious endeavor, have performed their daily duty, hear the "well done" from lips whose praise they value. The lazy and self-indulgent have no part in the joy of victory felt by the more ambitious.

"Madame Butterfly"

In anticipation of this red-letter day, a girl would not be a girl if she did not give thought to the interesting problem of what she should wear. Of course, it must be white,—as appropriate for her as for a bride, and emblematic of the purity of the girlish soul and of the unknown future, the blank page which is to receive her life's history.

The next requisite of the gown is simplicity. The French, universally recognized as leaders in all that pertains to woman's apparel, alone seem to know the *artistic* value of simplicity. "Only the young can be lovelier when simply dressed,—and one is young but once,"—they say. Elaboration, even elegance, would be as much out of place as gilding on a lily. The hair arranged as usual, a bunch of flowers in the belt, perhaps, a touch of color in sash and hair ribbon, and the little maiden is dressed in good taste. "All is fine that is fit," says an old English proverb.

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The graduation exercises of one of New York's most prominent schools are held at Sherry's. The girls of the graduating class are seated upon a platform on either side and facing the principal of the school and a group of her coadjutors, while rows of bouquets, sent by friends of the graduates, are placed in lines, like footlights, along the edge of the platform. The rest of the school occupies the front seats on the floor, and a piano is placed in the center, against the platform.

The exercises begin with a song in chorus by the entire school, for which the girls are diligently drilled by some well-known musician. Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" was the choice, on one occasion that I recall. A very earnest, thoughtful address followed, made by a man whose honorable life and well-known character gave weight and authority to all that he said.

His theme was "What Next?" The school days over, what was to be the next step? He showed his sympathy with youth's instinctive love of pleasure and wished them all sorts of "good times" before drawing a picture of noble women to whom social gaieties were a recreation and not the business of life.

As we listened, "mere pleasure" grew to seem shallow and uninteresting, in comparison with being a happiness-maker for others,—a sunny presence in shadowed places,—the one at home to whom all should turn for help and cheer. He was eminently practical. "Mother" was to be relieved of care. "Father and the boys" were to find home a brighter, jollier place. His high ideals of what the girls before him might become when they matured kindled their bright young faces into sympathetic responsiveness.

"Wild animals I have known"

Another song succeeded the address, sung by a quartette from the graduating class, the whole school joining in the chorus. A few remarks from the principal, the award of diplomas, "honor pins" and certificates of merit, and then guests and pupils mingled sociably, for congratulations and good wishes, before adjourning to another apartment, where light refreshments were served.

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At a country school in New England, the graduation day exercises which I attended were held in a large schoolroom, and the students themselves planned and furnished all the entertainment. The room was prettily decorated with greenery, and massed on the platform were plants, in tubs painted green, bearing in profusion the "class flower," which was somewhat surprising, in that the blossom was entirely out of season. I learned later that the plants, though themselves natural, bloomed *with paper flowers*, which, seen at a distance from the platform, gave no hint of artificiality. Each of the graduates wore the same flowers in her hair and at her belt.

A duet upon two pianos was the introductory number of the programme, followed by a humorous recitation which thawed the audience, for, when people have laughed together, the *entente cordiale* is established. A string quartette gave us a very simple selection, played correctly and with charm. Next, a merry-faced girl read the "class history," in which she was supposed to be giving a report of the graduating class ten years later.

The peculiarities, characteristics, ambitions, and fads of each were turned to clever advantage, and liberties were taken with the future to insure a good-natured laugh at the expense of each subject in turn. One girl—so pretty as to make the shaft innocuous,—was said to have secured her husband through a matrimonial agency, and the speaker referred to herself as "one of those uncanonized saints called 'old maids,' and sometimes *mis*-named 'unappropriated blessings,' since experience had taught her that everybody appropriated them in the interest of their affairs, an old maid supposably having none of her own."

A song in chorus, the award of prizes and honors, a short address from the head of the school, and then followed the pretty ceremony of crowning with a laurel wreath the most popular and beloved girl of the class. That it was an entire surprise to her, that she had to be directed what to do, and that she was covered with pretty confusion added to the interest and sympathy of the audience and so engrossed the attention of the one chosen to make the little presentation speech that she was carried through her part without the least self-consciousness.

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It is the custom in some schools for the juniors to give an entertainment to the seniors, and at one of the most enjoyable I have witnessed the hostesses gave a series of *tableaux*, illustrating the titles of books which were to be guessed by the audience.

Little preparation and few stage properties were required. The guests were supplied with small cards, to which pencils were attached, where, upon numbered lines, they were to write their guesses as to what book each *tableau* in turn represented, signing their names at the end. These were collected at the close of the entertainment, and the one most successful in naming the books received a box of *bonbons* in the shape of a paper-covered volume. One tableau represented a Puritan maiden, dressed in sober gray, with close muslin cap, sitting at her spinning-wheel, her hands held idly in her lap, as if her thoughts had strayed far from her work. It was intended to suggest "An Old-fashioned Girl," by Miss Alcott.

The improvised curtain next rose upon a typical old maid, a packet of letters yellowed by age, and a faded ribbon in her lap. One hand held a letter, and

SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull.

It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did a woman of Apple Creek, O She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not quit drinking it, even if it took my life, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years.

"I was scarcely able to be around at all. Had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die any time during the night.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one day it came over me and I asked myself what is the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?

"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee, and got some Postum Food Coffee to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I like better than I liked the old coffee. One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal beside.

"My sister-in-law, who visited me this summer, had been an invalid for some time, much as I was. I got her to quit coffee and drink Postum. She gained five pounds in three weeks, and I never saw such a change in anyone's health."

"There's a reason."

After graduation is the time when pleasant, informal hospitalities are most appreciated. "After work comes play" is not only an adage inculcating the order and relation of the two, but it is, as well, the instinctive craving of human hearts, the natural reaction. Never is the effort of a hostess in trying to give pleasure so sure of success as when a girl, fresh from school, is the object of her kind attentions. If there is one kind of entertainment more than another that seems to her especially fascinating, it is some form of fortune-telling; she is so curious about her future! A palmist may be engaged for part of an evening, if he puts forth no claim to occult powers. He should be instructed to "prophesy smooth things" only.

A "wheel of fortune" may be productive of much fun. A wheel, three feet in diameter, should be cut from pasteboard and covered with paper roses (tiny ones on the spokes, large ones at the tire, and a bunch at the hub,) and so arranged that, at a touch, it revolves on a pivot. Upon one of its spokes a gilded arrow is fastened.

The wheel is laid upon a round table, and cards—previously prepared with "fortunes," characters, etc., written upon them,—are dealt in a circle around the wheel on the table or floor, blank side uppermost. The persons who are to unveil their future set the wheel in motion in turn by a vigorous whirl, and, when it has

Suggested by "An Old-fashioned Girl"

ceased its revolutions, the arrow will point to the card which records the fortune.

Quotations from the poets are rich in suggestion on the subject of love and marriage, which for another set of cards should form interesting topics. Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" would be found helpful. "She hath a pair of chaps" has Shakespeare's authority for one, and another may read, "Her tongue will not obey her heart." The rule is that each inquirer must read his or her fate aloud for the entertainment of all the company.

▲ ▲

Another form of entertainment dear to girlish souls is one that permits them to "dress up" in character. Realizing, from their knowledge of the heroines of romance, that a woman's good looks form her stock in trade and the universal passport to favor with the other sex, at least upon first acquaintance, girls are, naturally, very much interested in their own appearance; and they are pleased at the opportunity of appearing in any character whose costume may lend them attractiveness that may not be borrowed upon ordinary occasions. Young men do not like the "bother" of getting up a costume, so they are usually excused from the necessity. The ideals of manliness, too, of the present day, do not favor the dress of the gallants of former generations.

A pretty feature would be a lawn-dance, to the music of one of Edward German's incomparable Henry the Eighth or morris dances. The guests might be requested to appear in sylvan costume; Maid Marian, Flora, Ceres, Arcadian shepherdesses, Phillis, the sweetheart of Corydon, would be appropriate, as would also the dress of the court ladies of Marie Antoinette, when they masqueraded as peasants at Trianon. A gypsy fortune-teller would find a welcome, and still accord with the character of the entertainment.

Such a dance might be given on a moonlight evening. The trees and piazzas should be hung with festoons of multi-colored lanterns, and the kind moonlight will glorify the scene and transform the commonplace into the ideal.

THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

What Is Money Without Taste?

The Little Things That Count

Conducted by
GRACE MARGARET GOULD

A WELL-GOWNED woman knows that every little accessory of her dress must be thought out with special care. From the tip of her novel little shoes to the crown of her piquant, curiously tilted little hat, she shows that she has studied both herself and her clothes. Of course, she has money to help her, but money can not do it alone. At best, it can only fetch and carry for taste. Money without taste can do nothing; it is raw material beside a deserted loom. But taste without money, ah, that 's a different matter, for with its magic fingers it can harmonize and transform.

Even a last year's fashion is susceptible to taste when it is wielded by a clever girl. To the girl who has the power to make old things seem new, there are many possibilities in even a last season's parasol, and a plain one at that. If it happens to be a delicately colored silk parasol, she first sets about to clean it. Perhaps she is a bit of an artist. If so, she traces some graceful design for a border; if not, she has the design traced upon the parasol and then she proceeds to cover it with ribbon. *Moire* ribbon, which is the same on both sides, is the most effective to use, and bowknots make a graceful pattern. The ribbon must be sewed to the parasol with the very tiniest of stitches, and if it is done carefully the result is sure to be worth the trouble.

Imagine a pale-blue silk parasol with Frenchy looking pink *moire* ribbon bowknots as its decoration, or a tan-color *pongee* sunshade with green *moire* bowknots. Either, if worn with the right frock and carried by the right girl, would make a telling detail.

Parasols have a charm all their own, this summer, due in a large measure to their originality. The fruit handles are among the latest novelties. A just-from-Paris sunshade is of a lovely soft strawberry-red silk; the long straight handle is red, too, and at the top is a very true-to-life looking strawberry, with the seeds and the hull cleverly imitating nature. Then there are other handles with an apple for their touch of novelty. A delicately shaded greening has met with Fashion's seal of approval. It forms the top of a long green stick, while the parasol itself is white silk with green embroidered polka dots. The banana parasol has not yet arrived, but it is sure to be with us soon. At present, round-shaped fruits are in favor. And there 's a reason for it, too, for each of the imported parasols just described has a most convenient little powder puff tucked away inside the imitation fruit, which, in fact, is nothing but a powder box in disguise.

The parrot parasol handle is another much admired novelty, and the swan, with its long neck twisted to form a loop, is also much in favor.

One of the smart ribbon novelties of the summer,—pompadour ribbon suspenders with sash ends.

That the short skirt is to be the smart skirt of the summer there is no denying. It could n't be otherwise, after the new shoes put in an appearance. To see them is not only to want them to wear, but to show them, as well. Nothing like them has ever been dreamed of before, either in price or design. They are expensive, but apparently the summer girl seems to think they are worth buying.

Pumps are so much the fashion that there is a varied collection of them from which to choose. The very newest are those made purposely to wear with linen frocks. They are made of linen canvas, generally white, and are striped with a narrow hair line of color. Even the heel is striped, and the small, flat little ribbon bow which trims the front of the pump is always in just the same color as the stripe. They come in white, striped in blue, and in red, violet, green, and pink. They are also very smart in pale *écru*, striped in brown. For more dress-up occasions there are the princess ties. These are in patent-leather and in soft kid, and their novelty lies in their perforations. The cut-out design shows on both the toe and the vamp.

Another shoe fad of the summer is to wear a silver slipper with a gray silk stocking. Then there are the pumps of patent leather with a binding of white or colored kid. These pumps are particularly smart in black with a white kid binding and a white kid bow, tied flat or merely in a knot with two pointed ends.

In high shoes, those of patent leather with satin uppers to match both the stocking and the gown may be classed among the fashion leaders. Of course, the stockings match the shoes in color, and this idea of having everything match has become very firmly instilled in the mind of the girl who aims to always know what 's what in the fashions.

The summer hat

Even her veil nowadays carries out the color scheme of her costume. And, by the way, the veil is a detail of special importance this summer. It supplies the picturesque touch most successfully; it is face veil, hat drapery, and long scarf, all in one,—that is, that 's what the newest veil is. It is by their length and their fetching adjustment that these veils have gained distinction. Some are of fine net and finished with a lace border, either in just the same shade as the net or in the same tone, only a tint darker. Others are of *chiffon*, with chenille or embroidered dots, generally in self color, and edged with a ribbon ruffle. These veils are worn over the face, but are not drawn close to it. They are fastened at the back of the hat, where they are held in place with shell or jeweled pins, and then the long ends float down the back. The

most graceful have the ends reaching just to the hips. Veils of this sort are shown in the most becoming of colors. They are seen in light blue, pale pink, and soft yellow, to wear with white frocks or gowns the same shade.

A very new idea is to have the lace which borders the veil duplicated in one's long gloves. Kid armlets are now seen finished at the wrist with a lace frill. These armlets are made with two buttons and are the most convenient things in the world to make the short glove long. Of course, they are worn with a short glove, the lace frill covering the joining, and they outwear the short glove at the rate of six to one.

If you can get just a glimpse of the summer girl's frocks you will see at a glance what an important part ribbons play in the fashions of the hour.

She uses ribbons in all sorts of new and fascinating ways this year. She laces her shoes with ribbons, she holds up her long gloves with ribbon bracelets, and ribbons are fashioned into clever and artistic trimmings. Ribbon sashes are the vogue, and ribbon girdles in many novel shapes.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of the way ribbons are used to add to the charm of a frock than the new ribbon bodice decoration, consisting of girdle and suspenders. This dainty dress accessory has a magical way of transforming a plain frock into a dressy one. It is made of pompadour ribbon with pink roses scattered over a pale-blue ground. There are suspenders of this ribbon, wide at the shoulders and narrowing toward the waist line, where they are shirred over a draped girdle. Below the girdle the ribbon broadens again into sash ends. The effect is the same at the back as at the front. The edges of the ribbon are outlined most attractively in a Grecian key design formed of narrow Valenciennes lace and black velvet baby ribbon. The girdle, which reaches to a point in front, is also outlined with the narrow black velvet ribbon, and this same ribbon is crossed just above the girdle, to look as if it were laced. With a white frock, a ribbon novelty of this sort would look extremely fetching. It could also be made up very

The new long veil, and how it should be worn

effectively in one of the brocaded tinsel ribbons, either in gold or silver, with the white lace and the black velvet ribbon forming the Grecian key outline. The ribbon, which forms the girdle, is draped over a slightly stiffened foundation and the opening which is invisible is at the side of the girdle.

Many of the prettiest of the summer evening gowns

of flowered net, shadow *chiffon*, or organdie, have the skirts trimmed with *entre deux* of pompadour ribbon. These ribbon insets run around the skirt. Sometimes but one is used and then it is very wide.

Narrow ribbon is also fashionable as a trimming. It forms flowers, leaf designs, and little flat rosettes, while shirrings and tiny ruchings of ribbon outline many of the lace motifs, which are so much the fashion.

Little separate coats of ribbon are much in favor with this year's summer girl. They vary greatly in

Ribbon bowknots may be used to trim a last year's parasol. One of this year's attractive novelties is the parasol with a strawberry handle

shape, and some are so short that they are used to give the empire effect to a gown. The prettiest are made of the flowered ribbons, and are worn with a hat which is trimmed with the same ribbon. The ribbon is either arranged in a big rosette, or in a broad bow, or with several overlapping loops at the back.

Fashions in collars are always changing, and this year much consideration seems to have been paid to the summer girl with the short, fat neck. The most exquisite of *lingerie* collars are worn, flat and round in shape. They are made of the sheerest of lawn or batiste, and have both insets of cobwebby lace and designs of raised embroidery. The very newest of these *lingerie* collars are embroidered in floral designs, and so cleverly is the work done that the collar looks as if it fastened in front with a beautiful raised flower. Very frequently this floral design is worked in a pale shade of mercerized linen thread. A white collar, with conventionalized pale-yellow carnations embroidered in front, forming in effect a buckle, is extremely smart.

Very many fashionable girls order their handkerchiefs made to match these filmy collar and cuff sets,

Linen canvas pumps, striped in color, and open-work princess ties

and whatever flower is used in the decoration of the collar and cuffs, the same flower, only much smaller, appears in one corner of the handkerchief. It is invariably worked in color, and looks extremely dainty on white handkerchiefs of cobwebby texture.

Had Money but Lost It

ORISON SWETT MARDEN

[*Concluded from page 402*]

to reverse its decision. It was proved that the lady had sworn falsely. She was perfectly innocent of any such intention, but she had sworn that she had never signed her name to a certain document. The document was produced, and, to her utter astonishment, she saw her signature affixed to it. She acknowledged at once that the signature was hers, although she had just sworn that she had never signed the paper in question. It appeared that, during her husband's lifetime, whenever papers were to be signed, he told her where to write her name, and she did as she was told, without having the slightest idea of the contents of the papers.

Power of Attorney a Dangerous Instrument

Many people have come to grief by giving full power of attorney to their lawyer or business agent. Very few impractical people, especially women, understand the significance of a full power of attorney, which authorizes the person so empowered to deal with your property in all respects as if it were his own, or as if he had for the time being assumed your personality. He may sign your name to any instrument; he may bind you to anything he pleases; he may draw money from your bank; he may impersonate you in all business transactions. In short, as far as business arrangements are concerned, he stands practically and legally for yourself. This is a tremendous power to place in the hands of another, and people should be very careful to whom they assign it. It should never be conferred on any person but one whose honesty is above suspicion, and whose knowledge of business and of men and affairs has been tried and proved.

"Oh, I signed a paper, giving full power of attorney to my lawyer before I went abroad,—I trusted everything to him,—and when I came back practically everything was gone. My business affairs were so complicated that I have not been able to unravel the snarl, and I have not had the money to fight the man I trusted." This was, in brief, the story of one man's wrecked finances, as he told it to me.

Women will often pay out large sums of money, and never think of asking for a receipt, especially if they are dealing with friends or people they know well. Intelligent women, however, ought to know that our government is a good example of how we should do business. It does not doubt President Roosevelt's honesty, and yet he must sign a voucher for his salary, just the same as the cheapest government employee. The justices of the United States Supreme Court, who are considered to be the soul of honor, and are the final arbiters of all great questions, must also sign a receipt for their salaries.

If every child in America had a thorough business training, tens of thousands of promoters, long-headed, cunning schemers, who have thriven on the people's ignorance, would be out of an occupation.

I believe that the business colleges are among the geatest blessings in American civilization to-day, because they have saved thousands of homes from being wrecked, and have made happy and comfortable tens of thousands of people who might otherwise be living in poverty and wretchedness.

