

F. Hopkinson Smith's Latest Story

# SUCCESS

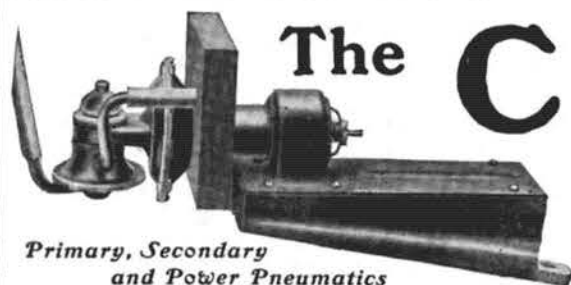
## MAGAZINE

JULY

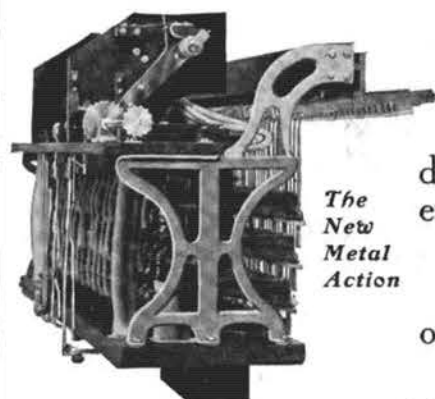
1906







Primary, Secondary  
and Power Pneumatics



The  
New  
Metal  
Action



The  
Old  
Wooden  
Action

# The CECILIAN METAL ACTION Piano Player

You know that wood is always affected by atmospheric and climatic changes. On this account, piano players of all kinds have sooner or later given trouble to their owners, because heretofore all actions have been built of wood. Damp weather, hot weather, starting the furnace, or any one of half a dozen changes, has caused a swelling or a shrinkage in the wood, and presently, a leak made repairs necessary.

Ask any owner if he has not had trouble with his Piano Player.

The Metal Action of the Cecilian Piano Player does away with all troubles of this sort.

The "primary" valves and pneumatics, the "secondary" valves and pneumatics, and the "wind chest," formerly constructed of wood and leather, are now made of steel, brass and phosphor bronze, which are not affected by climatic or atmospheric changes. The Metal Action practically does away with the necessity of repairs, and is the greatest improvement ever made in piano player construction.

The Cecilian is the only player built with a metal action, and can be had in Cabinet form, which can be attached to any piano, or it can be had built into the Sohmer-Cecilian Piano or the Farrand-Cecilian Piano. Booklet fully describing this marvelous improvement will be sent free on application to

## The Farrand Company

Paris, France

DETROIT, MICH.

London, England

There  
is  
Beauty  
in  
every  
Jar.



Make us PROVE what Milkweed Cream will do. Just send us your name and address and we will mail free a sample of this delicious, beneficial Skin Food, and also a booklet containing autograph letters and photo-engravings of fifteen of America's Stage Queens. Mention the name of your druggist and we will also send an individual Tooth-Brush Holder Free.

### Milkweed Cream

ensures brilliant complexions. It nourishes the skin and tissues, makes plump, rounded cheeks and firm, healthy flesh.

Miss Effie Hamilton

Described by the New York *World* as the prettiest show girl in America, writes as follows in praise of MILKWEED CREAM:—

NEW YORK, March 1, 1905.  
Messrs. INGRAM & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Your Milkweed Cream is the best thing ever to insure a fresh, clear and beautifully white complexion. Yours very sincerely,

EFFIE HAMILTON.

Sold by all druggists at 50 cts. a jar or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

F. F. INGRAM & CO., 60 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.



"Just a gleam of ivory in her smile."

Miss Adele Ritchie  
one of America's most beautiful  
artists, says:

"Zodenta will impart a radiance of dazzling white to the teeth that no other dentifrice can give."

### ZODENTA for the teeth

is different from all other dentifrices. ZODENTA has the peculiar and special property of dissolving all injurious deposits. These deposits discolor and destroy the delicate enamel and cause what we know as "decayed teeth." It also prevents the formation of tartar, and its antiseptic and germicidal properties destroy all poisons and germs which cause softened and diseased gums.

FREE this month, an oxidized silver hat pin. Send us the screw cap from a tube of ZODENTA, bought at your druggist's, and we will mail the hat pin postpaid. If your druggist is out of ZODENTA, send us 25 cents cash or stamps, mention this offer, and we will mail both the ZODENTA and Hat Pin postpaid.

The genuine is an emulsified cream, white in color, and is packed in a green, enameled tube, with an applicator placed in the end by which it may be hung up.

Price 25c at all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.  
F. F. Ingram & Co.,  
60 Tenth St.,  
Detroit  
Mich.



SEE  
YOU  
CAN  
HANG  
IT  
UP

There  
is  
Beauty  
in  
every  
Jar.



Absolutely PREVENTS and REMOVES Tan and Freckles—the best protection from the summer sun

### Milkweed Cream

is a perfect skin and complexion cream. It feeds and nourishes the skin and gives it the glow of health so much admired.

Rubbing is unnecessary, you simply apply Milkweed Cream with the finger tips and it does its own work. Rubbing and kneading the skin makes it loose and flabby, causing wrinkles and large unsightly pores.

Milkweed Cream is most economical, it is only necessary to use sufficient to cover the tip of your finger.

Milkweed Cream is not greasy, it is rapidly absorbed by the skin, and its medical action is such that it prevents shiny and oily skins, removes tan, freckles, blackheads, and all blemishes, defects and disfigurements of the skin and complexion.

Improves bad complexions  
Preserves good complexions

At druggists—or by mail—A Two-Ounce Jar of Milkweed Cream, 50 cts.

Your sample is waiting for you—write for it at once

Mention the name of your druggist and we will also send an individual tooth-brush holder, FREE.

F. F. INGRAM & CO. 60 Tenth St. Detroit Mich.

# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

ORISON SWETT MARDEN  
EDITOR AND FOUNDER

ROBERT MACKAY  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

PUBLICATION OFFICE:

University Building  
Washington Square  
New York City

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

In the United States, Canada,  
and Mexico, \$1.00 a  
year. Ten cents a copy  
In all other countries in  
the Postal Union, \$2.00 a  
Year. Postage Prepaid

Copyrighted, 1905  
by  
THE SUCCESS COMPANY

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

Copyrighted in Great  
Britain

Entered at Stationers' Hall  
London

FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVE:

CURTIS BROWN  
5 Henrietta Street, Covent  
Garden, London, W. C.,  
England

## Contents for

## JULY 1906

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

<i>Miss Murdock,—“Special,” (A Story.)</i>	F. Hopkinson Smith	463
Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove		
<i>Thompson and His Hippodrome</i>	Samuel Merwin	466
Illustrated by Arthur William Brown		
<i>Cupid and the Barber, (A Story.)</i>	Benjamin F. Nicholson	469
Illustrated by Otto Lang		
<i>The Dummy Director</i>	David Ferguson	471
Cartoons by A. T. Crichton		
<i>Dog Days, (A Story.)</i>	Emery Pottle	473
Illustrated by Clara D. Davidson		
<i>The Real Debauchers of the Nation</i>	Eugene V. Debs	475
<i>Remarkable Facts About the San Francisco Earthquake</i>	Hosmer Whitfield	475
<i>The Old Darnman, (A Story.)</i>	Charles L. Goodell	476
Illustrated by Charles Grunwald		
<i>We Must Know What We Are Eating</i>	The Editors	478
<i>The Second Generation, (Chapters VIII., IX., X., and XI.)</i>	David Graham Phillips	479
Illustrated by Fletcher C. Ransom		
<i>The Funniest Stories I've Heard</i>	Wallace Irwin	482
<i>Not on the Programme, (A Story.)</i>	George Sanderson	532
Illustrated by R. Emmett Owen		
Verse:		
<i>The Spartan Boy</i>	Harriet Prescott Spofford	470
<i>The Curious Chemist</i>	Edmund Vance Cooke	513
Illustrated by Robert J. Wildhack		
<i>Holes</i>	Franklin P. Adams	518
<i>Floating Island</i>	Wallace Irwin	528
Illustrated by Charles Sarka		

### OTHER FEATURES, STORIES, AND DEPARTMENTS

<i>The Pulse of the World</i>	483	<i>A Vacation in a Tepee</i>	W. A. Keyes	506
<i>The Editor's Chat</i>	485	<i>The Well-Dressed Woman,</i>	Grace Margaret Gould	508
<i>Recreation and Sports</i>	Harry Palmer	488	<i>The Well-Dressed Man,</i>	Alfred Stephen Bryan
				510



# The Truth

## about the

# Mutual Life

**T**HIS is a matter of great interest to the public, and of still greater interest to thousands of individuals. People with the fairest minds—and that means most people—have been disturbed and unsettled by the developments and denunciations of the past few months. What these people want is the truth—the plain unvarnished truth. To give them this truth is the object of this announcement.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company was organized in 1843, the first of its kind in America. In 24 years it had become the largest in the world. For 39 years, in spite of the keenest competition, it has held the lead, passing unharmed through panics, failures, strikes and wars; meeting with promptness its every obligation and having 460 millions of assets to-day.

The recent Insurance agitation was unique. The investigation certainly was thorough. As every one knows the Mutual Life was on the firing line. The smoke has now cleared away. What do we find?

In the first place we find that the Mutual Life is still the largest and staunchest Life Insurance Company in the world. Without defending or in the least belittling the abuses and extravagances recently brought to light, everybody should keep in mind the fact that the solvency of this Company has not for a moment been affected thereby. Concerning the work of the finance committee which has been attacked in the press, this Company's auditing committee consisting of Messrs. Truesdale, Auchincloss, Fish and Dixon stated on February 15th, 1906:

*"The Committee certify that the investments of the Company are of the highest order and well selected," and "have found the valuation given safe and conservative, in many instances less than the market value and in none in excess of such value."*

In the next place, extravagance has been stopped, and those responsible for it have gone; a new management has been installed, and retrenchments have been effected that have already saved vast sums of money and will save much more as time goes on. Legislative reforms have likewise been anticipated, and the Company is now as sound at the circumference as it always has been at the core.

In the next place, the ending of the first quarter presents an excellent opportunity for comparing this year with last.

*The amount paid policy holders is \$9,608,436.50, an increase of \$1,070,835.26. The receipts for premiums were \$15,082,484.57, a decrease of \$857,995.29 for the period. This is a shrinkage of less than 5½ per cent. The amount paid for expenses was \$2,935,552.44, a reduction of \$1,547,279.36.*

This remarkable showing is a good thing to be kept in mind by everybody—those now insured in the Mutual Life, and those who should be. It cannot be accounted for by the smaller amount of new business written. Of the saving for the quarter, the sum of \$390,961.52 is in items not connected with the obtaining of new business.

In the next place we find that this Company is doing business—more business than any other company in the world with one exception. Far from being paralyzed or demoralized it is forging right ahead. Policies by the hundred are being written each day; honest trustees, keenly alert, are directing its affairs; faithful and experienced men are doing its intricate work; loyal agents are explaining its advantages and discriminating people are obtaining its protection.

In the next place we find that there need be no question as to the future. A policy in the Mutual Life is just as good as gold. No obligation could possibly be better. A bond of the United States Government is no safer. It will, therefore, be a misfortune if any one is misled by the writer who prints for revenue or for notoriety, or by the attorney who is out for his clients, or the competitor who is out for himself, or even by the gentlemen who have organized themselves into committees under an honest misapprehension of the facts. Such incidents may tend to hinder business but need deter no one who needs insurance.

With economy, which means rapid improvement in regard to earning of surplus for dividends, everywhere at work in the Mutual Life; with its immense size as the basis for moderate general expenses; with smaller liability for renewal commissions to agents than any other company; with the cost of new business limited by law for all Companies, how can any one possibly better provide for the uncertainties of the future than through a policy in the first Insurance Company in America, and the strongest in the world—

## The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

### New York

*The Mutual Life has devised and placed on the market at a notably low rate, a policy which provides protection more far-reaching than an ordinary contract. Send your address and let us inform you as to the particulars.*





"Ye're like a lot o' buzzards stuck up on a fence rail waitin' fur an old horse to die"

## MISS MURDOCK,—“SPECIAL”

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

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

Illustrated by ARTHUR G. DOVE

A row of gas jets hooded by green paper shades lighting a long table at which sit half a dozen men in their shirt sleeves writing like mad; against the wall other men,—one drawing Easter lilies, another blocking in the background around a photograph, a third pasting clippings on sheets of brown paper. Every few minutes a bare-headed boy in a dirty apron, with smugged face and ink-stained fingers, bounds into the stifling, smoke-laden room, skirts the long table, dives through a door labeled "Night Editor," remains an instant and bounds out again, his hands filled with long streamers of proof.

In the opening and shutting of the swinging door a round-bodied, round-headed man in his shirt sleeves comes into view. Covering his forehead, shielding his eyes from the glare of the overhead gas jet, is a half-moon of leather held in place by strings tied behind his ears. The line of shadow caused by this shade makes

a blank space about his eyes and brings into relief his pale, flabby cheeks, hard, straight mouth, and coarse chin. Only when he lifts his head to give some order, or holds the receiver of the telephone to his ear, can his eyes be exactly located. Then they shine like a cat's in a cellar,—gray, white, gray again, with a glint of metallic green,—always the same distance apart, never wavering, never blinking. Overstrung, overworked, nervous men, working at high pressure, spurned by the merciless lash of passing minutes, have these eyes. So do cornered beasts fighting for air and space. Two-thirty had just been tolled by the neighboring clock; deliverance would come when the last form of the morning edition was made up. Until then safety could only be found in constant attack.

Outside the night editor's office, sprawled over a pile of mail sacks, between the long table and the swinging door, lay Joe Quinn, man-of-all-work,—boy, in fact, for he was but nineteen,

big for his age, with arms and legs like cordwood and a back straight and hard as a plank. Joe's duty was to keep his eyes peeled, his ears open, and his legs in working order. If a reporter wanted a fresh pad, a cup of water, or a file of papers, Joe brought them; sometimes he foraged for sandwiches and beer,—down four pair of stairs, across the street into a cellar and up again; sometimes he carried messages; oftener he made an elevator of himself, running between the presses in the basement and the desk behind the swinging door. Fifty trips in a single night had not been an unusual tally.

To the inmates of the room the boy was known as "Joe" or "Quinn" or "Sonny." To the man with the half-moon shade over his eyes he was "Say" or "That Damned Kid." High-strung, high-pressure editors omit the unnecessary, condensation being part of their creed.

Up in the Franconia Notch, in a little hollow



"And ye want to treat 'em with some per-liteness, too; they 're older 'n anything 'round here 'cept the rocks; and they've been holdin' up the dignity of this valley, too,—kind o' 'sponsible for things. That's another thing ye must n't forgit. The fust folks that come travelin' through this notch—'bout time the In-jins quit,—took notice on 'em I tell ye. That's what they come for. Bald Top and White Face was all right, but it was the trees that knocked 'em silly. That's what I read in the book school-teacher has, and that's true. And see how they treat their brothers that git toppled



"'I've knowed that birch over forty-two year'"

over and are done for,—by a windslash, maybe, or lightnin' or a landslide, or some such cussed thing. Ain't more 'n a year or two after they 're down 'fore they got 'em kivered all over with leaves, and then they git tergether and hev a quiltin' party, and purty soon they 're all over blankets o' green moss, and the others jes' stand 'round solemn and straight like 's if they was mountin' guard over their graves.

"It's wicked to kill most anything 'less ye got some use—and a good one, too,—for the meat, but it's a durned sight meaner to cut down a tree that took so long to grow and that's been so decent all its life, 'less ye can't do without the stuff ye git out 'n it."

Joe had listened and had drunk it all in, and his love for the tall giants away back in the deep wilderness had never left him. It was these dear old friends more than anything else that had kept him at home, under plea of helping his father, months after he knew he ought to be up and doing if he would ever be of any use to the old man in his later years.

It was Plymouth first, as stable boy, and then down to Nashua and Boston as teamster and freight handler, and then, by what he considered at the time a lucky chance,—(Katie Murdock, from his own town, and now a reporter in the same newspaper office with himself, had helped,) man of all work in this whirl where he felt like a fly clinging to a driving wheel.

Stretching out his stout saw-log legs and setting his big shoulders into the soft cushions made by the sacks, his mind went back to the old sawmill,—Baker's Mill,—and the dam backed up alongside the East Branch. An old kingfisher used to sit on a limb over the still water and watch for minnows,—a blue and white fellow with a sharp beak. He had frightened him away many a time. And there was a hole where two big trout lived. He remembered the willows, too, and the bunch of logs piled as high as the mill. These would be rolled down and cant-hooked under its saw when the spring opened, but Baker never

ground any one of them up into wood pulp. It went into clapboards to keep out the cold, and shingles to keep off the rain, and the "waste" went under the kettles to help them boil, the light of the jolly flames dancing round the room. He had carried many a bundle home himself that the old man had sent to Jonathan. Most everybody sent Jonathan something, especially if they thought he needed it.

Then his mind reverted to his own share in the whirl about him. It was n't a job he liked, but there was n't anything else offering, and then Katie might want somebody to look after her, and so it was just as well he had the job. He and Katie had been schoolmates together not so long ago, in the wooden schoolhouse near the crossroads. She had gone to college, and had come home with a diploma, and she was two or three years older than he was, but that did n't make any difference to a boy and girl from the same village when they had grown up alongside of each other. He wondered how long it was to July, when he was promised a week,—and so was Katie. He knew just what they'd do; he could get two passes to Plymouth,—his old friend the freight boss had promised him that,—then about daylight, the time the train arrived, he'd find Marvin, who drove the stage up the valley and past his old home, and help him curry his team and hitch up, and Marvin would give them a ride free. He could feel the fresh air on his cheeks as he rattled out of the village, across the railroad track and out into the open. Tim Shekles, the blacksmith, would be at work, and old Mother Crawport would be digging in her garden, early as it was; and out in the fields the crows would be hunt-

ing corn; and pretty soon down would go the wheels into the soft, clean gravel of the brook that crossed the turnpike and out again on the other side dripping puddles in the dirt; and soon the big trees would begin, and keep on and on, and on,—away up to the tops of the mountains, the morning sun silvering the mists sweeping up their sides,—and—

"Say! you! Wake up! He's been hollering at you for five minutes. Git!"

Joe sat up and rubbed his eyes. The fresh air of the morning had vanished.

"Yes, sir." He was on his feet now, alert as a terrier that had sniffed a rat.

"Yes, sir, eh! How many times do you want me to call you? Go and find Miss Murdock, and send her here on the run. Tell her to get her hat and cloak and show up in two minutes. I've got an assignment for her on the East Side,—just come over the 'phone. Hurry now! That damned kid ought to be—"

But Joe was already out of the room and down two pair of stairs. Before the minutes were up he was back again, Katie Murdock with him. She was sliding her arm into the sleeve of her jacket as she entered.

"Forty-third and First Avenue, Miss Murdock," said the night editor, lifting his head so that the cat eyes had full play. "Girl overboard from one of the ferry boats,—lives at 117.—Drowned, they say,—some fellow mixed up in it. Take your snap shot along and get everything. Find the mother if she's got one and—"

But the girl had gone. She knew the value of time,—especially at that hour, even if she had been but a week in her new department of "Special." The presses would be held for her report, she knew. The chief knew it, too, or he would n't have sent her at that hour. There was time—plenty of time if everything went right,—thirty minutes, perhaps an hour,—to spare, but they were not hers to waste.

"Wait for me, Joe," she said, as she hurried past him. "We'll go up town together, soon as the presses start."

Joe threw himself again on the pile of sacks



and kept his ears open for orders. It was a bad night for Katie to go out. She was plucky and could hold her own,—had done so a dozen times,—once in a street car when some fellow tried to be familiar,—but he did n't like her to go, all the same. Nobody who had looked into her face and then down into her blue eyes would ever make any mistake, but then some men might n't take the trouble to look. He'd wait for her, no matter how late it might be. When she came in she would be out of breath, and perhaps hungry,—then he'd take her over to Cobb's for a cup of coffee.

During the interim Joe's legs had been kept busy. Not only had he rushed downstairs and up again half a dozen times, springing to the night editor's curse, or pound, or shout, which-ever had come handiest, but he had also been twice to the corner for frankfurters for reporters who had n't had a crumb to eat for hours. He was unwrapping the second one when Katie burst in.

Her hat and coat were dripping wet and her hair hung in disorder about her pale face. Her notes were nearly completed; she had worked them out on the elevated on her way downtown. Joe absorbed her with a look, and slid to her side. Something in her face told him of her errand; something of the suffering, and, perhaps horror,—and he wanted to get close to her. The girl had reached the editor's desk now, and was waiting until the great man had finished the paragraph his pen was inditing.

"Well," he said, laying down his pen,—  
"What have you got?" He was running his cat eyes over the girl's notes as he spoke,—taking in at a glance the "meat" of her report. Then, he added,—  
"Get any snaps?"

"No, sir, I—"

"Did n't I tell you I must have 'em?"

"Yes, but I could n't do it. The mother was half crazy and the two little children would have broken your heart. She was the only one who could earn anything—"

"And you got into the house and had the whole bunch right in your fist and never snapped a shutter! See here, Miss Murdock, I ain't running a Bible class and you're not working in the slums,—you can keep that gush for some other place. You had your camera and flash,—I saw you go out with them. I wanted everything: corpse of girl, the mother, children; where she was hauled out,—who hauled her out,—her lover,—she went overboard for some fellow, you remember,—I told you all that. Well, you are the limit!"

Joe had moved up closer, now. He was formulating in his mind what would happen to Katie if he caught the night editor under his chin and slammed his head against the wall. He knew what would happen to the editor and to himself, but it was Katie's fate that kept his hands flat to his sides.

"I would rather throw up my position than have done it, sir," Katie pleaded. "There are some things never ought to be printed. This drowned girl—"

The night editor sprang from his chair, brushed the pile of notes aside with his hand, and shouted:—

"Say, you! Find that damned boy, somebody, if he is n't asleep!"

Joe, who was not ten feet away, stepped up and faced him,—stepped so quickly that the man backed away as if for more room.

"Get a move on and send Miss Parker here. Hunt for her,—if she is n't downstairs she may be at Cobb's getting something to eat. Quick, now!" Then he turned to Katie:—

"You better go home, Miss Murdock. You're tired, maybe: anyhow, you're way off. Miss Parker'll get what we want,—she is n't so thin-skinned. Here, take that stuff with you,—it's no use to me."

The girl reached across the desk, gathered up the scattered notes, and without a word left the room. On the way downstairs she met Miss

Parker coming up, Joe at her heels. She was older than Katie,—and harder; a woman of thirty-five, whose experience had ranged from nurse in a reformatory to a night reporter on a "Yellow." The two women passed each other without even a nod. Joe turned and followed Katie Murdock downstairs and into the night air. Miss Parker kept on her way. As she glided through the room to the editor's office, she had the air of a sleuth tracking a criminal.

Once outside, Joe drew Katie from under the glare of the street lamp. Her eyes were running tears,—at the man's cruelty and injustice,—she who had worked to any hour of the night to please him.

Joe was boiling.

"I'll go back and punch him, if you'll let me. I heard it all."

"No, it'll do no good,—both of us would get into trouble, then."

"Well, then, I'll chuck my job. This ain't no place for any decent girl nor man. Was it pretty bad where you went, Katie?"

"Bad! Oh, Joe, you don't know. I said, last week, when I forced my way into the room of that poor mother whose son was arrested, that I'd never report another case like it. But you ought to have seen what I saw to-night. The poor girl worked in a box factory, they told me, and this man hounded her, and in despair she threw herself overboard. The room was full when I got there,—policemen,—one or two other reporters,—no woman but me. They had brought her in dripping wet and I found her on the floor,—just a child, Joe,—hardly sixteen,—her hair filled with dirt from the water,—the old mother wringing her hands. Oh, it was pitiful! I could have flashed a picture,—nobody would have cared nor stopped me,—but I could n't. Don't you see I could n't, Joe? He has no right to ask me to do these things,—nobody has,—it's awful. It's horrible! What would that poor mother have said when she saw it in the papers to-morrow? I'll go home now. No, you need n't come,—they'll want you. Go back upstairs. Good-night."

Joe watched her until she caught an uptown car, and then turned into the side door opening on the narrow street. A truck had arrived while they were talking, and the men were unloading some great rolls of paper,—enormous spools.

"What would dad say if he saw what his trees had come to?" Joe thought, as he stood for a moment looking them over,—his mind going back to his father's letter. One roll had already been jacked up and was now feeding the mighty press. The world would be devouring it in the morning; the drowned girl would have her place in its columns,—so would every other item that told of the roar and crash, the crime, infamy, and cruelty of the preceding hours. Then the issues would be thrown away to make room for a fresher record;—some to stop a hole in a broken window; some to be trampled under foot of horse and man; many to light the fires the city over.

"My poor trees!" sighed Joe, as he slowly mounted the steps to the top floor. "There ain't no common sense in it, I know. Got to make sumpin' out o' the timber once they're cut down, but it gits me hot all the same when I think what they've come to. Gol-darn-shame

to serve ye so! Trees has feelin's, same's men,—that's what dad says, and that's true!"

\* \* \* \* \*

When Joe opened the paper the next morning he saw at a glance, and with a big lump in his throat and a tightening of his huge fists, that Miss Parker had done her work. Flaring headlines marked the first page; under them was a picture of the girl in a sailor hat,—she had found the original on the mantel and had slipped it in her pocket. Then followed a flash photo of the dead girl lying on the floor,—her poor, thin, battered and bruised body straight out, the knees and feet stretching the wet drape,—nothing had been left out. Most of the details were untrue,—the story of the lover being a pure invention, but the effect was all right. Then, again, no other morning journals had more than a line.

Everybody congratulated her. "Square beat," one man said, at which her gray, cold face lightened up.

"Glad you liked it," she answered with a nod of her head,—  
"I generally 'get there.'"

When the editor arrived—she had come about four o'clock to be sure of seeing him,—he reached out and caught her hand. Then he drew her inside his office. When she passed Joe again on her way out, her smile had broadened.

"Shoved up her pay," one of the younger men whispered to another.

When Katie came in an hour later, no one in the room but Joe caught the dark lines under her eyes and the reddened lids,—as if she had passed a sleepless night,—one full of terror. She walked straight to where the boy stood at work.

"I've just seen that poor mother, Joe. I saw the paper and what Miss Parker had said and I went straight to her. I did not want her to think I had been so cruel. When I got to her house this morning there was a patrol wagon at the door and all the neighbors outside. A woman told me she was all right until somebody showed her the morning paper with the picture of her drowned daughter; then she began to scream and went stark mad, and they were getting ready to take her to Ward's Island when I walked in. You've seen the picture, have n't you?"

Joe nodded. He had seen the picture,—had it in his hand. He dare not trust himself to speak,—everybody was around and he did n't want to appear green and countrified. Then again, he did n't want to make it harder for Katie. She had had nothing to do with it, thank God!

The door of the office swung open. The editor this time caught sight of Katie, called her by name, and, with a  
"Like to see you about

a little matter," beckoned her inside and shut the door upon them both.

A moment later she was out again, a blue envelope in her hand.

"He has discharged me, Joe," she said. Her voice quivered and the tears stood in her eyes.

"Fired you!"

"Yes,—he says I'm too thin-skinned."

Joe stood for a moment with the front page of the paper still in his hand. Something of Jonathan came into his face,—the same firm lines about his mouth that his father had when he

[Concluded on page 514]



"A round-headed man comes into view"



# THOMPSON AND HIS HIPPODROME



A seven-million-dollar daydream, that entertains over five thousand people at a single performance. —The greatest spectacle prepared for public amusement since the days of Nero



FREDERIC THOMPSON

By  
**SAMUEL MERWIN**

Illustrated by  
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Most of the three million persons who have seen "A Yankee Circus on Mars" or "A Society Circus" have probably taken the New York Hippodrome more or less for granted. But now and then it must have occurred to an inquiring mind that here was something more than merely a big theater and a big show. Both at the Hippodrome and at Luna Park the observing one will find, if he look about him, evidences not only of creative ideas, but of an amazing fertility of creative ideas. Few of the many hundreds of thousands who have taken the "Trip to the Moon," at Coney Island, for instance, have thought much about it except as a clever illusion. But when that creation was invented and built it was not only a clever illusion but also an extremely ingenious feat in the application of mechanics, electricity, architecture, and scene-painting to the amusement business.

*This Venture Was Made in Defiance of all Precedents and Predictions of Failure*

When "A Yankee Circus on Mars" was first put on at the Hippodrome it represented a risk of a great deal more than two million dollars. The house had been built and the show produced in a spirit of utter and care-free defiance of all the experience and prudence which had been accumulating in the show business for some hundreds of years. The building seats 5,200 persons, and it costs \$30,000 a week to carry on the enterprise. Every experienced showman and theatrical man knew from the first that the thing could n't be done; for even in New York no such theater could possibly find a large enough year-round patronage to keep it going! Yet the Hippodrome has been a brilliant success from the start.

And now the same mind which created the Luna Park idea and the Hippodrome idea, and which has already projected a new hippodrome in London, has created a third idea, as different in character from the big Forty-third Street playhouse, as that playhouse is from the remarkable pleasure ground at Coney Island. The new idea comprehends an entirely new sort of fairyland on the hills of upper Manhattan Island, one which will be open in winter as well as in summer.



"Marceline"

Without waiting to include the London Hippodrome or the new uptown wonderland in the figures, the investment represented in the Thompson and Dundy enterprise is, roundly, seven million dollars. The total running expenses for next year are forecast at something between three and four millions.

Behind these astonishing facts and figures, behind the ingenious inventions and the countless clever devices, behind the brilliant stage pictures and the thrilling scenes of the Hippodrome, stands a stocky young fellow in a soft black hat who is known to his friends as "Fred" Thompson. When this young man launched the Luna Park idea, in the face of apparent disaster, he was twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old. He is now thirty-three. Six years ago he was an obscure student at the Art League, New York, and,

because that enthusiasm which has since carried him to the top of the show business used to loose his tongue now and then and free his expansive ideas as to what he proposed to do in the world, certain of his fellow-students looked upon him (I quote one of them,) as "a little cracked." To-day those kind boyhood friends take their humble places in the long line at the Hippodrome ticket window, and sit dumb before the most gorgeously beautiful stage spectacle that has ever been

seen in modern times, if not in any time. For his ability to meet the interest on an investment of seven million dollars, to pay the salaries of more than three thousand employees and the very heavy operating expenses of a widely extended business, Thompson's financial partner, Elmer S. Dundy, is obliged to depend wholly on the ideas that originate under that soft black hat.

Here, then, is a young man of thirty-three who has not only brought some new ideas into the world but has, as well, made the world accept them; a young man who can get up a mechanical contrivance, design, as an architect, a new sort of theater, and originate and produce an entirely new sort of play; who has the rarest of all qualities which transmits something of his creative energy to the men who work



The giant waiter is helped in removing his legs

about him, and who can do this almost incidentally while he is originating and conducting enterprises many times larger than this Hippodrome of his. It is plain that this young man is worth studying a bit. At any rate, it was plain to me, as one of the thousands who have wondered what manner of human he could be, and so I went up to Forty-third Street for a look at him.

*Frederic Thompson Combines the Qualities of Poet, Artist, and Business Man*

I found this astonishing young man at a desk in the narrow office which opens off to the left of the Hippodrome lobby as you pass in. The door was open. Thompson, (he looks as young as his photograph,) his hat shoved back off his forehead, was going through a pile of letters, bills, and vouchers, but he swung his chair around and asked me to sit down. He seemed quiet and self-contained. Throughout this first conversation he seemed more like a pretty thoroughly disciplined young business man than like the genius I suspected him to be. It appeared later, at our second talk, that he had been holding himself in, as he has learned to do with strangers. I have heard him variously described as a dreamer,



an artist, an able administrator, a good fellow, a whirlwind, and a wild man. If the reader wishes to get a notion of the real Thompson he had perhaps better add these qualities together. Certainly, summing up my limited acquaintance with the man and his methods, I must say I never heard of anybody quite like him.

From the start it was clear to me that if I wished my article to get anywhere I must limit it pretty sharply, and so I had decided to center it on the Hippodrome. A little later I saw the futility of even this limitation, for the work of the electrician of the building alone, with his thirty-seven assistants, his thirty thousand lights, and the details of his share in the stage effects, should properly take up a whole article. There is an article in the engineering department and the interesting hydraulic machinery for raising and lowering the stage. There are other separate articles in the work of the stage manager, the *ballet* master, the stage carpenter, the head property man, and the scene painter. So, finally, I was brought back to considering only Thompson, with a half glance at this single one of his several enterprises.

We talked for a few minutes about the task of administering so complicated a human mechanism as the Hippodrome. He seemed to carry it very easily. The governing principle in his mind seemed to be that of engaging the best heads of departments to be had and then issuing his orders to these heads and to no one else.

"We have no friction," he said. "We work together like a big family. If it should happen that a department chief could not get on with us, he would naturally give place to some one who could. Much depends on these chiefs, of course. They have to be quick and pretty clever.

*The Man To Interpret and Carry Out Thompson's Ideas Must Himself Be a Genius*

"We don't follow tradition very closely," he went on, "and a good many things they have to work out for themselves. Take the gilded boat, in the 'Court of the Golden Fountains,'—I wanted to get a certain effect, and I drew a free-hand sketch, like this, and handed it to 'Eddie' Wakefield, the head property man. He caught the idea, took the sketch over to his building on Fortieth Street, and built that big boat in a couple of days."

While he was speaking, his fingers twitched toward a stubby pencil, picked it up, and sketched a few jerky lines on a scrap of paper. I glanced at it, but could make out of it nothing more than a few jerky lines. He seemed to feel, however, that the drawing was completed, and, tossing the pencil aside, he fell to tearing up the paper.

When I had become a little better acquainted with his way of doing things I knew that the sketch he had handed Wakefield must have been much the same sort of a scrawl, and there sprang up in my mind a certain admiration for the interpretative ability of the head property man which was later expanded to include all those men to whom is intrusted the agile task of carrying out Fred Thompson's ideas. For the man has a curious and extremely interesting habit of thinking in symbols. He glimpses his big idea shining through a nebula of artistic detail, and at once he soars to meet it and lay hold on it.

The average man of ability finds it difficult to soar in just that way, or, indeed, to leave the ground at all; and the department chiefs, even though they all seem gifted with a touch of the creative faculty, can not follow Thompson's imagination in its higher flights. And then it is, with his eye fixed on the visions that float across the land of day-dreams in which his subconscious mind seems to dwell, that he dashes off those singularly meaningless little drawings, accompanying them with a torrent of enthusiastic description of the vision.

I have seen certain of these drawings. One was the roughest imaginable outline of the stage, with the side walls labeled respectively "43rd St." and "44th St.," and with a curious little scrawl in the middle. "And honest," the puzzled department head to whom he had given it was heard to say, "the only plain thing about it is that here's Forty-fourth Street and there's Forty-third Street." Thompson seems to



"We work together like a big family"

expect of these drawings that they act as a photographic lens, transferring the glorious vision which is so clear in his own mind complete to the less highly sensitized minds of his assistants.

The only thing you can do with a man like Thompson is to turn artist and poet and inventor and try to keep up with him. That is what his department chiefs have learned to do. When they were hanging the asbestos curtain, which is the largest in the world and which weighs four tons, Chief Engineer John Thompson quietly invented a two-and-one-half-inch hydraulic plunger device with which to lift it. John Corrigan, the stage carpenter, who has a force of eighty-three men and an outside building of his own, and who builds the scenery for the largest indoor stage in the world, is inventing more or less all the time. In building "A Hindoo Princess," Corrigan had to make a "mountain" strong enough to support elephants and yet light enough to be moved about easily by hand. He did it, but he tells me that he was pretty nervous the first time two elephants got abreast on the platform.

When "A Society Circus" was in preparation, Thompson told Charles De Soria, the electrician, to get up an "effect" for the "Moon, Dear," song. The result was the remarkable spectacle of the changing phases of the moon behind clouds which move from one side of the back "sky" canvas to the other in view of the audience,—and this single piece of canvas, by the way, is one hundred and ninety feet across.

*No Scheme That Promises Beautiful Effects Is Too Extravagant for This Management*

And as for E. P. Temple, the stage manager, whose work sums up, in a way, that of all these practical men, he has need of all that quick, sharp authority which seems to be the most valuable item in his equipment. For he not only stands responsible for the completed stage picture and for the direction of five hundred rather human persons; he also must assume the final responsibility as interpreter between Fred Thompson and the rest of us. He is a broker in beauty, is this Mr. Temple; and, excepting that there must be moments of lively fascination about it, his job is not one that I should envy.

In disposing of the innumerable details of his work Thompson is quick as lightning. "Slivers" Oakley, the pantomime clown, told me that it took Thompson about two minutes to engage him. And, in the matter of taking on a new department head, you will not be far wrong in imagining some such conversation as this:—

Thompson:—"You say you've had forty years' experience?"

The new man, proudly:—"Yes, sir."

Thompson:—"You have that much more to forget then. It won't help you any here."

This marvelous mental activity (I use the word marvelous advisedly,) apparently extends in every conceivable direction. Thompson seems to think in leaps and bounds and hand-springs. Now and then his mind loops the gap, and startles even those who know him best; which phenomenon usually precedes the arrival of the big ideas. Precedents mean nothing to him. No suggestion is too wild or too bizarre for him. He lives in a world of his own, where the impossible is so mixed with the possible as to be indistinguishable from it. His brain is always working. The wonder is that he does not burn up.