Business Ignorance among Professional Men

This ignorance of practical business principles is very common among professional men. I know clergymen, journalists, authors, doctors, teachers, men in every profession, who are constantly subjected to serious embarrassment by their incapacity in business matters. Some of them do not know how to interpret the simplest business forms.

Not long ago, a Harvard graduate, occupying a very important position as a teacher, went to the president of a commercial school and asked him to give him some lessons on how to handle money, notes, etc. He said that when he went to his bank and asked them how much money he had there, they laughed at him; and that when a bank draft came to him he did not know what to do with it.

Nothing will stand you in better stead, in the hard, cold practical everyday world, than a good, sound business education. You will find that your success in any trade, occupation or profession will depend as much on your general knowledge of men and affairs as on your technical training.

No matter what your vocation may be, you must be a business man first, or you will always be placed at a great disadvantage in the practical affairs of life. We can not entirely ignore the money side of existence any more than we can the food side, and the very foundation of a practical, successful life is the ability to know how to manage the money side effectively.

It is infinitely harder to save money and to invest it wisely than to make it, and, if even the most practical men, men who have had a long training in scientific business methods, find it a difficult thing to hold on to money after they make it, what is likely to happen to people who have had practically no training in business methods?

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted by

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

DURING "cooking" weather the consideration in dress overshadowing all others is comfort. There can not be true fashion without comfort, for comfortless clothes are irrational clothes, and the spirit of modern fashion makes the well-being of the wearer a prerequisite. The old days when men suffered martydom for the sake of a fancied elegance are happily past. We have learned to suit our clothes to season and climate so accurately, that a man setting forth in summer dressed in a frock suit and silk hat excites commiserating surprise.

▲ ▲

First, as to the cut of the summer suit. It should be loose and full, to allow complete freedom in moving about. Neither the military nor the half-military jacket, which is well enough for spring, is adapted to summer. The jacket has deep patch pockets, and the trousers are turned up at the bottom with a soft roll, not pressed precisely. If one wishes, summer trousers may be cut an inch longer than ordinary trousers, so as to allow a wide turn-up. The cut of the trousers, like that of the jacket, should be loose. Tight trousers are always absurd, but particularly so in summer, when bodily comfort really depends upon an easy-breezy mode of dress. Soft flannels and serges, cool homespuns, and the ever serviceable tweeds remain the preferred materials for the summer suit, and gray and blue are the approved colors. Gray has been especially popular.

The correct styles in summer belts

▲ ▲

White serges and flannels are much worn at the fashionable watering places, and, indeed, nothing could either look or feel cooler and better fit time and place. No man who has ever reveled in the delightful sense of cleanliness conferred by a white "shore suit" would ever willingly forego the luxury. These suits are, of course, waistcoatless, and the trousers are furnished with belt loops and turned up at the bottom. A white shirt, white hose and white canvas shoes accompany the suit, together with a straw sailor hat or a soft, crushable straw dented to suit the wearer's fancy. Some men even go to the length of wearing white four-in-hand ties and white or cream-colored cloth hats with this costume, but that, surely, is carrying the one-color idea to preposterous extremes. It is never desirable to dress in a single color, because, by doing so one sacrifices all agreeable contrast, and contrast it is which lends a little life and spice to the all too somber dress of men.

▲ ▲

Knee drawers are indispensable to every man who seeks the utmost degree of comfort in summer. This, like many other sensible dress notions, originated in the university set, and has been taken up enthusiastically by young men the country wide. The freshest fad is to have one's outer shirt and knee drawers made of the same material, and to wear with them an undershirt of fine white lisle cut in the familiar "running" style.

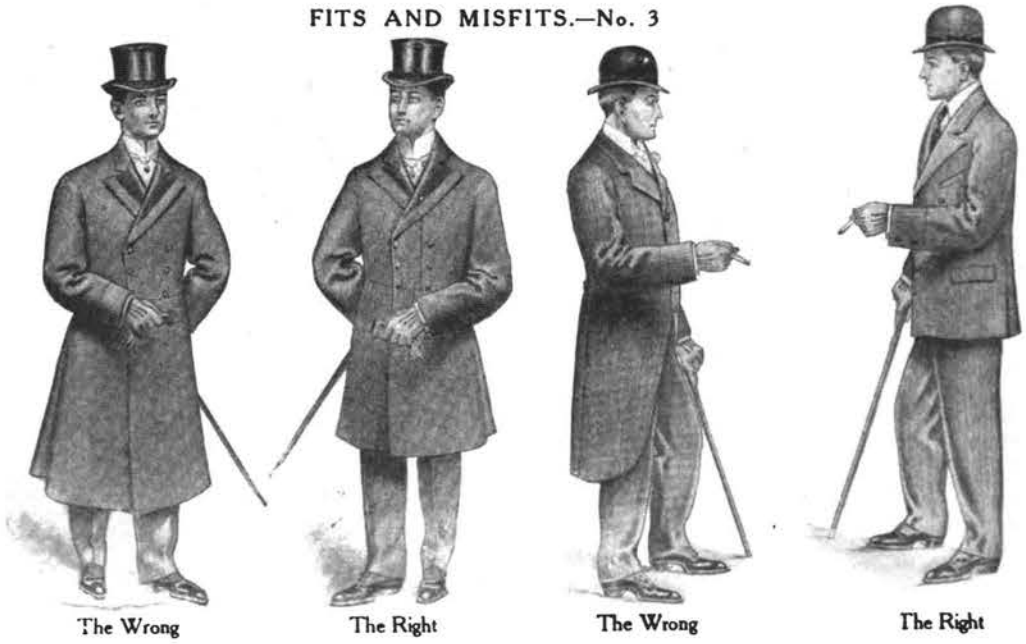
▲ ▲

In passing, it may be pertinent here to puncture a common misconception concerning dress. Coolness in summer springs not so much from wearing light clothes, as from wearing few clothes. If you unfasten your shirt at the neck or roll up your sleeves to the elbow your skin instantly feels cooler. Why? Is it because you have removed a weight from the body and thus relieved it? Oh! no. It is because you have exposed your skin to the cooling, soothing influence of the air. This is not a theory, but a fact. Therefore, wear as few clothes as possible when the sun bakes, and you will gain immeasurably in comfort. Put on knee drawers, sleeveless shirts, low shoes low collars, and hat of soft straw. Get into a suit of yielding tropical cloth, turn up your trousers and wear a belt. And, mark you, the softer and "loungier" your manner of dress, the more it is in fashion, for the mode of the day leans toward the greatest "easy-breeziness,"—it savors of blue sky and green fields.

▲ ▲

Among straw hats, so-called Milans and Mackinaws are most indorsed this season. These are soft, pliable braids, which may be shaped by a mere pressure of thumb and forefinger. College youths are especially partial to them, and, to be sure, they are more in accord with the ruling tendency toward comfort in men's dress than the stiffer sennit and split braids in the familiar sailor shape. Colored hat ribbons will be favored by young men, as usual, but, unless they be in the wearer's college or regiment colors, they are prone to look meaningless and silly. Dark blue ribbons, however, are always in good taste, and particularly when the hats are to be worn with blue serge suits.

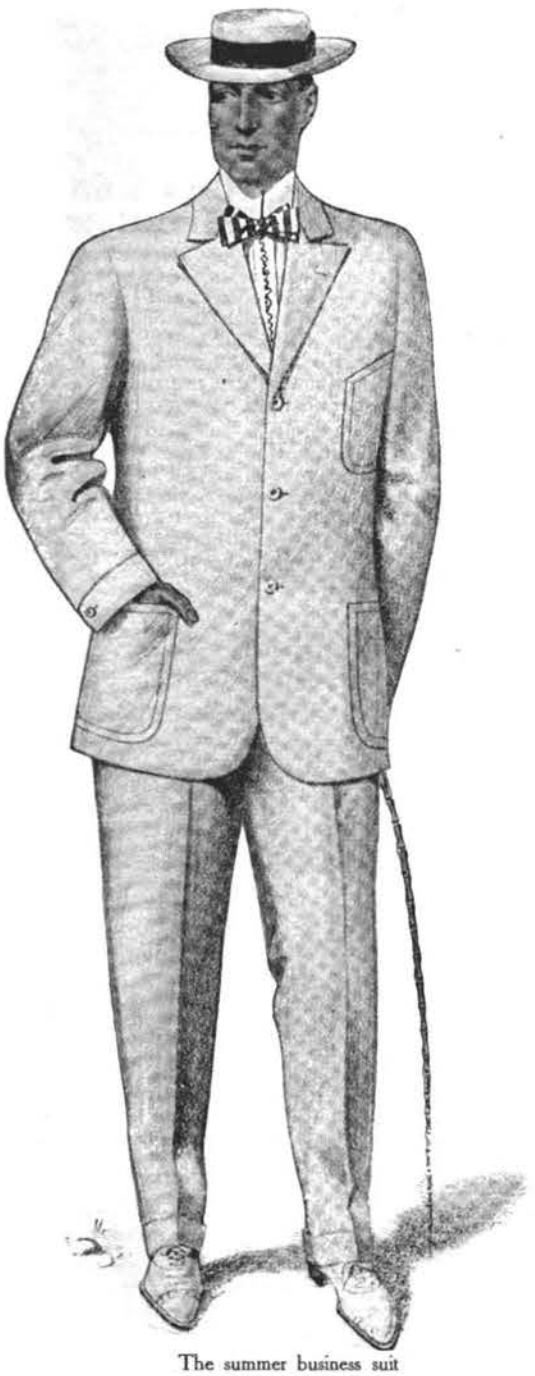
FITS AND MISFITS.—No. 3



The Wrong — The Right — The Wrong — The Right

This is particulary directed to men of short stature who are inclined to gauge their mode of dressing by the cuts adopted by their larger brethren. In the matter of the Prince Albert coat, it certainly is unbecoming to a short man when it is cut below his knees. It gives him a "dowdy," stumpy appearance, whereas he should aim to heighten his stature. Another ungainly effect is presented by short men who affect the long cutaway. This garb does not tend to enhance their appearance. It makes a short man look still shorter. Far more effective and dressy is the cutaway or frock coat of ordinary length, which is shown in the extreme right-hand corner.

Flannel shirts, being soft and less apt to soil than any others, are prime favorites. They are made with the turn-back double cuffs and soft collars, which are held in place by a gold safety pin. Be it remembered, though, that this soft cloth collar is intended purely and primarily for the country, and is as much out of place in town as a Norfolk jacket would be. A new soft flannel collar is provided in front with two tiny pearl



The summer business suit

buttons to which the tie ends are fastened. This obviates the need of tugging at the tie band when knotting and causing the soft collar to sag at the sides, hitherto the great fault of this collar.

* * *

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.]

KNOX.—The frock coat and its accessories may be worn at an evening wedding, but ceremonious evening dress is much to be preferred. This includes the "swallowtail" coat, white waistcoat, black trousers with braided outer seams, white shirt, poke or lapfront collar, white tie, white kid gloves, and patent leather shoes. The silk hat is carried in the hand and worn to and from the church or house. Groom, best man and ushers dress precisely alike. The "Tuxedo" is wholly out of place, because that is an informal suit and a wedding, in its essence, is extremely formal. If the ceremony be held at home and only a few intimate friends be invited, the black cutaway coat and its accompaniments are not incorrect. The jacket suit is not to be considered, unless you do not mind breeding, the suspicion that it is worn for thrift's sake.

* * *

EUSTIS.—We can not print the names of the makers of any article described in this department. The rule is inviolable. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope

and the names will be forwarded to you by post. While we will gladly reply to any question of general interest, we advise a careful reading of this column month by month, so as to avoid the necessity of considering anew questions which have already been answered.

* * *

HEWLETT.—A dance, being a formal affair, requires ceremonious evening dress. To be sure, the "Tuxedo" suit is worn, but it is not in the best form. There is no room for doubt that most of us look best in the "swallowtail" suit. It multiplies the short man's inches and adds to the tall man's distinction. You are right in assuming that the black waistcoat is no longer worn with evening dress. A white waistcoat looks fresher and lends an agreeable contrast, detracting measurably from the funereal appearance of too much black. Whether the trousers be plain or braided is of small consequence, though the braiding is usually preferred. Dancing pumps are only proper at a dance. Heavier shoes are generally worn to the host's house and the pumps are carried in the overcoat pocket and put on in the dressing room just before going on the dancing floor. Pumps are not obligatory, and a man may dance in any shoes he likes. Unless, however, you are a skilled dancer, sure of foot, you will find heavy shoes an awkward impediment as well as a menace to your partner's and your neighbors' partners' gowns. White gloves are worn when dancing, so that a man will not soil the dress of his partner by the imprint of moist fingers. It is no reflection upon a man not to be able to dance, though he should try to cultivate the art for sociability's sake. It is simply good breeding to endeavor to return the courtesy of an invitation to any social function by making oneself as helpful and agreeable as possible. He who can't dance has nothing for which to reproach himself, but his selfish brother who can, but won't, because it is too much trouble, or because he can't have just the partner he fancies, is a boor.

* * *

MARK.—In attending a June "commencement" or any other formal affair in the evening, an overcoat and a silk hat are worn with an evening suit. White gloves are correct at a "hop." The white tie, of course, accompanies formal dress.

* * *

L. B. C.—A gentleman always removes his hat on entering any public place where women are. He does not wear his hat to his seat at a theater, but takes it off in the lobby. The unfailing test of good breeding is the attitude of a man toward the gentle sex. Cigarettes or cigars are not smoked in the presence of women, unless permission has been granted, and, even then, the thing is in doubtful taste, unless done in the privacy of one's home. It is not at all necessary to stand with head uncovered in speaking to a woman on the street, though it is a very graceful mark of deference to do it when one is engaged in conversation with a woman advanced in years and of gentle birth.

* * *

BULWER.—Unless a man belongs to a calling tinged with some degree of formality, such as that of a physician or lawyer, he does not wear the frock coat and silk hat. They are inconvenient and unsuited to business. The so-called morning coat, a form of cutaway, is better adapted to the purpose. It unites the formality of the frock with the informality of the sack. A silk hat accompanies the black morning coat, but, if the coat be of a fancy or mixed pattern, a derby is worn.

* * *

HUB.—Separable cuffs are worn by some men for their supposed convenience, but attached cuffs are in much better taste. We certainly recommend attached cuffs at all times and for all purposes. Your objection to the attached cuff, that it "soils too easily" while you are working at your desk, is readily overcome. Cut a strip of thin paper into the outline of a cuff and slip it over the outside, securing it around with a rubber band. Nothing else could be simpler and more effective, and you will find that you can do a day's work in this manner and keep your cuffs almost spotless. The use of metal fasteners to attach the cuff to the shirt is not desirable, because the cuff is an integral part of the shirt and belongs on it in the making. The whole question is purely one of good tastle, and good taste is opposed to everything "detachable" and complicated in dress, favoring the simple and the natural.

* * *

H. D. W.—Knickerbocker trousers are no longer in favor for any sport, except wheeling. Flannel trousers are worn for golfing and tennis playing. The bandage-like "stocks" of former years have also lost caste. A brilliantly colored field square or handkerchief, knotted loosely around the neck, is worn by golfers, and, in grilling weather, the shirt is left unfastened at the throat with nothing around it. "Dressing up" for a sport is the badge of the tyro, who sees in the game merely an opportunity to pose and strut. The true sportsman dresses simply and comfortably, and puts his complete thought into the task at hand. We all remember the scarlet-coated golfer of years ago, and a very picturesque figure he cut, but to-day he would only excite polite derision as a "tenderfoot."

* * *

GOTHAM.—The proper glove to accompany a gray

frock suit is a gray *suède*. The gray frock coat, though little worn by Americans, is undeniably becoming to a tall, slender man, and is quite as correct as the more conventional black. The waistcoat should not be gray, as too much of one color renders a costume lifeless, but white or any light shade. The trousers always match the coat.

* * *

BEAU.—If you can comfortably do so, wear a poke or lapfront collar with formal evening dress. If you can't, wear a wing. The fold goes only with the "Tuxedo" suit. The V-shaped fold may properly accompany either informal day or informal evening dress. Colored studs and links, such as amethysts, carbuncles, jades and cat's-eyes, are perhaps excusable for wear with the "Tuxedo," but the "swallowtail" allows only pearls or moonstones. Gray, not white, is the preferred color of the "Tuxedo" waistcoat.

* * *

G. J. C.—See answer to the first question in this department. If you did not get a reply to your letter by post, you doubtless omitted to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. This is imperative. It may not be amiss here to impress upon correspondents the fact that their inquiries can not be answered the month they are received, but the month following. The necessities of printing compel this. Letters of pressing importance will be answered immediately by post, if the rules at the head of this department are heeded.

* * *

ITHACA.—The soft flannel collar, which is held in place by a safety pin, is only suited to country, traveling, and lounge wear. For town use, a linen collar alone is correct. The flannel shirt with soft cuffs, however, may be worn in town or out, it matters not.

The Beginnings of Styles

CLOTHES are supposed to have been introduced into the world at an early stage of its existence, and as a sequel to a regrettable incident. It was a case then not of clothes and the man, but of the man and clothes:

New styles in straw hats

also the woman; but without the present preponderating interest, ladies' newspapers not having been as yet invented. These primeval garments took the form of aprons. By some oversight this fact has not been made much of by Freemasons, though aprons are understood to play a part in certain mysteries. Why aprons, it is not for the uninitiated to conjecture the reason. "Something not very creditable, I'll be bound," said Mrs. Caudle. Once upon a time the sentence, "they sewed leaves together and made themselves aprons" was misprinted "breeches," which implies a difficult achievement. If you have a Bible with this mistake in it you will reap great gain by the sale of it. Leaves, then, were the first raw material, and the fig leaf has been a symbol of affected modesty ever since. Breeches, or "bifurcated integuments," were of very late introduction into the history of clothing; but the author of "Clothes and the Man" does not go back

even thus far, though he tells the sad story of "Fashion's" earliest English prerunners.

In January, 1777, was commenced "The Magazine à la Mode, or Fashionable Miscellany." "At a time when so many magazines are extant," said the editorial note, with a lamentable want of foresight, "it may be expected that something should be alleged in support of the utility of the present plan." But most likely every age has felt that it had too many newspapers, even before the "Daily Mail" was invented. "The Magazine à la Mode" languished and died within a year. It contained chiefly "poetry" and observations on the Russian Empire, in which respect "Fashion," a few months ago, followed this early example. In point of fact, "Fashion," though this author does not say so, is the first example of a permanently successful periodical wholly devoted to male attire, except tailors' technical journals. In June, 1786, appeared the first number of "The Fashionable Magazine; or, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Monthly Record of New Fashions: Being a Complete Universal Repository of Taste and Elegance for Both Sexes."

In his preface the editor said, "The dominion of fashion has been so universally established in this country that a magazine issuing its decrees must be allowed to appear with singular propriety." This plea is a little ambiguous, but he went on to explain with a good deal of ambition that "literature of every species, excellent in its kind, and collaterally connected with the leading principles of the work, will be cultivated with assiduity under the auspices of the editor, and exhibited to the public in such a style of superior accuracy and perfection as can not fail to command esteem, while it promotes amusement. We have ventured," he pursues, "to usher our labors into the world with an elegance, and consequently an expense which nothing but the most unbounded encouragement can repay, assured that if our abilities are found equal to our endeavors a generous and discerning public will immediately recognize our deserts and reward us with a liberal hand." This is the English of a *baboo*; and the generous and discerning public did not reward the hopeful editor with a sufficiently liberal hand to keep the magazine alive for six months.

The Long Thoughts of Youth

By James W. Foley

"MAMMA!"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, why did my hair have to be red?"

"Why, I don't know, darling. It just happened so, I guess."

"Did you pick out the color, mama?"

"No, dear. It just happened to grow that way."

"Well, did papa pick it out?"

"No, it just chanced to grow that color, dear. I guess God made it so."

"Oh, God picked it out for me, did He?"

"I don't know that He just exactly picked it out, dear, that is, I don't know that He—well, you know, He did n't exactly say your hair would have to be red, but He rules everything, you know, even the birds and the little fishes."

"Well, He did n't give any of the birds or little fishes red hair, did He?"

"No, but then, that 's different, you know."

"I don't see why it 's different, mama. Did n't He know I did n't want red hair?"

"Why I don't know, child. He probably did n't think about it."

"Well, He knows everything, does n 't He? He would n 't have to think about it to know it. Why could n 't He just as well give me a color I like? He 's got plenty of brown hair, has n't He?"

"I suppose so, dear. But then, we must take what God gives us and try to be satisfied."

"But why did He give it to me when I did n 't like it? I never did anything to Him, did I?"

"No, child. But that 's His will, you know. We must n't ask why."

"But don't you think it 's sort of mean for God to give me red hair just because He wanted to? He had plenty of brown hair. Why did n't He give me brown hair?"

"Hush, child. God loves you. You must n't talk so."

"Well, mama, if you loved anybody, would you go and give them red hair to wear around all their life?"

"No, I don't know that I would."

"Well, don't you think God loves me as much as you do?"

"Yes, much more."

"Well, then, why did He give me red hair?"

"I don't know, child. We must n 't try to inquire into His purposes."

"Do you s 'pose, mama, there 's any red hair in heaven?"

"No, dear; we 'll all have new bodies there."

"Well, we 'll have hair, won't we?"

"I guess so, dear."

"Why is n't it likely to be red hair, then?"

"Why, it will all be different there, child. We 'll all have golden hair there."

"Well," (with a deep sigh,) "it will be a big relief to be able to go out on the street without hearing somebody say, 'Here comes that brick-top Perkins kid again!'"

"The Honor of the Corps"

By CHARLES CHAMPLIN COOPER

Illustrated by L. W. Lee

"His thoughts flashed back to the old days at West Point"

THE office in which he was standing was large and well appointed, not with the extravagant luxury that characterizes some of the large mercantile institutions, but with the rich substantial simplicity that marks the government office. In his official capacity as a captain in a corps of engineers, he had recently been assigned to duty in one of the large stations of river improvement.

Bending over a long table near his desk, he intently scanned the blueprint which lay before him. His nervous fingers traced the lines of a great breakwater that shut out the fierce sea from the peaceful harbor. Measuring the length of the breakwater with his scale, he compared the result with a penciled memorandum on the table.

"My God," he murmured, "nothing can be done! It means ruin or dishonor."

With nervous step he began to pace the floor, now and again halting to bathe his haggard face. The cold water seemed to refresh his eyes, wearied from his all-night vigil, and once more he seated himself at the desk. With an effort, he checked the twitching of his lips and the trembling of his hands, and nerved himself for the battle before him.

Taking a letter from his pocket, he gazed at it with troubled eyes. Since he had received it, the afternoon before, he had read and re-read it, until each hasty blot and hurried scrawl seemed burned into his brain. The letter was short and without any signature, but the young man knew it was from his sister's husband, a brother officer, major in his own corps. He had just relieved this officer of the harbor work in his charge, and the touch of his sister's arms was still about his neck, as she had bidden him good-by and had told him never to forget that her husband and he were all she had in the world.

"What you write," the letter stated, "concerning a discrepancy in the amount of work actually done on the breakwater and the amount stated in the vouchers as paid to the contractors is all true. My God, Ned, I wish it were otherwise. I have gone wrong, first a little, then deeper and deeper, in an effort to retrieve what I had lost. This went on until you came to relieve me of the work. I can do nothing now. The amount is too large for me to make up in any way. You can cover it up, if you will, and I beg you, Ned, do it, save me, and I'll live straight the rest of my life. Wait until the winter storms have swept over the works, and then report the loss as due to the ravages of the sea on unfinished work. Change your assistants from one post to another, and you can cover it up. For *my* sake, Ned, I don't ask it, but I go almost wild when I think of Nellie. For God's sake, Ned, protect her. She is your sister, and it will kill her. You know a little child is expected in the month. My wrong can not be righted, and nothing can be gained by making an innocent woman carry this burden. I ask much, but it is all for her."

Yes, she was his sister, his young sister, for whom he had worked and sacrificed ever since they had been children together. They had been alone in the world, and she, a frail girl, had clung to him and lavished

upon him all the affection that her loneliness had called forth.

Crushing the paper in his hand, he thrust it back into his pocket, and sat with drawn face and tense muscles.

He was called from his thoughts by the appearance of the office messenger, who ushered in a tall, gray-haired gentleman, in civilian dress, but with all the marks that betoken the army officer. His step was firm and elastic, and his shoulders square.

He greeted the younger man cordially.

"Captain, I am Colonel Summers, your division engineer, and have come down to see you settled in your new work."

The young man arose and took the proffered hand.

"I am glad to see you, Colonel Summers. I did not know that you were in this part of the country."

"No," replied the older man as he seated himself, "I did not expect to be here until a month later, but the chief, in a personal note, expressed a desire that I run down to assist and advise you in your work here. You were fortunate to obtain so important an assignment. Your other work has met with approval, and I have known for some time that you were slated for a good post."

After a cordial personal conversation, large blueprints and drawings were unrolled, and the two officers entered upon a detailed discussion of the projects and plans for the works.

It was at the end of this discussion that the older man, who for some time had been intently watching the face of the other, said, "Captain, pardon me, but are you well? Are you putting in too much time on this kind of work? Remember that, if you overdo, the government will lose as much as if you shirk. Take it easier and go slower. No man can master all the details of the work in a large district, and you should learn which portion to work out yourself and which to leave to your assistants. You are not looking well, and I advise you to try an inspection trip for a week."

The young man flushed. "Colonel Summers," was his response, "has it not frequently occurred to you that all the anxiety and trouble we have in disbursing these large appropriations is without recompense."

"That may be true, in a measure," was the answer. "Even in the field, the engineers do not receive their just meed of reward. In the Civil War I knew of a case in point. It was necessary to construct intrenchments between the fighting lines. It was possible to throw up the earthworks at night, but the task of laying them out must be done in the day. Lieutenant Sharp was detailed for the work, and he coolly took his transit and went to work. It was fine to see him. It takes brave men to attack an army behind intrenchments; it takes more valiant men to await silently an attack upon their own position; but it takes a hero to stand between two fighting armies, and, without thought of the one or the other, stake off lines of entrenchment. Lieutenant Sharp died a major, and, out of his class in West Point, four died colonels, and two, generals in the regular line. In a way, we do not get the recognition from the public that may seem due, and yet the men who really count understand and appreciate our work."

"Still," insisted the younger man, "even in the time of peace, the corps is not appreciated. From an engineering point of view, the task of these great works of improvement is a definite one, and the problems are amenable to labor and thought. The financial and executive side, however, is another matter. What compensates for the anxiety that comes in the disbursement of large sums of government money, the trouble with influential contractors, who have access to the powers at headquarters, and the constant and often unscrupulous antagonism of the mighty corporations, railroads, and bridge companies, whose interests are often inimical to river and harbor improvement? Colonel Summers, I believe I am becoming discouraged."

Colonel Summers had been carefully watching the face of the captain. One does not reach the rank of division engineer without learning to read his fellow man. He knew that the man was ill from overwork, or that there was some definite trouble in his work.

"Captain," his voice was low and even, "what you say is true, but there is another side. There is the conscious knowledge of work well done, there is the pride of disbursing without bond great appropriations of the nation's money, and then, too," and the old man stood erect, and his voice grew a trifle stern, "there is, sir, the honor of the corps."

Ah! The honor of the corps!

He had forgotten that. In an instant his thoughts flashed back to the old days at West Point. His face blazed red and then grew white. Slowly, but firmly, he pushed back his chair and arose. His heels clicked as he brought them together in the old military position, and his hand went to his forehead in the old salute.

"Colonel Summers," he said in a strained and harsh tone, "I have the honor, sir, to report that, by some collusion between the contractors on the South Bay breakwater and my predecessor, the government has been systematically robbed."

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The "loose change" which many young men throw away carelessly, or worse, would often form the basis of a fortune and independence.

The Editor's Chat

Mental Activity and Longevity

NOTHING else reacts so favorably upon the various functions of the body as strong and vigorous mental exercise. Nothing else will take the place of clear, forcible thinking. It is a perpetual tonic. The moment there is chaos in the mental kingdom there is anarchy in the physical kingdom.

It is well known that great thinkers are longer-lived, as a rule, than indifferent thinkers.

A celebrated English physician says that to attain a long life the brain must always be active when not asleep, and he lays great stress upon the necessity of everybody having a hobby outside of the vocation which gives him a living, a hobby in which he will take delight, and which will exercise pleasantly, agreeably, and not in a hard, strenuous way, his mental faculties. Activity means life; inaction, death.

Nothing will destroy itself quicker than an idle brain. If there is anybody in this world to be pitied, it is the one who thinks he has nothing to do, no motive to impel him out of himself, no ambition which will exercise his brain, or his ingenuity, and call out his resourcefulness, or exercise his energies.

Dressing Fresh Wounds with Mustard

A GREAT many people insist on sprinkling mustard on your fresh wounds of grief, or disappointment, loss, or failure, by reminding you of them, probing them, and suggesting remedies, when if they would only let you alone, and just be cheerful and sympathetic, they would give you real help.

These Job's comforters ask all sorts of questions about the son, daughter, or husband, or other relative who died, what their symptoms were at the last, whether or not they were conscious and realized that their end was near, what they said, how they appeared, and whether or not they suffered much pain at the last.

They are not conscious of the terrible suffering they inflict. Many of them are trying to satisfy their own curiosity, though largely without knowing it. They are anxious to learn every little detail, and do not realize that every time the subject is mentioned the mind of the sufferer is filled with recollections of his grief. This kind of sympathy is like putting kerosene on a fire which one would extinguish.

The kindest thing we can do for people in great grief is not to refer to its cause, but to try and keep the mind away from it, to cheer them, and, through kindness and love, call them away from their sorrow. The great object should be to replace the shadows of grief with the bright sunshine of hope.

A College Education at Home

I WISH it were possible to show boys and girls who long to get on in the world, but who feel that they are crippled by the lack of an education, that it is not such a difficult thing to get at home a good substitute for a regular course at school or even a college course.

The trouble with most young people is that they look upon a college education as something very formidable. They regard it in the same way as most people look upon a fortune,—that it is useless for them to try to get rich; that they have nothing but a few dimes or a few dollars, and it would be useless for them to try to build up a fortune on such little beginnings. They do not seem to realize that the first hundred dollars saved may mean more to them than thousands of dollars after they get a good start and are well established, for the first dollars saved are like the seed which the farmer sows, which is a thousand times as valuable to him as the same amount of corn left in the crib, because it may multiply itself ten thousand times.

If boys and girls could only realize that a college course is simply made of single hours of study and of reading and thinking, it would not seem so formidable. Every hour of highly concentrated study at home may be almost as good as the same hour so spent in a college. Very few graduates have gone out into the world as well equipped mentally as some of our most eminent American statesmen who never saw as many books during all the years of their boyhood as the average boy now may see in a day.

If our boys and girls could only realize that their spare moments spent in study, in systematic reading, in concentrated thinking, in self-improvement, and in disciplining the mind are like the farmer's seed sowing, that all these will add wonderfully to the great life harvest; that these little investments in improving the odds and ends of time will give untold satisfaction!

I know a number of young men who had almost no schooling, who were obliged to go to work at from twelve to fourteen years of age, but who have so improved their spare time that no one would ever dream that they were not college educated. I have in mind one young man who was never even graduated from a high school, and yet he has been principal of two. He

has been offered professors' chairs in some of our universities. But spare time and half holidays have meant something to this man. He has squeezed from them their possibilities. When a boy, it did not make any difference to him who else was throwing away his time, he would not, for he could see untold wealth in it. The result is that he is consulted by college presidents and professors and by other eminent men, because of his expert knowledge on a great many questions. He did not go to college, but he has been a student in the great university of life.

I wish it were possible to show boys and girls who see no way to go to college the splendid education that there is in good reading, what a splendid education is possible from reading history alone, and they could certainly get this part of a college course at home without a teacher.

English literature is another important part of a college course; and there is no boy or girl so poor that he can not get this at home. The same is true of logic and rhetoric, of natural history, of physics, and so we might go through the curriculum of a liberal education, and we would be surprised to see how easy the whole thing is, looking at it, not from the standpoint of four full years in college, and perhaps three more in preparation, but by looking at the single hours and the separate subjects. They are not at all formidable.

The habit of self-improvement, of studying by oneself, is of untold advantage, for, when once acquired, it is usually kept up through life and does not stop at the end of the college course, while college graduates are too apt to depend upon diplomas as evidences of "finished" educations, and often do not think it necessary to keep up reading and study.

With all the splendid opportunities for outside study which this country affords, it is sad to see young people grow up in ignorance, murdering the English language, ignorant of their own country's history and geography, ignorant of the principles of science, and knowing almost nothing of the literature of their own language.

Why not avail yourself of the chance to use the untold wealth locked up in your long winter evenings and odd moments, which most people throw away?

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The Wealth You Carry with You

IF you have made the proper self-investment in self-improvement, in self-culture, self-education, and self-help, no matter how much money you may get, your greatest wealth will be in yourself; the wealth you carry with you, which does not inhere in your own character or personality, is not real riches.

If people can not see your wealth the first time they meet you, without any previous knowledge of you, without any inventory of the material things you possess, then you are not really rich.

The wealth that you must leave at home or in your safety vault, or in your houses and lands, is not real riches.

What would you think of a diver who would voluntarily ruin his health in trying to get a pearl, and who would throw away the larger in trying to get something of infinitely less value?

The trouble with us is, we place the emphasis on the wrong thing. The man ought to be of infinitely greater value than the mere inanimate material things for which he strives.

If we were to be transported to another world, and should find the inhabitants all intoxicated with a mania for some material object, if we should find men throwing away their health and trading their characters for this material, we should think it unaccountably foolish.

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The Boy and the Sunday School

AT a meeting of Sunday school superintendents, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. E. H. Robinson said:—

"The boy in his teens is not in the Sunday school. We deplore it. The boy God has made does not meet our plans. Clearly God is driving the boy out of the Sunday school. The real truth is that we have not made the Sunday school to attract the boy God has made. The boy of energy and fire wants an outlet for his energy. Now, which is more important, the boy as he is or the schools as they are to-day? The boy is vastly more important.

"There is no period more critical than the period of adolescence. It is the storm and stress period of a boy's life. You can not present a Christianity that is made up of don'ts to a boy. He wants to know of something he can do, not a lot of things he must not do. He must have room to work off the energy God has pumped into him."

Is it strange that a boy, so bubbling over with animal spirits and surplus energy that he can scarcely sit still long enough to eat his meals, should prefer to be out in God's beautiful sunlight, romping in the fields and through the woods, listening to nature's great orchestra,—the singing of the birds, the music of the babbling brook, the soughing of the breezes,—where everything is glad and good and beautiful, where every object fascinates and draws the attention? Is it strange that he is charmed with this marvelous panorama, this wonderful nature picture, this "garden of the gods," and prefers it to the close, stuffy, artificial, unattractive Sunday-school rooms?

How dark and gloomy they are in comparison with the great beauty and joy of the world outside! How

unattractive when pitted against the thousand things in nature that appeal irresistibly to the normal boy! He is happy in the midst of natural objects because he is a part of them. He feels kinship with them all. They seem to speak to him. Everything in nature beckons to him, smiles at him. He loves it all because there is a kinship between God's ideas in flower and tree and meadow and God's idea in himself.

Why should he not be fascinated with it? Why should he not love it? Make the Sunday school give him something as good, as necessary to his nature, or he will continue to desert it.

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"Backbone!"

HAVE N'T you depended upon clothes, upon appearances, upon introductions, upon recommendations about long enough? Have n't you leaned about long enough on other things? Is n't it about time for you to call a halt, to tear off all masks, to discard everything you have been leaning on outside of yourself, and depend upon your own worth?

Have n't you been in doubt about yourself long enough? Have n't you had enough unfortunate experiences depending upon superficial, artificial outside things to drive you home to the real power in yourself? Are n't you tired of leaning and borrowing and depending upon this thing and that thing which have failed you?

The man who learns to seek power within himself, who learns to rely upon himself, is never disappointed; but he always will be disappointed when he depends upon any outside help. There is one person in the world that will never fail you if you depend upon him, and are honest with him; and that is, yourself.

It is the self-reliant man that is in demand everywhere.

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The Lark in a Cage

WHEN Charles Wagner was in New York he told how lonely and homesick he was, when a poor boy in Paris, until one day he heard the song of a lark in a cage. Then he closed his eyes and the blue skies and green fields and the dark woods of his native Alsace all came back to him. He thought that if a lark, which was made to soar aloft in the free air of heaven, could be happy enough to sing in a cage, where it could not use its wings, he ought to be able to find happiness even among strangers in a great lonely city. He soon learned to read sermons in stones, and gradually to see the beautiful in the common, and good in everything.

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Where Are the Good Chances To-day?

In the man who can do things with force and originality, not simply dream about them.

In the young man or woman who is always ready and able to "carry a message to Garcia."

In the worker who takes the trouble to go to the bottom of everything, who is thorough in small things as well as in large.

In the youth who consecrates himself to one unwavering aim.

In the man or woman who not only has high ideals, but is also willing to make sacrifices to live up to them.

In the one who takes the thorns in his occupation with as good a grace as the roses.

In the employee who does not measure the quality and quantity of his work by the amount of his salary.

In the young man or young woman who is willing to do a little occasional extra work without pay and without grumbling.