The effect of this mental activity on the entire Hippodrome force of seven hundred and



Miss La Harte in her dressing room



"Slivers"





The actors frequently become interested spectators

ninety men and women is electrical. Everybody works at top energy. Thompson told me himself, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had to advise "Pete" Barlow, one of the elephant trainers, to let up on his animals. "If you don't ease up, those elephants will have brain fever," was the way he put it. There is no spirit, in this house, of an employer who is merely working against the day when he shall have money

enough to withdraw to his yacht. In spite of his driving executive ability, Thompson seems to have very little money sense. He is there, from ten or twelve in the morning until twelve or one at night, for the sole purpose of building up his air castles and showing them to other people. And when he is not there he is pretty certain to be at Luna Park.

*The Story of the "Swimming Elephant" Made Every Press Agent in New York Envious*

His intuitive sense of large economy is a part of his genius; but his financial faculty seems to be about what mine was in the days when I gave circuses in the back yard in which pins were the standard medium of exchange. It was no concern of mine that somebody had to mine the metal for those pins, and manufacture them, and sell them in an exacting market, for I could get a half-paper at any time by simply going to my mother. When Thompson needs ten thousand dollars, or twenty thousand, or a hundred thousand, he simply goes to Dundy and gets it. Which seems to be a pleasant arrangement for everybody concerned, except, perhaps, for Dundy.

Once at Luna Park, a year or two ago, the press agents worked up an elephant "story" which they found themselves unable to carry through.

The plan was to announce that an elephant had wandered away and lost himself. They started the thing in the papers, and then tangled up their scheme so badly that it was laid before Thompson. He took hold of it, hired a furniture van, carted an elephant, by night, up through Brooklyn, across the bridge, through downtown New York to the Battery, and by ferry to Staten Island. In the early dawn the elephant was turned loose, and, being an elephant, he naturally took to the water. A sleepy policeman found him wading ashore, and with the help of a tramp who said that he had once worked with a circus, (it was the trainer in disguise,) kept him in custody until Thompson could send around for him. The afternoon papers announced that the elephant had swum the lower bay from Coney Island to Staten Island. A tug captain reported sighting the beast in mid-channel. The Staten Island police captain wrote to Thompson and Dundy to suggest that they "do something" for the tramp who had so nobly helped them out. The newspapers, though they smelled a mouse, had to give it up; and from that day to this, certain shrewd reporters have wondered how that elephant really got to Staten Island. It will be readily seen that to carry through so wild an exploit called for nerve and skill. The tug captain was, of course, subsidized. But the habits of that longshore policeman had to be observed pretty carefully before the elephant could be successfully "planted" on the beach. It was even necessary to induce the ferry captain at the Battery to back out and receive the van on the forward deck, because it was too high to pass through the boat.

*The Heads of Departments Have Learned To Take Seriously the Wildest Projects*

Thompson's department heads have long since learned not to question the astonishing propositions which he lays before them. They never talk back or raise objections, and they never cry, "It can't be done!" They are working for a man who feeds on the impossible.

If he should call them into his office to-morrow morning and say, in his quick, nervous way: "Boys, I'm going to put on 'Satan's Flight through Chaos.' Eddie,"—this to Wakefield,— "I want you to make a lot of tremendous, weird animals, new kinds of animals, that won't look like anything on earth. And Frank,"—this to Mr. Melville, the "equestrian director,"— "I want you to break sixty elephants and forty hippopotami to float in the air on wires; and I'll have the ballet in the air, too, and the elephants falling from the ceiling into the tank, and flames rising twenty feet behind the lake, and winged horses leaping over, and ten-foot birds flying around and eating the flames, and a battle in the air between the powers of Evil and the powers of Good, and then a final transforma-

tion, showing Law and Peace reigning supreme, and the angels mounting a beam of light into the sky, and two thousand voices singing the closing chorus from the glowing clouds,"—if he should say this, the department chiefs would undoubtedly nod gravely, and reply,— "All right, Mr. Thompson." And then the conversation would run about as follows: "How long will it take you to break the animals, Frank?"

"Ten months."—"I'll give you ten days. I'm going to put the show on a week from Monday." And that is all there would be about it. It is "must," and no excuses.

I left Thompson, after our first talk, for a look about the building. It will be impossible here to give up space enough for a detailed description, but I will try, with one or two illustrations, to convey an impression of the immensity of the stage. Let me give a few figures, and see if the reader can grasp them. The stage is two hundred and seven feet wide between side walls, one hundred and one feet deep from the footlights to the rear wall, and seventy-six feet high. These are not press agent figures; I went over the stage myself with the head engineer and a two-foot rule.

*Four Thousand Pieces of Stage Property Are Handled During a Single Performance*

So much for the figures;—now for the facts. There was never quite such a stage as this one. The rear middle section, forty-six by ninety-six feet, can be raised eight feet by the mere turning of a valve or two.

It is apparent that this section is but a fifth of the total stage area; and yet, twice every day, during the "Golden Fountains" spectacle, a section of flooring as large as two city lots, bearing four hundred persons, and weighing, with performers and scenery, one hundred and forty-six tons, goes quietly up into the air. And this is the merest incident in a three-hour performance.

The "lake" or tank, near the front of the stage, is forty-nine feet wide and nearly half a city block in length; and for spectacles in which horses or elephants or polar bears are to plunge into the water it can be lowered to a depth of fourteen feet. For the information of those readers whose minds absorb mechanical detail, it might be added that each of these two movable sections of the stage is a bridge-like structure of steel, supported from beneath on hydraulic pistons or plungers. There are four twelve-inch plungers under the rear section, and two, of the same diameter, under the section which covers the tank.

The work about the stage is done by three groups of men; the "grips," or scene-shifters, eighty-three in number; the property men, numbering seventy-six; and the thirty-seven electricians. This makes a total of one hundred and ninety-six men who work on and under the stage in addition to the hundreds of players, singers, acrobats, "supers," and others in costume. It is interesting to note the difference in the work of the "grips" and the "props." These two bodies of men work side by side, but they are connected with entirely different branches of the business and they are directed by different chiefs. A property man would never think, unless he were called on in an emergency, of touching a piece of scenery. And a "grip" in the same spirit of highly organized routine, would in no case lay hands on a property rock. Sometimes the line between scenery and properties is rather finely drawn. Rocks are properties, trees are scenery. But the tree in the jungle scene of "A Society Circus," from which issued the venomous reptiles, was arbitrarily classed among the properties because several of the latter were attached to it. Wakefield makes all the properties in use at the Hippodrome and keeps them in repair. I asked him how many separate pieces were handled by his men during a performance. After a few rough calculations, he replied, "Counting in everything, from ground cloths and sections of the circus ring to the individual flowers carried in the ballet, there are about four thousand."

Conditions Behind the Scenes Are Often Little Short of Chaotic

I stood with John Corrigan, the stage carpenter, at the center of the stage, by the footlights, and watched this force of men strike the garden scene and set up the African jungle. At our backs was the red curtain; and

[Concluded on page 527]



Adèle Von Ohl plunging into a fourteen-foot tank on the stage



Waiting their turn



ELMER S. DUNDY  
"When Thompson needs ten thousand dollars, or twenty thousand, or a hundred thousand, he simply goes to Dundy and gets it. Which seems to be a pleasant arrangement for everybody concerned, except, perhaps, for Dundy."



# CUPID AND THE BARBER

By BENJAMIN F. NICHOLSON

Illustrated by Otto Lang

THERE'S jist no use goin' on like that, Mr. Newgent; as I said afore, I won't have no big, hairy man like you. Shave off 'em whiskers, an' mebbe—"

"Shave 'em off," gasped Mr. Newgent, raising his hands as if to protect his beard. "Shave 'em off, did you say?"

"Yes, shave 'em off!" snapped Miss Mandy Lewis.

"You must be jokin', Mandy," said Mr. Newgent, as he rolled his long beard lovingly between his hands. "Why, Mandy, it took me twenty years to raise 'em, and now they're more'n thirteen inches long," he added, proudly. "That's the Gospel truth! See here," he said, drawing a two-foot rule from his pocket and placing one end of it against his chin, "they're more'n thirteen inches long, and I'm not stretchin' 'em either. If I stretched 'em, why, they'd measure mighty nigh fourteen. Did n't I tell you!" he exclaimed, triumphantly, pulling his beard until his lips parted, showing his big, tusk-like teeth. "Did n't I tell you! They come mighty nigh to th' fourteen."

"I don't care if they come to th' fifteen!" said Miss Mandy, emphatically. "As I said, I won't have no man with whiskers. That's th' end to 't!"

"But Mandy, Mandy—"

"I said that's th' end to 't!" snapped Miss Mandy.

"But, but,—"

"But why do you wear 'em?" demanded Miss Mandy, taking the word out of Mr. Newgent's mouth. Without waiting for him to answer, she answered it herself. "It's to deceive us pore women! That's what it's fur!"

"Air you 'sinuating' at I want to deceive you, Mandy?" asked Mr. Newgent, meekly.

"That's what I am," said Miss Mandy. "If you did n't want to deceive me, you'd shave 'em off, so's I could see your face."

"Goodness sakes alive, Mandy, you shore air most unreasonable to say that! Why, most men, what can, has whiskers. Fact is, in my 'pinion, men what don't have 'em air mighty small potatoes. There's Cy Green, and Jake Freed, and Deacon Newman—"

"Don't talk to me 'bout Cy Green and Jake Freed and Deacon Newman,—I wouldn't have one of 'em!" interjected Miss Mandy, "not one of 'em! Not if they wuz th' last men on earth!"

"You don't understand—"

"Don't tell me I don't understand!" said Miss Mandy, angrily. "Did n't I jist git through tellin' you that you wear 'em to deceive us pore women? But don't you ever think that you or any other man's goin' to deceive me; 'cause you're not goin' to do 't! I'm goin' to see th' man's face I marry. That's what I am! Yes, sir, I'm going to see his face,—not his whiskers. Shave 'em off, I say."

Involuntarily, Mr. Newgent drew back and simultaneously raised his hands as if to be in a position to protect his beard.

"Shave 'em off!" repeated Miss Mandy, "I want to see your face, and I'm goin' to do 't, 'less I'll never say th' word."

"Don't say that, Mandy," began Mr. Newgent, in a plaintive tone of voice. "Jist ask me to do somethin' that's reasonable and see how quick I'll do 't. I'll buy a new top-buggy and Jake Freed's match-horses,—even if he does want forty dollars more for them 'an they're



"I don't care if they come to th' fifteen!" said Miss Mandy"

worth. Jist say th' word and I'll do 't. You're th' one I've allers had my eye on. Yes 'um, th' one I've allers had my eye on. No sooner did Doc say, 'Mr. Newgent, Jane's not many more months fur this world,' 'an I says to myself, 'That bein' th' case, there's jist one woman that can fill her shoes.' An' that woman was you, Mandy. Yes um, that woman was you."

Still, Miss Mandy was silent.

"Don't let my whiskers keep us apart, Mandy. Don't let 'em keep us from bein' happy. Jist furgit about 'em fur th' present, and I know you'll soon learn to like 'em. Jane did. She wuz most as much agin' 'em when I first begun to call on her, as you air now. But she soon learned to like 'em, and I know you'll do th' same. She wuz jist as proud of 'em as I am, if that could be. She said they made me look dignified. Yes 'um, them's her very words, 'make you look dignified.' She uster comb 'em an' brush 'em an'—"

"Don't begin tellin' me what your tother wife done, an' what she liked an' what she did n't!" interjected Miss Mandy. "Wait till I've said th' word 'fore you begin throwin' your tother wife up to me."

"You know I did n't mean it that-a-way, Mandy," said the grief-stricken Mr. Newgent. "I said that Jane learned to like 'em, an' that I knowed you'd do th' same."

"That's jist it," said Miss Mandy, spitefully, "that's jist th' reason why I shan't learn to like 'em. If you like 'em more 'n you do me, keep 'em, I say, keep 'em! Choose between 'em and me."

"Be reasonable, Mandy, be—"

"I am," interjected Miss Mandy, "I am, when I say choose between 'em and me."

"But, Mandy—"

"I won't hear it!" exclaimed Miss Mandy, rising to her feet. "I said choose between 'em and me. And that's th' end to 't!"

The night before Miss Mandy delivered her ultimatum, Mr. Newgent walked restlessly from room to room in his large house. Being a widower, it seems superfluous to add that he was lonely. At last, having grown tired, he threw himself into a chair, took up the family Bible, and said

aloud: "I'll read her through. Yes, I'll begin at the first and go plum through. It'll likely take me seven months to do 't. By that time Jane'll be dead a year. And then,—and then—." He did not finish the sentence, but from the smile that played over his face one would naturally surmise that, had he done so, the conclusion would not have been disagreeable to him. He opened the Bible and began to read. But, in common with many another lonely widower that has essayed the same task, Mr. Newgent got no further in his reading than that grand sentence in Genesis,—that sentence which has caused the downfall of so many thousands of good men,—which begins: "And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone." Here he stopped, stalled, so to speak.

He closed the Book, got up and began to walk the floor, keeping time by repeating, in a half singsong, "What 'll—people—say? What 'll—people—say?" After growing tired of pacing the floor, he went to bed, to fight a great battle with his better self. The fact that sundown the next day found him driving toward Miss Mandy Lewis's home speaks eloquently for the victory that his baser self had won.

Knowing, as all women do, that man is never so truly happy as when tyrannized over by the woman he loves, Miss Mandy resolved to lose no time in assuming the rôle of tyrant. She knew that he loved his beard, and, regarding it herself as a useful ornament, she told him that he must part with it. She did not know what she asked.

For twenty years Mr. Newgent's beard had hid his homely face from the world,—a service not to be passed over lightly. For twenty years he had fondled it, caressed it, loved it as only a man can love a beard. For twenty years it had constituted his chief dignity. And now he had been coolly ordered to offer it as a sacrifice. And for what? For a woman!

The morning after Mr. Newgent's encounter with Miss Mandy, he did not go to work; though the day before he had planned to cut some iron-weeds out of the fence corner along the highway. He told his housekeeper that he was not feeling first-rate, and "lowed" that he might as well "piddle 'round in th' garden fur a spell; and mebbe, later on, drive to town." So he did. There he bought a new top-buggy. An hour later, with but little haggling over prices, he bought Jake Freed's match-horses. Suddenly, life took on a new aspect. He told himself as he drove homeward that neither Miss Mandy nor any other woman that ever lived could refuse to ride in that new buggy behind



"A man has got to do many things to please a woman"



his match-horses. But, to say nothing of riding in his new buggy, Miss Mandy would not even speak to him when he drove up to church on the following Sunday morning. Nor could he, during the whole service, think out a stratagem whereby he could force her into conversation.

He was in a desperate mood as he drove home from church. After rummaging about the greater part of the afternoon, in a futile effort to forget the slight that he had received, he went upstairs and sat down before a mirror.

"I reckon it's been ten years now since Jane bought that first bottle of X. Y. Z., hair tonic and rubbed it all over 'em," he said aloud, as he took up a bottle of hair-tonic and began to sprinkle it on his beard. "That wuz jist a little while after she says to me, 'We'll trim 'em, mebbe it'll make 'em grow,'—but it did n't. Nothin' ever done 'em any good, 'cept this tonic." He set the bottle down and began to comb out his beard. "I 'member th' day, jist as well as if it was yesterday, that I found th' first gray one. They've been comin' purty steady these last years, till they're purty well sprinkled with gray. At that, they're a sight nicer now than they wuz when I had this taken." He took up a photograph of himself and looked at it for a long moment. "Yes, a sight nicer. They could n't ha' been much more 'n nine inches long here; well, mebbe a fraction more. I never thought they wuz spread out nuf to look well, but Jane would have it that they wuz. That 'minds me of the day I knocked Bob Crocket down fur sayin' that they spread out like a turkey-gobbler's tail does when he's struttin'. I wonder if he's furgot 'bout it yet. He ort to, considerin' th' fact that I 'pologized to him when he said he wuz jokin', and give him twenty dollars to keep his mouth shut." Mr. Newgent put the photograph down, took up his brush, and began gently to brush his beard.

"I'll never furgit how everyone looked at 'em th' day Jane and me went down to Booneville to camp-meetin'. That wuz th' day I heard that nice old woman say: 'Sich nice ones I never seed.'" A look of satisfaction came over his face as he laid the brush aside and repeated the "nice old woman's" words: "Sich nice ones I never seed!"

"Choose between 'em and me." Mr. Newgent started, on hearing himself pronounce Miss Mandy's words. "I'll keep 'em," he said, emphatically, "I'll keep 'em! I would n't give 'em up fur th' best woman that ever lived!"

The days wore by. At last the corn was laid by and the harvesting done. Still, despite the fact that he had decided to keep his beard, and the further fact that he believed that Miss Mandy was the only one that could fill his dead wife's place, that great sentence in Genesis rolled round unceasingly within his ears: "It is not good that the man should be alone."

The frost came, turning the weeds black, the foliage scarlet and yellow; still, with nature gaily dressed on every side, Mr. Newgent's mood grew blacker. Before corn-husking time arrived, his sorrow was the chief topic for discussion in the countryside. Late one afternoon in early autumn, Mr. Newgent drove to town and returned with a barber.

"Now, then," said Mr. Newgent, when they were safely up stairs, "when we've had 'nother

mild snort or two of this, then we'll shave 'em off. No. Not jist yet," he said, as he drew the bottle from his pocket and took a copious drink. "Course I hate to see 'em go; but you know a man's got to do many things to please

a woman. Yes, sir, many outlandish things! Now then, 'nother snort and off they go. Then, when people says to me, 'Why did you shave 'em off? Sich nice ones you did have!'—then I'll say to 'em, 'I had a toothache an' drank too much apple-jack, an' let 'em go when I wuz drunk.' Yes, sir, that's what I'll say to 'em when they ask me why I shaved 'em off. Here's two yaller boys; they're your'n if you'll tell 'em th' same."

When at last a drowsy stupor put an end to Mr. Newgent's prattling, the barber performed his task, and departed. When he awoke, the sun was up and shining in at the

window. He raised his hand to his face. His heart sank. His beloved beard was gone. For many years he had half-feared that some malicious person would shave him while he slept. This was the first thought that rushed into his brain. In a moment he remembered the truth, and was standing before the mirror. "My heavens!" he gasped, as he half fell back onto the bed. At last he sat up and said, after looking intently for a long time at his reflection, "Well, who could believed that that big, ugly, hollow-cheeked feller wuz me? Mandy'll never have me now," he added, as the tears began to swim in his eyes. "No, not in a thousand years. And I've got no right to 'speck her to keep her promise, when I've got sich a face as this. I'll be 'shamed to look 'nother man in th' face as long as I live, to say nuthin' of askin' 'nother woman to marry me. Fact is, I'm 'shamed to look at myself. I'll not look 'spectable agin fur twenty years; then I'll be ready fur my grave."

His housekeeper called to know if he were not coming down to breakfast. He told her that he was not, and then resumed his soliloquy: "How th' deacon'll joke me! Every time he sees me he'll want to know how long my whiskers air. Whenever Cy Green gits a chance he'll pull 'em red ones of his in front of me. And Jake Freed'll laugh, and roll his'n between his hands, and say: 'I hain't got much 'spect fur a man that's not 'lowed to wear

whiskers.' Then he'll laugh, roll 'em between his hands, and walk away."

The following Sunday Mr. Newgent called up all his courage and went to church. But no one spoke to him,—not even Mandy. He returned for the evening service; still, no one spoke to him. He seemed to be a stranger in a strange country. Here and there around the church door were small groups of men talking, but when, shamefaced, he joined them, all grew quiet, and he was made to feel that he was an intruder. Several times he raised his hand to pull his beard, as it was his habit to do when perplexed, but alas! there was no beard to pull. What could it mean? Why was he ostracized? Why did his old neighbors not return his greeting in a friendly tone of voice? Could not a man shave off his beard without losing all his friends? These and many more such questions bombarded Mr. Newgent's brain during the long sermon.

After the evening service it was the same unfriendly crowd that stared at him. At last he could bear it no longer. He left the men and made his way to a group of women, among whom was his beloved Mandy. But she did not speak to him. Grief stricken, he seized her by the arm, and, as the tears began to gather in his swollen eyes, wailed: "I done it, Mandy, I done it all fur you."

"Done what?" asked Miss Mandy, coldly.

"Shaved 'em off, Mandy. Shaved 'em off fur you."

"Who air you, anyway, an' what did you shave off?" asked Miss Mandy, still coldly. But, as the dumfounded Mr. Newgent did not volunteer the desired information, she turned to the women who had gathered around her and said: "What in th' name of common sense is th' man talkin' about? Bless my soul if I know!"

But by this time Mr. Newgent had found his tongue, and repeated her question: "Who air I? Well, you uster call me Mr. Newgent,—but the good Lord only knows who I be now."

A look of intelligence flashed into Miss Mandy's eyes. In a moment she had extricated Mr. Newgent from the crowd of women and was half dragging him toward his buggy. Before the bewildered man fully realized what was happening, Miss Mandy had seized the reins and started the horses rapidly down the highway. When they had left the crowd far behind, she gave the reins to Mr. Newgent and rubbed her hand very slowly up and down his shaven cheek.

"And you shaved 'em off fur me?" she asked, as she slipped her arm around his neck. "Did you do it all fur me?"

"Yes, all fur you."

"Then, I'll say th' word."

"Mandy!"

"Yes."

"Mandy, can I let 'em grow out ag'in?"

"Yes, let 'em grow out ag'in."



"Who air you, anyway?"

## The Spartan Boy By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD



ALL night the lad of Sparta  
Dreamed of the morrow's fight,  
The marching of the legions,  
The arrows' darkening flight.

Thought of the wrong his country  
Had suffered from the foe  
Transfixed his heart with longing  
To deal a deadly blow.

All night across his dream-  
ing,  
In battle's stormy  
realm,  
Bright as the star of  
morning  
He saw his Master's  
helm.

"Come with your shield, my  
Leon,  
Or on it!" still the cry  
Rang in his ear when sunrise  
Had blossomed in the sky.

At last, at last, the heralds  
Sounded the wide alarms,  
Wet with the dew of dawning  
Eager he sprang to arms.

All day the fate of battle  
Swung darkly o'er the field,  
All day his struggling chieftain  
Called on the foe to yield.

And then, his sword uplifted,  
The foe man at his feet,  
Like a great blast of horror  
The trumpet called retreat.

And his arm fell on the instant,  
Instant the blow was stayed,  
No question in his spirit,  
He returned and sheathed his blade.

Not for a heart-beat waiting,  
Not for the swift death-blow,—  
Than disobey his Master  
Better to spare the foe!





# THE DUMMY DIRECTOR

*An Ancient Creation Whose Activities Have Been Elaborated by Modern Finance.—Men Who Sell Their Names to Promote Schemes.—New Jersey's Dummy Director Factory Is Still in Full Blast*

By DAVID FERGUSON

Cartoons by A. T. Crichton

THE dummy director is not a creation of high finance. He has existed a century or more, his birthplace being London. The old-fashioned dummy director, however, was a plain and simple factor, compared with his progeny of to-day. He was usually a nobleman who loaned his name to a corporation in exchange for a gift of a block of its stock. The presence of a titled name on the list of directors was an asset of consequence to a corporation in those days; it gave the stock-investing public the impression of dignity, stability, and conservatism; it helped greatly to sell shares. The dummy director in England is an inconsequential factor in the broad meaning of corporation life. Nowadays, in London, he is derisively termed a "guinea pig." The regulation director's fee for attending a meeting, on the other side, is a guinea. There are men of considerable prominence who push their way into membership in as many directorates as possible, simply to collect the gold guineas for attending meetings. That the "guinea pig" is utterly worthless to the corporation he is supposed to serve goes without saying.

Although not responsible for the creation of the dummy director, high finance has elaborated and varied his activities to fit its many and intricate needs, and this he has been made to do with such minute perfection that few men of really great prominence in the corporate life of the country can honestly deny the accusation of being dummies in one or more companies. One of the few notable exceptions is John D. Rockefeller. He restricts his activities, as far as serving in the directorates of corporations is concerned, to the Standard Oil Company, though he has greater personal interests in a larger number of companies than any other man in the United States.

Dummy directors have several forms of types, which may be classified in this way:—

1.—The professional dummy,—usually a clerk in the office of a firm of great lawyers or an employee of a company which makes a specialty of organizing corporations, getting them chartered, electing temporary officers, fixing the capital stock, arranging for bond issues, and often performing a number of services which the men actually behind a company would not themselves do under any circumstances because of their questionable nature.

2.—The man of large wealth with an income much in excess of his expenditures, whose one anxiety is to safely and profitably invest his surplus money. He is usually a man of illustrious name and of widely advertised respectability. He seeks membership in the directorates of important corporations, not with the idea of actively participating in their management; but generally

fashion. Practically only fly-by-night or get-rich-quick corporations now resort to this artifice to give a glamour or stability to their affairs. Experience has shown both parties to the transaction its dangers and futility. Sensible investors are no longer gulled into parting with their money by tricks of that kind, and the credulous class—those who are never happy unless nibbling at the flimsiest kind of bait,—can be enmeshed by easier and less expensive tactics.

4.—Another man's dummy. He merely carries out the instructions of his principal. All of his activities in a corporation are dictated by his employer. Sometimes he is a private secretary or confidential clerk; in other cases a lawyer of high repute. This type is increasing, its growth being due to the steady concentration of enormous interests in the control of a few men. Dummies of this class are the watchdogs of their masters. Many of them simply report what is going on, and, in consequence, are nothing more than negative figures in the boards of which they are members.

5.—The non-stock-owning dummy. He is often a man of affairs, solid and substantial, with some claim to distinction. He enters a directorate on a certificate of shares transferred to him by a friend or associate. He is therefore qualified as a director not by his own right, but at the pleasure of another. According to the ethics of business all of his acts as a director should harmonize with the wishes of the man who places him in the board. His independence of judgment is curtailed if not totally eliminated. Unless he wishes to expose himself to the charge of disloyalty he must sacrifice his own opinions should they clash with the ideas of the actual owner of the shares nominally transferred to him.

There are other forms of dummies, offshoots of the principal types just enumerated. It may be asked, if there are so many dummy directors, who are the *bona fide* directors? As a matter of cold fact there are very few modern corporations of importance or magnitude which do not contain dummies in their directorates. This is not altogether due to the men themselves; it is a consequence of the new system of corporate management. Almost without exception every great corporation is actually controlled by a small group or *clique* of men, ranging from three to six in number. The last-named figure is seldom exceeded. Many directorates have thirty, forty, and some as high as fifty members. Boards so constituted are unwieldy. They were never intended for anything but ornamental purposes, and they are never permitted to go beyond their destined limits. Committees and sub-committees



All roads lead to Rome



Even the office boys are useful



If the ocean does n't run dry!



do all the actual work. If the full board is so numerically cumbersome that large executive and finance committees have to be appointed to satisfy the ambitions of ten or a dozen men, these committees are in turn reduced to comparative impotency by the creation of sub-committees consisting of three or four men. The full committees simply ratify what has been accomplished by the sub-committees, and, later on, the board of directors perfunctorily ratify what has already been ratified.

The inability of the average director to be anything more than a figurehead, even though possessed of a genuine desire to actively participate in the conduct of his company, is a recognized fact among men familiar with the internal machinery of great corporations. Jacob H. Schiff, next to Pierpont Morgan the most powerful banker in this country, has publicly admitted this to be the case. While testifying recently before a legislative committee, he replied, when asked what he did as a director:—

"I directed as much as, under the prevailing usages in corporations, I was permitted to direct. In other words I went to the meetings when they were called, I listened to the reports as submitted by the executive officers, and I voted upon them. I also gave such advice as was asked of me. The system of directorships in great corporations of the city of New York is such that a director has practically no power. He is considered, in many instances, I may say in most instances, as a negligible quantity by the executive officers. He is asked for advice when it suits the executive officers, and if, under the prevailing system, an executive officer wishes to do wrong, or to conceal anything from his directors, or commit irregularities, the director is entirely powerless; he can act only in an advisory capacity, and he can judge only of such things as are submitted to him. I believe that under the prevailing system, directors are of very little practical use except to comply with the formal provision of the law."

*The Flotation of the Great Shipbuilding Trust Was Carried Out by Mere Boys*

Mr. Schiff added that directors have no means of knowing what the executive officers are doing unless the executives see fit to tell them. Because of his prominence as a financier and his high repute as a corporation manager, Mr. Schiff, of all men, would supposedly have his right of way in any company in which he was a director, but his own admissions prove the contrary, and establish conclusively the existence of what might be called unwilling dummies.

The type which has worked the largest amount of evil to the public is the professional dummy. His services are demanded when the capital stock of a corporation is to be outrageously watered. He has figured potently but inconspicuously in the organization of a large percentage of the mammoth industrial combinations or trusts. His uses were lucidly set forth in the exposure of the methods employed to float the United States Shipbuilding Company, now defunct. In the report of the receiver of that corporation, written by former United States Senator James Smith, considerable attention is given to directors of that kind.

The Corporation Trust Company, of New Jersey, a concern which makes a specialty of chartering and organizing new companies, attended upon the birth of the Shipbuilding Company and served as a screen for those who actually created it. The company was incorporated June 17, 1902, the corporators being Howard K. Wood, Horace S. Gould, and Kenneth K. McLaren. These three were dummies, all being employed by the Corporation Trust Company and having no real interest in the Shipbuilding Company. The capital stock was \$3,000, the dummy corporators subscribing for all of the shares.

Seven days later the corporators held their first meeting for the election of directors. The meeting was held in the office of the Corporation Trust Company. Three directors were elected,—Frederick K. Seward, Raymond Newman, and Louis B. Dailey. These three were all young clerks employed by the Corporation Trust Company. They knew nothing about the shipbuilding business. On the same day the three young dummy directors held a meeting and proceeded to organize the Shipbuilding Company by the election of officers. Newman was elected president, Dailey vice president, and Seward secretary and treasurer. They went through the form of casting and counting ballots and entering an account of the proceedings in a minute book.

After the election of officers the meeting was continued and the real business taken up. A proposition covering many typewritten pages was gravely submitted to the three dummy officers and directors, offering to sell the Shipbuilding Company eight shipyards and one steel company at an aggregate price of \$71,000,000, divided in this way: \$16,000,000 in first mortgage bonds, \$10,000,000 in second mortgage bonds, \$20,000,000 in preferred stock, and \$25,000,000 in common stock.

*The Capital Stock Was Increased at One Jump from \$3,000 to \$71,000,000*

This was the situation: a \$3,000 company had been incorporated by three dummies; the dummy corporators had selected three dummy directors; they in turn had elected themselves officers of the company and were going through the farce of considering the advisability of purchasing for \$71,000,000 eight great shipbuilding plants and one of the most important steel making plants in the country, the Bethlehem Company.

These dummies adopted a resolution accepting the \$71,000,000 offer and adopted another resolution recommending that the capital stock of the Shipbuilding Company be increased from \$3,000 to 45,000,000, and a third resolution providing for two bond issues, the first of \$16,000,000 and the second of \$10,000,000. In this easy way the \$71,000,000 of securities were created.

To make the whole farce regular in the eye of the law it was necessary to submit these matters to the stockholders of the \$3,000 Shipbuilding Company. Here again is displayed the dubious advantage of using dummies. The three dummy corporators named above were the chief stockholders. The three dummy directors and officers held, nominally, merely one share each. All six were working at desks in the same room.

*New Jersey with Its Liberal Corporation Laws Is the Paradise of the Promoter*

It was not necessary to send out a formal call to the stockholders fixing a distant date for the meeting. In the afternoon of that same day, June 24, 1902, the stockholders' meeting was held, the six dummies solemnly adopting a resolution which stated that the action previously taken by the board of directors "be, and the same hereby is, in all respects, approved, ratified, and confirmed, and that the same be in all respects adopted as the action of the stockholders of this company."

The six dummies continued as officers, directors, and stockholders of the Shipbuilding Company, until August 5, 1902,—about six weeks. On that day the eight shipyards and the steel plant became the property of the Shipbuilding Company, the dummies disappeared, and the men actually behind the combination came to the surface and took charge of its affairs.

The organization of the Shipbuilding Company was not an exception. Nine tenths of the companies chartered in New Jersey are set in motion in much the same way. New Jersey, it should be remembered, because of its wide-open corporation laws, is the paradise of the promoter and the company creator. The Corporation Trust Company, the concern which attended to the organization of the shipbuilding combination, furnishing the dummies, etc., earns large dividends for its stockholders by doing that very thing all the year round. It is its specialty. Incidentally it furnishes dummy "home offices" to about 1,500 corporations chartered in New Jersey. The laws of that state require a company to maintain a home office within its territorial limits. About ninety per cent. of the corporations chartered there have their actual headquarters in New York City or elsewhere. The Corporation Trust Company solves the "home office" problem for them in this way: the offices of the Corporation Trust are at No. 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City; a large tablet in the entrance hall of its building contains the names of about 1,500 corporations, and the mere presence of its name on that tablet gives a corporation the right to claim a "home office" at that address in New Jersey. Any mail which comes there for any one of the 1,500 companies is forwarded to its *bona fide* office in New York or elsewhere.

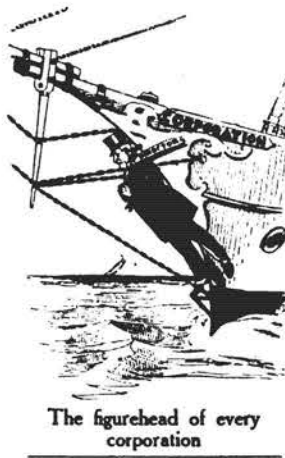
*Kenneth K. McLaren Is the Champion Director of This Country*

Under the law it is necessary for a corporation chartered in New Jersey to hold annual meetings in its "home offices." The Corporation Trust Company again comes to the rescue. In its building it has several board-meeting rooms for the use of its corporate clients. In one of these the officers and a few stockholders gather on the annual meeting day, transact the necessary business in a few minutes, pack up their papers and books, and are usually across the river, back in New York, inside of an hour. The United States Steel Corporation, the greatest company in the world, in point of capital, goes through this form once a year. The Standard Oil Company is another which lives up to the fiction of obeying the New Jersey law.

The most noted dummy director in the country is Kenneth K. McLaren, of the Corporation Trust Company. It is estimated that as corporator and director he has figured in more than twelve hundred corporations. In a great number he served only during the process of organization and retired when the *bona fide* directors and officers were chosen.

The second type of dummy directors described above figured conspicuously in the board of the Equitable Life Assurance Society before it was disintegrated by internal dissension. The Equitable's directorate, before exposure came, was considered a model because of its wealth of great and prominent men. Unfortunately the names of not a few of

[Concluded on pages 525 to 528]





# DOG DAYS

*A Canine Cantata in a Minor Key for the Good Old Summertime*

By EMERY POTTLE

Illustrated by Clara L. Davidson

"I TELL you, it's perfectly absurd," protested Anne, with some violence. "Absurd and— and dogmatic of you to go on this way."

"It's no worse than having a parrot," said I, defensively.

"Nothing is worse than having a parrot," retorted Anne, contemptuously. "And anyway we never had a parrot, so your remark has no bearing on the argument."

"Is it an argument," I inquired, cautiously, "that we are having? Because, if it is, I shan't talk any more. I hate an argument, as you know."

"It makes no difference what you call it,—the point is the same."

"That's an interesting phase of dialectics, though somewhat limited," I returned affably. "What's the use of always keeping the same silly old point? Now I—"

"There!" Anne broke in triumphantly, "how would you like to have that one—or one like it—in the house?" She pointed.

We were on our way to call on Willie and Maude. It was Sunday, and late September. We were going to see them to get Maude's views on the social situation for the winter—and Willie's. Anne had remarked earlier in the walk that she thought she'd like to have new furs that year,—fox skins. I had replied with great cordiality that I was sure she would like to. And then, somehow, I forget how, the conversation got around to the subject of dogs. And I said I'd like to have a dog skin—with a live dog inside it,—that winter. I have always wanted a large dog, I may add. Whereupon Anne became obnoxiously practical and related all the objectionable stories of big dogs in little houses she could think of.

"That one," said I, mildly, following her hand, "is a fine dog, a massively fine dog. But I can't think German, I read it only."

"What has that to do with dogs?" asked she coldly.

"Nothing to do with dogs as dogs; only with that dog. He's a German boarhound; so I'd rather not have him. I could n't communicate intelligently with him."