In the man who no more doubts his success when hewing his way through obstacles than when his road lies smooth before him.

In the one who has conquered fear, and whose faith in God and confidence in self never waver.

In the soul who always minimizes difficulties.

In the man who never loses sight of his goal no matter what difficulties beset him.

In the worker who brings power instead of weakness to his task.

In the man or woman who is working for a noble, unselfish end.

In the one who expects great things of himself, and spares no pains in the effort to realize his expectations.

In the man who puts his faith in hard work and stick-to-it-ive-ness rather than in luck.

In the worker who sees opportunities to be accurate, prompt, courteous, kind, generous, true in everything he does.

In the man or woman who never gives way to discouragement, who is always faced toward the sun, who acts, thinks, and lives in expectation of success.

In the courageous struggler who puts grit, determination, and will power against his handicap, whatever it may be.

In every man, woman, and child, not outside of him, not here or there, or elsewhere, dependent on this circumstance or that, but *right within himself*, is the possibility of a grand success.

Wisdom never opens her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price of admission. There are no bargains at her counters, no short cuts to her goal. "Pay the price or leave the goods," is her motto.

The Human Side of Business

By ARTHUR WARREN

[*Concluded from page 389*]

commonest error, in these days of large enterprises, is to permit managing men to swamp themselves with detail. But some concerns compel this by declining to pay adequate salaries for proper assistants. If you see that a manager's desk is always choked with work you may be sure that he has not learned the most successful part of management,—division of labor. He has n't the right kind of assistants. Perhaps he thinks he does n't want them. Perhaps the company won't give them to him. In any case the result is the same, for the right kind of man will relinquish his position and will decline the responsibility when he finds that the company will not employ the right kind of men.

The concern has a large staff of salesmen, all more or less technically trained. The country is divided into districts. Each district is in charge of a district manager with his office in the most important city in the district. The territory allotted to him may cover five hundred thousand square miles, or it may cover fifty thousand. The district manager may have five salesmen under him, or he may have twenty, according to circumstances. There are thirty districts, perhaps more. A wide-awake sales manager has to direct them all,—a man who can do something more than squabble over expense accounts, screw down salaries, and bully his men. All contracts above a certain figure have to be referred to him. The new executive must overhaul the contract forms used by the company. The chances are that they were not adequate to the purpose. The sales manager watches the records of his men, and knows who sells at the least expense. He must, in conjunction with the executive, fix the prices in important transactions, in spite of any fables put forth by the price-list department.

In some of the big businesses price lists are made to be broken. When the manufacturers are hungry for business the prices tumble in every direction in order that the works may be kept going, and with the vigorous competition there is now in some lines it becomes very difficult to restore prices to a proper profit-earning level when times are prosperous. It can't be done with a rush and a run. There are some lines of business in which the official price lists are in a state of meaningless chaos. There are, in various industries, several big concerns that cut prices against each other in what seems to be a panicky fashion. One is determined to pull up abreast of the others, and the others are determined that it shall not.

The other day a company in New York quoted $39,000 on a line of machines desired by a power-using establishment. Another company quoted $38,360; a third company, $37,750. There was practically nothing to choose in the quality of the output. One company's work was as good as the others. This, sometimes, is actually the case. Deliveries, too, were promised for equally punctual dates, but it is always easy to promise deliveries. Such promises have been known to be fulfilled. Well, what happened? New York cut to $35,000; the second concern went down with a run to $33,000, and the third offered to do the job for $30,000. The customer, delighted at the prospect, and knowing that he had the trio on the run, played his game accordingly. The business, if it can be dignified with that term, ended by the second company getting the contract for $18,000, knowing well enough that it would lose money by the transaction, but being determined to keep its competitors out of that bailiwick.

The other day the same big three came into conflict again in Michigan. They started in at $50,000. There was less than $500 difference between the highest bid and the lowest. The telegraph wires were kept busy, and men were started off by the fastest trains. New York won, this time, at a little over $30,000, with no profit.

It is easy to do business in this way: it can be done by office boys; but expensive men are usually put on to arrange these profit-dropping contests. What is the object of it all? What is the use of deliberately seeking business at a loss? The answer is easy: "We must do up the other fellow." The concern with the longest purse will win, in the long run. If money is to be lost in one direction, it may be made in another. No wonder that concerns doing business in this way are forever perturbed about their expenses!

Some companies have a man-of-all-work to pare down expenses wherever he can see them. He may be a vice president, or he may be an assistant to the general manager. It does n't much matter what he is called, so long as he is eyes and ears for his chief. He watches everything, makes confidential verbal reports of everything he hears, "pumps" and "jollies" with the same breath, questions subordinates when their superiors are away on duty, looks for leaks, and busily makes suggestions for changes and improvements. His is not the pleasantest job in the world, although some men seem to like it. It requires a peculiar talent and temperament.

There was a vice president, once, who watched his heads of departments and district managers by the aid of detectives. This man was known as the greatest disorganizer in forty states.

He was the most successful trouble-breeder in the temperate latitudes. The telephone switchboard in the

general office of his company had a detective wire to his desk, and the chief operator was privately paid by him to switch on any conversation that he might be interested in overhearing. A reforming president stumbled on this condition of affairs, removed the operator, cut the connection, installed a new switchboard, and persuaded the directors to relieve the vice president of his duties, in spite of the fact that the overthrown busybody was one of the largest holders of the company's stock. The irate vice president never forgave this intrusion upon his cherished and long-standing prerogatives, and he intrigued until he succeeded in removing the reformer. Square dealing is powerless against some men.

A most difficult person to "organize" is the office boy. We hear so much about the bright American boy, and the achievements of the public schools, that the wonder is where the office boys come from. They bring certificates of some sort from their teachers, but—! Every big concern has a procession of boys trooping through its offices and works, day after day. But the boys, for the most part, are obstinate and incompetent. When a bright boy appears he finds his opportunity quickly enough, and if he has staying powers he will get on. But the majority of youngsters that apply for jobs have no manners, they can't spell, and they are always watching the clock. They don't know whether San Francisco is in Cuba or the Philippines, or whether Los Angeles is in Spain or the Sandwich Islands, and discrimination in the matter of foreign postage is beyond them. Discipline they object to, and they abhor taking orders. When it comes to that, the average young American of to-day does not take orders easily. He seems to suspect some hideous design upon his freedom and equality. After all, rudimentary information in geography, orthography, the wearing of hats and the omission of coats in offices, and certain glimmerings of politeness are not without importance in business. The average applicant for office-boydom has no notion of responsibility. He will take a job to-day and abandon it to-morrow, on any pretext, or on none at all.

But in capacity for vexation the average stenographer can give him points. Most stenographers are good laundresses or baseball pitchers spoiled. Polysyllables try their souls; the uncommon word fuddles their keys; language is, in their minds, a device by which intelligent communication can be prevented, and initiative is a term without meaning. They believe that punctuation is given only to the gods, for they themselves know nothing of it. On the other hand, really capable stenographers are among the most helpful equipments of a business office, but their rarity is beyond belief.

Jealousy is one of the obstacles which the organizer must encounter. Any business which needs reorganizing is bound to be well saturated with this disturbing spirit. Many men are little-minded. They may be good enough men, in their way, as human entities, but brush them up together in a big business undertaking and you ruffle all their little weaknesses. The ten thousand men represent every sort of human nature. The strong character at the head dominates all these, if he is given time enough. Most men represent their leaders fairly well. The file is apt to reflect the qualities of the rank. So a great business organization, in its policy, its product, its methods, and its men, comes to reflect the character of its executive. A broad-minded, liberal man wants men about him who can appreciate his methods and carry them into effect. A mean spirit seeks its kind. But, let the executive be as big and broad as he may, there are not enough liberal spirits to go around and supply all the positions of authority.

A great corporation contains a good many prizes, and there are always men who will intrigue for them and knife their friends in the dark. Almost every great concern has these characters meddling with affairs within it. Business is like politics in this.

The sort of reorganizer we have been considering will be a just man, and square in his dealings. He will not permit any man to accuse another behind his back. He may be severe, but he will examine both sides of a question and will not jump at any conclusion. He will recognize faithful service and will know how to get under the appearances of things. He will do his best to suppress "company politics;" he will not permit men to go over the heads of their superiors, or around the back way; for, when that kind of affair goes on, things happen which don't get into the papers.

The great art in successful business management is that of managing men. The right men, rightly managed, will take care of the material in the right way. Managers who ride roughshod over their staffs, and who browbeat and encourage talebearing, never obtain the best results. They never inspire loyalty, and loyalty is a more powerful force for business success than many men realize. A mere board of directors does not inspire loyalty. What men want is a man. Square dealing breeds loyalty, but only a square man can deal squarely.

Every man in a position of responsibility should have an understudy. Illness, death, promotion, resignation, competition and the growth of trade may, and do, cause vacancies. Too much time is lost, too many experiments are tried, and too much bad feeling is engendered by a policy that drives its men too hard, on the one hand, or, on the other hand, always seeks for outsiders to fill vacancies or newly created positions. A concern may easily be "penny wise and pound foolish" in this regard. For one thing, a good understudy would be a capable assistant, especially under a liberal management.

Fighting the Telephone Trust

By PAUL LATZKE

[*Concluded from page 404*] •

were floating about would have been turned into absolute conviction by such a course. They were much too clever for that. Instead they kept us on in blind ignorance, used us, hampered us, and had us do their dirty work in all innocence. We served admirably as cats'-paws. They did try to force me to get along without Judge Taylor, on the score of saving expense, but I made the necessity of his retention so clear that they could find no legitimate excuse for dismissing him, and to have done so nevertheless would have been a clear give-away."

When Judge Taylor learned, a year afterwards, that, at the very moment when the Bell counsel was pleading for judgment against the Kinloch and Kellogg Companies, the Kellogg Company had already been under Bell control for several months, his amazement was unbounded. The news came to him through Mr. Kellogg, and he was the first one outside of the circle immediately concerned to know of the transaction.

Mr. Kellogg's knowledge had come under most dramatic circumstances. When, in spite of the general belief that he was a dying man, he had partially recovered his health in California, he wrote to Mr. DeWolf, asking that gentleman to meet him at Omaha in order to go over the affairs of the Kellogg Company and evolve plans for its continued conduct. At first Mr. DeWolf endeavored to postpone the meeting on the ground that Mr. Kellogg was not sufficiently recovered to undertake the cares of business. When, however, the latter insisted, Mr. DeWolf agreed finally to meet him at Denver. There, on the morning of July 4, 1902, at the Windsor Hotel, Kellogg and DeWolf met, in the former's room. Without introduction Mr. DeWolf told his brother-in-law bluntly what he had done. His excuse for selling to the Bell people was that he believed Mr. Kellogg's affairs hopelessly involved. Mr. Kellogg was fairly stunned; he was still weak, and on the verge of nervous collapse, and this unexpected blow almost proved too much for him. But with admirable courage he controlled himself, went to Colorado Springs for a few days' further rest, and then sent for Judge Taylor, to whom he confided the facts.

The Judge, as soon as Mr. Kellogg's health permitted him to take up the matter, began negotiations for the return of the Kellogg stock and the repayment of the purchase money. Mr. Enos M. Barton, president of the Werlein Electric Company, to whom the request was directed, refused to consider it. Judge Taylor, in Mr. Kellogg's behalf, offered to pay a large bonus. This was also declined. Then Mr. Kellogg appealed in person to Mr. Barton on the score of old friendship. They had been boys together at college, had worked side by side for years when they first started out in business life, and, until their differences in connection with the Bell Company, had always been close friends. Mr. Kellogg begged Mr. Barton and also Mr. Fish to look at the transaction from an ethical standpoint; to consider the damage that would result to Mr. Kellogg's friends and customers, and to the employees of the Kellogg Company who had been placed in a false light by the action of the parties concerned in the sale of the stock. To this appeal, also, Mr. Barton and the Bell Company turned deaf ears.

Convinced, finally, that negotiations were useless, Judge Taylor, with Mr. Kellogg's consent, informed Mr. Dunbar of what had happened. Mr. Dunbar, with Kempster B. Miller, F. J. Dommerque, and W. W. Dean, engineers of the Kellogg Company, were minority stock-

holders in the corporation. It was Mr. Miller and Mr. Dommerque who had acted as agents in obtaining the Buffalo and Los Angeles contracts.

Naturally, as men of honor, they felt their positions unendurable when they learned the facts and joined with Mr. Kellogg in an endeavor to induce the Bell men to rescind their action.

Messrs. Miller and Dommerque jointly wrote a personal letter to Mr. Fish that might have been supposed to bring any man of honor around to their way of thinking. It was a frank, manly, straightforward appeal, asking that the question be considered on a high plane. They pointed out that, through their action at Los Angeles and Buffalo, they were put in an impossible situation unless Mr. Fish would come to their rescue and relinquish control of the Kellogg Company. Mr. Fish's answer was curt and to the point. He declined to consider the ethical question involved. He denied their right to interfere in the matter and desired them to consider the incident closed.

It was then decided that it was hopeless to think of influencing the Bell people on moral grounds, and another course of action was undertaken. The facts up to this time had been kept secret in the hope that something might be done to disentangle the affair with honor to those concerned. Now secrecy was abandoned and Messrs. Dunbar, Miller, Dommerque, Dean, and a number of other minority stockholders joined in a suit to have the sale of Mr. Kellogg's stock set aside. This suit was brought in the circuit court of Illinois, on June 5, 1903, and is still pending. The filing of this suit was the first positive information the public had of this nefarious transaction. The Kellogg Company was, of course, compelled to come out in the open. It has ever since been conducted as an out and out Bell corporation, with Mr. DeWolf as president.

[Mr. Latzke's sixth article will appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for July]

Useful and Ornamental

A COLORED clergyman in Georgia was performing the service of baptism recently when he paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant. With a pleased smile the proud mother replied:

"We is goin' to call de chile Shady."

"Shady!" repeated the minister. "Oh, I see. It's a boy and his name is to be Shadrach."

"No sah, it ain't no boy. It's a girl."

"Why give such a name to a girl?"

"It's dis way, sah. Our name's Bower, an' mah husband thought it would be a fine thing to call her Shady. 'Shady Bower' sounds kinder pretty."

Which Future?

MARSHALL P. WILDER tells of a young man in Wilkesbarre who had aspirations to the hand of a daughter of one of the wealthiest men in that place. Recently the hopeful one had an interview with the father for the purpose of laying the matter before him.

"Well," growled the old man, "what I most desire to know is, what preparation have you made for the future?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the suitor, in a confident and obliging tone, "I am a Presbyterian; but, if that denomination does n't meet with your approval, I am quite willing to change."

Nor Indians with Indian Pudding

SIMEON FORD tells of a woman in a Chicago hotel who was known as the most inveterate "kicker" the hostelry had ever known.

One evening at dessert, the lady who was always complaining asked the waiter why the dish served her was called "ice-cream pudding."

"If you don't like it, ma'am, I 'll bring you something else," suggested the polite negro.

"Oh, it 's very nice," responded the lady. "What I object to is that it should be called ice-cream pudding. It 's wrongly named. There should be ice cream served with it."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the waiter, "but that 's jest our name for it. Lots o' dishes that way. Dey don't bring you a cottage with cottage pudding, you know."

A great man will make great opportunities, even out of the commonest and meanest situations.

The Man, the Boy, and the Girl

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

[*Concluded from page 391*]

Man did. "Yes," he said, slowly, "it is right."

The Boy impulsively extended his hand. "You 're a brick!" he cried, earnestly.

The Man took the hand, holding it in a firm clasp. Then he reached forth with his other hand and, taking the Girl's slender fingers in his, released the Boy's palm to lay them in it. The Boy gazed at him happily, the Girl with wonderment, and with deep, deep sympathy, (for she knew that which the Boy did not,) and there was in her heart a great, selfish joy, of which she felt sadly ashamed.

The Man turned again to look at the squirrel. But the squirrel was gone; so, after a moment, he turned once more to the Boy and the Girl.

"There will be a wedding soon," he said, "but I must go away,—I sail for France next week, you know,—and therefore I shall not be able to attend. So I am going to insist upon the prerogative of an old friend, and an—old man,—and kiss the bride a little in advance of the ceremony. May I?"

There were tears in the Girl's eyes now. She went to him. He stooped to kiss her upon the white forehead, but with a pretty, impulsive swiftness, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, and upon the lips. Then she went to the Boy and, resting her head upon his breast, sobbed brokenly. The Man turned away again,—to look at the squirrel that was not there.

At length he turned to them yet once more.

"Good-by," he said, his voice still ringing with its deep, full tone of good-fellowship. "Good-by, and may God bless you both, always."

Going to the bench, he picked up his stick and, swinging it lightly, he walked briskly up the sun-flecked walk and around the turn. But as he left the park, and passed near to the bicycle policeman and the pretty nursemaid in the white cap and apron, they both scrutinized him closely and even wonderingly.

"Is thot the sa-ame gintleman thot wint down the path a while ago?" asked the French nursemaid, gently jouncing the carriage that held her crying charge.

"Th' clothes looks th' sa-ame," replied the bicycle policeman, bending searching eyes upon the slowly retreating figure, "but thot 's a ould man."

And it was.

Deliver the Goods

By Nixon Waterman

THE world will buy largely of any one who
Will deliver the goods;
It is ready and eager to barter if you
Can deliver the goods.
But don't take its order and make out the bill
Unless you are sure you are able to fill
Your contract, because it won't pay you until
You deliver the goods.

And rude or refined be your wares, still be sure
To deliver the goods;
Though a king or a clown, still remember that you're
To deliver the goods.
If you find you are called to the pulpit to preach,
To the playhouse to play, to the forum to teach,
Be you poet or porter, remember that each
Must deliver the goods.

The world rears its loftiest shafts to the men
Who deliver the goods;
With plow, lever, brush, hammer, sword, or with pen
They deliver the goods.
And while we their eloquent epitaphs scan,
That say, in the world's work, they stood in the van,
We know that the meaning is, "Here lies a man
Who delivered the goods."

The lazier the man, the more he will have to say about great things genius has done.

The Second Generation

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[*Concluded from page 401*]

"You take a light view of our engagement," was his instant move.

"I should take a still lighter view," retorted she, "if I thought the way you 're acting was a fair specimen of your real self."

This from Adelaide who had always theretofore shared in his almost reverent respect for himself. Adelaide judging him, criticising *him!* All Ross's male instinct for unquestioning approval from the female was astir. "You wish to break off our engagement?" he inquired, with a look of cold anger that stiffened her pride and suppressed her impulse to try and gain time.

"You 're free," said she, and her manner so piqued him that he had to think hard of the Howland millions and the rumored Ranger will to persist. She took off the ring; with an expression and a gesture that gave no hint of how she had valued it, both for its own beauty and for what it represented, she handed it to him. "If that 's all," she went on, "I 'll go back to father." To perfect her pretense, she should have risen, shaken hands cheerfully with him, and sent him carelessly away. She knew it; but she could not.