"Scarcely funny," commented Anne, with some justice, I think. "Oh, there's a cunning little one," she continued, "over there. I should n't so much mind a little one. I had a little one—once,—but he bit so many—"

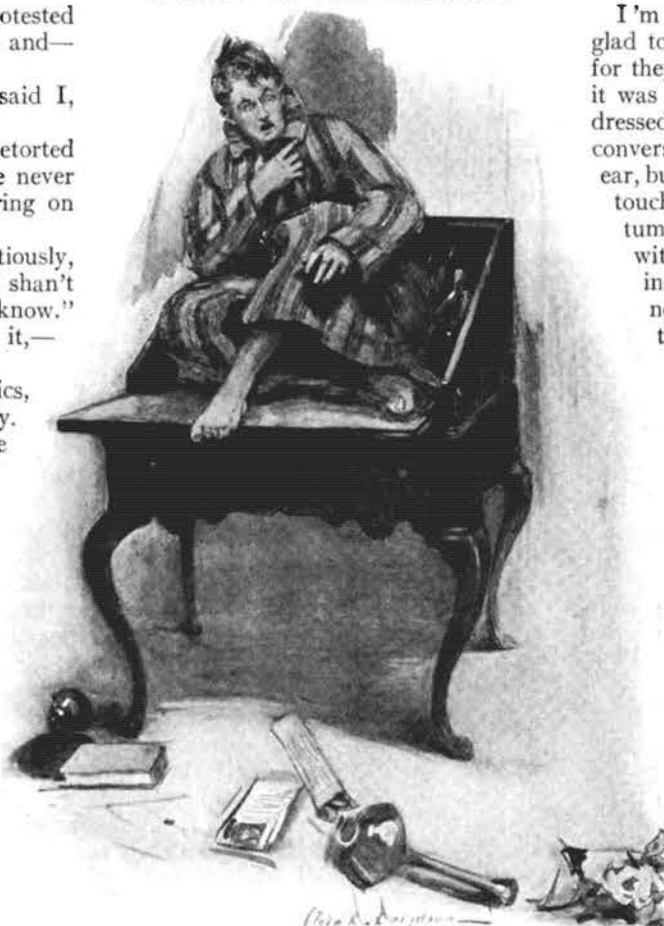
"He bit me," I interrupted, pensively, "on my right leg. I was getting engaged to you then; so I pretended not to mind. I've since thought, if I had it all to do over again—which, thank God, I haven't,—I'd have—"

"But I would n't have a big dog," pursued Anne, firmly, oblivious to my reflections.

"That little dog over there is an impertinent pup. I couldn't stand a little dog around the place." I spoke contentiously.

"I don't like to do the fretful wife and object to everything you suggest," said Anne, with ostentatious regret, "as you well know,—for you have your own way in most matters,—" this with an affected sigh,—"but, really, dear, having a dog, and especially a big one, is more than I could endure in a flat."

I shook my head gloomily. "Why is it, I wonder, that my lot is inevitably cast with cruel, unfeeling people? It's always been so. My parents would n't let me have a dog, when I was a kid. They insisted fussily that they were dirty and had—er—things. As if that made any difference. So are children. I remember when the man who kept the livery



"Percy had a fainting fit"

stable in the alley—he was my best friend,—gave me a collie pup, I took it home in my arms and dad met me at the gate. 'Ah, what have you there?' said he. 'You'd have to have known him to imagine the sinister politeness of his horrid tone. I explained hysterically the particular nature of my burden,—I think its name was Gerty. 'You wait right here by the gate,' said he, interestedly, 'and I'll have James bring the horse around and we'll take it down to the cook's father's farm. He likes animals.' I cried for a week. Oh, well, I suppose I shall never have a dog now, and probably, just as a neat touch of fate, I'll die of hydrophobia."

"Much better than having a dog and dying of nervous prostration, I should say," remarked Anne, unfeelingly, and began to talk again about new furs. As I was n't interested financially in the matter, I walked on beside her, absorbed in silent, somber meditation.



"Maud was loud in her protestations"

I'm not sure whether Willie and Maude were glad to see us,—but it did not matter, anyway, for they acted precisely as if they were. And, as it was Sunday afternoon and we were all a bit dressed up, we engaged in a kind of frock-coat conversation, very refined and gratifying to the ear, but rasping to the intellect. Anne and Maude touched vivaciously on new maids and fall costumes and peculiar people, while Willie and I, with heavier zest, guardedly referred to the insurance disclosures,—guardedly because neither of us was absolutely certain what the thing was all about.

We had conscientiously done a half hour or so of this, when there galloped into the drawing-room, his toe nails rattling like dry bones on the hardwood floors, a gaunt yellow greyhound. He flung himself with tumultuous scratchings on Maude's satin Empire sofa. Willie beat him off. The dog burst out crying; he acknowledged and bewailed his manifold sins and wickednesses in horrid moanings. And in two minutes, when Willie's back was turned, he again sought the sofa. Eight times during the ensuing period did the wretched creature assail the satin couch and eight times, with Sunday curses, did Willie pry him off, the room desolated with the hound's agonies.

"Poor doggie," said Anne, piteously. I paid no attention to this, knowing her social customs and thinking she was well aware of her dissimulations.

"Isn't he lovely? Isn't he the lamb doggie?" cried Maude.

"He's the sweetest thing I ever saw," gushed Anne. And again I gave little heed.

"Cunningness!" Maude petted. "Sister's honey boy." The hound scraped the floor languidly with his tail.

"Is he yours?" I asked of Willie, conservatively.

"No. Maude's," Willie answered with that aggrieved brevity which, between husbands, needs no footnotes.

"Oh," said I, sympathetically.

"Get off that, now, you!" shouted Willie to Percy,—Percy was the brute's name, Maude had told us.

"Oh, he's tired all out. Let the beauty boy stay, Willie," protested Maude, with playful entreaty.

"So 'm I," grimly muttered Willie, "but he does n't stay."

"Oh, let him stay, Willie," besought Anne, with society gusto, "he's so beautiful against that green brocade."

Willie smiled the host's smile, but his foot ached to kick Percy, I could feel.

"Maude spoils him," he got out politely.

"I do not, Willie, you know I don't."

"Yes, you do, Maudie."

"I don't. Come to sister, sweetheart. You shan't be abused."

I was wondering, absently, how long it might be before Willie and Maude would separate and who would then support Percy, and watching Willie wrathfully pick little yellow dog hairs from his garments, when I caught horrifying scraps of talk between Maude and Anne.

Maude:—"Yes, is n't it too bad? Willie wants me to go South with him for a month on his business trip and—"

Anne:—"But, my dear, can't you—"

Maude:—"My dear, how can I, and leave Percy here with the—"

Anne:—"Is n't there some one who—"



ldn't think of leaving it—"  
it to go."  
I do with the beauty-  
:ll keep him. We'd  
ie's manner toward me almost affectionate. I

but one has to be something of an idiot not to know certain infallible instants for departure. And right here I'd like to say that I shall pay back Willie for his successful *coup* that Sunday. If we had been leading Percy away o the guillotine, there could have been no more dramatic breaking of tender ties than when I took his leash in my hand to drag him from them. The hound wept violently and dug his

claws scratchily into chairs and sofas and floors. Maude flung herself upon him; and Willie,—well, I shan't describe Willie, beyond saying that, to my mind, he was a disgrace to his sex, and could sinfully have substituted for Ananias.

Presently we got out into the open air and Percy recovered his spirits,—if you can call spirits a proud, high-bred, meaningless melancholy. Anne then took him from me on the ground that I was harsh with him. My own opinion is she took him entirely for the effect on passers-by,—a greyhound is an excellent stage property when you're going to be a misunderstood princess. But I did n't say so; I did n't say anything all the way home, except when we'd hauled Percy along half the distance.

"She laid for the lady what owns the pup."



covered chair. It was a final change in Willie: was about to get rid of its snaky head. "Good fortune!" he gurgled, "old sport, you can lie down when Maudie asked."

He said yes. "Something like 'Great' in some annoyance. Percy the comforts he is suited to the care of and we have no cradle, began to explain, ex-

iful," Anne retorted, "death." I resolve that Percy's own indigestion of the

thing he wants. He's med, noisily. shame than in anger, vicious comments on and hurt and dis-

tell her as soon as died, I should I did n't feel I well.

Willie put in, with u should n't take then you go this die?" protestations that en now was. She s white-and-black bag of dog biscuit. ions having been nothing left for wisest man may take in arriving,

And even then I was very polite. I said with pardonable curiosity: "May I ask just why you shamelessly elect to board this brute for a month?"

Anne turned two saintly eyes of innocence upon me. "Why, dear, I did it for you. You said you wanted a big dog, you know."

I regarded her with wrath and indignation. "When you do that sort of thing," I replied as calmly as I could, "you make me wish for the ax. You know you did n't do it for me!"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, with exceptional sweetness.

"Sapphira," I muttered, helplessly.

It took ten dollars, on the very start, to placate our janitor and soothe his natural prejudice against Percy. "These apartments ain't dog kennels," he coarsely objected to me, when I approached him that night in regard to our guest. I kept my composure admirably. "Ethically considered they are not," I replied, mildly, "but in point of size and construction they seem—" but here I basely tendered him the price of his shame, and we parted agreeably.



"He got into the Peters's flat."

I had not been Percy's keeper more than two days when I realized that all Anne had said about big dogs in flats was bitterly true. Not that I had the least intention of admitting this even by the faintest hint to her. Moreover I was not entirely certain of Anne's motive in putting up Percy at our house. She might have done this low trick to show me, by example, the error of my ways,—but it was n't exactly like her to undertake so drastic a treatment in which she was bound to suffer with me. And, again, she might have had for Percy one of her sudden infatuations. I've seen her do things equally emotional and awkward to bear. In order to test, so far as possible, her real attitude in the affair, I decided in the still watches of Percy to give Anne on her birthday—a moveable feast,—a nasty little dog. I explained what I wanted to Appleby, and he enthusiastically procured for me a tiny, woolly beast with evil, glittering eyes and a tin growl. On the anniversary of Anne's nativity, I bore the gift, yelping and clawing passionately in a basket, to the door of her room, and thrust my offering hastily inside.

"If she keeps it," I considered, as I hurried prudently away, "it will mean that she did actually impose Percy on me as a penance,—and 't will serve her right."

A half hour afterwards Anne appeared at breakfast. She was pale but perfectly calm, as one who has suffered in secret. It was with her,—under her arm,—decorated with a pink ribbon. In her hand was the tag I had attached to the basket: "Little Amelia. A Token to Anne from Her Loving Husband."

"Thank you, dear," Anne said, with chastened refinement, "Amelia will be so much company to Percy."

"I knew you liked little dogs," was all I permitted myself to say, seeing she had made up her mind to play the game to the end. Amelia made as if to bite me.

In a sense I suppose Amelia was company for Percy. If one were compelled to live in the same house with a hated foe, one could not say truthfully that one was alone. Percy despised her, despised her with a proud, icy loathing; Amelia, being a womanish dog, could not thus assume silent hauteur. She reviled Percy openly, loudly, and at every opportunity, in the most unladylike barking I have ever heard. She managed to embroil almost all the dwellers in our apartment house with her. But instead of taking sides with Percy or Amelia they vented, as so often happens, their wrath on Anne and me. I explained to several of them that the quarrel was not mine; but, though they were interested, they did not seem convinced. The janitor wantonly increased the price of his dishonor.

Coming in one afternoon I saw Anne morosely seated on the floor in her blue wrapper drying her hair before the fire. Knowing she invariably resorted in times of great depression to this diversion, I sat down beside her to hear the worst.

"Percy," she remarked, briefly.

"Oh," said I, dispiritedly.

"He got into the Peters's flat," she continued.

"Did he get out again?" I inquired, eagerly.

"He did,—with most of the things they had prepared for their luncheon."

"Inside him?"

"Inside him."

"Nice for Percy."

"I had to give them all I had. I scarcely had anything but biscuits. They were fearfully angry."

"Did n't they like biscuits?"

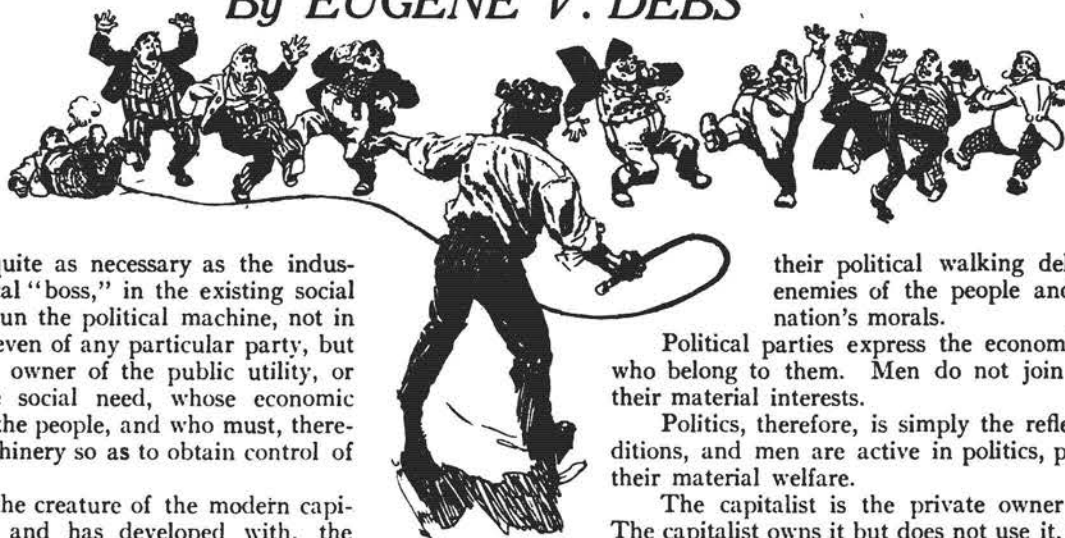
"No. They were having a party."

Here Percy snored comfortably from the divan. In the first three days I had beaten him from it with blows and curses. He did n't mind,—he could stand anything. So I gave up, finally. Amelia liked laps and overcoats and sofa cushions. She found that she shed her hairs on them more easily.

[Concluded on pages 515 to 518]

# THE REAL DEBAUCHERS OF THE NATION

By EUGENE V. DEBS



AS WELL established and quite as necessary as the industrial "boss" is the political "boss," in the existing social system. His business is to run the political machine, not in the interest of the people, or even of any particular party, but in the interest of the private owner of the public utility, or the private controller of the social need, whose economic interest conflicts with that of the people, and who must, therefore, control the political machinery so as to obtain control of government.

The political "boss" is the creature of the modern capitalist; he was spawned in, and has developed with, the capitalist system, and is as necessary to that system as is the capitalist himself.

To turn out one "boss" is simply to make room for another.

"Down with the political boss!" is the cry of people who mistake the effect for the cause of their ills.

There is but one way to get rid of "boss rule" in politics, and that is by abolishing the system of private ownership which produces him and makes the few the beneficiaries of the countless iniquities visited upon the great mass of the people.

No "boss" is in politics in that capacity on his own account. The "boss" must have the "boodle." They are inseparable. Without "boodle" there is no "boss." That fact is plain.

It is also clear that the "boss" does not furnish the "boodle." Who does?

Aye, that's the question!

Turn on the searchlight in that direction and you will be horrified by the revelation.

You will see that private interests are the enemies of the public weal; that trusts and corporations deliberately pollute the political fountain and contaminate all its national, state, and municipal streams; and that the principal perpetrators of these crimes, in which the political "boss" is but a mere puppet, are representative capitalists, financiers, and promoters, most of whom are also recognized pillars of the Christian church.

These, and not their repulsive political "boss," who is simply

their political walking delegate, are the real enemies of the people and debauchers of the nation's morals.

Political parties express the economic interests of those who belong to them. Men do not join parties that oppose their material interests.

Politics, therefore, is simply the reflex of economic conditions, and men are active in politics, primarily, to advance their material welfare.

The capitalist is the private owner of a public utility. The capitalist owns it but does not use it, while the people use it and are dependent upon it, but do not own it.

Take the railroad, for illustration: the capitalist who owns it wants profit,—all he can get,—even on watered investments. He insists upon high fares and rates, but draws the line at accommodations. The people, on the other hand, want low rates, cheap fares, and better accommodations, and when they attempt to assert their collective interests, as the people, against the private interest of the capitalist, who owns the railroad, by the introduction of ordinances in the council, bills in the legislature and in congress, the work of defeating them, and of seeing to it that no friend of the people and no enemy of the corporation shall be elected, becomes the special function of the political "boss;" and, the greater the bulk of capital in private control, the greater the necessity for the "boss," and the larger the premiums for his "indispensable" services.

What applies to the railroads applies to all other departments of wealth production and distribution.

Modern "business" has developed the modern "boss," and the evil will not be remedied by assaulting the scapegoat.

The people are receiving their first lessons in the true meaning of "boss-ridden" politics. Many of them are beginning to analyze the "boss," and, as they proceed, they observe the economic origin of this political species; and, when the people at length understand the source of "boss rule," as they surely will, they will put an end to it, not by exchanging bosses, but by abolishing private property in social necessities.

E. V. DEBS

## Remarkable Facts About the San Francisco Earthquake

Reported by HOSMER WHITFIELD



THE residence of John D. Spreckles, the sugar king, was situated on Van Ness Avenue, and was one of the most costly and luxurious palaces in California. When the soldiers were given orders to demolish it with dynamite, Mr. Spreckles went on his knees on the sidewalk and begged them not to do so.

The night of the earthquake hundreds of horses in the stables throughout the city became unusually nervous. They pawed, kicked, neighed, and exhibited other signs of restlessness in their stalls. They seemed to want to break out and run away.

I am told on the best authority that several hundred people went insane the day of the shock, while scores of people who had been victims of insanity for years suddenly regained their minds. It is estimated that nearly 150,000 people have left the city.

A letter from a California woman states: "The cries of horror, the shouts of firemen, the commands of the generals, the roar of falling walls, and the thunder of exploding dynamite will die in my ears, but I will always hear the rattle of the trunks over the cobbles as the poor people dragged their earthly belongings to places of safety."

David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, after making a careful examination of the area affected by the earthquake, states positively that the mountains known as the Sierra Morena Range, slipped northward from three to six feet. The backbone of the peninsula of San Francisco is part of this same range.

Following the fire, armies of rats invaded the unharmed districts. There seemed to be millions on

millions of them. The flames drove the rodents out of the business section, and, following the example of the people, they fled in the direction where safety was promised. Naturally they were hungry, and devoured a large quantity of food that was unguarded.

In that section of San Francisco known as the Mission, and amid the general wreck and ruin, stands unharmed the Mission Dolores, the ancient church built centuries ago by the Spanish *padres*. It is typically Spanish, and the oldest building in San Francisco. Of all the buildings within the zone of the disaster it apparently stood the shock the best. It stands as firm as the day it was built.

At St. Mary's Cathedral occurred a notable act of spiritual and physical heroism. Tremors were running through the building and outside, and bits of mortar were falling, when two brave priests made their way to the top of the tower in spite of the continued rocking of the building, and there, clinging to the cross which surmounted it, steadied the sacred emblem and prevented it from falling to the pavement.

I. W. Hellman, one of the richest men in the state, was forced by soldiers to unearth a buried oven so that bread might be baked for the refugees. The first loaf was given to Mr. Hellman as a souvenir. In many cases the disaster exemplified socialism on a remarkable scale. The rich and poor were brought to a common level as never before in the history of the world. It showed what people can do in a brotherly way when necessity demands.

The night following the earthquake, when the people were sleeping in the parks and other open-air places, hundreds found shelter in the massive mausoleums and beside the humble headpieces that mark the graves in Laurel Hill Cemetery. Those who slept in the tombs beside the caskets containing the dead, experienced a rare form of rest. One man on being asked where he had slept the preceding night was heard to answer, "Oh, I found a nice, soft grave! How about you?"

The William Collier Theatrical Company was in San Francisco on the day of the earthquake preparatory to sailing for Australia. A number of the male members of the company were rounded up and put to work by soldiers to assist in clearing Market Street of bricks and debris. Mr. Collier himself had three hours of hard labor with a pick. John Barrymore, a brother of Ethel Barrymore, at the bayonet's point, was made to dig trenches for the same length of time, having as a companion the secretary of state of California.

The loss of the burned district, which includes principally the leading business section, is estimated at over \$500,000,000. It will take over \$315,000,000 to settle the insurance claims. Approximately twenty-five square miles of buildings were burned, this space being equivalent to over six hundred business blocks. The disaster left no freak accidents as is often noted in the case of lightning and cyclones. The earth simply rose and fell in an undulating motion that opened great caverns in many parts of the city and twisted the car tracks into all sorts of inconceivable shapes.

One man had been shot for charging seventy-five cents for a loaf of bread. On Market Street lay a corpse over which there was a sign which read "Caught Stealing."





# LD DARNMAN

CHARLES L. GOODELL

*Illustrated by Charles Grunwald*

and with such a queer look in his eyes,—now a frightened look and now a mute appeal for sympathy. It was a look you would gladly forget,—like that of the first doe you killed in the Maine woods as she licked the wound where your bullet had felt for her life. He never spoke to us or we to him. We watched him in silence until he passed out of sight, and breathed easier when he had gone.

He came honestly by the name he bore for about fifty years,—“the old Darnman.” Once seen, his costume could never be forgotten. My mind bears a vivid picture of it, though a generation has passed since the old bell in the steeple struck “seventy-two” and, after a little pause, followed with one solemn stroke, to tell that a man’s age had thus been numbered. The coat was not unlike a “swallowtail,” or dress coat of to-day, but double-breasted and buttoned. A gaily figured vest projected several inches below the coat in front. His trousers were close-fitting, with straps at the bottom like those affected on the pages of Sam Slick or given by our artists to the typical Uncle Sam. A fob hung down from the old-fashioned watchpocket. He wore a bell-crowned tall hat that was doubtless white once, but the dust of long journeys and many years had changed it to a sober gray. In a word, his dress for every day and in all weathers was such as the well-to-do wore as bridegroom or best man at a wedding feast almost a century ago. Though the texture of the broadcloth was the finest, constant use and ordinary accidents of travel had worn it threadbare in places, and in other places, weakened by age and sun and damp, the threads had parted under some strain. All such rents as soon as noticed were darned by our friend. The color of the new threads was not always the same as that of the old, but the darning was

carefully done and the coat was kept clean.

He had a few places among the farmer’s houses where he stopped on his rounds and honored them with his confidence. In his conversations with the lady of the house he had the stately courtesy of the old-time gentleman. After he had partaken sparingly of the food set before him, his first request was for a needle and thread. When he had repaired any rent or buttonhole that needed it, he made bold to ask for a razor, strop, and soap, and he gave himself a clean shave with such success as the razor would permit. I remember that on one occasion my uncle was greatly scandalized when he learned that the Darnman had been allowed to cut his hair with his best razor. His scrupulous care of his clothing and his person, which seemed strange to me as a child, has infinite pathos in it now that I know his story.

Frank Howland was well born. The blood of John Howland, the Mayflower Pilgrim, ran in his veins. His father came from Cape Cod, and he never tired of climbing the genealogical tree, every branch of which he knew so well. To a fine physique, Howland added a strong will and a clear head. Brilliant in his studies, his father planned to give him a course at Yale. Hard study and carelessness of nature’s laws brought on a fever which threatened to prove fatal; but, after a year, a naturally strong constitution so far helped him toward recovery that he felt able to take a small school near New London. It was here that he met Josephine Alden, daughter of Captain James Alden, grim old sea-dog and master of the most successful whaler that ever thrust its bluff shoulders into the icy waters of the North. No yacht for him, with fin or centerboard, cedar or mahogany, but something stanch, of good old live oak, built by the mile and sawed off to order. Such was the good ship “Josephine,” which had brought hundreds of thousands in good bone and oil to her owners, and tens of thousands to her master. The captain liked the ship so well that, when late in life he married and a little daughter came, he called her Josephine. Her

cheeks had the red of the sunrise in them, and her eyes the sparkle of the waves of the blue sea, and her merry laugh rang out like a silver bell. To the home where the little sea maid was queen, the schoolmaster went to board. Small wonder that he forgot about Cicero and Demosthenes under the charm of those ripe red lips. Who can blame the little siren if she played with her staid scholar a little,—if she pulled now and then on her line just to be sure that she had her fish fast? But every such gentle pressure only bedded the hook more securely, and the faintest murmur from the siren lips brought her victim to her feet. Well for him that the siren thought only to lure him to the home of a leal and tender heart.

One night when the moon was at its full and seemed to hang upon the cheek of night, “like a rich jewel in an Ethiopia’s ear,” and the sound lay like a sea of glass with a stairway of silver let down from the skies for the feet of angel visitants, Frank spoke. It was the old question, the



“What strange fancies are mastering you?”

sweetest that ever falls upon a woman's ears, the question whose answer makes a woman of every thoughtful maid. With drooping head she listened to his appeal. When he ceased and stood with bated breath waiting for his answer, her hand stole into his for an instant, but was as quickly withdrawn. Springing past him she bounded to the crest of the little bluff above the sea, a few rods away, and stood, in white, silhouetted against the night. She stretched her arms toward the narrow pass beyond Fisher's Island where the sound makes into the sea. She stood every inch a queen, as imperious as any of her ancestors, who had been president, secretary of state, judge of the supreme court, and high sheriff on a whaler's quarter-deck ten thousand miles from home. In a tone that was tense and strange, she cried: "You ask me to be your wife, and what will happen to me if I am? You will love me and be with me for a day, and then you will go away as the other men go. You will work hard, and the stress of life will drive out every other thought; but what of me? Love and loneliness will eat out my heart, and I shall die."

"Yonder I have seen the ships go sailing out, my father's 'Josephine' among them. Some of the ships never came back, and some that came left behind them officers or crew. They sickened and died without touch of a woman's hand, or were carried down by whales in the icy seas. I have seen the fainting women and funerals without casket or corpse. I hate the sea, for often my mother's moan has roused me from my sleep and I have heard her praying to the storm that it would deal kindly with our sailors, but I have seen many whom I knew lying on the beach with the sand and seaweed in their hair. As a little child I used to hear the sea calling me and saying: 'You are mine,—my bride!' and I cried back: 'You are cruel,—cruel,—and I hate you!' But it kept booming through the storm: 'Mine, mine!' Oh! Is that true? Tell me, what does it all mean?"

She moaned and her hand fell. Swiftly her lover drew her to his heart: "Sweetheart, sweetheart, what strange fancies are mastering you? You are wrong, wrong! I am a scholar and not a sailor. I do not love the sea. We will leave it, you and I. Its bitter brine shall fly no more in your face. In the glorious hills which I know and love we will have our little home. In the green springtime and in the golden harvest days we will read and sing together and make love's sweetest melody. I will never, never leave you, not even for a day, and your love shall be more to me than my life."

He saw the eyes that had been closed begin to open, the full lips quivered, roses crimsoned her cheeks, and, with a glad cry, she forgot her maidenly reserve, she forgot how her ancestors and his for two hundred years had taken their joy with solemn reserve and had never ventured to kiss each other before marriage, "without asking a blessing beforehand and returning thanks afterwards." The impetuous spirit of some Priscilla among her forbears broke through the repression of the centuries, and she threw her arms around her lover's neck and rained a glory of kisses upon his astonished but transfigured face.

"From this hour I am yours and you are mine forever!" He heard in an undertone throbbing with love and purpose, and felt that for him the gates of Heaven

had opened at the touch of Love without the aid of Death. It was to them only an incident and not a prophecy that as they turned to go home, arm in arm, a dark cloud passed across the moon and a sound like a sob came up from the pebbles where the darkened waters lapped the shore.

"She is worthy of you," said her father, "and the Lord bless you both. I'll give her a fittin' out that's worth while, and no man shall say that Captain Jim Alden was mean to his only gail!"

"You shall go to York, Josie, and Sally Gifford, the seamstress, who made your ma's wedding dress, shall go with you. You shall have all the duds you want, and Sally shall pick out the best. I've heard the Frenchers talk about a weddin' truso, and you shall have one o' them, too, if money 'll get it. Captain Taber's new schooner, 'Hope On,' sails next Wednesday, and I'll get a passage for you and Sally aboard of her, and I'll fix it so you can draw on the owners for all the money you want. They know Captain Jim's good for it, for he owns three quarters of the 'Hope On.'"

No happier maiden ever sailed out of port than she who tripped down to the wharf, fairly racing her lover, and making the stiff legs of the rheumatic old captain play an unaccustomed march. "You'll have to tame her down a little, Frank, or she'll get away from you. I hain't made such time myself since I was fast to a whale, and I e'en a'most think I should spout blood 'f I had much further to go."

With many farewells to her lover and with parting injunctions from the captain not to let the New York fellows "shine up" to her, she stepped aboard the "Hope On." The metropolis was then a city of insignificant size in comparison with its present enormous population, but even then the silks and laces of France were to be found in abundance on the counters of her merchants, and the beautiful fabrics of the Far East came hither by way of London and the Continent.

The simple tastes of Josephine were fairly overwhelmed by the wealth of unimagined riches. Her older friend had used well the *carte blanche* given by the captain, and an outfit more elaborate than anything the little town had ever before known was safely packed aboard the schooner. Then the homeward voyage was begun, and with it a tragedy and pathos unutterable.

Before the voyage was half over a fair wind had changed to a northeaster, such as sometimes sweeps Long Island Sound with awful force from Montauk to Hellgate. Bravely the good ship struggled on, and she looked as if she would make port in spite of the terrific tempest, but almost in sight of home she ran upon a ledge, in the darkness of the storm and the night, and the cruel waves and the sharp rocks beat out the life of ship and crew. Not one escaped. As if in pity for those at home, the relenting sea cast up the bodies of Captain Taber and Sallie Gifford,—but



Josephine was never found. Captain Alden went about in a hopeless way. His little wife wept with an abandon that silenced any expression of grief which he might otherwise have made. He sat long on the shore and whittled away on a little dory model, and only ventured to say to himself in an undertone: "If she must go down, why was n't it in the open sea and not in a landlocked pond?"

But it is with Frank Howland that my story has to do. No other's loss could compare with his. When they told him of it, he seemed dazed and went to his room. A fever ensued, reason tottered, and he long hovered between life and death. A funeral service was held for the lost girl, but he was not there. On his recovery, all recollection of the shipwreck and the days of anguish had vanished. He remembered only that the fair Josephine was his, that they soon were to be married, and that she was away making preparations for the wedding day. He made ready his wedding suit, and never to the day of his death wore any other. For many years he set the time of the wedding at each full moon, and when she came not, he went about among his friends, asking if they had seen her. Little by little his ardent expectation changed to a patient sadness, and he came and went in the dusk of the evening like some ghostly visitant. His one purpose seemed to be that whenever his darling came back—for he had no doubt of that coming,—he might be ready for the wedding ceremony. With the utmost care he brushed and mended his wedding suit. Every day his face was clean shaven and his dark hair carefully brushed. His boots, too, were a constant object of solicitude. I am not sure that his boots were the same he had designed to wear on his wedding day, for it seems incredible that they could have preserved their identity so long,—and yet I do not know that I am warranted in such skepticism, for he often stopped at my father's shoe shop and asked for leather to make needed repairs. Now it was a whole vamp to take the place of one utterly worn out,—again it was a quarter, and again simply a patch of calfskin or a sole-leather tap. Whatever he took, it was only what was absolutely needed at the time,—never an extra patch, nor even an extra pair of shoestrings.

I remember his kindly way as he asked for the little skillet which every farmer kept, and out of whose oily sediment his boots were made pliable for all weathers. He made his friends with the same intuition that a dog seems to use,

[Concluded on pages 519 and 520]



CHARLES L. GOODELL

The Rev. Dr. Charles Le Roy Goodell, pastor of the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church, at Seventh Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, New York City, is one of the most distinguished leaders of Methodism in this country. He hails from the Old Bay State. Full of the zeal, courage, enthusiasm, and consecration of his Puritan ancestors, who fled across the seas for conscience' sake, in every pulpit he has been called to since he entered the ministry, in 1879, Dr. Goodell has been an arousing force.

No sooner does he take control of a church than its membership goes up with a bound. Within twenty-one months after his call to Calvary Church, its membership increased seventy-five per cent. On February 4, of this year, three hundred and forty-four new members, representing fifteen different denominations, were admitted. Owing to the vigorous work of its pastor, Calvary now stands at the head of the Methodist Episcopal denomination in the United States.

The cry of "the decadence of the church," finds no echo in Dr. Goodell's heart. He says that any minister and any church can grow if they are willing to pay the price, which is, "prayer, consecration, and hard work." This is his panacea for all the ills of which the churches are complaining to-day. That it is an efficacious one is overwhelmingly proved by the fruits of Dr. Goodell's quarter century and more of service.



# We Must Know What We Are Eating

IN the April, 1905, issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, we published an article by Samuel Merwin in which was made a series of startling and outspoken charges against the Chicago packers. In effect these charges were as follows:—

That the refuse on the surface of "Bubbly Creek," in Packingtown, was regularly skimmed from the surface and converted into lard. That hogs which had died of cholera in transit were also converted into lard.

That it was a regular practice to "renovate" or "oxidize" stale butter and put it on the market.

That the local inspection at Chicago was utterly inadequate, and that, feeble as it was, it was so honeycombed with graft as to constitute the gravest menace to public health.

That tubercular beef in vast quantities not only passed the "inspection," but that considerable quantities of condemned meat actually found their way into the channels of trade.

This article drew forth, as may be imagined, a more or less fierce defense, and aroused public interest to an unusual degree. We received letters even from senators and congressmen. One long letter from the department of agriculture could only be interpreted as a curiously interesting defense of the packing business in general, and as an attempt to stop any throwing of the light upon that remarkable industry, as it is carried on in Chicago to-day. Other letters were still more interesting. They brought up the suggestion that the federal inspection was as bad as the local inspection. Curious hints entered our office to the effect that packers' agents had been seen to have pockets full of federal inspection tags and car seals.

It was pretty clear to us then, and it has since become clearer still, that the federal inspection, of which so much has been made, was demanded by the packers as a sort of guarantee or trade-mark for their foreign trade, certain other governments being more particular than ours about the kind and quality of the meat consumed by their citizens. The federal inspectors, however thorough and honest their work may or may not be, are on duty only in the daytime, and are compelled to pass upon the cattle at the rate of about two a minute. The work that is done at night seems practically to have passed without inspection. There are no adequate provisions for destroying condemned meat and thus making it certain that it can not find its way through some side channel into the markets. In short, it seems plain that the federal inspection has been mainly valuable to the packers as a commercial trade-mark to be used in exploiting their products.

Since the article appeared, Upton Sinclair, in his book, "The Jungle," has made many worse charges,—charges which, if in any way inaccurate, would render him liable to heavy damages. Among other things he claims that portions of human bodies have been found in sausage and other machines or in vats used in certain departments of the business. Such charges, as that there is an elaborate system of coloring and varnishing and chemically preserving meat, are so many and so explicit as to demand the most thorough investigation. Many of the charges, in fact, are too repulsive, too awful to be repeated here.

A few weeks ago, President Roosevelt, aroused by certain of these disclosures, sent a secret commission to Chicago to investigate the charges. This commission, if we may credit the apparently inspired statements of conservative newspapers, found conditions in Packingtown even worse than they had imagined could be possible, and they, it is stated, have so reported to the President. As a result of this semi-official investigation, Senator Beveridge introduced a new and fairly drastic meat inspection law which passed the senate within a few days without comment, as a rider to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill.

As this magazine goes to press, it is generally understood that in return for the suppressing of the so-called "Neill Report," the packers have agreed not to oppose the passing of the new inspection law.

Now, what does all this mean? Let us quote a few paragraphs from the version of the "Neill Report" that we find in the New York "Times" of May 28:—

Though no memoranda were made at the conference, "The Times" is in a position to say that the findings of the President's commissioners are in substance as follows: They say that lard is manufactured from hogs which die from cholera; that the meat inspectors are incompetent and overworked; that sanitary conditions prevailing at the packing houses are revolting; that the packers use preservatives, and that meat is sold to Americans which is deemed unfit for exportation to Europe. The commission's remedy for all this is publicity.

The commission investigated the plants of Armour and Company, Nelson Morris and Company, Swift and Company, Schwartzschild and Sulzberger, the Ham-

mond Company, the Cudahy Company, the Standard Slaughtering Company, and numerous other concerns of more or less importance. No attempt was made to prevent them from visiting any department of any plant, but there is reason to believe that a great deal of cleaning had been done in expectation of the visit. At the headquarters of the Standard Slaughtering Company, in particular, they were delayed for several hours in obtaining admission. After getting in, the commission could see that attempts had been made to remove filth from several places on the floors of the plant. The commission saw a great deal of objectionable matter in the corners of many rooms and covering the tubs and vats.

It has been frequently stated in published criticisms of stock yard conditions that the carcasses of hogs which had died of cholera in shipment, or which had been smothered in transit, were loaded in box cars and shipped to Globe, Indiana, to be rendered into lard. The commission traced this story carefully and found that the carcasses were rendered into hog grease, which was sold without any restriction or precaution. They got positive evidence that portions of this grease were regularly sent to France to be used in the making of a grade of sardine oil. They investigated the use which the packers made of the filth which they gathered from Bubbly Creek, an arm of the Chicago River, which is practically an open sewer near Globe. They could not learn whether this grease was rendered into lard, but they did find that it was used for some purpose or another. They found that the carcasses of hogs which had been condemned for cholera were regularly rendered into lard.

So much for what appear to be the revolting and disgusting facts. They have stood uncontroverted up to the time we go to press. We meet here, it is plain, the same worthy gentlemen who supplied our Cuban army with "embalmed beef" seven years ago. What does it all mean?

A good many things may very likely take place between the hour of the penning of this statement and the appearance of this issue on the news-stands. It may be that the President will be prevailed upon to disclose all the facts in his possession. It seems to be tacitly admitted by the packers that a disclosure of the real facts, of which the President can by any chance have only a very few, and these of a surface sort, would bring disaster upon the packing houses. They seem to be tacitly admitting that they will be glad to get out of the scrape on any terms.

Does not this mean that the conditions in which the bulk of the meat and the preparations from meat which are used for human food in this country are of an unspeakably offensive and dangerous nature? If we are wrong in this surmise, we should like respectfully to ask the President, the senators, and the congressmen if anything could be more important than to prove that we are wrong? If the packing business is not a mixture of swindling and poisoning, as all these open statements suggest, it seems to us very important that the country should know it at the earliest possible moment. We ask that there be no further consideration of "interests," even of the cattle raisers, who seem likely to suffer temporarily as a result of the agitation in the matter.