He was not the man to fail to note that she made no move to rise, or to fail to read the slightly strained expression in her eyes and about the corners of her mouth. That betrayal lost Adelaide a triumph; for, seeing her again, feeling her beauty and her charm in all his senses, reminded of her superiority in brains and in taste to the women from whom he might choose, he was making a losing fight for the worldly-wise course. "Anyhow, I might just as well tame her down a bit," he reflected, now that he was sure she would be his, should he find on further consideration that he wanted her rather than Theresa's fortune. He accordingly took his hat, drew himself up, bowed coldly.

"Good morning," he said. And he was off, down the drive,—to the lower end where their stableboy was guarding his trap,—he was seated,—he was driving away,—he was gone,—*gone!*

She did not move until he was no longer in sight. Then she rushed into the house, darted up to her room, locked herself in and gave way. It was the first serious quarrel she had ever had with him; it was so little like a quarrel, so ominously like a—no; absurd! It could not be a finality. She rejected that instantly, so confident was she of her powers over any man she chose to try to fascinate, so secure in the belief that he would not give her up in any circumstances. She went over their interview, recalled his every sentence and look—this with surprising coolness for a young woman as deeply in love as she fancied herself. And her anger rose against him,—a curious kind of anger, to spring and flourish in a loving heart. "He has been flattered by Theresa until he has entirely lost his point of view," she decided. "I 'll give him a lesson when he comes trying to make it up."

* * * * * * *

He drove the part of his homeward way that was through streets with his wonted attention to "smartness." True "man of the world" that he was, he never for many consecutive minutes had himself out of his mind,—how he was conducting himself, what people thought of him, what impression he had made or was making or was about to make. He, with absolute unconsciousness, judged everybody and everything instantly and solely from the standpoint of advantage to himself. Such people, if they have the intelligence to hide themselves under a pleasing surface, and the wisdom to plan, and the energy to execute, always get just about what they want,—for, intelligence and energy are invincible weapons, whether the end be worthy or not. As soon, however, as he was in the road up the Bluffs, deserted at that hour, his body relaxed, his arms and hands dropped from the correct angle for driving, the reins lay loose upon the horse's back and he gave himself up to dejection. He had thought—at Windrift,—that, once he was free from the engagement which was no longer to his interest he would feel buoyant, elated. Instead, he was mentally even more downcast a figure than his relaxed attitude and gloomy face made him physically. His mother's training had cut his generous instincts close to the roots, and, also, such of his ideals as were not purely for material matters, especially for ostentation. But, as he was still a young man, those roots not only were alive but also had an under-the-soil vigor,—and even occasionally sent to the surface sprouts that withered and came to nothing. Just now, these sprouts were springing in the form of self-reproaches. Remembering with what thoughts he had gone to Adelaide, he felt that he was wholly responsible for the broken engagement, felt that he had done a contemptible thing, had done it in a contemptible way; and he was almost despising himself, looking about the while for self-excuses. The longer he looked the worse off he was; for, the more clearly he saw that he was what he called, and thought, in love with Adelaide Ranger. It exasperated him with the intensity of self-ishness's covetousness that he could not have both Theresa Howland's fortune and Adelaide. It seemed to him that he had a right to both. Not in the coldly selfish only is the fact of desire in itself the basis of

right. By the time he reached home, he was angry through and through, and eager to find some one to be angry with. He threw the reins to a groom and went sullenly into the house.

His mother, on the watch for his return, came to meet him. "How is Mr. Ranger this morning?" she asked.

"Just the same," he answered, surlily.

"And—Del?"

He made no answer. The sight of his mother made him feel again the wounds Adelaide had inflicted upon his vanity.

They went into the library, and he lit a cigarette and seated himself at the writing table. She watched him anxiously and was turning to leave the room when he said: "I might as well tell you. I'm engaged to Theresa Howland."

"Oh, Ross, I'm *so* glad!" she exclaimed. Then, warned by his expression, she restrained herself; she understood his mood and feared he might repent. "I have felt certain for a long time that you would not throw yourself away on Adelaide. She is a nice girl,—pretty, sweet,—and all that. But women differ from each other only in unimportant details. A man ought to see to it that by marrying he strengthens his influence and position in the world and provides for the standing of his children. And I think Theresa has far more steadiness; and, besides, she has been about the world,—she was presented at court last spring a year ago, was n't she? She is *such* a lady. It will be so satisfactory to have her as the head of your establishment,—probably Mr. Howland will leave her Windrift. And her cousin,—that Mr. Fanning she married is connected with all the best families in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. They are at the top of our aristocracy."

This recital was not to inform, but to inspire,—to remind him what a wise and brilliant move he had made in the game of life. And it had precisely the effect she intended. Had she not herself created and fostered in him the nature that would welcome such stuff, as a bat welcomes night?

"I'm going back to Windrift to-morrow," he said, still sullen, but with the note of the quarrel-seeker gone from his voice.

"When do you wish me to write to her?"

"Whenever you like," he said, the defiance in his tone for Adelaide. "The engagement is to be announced as soon as I get back."

Mrs. Whitney was called away, and Ross tried to write to Theresa. But the words would n't come. He wandered restlessly about the room, ordered the electric, and went to the Country Club. After an hour of bitterness, he called up his mother. "You need n't send that note we were talking about just yet," he said.

"But I've already sent it," his mother answered. In fact, the note was just then lying on the table at her elbow.

"What were you in such a hurry for?" he demanded, angrily, an unnecessary question, for he knew his mother was the sort of person that loses no time in settling an important matter beyond possibility of change.

"I'm sorry, Ross," she replied, softly. "I thought I might as well send it, as you had told me everything was settled."

"Oh,—all right,—no matter." He could break with Theresa whenever he wished. Perhaps he would not wish to break with her; perhaps, after a few days, he would find that his feeling for Adelaide was in reality no stronger than he had thought it at Windrift, when Theresa was tempting him with her huge fortune. There was plenty of time to choose between the two girls.

Nevertheless, he did not leave Saint X, but hung round, sour and morose, hoping for some sign from "tamed" Adelaide.

* * * * * * *

As soon as Theresa got Mrs. Whitney's note, she wrote to Adelaide. "I've promised not to tell," her letter began, "but I never count any promise of that kind as including *you*, dear, sweet, Adelaide—"

Adelaide laughed as she read this; Theresa's passion for intimate confession had been the joke of the school. "Besides," Adelaide read on, "I think you 'll be especially interested as Ross tells me there was some sort of a boy-and-girl flirtation between you and him. I don't see how you could get over it. Now—you've guessed. Yes,—we're engaged, and will probably be married up here in the fall,—Windrift is simply divine then, you know. And I want you to be my 'best man.' The others 'll be Edna and Clarice and Leila and Annette and perhaps Jessie and Anita. We're going to live in Chicago,—father will give us a house, I'm sure. And you must come to visit us—"

It is hardly fair to eavesdrop upon a young woman in such an hour as this of Adelaide's. Only those might do so who are willing freely to concede to others, that same right to be human which they themselves exercise, whether they will or no, when things happen that smash the veneer of "gentleman" or "lady" like an eggshell under a plowboy's heel, and penetrate to and roil that unlovely human nature which is in us all. Criticism is always supercilious and hypocritical, even when it is also necessary and just; so, without criticism, the fact is recorded that Adelaide paced the floor and literally raved, in her fury at this double-distilled, double treachery. The sense that she had lost the man she believed she loved

was drowned in the oceanic flood of infuriated vanity. She raged now against Ross and now against Theresa. "She 's marrying him just because she 's full of envy, and can't bear to see anybody else have anything," she fumed. "Theresa could n't love anybody but herself. And he,—he 's marrying her for her money. She is n't good to look at; to be in the house with her is to find out how mean and small and vain she is. It serves me right for being snob enough to have such a friend. If she had n't been immensely rich and surrounded by such beautiful things, I 'd never have had anything to do with her. She 's buying him; he 's selling himself. How vile!"

But the reasons why they were betraying her did not change or mitigate the fact of betrayal,—and the fact showed itself to proud, confident Adelaide Ranger in the form of the proposition that she herself had been jilted and that all the world, all her world, would soon know it. Jilted! She—Adelaide Ranger,—the all-conqueror,—flung aside, flouted, jilted. She went back to that last word. It seemed to concentrate and convey all the insult and treason and shame that was heaped upon her. And she never once thought of the wound to her heart,—the fierce fire of vanity seemed to have cauterized it.

What could she do to hide her disgrace from her mocking, sneering friends? For, hide it she must—must—*must!* And she had not a moment to lose.

A little thought, and she went to the telephone and called up her brother at the Country Club. When she heard his voice eagerly, nervously, almost in terror, demanding what she wanted, she said :—

"Will you bring Dory Hargrave to dinner to-night? And, of course don't let him know I wanted you to."

"Is *that* all!" he exclaimed in a tone of enormous relief which she was too absorbed in her calamity to note.

"You will, won't you? Really, Arthur, it 's *very* important; and don't say a *word* of my having telephoned,—not to *anybody*."

"All right! I 'll bring him. Good-by." And he rang off.

VIII.

Arthur, full of his own affairs, forgot his promise almost while he was making it. Fortunately, as he was driving home, the sight of old Dr. Hargrave marching absent-mindedly along near the post office, brought it to his mind again. With an impatient exclamation—for he prided himself upon fidelity to his given word, in small matters as well as in larger,—he turned the horse about. He liked Dory Hargrave, and in a way admired him,—Dory was easily expert at many of the sports at which Arthur had had to toil before he was able to make even a passable showing. But Dory, somehow, made him uncomfortable. They had nothing in common; Dory regarded as incidental and trivial the things which seemed of the highest importance to Arthur. Dory had his way to make in the world; Arthur had been spared that discomfort and disadvantage. Yet Dory persisted in pretending to regard Arthur as in precisely the same position as himself, once had even carried the pretense to the impertinence of affecting to sympathize with Arthur because he was beset by so many temptations and handicaps. On that occasion Arthur had great difficulty in restraining plain speech. He would not have been thus tactful and gentlemanly had he not realized that Dory meant the best in the world and was wholly unconscious that envy was his real reason for taking on such a preposterous pose. "Poor chap!" Arthur had reflected. "I can't blame him for snatching at any consolation, however flimsy." In those days Arthur often, in generous mood, admitted—to himself,—that fortune had been shamefully partial in elevating him, without any effort on his part, but merely by the accident of birth, far above the overwhelming majority of young men. He felt doubly generous,—in having such broad views and in not aggravating the misfortunes of the less lucky by expressing them.

Dr. Hargrave and his son, his only child, and his dead wife's sister, Narcissa Skeffington, lived in a quaint old brick house in University Avenue. A double row of ancient elms shaded the long walk straight up from the front gate. On the front door was a huge bronze knocker which Arthur lifted and dropped several times without getting response. "Probably the girl 's in the kitchen; and old Miss Skeffington is so deaf she could n't hear," he thought. He had known the persons and the habits of that household from his earliest boyhood. He followed the path round the house and thus came in sight of a small outbuilding at the far corner of the yard, on the edge of the bank overlooking and almost overhanging the river,—Dory's "workshop." Its door was open and Arthur could see the whole of the interior. Dory and a young girl were standing by a bench at the window, were bending over something in which they seemed to be absorbed. Not until Arthur stepped upon the door-sill did they lift their heads.

"Hello, Artie!" cried Dory, coming forward with extended hand.

Arthur was taking off his hat and bowing to the young woman. "Hello, Theo," said he. "How d' ye do, Estelle?"

Miss Wilmot shook hands with him, a shade constrainedly. "How are you, Arthur?" she said.

It was in his mouth to ask why she had n't been to see Adelaide. He checked himself just in time. She

and Adelaide were great friends as youngsters at the public school; but the friendship chilled into acquaintance as Adelaide developed fashionable ideas and tastes. Also, Estelle had been almost a recluse since she was seventeen. The rest of the Wilmots went into Saint X's newly developed but flourishing fashionable society. They had no money to give return entertainments or even to pay their share of the joint dances and card parties and picnics; they looked rather queer, too, because their clothes were not merely old but ancient,—that was no great matter, however, as they undoubtedly had most charming manners and a subtle pride that made everyone have a sense of being honored when they came. But Estelle, as soon as she was old enough to understand social relations, flatly refused to take where she could never give any but the debatable return of the honor of her company. She made no display of her different notion of pride; she simply held aloof; and, without her intending it, Saint X understood.

"What's that you've got there?" said Arthur, with a glance at the objects on the transformed carpenter's bench.

"Dory and I were looking at some flowers through a microscope," explained Estelle.

"Oh, yes," said Arthur, "I took a course in that last year. I liked it for a while, but it soon got to be a good deal of a bore."

He thought he saw a fleeting flash of a smile in Estelle's handsome eyes, and, as Estelle had wavy golden hair and regular, "patrician" features and a notable figure, he reddened a little. "I had to do it, you see," he explained. "And anything one has to do becomes a bore." To himself he was saying: "These two prigs! She's no doubt pretending to be interested because she wants to make him think she's clever and 'serious.' And probably he does it to show off, too." He was not quite as certain of Dory's motive as of hers, because Dory had deliberately abandoned sports, which were far more showy than science and in which he brilliantly excelled, for things that impress only people not worth impressing,—people who could n't advance one socially in any way. But that Estelle was "faking" he had n't the slightest doubt; one of his earliest discoveries in the exploration of the feminine mystery had been the American feminine passion for the "serious" pose, and much amusement he had got in verifying his theory that women never did anything before men except for effect.

Dory had been looking intently at him, and now smiled. It gave Arthur an uncomfortable sense that his thoughts had been read and that Dory was affecting to find his conclusions amusing. This suspicion became certainty when Dory said: "Don't be too hard on us, Artie. We who have to live quiet lives must put in the time somehow. And something can be said for the microscope. To me, it 's what spectacles are to a near-sighted man. The type soon gets small in the story of the world about us. We take the microscope and are able to read on."

"I 'm satisfied with the part that 's in big type," said Arthur; and, with the masculine instinct, he looked at Estelle for approval.

But she had apparently not heard what either was saying. "The light 's beginning to fade," she said to Dory. "I 'll see you to-morrow." And, all but ignoring Arthur, she departed, both men watching her as she went along the grass toward the front gate. Dory was first to turn away.

"What a beauty she has become," said Arthur.

"Has n't she, though!" assented Dory, busy putting away the microscope and the slides.

"I beg your pardon for having interrupted," pursued Arthur.

"Not at all," replied Dory, carelessly. "I happened to see her walking in her garden, with apparently nothing to do, and I asked her over."

"What 's become of her brother, Arden?"

"Still drinking. It 's beginning to tell on him. He 's getting a surly streak. You remember, he used to be always good-natured. That 's the way it invariably is with those weak fellows that become drunkards."

"It 's sad to see a fine old family like theirs on the down grade," said Arthur.

Dory shrugged his shoulders. "No sadder than to see anybody else running to seed. We 're all old families, you know, and very superior ones. When you think of all that the human race has been through, you realize that every one that has survived must be very superior,—the less sheltered, the more superior."

Arthur decided to sheer off. "I came to ask you to come up to the house for sup—dinner to-night," said he. "It's lonely, mother and Del and me. Come and cheer us up. Come along with me now."

Dory looked confused. "I'm afraid I can't," he all but stammered.

"I spoke of bringing some one," continued Arthur, "and Del suggested you. Of course, I can't blame you for not caring about coming." This a politeness, for Arthur regarded his invitation as an honor.

"Oh, you did n't understand me," protested Dory. "I was thinking of something entirely different. I'll be glad to come."

"You need n't bother to dress," continued Arthur.

Dory laughed—a frank, hearty laugh that showed the perfect white teeth in his wide, humorous-looking mouth. "Dress!" said he. "My other suit is, if anything, less presentable than this; and it's all I've got, except the frock,—and I'm miserable in that."

[*To be continued in* SUCCESS MAGAZINE *for July*]

The Cleeve Insulator

By ROBERT MACKAY

[*Concluded from page 407*]

his work was accomplished, or practically so. While he had not obtained an absolute zero of insulation, he had gotten a compound which, through the medium of a series of tests, showed that it was within five per cent. of the absolute. The physical aspect of his discovery was of a creamy, opalescent hue, which, a thick liquid in its early stages, cooled into a substance nearly as hard as marble. Allied, basically, to celluloid and like compounds, it was nevertheless free from explosive tendencies, so far as Waldron could ascertain. He had also discovered that, with the aid of appropriate pigments, he could tint it as he desired, and that, by a very simple process, during its final stages of preparation, it was possible to give it the appearance of onyx. In fact, its adaptability to architectural and ornamental requirements gave it an additional value which its author had not looked for in the first instance.

It melted only at a high temperature, was ignited with difficulty, and burned slowly with a light blue flame, giving off, meanwhile, a pleasant, pungent odor.

Hard on the end of Waldron's labors and following the equipment of a larger laboratory by the aid of which the insulator was to be obtained in quantities, for anticipated experimental tests on a large scale, Mr. Hasply began to lay the foundation of the fortune which, he felt sure, would follow the heels of publicity being given to Waldron's achievement. In the first place, he proceeded to shape the skeletons of several corporations, one being "The Cleeve Insulator Company," another "The Cleeve Manufacturing and Installation Company;" and yet another, "The International Insulator Company," and so forth. The framing of these corporations was coincident with the application for patents in the United States and Europe. This last, thanks to Mr. Hasply's knowledge of the intricacies of patent-office methods, went forward rapidly. In the meantime he was advancing Waldron a weekly amount on account of his salary as manager of the Insulating Company, although, as he took pains to point out, the inventor was not entitled to any money between the time that he had finished his experimental work up to the period that he should be actually and actively engaged in managerial duties. Cleeve admitted the truth of this, but felt a twinge of uneasiness when he remembered that he had overlooked such a contingency in the memorandum. Still more uneasiness was caused him when, on broaching the subject of the promised permanent agreement, Mr. Hasply replied that such an instrument would be in order when the company was on the eve of actual formation, and that, in the meantime, the memorandum was sufficiently "blanket" in nature to cover all points involved. When Mr. Carrington heard of this he shrugged his shoulders doubtfully.

"As a matter of fact, Cleeve," he said, "this so-called memorandum is, to all intents and purposes, an agreement, and I do not see how on earth Hasply could interpolate more details for his own benefit into a further instrument, or hold you tighter than he does in this one. I suspect that such would be the chief features of a future agreement."