The air is full of these charges against the Chicago packers. We find what looks dangerously like a tacit admission on the part of these packers that they have been for years deliberately feeding the American public, for profit, with food which is openly said to be unfit for human consumption. If the charges are true, and can be proved, we see no cogent reason why the gentlemen at the head of these vast industries should not be brought before the bar of justice under criminal indictment. If the charges are so misleading and inaccurate as to constitute a needless scare, it seems to us even more important that we should know it.

In other words, Mr. President, and gentlemen of the senate and the house, we ask that the clear light of day be thrown into the utmost recesses of the packing industry. We ask that, for once, all consideration of business and business interests be dropped, on the ground that the present issue is more important than even the commercial progress and prosperity of which we have been so proud.

Let us know what we are eating. Stop at nothing. Never mind if it shocks us. Never mind if it endangers business. Simply go to the bottom of the meat packing business, and, if it is wrongly conducted, bend the energies of this government to putting it in the way of being rightly conducted. Probably it could be got at through an investigation of the inspection service, if there seems no other way. We do not like the sound of that "strong lobby" which the newspapers say was hurried to Washington a few weeks ago. We do not like the reports that the senators and congressmen from Illinois have been acting together in the interest of the packers. Meat inspection laws have been evaded before now. It would be well to take plenty of time for this, and be sure that you are making the new law strong enough to work.

And of you, reader of this statement, we ask that you write at once to the congressman from your district, and to one or both of the senators from your state, asking them to make every effort to clear up, for better or worse, the whole miserable business. We must know what we are eating.

THE EDITORS.

## Don't Let Congress Yield to the Packers!



# THE SECOND GENERATION

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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

## CHAPTER VIII. (Continued)

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

ARTHUR felt like apologizing for having thus unwittingly brought out young Hargrave's poverty. "You look all right," said he.

"Thanks," said Dory, dryly, his eyes laughing at Arthur.

And, as a matter of fact, though Arthur had not been sincere, Dory did look "all right." It would have been hard for any drapery not to have set well on that strong, lithe figure. And his face—especially the eyes,—was so compelling that he would have had to be most elaborately overdressed to distract attention from what he was to what he wore.

On the way to the Rangers, he let Arthur do the talking; and if Arthur had been noticing he would have realized that Dory was not listening, but was revolving something which made him serious. Also Arthur would have noticed that, as they came round from the stables to the steps at the end of the front veranda, and as Dory caught sight of Adelaide, half reclining in the hammock and playing with Simeon, his eyes looked as if he had been suddenly brought from the darkness into the light and he stood dazed.

"Here's Dory Hargrave, Del," cried Arthur, and went on into the house, leaving them facing each other.

"So glad you could come," said Adelaide, her tone and manner at their friendliest.

But as she faced his penetrating eyes, her composure became a little less assured.

"Why did you send for me?" he asked.

She would have liked to deny or to evade; but neither was possible. Now that he was before her, she recalled his habit of compelling her always to be truthful not only with him but—what was far worse,—also with herself. "Did Arthur tell you I asked him to bring you?" she said, to gain time.

"Not in so many words," was his reply. "But, as soon as he asked me to come, I knew."

It irritated her that this young man who was not at all "a man of the world" should be able so easily to fathom her. She had learned that "man of the world" means only man of a very small and insignificant world, while Dory Hargrave had been born a citizen of the big world, the real world,—one who understands human beings because his sympathies are broad as human nature itself and his eyes clear of the scales of pretense. He was an illustration of the shallowness of the talk about the loneliness of great souls. It is the great souls that alone are not alone. They understand better than the self-conscious, posing mass of mankind the weakness and the pettiness of human nature; but they also appreciate its other side. And, in the pettiest of the creatures in human shape, they still see the greatness that is in every human being, in every living thing for that matter, the majesty of mystery and of potentiality,—the mystery of its living mechanism, the potentiality of its position as a source of ever-ascending forms of life. From the protoplasmic cell descends the genius; from the loins of the sodden toiler chained to the soil springs the mother of genius or genius itself. And where little people were bored and isolated, Dory Hargrave could without consciousness of effort pass the barriers to any human heart, could enter in and sit at its inmost hearth, a welcome guest. He never intruded; he never misunderstood; he never caused the slightest uneasiness lest he should go away to sneer or to despise. Even old John Skeffington was confidential with him,



"And now, judge, can you explain in plain words just what it means?"

### 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 his simple tastes or his love for hard work, meets with an accident, which necessitates consultation with a physician. He is 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, Adelaide, 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. Then his malady assumes a sudden turn for the worse. He sits for days silent and motionless, but seemingly making an effort to give expression to some strong emotion. He is unable to give utterance to a single connected thought. A rumor gains currency as to the provisions of the will. Adelaide's fiancé, Ross Whitney visits her and their engagement is broken. In her chagrin Adelaide determines to encourage an old boy friend, Dory Hargrave.

and would have been friendly had not Dory avoided him.

As Adelaide looked at him, she was unconsciously influenced by his genius for inspiring confidence. She had not fully disclosed her plans to herself; she hesitated at letting herself see what her fury against Theresa and Ross had goaded her on to resolve. So she had no difficulty in persuading herself that she had probably sent for Dory merely to consult with him. "There's something I want to talk over with you," said she; "but wait till after dinner—supper. Have you and Artie been playing tennis?"

"No, he found me at home," replied Hargrave. "Estelle Wilmot and I were playing with a microscope."

"Estelle,—she's treated me shamefully," said Adelaide. "I have n't seen her for more than a year,—except just a glimpse as I was driving down Monroe Street one day. How beautiful she has become! But, then, she always was pretty. And neither her father nor her mother, nor any of the rest of the family is especially good-looking."

ing. She does n't in the least resemble them." "That sometimes happens," replied Dory. "I've often thought that when one sees a beautiful man or woman, one is seeing the monument to some supreme, perfect happiness. There are times when even the meanest creatures see the islands of enchantment floating in the opal sea."

Adelaide was looking dreamily into the sunset. It was some time before she came back, dropped from the impersonal to the personal, which is the normal attitude of most young people and all the self-absorbed. Simeon, who had been inspecting Dory from the far upper end of the hammock, now descended to the floor of the veranda; and slowly advanced toward him. Dory put out his hand. "How are you, cousin?" he said, gravely shaking Simeon's extended paw. Simeon chattered delightedly and sprang to Dory's lap and nestled comfortably there.

"I always thought you would fall in love with Estelle, some day," said Adelaide, with a faint smile.

Dory looked at Simeon with an ironical, amused smile. "Why does she say those things to me?" he asked. Simeon looked at Adelaide with a puzzled frown that said, "Why, indeed?"

"You and Estelle are exactly suited to each other," explained she.

"Exactly unsuited," replied he. "I have nothing that she needs; she has nothing that I need. And love is an exchange of needs. Now, I have hurt your vanity."

"Why do you say that?" demanded Adelaide.

"It offends you,—it always has offended you because I have cared for you on that basis. You'd like to think that your lover came to you empty-handed, asking everything, humbly protesting that he had nothing to give. And you know that I—" He smiled soberly. "Sometimes I think you have really nothing I need or want, that I care for you because you so much need what I can give. You poor pauper, with the delusion that you are rich."

"You are frank," said she, smiling but not liking it.

"And why should n't I be? I've given up hope of your ever seeing the situation as it is. I should n't want you on any false terms. One has only to look about him to shrink from the horrors of marriage based on delusions and lies. So I can afford to be frank."



She smiled, then laughed. "I see what you mean." But he looked gravely and steadily at her. "You promise to do your best to care? An engagement is a very solemn thing, Del. You promise?"

She put out her hand. "Yes, Dory," she answered. "The night you told me you loved me, I did not sleep. I had led you into confessing it from the most pitiful motive. But what you said,—what I saw when you opened your heart to me,—oh, Dory, I believed then, and I believe now, that the reason I have not loved you is because I am not worthy of you. And I'm afraid I never can,—for just that reason."

He laughed gently and kissed her hand. "If that's all that stands in the way," said he, "you'll soon love me to distraction. I've never seen anybody whose best was n't too good for any one's worst, or whose worst was n't too bad for anybody else's best."

"But you said yourself, a while ago," she said, mischievously, "that you did n't need me." Her spirits had gone sailing up.

"So I did," said he; "but the fox should n't be taken too literally as he talks about the grapes that are out of reach." He released her hand and drew away from her. "Need you?" he exclaimed with a sudden release of himself. "I need you as the desert needs water, as the summer needs the birds and the flowers,—for my heart ache, Del, that has been there ever since you told me you were engaged to Ross,—for the heart ache, Del, that will always be mine when you are not. It's true, I can give you much that you need,—more than you imagine. But you, you can give me—happiness."

And she wished that, instead of drawing away, he had taken her in his arms. She felt that had he but touched her, his fire would have kindled her own. But he burned aloof.

Ross Whitney found his cousin, Ernest Belden, in the Chicago express next morning. When they were well on their way, Belden said: "I'm really sorry it's all off between you and Adelaide, Ross. She is a fine girl, one of the best, if not the best."

Ross was silent, struggling against curiosity. Finally curiosity won. "How did you know, Ernest?" he asked.

"On the way to the station I met Dory Hargrave looking like a sunrise. I asked him what was up,—you know, he and I are like brothers. And he said: 'I've induced Adelaide Ranger to promise to marry me.' 'Why I never knew you cared about her in that way,' said I. And he said: 'There's lots of things in this world you don't know, Ernest, a lot of important things. And this is one of 'em. I never cared about anybody else.'"

Belden had been thinking that the engagement between Ross and Adelaide was dissolved by mutual consent. A glance at Ross and he changed his mind; for, Ross was so amazed at Adelaide's thus challenging him—it could be nothing more than an audacious challenge,—that he showed it in his face. "I beg your pardon, old man," Belden said, impulsively. "I did n't appreciate that I was making a prying brute of myself."

Ross decided that a "gentleman" would be silent under the suspicion of having been jilted, and that, therefore, he must be silent on that subject. "Not at all," said he. "I suppose you have n't heard, yet, that I'm engaged to Miss Howland, of Chicago."

"Ah,—really,—I congratulate you," said Belden. And Ross, seeing that Belden understood precisely what he had intended, felt meaner than ever.

## CHAPTER IX.

Not until Adelaide told Arthur and saw the expression that succeeded his first blank stare of incredulity, did she realize what the world, her "world," would think of her engagement to Theodore Hargrave. It was most illuminating of her real character and of her real mind as to Ross, and as to Dory also, that, instead of being crushed by her brother's look of downright horror, she straightway ejected the snobbish suggestions with which her vanity had been taunting her, and called her heart, as well as her pride, to the defense of Dory.

"You're joking," said Arthur, when he was able to articulate; "and a mighty poor joke it is. Dory! Why, Del, it's ridiculous. And in place of Ross Whitney!"

"Be careful what you say, Artie," she said in her lowest, most ominous tone, with that in her eyes which should in prudence have halted him. "I am engaged to Dory, remember."

"Nonsense!" cried Arthur. "Why, he has n't a cent, except his beggarly salary as professor at that little jay college. And even if he should amount to something some day, he'll never have any money or standing in society. I thought you had pride, Del. Just wait till I see him. I'll let him know what I think of his impudence. Of course, I don't blame him.

Naturally, he wants to get up in the world. But you—" Arthur's laugh was a sneer,— "And I thought you were proud!"

From Adelaide's eyes blazed that fury which we reserve for those we love when they exasperate us. "Shame on you, Arthur Ranger!" she exclaimed. "Shame on you! See what a snob you have become. Except that he's poor, Dory Hargrave has the advantage of any man we know. He knows more in a minute than you or any of your kind will know in your whole lives. And he is honorable and a gentleman,—a real gentleman, not a pretender. You are n't big enough to understand him. But you know that, if it weren't for your prospects from father's wealth, you would n't be in the same class with him. He is somebody in himself. But you—and—and your kind,—what do you amount to, in yourselves?"

Arthur lowered at her. "So this is what you've been leading up to, with all the queer talk you've been giving me on and off, ever since we came home."

That remark seemed to Adelaide for an instant to throw a flow of light in amazing revelation upon her own innermost self. "I believe it is!" she exclaimed, as if dazed. Then, the light seemed to go, seemed to have been only imaginary. It is not until we are much older than Adelaide then was that we learn that our acts often reveal us to ourselves.

"So, you're in love with Dory," scoffed Arthur. "You're a wonder,—you are! To go about the world and get education and manners and culture, and then to come back to Saint X, and take up with a jay,—a fellow that's never been anywhere."

"Physically he hasn't traveled much," said Adelaide, her temper curiously and suddenly restored, "but mentally, Artie dear, he's been distances, and to places, and in society that your poor brain would ache, just at hearing about."

"You've lost your senses," said Arthur.

"No, dear," replied Adelaide, sweetly, "on the contrary, I've put myself in the way of finding them."

"You need n't 'bluff' with me," he retorted. "There's some mystery in this."

The chance shot struck. Adelaide reddened; but, instantly recovering herself, she said, "It may interest you to know that a while ago, when I told you I was engaged to him, I felt a little uneasy. You see, I've had a long course at the same school that has made such a gentleman of you. But, as the result of your talk and the thoughts it suggested, I have n't a doubt. I would marry Dory Hargrave now, if everybody in the world opposed me. Yes, the more opposition, the prouder I'll be to be his wife!"

"What's the matter, children?" came in their mother's voice. "What are you quarreling about?" Mrs. Ranger was hurrying through the room on her way to the kitchen; she was too used to heated discussions between her two children to be disturbed.

"What do you think of this, mother?" almost shouted Arthur. "Del here says she's engaged to Dory Hargrave!"

Mrs. Ranger stopped short. "Gracious!" she ejaculated.

She felt for her "specs," drew them down from her hair, and hastily adjusted them for a good look first at Arthur, then at Del. She looked long at Del, who was standing proudly erect and who was at her most beautiful best, eyes glittering and cheeks aglow. "Have you and Ross had a falling out, Del?" she asked.

"No,—mother," replied Adelaide; "but we,—we have broken our engagement, and—what Artie says is true."

No one spoke for full a minute, though the air seemed to buzz with the thinking and feeling. Then Mrs. Ranger said: "Your father must n't hear of this."

"Leave me alone with mother, Artie," commanded Adelaide.

Arthur went, pausing in the door to say: "I'm sorry to have had to hurt you, Del. But I meant every word I said, only not in anger or meanness. I know you won't do it when you've thought it over."

When Arthur had had time to get far enough away, Adelaide seated herself, and said: "Mother, I want you to hear the whole truth,—or, as much of it as I know, myself. Ross came and broke off our engagement so that he could marry Theresa Howland. And I've engaged myself to Dory,—partly to cover it, but not altogether, I hope. Not principally, I believe. I'm sick and ashamed of the kind of things I've been so crazy about these last few years. Before this happened, before Ross came, being with father and thinking over everything had made me see with different eyes. And I,—I want to try to be—what a woman ought to be."

The old woman slowly twisted her front hair under her fingers. At length, she said: "Well,—I ain't sorry you've broke off with Ross. I've been noticing the Whitneys and their goings on for some time. I saw they'd got clean out of my class, and—I'm glad my daughter has n't. There's a common streak in those Whitneys. I never did like Ross, though I never would have said anything, as you seemed to want him, and your father had always been set on it, and

thought so high of him. He always laid himself out to make your pa think he was a fine character and full of business,—and I ain't denying that he's smart, mighty smart,—too smart to suit me." A long reflective pause, then: "But,—Dory,—well, my advice is to think it over before you jump clear in. Of course, you'll have enough for both, but I'd rather see you taking up with some man that's got a good business. Teachin's worse than preachin' as a business. Still, there's plenty of time to think about that. You're only engaged."

"Teachin's worse than preachin'"—Adelaide's new, or, rather, revised democracy was an aspiration rather than an actuality, was—as to the part above the soil, at least,—a not very vigorous looking forced growth through sordid necessity. In this respect it was like many, perhaps most, high human aspirations,—and, like them, it was far more likely to wither than to flourish. "Teachin's worse than preachin'"—Adelaide began to slip dismally down from the height to which Arthur's tactless outburst had blown her. Down, and down, and down, like a punctured balloon,—gently, but steadily, dishearteningly. She was ashamed of herself, as ashamed as any reader of these chronicles is for her,—any reader with one standard for judging other people and another for judging himself. To the credit of her character must be set down her shame at her snobbishness. The snobbishness itself should not be set down to her discredit, but should be charged up to that class feeling, as old as property, and fostered and developed by almost every familiar fact in our daily environment.

"I should n't be surprised if your father'd be glad, if he knew," her mother was saying. "But it's no use to risk telling him. A shock might—might make him worse." She started up. "I must go to him. I came to send you, while I was looking after Mary and the dinner, and I clean forget."

She hurried away. Adelaide sat thinking, more and more forlorn, though not a whit less determined. "I ought to admire him more than I did Ross, and I ought to want to marry him,—and I will!" After many minutes, she became conscious of a silence. The birds had stopped singing in the noonday heat. The breeze had died down. Outdoors, in the house, there was not a sound. She felt as if she must not, could not breathe. The silence, like a stealthy hand, lifted her from her chair, drew her tiptoeing and breathless toward the room in which her father was sitting. She paused at its threshold, looked. In his chair by the window, bolt upright, eyes open and gazing into the infinite was her father. Beside that statue of the peace eternal knelt her mother, a worn, wan, shrunken figure, the hands clasped, the eyes closed, the lips moving.

"Mother! Mother!" cried Adelaide.

Her mother did not hear. She was moaning, "I believe, Lord, I believe! Help Thou my unbelief!"

## CHAPTER X.

ON the day after the funeral, Mrs. Ranger and the two children and young Hargrave were in the back parlor, waiting for Judge Torrey to come and read the will. The well-meant intrusions, the services, the burial—all those barbarous customs that stretch on the rack those who really loved the dead whom society compels them publicly to mourn,—had left cruel marks on Adelaide and on Arthur: but their mother seemed unchanged. She was talking incessantly now, addressing herself to Dory, since he alone was able to heed her. Her talk was an almost incoherent stream, as if she neither knew nor cared what she was saying so long as she could keep that stream going,—the stream whose sound at least made the voice of desolation from her heart less clear and terrible, though not less insistent.

There was the beat of a man's footsteps on the side veranda. Mrs. Ranger started up, listened, sat again. "Oh," she said, in the strangest voice, and with a hysterical little laugh, "I thought it was your father coming home to dinner." Then from her throat issued a stifled cry like nothing but a cry borne up to the surface from a deep torture-chamber. And she was talking on again,—with Adelaide sobbing and Arthur fighting back the tears. Hargrave went to the door, and admitted the old lawyer.

He had a little speech which he always made on such occasions; but to-day, with the knowledge of the astounding contents of that will on his mind, his lips refused to utter it. He simply bowed, seated himself, and opened the document. The old-fashioned legal phrases soon were steadying him as the harness steadies an uneasy horse; and he was monotonously and sonorously rolling off paragraph after paragraph. Except the judge, young Hargrave was the only one there who clearly understood what those worthy provisions meant. As the reading progressed Dory's face flushed a deep red which slowly faded, leaving him gray and haggard. His father's beloved project! His father's! To carry out his father's project, Arthur and Adelaide, the woman he loved and her brother, were to lose their inheritance! He could not lift his eyes. He felt that they were all looking at him, were hurling reproaches and denunciations.

Presently Judge Torrey read: "I make this disposal of my estate through my great love for my dear chil-

dren and because I have firm belief in the soundness of their character and in their capacity to do and to be, and feel that they will be better off without the wealth which would tempt my son to relax his efforts to make a useful man of himself and would cause my daughter to be sought for her fortune instead of for herself."

At the words "without the wealth," Arthur shifted sharply in his chair, and both he and Adelaide looked at Judge Torrey in puzzled wonder. The judge read on, read the names of signer and witnesses, then laid the will down and stared gloomily at it. Mrs. Ranger said, "And now, judge, can you explain in plain words just what it means?"

With many a pause and a stammer, the old lawyer made it clear: the house and its contents and appurtenances, and seven thousand a year to the widow for life; two thousand a year to Adelaide; five thousand in cash to Arthur and the chance to earn the mill and factory; the rest, practically the whole estate, to Tecumseh University. "Any further questions?" he asked, breaking the silence that followed his explanation.

No one spoke. Still without looking at any one, he put away his glasses. "Then I guess I'll be going. It won't be necessary to do anything further for a day or two." And, with a face like that of a criminal slinking from the scene of the crime, he made his way to the door by a series of stealthy bows and shuffling steps. Outside, he wiped the streaming sweat from his forehead. "It



"'You knew,' he hissed. 'You traitor!'"

was n't my fault," he muttered, as if some one were accusing him. Then, a little further from the house, "I ain't sure that Hiram has n't done right. But, God help me, I could never save my children at such a price."

He was clear of the grounds before Adelaide, the first to move, cast a furtive glance at her brother. Her own disaster was swallowed up for her in the agony of the thought of how he had been struck down. But she could read nothing in his face. He was simply gazing straight ahead, and looking so like his father at his most unfathomable. As soon as he had fully realized what the will meant, his nerve had stopped feeling and his brain had stopped thinking. Adelaide next noted Dory, and grew cold from head to foot. All in a rush it came over her how much she had relied upon her prospective inheritance, how little upon herself. What would Dory think of her now? And Ross,—what a triumph for him, what a narrow escape! Had he suspected? Had others in the town known that of which they of the family were in complete ignorance? Oh, the horror of the descent,—the horror of the rude and sudden snatching away of the golden aureole! "Father, father, how could you do it? How could you hurt us so?" she muttered. Then, up before her rose his face with that frightful look in the eyes. "But how doing it made him suffer!" she thought. And the memory of the hours on hours she had spent with him, buried alive, flooded over her. "Doing it killed him!" she said to herself.

She felt rude fingers grinding into her arm. With a

sharp cry she started up. Her brother was facing her, his features ablaze with all the evil passions in his untrained and unrestrained nature. "You knew!" he hissed. "You traitor! You knew he was doing this. You honeyfugled him. And you and Hargrave get it all!"

Adelaide shrank as she would not have shrunk under a lash. "Oh, Arthur! Arthur!" she cried, clasping her hands and stretching them toward him.

"You admit it, do you?" he shouted, seizing her by the shoulders, like a madman. "Yes, your guilty face admits it. But I'll undo your work. I'll break the will. Such an outrage as that, such a robbery, won't stand in court for a minute."

Dory had started up, was moving to fling the brother from the sister; but Mrs. Ranger was before him. Starting up from the stupor into which Judge Torrey's explanation had thrown her, she thrust herself between her children. "Arthur!" she said, and her voice was quiet and solemn. "Your father is dead." She drew herself up, and facing her son in her widow's black, seemed taller than he. "If I had needed any proof that he was right about what he did with his own," she went on, "I'd have found it in your face and in what you have just said to your sister. Go to the glass there, boy. Look at your face and remember your words."

Young Hargrave left the room, went to the garden where they could see him from the windows and call him, if they wished. Arthur hung his head before his mother. "It is n't his will," he muttered. "Father in his right mind would never have made such a will."

"He never would have made such a will if his children had been in their right mind," replied his mother, sternly, and sternness they had never before seen in those features or heard in that voice. "I know now what he was broodin' over for weeks. Yes,—and her voice, which rose shrill, was the shriek of the tempest within her,—and I know now what made him break so sudden. I noticed you both driftin' off into foolishness, ashamed of the ways of your parents, ashamed of your parents, too. But I did n't give no attention to it, because I thought it was the silliness of children and that you'd outgrow it. But he always did have a good head on him, and he saw that you were ridin' loose-rein to ruin,—to be like them Whitneys. Your pa not in his right mind? I see God in that will."

She paused, but only for breath to resume: "And you, Arthur Ranger, what was in your head when you came here to-day? Grief and love and willingness to carry out your dead father's last wishes? No! You came thinking of how you were to benefit by his death. Don't deny! I saw your face when you found you were n't going to get your father's money."

"Mother!" exclaimed Arthur.

She waved him down imperiously,—and he was afraid before her, before her outraged love for her outraged dead. "Take care how you stamp on my Hiram's grave, Arthur Ranger!"

"He did n't mean it,—you know he did n't," pleaded Adelaide. At that moment she could not think of this woman as her mother, but only as the wife, the widow.

But Ellen's instinct told her that her son, though silent, was still in traitorous rebellion against her idol. And she kept on at him: "With Hiram hardly out of the house, you've forgot all he did for you, all he left you,—his good name, his good example. You think only of his money. I've heard you say children owe nothing to their parents, that parents owe everything to the children. Well, that's so. But it don't mean what you think. It don't mean that parents ought to ruin their children. And your pa did n't spare himself to do his duty by you,—not even though it killed him. Yes, it killed him! You'd better go away and fall on your knees and ask God to forgive you for having shortened your father's life. And I tell you, Arthur Ranger, till you change your heart, you're no son of mine."

"Mother! Mother!" cried Arthur, rushing from the room.

Mrs. Ranger looked vacantly at the place where he had been, and suddenly dropped into a chair and burst into a storm of tears.

"Call him back, mother," said Adelaide.

"No! no!" sobbed Ellen Ranger. "He spoke agin' my dead! I'll not forgive him till his heart changes." Adelaide knelt beside her mother and tried to put her arms around her. But her mother shrank away. "Don't touch me!" she cried; "leave me alone. God forgive me for having bore children that trample on their father's grave. I'll put you both out of the house,—and she started up and her voice rose to a shriek. "Yes,—I'll put you both out! Your foolishness has eat into you like a cancer, till you're both rotten. Go to the Whitneys. Go among the lepers where you belong. You ain't fit for decent people."

She pushed Adelaide aside, and with uncertain steps went into the hall and up toward her own room.

## CHAPTER XI.

ADELAIDE was about to go in search of her brother when he came hunting her out. A good example perhaps excepted, there is no power for good equal to a bad example. Arthur's outburst before his mother and her, and in what seemed the very presence of the dead, had been almost as potent in turning Adelaide from bitter-

[Concluded on pages 521 to 524]





## The Funniest Stories I've Heard

By WALLACE IRWIN

[It is always interesting to know what humorists regard as being funny. We have invited some of the leading fun producers of the country to contribute to this page. Mr. Irwin herewith gives what he considers to be the funniest stories he has heard. He will be followed by Marshall P. Wilder, Francis Wilson, George Ade, Mark Twain and others who have helped to make the world laugh.]

SERIOUSLY speaking, a funny story is no laughing matter. Humor is one of the world's great institutions, a thing to be approached with reverence akin to awe, as something cold as the pole, imperishable as the pyramids,—and often a great deal more ancient. If we abase ourselves before ancient and holy things, can we afford to laugh at the capers of the convict chimpanzee, who, in point of ancestry, antedates the Peter Lelys and Joshua Reynolds of our baronial halls?

Funny stories, furthermore, are usually based on something which is not funny at all. Their points, in fact, often depend solely upon an unsympathetic view of some great human misfortune. What is more pathetic to a sane mind than a funeral, or a harelip, or a divorce, or a mother-in-law,—yet, shades of Rameses, how useful they have become in vaudeville!

*I don't think that there are any really side-splitting stories in the world. Some are merely a trifle less sad than others, that is all.* How admirable is the calm philosophy of the man who refused to ride with his mother-in-law at his wife's funeral "because," as he explained, "it would spoil the day's pleasure for me!" And yet there are persons so careless as to regard this as mere buffoonery.

Drunkenness, too, is a mental deformity erroneously supposed to be comic. Imagine the Demon Rum doing anything so undignified as to chase his tail, for instance:—

An Elderly Philanthropist who was walking home late one night from his club passed a prosperous-looking apartment house and noticed a man in evening clothes lying motionless on the sidewalk. "First aid to the injured," murmured the Philanthropist, as he shook the invalid gently. "What's the matter, my dear sir?" "No's'n', jes' takin' rest," said the sleeper. "Where do you live?" pursued the E. P. "Thish 'partment house, thir' floor front." This was rather a large freight order for the old gentleman, but being willing to do good he put the invalid on his shoulder, bore him laboriously to the third landing, found his room and tossed him into a large curtained bed in the front of the apartment.

The Philanthropist immediately went downstairs and out into the street. And the first thing he saw on the sidewalk was, apparently, the same man he had just carried upstairs. "Strange, strange!" muttered the Philanthropist, leaning over the man. "Where do you live, my dear man?" "Thir' floor front," replied the fellow, almost inaudibly. So the Philanthropist picked him up, groaned up to the third floor front and again dumped his snoring burden into the mysterious canopied and curtained bed. And for the third time he went out into the street, and for the third time found what appeared to be the same man in the same place, lying in the same attitude. "Where do you live?" he asked, trembling with excitement. "Thir' floor front!" said the man, very faintly. "I must be going insane!" groaned the E. P., as he rang for the janitor. "Janitor, for heaven's sake tell me, how many young men are living in your third floor front?" he gasped.

"Wan, and he do be the divil's own," said the janitor. "Is he triplets?" was the next question. "He is not." "Well, how does it come, then, that I have

carried this fellow upstairs to his room twice, put him into that curtained bed to the front, yet each time find him here on the sidewalk before I have time to get downstairs?"

"Where did ye say ye put him in his room?"

"Why, I put him in that large curtained bed to the front."

"Well, yez poor old ijut!" said the janitor, pityingly, "thot ain't no bed,—thot's a window!"

And while we are on the subject of tragedies, here is one that concerns a murder trial:—

Several years ago, when I was a court reporter for a San Francisco daily, I was present at a murder trial in which a policeman was a principal witness. He was being fairly nagged to death by an assistant district attorney.

"Now, I want you to be exact!" snapped the lawyer. "At what hour did you say the murder occurred?"

"At twenty-seven minutes past two, city time," said the cop, promptly.

"A most remarkable case of memory," said the attorney. "You are positively sure that it was n't twenty-six minutes, or possibly twenty-seven and three-eighths?"

"No, sir, it occurred at exactly twenty-seven minutes past two, city time."

"Huh!" sneered the lawyer, "did you look at your watch? did you consult a clock?"

"No, sir, I just guessed,—but I guessed right."

"Well, if you're so good at guessing, just tell me, in an off-hand sort of way, what time is it now?"

The policeman, barely lifting his eyes, answered, "It is now exactly thirteen minutes of twelve."

The assistant district attorney looked at his watch, slipped it back into his pocket, and went on with the examination, rather humbly, I thought. When the noon recess was called the lawyer went over to the

policeman and said, "Kelly, that's the most remarkable thing I ever saw. Without a moment's hesitation you told me the time exactly to the fraction of a minute. How did you do it?"

"I looked at the clock across the court room," answered the policeman.

I once heard a sad story about a Chinaman named Ah Yap. Yap got a job as a cook and saved carefully for a year, in order to get money enough to bring his wife over from China. He sent the money, and waited with growing impatience several months longer. One day he went to his employer madder than a hornet and swearing in several dialects. He was waving in his hand a letter in Chinese characters.

"My wifee no good!" he screamed. "I send her heap cash, she no come!"

"What's the matter, did she cheat you?"

"You bet she cheat me. I send her five hunder dollah—she no come!"

"Don't get excited, Yap. Maybe she'll come after all."

"No. I sabe her. She bunco me. She no come,—she dead!"

E. W. Townsend, author of "Chimmie Fadden," tells another woeful domestic tale. It appears one day that his colored cook Cynthia was getting peevish and absent-minded. Mrs. Townsend made inquiries, and found that Cynthia was suffering from jealousy in an aggravated form. Her husband, she explained, was a colored clergyman occupying a pulpit in the South. Cynthia received a letter saying that one of the "sistren" of the congregation, an attractive girl named

Caroline, was paying the gentleman marked attention.

"Ah think Ah'll haf to resign ma job an' go down Souf an' 'vestigate dis heah highfalutin'," said Cynthia. So a leave of absence was granted, on the condition that she was to send a substitute cook immediately from the South. This substitute, Cynthia announced naively, should be none other than the attractive Caroline herself. The hour arrived for Cynthia's departure. She stood at the door, carpet-bag in hand.

"Now, Cynthia," cautioned Mrs. Townsend, "don't forget to send up Caroline right away."

"No, Mis' Townsend," said Cynthia, grimly. "Ah won't fergit Ca'line. I done 'tends to 'scort 'er to de train!"

I met a British army officer once who boasted of his South African experience. "You must enjoy talking with my friend Coleman," I said, referring to a South African mining engineer whom we both knew. "Coleman!" said the colonel, growing purple with rage. "That fellow, d'ye know, he irritates me,—pon my word, he *does* irritate me so that I cawn't listen to him. D'ye know that silly ass actually sided with the Boers during the war?"

"Well," I said, "to do the enemy justice, you must concede that the Boers did some pretty good fighting."

"Fighting! fighting!" roared the colonel. "D'ye call that fighting,—getting behind a rock and shooting at a fellow!"

They say that it takes a harebrain to appreciate a harelip. Anyway the harelipped man has become such a useful commodity that no well-equipped humorist's workshop should be without one. One handy harelipped man was standing on a depot platform waiting for a train. A Sweet-Faced Matron, accompanied by an Angel Child, walked past and inquired: "Please, mister, when does the nine o'clock train arrive?" The harelip puckered into a sneer and said, "Hat hine o'hock!" The Sweet-Faced Matron said, "Thank you," the Angel Child snickered, and they walked away.

A few minutes later mother and child returned. "Did you say that the nine o'clock train would be in at nine?" she asked.

"Hertainly! Hertainly, hine o'hock, harp!"

"Thank you," said the lady, leading away her smiling offspring. Two minutes later the pair went to the harelipped man with another inquiry about the schedule of the nine o'clock train. The harelipped man's patience was exhausted and he shouted, "Hood heaven's, ma'am,—hid n't I hay hine o'hock hixteen himes?"

"Well, mister, you need n't get provoked about it," said the Sweet-Faced Matron, soothingly. "I don't care anything about the train,—but my little boy likes to hear the funny way you talk."

An American general made an official visit to Queen Victoria and took with him his nine-year-old boy. Scene, Windsor Castle. Royal pomp, military display, bowing flunkies, ceremonial presentation, etc. The queen graciously discussed public questions with the American; but the small boy was more interested in the furniture of the room than in anything else. He scratched the chairs with his thumb-nail, to see if the gilt would come off, peeped behind the tapestries, and crawled under a table to get a good look at the carvings. The queen began to fidget, and the general scowled. Finally, during a pause in the conversation, the incorrigible kid poked his head out from under a table and remarked to the queen, "Gee, madam! this is an awful nice house you've got here!"

Three college boys who lived in Pasadena took a trip to Los Angeles and stayed as long as their money held out. The youngest fellow in the party, having only twenty-five cents in his pocket, got very nervous for fear his companions would n't have enough to buy his ticket back home. The two elder fellows, who had secretly purchased three tickets, said to the younger, "We've only got money enough to take two of us, but rather than leave you behind we'll stow you under a seat, where you can be entirely hidden from the conductor." The younger thought that anything was better than walking, so he got aboard with his friends and crawled under a seat, according to instructions. When the conductor came along the two men on top of the seat handed him three tickets. "What's this third ticket for?" asked the conductor. "Oh, that's for our friend," they explained. "He's under the seat here. He always prefers to travel that way!"

And so the endless procession of anecdotes files by, none of them, as I have said, really funny,—but some a little less sad than the others. In the jocund days of heraldic eld, when the woods were teeming with parfit gentil knights, and the sense of humor was less particular than nowadays, every king had a jester hired by the week; and the clown was furnished with a certain appliance which made all his jokes immediately appreciated. What, prithee? Nothing more than a bladder-on-a-stick. When the jester came to the point of the joke he popped the bladder smartly on the floor. That was a signal, "All laugh!" So the uproar was deafening. Those were golden days to live in!

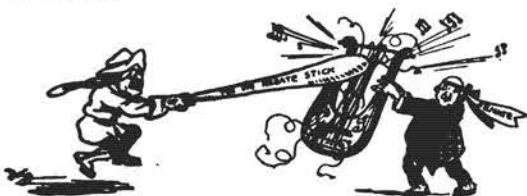




## THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

WHILE opinions regarding the fundamental merits of the recent controversy between President Roosevelt on one side and Senator Tillman and former Senator William E. Chandler on the other must, necessarily, vary, the country is doubtless unanimous in the belief that the whole affair was unfortunate. The spectacle of a President of the United States figuring as a party to an issue of veracity is neither edifying nor inspiring. The President's impulsiveness is well known, and it was doubtless that characteristic which led him to reply to Senator Lodge's telephonic inquiry with an assertion that the statements regarding Senators Spooner, Knox, and Foraker, attributed to him by Mr. Chandler, were "unqualified falsehoods." In the subsequent letter to Senator Allison, which was notably dispassionate and conservative, the President ignored the issue of veracity doubly raised by Mr. Chandler's reiteration of his original statement. It would have been better had the same degree of conservatism entered into the denial given Senator Lodge over the telephone. Indeed, the President would have lost nothing of dignity and esteem had that denial been omitted altogether.

Of course, there are at least two sides to the affair. Nobody believes the President told a deliberate falsehood. On the other hand, none of those who know Mr. Chandler believes him capable of willful perversion of the truth. Mr. Chandler is somewhat noted for his accuracy, and he keeps a diary which has become famous in Washington. The President talks freely,—more freely than any other man who ever occupied the White House, perhaps. Moreover, he talks to many people. He himself has said that he talked about the Rate Bill to "numerous senators, both Republicans and Democrats, . . . some of them many times," and "also to numerous outsiders, railroad men, shippers, newspaper men, and students of traffic regulation." It is inconceivable that all these persons would have told precisely the same story as to what the President said to them, or that the President said precisely the same thing to all of them.



THE wisdom of Mr. Chandler's act in precipitating the controversy is to be doubted, but it is not obvious that any ulterior motive prompted that act. He is a Republican, occupying a public office under President Roosevelt, and was an ardent admirer of the President, as his written and oral eulogies demonstrate. He has been said to possess mischief-making proclivities and some will ever contend that it was those which impelled him to do what he did. Others will assert with equal fervor that it was his high sense of patriotism and a conviction that he knew something which the public should know.

MAKING due allowance for all denials, these facts stand uncontroverted: President Roosevelt dealt with Senator Tillman, through Mr. Chandler, in an effort to secure enough Democrats, added to the fourteen or fifteen Republican senators who were supporting him, to adopt a certain amendment to the Rate Bill. He permitted, if he did not direct, his attorney-general to confer with Senators Tillman and Bailey regarding the law points involved. Without advising even Mr. Moody of any change of mind, to say nothing of the other two, he publicly announced that he was in complete accord with another amendment, differing radically at least in terminology and, according to interested persons, making certain a "broad" court review, instead of a "restricted" review, as provided by the amendment agreed on, at least tentatively, by the attorney-general and Senators Tillman and Bailey.

Mr. Chandler closed one of his statements, now embalmed in "The Congressional Record," with the assertion that he would never again use his power of

speech as an emissary from Theodore Roosevelt to the Democratic Party. The President will probably never again endeavor to deal with that party in an attempt to defeat a majority of his own party in congress or one of its houses. The controversy was unfortunate, as has been said, but it at least served the useful purpose of accentuating the wholesomeness and vital importance of keeping the three branches of the government entirely separate and distinct, and of demonstrating the unnaturalness of an executive of one political faith attempting to "deal" with the congressional representation of the opposite party. It was Henry Beach Needham, the able magazine writer, who first suggested William E. Chandler to the President as a go-between.



THE President has found a new Don Quixote in James R. Day, chancellor of Syracuse University, who says there is "anarchism in the White House," because the President, in a special message, demanded a complete investigation of the stupendous and long-lived iniquities of the Standard Oil Company. We have read some fifty or sixty leading newspapers on this particular incident and none has rushed to the defense of the worthy chancellor, who openly stated that the President made a great blunder and that his method of attacking "business interests can not be continued with safety to our country." "There are two general forms of anarchism," says Chancellor Day. "The late practices of our President are the more dangerous. Anarchy clothed with official authority is covert, deceptive, and perilous in the extreme." And later on in his remarkable denunciation, the worthy chancellor said that the President had reached the limit of possible impeachment. In the cyclone of adverse criticism heaped upon Chancellor Day, it is widely noted that John D. Archbold, vice president of the Standard Oil Company is president of the board of trustees of Dr. Day's college and a large contributor to its funds.

THE President has many faults, but his greatest are his smallest. One day he annihilates the "muck-rakers" and the next day he "muck-rakes" himself with unwonted avidity. But he should not be blamed by Chancellor Day or any other person for letting his rake glide through the slimy marshes of Standard Oil. What he said was practically in obedience to a congressional resolution. Mr. Day can not deny that for years the Standard Oil Company has been taking unlawful advantage of its rivals and the public through open and secret rebates. The rebate conspiracy is so pernicious, and the Standard Oil Company such a guilty impostor that it dare not come out into the light of publicity and show itself. It is remarkable how the mighty corporations frighten when their special privileges are punctured, as the Standard Oil's were punctured by the report of Commissioner James R. Garfield. But everybody knows the Standard Oil Company owns the country, or thinks it does. It absolutely believes that the President is its willing servitor. And when the President is guilty of *lèse-majesté* against the master then some one must speak out.



J. R. Garfield

NEW YORK STATE, the empire commonwealth of the nation, the home of eight million of the most industrious people on the continent, is practically without representation in the United States senate. Chauncey M. Depew is now in a sanitarium, according to Samuel G. Blythe, the able correspondent of the New York "World," broken down in health from disgrace. His friends say he will never again appear at the capitol. Thomas C. Platt is becoming so old and childish and feeble that he can not

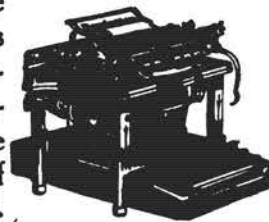
THIRTY years ago I made my first public appearance at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. I was a stranger then. People took away specimens of my writing as curiosities. Today everybody knows me and these specimens fill the mail cars.

Thirty years ago I was the only writing machine. Today my show rooms envelop the earth and while I have ninety and nine imitators, I am still first—first in quality and first in output.

Every one of my thirty years has been a year of progress—both in quality and sales. The year 1906 is emphasizing my supremacy—**my sales breaking all existing records.**

Today I am the oldest and still the newest. Not that I was first am I best, but that I am best am I first. I am the product of the second generation of Remington genius and artisan-ship—made and sold by men born and bred in typewriter atmosphere. My New Models represent age plus youth—the experience of the old combined with the progressiveness of the new. In my present form I embody all the qualities which have

made me famous  
—with improvements so fundamental as to create a new standard of typewriter work.



REMINGTON  
TYPEWRITER  
NEW YORK &  
EVERYWHERE

NEAR to  
NATURE

**RUBIFOAM**

This natural dentifrice reflects the bright sparkle of the sunshine, the dainty color and fragrance of the rose and the delicate purity of the dew.

If you would count your wealth in Nature's priceless pearls, remember it is wise to use **Rubifoam**.

25 Cents at Druggists  
Sample free for asking  
Address E. W. HOYT & CO.,  
Lowell, Mass.



stay more than a few hours a week in his seat, and then he glares vacantly at the wall, a sodden, silent, stupid figure, a mockery of the alert minds about him. When the Rate Bill came up for passage, the seats of both New York senators were empty. Mr. Platt used what latent energy he had in requesting his senatorial brethren, out of pure senatorial courtesy, not to let the bill in any way affect the special privileges of the United States Express Company, of which he is president. That was all he cared. So far as the bill interested the welfare of the people, it was no more to him than the chirpings of a sparrow. Mr. Depew never had much ability as a senator. His "long suit" was delivering eulogies to dead members, in which accomplishment he had no second. A search of that voluminous work, "The Congressional Record," dating back as far as one would care to wade through its columns, finds little of importance said by either Platt or Depew save an occasional "aye" or "nay" as they voted with the party. The day may come when the people shall have the right sort of representation in the senate, but at present we must be contented with letting the men go there who can best represent the interests of the trusts.

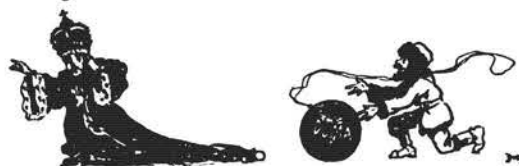


THE gayety of the nation was greatly enhanced when no less a person than Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, said to the graduating class of the Revenue Cutter Service, "There is nothing that will take the native capacity out of a man as quickly as employment in any branch of the army or navy." Not content with this slap in the face dexterously administered to both branches of the national defense, the august watchdog of the national exchequer continued: "But in one branch of the government, I won't say which, if a man has a good idea they court martial him." Secretary Shaw's speech was in bad taste. It may be that the routine of life in the army and navy destroys the native capacity of a man, but there are absolutely no records to prove this. Whenever the American soldier or sailor has had a chance to show his capacity at the firing line, he has shown no lack of courage. There may be a few point-lace individuals who have gone into the army or navy for the purpose of "shining in society," upon whose lives the government service has a demoralizing influence, but the average soldier or sailor is a man to the backbone. The hard work of the world is made up of routine service.

CHARLES E. HUGHES having finished his arduous task as the main inquisitor in the insurance scandals, is to be paid for his services. In cold cash, Mr. Hughes will receive some \$15,000. Measured according to the modern *honorarium* for "making good," Mr. Hughes will receive but a mere pittance; compared with the fees paid to the estimable attorneys to defend the insurance companies against his terrible onslaught, he will receive but an office-boy's wage. Mr. Hughes can never measure the good he has done in cold cash. We presume that he will not try to. He is too much of a man for that. His one purpose in life has been to accomplish fully whatever he set out to do, whether the reward be a dollar or a thousand dollars. It may be that one party or another will remember that Mr. Hughes is the right man to nominate for governor of New York this year, but it is just too probable that a man of his sterling worth will not buckle down to machine methods.



C. E. Hughes



MUCH to the surprise of parliamentary Russia, the duma has shown an unusual quality of decorum, good sense, and resolution. Russian plutocracy hardly expected that a body of men, selected from the great unwashed, would hold good as a legislative assembly. Indeed, it was anticipated by several foreign journalists of the "inside" that the duma would not last a week,—that it would be dissolved with dynamite. The general skepticism of the self-governing capacity of the Russian people was thereby discounted. The Russian people are accustomed to be led. They are disposed now to follow the guidance of the "intellectuals." The rule of the ward politician in their domain is not at hand. Russia, with all its ignorance and superstition, is too young to possess considerable political wisdom. It supports government training schools of adequate proportions, and the peasants are not so uneducated as the casual American would imagine. The duma's place in politics and history is an important one. All it must do is



M. Goremykine

to be true to itself and perform its duties in a wholesome, conservative manner, lest the czar dissolve it, as he has the power to do. M. Goremykine, who has succeeded Witte as premier of the empire, looks with some cold disdain on the duma. It is not probable that, being the czar's personal favorite, he will care to do other than his sovereign wishes.

NOW that sufficient time has passed to enable one to take a calm and calculating view of the disaster caused by the San Francisco earthquake, it seems that the rebuilding of the city will not be accomplished in



Mayor Schmitz

so short a time as given out in the first reports. Six hundred and eighty-five square blocks, representing some thirty square miles of the finest of most modern buildings, lie a mass of broken stone and twisted iron. Moreover, this ruin represents the entire business section. A careful appraiser informs us that it will take at least two years to clear away the *débris*, and if the next half century sees a San Francisco equal to the old one, the dreams of the most sanguine will be realized. Thousands of people have deserted the city, and those who remain will have the chances and opportunities that came to the pioneers of the days of '49, unless the gigantic corporations that control all our destinies to-day gobble up everything in sight,—and they can do it. We are not discouraging the stricken city. We are merely stating facts and truths in the face of what seems to be oversanguineness. Mayor Eugene Schmitz and Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., who directed the affairs of the city in its darkest hours, deserve the bulk of glory. They made the proper laws, they treated all classes as equals, they sacrificed everything for human life and safety, they happened to be the right men at the right time.



Brig.-Gen. Funston



IT MAY be of some advantage to the public to know that the long war against patent medicines is bearing fruit. The Proprietary Association of America, alarmed by public interest and inquiry in the matter of its products has, during the past six months, tried to place a halo on its brow. When, some months ago, by unanimous vote it resolved "that the legislative committee be also instructed to continue its efforts in behalf of legislation for the strictest regulation of the selling of cocaine and other narcotic poisons," it struck a snag, for a *proviso* to this very end is included in the Pure Food Bill now before congress,—a measure which through some hocus-pocus has become sidetracked. Every effort to defeat this bill is being made by the patent medicine trust. One company is now imploring the retail druggists to fight the patent-medicine clause "as there is no popular demand for the same." This firm requested the druggists to wire to Washington and make the telegrams "good and strong," as the danger is grave and imminent. Some fifteen of the association's representatives have been in Washington this spring fighting the very legislation which they recently advocated. If the Pure Food Bill can be passed in its present form it will scatter the pernicious powers of the poison trust to the four winds, but a terrible war is being made against it. Only those who follow the affairs at Washington closely know how far these efforts have gone.

A FAMOUS maker of American history of the past fifty years passed away when Carl Schurz's earthly career ended. His life-story is a veritable romance of action, beginning when, as a boy, he fled from his native country, Germany, to escape execution, and extending through his diversified career as an American soldier, statesman, and writer to the very day of his death. He was a man of many opinions, but one always guided him, and that was governed by downright justice and honesty. He was quick to think, quick to act, and he hated all forms of sham and graft. He looked upon this American republic as the greatest of all the world's nations, and one afternoon in a conversation with the writer of these columns, he said, while talking of his life, "The German emperor once invited me back to the fatherland to a position of honor, but the greatest honor I know is that of being a free American citizen." When Mr. Schurz died the German emperor cabled a eulogy to this country in which he said that the dead man had never forgotten his German birth, and we guess that the emperor has never forgotten the laws that drove so splendid a character from the heart of his native land.



Carl Schurz



## THE EDITOR'S CHAT

**Business Is King**

FIFTY years ago in Harvard or Yale or any of our large colleges it took courage for a student to say that he was going into business after he got his sheepskin. "Of what use is a diploma," fellow students would say to him, "if you are going into business? Why, a farmer might as well go to college as a business man."

Then a young man lost caste in college after it became known that he was going to follow a business career, and a great many students did not dare to declare their future purposes unless they were going to enter one of the three great professions,—law, theology, or medicine. It was thought that the college practically existed for these professions. In some colleges fifty per cent. of the graduates studied law, quite a large percentage theology, and most of the others medicine. The tradespeople, especially the smaller ones, were looked down upon as a lower order of beings, with no social standing, as they are in some other countries to-day. For instance, while in England, I was told of an order issued in the post-office department of London forbidding the employees (of the post office,) to add "esquire" to a man's name if they had reason to believe that he was a laborer or a small tradesman.

Now, the presidents of our great colleges and universities tell us that there is a very decided increase in the tendency of students to enter business. In fact our great universities and other institutions of learning, which once looked upon a business career as a sort of coarse, vulgar calling, are now establishing commercial departments, giving lectures on practical business methods, and inviting business men to talk to the students. Indeed, the whole tendency throughout this country is more and more toward business.

A tremendous change and evolution have taken place in this country, especially during the last quarter of a century. To-day business is king. Nothing else is more evident. It is the first impression that strikes the foreign visitor as he makes a tour of America. In fact, he hears very little of anything else. It is all business, the development of vast schemes, which makes the foreigner stand aghast. Other countries know very little about doing things upon such a vast scale as we do them here. Everywhere business is making such strides that unfortunately nearly everything else is being covered up. We read comparatively little in the newspapers to-day about the professions and the fine arts, and the more æsthetic vocations. Business is king. We see it and hear it everywhere, until the brain grows dizzy, and the imagination staggers.

Business is a word that is growing larger and larger every day and is constantly taking on new meanings. The mere recital of the bare facts of the vast capital invested in manufacturing, in railroads, in steamship lines and in commerce generally in this country makes a story that reads like romance. To-day the stigma of a business career has entirely disappeared, and we shall find that among all the graduates of the American colleges this year, none are envied more than those who are to enter business careers.

Thousands of professional men are going into business. Everywhere we hear of them leaving the pulpit, the law office, the schoolroom, or the professor's chair to enter mercantile life. A Philadelphia clergyman who left his pulpit several years ago to go into business called on me recently and told me that for the first time his family were really living without feeling the pressure of want, that he could make so much more money in business, and he felt that he could do just as much good as in the pulpit. I am not attempting to justify his course, but I only mention it as showing the tendency of the times,—the pointing of everything toward business.

A great many teachers within the last few years have left their schools and taken up business careers. I know one of these men who became disgusted with the small salary he was receiving as a high-school teacher, and with what he thought was a small outlook, and went into business in New York, and is now practically a millionaire. He did not dislike teaching. He was very fond of it and successful. But he says he can do so much more in business, where his field is absolutely unlimited, that to him there is no comparison between the two as careers. Now, I think that teaching is one of the grandest vocations in the world; but facts are stubborn things, and when we see

everywhere men leaving this profession and going into business it is very significant.

Is it any wonder that youth everywhere are eagerly looking forward to business careers when they compare the slow methods, the years of pinching economy, by which their fathers managed to lay up a mere competence, and the tremendous prizes offered in the commercial world of to-day?

Why should we not look at business as dignified? It has been the greatest civilizing power the world has known, for it has brought the people of the world together as nothing else has, tending to harmonize their differences, to develop a common language through our steamships, our telegraphs, telephones, and railroads. In fact, it will not be long before there is practically but one country, for we shall converse as freely with the people on the other side of the globe as we communicate now with people in our different States. Business is not only king, but it is also the greatest missionary in the world.

It has taught men that selfishness is fatally wicked, and that the man is most successful who is most considerate of the man at the other end of the bargain, that it pays to be unselfish, and that the shortest-sighted policy is selfishness.

**The Gospel of Commerce**

Think what business has done in the way of broadening men, of compelling them to throw away their prejudices,—religious, political, geographical, and racial! Business is bringing men of all nationalities together, and compelling them to live together in peace and harmony. We are beginning to see that there is a great gospel in business; that it is a great elevator of races; that the struggle to better his conditions takes man out of the filth and mire and makes him a cleaner and more decent and agreeable man with whom to live. Millions of people have been lifted out of savagery through commercial education alone.

Business is not only a great civilizer of nations and of peoples, but also the greatest educator and developer of character in the world, for it is a perpetual school, a great life university where we do not go to recite and hear lectures for three or four hours a day for a few years, but where we are constantly studying and practicing, almost from the cradle to the grave. It is a school in which the mind is constantly kept on the stretch, getting no time to rust or to grow stale.

Is it any wonder that business men form the great backbone, the great bulwark of our civilization? Is it any wonder that, as a rule, much greater common sense is developed in them when the judgment is constantly exercised, and when they are compelled many times every day to exercise their skill, shrewdness, and ingenuity? Is it any wonder that the perpetual call on the mind for its best, for prompt, final, and vigorous decision, for soundest judgment, should tend to make our strongest men?

The great majority of our successful business men began as poor boys. They developed into giants because for many years they were compelled to struggle with poverty, to measure their strength against innumerable obstacles. Their independence, their self-reliance, their judgment, their common sense, their tact, all of their faculties, have been exercised for many years, until they have developed firm fiber and business stamina.

The business man is noted for his good "horse sense" because he has been in a common-sense school, in a good-judgment school, for many, many years, and the result is ability to discriminate wisely and finally, to decide vigorously. Business is the great world-gymnasium which brings out the finest fiber and develops the strongest and firmest muscles of manhood that the world has ever seen. There are no frills or theories here. These men deal with hard facts, with stern realities, and with stubborn conditions, which have taken the nonsense out of them and left the clear grit.

**Every Faculty of the Mind Is Needed**

It takes a very high order of brain power to conduct a great business to-day, and there is no other training in the world like that which comes to the business man. He must create something new every day to meet the varying conditions. He can not lean upon others, or be merely an imitator, a copier. He learns to stand on his own feet. Nothing else will develop a manly independence more rapidly than a business training. Every faculty of the mind is called



## Making Dust on a Hill

Every motorist knows that to "spurt" up a long hill requires a tremendous amount of reserve energy; that to reach and sustain high speed under such conditions an engine must be capable of developing great power. These qualifications have made the

# CADILLAC

famous not only as a hill-climber but as a car always to be depended upon, no matter how severe the service. And with it all the cost of maintenance is so low that a small allowance for fuel and lubrication practically covers the season's outlay. Your nearest dealer (his address will be furnished upon application) is waiting for an opportunity to tell you more about the Cadillac. See him. Also let us send our Illustrated Booklet AB..

Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout, \$750.  
Model M, Light Touring Car (shown above), \$950.  
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,500.  
All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Lamps not included.

**Cadillac Motor Car Co.,**  
Detroit, Mich.

Member Asso. Licensed Auto. Mfrs.

## Easy Feet

Ventilated Instep Supporter

affords instant relief to tired feet, weak ankles, corns, bunions and all foot troubles. Imparts to the foot a beautiful arch and insures grace and comfort in walking or standing. The ventilation relieves all moisture and odors. Sent postpaid upon receipt of \$2.50. Satisfaction guaranteed after thirty days' trial, or money refunded upon return of goods. State size, also width of shoe. Write for Booklet "A," "The Perfect Foot." Agents Wanted.

ARISTOARCH COMPANY - Cleveland, Ohio

## 11% PER YEAR INCREASE

Monessen Real Estate has increased in value in eight years at the rate of 11% per year—due largely to the rapid increase in manufacturing. Lots now offered should advance rapidly. Conditions are most favorable. Prices \$100 up—20% lower than adjoining property. Easy monthly payments. Write for booklet which tells all about Monessen and the EAST SIDE LAND CO., 1501 Donner Ave., Monessen, Pa.

## WHAT SCHOOL?

WE CAN HELP YOU DECIDE Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge. State kind of school. AMERICAN SCHOOL & COLLEGE AGENCY 1055 Tribune Building - Chicago, Illinois

**PATENTS** Promptly Secured Highest References from Prominent Manufacturers. Write for Inventor's Hand Book. SHEPHERD & PARKER, 408 F St., Washington, D. C.



**Gordon**  
TRADE MARK  
**GARTER**

The First Call  
This month we shall be ready to send out the first 100,000 pairs of the GORDON OPEN GRIP GARTERS. The SWIVEL OPEN GRIP is perfection. Adjusts itself to the movements of the muscles. Strongest, lightest garter made. Brass trimmings.  
Price 25c.  
GORDON MFG. CO.  
Dept. 37

Yes we Send the GORDON GARTERS on approval, when your dealers cannot supply. Simply write us on your business stationery; try the OPEN GRIP GORDON GARTER, TEST IT. Then send us 25c in our coin card or return garters.  
New Rochelle, N. Y.



**Fishing! Hunting! Canoeing!**

All of the Best on the Line of the

## Canadian Pacific Railway

Our Empress Lines of Steamers  
ON THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC

TO  
**EUROPE JAPAN CHINA**

Our New Atlantic Line From Land  
to Land in About Four Days

From Vancouver for Hawaiian and Fiji  
Islands, Australia and New Zealand.

THE CANADIAN AUSTRALIAN LINE

## Enjoyable Summer Vacations

Through the Canadian Rockies or a shorter  
trip amid the hills and valleys of  
Ontario and Quebec.

Send for pamphlets, or would be glad to send you agent,  
who would give all particulars.

E. V. SKINNER, A. T. M.  
1 and 458 Broadway 281 Fifth Avenue  
NEW YORK

## PUBLISH A MAGAZINE IN YOUR OWN TOWN

We furnish 64 pages illustrated matter and handsome  
colored cover monthly. You select your own title, insert  
local reading and advertising and put magazine out  
under your own name as editor and proprietor. Partic-  
ulars and samples for postage (10c). Address

**BROOKS MAGAZINE SYNDICATE**  
ST. LOUIS, MO.



### Clearing Sale Slightly Typewriters Used

We own and offer as wonderful bargains, 1500 type-  
writers which have been used just enough to put them  
in perfect adjustment. Better than new.  
Shipped on approval, free examination. 1000 new  
Visible Sholes machines, built to sell for \$95—our price while they last, \$45.

FREE catalogue containing unparalleled list of splendid  
typewriter bargains. Send for it today.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 1158 Baldwin Building, Chicago, Ill.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Men of Business interested in a new field for making money,  
will find in our proposition what they are seeking. We have a  
New Plan in the Mail Order Line that will please those seeking  
a good investment with large profits. A Fortune for the right  
person. The F. H. Alden Co., 148 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

## SONG WRITERS

Your Poems May Be Worth  
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS  
Send them to us today. We Will Com-  
pose the Music.  
Hayes Music Co. 75 Star Bldg., Chicago

into play. In an assembly of men of all classes, it is not  
difficult to pick out the hard-headed, common sense  
business man. When he gets up to speak, he speaks  
to the point; there is no beating about the bush. He  
does not give you a lot of theories. The professional  
man may tell you what ought to work, but the business  
man tells you what will work.

### Genuineness Gives Power

THE man who is conscious of posing, of always  
trying to cover his tracks, is a weakling. The  
very consciousness that he is a fraud, that he is not  
what he tries to appear, takes away his self-respect,  
and with it his self-confidence. Such a man is always  
a coward, because he is constantly full of fear lest he  
make a misstep that will leave something uncovered,  
and that will betray his deception. He is always  
afraid that he will be found out, hence he must care-  
fully plan every step in advance in order to guard  
against it.

Being conscious of this effort to deceive, he loses  
the power which comes to the genuine man who has  
nothing to cover up, who acts naturally, who has such  
confidence in the truth that he knows that he has no  
motive for deceit.

The genuine man inspires confidence because he  
radiates the power of principle. The man of shams  
radiates his deception. No matter what his words say,  
we feel that there is something wrong, that he has not  
the genuine ring, that he is a counterfeit.

### What Is Your Obstruction?

MANY people have a vague feeling that there is some  
intangible, indefinable influence, force, or ob-  
struction that bars their advance. They feel a certain  
pressure that retards their progress, as when one is try-  
ing to walk rapidly through water or deep snow. They  
think if they could only get rid of this something which  
holds them back, cut the cord that binds them, they  
could do great things.

Now, if you will analyze yourself, you will find that  
this invisible retarder is inside of you. Were it to be  
thought of as a cable, it would be found made of many strands,  
some of them entwined in your  
youth. It may be made of  
skipped problems in school, the  
lack of early training, the dis-  
inclination to take pains, the  
habit of slighting things when  
you said, "Oh, that is good  
enough."

You never dreamed that  
these obstructions would bob  
up in your mature manhood  
and trip you up.

Selfishness, bad temper, in-  
ability to get along with people,  
the tendency to antagonize  
them may be a very great  
strand.

I believe that downright laz-  
iness, an inclination to take  
things easy, to slide along the  
line of the least resistance, the  
desire to get something for nothing, to take a short cut  
to success, is one of the biggest strands of this cable,  
and has a tremendous back pull.

The trouble is, we are always looking for some out-  
side help, some one to give us a pull, a boost, instead  
of relying absolutely upon ourselves, upon our own in-  
herent force and energy.

No matter what your obstruction is, find it, get it  
out of the way at any cost.

One of the things that keeps you back may be the  
desire to have a good time. You may think that life  
should be one great play-day; you do not want to buckle  
down to hard work. You want dollars, but you are  
afraid of the backaches in them. You can not bear  
restraint, confinement, regular hours, the sacrifice of  
your leisure or pleasure. You want liberty, free-  
dom, and work when you feel like it. You can not  
think of sacrificing comfort, ease, a good time to-day  
for something better to-morrow. Yet regular work, in-  
dustrious endeavor, perpetual effort, planning ways and  
means to do this or that, the scheming to accomplish  
ends, the perpetual thrift to make every dollar count,  
watching of the markets, studying the conditions,  
and considering the man at the other end of the bar-  
gain,—all these thousand and one things are the alpha-  
bet which spells "success." These are our school-  
teachers, our friends. The hardships, the struggles,  
the perpetual endeavor, the constant stretch of the  
mind to solve great problems, these are the things that  
strengthen, broaden the life.

Why is it that you work yourself up into a fine  
frenzy and determine to do such great things to-day,  
and to-morrow your resolution has evaporated? You  
say that the thing that seemed so easy and certain yester-  
day seems so hard and well-nigh impossible to-day.  
The chances are ninety-nine out of a hundred that the  
obstruction that keeps you from carrying out your res-  
olution is your unwillingness to buckle down to your  
task and pay the price in hard work for the thing you  
think you want. There is a vast gulf between the mere  
desire for a thing and the resolution to have it.

Tens of thousands of people fail because they love  
their ease too much. They are not willing to put  
themselves out, to sacrifice comfort.

### How to Be Very, Very Popular!

Never hesitate to talk about yourself and your affairs.  
This will interest everybody.

Do not fail to throw cold water on other people's  
plans and to discourage their ambitions. Nobody is  
sensitive about this.

Be sure to dwell upon the defects and failings of  
others, and call everybody's attention to them. Every-  
body likes gossip.

Never try to stop gossip, no matter if it does drive  
an innocent person insane or to suicide. There is no  
reason why you should be deprived of a little inno-  
cent pastime just because of others' sensitiveness. Pass  
the gossip along. Add to its spiciness.

Always be on the watch for slights and insults. Re-  
member, most people are your social superiors and are  
trying to cut you.

There is nothing which will endear one to others  
like selfishness. Everybody admires it.

Always take the best seat wherever you go, and, after  
you are well seated, offer your seat to others without  
the slightest intention of getting up.

Just look out for your own comforts. Let other peo-  
ple do the same.

Never do anything that you do not feel like doing.

Never try to force your moods. Let them take care  
of themselves. Nobody will mind if you get into a

"There is some intangi-  
ble obstruction that bars  
their advance"



rage, or nag or scold, or if you have the "blues." It is  
pleasant to have gloomy, silent, moody people with long  
faces around the house; it is so uplifting to everybody.

It is much pleasanter to let other people entertain  
you than for you to entertain them. They are not  
much interested in their own affairs. They see so  
much of themselves they get tired of their own com-  
pany. They would much rather talk about your affairs  
and what you are doing.

Do not talk unless you feel like it. Just get in a  
corner and read, or lie down and take a nap. Never  
mind who is present. Let some one else entertain the  
guests.

Do not bother about trying to be agreeable at the  
breakfast table. Just hide yourself behind your paper,  
find fault with the food, and snap at the servants.

To be popular with the servants, vent your spleen  
upon them at every opportunity. Find fault with  
everything they do for you at home or anywhere else.  
They are servants and are used to it. They have no  
business to be thin-skinned.

Never hesitate to show it when your feelings are  
hurt, or to indicate your jealousy when others receive  
more attention or are better dressed than you.

If things do not suit you, slam things around the  
house. Be just as disagreeable as possible. Never  
mind if you break a thing or two now and then. It  
will relieve the blood pressure on the brain.

Always remember that praise is a splendid thing for  
you, but very bad for others. It encourages vanity,  
and people who are praised get so "puffed up" and  
"big-headed" that there is no living with them.

When people pay you attention, take it as your due.  
It is only right. Nothing is expected of you in return.

Make it a rule never to inconvenience yourself for  
others.

Always sneer at others' ideals or religious beliefs if  
they do not agree with yours. People are not sensitive  
about their religious convictions or tenacious of their  
opinions.

Never fail to show, by your indifference, that you are



bored when people talk about themselves or their affairs.

Never try to talk about things which do not interest you. If anybody else happens to be so rude as to broach another subject, appear bored until they get back to you.

Never hesitate to interrupt another when speaking. That person would much rather listen to you.

Never hesitate to contradict people or to hurt their feelings. They all like it.

Do not, through a mistaken sense of delicacy, suppress the expression of your opinion on any occasion. That is candid. No matter if some people call it brutal.

Regard other people as always in the wrong. Never mind the rules of polite society. They are only the whims of foolish, idle people.

Just do what you want to. Don't feel obliged to dress as other people do, or to leave cards, or to observe what is customary. You show your independence by being different from other people.

Always take the choicest piece of fruit, and a good share of any little delicacy at a dinner or reception before others have a chance to help themselves. It is a sign of a generous nature.

When any one has accomplished anything noble or praiseworthy, or has some special talent, tell him of some one you know who does similar things much more cleverly.

Never trouble yourself to dress becomingly when at home. No one will see you. Any old thing will do. If anybody calls, you can make them wait until you slip something on and slick up a bit.

Remind your friends and acquaintances that they show very poor taste in the selection of their hats or other articles of clothing. Do not hesitate to express your disapproval of anything they wear.

Think first of your own comfort and pleasure in everything.

Always talk loudly. Do not trouble to lower your voice or suppress a temptation to laugh loudly in public places. It is a sign of good breeding.

When you are obliged to refuse a favor, always do it as bluntly as you can. Never mind the other one's feelings.

Don't think that your wife ever needs a vacation; she can always stay at home and take care of the children and the house, while you go out and have a good time. All her relatives and friends will like you better for it.—she will.

#### That Mysterious Person Waiting for Our Shoes

WHAT a depressing, demoralizing influence there is in the very attitude of mind of always thinking that somebody is trying to get our place away from us. It creates distrust of our own ability to do our work as well or better than anybody else can do it. It is a constant depressant, which tends to kill our interest in our work and to strangle enthusiasm.

No one can do his best work with spontaneity and creativeness while he is full of fear lest some one else shall get his place. A great many people are standing in constant fear lest somebody below them shall get their place. They imagine all sorts of things which have no reality. They develop a suspiciousness which is fatal to the best work, to openness and largeness of mind.

The great thing is to do our work so well, and so conscientiously, that our employers would never think of giving it to any one else to do unless to advance us.

Fear is a great demoralizer, and it robs its victims of enjoyment and efficiency. Many a man has lost his job by fearing that he would lose it. This fear has changed his disposition, and made him morose and moody.

#### Laughter as a Medicine

LAUGHTER is Nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time. It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration, and gives warmth and glow to the whole system.

It expands the chest, and forces the poisoned air from the least used lung cells.

It brings into harmonious action all the functions of the body.

Perfect health, which may be destroyed by a piece of bad news, by grief or anxiety, is often restored by a good, hearty laugh.

A jolly physician is often better than all his pills. Laughter induces a mental exhilaration.

The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only save you many a doctor's bill but will also save you years of your life.

There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim "Laugh and grow fat."

Laughter is a foe to pain and disease and a sure cure for the "blues," melancholy, and worry.

Laughter is contagious. Be cheerful, and you make everybody around you happy, harmonious, and healthful.

Laughter and good cheer make love of life, and love of life is half of health.

Use laughter as a table sauce; it sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive processes.

Laughter keeps the heart and face young, and enhances physical beauty.

## As Dainty as the Fragrance of Flowers

There is a subtle charm in daintiness, whether it be that of flowers or of foods—the dainty always appeals to our senses, and particularly to the sense of taste.

You like dainty foods, whether you are a man, a woman or a child, and of all the dainty, delicious, appetizing and satisfying foods there is nothing that can compare with

# Quaker Rice

## (Puffed)

The marvelous, patented process that both puffs the rice kernel to many times its natural size and cooks it to a dainty, nut-like crispness at the same time, makes of rice a new food, far more enjoyable than anything made of rice which you have ever tasted.

All the purity, strength and goodness of the rice is retained, and to it there is added the charm of a most delicate flavor and an exquisite lightness that make you think you can never get enough.

To the joy and delight of every child who loves sweets, full directions for making many wholesome confections, such as Quaker Rice Candy and Quaker Rice Brittle, will be found on each package. Made in your own home, you know they are pure.

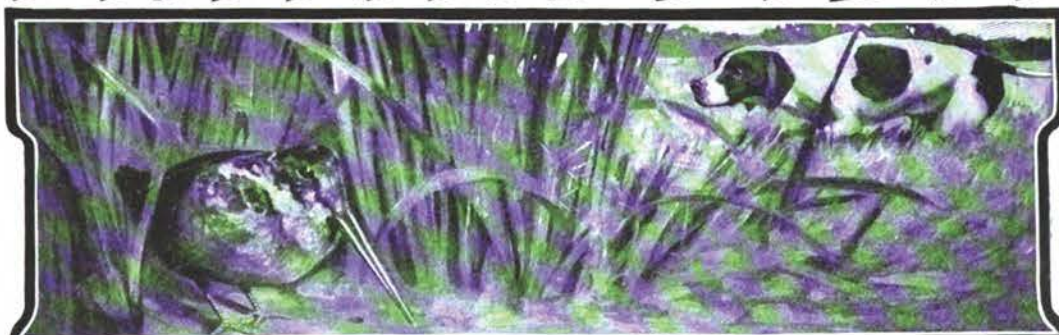
Quaker Rice is sold by grocers everywhere at 10 cents the package.

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



Copyright, 1906, by The American Cereal Co.

# WINCHESTER



## "BRUSH" SHELLS FOR BIRD SHOOTING.

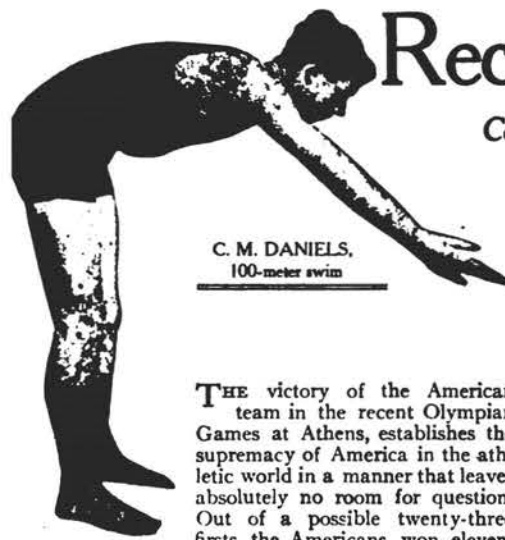
Winchester "Brush" Shells help wonderfully to make big bags. They are so loaded as to give an open and even pattern at ranges from 25 to 30 yards when used in choke bore guns, without loss of velocity, penetration or uniformity. With these shells you can use your duck or trap gun for field shooting and make many kills which otherwise would be misses. They are loaded in "Leader" and "Repeater" grades and sold by reputable dealers everywhere. Ask for Winchester "Brush" Shells and accept no substitute.

Winchester Shells, Cartridges, and Guns Are Sold Everywhere.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,

NEW HAVEN, CT.





C. M. DANIELS,  
100-meter swim

THE victory of the American team in the recent Olympian Games at Athens, establishes the supremacy of America in the athletic world in a manner that leaves absolutely no room for question. Out of a possible twenty-three firsts, the Americans won eleven, —the 100, 400, 800, and 1,500-meter events; putting the shot; discus throwing (American style); the 120-yard hurdle; the running broad, standing broad, and landing high jumps, and the 1,500-meter walk. Great Britain was next with four firsts, —the five-mile run, the high jump, the hop-step-and-jump, and the Marathon race, the last named having been won by a Canadian. The Greeks won three, —stone throwing, the bar-bell lift, and the rope climb; Sweden two, —javelin throwing and the pentathlon, or all-round event; France one, the pole vault; Austria one, weight lifting, and Russia one, —discus throwing, (Greek style.) Special Commissioner James E. Sullivan is confident that had it not been for the accident that occurred on the voyage from New York to Athens, in which Messrs.