The patents came in due season, and, following hard on their appearance, Hasply began to develop his plan of campaign, whose objective was the freezing out of Cleeve. The patent lawyer's desire to get rid of the inventor was the outcome of several motives. In the first place, Hasply was a bandit by instinct, and, hence, could not refrain from endeavoring to get the best of all those with whom he came in contact, whether the incidental plunder was great or small. Again, he felt that there was danger of Waldron making trouble, possibly under legal advice, when he began to realize the disparity between the profits that would accrue to Hasply and his own share of the same, which trouble he would not be in a position to drive home if he was disassociated with the corporation. Hasply had a sort of fear that, when Cleeve realized that he had been morally swindled, he might cause trouble in the laboratories. So he proceeded to inaugurate the process of getting rid of Waldron as quickly as possible. Pertinent to this move was the fact that the officers and directors of the provisional corporations were, for all practical purposes, Hasply multiplied and disguised under a variety of names. The lawyer's operative methods called for the usage of a number of individuals of the "dummy" type who were recompensed by him directly, and not in the manner that the outside public would imagine they were, in view of the positions they held in the Hasply corporations. Mr. Snegby was one of these, though of course Cleeve was not aware of the fact when he engaged him as his legal adviser.

From this point on Waldron was treated to a series of disturbing surprises. In the first place, he discovered that he had absolutely nothing to do with two of the three corporations that handled the insulator. He was manager only of the Cleeve Insulator Company. In accordance with one of the clauses of the memorandum which empowered Mr. Hasply to offer him "an equitable compensation" for the patents, the lawyer did so in the form of an absurdly small cash payment and a very modest amount of stock in the com-

pany, both of which were to be forthcoming when the corporation began active operations, but not before. This proposition was promptly refused by Waldron; whereupon Hasply, unruffled, remarked:—

"Think the matter over; think it over,"—and, with a smile, he put the question by.

Again—and on advice,—Waldron made a formal request to Hasply that he should submit the promised agreement. The lawyer replied, "Certainly," and in the course of a few days he tendered an instrument that, to all intents, was a duplicate of the memorandum. On Waldron's taking exception to some of the shady clauses to which his attention had been called by Mr. Carrington, Mr. Hasply produced the original memorandum and begged Cleeve to observe that he had acquiesced therein to the terms to which he was now objecting. Waldron, realizing the futility of protests, signed the agreement.

Matters progressed thus for a week or two, during which period Cleeve was gradually awakening to the fact that he had either been "done" by Hasply or was in danger of being so.

Mr. Hasply's puppets had done their work as they had been instructed, including the making of the temporary officers of the corporation permanent. Some general and minor business had also been disposed of, when a Mr. Reginald Chigford arose and stated that he had a resolution to offer relative to the manager of the company. Mr. Chigford was large, wabbly, and had a blotchy face. One of his eyes pointed due southwest and the other had a tendency to peer in the direction of the British Isles. He exuded an odor of snuff and tonka beans, and they who knew him best knew not the time at which he gave indications of sporting linen fresh from the laundry. As Waldron subsequently learned, Mr. Chigford was an ex-victim of Hasply and had compromised with the latter, after a long and intermittent legal fight, on the basis of the price of two bottles of whisky a week and an occasional "job" of the character of the one that he was now undertaking. Mr. Chigford's resolution was brief, but very much to the point, and it was to the effect that, in view of the fact that the company would not begin active operations (and, consequently, would not begin to reap profits,) until the last of the year, it then being May, it was manifestly improper that the manager should during the interval draw a full salary, inasmuch as his work would be of a merely nominal sort. He therefore moved that Cleeve should receive, up to the time that the company should begin to pay dividends, just one third of the salary arranged for in the memorandum.

Waldron glanced at Mr. Hasply as Chigford sat down. The lawyer was gazing at the cornice in an abstracted fashion, and it came to Waldron on the instant that he intended to support the resolution. When Mr. Chigford's motion was put to the board, and it was found that the only dissentient voice was Waldron's, the latter, for the first time, realized to the full that he had, in the words of Mr. Carrington, been "done;" for he remembered that one of the clauses in the agreement, which he now recognized as a "joker," gave the corporation the power of making such changes in its *personnel*, together with all things appertaining to it, as it saw fit.

Although he felt the futility of his so doing, Waldron, after the passage of the resolution, arose and protested vigorously against the injustice which it entailed upon him. He was listened to in silence; but, when he had concluded, Mr. Chigford, who had been previously "coached" by Hasply, asked if he did not remember the "joker."

"I can scarcely fail to recall it," said Waldron, hotly, "considering what it has cost me in this connection."

"At all events, you admit that the directorate is acting under the power conferred upon it by the clause?" interposed Mr. Hasply,—"in fact, acting legally?"

Waldron, whose sense of equity was boiling under the injustice done him, could contain himself no longer.

"Legally, perhaps," he replied, hotly, "but I am beginning to learn—thanks to you, Mr. Hasply,—that there is a distinction between legality and equity. You must have foreseen the powers that the agreement conferred upon you and your—" here he checked himself, —"the directors, when I signed the instrument."

"Possibly," said Mr. Hasply, blandly, "but it was your privilege to foresee also."

"Perhaps," retorted Waldron, "if I had known as much then as I do now, my foresight would not have permitted this afternoon's proceedings."

"What do you mean by that, young man?" grunted a Mr. Snuffuls, who sat facing Waldron.

"Precisely what I said, sir. I consider—"

"My dear Mr. Cleeve," murmured Mr. Hasply, "what you 'consider' is really of no interest to this board. We have not assembled to hear the expression of opinions interesting to none but their owners; nor, indeed, are criticisms of this body in order."

"I knew all that," said Waldron, "and I know that I am helpless in the matter, but—"

"I move that we adjourn," snorted Chigford, and the board did so, Waldron departing angrily and alone.

In the meantime, thanks to Hasply's knowledge of the wires to be pulled, the scientific world had passed through the stages of indifference and rumor to curiosity in regard to the statements and assertions backed

as they were by many patent and newspaper articles.

Proposals began to pour in on Hasply from corporations interested or likely to be interested in the insulator, from financiers on both sides of the Atlantic, and from individuals anxious to invest in a cycle of enterprises which, according to the press, promised a revolution in commercial electrical affairs and wealth to the promoters beyond the dreams of avarice.

In the meantime Waldron's suspicions were becoming crystallized into permanent belief. Simultaneously the friction between himself and Hasply grew with each meeting, and Waldron could not help but notice that the lawyer took no pains to avoid a clash, but, on the contrary, seemed to court opportunity to add to the young inventor's discomfort. When Waldron called, to keep an appointment, Hasply was invariably or allegedly engaged with a client in his sanctum, and his visitor, on more than one occasion, had to wait an hour or so before being able to see him. At other times, the lawyer would listen to what Waldron had to say, replying not at all or in monosyllables. A couple of meetings of the directors also took place to which Cleeve was not bidden, and, on his protesting, Hasply, with exasperating calmness, informed him that an oversight was responsible for his not having been notified to attend. In other words, Mr. Hasply was continuing a policy of pin pricks, and Waldron, although cognizant of this same process, was none the less affected thereby, although he felt in his bones that by giving signs of it he was doing what Hasply desired him to do.

Finally, Cleeve wrote to Mr. Carrington, giving the situation in detail and asking what steps, if any, could be taken to change the condition of things.

Mr. Carrington replied that nothing could be done at that time, for Mr. Hasply was acting well within the rights of his agreement, and the only thing to do was to wait for a positive attempt on his part to violate the same. Carrington also intimated that Hasply's reputation would certainly militate against him in the event of Waldron ever having to appeal to the courts for justification or redress.

Cleeve found cold comfort in this, but, with the eternal buoyancy of youth, reinforced by the comforting words and obvious affection of Dolly, hoped for the best and was careful not to do anything to give Hasply an opportunity to work him further harm.

Nevertheless, the explosion came, at what, no doubt, was the scheduled time as arranged by the patent lawyer. Another meeting of the officers and directors of the Cleeve Insulator Company was held, at which a motion was made that Cleeve's salary should cease altogether until such time as the corporation should be in active operation. Waldron, who protested as it was intended that he should do, was made the target of a number of criticisms, lost his head completely, expressed his opinion of Hasply and of the whole board in emphatic terms, and hardly had ceased when Mr. Hasply offered a resolution to the effect that the manager should be suspended indefinitely on the score of his lack of those personal attributes necessary to the conduct of a corporation of the type of the Cleeve Insulator Company; and he cited one of the clauses to which Mr. Carrington had called Waldron's attention, as showing that the directorate had the power of ordering such suspension. Stunned at the sudden turn of events, but realizing his impotency, Cleeve, without a word, left the room, feeling, nevertheless, an almost overpowering impulse to return to it and do the violent things he had thought of when he heard the unctuous chuckle of Mr. Hasply that followed the adoption of the resolution.

The next day he found awaiting him at his lodgings an official notification of the action of the directors, with the appended statement that a second resolution had been introduced, subsequent to his leaving, to the effect that the suspension should be made permanent.

All that Mr. Carrington could advise now was to have patience. "A man like Hasply," said he, "in due time will snarl himself up. All you can do is watch and wait. As a matter of fact, I believe that, if you should bring the case into court now in its present shape, you would have a good chance of winning out; but your chances will be far better of so doing if you permit matters to run on for a month or two."

But this was not the end of Hasply's machinations. Before the week was out Waldron was astounded to receive a formal request for repayment of the amounts advanced to him on the score of salary. When Hasply made these advances he had given Cleeve to understand that he was doing so out of his own pocket, and the youth was correspondingly grateful. On each occasion, however, Hasply had remarked: "Just as a matter of form, my dear boy, you can give me an I O U for this, and when you are actually in harness you can repay me at your own convenience." Waldron gave the "I O U's." It was on the score of these that the demand on Cleeve was made.

This communication of Hasply's was kept secret by Waldron, who, wisely or unwisely, hesitated to saddle Dolly with this new trouble; nor did he communicate with Mr. Carrington, but, hoping dumbly and blindly that something would turn up to extricate him from this new trap, he, on the plea of further experimenting, kept away from Dolly for two or three days and shut himself up in his old laboratory and somewhat mechanically employed himself in some further experiments with the insulator.

Four days later Mr. Hasply received a communica-

ion from Cleeve that decidedly puzzled him greatly. t was to the effect that the lawyer's presence was lesired that evening at the attic laboratory on a highly mportant matter in connection with the insulator. He vas also requested to bring a sample of the compound vith him *without fail.* After due reflection Hasply ame to the comforting conclusion that Cleeve had nade a further improvement on the insulator, had re-ented of his hasty words, and was willing to effect a econciliation by acquainting Hasply of his discovery, nd incidentally to eat some humble pie.

He was on time, but was a trifle surprised to find two nen in the attic in addition to Waldron. One of the trangers was Mr. Carrington and the other was a awyer by the name of Hughes. After introductions, Waldron asked Hasply if he had brought the insulator vith him. The lawyer replied in the affirmative and roduced a cube of the compound some two inches quare.

Cleeve, without making further comment, took the ube, and with a fine saw detached a bit of it about the ize of a pea. Through this, with the aid of a drill, ie pierced two fine holes, passing through them two vires that were connected with the cells of primary lectric batteries that stood on an adjoining table. oining the ends of these wires as they projected hrough the holes, Waldron next placed the arrange-nent on a thick lead plate, and then, on the top of it, ut another lead plate. Over all he put a sort of box f heavy zinc netting. Then he turned to Hasply vith a smile which the latter did not quite understand.

"You will notice, Mr. Hasply," said he, coolly, "what I am doing. You will see that one wire that passes through the morsel of insulator comes from the cells of one battery, and the other wire from the cells of another. I will now complete the circuit, which at present is broken, and will ask you to note the result. Meanwhile, I must ask all you gentlemen to get as far back from the lead plates as possible."

Waldron touched one end of the wire of the battery nearest him to the brass screw of the other. From the lead plates came a purple flash of light. The zinc box was overthrown, and one of the plates fell to the floor heavily. The one remaining on the table showed a clean-cut hole of about one and one-half inches in diameter, while the one overthrown had a jagged dent in it of about the same size.

Waldron put his hands in his trousers' pockets and looked at Hasply quizzically. "Well?" he queried, as the lawyer gave no sign of desiring to comment on the experiment. Hasply snarled. "What does this mean?' he said, with a flash of his wolf-like teeth.

"It means," replied Cleeve, with a grin, "that your insulator, considered as an insulator, is not worth a red cent."

"What?" shrilled the lawyer.

"Fact," continued the smiling Cleeve. "What you have just seen means that I discovered, purely by accident, that if the insulator comes in contact or gets into the neighborhood of two wires, one charged with a low tension current of electricity and the other with a high tension, it forthwith resolves itself into an explosive beside which dynamite is like a damp firecracker."

"Is this true?" gasped Hasply, his cadaverous cheeks turning a pea-green hue.

"True? Well, I should say so. I don't think I could induce those lead plates to fabricate in my behalf."

"I may add," interposed Mr. Carrington, "that the experiment you have seen to-night is but one of a series that Mr. Cleeve has conducted in the presence of myself and my friend, so that I am fully prepared to affirm his statement."

"And who are you, sir?" said Hasply.

Mr. Carrington handed him his card. Mr. Hughes did likewise.

Hasply eyed the bits of pasteboard, then turned on Cleeve. "You scoundrel! You swindler!" he began.

"Softly, Mr. Hasply," said Hughes, "or you may be giving Mr. Cleeve excellent ground for a suit for slander."

A pause ensued, during which Waldron dropped into a chair which he tilted back comfortably, as he eyed Mr. Hasply with justifiable triumph.

"Well," said the patent lawyer, after a pause, "well?"

"It is extremely well for me," retorted Waldron, "for I am informed that, with the aid of a very slight modification of the ingredients of the insulator which will prevent any infringement of your patents, I shall be in a position forthwith to form the Cleeve Explosive Company. You, with your experience of such affairs, doubtless realize that I am speaking the truth when I say that a compound that knocks spots out of dynamite and can be molded into permanent shapes for blasting or other purposes, is, indeed, a valuable product. Incidentally, I believe the newspapers will publish articles to-morrow relative to the hair-raising proclivities of the Cleeve Insulator, which articles I hardly think will further the well-being of your corporations, and may possibly prevent any further meetings of your dummy directorates."

Not many months later, the United States government paid Waldron Cleeve sufficient money for his marvelous explosive to enable him to settle down in peace and plenty. He and Dolly were married, and Mr. Hasply seemed to resolve himself into his ultimate constituents and disappear from the face of the earth.

The Magazine Crusade

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[*Concluded from page 395*]

And yet, to point out one, or two, or fifty of the eminently respectable, highly regarded citizens who have had a finger in this pie, would be to "stir up filth," to ally oneself with "the unspeakable Hearst,"—in short, to be denounced as a traducer of all that is pure and noble and lovely in this serene land.

No moderately intelligent seeker after truth can look very far into the practical business and political ethics of to-day—and particularly of yesterday,—without finding a good many strange things. And if he look long enough and sharply enough, he will begin to think that these strange things are by no means isolated facts. He will begin to wonder if Miss Tarbell is not about right in saying that "Commercial Machiavelianism," is a disease in the roots of our commercial civilization. There is a certain unpleasant similarity between the Niagara grab business, the Ryan-Belmont traction merger, the divine right theory of the coal barons, the treatment of Mr. Hadley by the Standard Oil men at the first hearing, the hollow victory of the government in the Northern Securities Case, the long-time domination of Charles T. Yerkes in Chicago, the Durham ring in Philadelphia, the St. Louis terminal monopoly, Public Service-Prudential rule in New Jersey, and between all the many apparently unrelated illustrations of triumphant and aggressive capital.

Senator Lodge is perhaps not concerned over this rampant materialism. He perhaps does not think that the political boss is an evil mainly because he is in every instance the tool of a corporation. He perhaps did not observe that in the elections last fall wherever the citizens were inflamed against "public service" corporations they voted down the political bosses, that they had learned where to strike.

The "shore birds" mentioned by Senator Lodge have at last turned to the senate of the United States. Here again the senator sees no coherence in their activities. They turn from one subject to another, he intimates, as lightly as sparrows. He does not intimate that perhaps Standard Oil, and the patent medicine trust, and the beef trust, and the railroads, and the express companies, and the sugar trust, and the insurance men, and the impure food crowd are pretty closely related after all. Your plain citizen knows better. He knows that many of them are related by strong money bonds, and that all stand together in defense of the spirit of grab and greed. He knows that the magazine which attacks the beef trust and that which attacks the oil men are united in their struggle against a vicious principle which underlies the whole game.

Your plain man knows that *he* can not get at the facts which are so ingeniously covered and hidden away by the ablest lawyers in the land. He has thought, with some reason, that his government could not get these facts. And so he has written, thousands and thousands of him, to his favorite magazine, asking it to make a desperate effort to help him learn the truth. The magazines have responded with their best efforts. They have gone wrong now and then, for they have been baffled and misled by the most ingenious and the highest-priced minds of the day. But, little by little, keeping persistently at it, they have made long strides toward the truth. Thomas W. Lawson helped wonderfully. Miss Ida M. Tarbell's influence has been astonishingly great. Lincoln Steffens has made mistakes, but he has established the fundamental fact that behind the politician is the business man.

It is this fundamental fact that brings us to the senate. If the citizens are excited about the senate, who is to blame? The magazines?

Really, what is your plain citizen to think of Burton, and Mitchell, and Platt, and Depew, and Dryden, and Kean, and Foraker, and Alger, and Penrose, and Aldrich, and Elkins,—and Clark, of Montana?

What is he to think of the Philippine tariff business? Was it, or was it not, at the command of the tobacco and the sugar trusts that the senate saddled that burden on our eastern dependency? And was it, or was it not, a "value received" for campaign contributions to one or both parties?

What is he to think of the ship subsidy business?

What is he to think of the apathy of the senate regarding the patent-medicine crime, which has been so ably exposed by Samuel Hopkins Adams in "Collier's Weekly?"

What is he to think of that marvelously intricate tariff of ours?

What is he to think of the deliberate blocking of Secretary Root's plan for consular reform?

What is he to think of the long-continued hostility of the senate to pure-food legislation? Really, what is he to think of that?

What is he to think when he sees the president of a railroad and coal company sitting in the chair of the Interstate Commerce Committee?

What is he to think of those other members of that committee who are to-day directors of and attorneys for railroad interests?

Are the magazines to blame for these things? Is Senator Lodge honestly defending the senate when he speaks in this wise:—

"Concocting slanders and heaping together falsehoods for the purpose of selling them is not a pleasing trade, and when carried on in the name of virtue and reform it is a peculiarly repulsive one."

The senator can only mean Miss Tarbell, Steffens, Lawson, Adams, David Graham Phillips, H. B. Needham, Ray Stannard Baker, Charles E. Russell, Upton Sinclair, and possibly Mr. Moffett and Mr. Latzke and certain other writers for this magazine. Miss Tarbell's work on Standard Oil needs no defense. It was written in a spirit of historical research. It was gone over before publication by Standard Oil attorneys, who had full opportunity to correct errors. I have heard her book repeatedly discussed by Standard Oil men, and I never heard its honesty or accuracy questioned in any important particular.