M. PRINSTEIN,  
Running broad jump

William Kerrigan, Mitchell, and other of the Americans were disabled, that the team would have made its victory even more decisive than it was.

Mr. Sullivan, on his return home, declared the meeting the most remarkable, from all standpoints, in the history of athletics. "Americans," said he, "may well be proud of the team's victory, though in 1910, when the next Olympian Games will be held in Athens, America should be even more successful than it has been this year."

The victory of Paul Pilgrim in the 400 and 800-meter events, and that of J. D. Lightbody in the mile event, the special commissioner looked upon as the star performances recorded by the Americans. The 400 and 800-meter races had been really conceded to Great Britain, but the little New Yorker won them both, and Lightbody, in defeating Rabb and McGuff, the latter the Scotch champion, had furnished one of the big surprises of the meeting. In no one particular was the success of the meeting marred by any regrettable occurrence.

With the passing of Memorial Day each year, the public press is denouncing with increasing vigor the tendency of the people to make it a national holiday of sport and athletic contests, rather than one established in memory of the nation's dead. It is undeniably true, that in late years Memorial Day has become the most important day of the year in the annals of sport, and it is probably no exaggeration to state that for every person who observes the day as it was originally intended it should be observed, a score of persons are in attendance at out-of-door sports.

The Commander's Association of the Department of the Potomac, Grand Army of the Republic, and other bodies of war veterans, have taken up the question of serious consideration, and the proposal to change the date of Memorial Day so as to have it fall on Sunday, each year, has met with wide approval. Such change would seem to be the only effective course to pursue, the spirit and true character

# Recreation and Sports

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

With Photographs of the American Winners  
of the Olympic Games at Athens

of Memorial Day is to be maintained unimpaired, for any secular day that might be declared a national holiday is sure to be celebrated by the great outdoor sport-loving element of the nation, in characteristic manner.

If such change were made, it would of course cut out one of the most generally enjoyed holidays of the year, which intolerable prospect suggests the question: Why have not the more influential bodies of organized athletes and sportsmen combined in a movement to have one day in the year set aside as Recreation Day, when the nation may quit worry and work for a period of twenty-four hours?

The spirit of sport in America is strong enough and sufficiently far reaching, and the physical and mental benefits it confers are great enough, to entitle it to the dignity of a national holiday of its own. Perhaps the best argument to this end is the fact that it to-day dominates each and every one of our established national holidays. New Year's Day, Washington's and Lincoln's Birthdays, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, and Christmas Day, are all days upon which the Spirit of Sport calls forth its subjects for carnival in every state of the Union, and they respond in countless numbers.

Should the date of Memorial Day be changed to Sunday, then May 30, might be fixed upon as Recreation Day, and the fixtures of many associations, thus be left unchanged. It might be advisable, however, to have the new holiday fall upon the last Saturday in May, or the first Saturday in June, thus providing a day of rest and recuperation after the physical exertions that would fall to the share of many, on the preceding day. Whatever the dates, the suggestion for a national holiday of outdoor sport should appeal so strongly, that its institution would, in all probability, quickly follow a movement of the right kind to this end. SUCCESS MAGAZINE would be pleased to receive the views of any of its readers who favor the inauguration of Recreation Day as a legal holiday.



PAUL H. PILGRIM,  
800-meter run

"After a speed of from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour has been reached," said a demonstrator at one of the New York garages to the writer, "few persons, other than experienced motorists, can correctly estimate the speed at which they are traveling. In nearly all instances they imagine that they are going much faster than is really the case. Running at high speed in an automobile and in a railway train gives the passenger entirely different impressions. Fifty or even sixty miles on a fast train does not seem so terrific when one is seated at a table in the dining car. But the same speed in an automobile, with the car jumping and swaying over the uneven places in the road, with the rushing wind making it difficult to breathe, and flying particles of dust stinging and cutting one's face, is an entirely different proposition."

"Last month a man from Brooklyn came into our salesrooms to look over our cars. He owned a two-cylinder runabout that had probably never carried him over twenty-five miles an hour, and wanted a four-cylinder five-passenger car for family use. He liked the car I showed him, and asked me how fast it could travel."

"About forty miles an hour," I replied.

"Oh, that won't do," said he; "I want to be able to go faster than that, whenever I strike a good stretch of road. Can't you make it go faster?"

"I admitted that the car might do a little better than forty, and he finally consented to a demonstration. We crossed on the ferry to Long Island City and ran to Jamaica at a fairly good clip. Between there and Hempstead, I let her go a little faster, and finally opened her up for every ounce of power she had in her."

"How fast are we going now?" he yelled, the tears running down his face as he held his hat on with both hands.

"There's the speedometer," I said, nodding my head; "it says forty-five miles."

"Well, stop her," he yelled. "That's fast enough for me."



J. D. LIGHTBODY,  
1,500-meter run



RAY EWRY,  
Standing high jump  
and broad jump

"It was not till a month later, after he had screwed up sufficient courage to run the car himself, that he was convinced the speedometer had worked properly. He was positive we had traveled at a sixty-mile clip on that occasion."

The most important event of the present month, and one of the most momentous of the season, is the Glidden tour, which, for distance and the number of cars entered, overshadows all other annual events of the kind. The difficulties of the tour committee seem to have been finally overcome, so far as route and dates are concerned, and the start of the tour proper from Buffalo, with subsidiary



G. V. BONHAG,  
1,500 meter walk



WILLIAM J. SHERRING,  
(Canada.)  
The Marathon

tours from Chicago and New York, the contest ending at Bretton Woods in the White Mountains, seems to be agreeable to a majority of the participants. Unless changes should be announced prior to the start, the route will take the tourists from Buffalo to Bretton Woods via Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Albany, and Saratoga, and through the Lake George and Lake Champlain valleys, to Montreal; thence to Quebec, the Rangeley Lakes, and Poland Springs. The run from Buffalo to Bretton Woods will consume two weeks.

The suggestion of H. H. Franklin, treasurer of the Licensed Association of Automobile Manufacturers, that the only fair or satisfactory basis upon which to decide "Economy Tour" contests is that of the cost per ton mile, was adopted with most satisfactory results in the recent National Economy Tour held under the auspices of the New York Motor Club. Mr. Franklin held that a cylinder-displacement basis, while satisfactory in a speed contest, would not serve in a contest held to determine the question of superiority on points to be determined in an economy test, and with so great a variety of cars competing, as it would give the larger cars a distinct advantage over their smaller rivals. The cost per ton mile basis, was consequently adopted in last month's contest, and will doubtless be adhered to in all future tests of the kind. It is as follows: the total weight of the car and its contents is multiplied by the distance traveled, the result being the "ton mile," and the total cost or charge against the car, when divided by the ton miles traveled, gives the average cost per ton mile. "Total cost" means the sum of all charges specified in the rules—gasolene, oil, repairs, adjustment, new parts, tires, fines, tolls, storage, etc.



M. J. SHERIDAN,  
Putting 16-lb. shot



ARCHIE HAHN,  
100-meter run

# Hot Weather Comfort

You can feel "fit as a lord"—8 to 10 degrees cooler, and enjoy any kind of weather on the following breakfast, luncheon, or supper, suggested by a famous food expert:

Some Fruit, preferably cooked,  
Saucer of Grape-Nuts, with good rich cream,  
Soft-boiled Eggs,  
Some hard, crisp Toast,  
Cup of Postum, made according to directions and served with a little sugar and good cream.

That's enough to run you until noon.  
Grape-Nuts food is made of selected parts of the grains that rebuild the brain and nerve centres.

"There's a Reason" for

# Grape-Nuts

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

## LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS



E. J. HEMINGTON  
Advertising manager for Spring, Holzworth & Co., of Alliance, Ohio. He was a card writer and window trimmer before he prepared for advertisement writing in the Page-Davis School.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I was a stenographer in a railroad office while taking your advertising course; am now Advertising Manager for C. J. Hepp & Son, the largest Piano and Musical house in Philadelphia. I completed the course nearly two years ago, and had a other special training. I heartily endorse the work done by the Page-Davis School, and wish it continued success.

Cordially yours, J. W. IRWIN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Write for our beautiful FREE prospectus that tells how we can prepare you for a better position.

## Page-Davis Company

ADDRESS EITHER OFFICE:

Dept. 721, 90 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO—or—Dept. 721, 150 Nassau Street, NEW YORK CITY

IF YOU will write us you will know why Page-Davis men are earning from \$25 to \$100 a week. We will teach you, by mail, the best business on earth. It is fascinating and absolutely practical.

THERE is no profession in the world to-day that pays as well as advertisement writing. There is no business man who can afford to be without the knowledge of advertising. It will help you to rapid success.



A. A. BRENTANO  
Advertising manager for Evansville (Ind.) Courier, a large daily publication; was office man in a store factory when he enrolled with the Page-Davis School.



# A Vacation in a Teepee

By W. A. KEYES

Principal of Trinity School, New York City

Illustrated by H. Coultaus



The interior of a teepee

FOR some years I have been trying to formulate a plan by which the vacation season may be more truly a period of rest and rejuvenation without being such a drain upon the purse of a citizen of moderate income. How can a school-teacher, a clerk, or a business man or woman enjoy a pleasant vacation, return to the city refreshed in body and mind, and not be, at the same time, ruined financially? This question annually confronts a constantly increasing number of Americans.

My plan to induce people with moderate incomes to buy or build summer homes for themselves has met with a large measure of success, and I am glad to receive letters from people who are interested in building comfortable but inexpensive summer homes. Many who at first thought it impossible for them to own their homes are now making plans to start in on a small scale and lay the foundation of a house that, in time, will be their pride.

But there is another class of people whom I am desirous of reaching. They are young people, some of them unmarried. They go away on their summer vacations and have a good time, to be sure, but they spend all their year's savings and return to town very much worn out after the excesses of the vacation period. To these people the idea of an establishment does not appeal; they want to be free from care during their vacations, and it is right that they should be. On the other hand, are they doing themselves justice by spending so much on a trip and going home with nothing to show for their money, when, by taking a little forethought, they could have better pleasure and more of it, and at the same time put their money where it would yield a handsome income? I fear that my early New England training is responsible for the idea, very strong within me, that a person should not spend all his earnings either upon dress or for pleasure.

A teepee is a form of house which will appeal to young men as well as to those who are older. The accompanying sketches, by H. Coultaus, will give a good idea of the interior as well as of the exterior of a teepee, planned by me, which, I think, is entirely original. Concrete—a material composed of cement, sand, and small stones—is now much employed in building houses. As a covering for a teepee it will prove durable, as well as attractive to the eye.

A smooth stretch of ground overlooking a bay and just on the edge of the woods should be chosen for the location. The base of the teepee should be circular in shape, with a diameter of fifteen feet.

Place large stones on the ground, completely filling the circle and making a more or less level surface. Over these spread smaller ones to fill in the crevices, then still smaller ones on top, and finally cover all with a thin layer of sand. Around this circle build a slightly raised wall of stone, one foot in thickness.

This wall should be made strong, and pointed with good cement. When this is done, level the sand on the circular floor and pour over it cement to the thickness of an inch or more. When this is dry it will make as strong and smooth a floor as one could wish. Coloring matter can be obtained to give the floor any desired color.

When the cement is thoroughly hardened the work of building the cone can be started. Long, straight, slim trees should be used to form the sides of the teepee. The longest ones will have to be over twenty feet in length. These will cross near the top in true Indian fashion, the big ends resting on the flat wall, one foot wide, previously mentioned. Smaller and shorter trees will be used to fill in as the spaces near the top become narrower.

Trees of the right size and length can be obtained in any spruce or cedar swamp, where they grow close together, straight and very slim. They should be placed as near together as possible.

To hold the trees in place, hoops made of boughs should be nailed horizontally on the inside all around the teepee, at intervals of about two feet. Where there are cracks between the trees, moss, which grows in abundance on the bark of many forest trees, can be placed to fill up the interstices. An opening will be left at the top for ventilation, but a drop door will close it to keep out the rain. Three or four small windows will be placed around the sides to admit light and air. In these windows colored glass could be used to good advantage. Finally, a large opening for entrance and exit may be provided with a canvas covering to serve as a door. This will be thrown back in the daytime, as shown in the picture.

Too much care can not be taken to get the framework built substantially and perfectly conical in shape. Care should be taken not to remove the bark of the trees in trimming, as the beauty of the interior would be destroyed by the absence of bark here and there. The butts of the trees should be placed with great exactness on the center of the raised wall surrounding the floor. Have the outside edges of the trees all flush with each other. Nail finishing boards as a door frame against the trees, at the place which is designed as the entrance. Let them project outwards six inches, in order to give opportunity for the proper thickness of cement which is to be placed over all. Do the same for the windows.

Then it will be time to put on the cement. Everything depends upon having this made properly. Too much sand in the cement will spoil the durability of the plaster. Three parts of sand to two of cement is about the right proportion. To this may be added two or three parts of small stones. Too much water will render the mass unmanageable. Thoroughly mix the cement, sand, and stones before adding the water. Make the mass very stiff, indeed, so that it will stay just where it is packed. A little lime may be used with the cement to lessen the expense, but when lime is used great care has to be exercised, as the cement sets very quickly when used in combination with lime. Only a small amount should be mixed at a time, and this should be used immediately after mixing.

Beginning at the bottom, place the cement around the butts of the trees, tamping it down carefully but firmly, and making sure, by using a gauge, that there is a thickness of four inches of cement outside of the trees all around the base. The mixture must be stiff enough so that it will stay where it is packed, otherwise

the work will not progress at all, but the cement will slip down to the bottom. When placed in position the concrete should be pressed or hammered gently, in order to make the mass as solid as possible.

When the first section of concrete has been placed all around the teepee, a short time should elapse before the next section is put on, in order to give it time to harden. After the first thick coating is all on a thin



A waterproof teepee in position

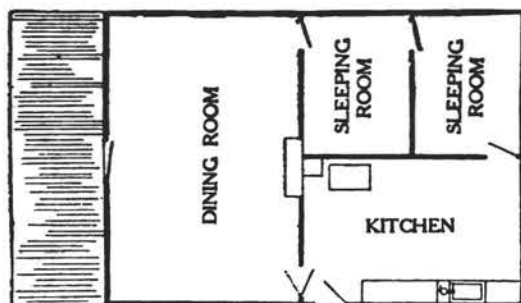
coating of cement and sand may be spread over the entire tepee, and, that this may be better done, the surface of the first coating should be left in a rough state. In putting on the second coat, start at the top and work down, smoothing carefully as the work progresses. A little yellow or red coloring matter could be used, if desired, to give the tepee a more artistic or pleasing appearance. If the work is done well the cement will hardly show at all on the inside. All will be one solid mass, clean and sweet, dry as a bone, free from insects, indestructible, artistic, and unique.

The expense of building such a tepee ought not to amount to more than fifty dollars, exclusive of labor. I believe the owner would take great pride in building most of it himself. He would probably need a little assistance in making the concrete, as it requires some experience in the use of cement to get the proportions just right.

Outside the tepee, and a little to one side, build an old-fashioned camp fireplace, and hang a kettle over it for heating water. The camp fire in the evening is a pretty sight, and the children love to roast corn or potatoes in its dying embers, while the older people sit around and tell stories till the moon is high.

It is a great thing for a young man or woman to buy a piece of land in some place where there is natural beauty of scenery, in the mountains or at the seashore, according to the tastes of the individual. Then the interest in developing it will begin. The first cost need not be great, and every succeeding year the expense will be less while the saving will be greater. The possession of a little real estate broadens a man's views of life, increases his interests, arouses his ambition, and gives him more satisfaction than can be derived from money spent in any other way.

A group of six or eight tepees spread out in a grove at a distance of a hundred feet from each other would make a beautiful picture. Each tepee would be a complete house. Each householder could prepare his own food if he chose, or, a lodge could be built, containing a dining room large enough to accommodate all who would wish board, and one caterer furnish the meals.



Plans for a dining hall

The accompanying floor plan is of a convenient and economical dining hall. It is planned to be a one-story frame structure, and can be built very cheaply. It contains a dining room, sixteen feet by twenty-four feet, with an ample fireplace in the center. A piazza extends across the front of the building. Behind the main room is a large kitchen and rooms for the caterer and his assistants. The dining room may be used as a general rendezvous on rainy days.

In urging young people to build their own homes I do not recommend the tepee more than any other form of building. I have simply described it because it suggested itself to me and because several practical people have said that it would make a very novel and sensible shelter, and at the same time be inexpensive. Much building is being done nowadays in blocks of cement or concrete. A plain, square house made of blocks of pressed concrete may be made to look very pretty at a minimum cost. A house built in this style may be easily enlarged. Log houses are still built in some localities, but they are not as cheap as one at first thought would suppose. They require a considerable amount of very good, straight lumber, and are, besides, rather difficult to build. A log house has to be made by an expert, in order to look well after it has been standing two or three years.

No matter how simple or plain a house may be it should be built substantially and well. Suppose you have but two hundred dollars to spend on a summer cottage. Build the house right, have the work done thoroughly as far as it is completed, it will then be money well invested. Shabby work never finishes up well. Build for the future as well as for the present, but build. If you can not spend more than two or three weeks in a year at your home, some one will pay you rent for the rest of the summer.

If the people who complain so much about paying rents would only take to building, as a side interest, they would have the pleasure of living for a part of the year, at least, under their own roofs. The expense need not be great. First carefully select a bit of land, then erect a tent, a cabin, or a tepee, and finally something more elaborate if the opportunity presents itself. If you do not own any house at all, make a beginning by building a one-room house. It will grow.

Happiness is not in proportion to the amount of money spent on a vacation trip.

## You Wouldn't Wear a Fur Coat in Summer?



Yet when you eat greasy meats, and heavy, indigestible foods, you are heating the body as needlessly as if you were wrapped in bearskin.

Change today to delicious, healthful, cooling

# EGG-O-SEE <sup>10¢</sup>

There are many tempting hot-weather ways of serving EGG-O-SEE. Try it with peaches-and-cream, pineapple, berries and other fruits. Costs so little anyone can have it. You never tire of it.

Your dime is yours. Don't accept any substitute for Egg-O-See.

**FREE book**  
"back to nature"

The book contains nearly fifty recipes for meals—all different. It gives suggestions for bathing, exercise and physical culture. It tells how to keep well and strong as nature intended.

The book has been prepared at a great expense and is illustrated with full figure pictures both for men and women.

This is a splendid book and every reader of this publication should have a copy. Just drop a line saying: "Please send me a copy of your free book 'back to nature.'" Address

**EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY**  
596-646 FRONT STREET, QUINCY, ILLINOIS



## Staunton Military Academy

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys.

275 Boys from 40 States last session. Largest Private Academy in the South. Boys from 10 to 18 years old prepared for the Universities, Government Academies, or Business.

1,600 feet above sea-level; pure, dry, bracing mountain air of the famous, proverbially healthful and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah.

Pure mineral spring waters. High moral tone. Parental discipline. Military training develops obedience, health, manly carriage. Fine, shady lawns, expensively equipped gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic park. All manly sports encouraged. Daily drills and exercises in open air. Boys from homes of culture and refinement only desired. Personal, individual instruction by our tutorial system. Standards and traditions high. Academy forty-six years old. New \$50,000 barracks, full equipment, absolutely fire-proof. Charges \$360. Handsome catalogue free. Address

**CAPTAIN WM. H. KABLE, A.M., Principal, Staunton, Va.**

## The Celebrated Furman Boilers



As an Investment, Furman Boilers return large Dividends in Improved Health, Increased Comfort and Fuel Saved.

SELLING AGENTS:  
E. S. DEAN, Bloomington, Ill. E. K. BARR, La Crosse, Wis.

Valuable Catalogue and Booklet "Warmth" mailed free. Address

**The Herendeen Manufacturing Company**  
7 Grove Street, Geneva, N. Y.  
NEW YORK Office and Show Room, 236 Pearl Street.



## Reduced Price Sale Summer Costumes

One-Fifth Reduction From  
Our Catalogue Prices

**\$6. Suits now \$4.80**  
**12. Suits now 9.60**  
**18. Suits now 14.40**  
**25. Suits now 20.00**  
**\$4. Skirts now \$3.20**  
**7. Skirts now 5.60**  
**10. Skirts now 8.00**  
**12. Skirts now 9.60**

Prices also reduced on Shirt-waist Suits, Wash Suits, Traveling Dusters and Rain Coats, Jackets, Drop Skirts, etc.

We make these garments  
to order only

This sale is for the purpose of closing out our stock of Mohairs, Serges, Lansdownes, Taffetas, Panamas, Grey Worsted, Cravenettes, and all other light-weight summer fabrics. We will make to your order, any garment illustrated in our Summer Catalogue of Suits and Skirts, from any of our materials, at a reduction of one-fifth from our regular prices.

We GUARANTEE to fit you and give you entire satisfaction or refund your money.

WE SEND FREE to any part of the United States, our new Summer Book of New York Fashions, showing the latest styles and containing our copyrighted measurement chart; also a large assortment of Samples of the newest materials.

WRITE TO-DAY; you will receive them by return mail.

### Special Values in Summer Shirt-Waists

No. 108  
\$1.25



We are now showing our new Summer styles in ready-made Shirt-Waists, and are offering the prettiest and most fashionable waists at much below regular prices.

Sizes, 32 to 44  
bust measure.

No. 108 Fancy Swiss embroidery with alternate bands of Italian Val lace contribute to the style features of this fine white Lawn waist, and tucks in two widths produce a yoke effect at the top. The back, which closes regularly, exhibits tucks at each side. Lace frills finish off the tucked cuffs and also the lace-banded collar. Price, \$1.25; postage, 15 cents.

Remit by post office money order, express money order, bank draft or registered letter. Do not send stamps. Be sure to mention size desired.

If you are not satisfied, you may return the waist and we will refund your money.

We have other styles ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$5.00, illustrated in our new Summer Shirt-Waist Supplement—sent free on request.

**National Cloak & Suit Co.**  
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York

Mail Orders Only No Agents or Branches Est. 18 Years

## ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Shake Into Your Shoes



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for ingrowing nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. TRY IT TO-DAY.

Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Do not accept any substitute. Sent by mail for 25c. in stamps.

**FREE TRIAL PACKAGE**  
sent by mail. Address

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

## WABASH COASTER WAGON

A substantial, general purpose wagon, 34 ins. long, 18 ins. wide; large, roomy box of hard wood, removable. Well balanced to prevent tipping. Turns easily on narrow walk. All wheels our exclusive Wabash patent are 11 ins. in diameter, of wide tread, on steel axles, no bumping or pounding. At Hardware \$4.00 and Department Stores. Price

Write us for the jolliest book of the year. Fun with a Wagon. We send it FREE. WABASH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 708 MILL ST., WABASH, IND.

**SONG-POEMS** and music published ON ROYALTY. We write music and popularize. POPULAR MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., 385 Enterprise Building, Chicago

**CORNS** bunions, warts, callouses removed root and all, never to grow again. Quickly, painlessly, surely. 25c. W. F. MERRITT, 88 Riverview, Springfield, Mass.

# THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD

How a woman may make a caricature of herself by wearing the corselet skirt



"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us."

THAT the summer fashions are lovelier than ever before, there is no denying; yet they hold out many a pitfall to the woman who has not yet learned to see herself as others see her.

There are certain pronounced modes that are the height of fashion this season, and the army of women who have taken these styles unto themselves is growing larger day by day.

Suiting the frock to the individual wearer is one of the first precepts of correct dressing, and yet the great majority of women in purchasing their clothes buy what every other woman is buying just because it's the latest fashion, forgetting entirely any idea of suitability.

Take, for instance, the latest style in coats, the fetching, frivolous little plaited Eton. It is short, and fanciful in design, and is altogether fetching when worn by the right type of woman. The right type is slender and graceful, with the new tapering waist and small hips. Her bust is not large, and the short little Eton, with its plaited fullness, gives her just the correct silhouette. These jaunty Etons were made purposely for just this type of woman, consequently when the little coat is worn by the right woman it is charming.

The woman who wears it, knows it, and, alas! so do all the other women who observe her. The result is that every woman who sees the right woman in the right Eton declares that she too must have a coat just like it,—hence the procession of women who make caricatures of themselves that we see everywhere we look.

The woman who is conspicuous for her broadness, whose hips are large and who has more bust than she needs, seems to have a special penchant for the frilly little Eton coat which exaggerates every defect of her figure. In fact, you see about every type of woman, regardless of age or shape, wearing the short Eton, and they wear it for the all-sufficient reason that it's the style.

That the accessories of a frock must not only suit the frock, but the wearer as well, is something that every well-gowned woman knows. But that the well-gowned woman is in the minority is plainly to be seen

this summer. Take, for instance, the fluffy neck ruff of *maline*, which is very much the vogue right now. A girl with a long, slender neck can wear it to perfection; it gives just the prettiest sort of a finishing touch to her costume. But alas! you see the wrong woman wearing it, too. She of the many chins and no neck to speak of, she also thinks the dainty ruff is pretty, and so she wears it, and she considers that the fuller it is the better. At the back, from her shoulders up, only billows of *maline* are to be seen, for invariably she wears a hat



This hat is unsuited to the wearer, and the arrangement of the peacock feathers makes the effect ludicrous.



The corselet skirt when correctly made and worn by the right type of woman

tilted well over toward her nose and filled in at the back with masses of *maline*. One's memory of her is mostly neck ruff and that neck ruff gone wrong. It is this same type of woman who delights in the high collar, and she is careful to bone it so it will hold its shape. The result is, that she not only looks nearly choked to death, but even as if she dressed her neck for the sole purpose of showing to advantage the rolls of fat which form her triple chin.

To all but a few specially favored women the very fashionable corselet skirt is nothing but a delusion and a snare; yet its followers almost equal those devoted to the short Eton. If the corselet skirt is made by an expert dressmaker or tailor and worn by a woman whose figure is just suited to it, it is, of course, a success. She must be tall, and her waist small; her hips should not be large, and her bust should only be just full enough to give the corselet portion the correct curve.

Unfortunately, assorted types of women seem drawn toward this novel skirt. The short woman, whose abdomen is prominent and whose bust is large, likes it. The big, athletic woman, who rather prides herself on her large, natural-looking waist, sees no reason why she should not wear the corselet skirt as long as it's the fashion; and the woman who tips the scales at two hundred or more is quite carried away with the idea that this skirt will hold her flesh in to much advantage. The results are both humorous and pathetic. The profile of the stout woman in the corselet skirt is a picture not easy to forget. Her bust spills over it at the sides, and if she leans over a trifle the effect at the back is that of a sudden parting between herself and the corselet portion. Instead of clinging to her figure, it has a decided tendency to draw away from it, and to stand up stiff and erect in just the way it should not. To add horror to horror this skirt when selected by the stout woman is often made of a large, black or white checked silk. Frequently it is the same type of woman who thinks there is something soft and particularly charming about an entire accordion-plaited costume.

In millinery it is only the eccentric that is fashionable this season. There is simply no accounting for the tilts and angles at which the summer hats are worn,

and very many are the millinery fads of the moment. In the way of trimming, the peacock feather leads. It is seen in every possible hue, and worn in every conceivable way. The old superstition of bad luck always associated with it is now a thing of the faraway past. At the very beginning of the season when the first imported hats began to arrive, the peacock feather in gray to match the hat, or in tan worn with a brown hat and arranged much in the same way as the quill of last season, looked really very chic. But now we have sky-blue peacock feathers standing

Here the peacock feathers are seen in harmony with the hat and are very becoming to the wearer.

up very straight toward the front of the hat or shooting out at a strange angle at the side, and we see them in apple green, coral pink, a pronounced purple and a vivid yellow, and, so far as the shape of the hat is concerned, it does n't seem to be of the slightest consideration. They are used on walking hats, on mushroom shapes, Napoleon hats, and even on the little close-fitting bonnet styles. There seems to be no shape that escapes them. The women who are trimming their hats with these gay-tinted peacock feathers are of all ages.

The small, tip-tilted sailor hat is also being universally worn this summer. To the young girl with fluffy hair it is becoming and coquettish, but the coquettish hat poised upon the head of an elderly woman whose face is wrinkled and whose hair is gray is most incongruous; and yet the sailor is worn in just this unthinking way.

Another illustration of how blindly women follow the fashion is seen in the way the elbow sleeves have been adopted by women of all ages. In the restaurants, nowadays, we have an unpleasant exhibition of bony arms and sharp-pointed elbows, but this does n't seem to bother the individual woman in the slightest, and apparently neither does the extra expense attending the purchase of long gloves which the elbow sleeve necessitates. Utterly regardless of whether their arms are pretty or not, women are exposing them to the gaze of about anybody who cares to look.

Many fashionable veils which the shops are displaying for summer wear tend only to make a caricature of the wearer. The flowing, floating, loose sort are the newest, and the more elaborate they are, the better. Some are bespattered with big and little dots, sometimes in groups and then again used singly. And then there are other veils with curious embroidered designs spreading over them. The design is generally woven in with the veil, though it has the effect of being embroidered upon it. Floral designs are most in favor; sometimes a rose will rest on the tip of the nose, or a leaf will spread out over the eye, producing a most ludicrous effect. Veils scattered with butterflies are among the novelties, but, to be appreciated from an artistic point of view, they must be adjusted with the utmost care lest a butterfly look as if it were about to be swallowed.

No matter what may be the size of her foot, it's the conspicuous shoe this year's summer girl is wearing, that is, if her education in correct dressing has been neglected. Shoes to match the costume, whether it be linen or silk, are all the vogue, and therefore, it goes without saying, are being worn. It seems a fact almost too apparent to mention that the woman whose foot is large should never think of wearing anything but the plainest and most inconspicuous of shoes, no matter what Fashion's edict may be regarding them.

In fact, the woman who has learned the art of correct dressing remembers always to adapt her costume and its smallest accessory to her own individuality. She never allows the fashions to hide her personality, or to accentuate her defects; nor does she wear any particular style just because it happens to be the prevailing mode of the season.



The fashionable Eton on the wrong type of woman



The Eton on the right woman

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

The unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united States of America.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them; a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

**NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE**

1776

**INDIVIDUAL INDEPENDENCE**

1906

## Life Insurance is Freedom

From Present Anxiety and Future Worry

# THE PRUDENTIAL

Policy Provides Family Independence for the future.  
Funds for Education of Children.  
Freedom in use of present Income and Capital.  
Cash for later needs, and many other advantages.

### You Want the Best in Life Insurance

### The Prudential Has the Best for You.

Write now, tell us how much you can afford to invest every year in Life Insurance, how much insurance you would like to obtain, and your age, and we will help you to a decision to your advantage. Address Dept. 33.

## The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President      Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

# OSTERM

# MOOR

## The Perfect Mattress

is the one you never feel—the one that never forces itself upon your mind—the one that lets you sleep at once if sleepy and lulls you to dreamland when restless.

**Send Your Name on a Postal**

for our free book, "The Test of Time," tells all about the Ostermoor, and explains why it fulfills these conditions. It contains 144 pages of vital importance to any one who values health and long life, and the restful sleep that insures both. Your name and address on a postal will do.

Try an Ostermoor for thirty nights, and if it fails to satisfy in any particular, we refund money immediately without question.

**WE SELL BY MAIL, OR THRO' 2000 OSTERMoor DEALERS**

Exclusive Ostermoor agencies almost everywhere—the highest grade merchant in every place. The Ostermoor dealer in your vicinity—be sure to ask us who he is—will show you a mattress with the Ostermoor name and label sewn on the end. Mattress shipped, express paid by us, same day check is received.

**OSTERMoor & COMPANY, 134 Elizabeth Street, NEW YORK**  
Canadian Agency: The Ideal Bedding Co., Ltd., Montreal

**Sizes and Prices**

2 feet 6 in. wide, 25 lbs.	\$8.35
3 feet wide, 30 lbs.	10.00
3 feet 6 in. wide, 35 lbs.	11.70
4 feet wide, 40 lbs.	13.35
4 feet 6 in. wide, 45 lbs.	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long.  
Express Charges Prepaid.  
In two parts, 50 cents extra.



IF IT'S  
**H&I**  
IT'S LINEN

COLLEGIATE

**"Collegiate"**

An easy, breezy collar for the simmering summer season.

The "slip-easy band" gives scarf-ease, neck-ease, and mind-ease.

"H & I" collars are Linen, and hence cooler, cleaner, and comelier than the cotton kind.

2 for 25c. Quarter sizes

BOOKLET "LINEN FACTS" FREE for a post-card.

**HENRY HOLMES & SON,**  
701 River Street, TROY, N. Y.  
NEW YORK, 18 East Seventeenth Street  
CHICAGO, 207-211 Jackson Boulevard

**BRIGHTON**  
SILK GARTER

Registered Trade Mark

**PURE SILK** **25¢**  
A PAIR

**BRIGHTON**  
FLAT CLASP GARTERS

are made of absolutely pure silk web which costs the makers more and wears three times as long as any other garter fabric. Most 25 cent garters are mercerized cotton—a cheap substitute, giving less wear. The silk itself in Brighton Garters has greater elasticity than mercerized cotton, which adds to the wear. The only absolutely flat garter made. All dealers.

**PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.,**  
718 Market Street, Philadelphia.  
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.

**"STUDENT"**

Here's the collar with the style, dressy finish and quality that most young men want for summer wear. To be had only in "Triangle" Linen Collars. 149 other styles to meet every man's preference,—every one of them Linen and 4-ply. Quarter sizes.

**15c—Two for 25c**  
\$1.50 per Dozen

Dealers who sell "Triangle" Linen Collars always have the latest styles in the widest variety of shapes. They sell you collars in quarter sizes that fit and stay fit. They deserve your patronage because they sell honest goods at a fair price.

Write for our free booklet of up-to-date collar styles and information. If your dealer doesn't sell "Triangle" Collars ask him to write us.

**VAN ZANDT, JACOBS & CO.**  
The Linen Collar Makers  
613 RIVER STREET, TROY, NEW YORK

OFFICES: **TRIANGLE LINEN COLLARS**

New York Boston  
Chicago Kansas City  
Philadelphia Baltimore  
San Francisco

# THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted by  
**ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN**

SPORTS of many sorts lure us now. The American yields to none in his skill with club, oar, and racquet, and the international honors lately won are fresh in the public mind. It used to be that all the outdoor games were the diversions of an idle few who had the leisure to follow them either in their private parks or in "casino" grounds. To-day, however, there is scarcely a man, business or professional, who is not addicted to some sport, be it golf, tennis, horseback, shooting, boating, driving, swimming, polo, yachting, fishing or motoring. Even cricket, which our English cousins have long preempted with characteristic insular tenacity, is gaining measurably in favor here.

Dress for the sports should be very simple, and each article worn should have a definite use. Loading oneself down with needless impedimenta, whether they be clothes or other trappings, proclaims the novice from afar. A game is presumed to be played for the game's sake, and not to display the fashions of the hour or to silhouette a picturesque figure against the landscape. Could any spectacle be more mirth-provoking than that of an elderly golfer toting the links in all the immaculateness of a scarlet coat, symmetrical "knickers," and "bonnie" plaid stockings? "Purple and fine linen" is just as much out of place on the field as homespun would be on a waxed floor. Appropriateness to time and place,—there you have the key to dressing well.

The golfer wears,—well, to be frank, any old thing. The trousers—always long; "knickers" are under the ban,—may be of flannel, and should be cut roomy, to allow complete freedom in moving about. Or a pair of serviceable tweeds will answer. The hat is often dispensed with, because it interferes with play, but, if one dislikes to go bareheaded, a Panama, Milan, or Mackinaw, or a white duck "boater" may be worn. The shirt is flannel, with a breast pocket to hold any handy little article pertinent to the game. Usually, the top button of the shirt is left unfastened for greater coolness, and also for the sportsmanlike air that it lends. He, however, who prefers to guard his throat from vagrant breezes may knot a brilliantly colored handkerchief around it, after the manner of the sketch which accompanies this article. The shoes may be low-cut russets, with good, thick soles to pound the turf, or low-cut calfskin, or canvas, or white buck with hard rubber soles. A wrist clock made of pigskin or Russian seal leather and, as its name implies, buckling around the wrist, will not better one's game, though, perhaps, it may give the wearer the soothing consciousness of being "up to the hour."

Knee-length drawers will add mightily to one's comfort, whatever the game played, on account of the ease and poise they lend to limb and muscle. Indeed, these rational garments were borrowed from the field, being modern counterparts of the old rowing and running drawers beloved of every athlete and university man. The undershirt of the golfer is, of course, sleeveless. The sleeves of the outer shirt are kept rolled well above the elbow. Trousers are, needless to say, turned up at the bottom, and the belt is a narrow one of tan pigskin or black seal. One's hose should be of very sheer lisle. Silk is too suggestive of the "awfully swagger" to go with rough field work.

Lawn tennis, which has been somewhat shouldered aside by newer sports, such as golf and motoring, has come into its own again. As a tennis player must be very agile and sure-footed to keep the ball skimming, he should be dressed very lightly and comfortably. An ideal garment for tennis consists of a shirt and drawers made in one piece. The shirt has half sleeves, and the drawers come to the knee. The special advantage of this shirt is that it can not creep up and crumple in front, thus keeping the wearer acutely uncomfortable



and forever tugging at his waistband. This tennis shirt is made of white linen or madras. Flannel trousers are best suited to the game; white duck is no longer worn, as it belongs more properly to yachting, and, besides, is prone to become stiff and harsh. The shoes are white buck or canvas with rubber soles. White lisle socks are correct, and, indeed, white should be used in the costume as much as possible, as there is no color more cool and grateful to the eye. The belt accompanying the trousers is made of white buckskin or silk webbing, or, if one wants a picturesque touch, a silk handkerchief may be passed through the belt loops and utilized as a belt. Hats are generally not worn, as they hinder more than they help.

So far as yachting is concerned, the true yachtsman avoids as much as possible an appearance of "dandyism," as unworthy of the seasoned sailor. Yachting costumes are worn only aboard ship and not indiscriminately while on shore. The dress of each particular club differs, of course, in the details, but agrees in the essentials. It consists of the double-breasted blue serge jacket, white duck trousers turned up at the bottom, white buck shoes with rubber soles, and the regulation yachting cap.

Horseback riding calls for skin-tight breeches, long boots of calf, pigskin, or patent leather, and the usual cutaway riding coat. Leggings or puttees are very handy, but, having been taken up

widely by motorists, their vogue is waning among lovers of horseflesh.

Motoring, from being a sport of the few, has become a pastime of the many, and, hence, deserves a paragraph of its own. While practically every other sport has a manner of dress peculiarly its own, motoring, being yet in its infancy, has not fallen under the influence of fashion. If one is off for a short trip in a runabout, or just between the house and the railway station, ordinary tweeds or riding clothes will serve. For long distance journeys in a tonneau, goggles and weather-proof coats, as well as leather garments and puttees, will be necessary. The variety of motor garments made now is so wide, that every man can find the precise clothes suited to his needs, the character of his machine, and the trips intended to be made in it. It is well to remember, however, that the motorist who motors for sport's sake is very little concerned about the fashion of his dress, aiming solely for comfort and absolute ease in guiding and controlling his machine. The tyro loves to muffle himself up like a comic-opera brigand or like a dreaded bogey man of our nursery days. The veteran, however, discards everything, both in clothes and other accessories, which tends to render him conspicuous or ill at ease, and to interfere with perfect command of his car.



Yachting shoe with rubber sole

## 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.]

WELLMAN.—Avoid steam laundries and machine ironing. Even the best collars and shirts can not withstand their mauling. Both linen and underwear should be washed by hand. "Domestic finish" means a lusterless finish on linen. The shine put on by the

cheaper laundries is in very bad form. The trouble you have with your collars, especially wings and folds, is doubtless due to bad laundering. A good laundryman respects linen, and neither parboils it in the tub, nor pounds it on the ironing board. Pay a little more, if you must, for good laundering. The added cost will double the life of your linen. Linen collars are variously sold for fifteen, twenty-five, and even forty cents each. Style is not a factor in the matter, because the fifteen-cent collar is made in the precise forms of the most expensive collars. Whether two collars (bought for a quarter,) will last longer than one twenty-five-cent collar is a question you must decide for yourself. We can not enter here into the relative merits of the different collar brands, nor recommend any particular one. Most men can be fitted in half sizes, but for those who can not, quarter sizes are made. Be it remembered, no collar, however carefully cut, will sit well on an ill-fitting shirt-band. It is just as important that the shirt fit the collar, as that the collar fit the shirt. To sum up, buy a good collar and send it to a good laundry.

\* \* \*

C. C.—The morning coat is just as correct as the frock at a day wedding, unless it be an extremely ceremonious affair. Not all men look well in a frock coat, whereas the morning coat is becoming to both tall and slight. The shirt, cravat, collar, hat, and other accessories which go with the frock, also accompany the morning coat.

\* \* \*

RAWSON.—Patent-leather pumps are worn only to a dance. For general evening use, the patent-leather shoe (buttoned,) with kid tops is the standard. Low-cut patent-leather shoes or "Oxfords" (laced,) are best suited to the "Tuxedo" suit. For afternoon promenade and Sunday morning church, either the patent-leather shoe or the buttoned calfskin is correct. Many men prefer the calfskin shoe for formal day dress, because patent leather has been rendered too promiscuous, and, if we must say it, common. There has been an attempt within the last year to discard the patent-leather shoe altogether, in favor of so-called "varnished calfskin," but this effort has not been successful, except in the set which, as some satirist says, would rather be dead than be commonplace.

NEILL.—The so-called "morning coat" is simply a form of cutaway. The frock coat is a knee-length coat with full skirts, slightly belled. The frock is the most formal of all coats, and is worn at day weddings, afternoon calls, Sunday church and promenade, *matinées*, and similar occasions. The morning coat is a substitute for the frock, intended for functions tinged with a shade less formality. The "opera" hat is now proper



The golfer's cravat

only at the opera and the play. It used to be worn interchangeably with the silk hat at every formal gathering after sundown, but, latterly, it has been restored to its old place as a theater hat, pure and simple. For general day wear with the frock and morning coats and for general evening wear with the swallowtail, only the "topper" is regarded as good form. The "Tuxedo" jacket requires a black derby or a black soft hat, and, in summer, a "split" or smooth-finished straw is favored. The opera hat should never accompany the "Tuxedo," because a high hat and a short coat look just as inconsistent as would a frock coat and a derby.

\* \* \*

Dow.—What you call "full dress," and what is more correctly known as "evening dress," consists of a swallowtail coat of black unfinished worsted, and trousers of the same material with outer seams braided; a white waistcoat, single or double breasted, of linen piqué, or silk; a plain white shirt with cuffs attached; a poke or lap-front collar; a white tie of plain or figured linen or silk; white *glacé* gloves with self backs; patent-leather shoes (buttoned,) with kid or cloth tops; a silk hat, and pearl or moonstone cuff links and shirt studs. Evening dress is worn on every formal occasion when women are to be met, such as an evening wedding, reception, formal dinner, and at the theater. It is just as correct on Sunday as on week-days. In the instance that you cite, we do not suggest formal evening dress, because it will evidently not be worn by the other guests. While a man should, so far as possible, follow the best social custom and usages, it is not considered well-bred to render oneself unduly conspicuous by wearing clothes totally different from those worn by one's fellows. To avoid embarrassment, especially in a small community, it is well to learn in advance from the reception committee of any formal affair, whether ceremonious evening dress is intended to be worn. As regards the

*Be sure and write*

That's what everybody is telling everybody else in this beginning of vacation time—"Be sure and write." If you want to be *very* sure, take

### Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The pen with the Clip-Cap

along with you. The Spoon-Feed makes writing a pleasure—a sure, even flow with neither blot nor stop. The famous Clip-Cap makes you sure you won't lose it; it grips wherever you put it.

As a vacation gift nothing could be better—a constant reminder that it's time you got another letter.

All prices for all finishes—\$2.50 upward. All dealers.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

209 STATE STREET, CHICAGO      8 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON  
961 BROADWAY, OAKLAND, CAL.      136 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL

Over the Undershirt  
Under the Overshirt

## "COATLESS" SUSPENDER

An ideal summer suspender—always invisible—goes on like a vest—fastens at each hip button of the trousers—may be tightened or loosened in front or back. It solves the hot weather suspender question because it's cool, comfortable, neglige, and supports the trousers as only a suspender can.

For sale at all good shops or sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents

Beware of imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4th, 1905

### CROWN SUSPENDER CO., 837 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Makers of "Crown Make" Suspenders, Belts and Garters

JOHN J. McGRATH says: The "Coatless" Suspender feels so soft, cool and easy, that you completely forget you have suspenders on. It's "out-o'-sight" in more ways than one. This is not a "testimonial" in the ordinary sense, but a spontaneous tribute by a "Coatless" wearer to the "only" practical Summer suspender I have ever worn. Get a pair and be your own umpire.

Also endorsed by Bankers, Doctors, Lawyers, Clergymen, etc.

John J. McGrath  
Manager  
N. Y. National  
(World's Champion) Base Ball Club

DON'T SUFFER IN HOT WEATHER  
from tight-fitting underwear

## WEAR LOOSE FITTING

### B.V.D.

Trade Mark. Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers

(Made of light, durable nainsook.)

### AND BE COOL AND COMFORTABLE

Retail price 50 cents per garment (\$1.00 a suit)

The B. V. D. red woven label which is sewed on every garment of B. V. D. manufacture is a guarantee of correctness and fit. Accept no imitation. Free descriptive Book "A" for the asking.

ERLANGER BROS., 70-72 Franklin St., New York.

## 5000 New Model 1906 DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTORS

### SOLD IN THREE MONTHS—WHY?

NO VALVES—NO SPRINGS—NO GEARS—NO CAMS—NOTHING TO GO WRONG

6 H.P. \$141.00  
EASY TO BUY  
EASY TO INSTALL  
EASY TO OPERATE

WE ARE BUILDING 10000 AUTO-MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES THIS YEAR.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE 1-20 H.P.

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO. 51 CONGRESS ST. DETROIT, MICH.  
— F. G. HALL Mgr. 95 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK. —

## A Real Launch At Small Cost

Can be made from an ordinary Canoe or Row-boat by installing a

"LITTLE SKIPPER" MARINE ENGINE 2 H.P. Engine \$24.90

H. D. Baird's latest and greatest 2 cycle gasoline engine. Simplest, strongest, most powerful and speedy engine of its class—drives Canoe, Row-boat or 12 to 20 ft. Launch 6 to 10 miles per hour, or a 35 ft. Sailor 3 1/2 to 4 miles per hour as an auxiliary. Reversible—runs in either direction—anyone can install and run it—always safe and certain to go. SOLD UNDER 5 YEAR GUARANTEE.

Catalog FREE.

SAINT CLAIR MOTOR CO., Dept. 2, DETROIT, MICH.





**Cause**



**Flexo** Garter keeps your socks comfortably smooth about the ankles at all times and in all positions—that's science.

**Flexo** Curved Plate permits frictionless swing and a straight easy pull.

**Flexo** Button and Clasp hang flat—do not tug or chafe, whether you wear knee or full length drawers. No other garter can give you this sort of summer service.

At your dealer's, or 25c by mail, if he is out and you'll give us his name. A beautiful ribbed silk for 50c.

**A. STEIN & CO.**  
323 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

**"Flexo" GARTER TEST**

**Effect**



## The "Two Minute" Safety Razor

will convince any man, in just two minutes, that it is not only a safety razor, but has points of merit which make it

### The Best Safety Razor

Try one and it will prove—

That the blade corners cannot cut and slash the face as they do on other safety razors.

That the blades have an edge which far outlasts the edge on any other thin blade. They have the double bevel—like the barber's razor—that's the reason.

That the blade holder is as easily washed and wiped as a dinner plate.

That there are no parts to rust and that there are not a lot of parts to take apart and put back every time the razor is used.

The blades can be honed and stropped. But we sharpen dull blades for next to nothing, so no one need strop or hone unless he wants to. Liberal exchange offer on blades.

Razor Complete, with 24 Sharp Blades, in Handsome Leather Case, \$5.00

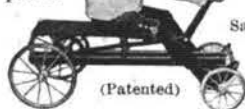
Ask your dealer. If he can't or won't supply you, write us. Get our Free Booklet anyway. United States Safety Razor Co., Shop Office No. 28, Adrian, Mich.



No Blade Corners to Cut You.  
"Opens Like a Book."  
Washes Like a Dinner Plate."

## THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH

At your dealer's or direct at lowest factory prices.



### "Irish Mail"

Sane, healthy fun that they don't tire of. The *Geared Car*. Made of steel and hickory. Built low. Can't upset nor wear out.

HILL-STANDARD MFG. CO.,  
57 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Ind.

**Collars and Cuffs**

**"BARKER BRAND"**

MADE OF LINEN

1/4 SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ 3/4 SIZES

### SALESMAN WANTED

One wide-awake hustler in every County to take orders for easy-selling Fay-Shoes type-writers. Liberal proposition to a reliable man. Write today.

FAY-SHOES  
706 Majestic Building, Chicago

**\$100-\$500-\$1000 FIRST MORTGAGE**

**5% GOLD BONDS**

Secured by New York Real Estate Redeemable on Demand Principal and Interest Guaranteed

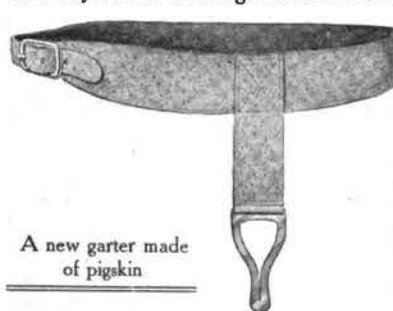
Write for Booklet.

New York Central Realty Co., (Capital and Surplus \$500,000)  
Suite F, 1133 Broadway, New York

**SEAMLESS ROASTER**

Retains all juices and flavors; renews youth of toughest fowls. Requires no water or attention. Send for our Free Agent's Outfit, Dept. G.H., Household Novelty Works, 25 Randolph St., Chicago.

"Tuxedo" jacket, we maintain, with most men, that it is simply a lounge coat, and for that reason unsuited for wear in the presence of women. The "Tuxedo" is in no sense a formal garment, and ordinary breeding requires that a man pay deference to the gentler sex by the manner of his dress. The only exception to this rule is when one dines at home or surrounded by intimate friends. Three or four years ago, it was common to see the "Tuxedo" worn at many formal assemblies, but that very misuse of the garment has created a noticeable reaction against it, at least in urban communities. You err in assuming that we lay down the law of dress arbitrarily in this department, and that we express only personal views. Quite



A new garter made of pigskin

the contrary, we aim to present the weight of opinion of men of assured taste and recognized social position. As we have often said, there must be a standard in fashion; otherwise, this whole thing which we call fashion crumbles. It is not expected of every reader of this department that he will follow blindly all suggestions that are put forth. We intend only to offer a trustworthy guide to those men who, perhaps, have not the leisure and the opportunities to study social forms and formulas.

THOMPSON.—The soft, gray Fedora is primarily a country hat, and should not ordinarily be worn in town. The broad-brimmed, *sombrero*-like shapes are too suggestive of cowboy and camp-fire life to be acceptable for city use. Whether you wear a purple or any other color tie is purely a matter of personal preference, though it seems to us that a vivid purple tie worn with a dark suit is prone to turn a man into a human bull's-eye.

## A Diminishing Soul

A FAMOUS Apache chief, classed as a "good" Indian in the accepted vernacular of older plainsmen, was commonly reputed to be inordinately superstitious. A party of inquisitive tourists on his reservation once undertook to test his nerve by means of the phonograph, which he had never seen in operation.

Preparations for the event were very elaborate. The company was assembled with solemn ceremony in a semi-darkened wigwam, and at the psychological moment the old warrior was called in. His guests stood about mysteriously, with their fingers on their lips, and pointed to an instrument which rested on a barrel. At a given signal it began to speak.

"Big Indian chief must be good," it rasped. "Big Indian chief must be good!"

"What is him?" grunted the red man, thoroughly mystified.

"It is the terrible voice of the Great White Father," they told him.

He listened curiously to every word of a long-winded warning of dire significance. They waited for him to speak.

"Is him the voice of the Great Father, honest Injun?" he demanded, incredulously.

"Honest Injun,—it is."

"Humph! Him no good! If him shut up in little box, him no good! Can't shut big Injun in little box. Him no good!"

So saying he withdrew in scorn, with an enlarged opinion of his own importance.

In a letter recently received, a man writes: "I never read two words where I think there is love connected, because women have no charm for me."

Will some one give us the cause of the condition of this man, and suggest a remedy?

Robert Ogden, John Wanamaker's partner, says that he knows a man who owns stocks in a certain railroad, and who learned, on authority which he knew to be official, that the company was soon to declare bankruptcy. He had an opportunity to sell his stock, which he declined, scorning to take money for that which he knew to be worthless.

We regard suicide as a crime, but we think that we have a perfect right to commit slow suicide upon the mind, to kill the faculties by slow tortures of neglect. We think nothing of the suicide of possibilities of great achievement. We think we have a perfect right to let the mind remain a blank, to hide our talent in a napkin. There is no law against locking up genius in a brain which is capable of rendering great service to mankind. We think it is all right to let natural ability atrophy for the want of exercise. But the time will come when failure will be regarded as a disgrace, a tremendous loss to the community, to civilization, which calls for the best things in us.

## "The Business College a Blessing"

### Peirce School

Dr. Orison Swett Marden's editorial in the June number of SUCCESS struck the key-note of the Peirce School idea that the business college is one of the greatest blessings in American civilization; that nothing would stand a young man or woman in better stead than a good sound education; but that it must be an education founded upon the right principles—not only the imparting of a knowledge of accounting and law, but a thorough grounding in practical business methods of far-reaching influence.

Peirce School has won its reputation for thoroughness and practicalness through many years of careful management and sincere interest in the development of its pupils for the filling of the highest positions in the business world.

Almost every leading college and preparatory school in the country is represented this year among the 1,800 Peirce pupils.

Any young man or young woman who desires to improve should address the undersigned for full particulars of special opportunities to acquire the Peirce education.

LOUIS B. MOFFETT, Director  
Peirce School Philadelphia Record Bldg.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## BE INDEPENDENT

### Start in Business for Yourself

Everybody wants insurance. Your friends and neighbors all carry insurance in some form, either Fire, Life, Accident, Health, Liability, etc. You can get their business as well as anybody else. Our correspondence course teaches you how. Also HOW TO ESTABLISH YOURSELF IN THE GENERAL INSURANCE BUSINESS WITHOUT CAPITAL, AND PAY FOR YOUR TUITION WHILE TAKING OUR COURSE. There is no business offering as great a field in which to work as that of insurance. Write to-day for our booklet, mailed free, giving full particulars.

New York Correspondence School of Insurance,  
104-6 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## STUDY High Grade Instruction by LAW Correspondence Fourteenth Year.

Prepares for the bar of any State. Improved method of instruction, combining the Text-Book, Lecture and Case Book methods. Approved by the bench and bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Uniform rate of tuition. Write today for Catalogue.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law,  
Reaper Block, Chicago.



## WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING?

Show-card Writing or Lettering. Only field not overworked. Separate courses. Ours is the only practical, thorough and personal instruction. We teach by mail and guarantee success. Easy terms. Write for large interesting free catalogue.

The Detroit School of Lettering, Dept. A, Detroit, Mich.

"Oldest and Largest School of its kind."

## NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

### DENTAL SCHOOL

Offers unexcelled advantages for study of Dentistry and special training for practice. Largest clinic in the world. Staff of 44 teachers. Equipment and apparatus modern and complete. Three years' course leads to degree of D. D. S. Begins October 2, 1906.

Address Secretary, 82 N. W. University Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

## Mexican Palm Leaf Hat 50c

Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico from palm fiber. Double weave, durable and light weight with colored design in brim. Retail at \$1.00, sent postpaid for 50c to introduce our Mexican hats and drawwork. Same hat plain, 40c; both for 75c. Large, medium and small sizes. Fine for fishing, camping, seashore and gardening. Hat booklet free.

The Francis E. Lester Co., Dept. P.1, Mesilla Park, N. M.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**

CLEANSES AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR  
PROMOTES A LUXURANT GROWTH  
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color  
Prevents scalp Diseases and Hair Falling  
25c and 50c at Druggists

**MAKE MONEY**

Giving Moving Picture Shows.  
Free Catalog.  
EUGENE CLINE,  
Dearborn and Randolph Sts., CHICAGO

**DRAW for MONEY**

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS Earn \$25 to \$100 a week. Send for free booklet, "Commercial Illustrating," tells how we teach illustrating by mail. Women succeed as well as men. THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 69 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

**WRITE A SONG AND MAKE A FORTUNE.**

We compose music to your words. 35 years' experience. GROOM MUSIC CO.  
40 Steinway Hall, Chicago, Ill.

**\$1.00 AN HOUR** MALE OR FEMALE  
Introducing Dr. Hall's Electric Combs and Brushes.  
C. S. HOKNER CO., 1477 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

## THE CURIOUS CHEMIST

By Edmund Vance Cooke

Illustrated by Robert J. Wildhack



I know a man who seems a sort  
Of laboratory, or retort.  
He fills his still with fusel oil,  
*Et cet.*, and lets the compound boil,  
Until 't is volatile enough,  
And then it issues, puff by puff,  
From out a fissure in his face  
And seems to permeate all space.

And then he boldly fires a chunk,  
Or stick, of—well, it looks like punk.  
He slips this in the aforesaid vent,  
As if it were his full intent  
To self-explode—to light the gas  
And let destruction come to pass.  
To keep this fuse from going out,  
He sucks in smoke and spats it out!

He gravely guards this sacred light  
From early morn till late at night.  
True to his trust, no time nor place  
Is foreign to his fuming face,  
Yet alway, just before the fire  
Burns to its limit, his desire  
To self-explode is tinged with doubt  
And straight he casts the fuse out!

A very curious man; 't is true;  
Of course he's not at all like you?

## The Test of a Wedding Ceremony

A CERTAIN young pastor was planning with a young couple the steps in a marriage ceremony, when the bride suddenly remarked, "Don't you make me promise to obey him."

"You ought to have some head to your family," replied the minister.

Then, turning to the groom, he asked, "Will you promise to obey her?"

"Not much, I won't!"

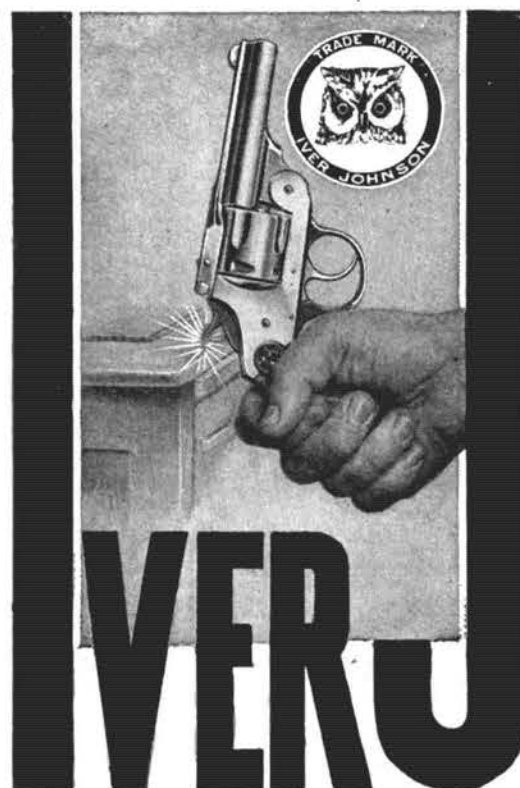
"What then? Do you expect me to tie you two together and leave you to fight it out afterwards?"

"Is n't that the way they generally do?"

After a moment's thought the clergyman answered, "I will tell you what I will do: I will use the same ceremony that was used at my wedding. Neither party promises to obey the other in that; and it has worked well in our case."

"I don't know," said the young man, doubtfully, gazing at the top of the minister's head, already becoming bald. "If it is going to work on my head as it has on yours, I don't believe that I want to try it."

Vigorous thought must come from a fresh brain.



## "Hammer the Hammer"

WITHOUT FEAR OF DISCHARGE, IF THE

Owl's Head trade-mark is on the stock, because the revolver hammer never touches the firing pin. This safety principle, found only in the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver, is due to the fact that the lever which transmits the blow from the hammer to the firing pin is never in position to do so except when the trigger is pulled all the way back.

## SEND FOR BOOKLET "SHOTS"

It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

## Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge - - \$5.00

## Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge - - \$6.00

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply

## IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS

14 1/2 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 89 Chambers St. Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Beckett Co., 250 Alameda Ave., Alameda, Cal. European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany.



## Caruso and the Victor

Caruso, the greatest tenor of modern times, makes records only for the Victor.

Caruso's twenty solos on the Victor are the most wonderful achievement in the history of sound-recording. All the lyric sweetness and dramatic power of this soul-stirring voice are for you—to-day and always—at your home.

The splendid duets by Sembrich, Eames, Caruso, Scotti, de Gogorza, and other grand opera artists have created a sensation in musical circles.

Caruso records are sold by all Victor dealers. For the Caruso book, also full Record Catalogue, write to us on the attached coupon.



VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO CAMDEN N J

Fill out, cut off and mail today  
Victor Talking Machine Company Camden N.J.  
Please send me this Record Catalogue and full  
information concerning the Victor, including  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



is invaluable to the fastidious cook. It adds zest to her Gravies and spice to her Salads, and improves the flavor of Fish, Game and Soups. Its rare rich flavor makes Lea & Perrins' Sauce the most useful of all seasonings.

**Beware of Imitations**

John Duncanson's Sons,  
Agts., N. Y.

## Heavy Demand for Photo-Engravers

At from \$20. to \$50. Per Week

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

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



THE BISSELL COLLEGES (three buildings already completed)

"We further find that the students attending this school are taught each and every department of Photo-Engraving in a thorough and practical manner, whereas, in an engraving plant, where the usual manner of apprenticeship prevails, the apprentices are restricted to a single branch of work."

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

"We further agree to accept a certificate of graduation as sufficient recommendation for a position in our workrooms."

Also endorsed by the Illinois Photographers' Association.

We teach you to make engravings like the illustrations in this magazine and like the cuts you see in newspapers, and that are used in catalogs and other commercial work. We have at present urgent calls for workmen and could place between 200 and 300 photo-engravers if we had that number who were qualified. Demand constantly increasing. Pay ranges from \$20.00 to \$50.00 per week.

This is the only college of Photo-Engraving in America. Terms easy and living inexpensive.

FREE—Handsomely illustrated and descriptive fifty-two-page book, containing full information. Write to-day.

**BISSELL COLLEGE OF PHOTO-ENGRAVING, 851 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois**



## IN THE MORNING

ON ARISING TAKE 1/2 GLASS OF

# Hunyadi Janos

THE BEST NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER

A bottle of HUNYADI JANOS should be in every bathroom, ready for use when needed. It is the most perfect Natural Laxative known—biliousness, torpid liver, sick headache and similar disorders are strangers to those who use it.

## Do You Lack Funds To go to College?

If your answer to this question is "yes," we can help you. Our plan has already enabled hundreds who are willing to do a little work for us to realize their ambition for an education. Your failure to secure a college training will compel you to go through life burdened with a powerful handicap, so do not let this opportunity pass by. Write us to-day for full information regarding our offer of a free scholarship in any school or college.

**SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION**  
University Building, Washington Square, NEW YORK

## Miss Murdock,—“Special”

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

[Concluded from page 465]

crawled under the floor timbers of the mill to save Baker's girl, pinned down and drowning, the night of the freshet.

Crushing the sheet in his hand Joe walked straight into the editor's office, a swing in his movement and a look in his eye that roused everybody in the room.

"You've fired Katie Murdock, she says," he hissed between his teeth. "What fur?" He was standing over him now, his eyes blazing, his fists tightly closed.

"What business have you to ask?" growled the editor.

"Every business!" There was something in the boy's face that made the man move his hand toward a paper weight.

"You fired her because she would n't do your dirty work. Look at this!"—he had straightened out the crumpled sheet now: "Look at it! That's your work!—ain't a dog would a-done it, let alone a man. Do you know what's happened? That girl's mother went crazy when she saw that picture! You sent that catamount, Miss Parker, to do it, and she done it fine, and filled it full o' lies and dirt! Ye did n't care who ye hurt, you—"

The man sprang to his feet.

"Here!—put yourself outside that door! Get out or I'll—"

"Git out, will I!—Me!—I'll git out when ye eat yer words,—and ye'll eat 'em now—now! Down they go—"

Joe had him by the throat now, his fingers tight under his chin, his head flattened against the wooden partition. In his powerful grasp the man was as helpless as a child.

"Eat it,—swallow it!—more—more—all of it!"

He was cramming the wad between the editor's lips, one hand forcing open his teeth, the other holding his head firm against the wall.

Then flinging the half strangled man from him he turned, and facing the crowd of reporters and employees—Miss Parker among them,—shouted:—

"And ye're no better,—none o' ye. Ye all hunt dirt,—live on dirt and eat dirt. Ye're like a lot o' buzzards stuck up on a fence rail waitin' fur an old horse to die. Ain't one o' you reporters would n't been glad to do what that catamount over there done last night, and ain't one o' ye would n't take pay fur it. Katie Murdock's fired? Yes,—two of us is fired,—me and her. We'll go back whar we come from. We may n't be so almighty smart as some o' you city folks be, but we're a blamed sight decenter. Up in my country dead girls is sumpin' to be sorry fur, not sumpin' to make money out'er, and settin' a poor mother crazy is worse'n murder. Git out o' my way thar, or I'll hurt some o' ye! Come, Katie!" And taking the astonished girl by the arm he left the room with her.

### Taking It Literally

WHEN George Ade was in London recently, the newspapers devoted considerable space to comments upon the appearances, habits, methods of work, and general accomplishments of the apostle of modern slang. One of them, in the course of its comments, called attention to the fact that, like so many representative humorists, Mr. Ade was inclined to frequent little errors that showed his lack of familiarity with the subjects he was attempting to treat. Mr. Ade, in some of his slang classics, had referred to certain typically Italian eating houses in New York as "spaghetti joints." The English paper referred to this phrase with sadness, as showing how superficially the humorist had gone into the subject, "for he should have known that spaghetti is a plastic farinaceous edible, and consequently can have no joints."

By proper training, the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life, and the good emotions rendered permanently dominant.

# DOG DAYS

By EMERY POTTLE

[Concluded from page 474]

"Now, you've disclosed this to me, Anne, I shall not mind so much telling you that yesterday when I was walking in front of the house with Amelia, she flew at the red right leg of the youngest Snooks child and bit it horrid."

"Was it on the child?" gasped Anne, about to swoon.

"The leg? Rather."

"Mercy! What did you do?"

"I kidnaped her, at the risk of being arrested, and bore her, yelling violently, to a doctor. On the way I had to tell two people the child was mine. The doctor cauterized it nicely. And I gave her a box of candy and a dollar not to tell her mother whose dog bit her."

Amelia changed from a red to a green velvet cushion, snappishly.

"It's terrible," sighed Anne. "We'll be arrested. I never liked that Snooks child."

"I don't care for the Peterses, myself," said I. "I'm certain their lunch will disagree with Percy."

"I don't suppose Amelia really got enough of the little Snooks girl to acquire a taste for her, did she?" later asked Anne, nervously.

I shook my head dubiously. "She's very fat," said I, soberly. "I wonder what the Peterses were hoping to eat."

At two the following morning Anne roused me. "Something awful is going on in the study, I think," she whispered. "Would you mind stopping it?"

"I should n't mind at all, if it's what I think it is," I answered grimly, after a moment of listening. Something told me that the row was more likely due to an internal complication than to an external malefactor. I huddled on a few garments crossly. Amelia seized the opportunity and retired under the bed with one of my slippers. I threw the other at her. She seemed to like them both.

"If you think it's nothing dangerous," murmured Anne, "I think I'll drop off to sleep again."

"You can do just as you like," I replied, coldly,—my teeth were chattering,—"of course I don't mind being a night watchman."

"Uh-m-m-ah-un, dear," said Anne.

When I had switched on the lights, I beheld a dismal scene, with Percy in the center of the stage, having violent hysterics. At times *rigor mortis* seemed about setting in; again an alarming activity took possession of him. I approached him diffidently.

"Is it your conscience troubling you, Percy," I asked gently, "that you murder sleep?"

"No," shrieked Percy.

"Is it then the Peters's lunch?" I pursued more sternly.

"Yes," groaned Percy, feebly.

"Serves you jolly well right," said I, heartily.

Percy had a fainting fit. Presently he recovered and dashed boisterously around the room, breaking things. I sat upon the top of Anne's writing desk. Again he fainted. I took this moment to get out into the hall and slip an overcoat over my bathrobe and to thrust my bare feet into a pair of goloshes. As soon as Percy began to regain his fictitious strength, I led him, protesting unhealthily, down five flights into the dark and lonely streets. Percy and I wandered about happily,—no one was there to say unkind things to us, except a stray policeman or two, who, after regretfully relinquishing the desire to hale me to the stationhouse, tried to get me to kill Percy right there. No one else disturbed us;—there we were, alone and friendless, Percy with a fit, I with no clothes on. Pneumonia sang with the morning stars and rheumatism guided our feet. I thought murderously of Maude and Willie in the South, of Anne in her slothful bed. The dog-watches of the night limped on, the dog-star glared malevolently. About five I spoke with some compassion to Percy. "Percy," said I, "is the Peter's luncheon over?"

He nodded drearily.

"Then," said I, "let us return to the flat. And remember that you can not eat the Peters's cake and have it."

I shook Anne rudely by the shoulders when I had got collapsed Percy to bed in the kitchen.

"Woman," I addressed her, resentfully, "you ought to be ashamed to sleep on like this. I have been up the whole night with Percy at a luncheon."

"Umh," she articulated, incoherently. "Poor Percy,—umh."

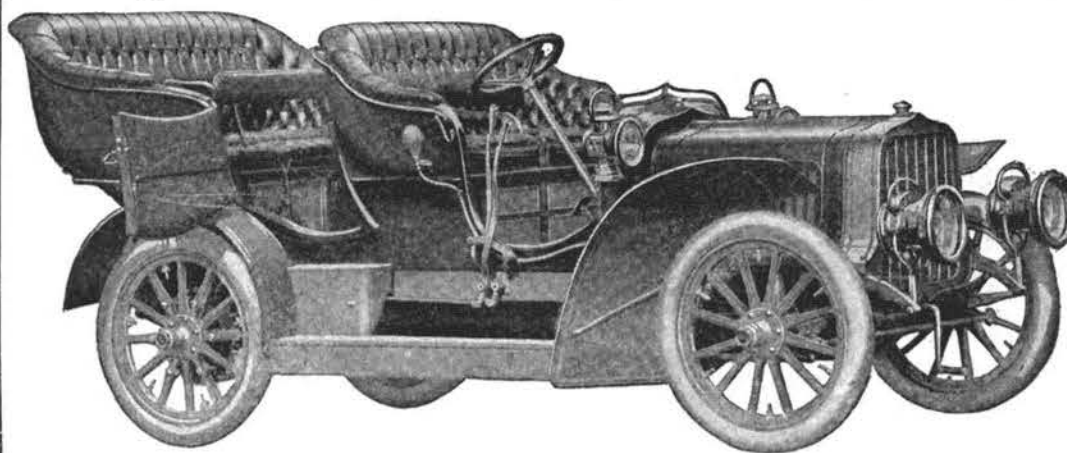
After a moment's hesitation, I decided not to slay her until she was awake to her wretched state, and had looked once more upon the rising sun, the study, and Percy. Meanwhile Amelia slept soundly in my bed.

A day or two later I inadvertently heard fragments of talk between the janitor and the ashman that led me to believe the red-legged little Snooks girl had played me false in the matter of the bribe.

"I seen the dorg bite 'er," said the ashman, "on 'er little dam leg."

"She told her ma," the janitor gossiped, enjoyably,

## Don't Take "The Other Fellow's" Dust Buy a Chrome Nickel Steel



### Type XII, 35-40 H. P. Pope-Toledo, \$3,500

and your "right of way" on any road, anywhere, will be absolute, supreme and acknowledged. It matters not what make "the other fellow" drives, nor what price he paid, you can pass him if you want to. Isn't it a great satisfaction to know that your car has this quality—even though you do not want extreme speed? It is positive assurance of **Power**, Power at the **Wheels**, Power for Emergencies, Power for Hills, for Sand and Heavy Roads; Reserve Power, so that your engine is exerting itself scarcely more than idling when bowling along at a 30 mile clip. The Type XII Pope-Toledo can be driven on the **High Gear** 6 or 60 miles an hour.

### WILL THEY "STAND UP?"

We can answer positively and emphatically, they will. This is a **demonstrated fact**. Type XII's are running in nearly every State in the Union, and are giving absolutely no trouble whatever—not a few of them, but literally hundreds of them. The transmission and shafts are made of **Chrome Nickel Steel**, showing a test of 225,000 pounds to the square inch. A new locking device makes it impossible to shift the gears until clutch is disengaged. Axles are of the "I-Beam" Type, stationary, from steel testing 110,000 pounds to the square inch. Gravity feed. Powerful brakes; both foot and hand brakes working on rear hub bands.

### CHAIN DRIVE, OF COURSE.



**POPE MOTOR CAR COMPANY,**  
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



Be Sure the Name "POPE" is on Your Automobile.



### The Great Lakes of America NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

#### SS. NORTH WEST

Leaves Buffalo Saturdays and  
Duluth Tuesdays.

#### SS. NORTH LAND

Leaves Buffalo Wednesdays and  
Chicago Saturdays.

#### AMERICAN OR EUROPEAN PLAN

To all lake resorts, including Mackinac Island,  
Saulte Ste. Marie, Marquette, Houghton,  
Duluth, Harbor Springs, Milwaukee and Chicago

#### Tickets Optional (Rail or Steamship)

SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES

Write for particulars.

W. M. LOWRIE, G. P. A., 379 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY







### Who makes your clothes?

Does he charge you two dollars for every dollar of value you get?

What are his facilities as compared with tailors like ourselves?

If he has only a few pieces of woolsens, a pair of shears, a sewing machine and a pressing iron, you are not getting much for your money.

This is a large organization, operating the largest tailor shops in the world; all waste is eliminated, all cloth and trimmings are bought direct from the mill; which means that the profits of the middlemen are cut out—the twentieth century method of running all successful enterprises.

For \$25 to \$35, which is about the price of ready-made clothing, we will make you a suit of as good fabric and as well tailored as the suits sold by the little local tailor for 100% more.