Steffens's work has been of a different nature, but it has struck at the same vicious principle in our business and political system. As events have run lately, he would be a hardy individual who would say that Steffens was not pretty nearly right about Philadelphia—"corrupt and contented." The St. Louis bribery muss led to convictions and the penitentiary before Steffens reached there, so he can hardly be blamed for that, nor for the disgraceful condition in Minneapolis which led to the flight of Mayor Ames. He merely gave the sinister facts to the world. He has made plenty of mistakes, as to superficial facts, but he has seldom missed essential truths.

Lawson may be anything you choose to call him, but he "stirred up the filth" in the insurance business and gave such a splendid impetus to the house-cleaning movement that at last we are promised effective state control of the big companies. Without Lawson we should never have got at the facts. Russell is a less distinguished writer, but it remains to be proved that he was wrong about the packers. The investigation which this magazine conducted a year ago leads me to believe that in his main facts he was right.

David Graham Phillips is the one writer of prominence who seems to have missed the point. His attack upon the senate fails simply because he does not arrive at his conclusions through a logical series of facts. The facts are

there,—your plain citizen has little doubt about that, but they have not been convincingly presented. Mr. Needham, in the "World's Work" and in "Collier's Weekly," has presented many of these facts in a careful and convincing way. And no senator has yet squarely faced these facts. It would be interesting, if Senator Lodge really wishes to set the senate right before the country, to hear him take up Needham's charges, one by one, and either answer them or prove them false. That would be a speech worth hearing. It should be incisive yet restrained. It should make its appeal by the logical presentation of cold, unanswerable fact. But instead of such a reply, telling, for instance, why the senate has always, until the country rose up, fought against pure food, we get this:—

"Every branch of the government has been at one time and another in our history subjected to these indiscriminate assaults. No president was ever so maligned as Lincoln, and I have lived to see his fame rise up, as world-wide as it is pure and unsullied, unharmed by the abuse of the forgotten creatures who thought to blacken his character and thwart his purpose."

As oratory, this is doubtless brilliant and charged with feeling. We are glad to hear that Lincoln was too sound and strong and noble for his traducers. We might even say that we knew as much before. What we want, what your plain citizen wants, Senator Lodge, is facts. The senate is distrusted. Those railroad committeemen, that Philippine business, the whole treatment of the tariff, and above all, above everything else, the pure food matter,—if "the people" did n't know something at first hand about these things they would laugh at the magazines. The people are all right. They are not socialists. Some of them are laughing at the "Cosmopolitan" now. But still they want to know about the senate.

Mitchell and Burton really meant something to the public mind. Their practices were, in spirit, painfully like the practices of those business men with whom so many senators seem closely allied. Clark, also, distinctly means something. Aldrich means something,—something that verges on the sinister and ugly. Your plain citizen has his opinion of senators who grow rich through trading in the public necessaries of their constituents. Kean does that, and Aldrich, and Dryden, and a good many other august gentlemen. Your plain citizen knows his mind pretty thoroughly on the subject of consular reform; and he knows why the senate is blocking it. It is no answer to defend the "courtesy and traditions" of the senate. Nobody is attacking these, excepting in so far as they are employed in the deliberate protection of wrongdoers. The best answer to all attacks on the senate will be the passage of good laws,—and no honest man will quibble over the right or wrong of pure food; of a sound, able consular service; of checking the indiscriminate power of great corporations; of treating the Philippines with common decency, of stopping subsidy plunder of the public treasury. Let us see committee chairmen whose acts are guided by other than selfish business considerations. Let us see senators who can submit an honest, literal account of their campaign expenses.

Let us see these things, Senator Lodge, and the magazines will be silenced; their readers, alive to the facts, will laugh them down. But please spare us comparisons with Abraham Lincoln. "The peepul" may be somewhat inflammatory; but they would like to see legislation in Philippine matters inspired by other motives than those of the sugar trust. It might even be wise for the senate to turn against Havemeyer or Rockefeller, now and then, in unimportant particulars, in order to convince the country that the senate is honest. It is unpleasant to see its acts *always* in harmony with the greed of the trusts.

The time has about come when the long-faced gentlemen in the frock coats will rise *en masse*, and solemnly, grandly, frown us down. The senate do wrong?—The idea! Angry and shocked they slowly shake their heads. But they say never a word about those campaign contributions and their relations to subsequent "special" legislation. Flubdub and grandeur aside, is n't there something to think about in that business?

The Washington correspondents have been having a good deal of fun this year over the flock of magazine writers who have settled down on the capitol. It has seemingly not occurred to them that the presence of what they love to call the "ten-cent reformers" has a real significance. These Washington correspondents have pleasant jobs. A large part of their work consists in keeping up friendly relations with as many senators as possible. And the average senator is not above

weaving a subtle influence about the correspondent. The mental processes on both sides may be subliminal rather than conscious, but it is pretty clear that the correspondent can hope for information only so long as he keeps reasonably well within the good graces of the senators. If he were to start writing home the truth, and all the truth, he would soon lose his job. And he does not enjoy the spectacle of a few seasoned magazine men, most of them graduates of his own newspaper school, who are after the whole truth, or just as much of it as they can get in those rarefied regions where the truth is usually under a bushel and a trust senator is sitting on the lid.

Folk started the magazine crusade. He proved in the courts that St. Louis was honeycombed with graft. He next had the pleasure of seeing his cases persistently reversed by the "higher" courts, where juries had less to say. But he drove a few "respectable citizens" out of the state, and "the people," with an inspiring disregard for politics and precedents, voted him into the governor's chair. Last fall, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Newark, wherever, in fact, the plain citizen had a chance to vote against corporation-machine-bosses and for honest men,—or even for men who looked honest,—they made their votes overwhelmingly felt. It was a widespread campaign for common decency in municipal and state affairs. The fight is progressing to-day. And the magazines, if Senator Lodge will be so good as to accuse them, will gladly plead guilty as parties to this movement for a new sort of politics.

That is what the magazines have been, and are, fighting for, a new sort of politics. They won't get it just yet, but they are fighting hard for it, and the usually polite grafters have lately done them the honor of emitting fierce cries in their direction. How much they have actually accomplished, it is too early to say, but it amounts to a great deal. Mr. Hughes attributes a considerable part of his success to the fact that public opinion was firm behind him. Who aroused that public opinion? Really, would Hughes have been possible without the preliminary work of Lawson? The man who started the row against the railways was John W. Midgley, of Chicago, a mild-mannered gentleman who was an expert in railway and private-car matters before Upton Sinclair was born, and who *knew* that the conditions were very, very bad. And as to how much the present inspiring movement for moderately honest, moderately savory government owes to the long, laborious work of Lincoln Steffens, there can be very little doubt.

The latest, and silliest device of the old-school politicians is to rise up and defend in chesty tones the honest, healthy-minded people of this great and free country from the attacks of the unprincipled magazines. But any literate citizen old enough to vote knows that the magazines are attacking, not "the people," but the men who are swindling and poisoning "the people." The recent activity of "the people," wherever they have been able to get facts enough to move on, has been a splendid sight. The people are not "going to pot." At least it did n't look that way when they rose in Philadelphia. It needed only the hint of a spinal column in Mayor Weaver to bring them to their feet, and to send "Iz" Durham to Florida as fast as his private car could carry him there.

The few frenzied years seem to be past. From now on the sort of thing will be carried on in a somewhat quieter manner. But it will not stop. Even the connivance of the senate will not keep the patent medicine rascals secure from the attacks of "Collier's" and the "Ladies' Home Journal." Never mind the motives of the publishers. Motives are always mixed, even in the senate. Let us center our interest on the results.

Senator Lodge and F. Hopkinson Smith, seeing the filth, would let it lie. It has been, and is, the policy of the live magazines to stir up the filth and muck and throw it out. If those senators and congressmen and newspaper correspondents who talk so easily about "what the people want" could see the letters which have been, and are still pouring into the offices of the magazines, they would understand more clearly what I mean. "Give us the facts," say these earnest citizens, "so that we may know what to do." The magazines—working often in the dark, often misled and baffled by liars high and liars low, struggling through a tangle of corporation and legislative blind roads which can hardly be imagined or described, making blunders but keeping at it,—have done their best to set the facts before the plain citizens. The rest of it, the result of it all, is in the hands of the voter for settlement. And when the voter, understanding, finally acts, the result promises to be a rather inspiring spectacle.

DOUBT

By Harold Susman

Doubt is a pendulum that swings
Twixt This and That all day,—
Most vacillating of all things,
It knows not where to stay.

"Frenchie" and His Mate

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

[*Concluded from page 398*]

the vast muscles, nothing of the fiber of this wild man who had come aboard in the night, and who now, like a demon, saying never a word, but smashing, griping, throttling, using fingers, fists, elbows, knees,—anything,—head, shoulders,—went at him, and soon made a mess of him. In ten, or twelve minutes it may have been, the big glowering hulk had been reduced to a groveling, bloody mass that sought to draw itself into the remotest corner of the cabin, to shrink itself into the seams of the planking, by way of caulking, as it were.

When there came no further oaths or words of abuse, Frenchie bent his head. "Well?" he asked, and relaxed his terrible fingers that the mate might speak the word.

"Coffee—hot,—and biscuit," gurgled the mate to the cabin boy.

"And bunk?"

"And a bunk,—two bunks."

"No,—one bunk. The coal in hold plenty good for me," said Frenchie; and on the coal, when Arnold had come to life again and was tucked away in a bunk, he laid himself with heartfelt thanksgiving. *Bon Dieu*, but he was tired!

* * * * * * *

A long time Frenchie slept. The light of morning—not the next, but the morning after,—was flooding the companionway when he slid back the door in the bulkhead, and stepped into the cabin. There was a pot of coffee on the cabin table and beside it some biscuits, to which, without seeking anybody's leave, he helped himself as naturally as if he were aboard his own vessel.

He ate all the biscuits on the table, and with them took four cups of coffee and would have taken more but that no more remained in the pot; after which, with sublime feelings in his heart, he ran up the companionway and all but bowled over a man that he guessed to be the master of the bark, as he leaped onto the deck.

It was a large but somewhat weak-looking man, who gazed admiringly and waved his hand pleasantly as Frenchie was about to apologize.

"Be you the skipper?"

"In the ship's papers I'm so rated." Then, most irrelevantly, he asked, "You don't happen to want a second-mate's berth, do you?"

"I 'm feesher-man."

"I know,—I was n't altogether asleep last night. You 're the quality for second mate and won't have to bother much with navigation. The mate will be most of your concern,—just polish him off once in a while. Six or seven days astray, you say?"

"Seex or sev'n,—hard to say,—yes, sair."

"Lord, the things you could 'a' done, if you 'd been fresh!—this morning, for instance."

"This morning!" Frenchie took a full breath and threw his head toward the blue sky. "This morning!"—and he gazed long on the green sea. "This morning!" and, looking ahead, he saw where the horizon lumped like a row of low clouds. "Land? So 'tees,—yes. Ah-h,—" and suddenly he leaped off the poop and ran forward. "Georgie!"

Arnold, who was leaning over the bow devouring the land with his eyes, did not hear Frenchie approach; and the latter, as he drew nearer, found himself overcome with the strangest feelings. Perhaps Arnold would not speak to him even now. He stood shy and silent, till Arnold, turning casually, saw him, and, catching the rare look in his shipmate's eyes, could not longer restrain himself. "Hullo, Frenchie!"

Frenchie felt ashamed—to think that he

thought Arnold would not speak to him. "Hullo, Georgie!" and he smiled foolishly.

Then both were silent. It was almost as if they were in the dory again, with their grim wills in control. But Frenchie had been making up his mind all the length of the deck, and he was not to be overcome now. "How you feel, Georgie? A leetle tired, boy,—yes?"

"A little, Frenchie. But if it had n't been for you, I cal'late I 'd be more than *tired*. I 'd be dead and gone."

Frenchie fingered the collar of his flannel shirt. "Spick sense, Georgie,—spick sense."

"That 's sense. And, Frenchie,—"

"Yes?"

Arnold looked fearfully at his mate. "Frenchie, 'bout that night down to Long Beach. Why, Frenchie, I had no more notion of tryin' to cut in on you than of,—oh, all I saw was a girl that looked 's if she was waitin' for somebody, —I 'd no notion who for,—and I butts in. And when you walked by,—why, 'f I 'd known 't was for you she 'd been waitin'—"

Frenchie laid a hand on his shipmate's arm. "Her? Georgie,—boy, to h—— with her. What is one d—— girl, Georgie, between shipmates?"

Reunited, they leaned over the bow and gazed fondly at the looming shore of their own fair country.

One of Professor Langley's Legacies

By Gilson Gardner

MAN'S inventive genius has reduced the weight of a horse to five pounds. That is, man has contrived a horse—or a substitute for a horse,—which, without any loss of strength, weighs five pounds instead of twelve hundred pounds. Imagine a pygmy horse, so light and small that a man could hold it in one hand with the arm extended, and yet so powerful that a loaded truck could be hitched to it, and hauled over a common road with no more difficulty to the little animal than would be experienced by the great lumbering beast to which we are accustomed!

Of course this new five-pound horse is not alive. It is a horse only in its power to do the work of a horse. It is really only a gasoline motor. But even for a gasoline motor it is a mighty wonderful invention. Just now it is housed in the workshop of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, D. C., where it is jealously guarded from prying eyes. Its inventor was the late Prof. Samuel P. Langley, secretary of the institution.

How strong is a horse? What is the measure of a horse's ability to do work? The mechanical men have agreed to express it in lifting power and time, and in these terms a horse is found to be able to lift 550 pounds one foot every second he is working. That is the meaning of "horse-power." An engine with the strength of a horse is likewise able to do that amount of work.

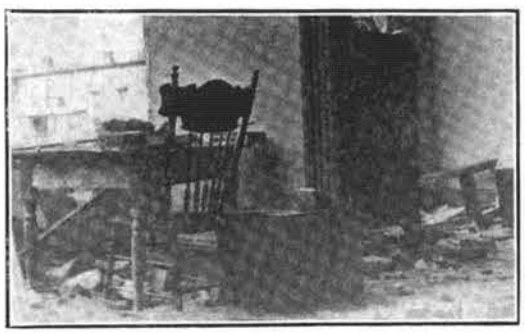
But most steam engines are very heavy, and some of them are very bulky affairs. With their boilers, furnaces, and supply of fuel they weigh quite as much for their strength as does the horse. It is only in very recent years that man has been getting power without the accompaniments of great weight and bulk. The automobile has been largely responsible. The desire to get a strong puller for these machines, without too much weight or bulk, has caused giant strides in the development of the gasoline—or, more properly speaking, the petrol,—motor. But the automobile was only partly responsible. The flying machine is the father of this five-pound horse of Prof. Langley's.

Imagine fifty-two horses—twenty-six stout teams,—hitched one in front of the other, and all pulling together as hard as they can pull; that would mean a good deal of a pull. Imagine one little mechanical contraption, about as big as an ordinary wastebasket, and weighing less than three hundred pounds. Now think of this wastebasket contraption doing the same amount of pulling as those fifty-two horses! Add to this idea the fact that the Langley motor is equipped for steady work, that this weight and size includes everything,—fuel, boilers, gearing,—all the adjuncts for applying the power practically and continuously, for many hours, and you have the triumph of the twentieth century in combining strength with lightness.

This motor has given the lie to the best engineers of Europe and America. Before undertaking its construction, Prof. Langley visited all the best-equipped shops of the Old World and of the United States. He was told that no engine could be built to weigh less than ten pounds to the horse-power. One firm undertook to build one with this weight limitation; after two years the firm abandoned the effort. Another firm made a similar effort and failed. Prof. Langley then engaged an engineer to assist him, and went to work himself. The result was the present engine, whose exact weight, with all appurtenances, is less than 260 pounds.

How the Earthquake Treated Success Magazine

1.—The annex of the Hotel Vendome. This was three stories high, and every room except three was occupied during the night of the earthquake. One man was killed, and twenty-six were taken out alive



3.—Interior view of SUCCESS MAGAZINE offices immediately after the earthquake

6.—Ruins of St. Patrick's Church, one of the largest in San José

IN the great wave of generous sympathy which has swept back from all the world toward San Francisco, and which has made certain not only the relief of the immediate necessities of the homeless, but the permanent rebuilding of the beautiful metropolis of the Pacific Coast, the serious effects of the earthquake elsewhere in California have been, to some extent, overlooked. For nearly ten days after the first news reached the East, almost nothing came over the wires or through the mails concerning, for example, San José, a little city of 25,000 population, situated about fifty miles southeast of San Francisco. In fact it was by letters from residents, and not by the telegraph, that the first information came to eastern papers about the fate of this bright little city.

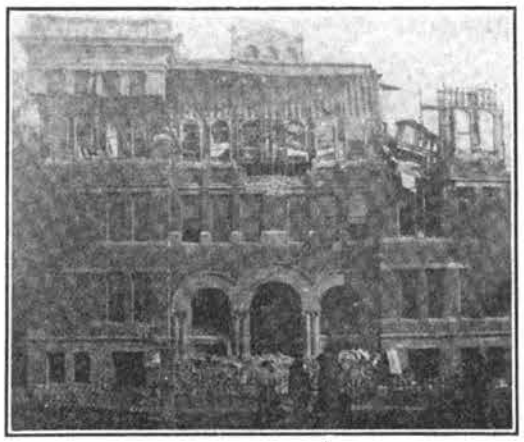
As SUCCESS MAGAZINE has in San José its principal branch office on the Pacific Coast, our own immediate concern in the safety of its

2.—Front view of the Auzerais Building in which the SUCCESS MAGAZINE offices were located.

manager, Mr. F. H. Eastey, and his family and associates was most positive and anxious. No reply was received to our first telegrams, nor did these, in fact, reach him until several days after they were sent, and no telegram or other information was received from him until his letter dated April 21st, three days after the disaster, reached our office. In this letter Mr. Eastey writes:—

"I am just recovering from the effects of what we have gone through the past few days, and I drop you a line to say that myself and family came through without a scratch. After looking at my house I don't see how we ever did. My office (see figure 3) is a wreck, the north wall of the building being completely torn off to the floors (see figure 2). I moved out what I had left of it yesterday afternoon, and have temporary quarters at my home. The plastering is off my front parlor in great patches. We did not have a piece of bric-a-brac left in the house after a twenty years' accumulation. We are not able to cook in the house, but make a campfire in the yard for our coffee. We have not had a square meal since last Tuesday. San José is under martial law, and after 7:30 p. m. no man can get into, or out of, the city. United States troops have been sent here, and the town is filling up with the wounded and the refugees from San Francisco, over 300,000 being homeless.

"There is not a whole brick building left in San José. Stanford University is a complete wreck, and has closed down for the year. The loss of life, so far as we know, is not over 19, and the property loss is estimated at over three millions. The citizens have made it very plain to merchants and dealers in food stuffs and



4.—Front view of the San José High School

supplies that no raise in prices will be tolerated. From Los Angeles to Seattle, trains are on the way with supplies and provisions and physicians, and in the next day or two San José will be practically a hospital. Two hundred of the injured were brought in this morning.

"We are practically without money. The banks are closed, and we do not know when they will be open,—not until funds can be obtained from the East, at any rate. If they should open now there would be a run on every bank in San

5.—A business block

José, and we are practically living on credit."

In later letters, Mr. Eastey gave further side lights upon the situation of an earthquake-destroyed city:—

"The governor is declaring a legal holiday from day to day until things get settled down to a normal condition, thus preventing trouble at the banks. One morning this week I picked up the paper, and there were 1,500 undelivered telegrams in the San José office, and among them I found the telegram you sent me, which had been lying here four days. The telegraph company made no effort to deliver telegrams, and even advertised a name located in the same building in which their office is. There is much bitter feeling about the telegraph companies here.

"The undergraduates in the State University have not left, but they are all under military

7.—A "crumbled" residence in San José

orders, as they are guarding the city and the university grounds. The university's buildings are being used as hospitals and sleeping places for the homeless. We are having heavy showers, which is causing loss of goods exposed to the weather from buildings that are down.

"The banks here are perfectly safe, and came through without an injury. The loss by fire in San José was confined to one block, composed entirely of business houses, and the fire loss does not exceed half a million dollars.

"The wreck of Stanford University would remind you of the pictures of the ruins of Pompeii, or the ancient cities of Rome. The library, which they had just roofed over, and which was considered one of the finest buildings in the country, next to the Congressional Library at Washington, was a total wreck to the ground. The gymnasium, one of the best in the world, is torn from top to bottom. The great Memorial Arch looks like an ancient ruin. In fact, all the large buildings are wrecked, and it will take years to restore them.

"In money matters we are in bad shape, for no matter how much money one has in the bank, we can not get a check cashed, nor borrow money."

The illustrations on this page show some of the appalling results of the catastrophe.

The Late Ebenezer Squeer

By JAMES W. FOLEY

Illustrated by H. E. Dey

"To fan herself vigorously with a paper"

"TAKEN all in all, we had a very profitable meetin'," sighed Aunt Abigail, laying off her bonnet, sinking into the easy chair, and folding her hands in utter weariness.

"If charity covers a multitude of sins, then certainly the Women's Charitable Association has buried the sins of generations fathoms deep, this one afternoon."

She sighed in mere weariness, and unfolded her hands to fan herself vigorously with a paper.

"In the first place, we passed resolutions of regret at the death of Ebenezer Squeer and instructed the secretary to send Widow Squeer an engrossed copy. There was some discussion on 't, but I allow it 's just as well the matter ended as it did.

"Ebenezer Squeer wa' n't much. If the Lord wanted him, he 's welcome, as fur as I 'm concerned. If he was callin' men accordin' to merit, Ebenezer would be waitin' a long time after some of the rest of us was taken. The Lord moves in mysterious ways and just why he wanted Ebenezer Squeer is one of 'em. But He 's got him, whether He wanted him or not, and the association might as well pass resolutions of regret if it will make the burden any lighter for the widow.

"Sophy Squeer did n't have to marry him. It wa' n't what you 'd call a popular weddin'. But then, land sakes! few of 'em are. If th' wa' n't any weddin's but what the community approved, you could n't sell enough bridal veilin' to wrap twice around a walking stick. The only two persons who agree on the good sense of the average weddin' are the bride and the groom. But Sophy's weddin' wa' n't as excusable as some of 'em, because both of 'em was old enough to know better. He was a widower twice, and she was a widow once afore now. She had a little property and he was too lazy to work, and the medicine in his last sickness was paid for with her first husband's money; and, as long as Ebenezer did n't get well, I guess it was profitably spent.

"But that 's all Sophy's business, not mine, only sometimes I can't resist havin' my say about it. It rests me when I 'm tired.

"It all came up in the meetin', although we kept it out of the minutes. Some of 'em were opposed to passin' any resolutions at all. Zerophy Wilkins (called Zerophy after her mother, although *I* never heard the name before,) declared resolutions of regret in such a case was puttin' a premium on shif'lessness. If Ebenezer Squeer got resolutions, anybody could get 'em, and I guess that 's a good deal true. They 're like carvin's on tombstones,—you can get all you pay for and you can't rely on *them* at all. I 've seen fingers pointin' up to heaven on some tombstones that—well, I won't say where they ought to be pointin', but I 've my own opinion. An' resolutions are gettin' to be about as onreliable, although, Lord knows, I would n't be one to deny Sophy Squeer the comfort she can get out of resolutions she must know ain't deserved.

"I don't want any of 'em in mine. If me or any of mine are unfortunate enough to be taken off, I don't want it brought up in meetin' at all. It only calls attention to your weaknesses. Ebenezer Squeer won't rest any better because the natural charity of weak women permitted a set of praisin' resolutions to be jammed through a meetin' of a charitable association on a hot afternoon.

"But maybe Sophy 'll take some comfort outen it. That 's the stand I took. 'Sisters,' I said, when the debate was gettin' good and hot, 'it ain't for the dead we 're actin' here, but for the livin' relic. If the Charitable Association gives him some sort of credentials, she may feel more confident of his present whereabouts. As fur as I 'm concerned, no set of resolutions regardin' Ebenezer would change my views as to his present situation. But fresh widows are apt to be overhopeful of the Lord's mercy to the departed, especially if you give them a little encouragement. So, in votin' resolutions, I 'd rather be a hypocrite than deny Sophy Squeer what comfort there may be in these resolutions.'

"While I 'm not conceited, I think that view of it, put so plainly, carried the day. Ebenezer lived off 'n Sophy's money while he lived, and after he died he got a mod'rate bill of health for Sophy's sake. But then, resolutions ain't any passport to Paradise, as Ebenezer Squeer will discover if he tries to crowd in on the strength of them.

"Well, at any rate, we took a vote on it and the association voted resolutions 16 to 14. That was a larger minority than I 'd want, but Ebenezer was used to gettin' things by the skin of his teeth and it did n't make so much difference in his case. But a majority of only two in an association of women, all inclined to be forgivin', shows how strong the feelin' really was. Some of the minority wanted to go on record, but we voted that down. 'Sisters,' I said, 'if we 're goin' to give anything, let 's give it with a good grace and not begrudgin'ly. Think how it would pain Sophy Squeer to learn that "The Women's Charitable Association, by a vote of 16 for and 14 agin', adopted the followin' resolutions." It would be worse than no resolutions at all. So again we voted down the minority and had our way in the name of charity.

"Melvina Driggs was the bitterest agin' the late Ebenezer. She led the debate agin' the resolutions, and, when she was beat, declared that, so far as she had authority to speak, Spencer Driggs should never be the subject of any hypocritical balderdash from this association when he might be called to the great judgment. She fought us up to the last ditch, and, when we finally got the text of the resolutions agreed on, she refused to sign the minutes as recordin' secretary. So her name won't appear on the engrossed copy, and, if Ebenezer ever gets holt of them resolutions in his sperrit hands, he 'll find them indorsed, 'Melvina Driggs dissents.' But Melvina and Sophy have n't been good friends since Melvina's girl quit and went to work for Sophy. You generally find some underlyin' cause for most people's moral scruples, and maybe that is Melvina's. But the resolutions will be signed by the correspondin' secretary and Melvina can save her ink to write her feelin's in her diary.

"As fur as I 'm concerned, I wa' n't particularly interested except for Sophy's sake. I do n't expect to see Ebenezer again, unless it 's in the sperrit, and then it will be at some distance and I won't have to make any accountin' of my deeds to him. But a set of resolutions ain't goin' to bankrupt our stock of charity, although these were a pretty heavy draft. And, as between Melvina Driggs and Sophy Squeer, I 'm with Sophy.

"The text of 'em was the hardest work we had to do. I drafted them first, but, when the association got through amendin' 'em, the original copy had to be rewrote. I began it, 'Whereas, our late lamented brother, Ebenezer Squeer, has been called to realms of everlastin' bliss,' etc. Melvina Driggs moved to strike out the word 'lamented,' and that was struck out as a concession to the minority. Then Zerophy Wilkins moved to strike out all after 'called.' She said the statement about 'realms of everlastin' bliss' was purely guesswork, with the chances agin' its bein' so. She moved to substitute, 'from fields of labor' for 'realms of everlastin' bliss,' makin' it read, 'Whereas, our late brother, Ebenezer Squeer, has been called from fields of labor.' Melvina Driggs wanted to know if Zerophy ever saw any field where Ebenezer Squeer had labored. She said such a resolution was a deliberate slur on every workin' person within the range of her voice, which is considerable when she is het up. She moved to strike out everything after 'called,' makin' it read, 'Whereas, the late Ebenezer Squeer has been called,' and, as nobody could find anything to complain of in that sentiment, we let it stand at that.

"She 'd take them in herself until after the next meeting"

"So it went. We took up the resolutions, paragraph by paragraph, insertin' here, cuttin' out there, amendin' here, revisin' there, until we got 'em to suit. I'm free to confess, when we got 'em finally adopted, there was n't much meat in 'em. I took a copy of 'em, and they read:—

"'Whereas, the late Ebenezer Squeer ha been called, and—Whereas, our beloved sister, Sophy Squeer, is left to mourn, and—Whereas, the Women's Charitable Association realizes that God's afflictions are only blessin's in disguise, now, therefore,—Be It Resolved, that this association extends its regret and sympathy to sister Sophy Squeer, an honored, beloved, and respected member of this association, and that an engrossed copy of these resolutions be sent to sister Squeer.'

"It was mostly for Sophy and not much for Squeer, but it was the best we could do and we had to let it go at that.

"We had some other matters for consideration, among them the care of the little Grumby children left orphans because Grumby fell from the high chimbley of the flourin' mill. But, when we 'd settled the Squeer business we were all so het up we did n't feel like transactin' more, so we put it off till the next regular meetin', two weeks from next Wednesday. Little Emily Brewer, poor, innocent soul, thought it more important than the resolutions, but she is no parliamentarian, and could n't get a second to her motion. So she said she 'd take them in herself until after the next meetin', when we 'll make some provision for them if Squeer's sperrit do n't bob up again to disturb us.

"Taken all in all, it was a successful meetin', but, land sakes! it was wearin' on some of us."

"'Melvina Driggs was the bitterest agin' the late Ebenezer'"

THE PESSIMIST

By Nixon Waterman

The pessimist grumbles through thick and through thin,
And on courting misfortune his spirit is bent,
For he deems life a great game of hazard wherein
He is forced to choose "tails" on a two-headed cent.

Fits of anger bring fits of disease.

WITH THE EDITORS

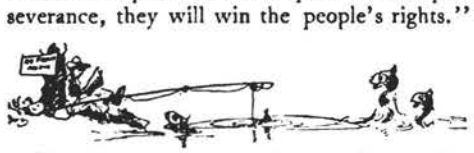
We should like to call particular attention to the article in this issue entitled "The Magazine Crusade," by SAMUEL MERWIN. It is somewhat important, we think, in explaining just what has been accomplished during the last four or five years in exposing the iniquitous affairs of the nation. Never before in the history of American journalism has one set of publications been so unanimous in an undertaking, never before have men accomplished such wonderful results. And when these results were brought to the door of the august body that could do more than all else to create a remedy, the writers were attacked and called a public menace. The reason for the magazine crusade is perhaps best set forth in a recent letter written to the editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE by HARRY BEACH NEEDHAM, who is one of the now famous army of "Muck-rakers." He says: "The magazines have done a great work for real reform, largely because the daily press has failed in its duty to the people."

By turning to MR. LATZKE's article in this number the reader will discover just how a large percentage of our newspapers lend themselves to corporations and "fail in their duty to the people." With the free daily press muzzled, reform must turn to its next best ally, the magazines; and, thank God! none of this class of publications has yet fallen the victim of trust ownership.

We think that we have said enough to convince our readers of the importance of the reform work done by the magazines, but we should like to quote from a few letters written personally to the editor of SUCCESS MAGAZINE regarding this work. MR. RAY STANNARD BAKER, of "McClure's Magazine," says: "When the state delegated the right to control the highway to a private person, it delegated also the duty to preserve justice between citizens who used that highway. When the railroad man accepted the powers granted by the state he thereby obligated himself to treat every man, rich or poor, exactly alike."

MR. SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS, of "Collier's Weekly," writes: "There is to-day an insistent popular demand for the truth about vital conditions of our present-day life. Factitious denunciations of the 'muck-rake' will not silence it. If honest exposition implies exposure, the blame lies not with the exposer, but with the exposed."

MR. PAUL LATZKE writes: "The questions of franchise and corporate abuse are of supreme importance. Once the people understand them, they will find a remedy. When this transpires, general conditions, social and industrial, will right themselves automatically. The magazines are carrying on the work of public education here in a manner that promises results. If the editors and publishers have patience and perseverance, they will win the people's rights."



Now let us say just a few words regarding our summer fiction. You will see by this number that we propose making our summer issues particularly light and attractive in good fiction, and we shall largely increase the space devoted to this fascinating form of literature. As we look over our hook, heavy with long galley proofs fresh from the printer, we find that we have already in type "Joe Quinn's Job," by that master story-teller, F. HOPKINSON SMITH. This narrative shows HOPKINSON SMITH at his best. It is,—well, we won't tell you what it is! Suffice to say, it is the best short story that HOPKINSON SMITH has written in many a day. Then we have a dog story by EMERY POTTLE. It rollicks with the fun that has made this young writer popular with all lovers of good, snappy humor. "The Casey-Murphy Handicap," by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, is a story of two Irishmen in a foot race. It is in MR. BUTLER's best vein,—funny to the core. "The Late Ebenezer Squeer," by JAMES W. FOLEY, "Melindy's Bachelor Club," by CHARLES F. MARTIN, "The Meanness of Penury Popham," by ANNE O'HAGAN, and "Cupid, the Barber," by BENJAMIN F. NICHOLSON, are all stories of varied ranges of humor,—just the thing to fill the summer hours with the proper sort of blessing. In a little more serious vein are "The Darnman's Wedding," by CHARLES L. GOODELL, "A Quart of Turquoises," by HENRY M. RIDEOUT, "The Runaways," by ZONA GALE, "A Little Diplomacy," by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE, "A Providential Partnership," by CALVIN JOHNSTON, and "Satan, the Climber," by T. JENKINS HAINS. These are only a few that we pick out at random. Many of these writers are new to you, but it is our policy to hunt for new writers, and to get their best work, when the older and more famous ones fail to come up to the scratch. We do not believe in the mooted theory that a great name makes a great story. There must be brain and blood and originality behind the quill.

SAMUEL MERWIN is now in the faraway vastnesses of Northwestern Canada. We sent him there specially, several weeks ago, to write the romantic story of the unbridled energy that is opening up the last empire of the world. MR. MERWIN is not a purveyor of dry statistics and government reports. He is a builder of romance,—he looks only for the elements that represent the man of to-day in action. His Northwestern series will deal with the great value of industry, toil, courage, daring, and adventure, which will be strung like brilliant beads on the cord of romance.

One of the busiest men in the country just now is CLEVELAND MOFFETT, who is collecting facts for the completion of his series, "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth." Our readers seldom realize the great amount of work necessary to build up just one article. Frequently months elapse before facts can be verified. MR. MOFFETT is a stickler for this sort of thing.

MR. MOFFETT began his career on the New York "Herald." He knew how to write from instinct. James Gordon Bennett quickly saw that he was made of the stuff that stands. After giving him every opportunity to prove himself incompetent, Bennett sent him to Paris to represent the "Herald." There MOFFETT did things that made the world stare. For years he has made a special study of the economics that govern the social world, and, when he came to us prepared to write "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth," it took us about sixty seconds to discover that we had the right man.

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DAVID FERGUSON, who has written an important article on the methods of "dummy directors" for SUCCESS MAGAZINE, is a member of the staff of the New York "World." He is a quiet, plodding journalist with a "nose for news." He was the first to unearth the great insurance scandals that have stirred the country. He is a keen, clever writer. He is a man who knows things and has the backbone to call them by their right name. You will surely learn something of the operations of "dummy directors" when you read his article.

We intend to arrest your attention here for a moment to say something about bouquets and brickbats. We are always looking for letters from our readers, and they are particularly welcome if they contain such pleasant information as the following:—

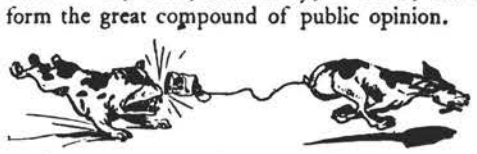
MERRITT, FLORIDA, April 27, 1906.
Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:—The May number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is the best ever issued; and I beg leave to suggest that pages 313, 314, 315, 371, 372, and 373 be printed as a sample edition, and batches containing half a dozen each sent to your subscribers for distribution, and also to the public-school teachers of America.

The sketch of George Westinghouse furnishes the inspiration and stimulus wanted by the families and boys of our beloved land, and should be placed in their hands as quickly as possible. It shows the all-importance of industrial education without crying down the mental training and knowledge provided by the ordinary college.

Success won on fair lines is worthy of commendation only. Yours very sincerely, A. R. MOORE.

We are equally pleased, too, when a man of such strong opinions as J. F. WENK, of Chicago, writes us and takes violent exception to the article by WILLIAM J. BRYAN on the Chinese situation. MR. WENK is anti-BRYAN to the core. He disbelieves in the eminent Nebraskan, politically and otherwise, and he tells us point blank that we have "no right to publish the views of such a person." We beg to inform MR. WENK, and all others of the same opinion, that this magazine will never become so narrow-minded as to refuse its columns to any man who has something to say that is worth while. We may or may not agree with MR. BRYAN politically, but we are pleased to pay for his views on certain questions of the day. They are of great value to the public. So are the views of EUGENE V. DEBS, LI HUNG CHANG, Senator BENJAMIN F. TILLMAN, and all other men, no matter of what creed, rank, nationality, or color, who form the great compound of public opinion.



Getting on the trail of a good thing has become quite a habit with us. MR. BROUGHTON BRANDENBURG will tell of the hazardous escapades of men who have built great railroads in various parts of the world. MR. REMSEN CRAWFORD has journeyed to Kentucky at our command, to prepare two articles on what that state is most noted for,—its beautiful horses and beautiful women. And MR. HOSMER WHITFIELD has gone to San Francisco to investigate thoroughly the desperate conditions which still exist in that stricken city.

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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.

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