Ask your dealer to show you our woolsens and wear clothes that are made expressly for you.

*F. J. Price & Co.*

Merchant Tailors Dept. C. Chicago

### Do you own a Camera?

Our FREE BOOK tells how we can quickly teach you at home, to make artistic pictures, saving all waste of film, plates and material.

In our photographic home training there is little study. Pictures are produced as a result of the first lessons, while the instruction and personal criticisms become so vitally interesting that you actually learn while you play.

If you have no camera, we can supply the best and save you the dealers profit. Our Photo Supply Catalogue—250 pages—mailed on receipt of 10c postage.

American School of Art and Photography,  
J. B. BOULDER, President,  
237 Washington Avenue, Scranton, Pa.



### BECOME AN Expert Stenographer for \$3

Learn at Home. Quickly, Sensibly

#### SIMPLEX SHORTHAND SYSTEM

In eleven easy lessons, opens opportunity's door for you. Lessons are so graded that they are quickly mastered by anyone. You can study at home. Busy men or young men and women who cannot afford a business college course should investigate. Full course mailed on receipt of \$3. No text books needed. Write for FREE pamphlet. Address the Secretary, Post-Graduate College of Shorthand, 408 Girard Trust Bldg., Phila., Pa.



### GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

More than 80,000 appointments made last year. Chances better than ever. Thousands we prepared have been appointed. Established 1896. Work confidential. No political influence needed. Common school education sufficient. Full particulars free concerning positions, salaries, examinations (held soon in every state), sample questions, etc.

National Correspondence Institute,  
18-40 2d Nat'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C.



### CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW

Law Department of Grant University. Two year course leading to degree of LL.B. and admission to the State and U. S. Courts. Fine law building and strong faculty of 15 members. Terms reasonable. Students may be self-supporting. Salubrious climate. Next term begins Sept. 19, 1906. For illustrated catalogue address MAJOR C. R. EVANS, (Dept. L.), Chattanooga, Tenn.



TAUGHT BY MAIL. Lessons prepared under the direction of Howard N. Ogden, Ph.D., LL.D., President of Illinois College of Law (largest law school in Chicago). University methods. Credit given by resident school for work done by mail. Books required for the first year loaned free.

SPECIAL COURSES GIVEN BY CORRESPONDENCE IN Academic Preparatory work, English, Latin and German.  
**UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LAW SCHOOL,**  
303 E. Erie Street, Chicago

"and her ma she laid for the lady what owns the pup. Anyhow, they had it, yesterday. Right here in the hail. Sure, they had it. The little gal's ma she talked something fierce. Called names. The other woman was scared. Sure."

"Little dam dog," said the ashman.

"I guess she took money off her all right," pursued the janitor. "Sure, she was fierce."

"On 'er little dam red leg," murmured the ashman, reminiscently.

I stole away somewhat comforted about the night. Percy and I saw the dawn come up like thunder. But I did not speak of the occurrence to Anne,—not I. And I understood then why she had ceased to talk of having new furs.

That month with Percy and Amelia was a strange, garbled succession of hours. We had a new maid every day or two,—they refused to stay longer on account of the animals. We could not frequent the theater, or parties, or shops, or friends' houses, or even church. Wherever we went the dogs had to go, and this limited us practically to the public streets and parks. The few dog lovers we knew, who would welcome the pets, we did not care for personally; it seemed more than we could bear to have to choose our friends to amuse Percy and Amelia. After a while I grew to hate the sight of a park,—so many leg-aching hours did I spend in them. Even walking—which I never liked,—became perfectly disgusting to me. I could never stop to look in windows or at fire engines; and Percy was always breaking away from me and coursing imaginary rabbits under wagons, in crowded thoroughfares. After all he was Willie's dog, and I had to take some pains to keep him intact. It was curious, too, how dogs, and trolley cars, and motors, hated Percy,—they were all against him. Four times I had him in the dog hospital from injuries one or the other gave him,—and he was, I must confess, not of a fighting disposition in the least. He was a coward,—a gluttonous coward. At first it was rather pleasant to have folks chant as we passed, "Oh,—what—a—lovely—dog," but as I got really to know Percy even that salve failed to heal.

With Amelia it was not so objectively hazardous in the open. She had to be carried most of the distance and that kept her from doing much save biting any one who came near her. I suppose, take it all in all, Amelia has by this time bitten more people than the queen of the Cannibal Isles. She bit unemotionally and systematically,—and by so doing she accomplished a great deal more than by going to the trouble of getting into a rage. She bit Anne seven times in one day, so Anne told me afterwards. Both dogs, I'm bound to say now, were the most ungrateful beggars I have ever met. But, at the time, neither Anne nor myself spoke of them in anything but the most sickening terms of affection. We'd have died rather than confess our real nature,—to each other.

It lacked less than a week to the return of Willie and Maude and their resumption of Percy. In a way I was sorry for Willie, but when I reflected how eager he had been to foist the hound upon me, I hardened my heart toward him. It had been an experience for me. I had lost money, lost weight, lost sleep, self-respect, friends, servants, domestic peace, and conjugal confidence. But it was almost over. The only point of vital interest left was what would Anne do with Amelia? I tried to put from me the loathsome thought that she might carry on her scheme of revenge and cling to the little brute. In that case we should probably end by growing inconsequently attached to her and be known ever after by the dog we kept.

The wife of the great uncle of Anne was practically responsible for the culmination of our difficulties over Percy. She insisted upon dying and being buried. This made it necessary for some one to go to her funeral. Anne having flatly refused to honor the gloomy occasion alone, I was forced to accompany her. We left the cook in charge of Percy, giving her a modest *pourboire* to stimulate her watchfulness. She had never revealed to us the depth of her hatred for the dog; and so we weakly trusted her. Even in the passing of Anne's great uncle's wife Anne was beset with forebodings about the cook and Percy, which, during the obsequies, she whispered to me. Amelia she had locked in her bedroom; we had no especial fears for her.

"Let us get home fast," said Anne, when we got away from the queer relatives one sees only at funerals. "I'm uneasy about Percy."

I sighed. "I wanted to stop at the Applebys," I protested, meekly.

"Remember the Peters's luncheon," Anne warned, Cassandra-like.

"Hurry! Let's get that car!" I cried, nervously.

Busied amiably in front of the apartment was the ashman. He accosted us affably. "Yer big dorg's went," he remarked, peering at us through a gray mist.

"What's that?" said I.

"The big one,—the one that's built like a stepladder. He's went."

"How do you know he's went?" I asked, excitedly.

"See 'im."

"Where did he go?"

"He did n't say."

"Why did n't you stop him?"

"I'm a ashman; I ain't no dorg ketcher."

Anne here entered the catechism class. "He was a very valuable dog;—you should have stopped him."

## POSTAL \$25 TYPEWRITER

Honest in price, service, material and workmanship—the only real typewriter at low price. It combines universal keyboard, strong manifold, mimeograph stencil cutting, visible writing, interchangeable type and prints from ribbon. Imperfect alignment impossible.

Will stand hardest wear and is practically accident proof.

Write for our booklet and instalment plan.

Agents Wanted

POSTAL TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 5

Office and Factory: Norwalk, Conn.

New York City Salesroom: 1364 Broadway

## GET INTO BUSINESS

Take advantage of the reigning fashion among the best people in the large cities of having the family name on an Engraved Silver Name Plate on the front door, and secure exclusive control of a town or a county for the sale of Engraved Silver Name and Number Door Plates.

Start in business for yourself. Many representatives to whom we have given exclusive territory have numbers of sub-agents working for them. We want intelligent, high-grade representatives. Our exclusive territory arrangement guarantees a big income. Each plate is engraved to order and they cannot be bought in stores, so you have a monopoly in your territory.

You can readily see how easy it is to sell these beautiful Door Plates when you consider that never before has it been possible to make them for less than \$5.00 each, and that through our unlimited resources we can make them to your order so that you can sell them for \$1.50 each, clearing 75 cents on each sale.

Write to-day for full size reproductions of New Method Engraved Silver Name and Number Door Plates. They are of perfect design and the engraving is deeper and better than has ever been done before. They wear forever. Nothing so popular has ever been offered the public. Territory is being rapidly awarded. Write for your choice of territory and complete selling instructions TO-DAY. Active and intelligent agents are making from \$1.00 an hour up during the time they work, and where our representatives are employing sub-agents in addition, their income is both large and steady. All information will be mailed you on receipt of your postal card request.

NEW METHOD CO., 5713 Prairie Ave., CHICAGO

WHY GO TO "COLLEGE" TO LEARN BOOK-KEEPING WHEN I WILL MAKE A FIRST-CLASS BOOK-KEEPER OF YOU OWN at Home

In SIX WEEKS FOR \$33 or REFUND MONEY! Fair enough? Distance and experience immaterial. I find POSITIONS, too, EVERYWHERE, FREE. Placed pupil Feb. 16 at \$100 Weekly. Perhaps I can place you, too! Have 8,487 TESTIMONIALS. *SAVE THIS AND WRITE.*

J. H. GOODWIN, EXPERT ACCOUNTANT,  
Room 366, 1215 Broadway, New York.

## Government Positions

39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations and receive appointments to life positions at \$840 to \$1300 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing dates, places for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, Washington, D. C.

## AGENTS WANTED Everywhere

Big Catalog and Sample Outfit Free

Agents given 30 days' credit; pay the wholesale price for what is delivered, and keep the profit. No money needed; everything furnished except the sweat; you manage the business; we will show you how to succeed. Many of our 900 agents cleared over \$1800 last year. We sell portraits for 35 to 75c; frames 15 to 50c, and a full line of sheet pictures, stereoscopes and art supplies. Big Catalog and Free Sample Outfit now ready.

CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT AND FRAME CO.  
290-328 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

## BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

Offers a theoretical and practical course in ELECTRICITY, complete in one year. Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors, etc., and are trained for good positions in electrical industries. Graduates hold good positions. *Fourteenth year opens September 26.* Send for free Catalog to W. N. WESTON, Secretary, Station G, Washington, D. C.

MAKE MONEY WRITING

SHORT STORIES—1c to 5c a Word

We sell and syndicate stories and book manuscripts, on commission; we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story-writing and Journalism taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "Writing for Profit," tells how. National Press Association, The Indianapolis, Ind.

Protect Your Idea!

PATENTS GUARANTEED

Handsomely Guide Book Free. I save time and money. Patent Expert E. E. VROOMAN, Box 87, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## AUTHORS, ATTENTION!

Fortunes are made annually. We write music to your words. Arrange, secure publication, copyright, etc.

VINCENNES MUSIC CO., Dept. A, 5647 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## SONGS PUBLISHED ON ROYALTY

By New York's Big Music Firm. No charge for writing music. Dept. Z, 50 W. 28th Street, NEW YORK.

## \$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1217, Detroit, Mich.

# Will

Will you give as much as an hour of your spare time each day for a comparatively short time? Will you spend a moment **NOW** in marking, on the coupon below, the occupation you prefer, thus giving that world-famous institution—the **INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**, an opportunity to explain how you can qualify to earn a good salary in the position you select.

Please note that this offer is addressed to **YOU**—whoever you are, wherever you live, whatever you do for a living—provided only that you are dissatisfied with your present wages and want to earn more. Will you do this much toward your own prosperity? If so, mark and mail the coupon **NOW**.

**Special Offer**—For a short time everyone asking for information will be entitled to a special discount if they decide to enroll. Act now and profit by this special self-help offer.

<b>International Correspondence Schools</b> Box 1172, SCRANTON, PA.	
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X	
Bookkeeper Stenographer Advertisement Writer Show Card Writer Window Trimmer Commercial Law Clerk Clerk & Bookkeeper Illustrator Civil Service Chemist Textile Mill Supt. Electrician Elec. Engineer	Mechanical Draftsman Telephone Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. Mech. Engineer Surveyor Stationary Engineer Civil Engineer Building Contractor Architect-Draftsman Architect Bridge Engineer Structural Engineer Mining Engineer
Name _____	
Street and No. _____	
City _____ State _____	

# ion?

## STOP YOUR RAZOR here and Shave

It is always sharp without stropping. The average of more than 20 satisfying shaves.

In fact, you forget you ever owned a strop. Between the cap and guard, insuring absolute safety to cut yourself. The **Gillette** is the only blade can be adjusted for close or light shave. Razor for self shavers, and *you* should shave.

ed blades with  
for nearly a  
that is always

less aseptic. No  
es resharpened.  
en dull, throw  
way as you would  
a used pen. A  
new blade inserted  
in a second.



EXACT SIZE OF A GILLETTE BLADE.

10 Double-edged blades, 50 cts.







**Making a Dress**

like all other work, requires the best tools. Dress-makers who know use only

Send for Scissor Book.

**KEEN KUTTER**

**Shears and Scissors**

the kind that never balk or "haggle." Every cut is true and clean—no uncertainty. THAT'S the kind of shears to have, and there's only one way to get them—look for the name Keen Kutter, for 37 years the guarantee of perfection.

Keen Kutter also appears on the very best pocket knives for men and women, the complete Keen Kutter line being sold under this mark and motto:

**KEEN KUTTER**

*"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."*

Trade Mark Registered.

If your dealer does not keep Keen Kutter goods, write us.

Scissor Book Sent Free.

**SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY,**  
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



**Across Lake Erie**

**BETWEEN**

**TWILIGHT AND DAWN**

The D. & B. Line Steamers leave Detroit weekdays at 5:00 p. m., Sundays at 4:00 p. m. (central time) and from Buffalo daily at 5:30 p. m. (eastern time) reaching their destination the next morning. Direct connections with early morning trains. Superior service and lowest rates between eastern and western states.

**Rail Tickets Available on Steamers**

All classes of tickets sold reading via Michigan Central, Wabash and Grand Trunk railways between Detroit and Buffalo in either direction will be accepted for transportation on D. & B. Line Steamers.

Send two cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet. Address, A. A. Schantz, G. S. & P. T. M., Detroit, Mich.

**DETROIT & BUFFALO STEAMBOAT CO.**

would n't go in with us, but he said he did n't dare. We went in the Family Entrance and Lily walked right up to the bar. I almost died of shame. "What'll you have, ladies?" asked the man. And Lily gave him a lovely smile and said, "Nothing, thank you." And I got out the note—really, dear, he was a nice fellow,—and he read it, and said, "Is that dawg yours? Him wit the shape?" And I told him all about Percy, and it turned out his mother had him,—I forget how she got him originally. And she lived way up in 137th Street. Well, he gave us another note to her and asked us to come again,—fancy!

"And, my dear, just as we came out we saw the policeman going in the front door! Lily says they do when no one is looking. So we went ten thousand miles up to the man's mother's and found Percy. He was eating. The lady—a funny, pink-cheeked old Irish woman, who simply loved us when she got her daughter to read her son's note to her,—said he'd eaten everything in the house, bless her heart, and he was a terrible beast for the swill bucket, and the saints themselves knew it.

"I gave her five dollars which I borrowed of Lily. So you'll have to pay her."

"Is that all?" said I.

Annie laughed. "It's all he's worth really."

"Big dogs are," I confided, fragmentarily.

"And so are little dogs. Really, all the time I did n't want Percy."

"I knew that," said I, affectionately, "so I gave you Amelia to pay you back."

"It does n't matter now,—now they're going," she replied with rancor.

We looked at them,—Percy and Amelia,—sleeping peacefully, for the first time in a month. They looked comfortable and warm and content, and as if we really liked them.

I hesitated. "Anne," said I, half ashamed, "do you know, when they're really gone, I believe I'll—"

Anne turned to me with twinkling eyes. "I never expected to hear you say it, but now you have, I know I shall. Amelia is so—"

"So is Percy."

"We shall miss them."

## Holes

By Franklin P. Adams

IF I'm to be a zero in this worky, weary world,—

And it seems a little likely I'm to be,—

I've devoted time and thought

To the character of nought

That possesses most attractiveness for me.

I've been figuring to know

The special kind of "O"

That has the most attractiveness for me.

I've often thought I'd like to be the insularic space

In the middle of a doughnut brown and small;

And without me doughnuts would

Not be nearly half so good,—

On second thought, they would n't be at all.

Just think: to be an "O"

Compassed all about by dough,

Which, if 't were gone, you would n't be at all!

At times I've planned to live within a Switzerlandic cheese,—

Or an eyelet on the shoe of sweet Irene;

In the holes of openwork

Some attraction seems to lurk,

And I'd like to be a fraction of a screen.

Still, it can not be much fun

To be one, and only one,

Of a thousand other fractions of a screen.

If a fairy, though, should come to me and grant to me the wish

Of my dreaming to be any kind of hole,

Not a second would I waste

But, with fine æsthetic taste,

Be a half-note in a pianola roll.

It would glad the heart of me

If I thought that I could be

A half-note in a pianola roll.

I don't want to seem didactic,—I'm not anxious to be stale,

But I've tried to point a moral in this very silly tale.

Which is this: It can not matter much—or so it seems to me,—

What kind of hole a cipher really wants itself to be.

A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.

If we are contented to unfold the life within, according to the pattern given us, we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable.

**Kuyler's**

**Round and Square Decorated Boxes**

ONE AND TWO POUND SIZES

In Fancy Metallic Moire Papers, Japanese Pictures, and a large Variety of Flower Designs, including the Representative Flower of each Month

ALSO

Copyrighted drawings in colors by A. B. Wenzell, A. H. Keller, Harrison Fisher, F. M. Spiegle & C. Eltsack

NO ADVERTISEMENT ON COVERS.

NO PRESENT MORE SUITABLE FOR ANY OCCASION

ONE Lb. Size, ROUND or SQUARE Filled with our fine Mixed or Mixed Chocolates \$1.00

TWO Lb. Size, ROUND or SQUARE Filled with our fine Mixed or Mixed Chocolates \$2.00

ANY OF THE 80 DIFFERENT DESIGNS IN EITHER SIZE, ROUND OR SQUARE.

ON SALE AT

**Kuyler's** RETAIL STORES

and by Authorized Sales Agents everywhere.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.



**Pabst Extract**

The "Best" Tonic

When you are nervous, sleepless or fagged out, try a small glass of Pabst Extract, morning, noon and night. It will aid your digestion, steady your nerves, bring you refreshing sleep and build you up physically.

25 Cents at all druggists. Insist upon the original.

Pabst Extract Department, Milwaukee, Wis.

**MOVING PICTURE MACHINES**

**STEREOPTICONS**

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. Sent Free.

**CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 232 Chicago**

**Make Money Easy**

Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Send stamp for Catalogue

**AGENTS EARN \$75 to \$300 A MONTH. (We show you how.)**

Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents.

**NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 58 BAR STREET, CANTON, OHIO.**

**STAMMER**

FREE "ADVICE-TO-STAMMERS" WRITE FOR MY 200-PAGE BOOK IT WILL TELL YOU HOW TO BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED

**BEY. N. HOGUE, 202 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana**

**Be Your Own Boss!**

MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR.

You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and Free particulars. **E. S. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago**

# The Old Darnman

By CHARLES L. GOODELL

[Concluded from page 477]

and I never knew of a case where they disappointed him. A man who could have deceived his simple, trustful heart would be a contamination in any prison.

Patiently waiting, and in constant preparation for an hour that never came, he went on his rounds. His itinerary covered several towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and it usually occupied not far from six months in its completion. Grateful for every needle and thread, for every kindly smile and homely meal, he was not unwelcome in the homes that he honored with his presence. Our fathers and mothers knew him in his manhood. We knew him in his old age. His hair had the frosted look of those whose mental or nervous force is bankrupt. When we knew the Darnman's story, our hearts went out to him, and he seemed to have a strange hold upon us. I have often thought of him in the years that have passed, and he stands out ever before me as a type of man who wrestles hopefully against a hopeless fate.

It was in the full of the moon in the month of June that the Darnman came to our house for his last call. He seemed more hopeful than ever before, and a glad light shone in his eyes when he said, as he had said so many times before: "She will be here to-night." Aforetime when the hours wore on and she did not come, he would rise from his chair at nine o'clock and say: "I think she has been detained. She will surely come next month."

It was otherwise to-night. We noticed as he crossed the little bridge over the brook down the road, that he seemed more bent than usual, and that he walked with a swaying motion we had not seen before. He came slowly into the yard and then past the shed to the great elm where he loved to sit. It is the noblest tree in all the country round, and is known to have been of full size at least one hundred and fifty years ago. His spirit always seemed to be refreshed by a little rest here. Perhaps he thought how long the tree had been waiting, and took heart. It was late when we finished supper, for, after the long day on the farm was over, the cows were yet to be milked. When that was done, the Darnman came in with the milkers to the evening meal.

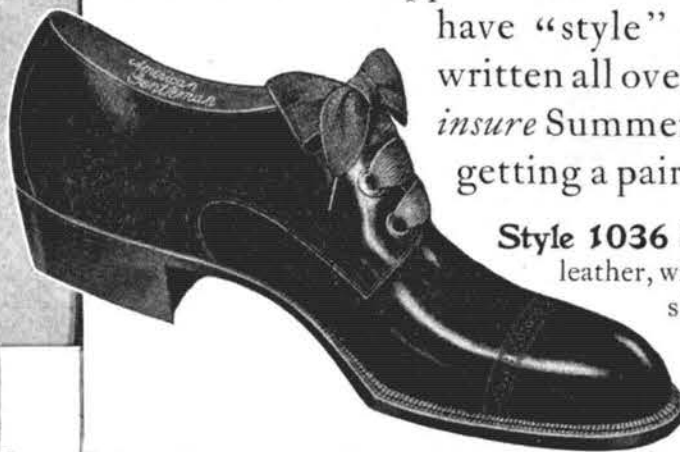
As we went out upon the porch, the full moon was gilding the ball above the vane on the tall church steeple crowning the hill above us. It was a glorious summer night. The moon had never seemed so large nor so luminous. The strange man rubbed his hands with delight. "She will surely come to-night!" and he asked for comb and brush. The threadbare coat was carefully brushed, and he seemed more like some ancient bridegroom than ever before, but none of us imagined that the wedding was so near.

While we were seated in the little porch, we heard the sound of many voices up the road, and caught, by the aid of the moon, a flutter of white through the apple trees bordering the way. The hill is a steep one, and only a careless driver would allow a spirited horse to have his way in going down, but some reckless youth had the reins, and the flutter of white was from the carriage. I thought I heard a cry from the figure in white, but in a moment I thought of nothing but the Darnman. He ran from us crying: "It is Josephine. She has come at last!" And then his voice thrilled out in agony, "They are driving too fast! Stop! Stop! Here, Josephine! This is the place. Don't you see me?"

He had gained the road and was almost at the horse's head. The horse shied violently and the wheel struck the old man, threw him to the ground, and the carriage passed over

# July comfort

THE "Corliss" last is one of the most comfort-giving shapes ever designed by a shoemaker. It gives a broad, easy tread, yet is extremely graceful and neat in appearance. Both of these shoes have "style" and "quality" written all over them; why not insure Summer satisfaction by getting a pair of your dealer?



**Style 1036** for dress is all patent leather, with welted single sole, slightly pitched heel and cap toe. Blucher Oxford, "Corliss" last. Price \$4.00.



**Style 1044** is of tan Russia calf, welted single sole, slightly pitched heel and cap toe. Blucher Oxford, "Corliss" last. Price \$4.00.

Your dealer can easily secure these styles if he cannot show them to-day.

## "Shoelight"

is the standard guide in shoe fashions. Send for a copy, free.

HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO.  
ST. LOUIS

Makers of the

# American Gentleman

SHOE Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

# THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK

1876

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

1906

FIDELITY  
LIABILITY  
ACCIDENT  
HEALTH  
STEAM BOILER  
ELEVATOR  
PLATE GLASS  
BURGLARY  
FLY WHEEL

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

INSURANCE THAT INSURES

CAPITAL, - \$1,000,000.00

SURPLUS, - \$1,908,082.84

## DIRECTORS:

DUMONT CLARKE,  
WM. P. DIXON,  
ALFRED W. HOYT,

A. B. HULL,  
GEO. E. IDE,  
W. G. LOW,  
J. G. McCULLOUGH,

WM. J. MATHESON,  
ALEXANDER E. ORR,  
HENRY E. PIERREPONT,  
ANTON A. RAVEN.

JOHN L. RIKER,  
W. EMLIN ROOSEVELT,  
GEO. F. SEWARD,

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

Agents in all considerable towns





**Chiclets**  
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

IF YOU PLAY GOLF OR TENNIS OR BASE-BALL OR IF YOU DRIVE AN AUTO OR A HORSE OR IF YOU BOAT—A CHICLET KEEPS THE MIND ON THE GAME—AND DRIVES THIRST AWAY.

At all the better kind of stores and at good Hotels, 5c. the ounce or in 5c., 10c. and 25c. Packets. A 10c. Packet by mail on receipt of price if your neighborhood store don't sell Chiclets.

FRANK H. FLEER & CO., Inc.  
Toronto, Canada Philadelphia, U. S. A.

## For Skin Diseases!

Leading Doctors recommend,  
and I wish you to try

# Hydrozone

This is not a patent medicine, but a scientific germicide of great power, yet as harmless as water.

For over fifteen years **HYDROZONE** has been prescribed and successfully used in the treatment of

## ECZEMA and KINDRED SKIN DISEASES

by the most eminent physicians. To induce you to give **HYDROZONE** a trial, I will send a

## FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

to anyone filling coupon and enclosing 10 cents to pay postage,—only one bottle to a family.

Beware of concoctions of Oil of Vitriol, Sulphurous acid and water bearing similar names.

Sold by leading druggists. None genuine without my signature.

*Charles Marchand*  
Chemist and Graduate of the "Ecole Centrale des Arts et Manufactures de Paris" (France)

57 Prince Street  
New York City

FREE! Valuable booklet on How to Treat Diseases

43 Send free trial bottle of Hydrozone, for which I enclose 10c. to pay forwarding charges. Coupon good only until Aug. 30, '06.

COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

Druggist .....

WRITE LEGIBLY

him. By strange good fortune the carriage was not overturned nor the occupants hurt when the horse was stopped in the valley. But the Darnman was near his end. As we raised him he smiled. "I knew she would come," he said, and then he talked with her in his delirium.

"Dear heart, how long it seems! I told you then nothing would separate us. I have been ready every day for the wedding. I never blamed you, dear, for I knew some day you would come back. How sweet you look! It is worth waiting a generation to get a smile like that. All in white! 'And his bride hath made herself ready, as a bride adorned for her husband!'" And then he seemed to be standing at the altar. "I, Frank, take thee, Josephine, to be my wedded wife."—"Until death—" came the words more faintly, and with a smile he said, "Leave that out. There will be no more parting of death, for Death is dead.—'Faithful until death'—'will give a crown'—love's crown—'where garments grow not old.' Your hand—so—'leaning on the beloved!'"—The sea kept you? The waves are cruel and you said they claimed you. But—'there is no more sea!'" And then a look of perfect joy, such as they wear whose cup is full, rested on the patient old face, and Death, passing that way, left what it dared not steal.

So the Darnman came to the end of his lonely pilgrimage, and found at last what many miss. When we had taken him into the house we laid him on the long lounge in the best room and drew a sheet decently over his face. As I went out into the glorious night a strange deep perfume filled the air, and I noticed that it came from a wild-rose bush near the wall, crushed by the carriage wheel. The next day the sexton brought a robe for the Darnman's funeral dress, but the neighbors said, "It is not meet." Deft fingers mended with care the old suit and tenderly arrayed him for his burial. When the funeral day was come, many men whom we had never before seen in our town were present at the service. Horses were hitched to the picket fence as closely as they could stand, and some were fastened to the trees in the orchard. We had not seen such a company at a funeral in many a day. Parson Atkins, with white neck cloth and whiter hair, seemed more impressive, a little taller, and more important than ever before, as he stood on the stairs to preach. His text I have remembered to this day: "And I have led you forty years in the wilderness: your clothes are not waxen old upon you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon thy foot." Perhaps it was the darkened room, and perhaps her eyes were dim both with age and tears, but I overheard kind Aunt Mary say to blind Lydia after they had passed by the casket; "It e'en a-most looked like a bran' new suit!"

### He Was Real Industrious



"Why, only las' week"

days tryin' to git his wife a job!"

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain, you weaken its powers, and you lose your authority to command its services.



Are you just hanging on to a small position?

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

We will teach you the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business by mail. This is your opportunity to succeed without capital.

By our system you can learn the business and make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. All graduates appointed representatives of leading international brokerage companies who will furnish choice salable real estate and investments, co-operate with and help you make a large steady income. Our co-operative methods insure larger and steadier profits than ever before.

Full course in Commercial Law given free to every real estate student. Every business man should have this course. Our Free Book is valuable and interesting and tells how you can succeed.

H. W. CROSS, Pres't The Cross Co.  
162 Reaper Block - CHICAGO

## THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

will be more attractive than ever this season. The New York Central Lines Four-Track Series No. 10, "The St. Lawrence River from the Thousand Islands to the Saguenay" contains the finest map ever made of this region. Copy will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, Manager, General Advertising Department, Room 151, Grand Central Station, New York.



REACH THE THOUSAND ISLANDS FROM EVERY DIRECTION

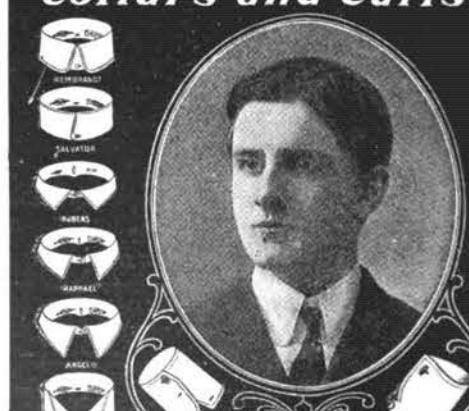
C. F. DALY  
Passenger Traffic Mgr.  
NEW YORK

W. J. LYNCH  
Passenger Traffic Mgr.  
CHICAGO

REVERSIBLE

# Linene

Collars and Cuffs



Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid"—not "paper" collars—but made of fine cloth, exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. Price at stores, 25 cents for box of ten (25 cents each).

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled discard. By mail, 10 collars or 5 pairs cuffs, 30 cents. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cents in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. M, Boston, Mass.

## The Second Generation

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[Concluded from page 481]

ness as had been the influence her father's personality, her father's character had got over her in his last illness. And now the very sight of her brother's face, freely expressing his feelings, since Ellen was not there to shame him, gave double force to the feelings her mother's denunciations had roused in her. "We've got to fight it, Del," Arthur said, flinging himself down on the grass at her feet. "I'll see Torrey to-morrow morning. You'd better come along."

Adelaide was silent.

He waited, then looked fiercely at her. "You're going to help me, are n't you?" he demanded.

"I must have time to think," she replied, bent on not provoking him to greater fury.

He raised himself to a sitting posture. "What has that Hargrave fellow been saying to you?" he cried. "You'll have to break off with him. His father—the old scoundrel!—got at father and took advantage of his illness and his religious superstition. I know just how it was done. We'll bring it all out."

Adelaide did not answer.

"What did Dory say to you?" repeated Arthur.

"He went as soon as I came out from mother," she replied. She thought it best not to tell him that Dory had stopped long enough to urge her to go to her brother, and to make and keep peace with him, no matter what he might say to anger her. "Don't you think," she continued, "that you ought to see Janet and talk with her?"

Artie sank back and stared gloomily at the ground.

"When is she coming?" asked his sister.

"I don't know," he answered, surlily. "Not at all, perhaps. The Whitneys won't especially care about having any of us in the family now." Arthur reddened as he thus hinted another of the thoughts that were gnawing at him. He looked furtively at Adelaide, as if he hoped she would protest that he was mistaken, and would make him see that he was mistaken, would show him that Janet would be unchanged.

"Mrs. Whitney won't," said Adelaide. "But Janet, —she's very different. She is high-minded, I think and I believe she loves you."

Arthur looked relieved, though Adelaide was too honest to be able to make her tone as emphatic as her words. Yes, Janet was indeed high-minded, he said to himself; did indeed love him. Her high-mindedness and the angel purity of her love had often made him uneasy, not to say uncomfortable. He hated to be at the trouble of pretenses; but Janet living on a far higher plane than he, had simply compelled it. To let her see his human weaknesses, to let her even suspect that he was not as high-minded as she told him he was, to strip from himself the saintly robes and the diadem with which she had adorned him,—well, he would put it off until after marriage, he had always told himself, and perhaps by that time he would feel a little less like a sinner profaning a sanctuary when he kissed her. He had from time to time found in himself a sinful longing that she were just a little less of an angel, just a little more of a fellow sinner,—not too much, of course, for a man wants a pure wife, a pure mother for his children. But, while the attitudes of worship and of saintliness were cramped, often severely so, still on the whole Arthur was content with Janet just as she was.

"Why don't you go to Chicago, and see her?" suggested Adelaide. "You ought to talk with her before any one else has a chance. I would n't put anything past her mother."

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Arthur, his face clearing before the prospect of action. "I'll take the night train. Yes, I must be the one to tell her."

Adelaide had a sense of enormous relief. Arthur would see Janet; Janet would pour balm upon his wounds, would lift him up to a higher, more generous view. Then, whatever he might do would be done in the right spirit, with respect for the memory of their father, with consideration for their mother.

"You had better not see mother again until you come back," suggested Adelaide.

His face shadowed and a look of shame came into it that was from the real Arthur Ranger, the son of Hiram and Ellen. "I wish I hadn't burst out as I did, Del," he said. "I forgot everything in my own wrongs. I want to try to make it all right with mother. I can't believe that I said what I remember I did say, before her who'd be glad to die for us."

"Everything'll be all right when you come back, Artie," said Adelaide.

As they passed the little outbuilding where the garden tools were kept, they both glanced in. There stood the tools their father had always used in pottering about the garden, above them his old slouch and old straw hats. Arthur's lip quivered; Adelaide caught her breath in a sob. "Oh, Artie," she cried, brokenly, "He's gone,—gone,—gone for ever." And Artie sat on the little bench just within the door and drew Del down beside him, and, each tightly in the other's arms, they cried like the children that they were, like the children that we all are in face of the great tragedy.

A handsome and touching figure was Arthur Ranger as he left his cab and slowly ascended the lawn

## OUR SANITARY AND DUSTLESS HOUSE CLEANING MACHINERY

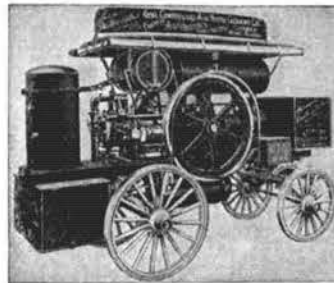
DEVELOPS COMPRESSED AIR IN LARGE VOLUME UNDER HEAVY PRESSURE, FOR HEAVY CLEANING, AND A VACUUM FOR SUCTION CLEANING AND CARRYING OFF THE DIRT. THERE IS NO DUST SENT FLYING ABOUT THE BUILDING. THE DIRT AND DISEASE GERMS ARE REMOVED—CARRIED AWAY BY OUR VACUUM SUCTION.

**STATIONARY PLANTS** for private residences, country homes and the like, for \$350 up. Electric power from the lighting current may be used. It is inexpensive, dustless, and the maid can operate it more easily and effectively than broom-sweeping. This plant is sold complete with motor, air compressor and all tools necessary for cleaning a house perfectly. The "dustless method" removes all the dust and disease germs from the house, renovates and disinfects the carpets, furniture, draperies, decorations, ceilings and walls. It does this without taking up carpets or removing the furniture. House cleaning does not disturb the household and the work is done in one-fourth the time it can be accomplished by any other method. Write for full description and estimate. *State size of house.*

**PRIVATE PLANTS** for Office Buildings, Hotels, Theatres and Department Stores. These plants use compressed air and vacuum combined or separately, and are sold complete, ready for installation, with all the tools necessary for cleaning walls, draperies, carpets, wood or marble floors. The tools are easy to operate and do not require skilled or experienced help. The plants are inexpensive to install and will save their entire cost the first year.

We also manufacture Gasoline Engines, Air Compressors and Compressed Air Water Lifts.

**STATIONARY PLANTS** for Professional Carpet Cleaners, \$480 and up. Any size and capacity.



**PORTABLE CLEANING OUTFIT**, mounted on light, extra strong wagons, for residential house cleaning business. A good business can be done with these machines in any town of 10,000 population or more. With a capital of \$2,000, a small plant can be installed which has an earning capacity of from \$50 to \$70 per day, at an expense of \$8 per day.

We are the inventors and pioneers in this business and operate under the first letters patent ever issued for a compressed air house cleaning machine. We sell exclusive city rights and protect the purchaser in the enjoyment of his rights. All infringers are vigorously prosecuted. Over eighty-five Companies are operating successfully with our machinery.

Our full descriptive catalogue and testimonials will be sent on request.

Estimates will be promptly furnished.

**GENERAL COMPRESSED AIR HOUSE CLEANING CO.**

4440 Olive Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.



## Pearline

—especially adapted to washing

Ducks  
Linens  
Piques  
Lawns  
Madras  
Batistes  
Percales  
Cheviots  
Ginghams  
Organdies  
and all other  
Wash Fabrics.



**SUMMER EXERCISE** requires frequent washing of many gowns—Don't wear them out by destructive rubbing with soap and wash-board.

## Pearline

does more than soap can do—**WITHOUT RUBBING.** That's why the most delicate wash fabrics last twice as long when

## Pearline Does the Washing



## HAIR

Guarantee Backed by The Bank.

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is simply a mechanical means of obtaining a free and normal circulation of blood in the scalp. The cap gives the scalp a healthy glow and produces a delightful tingling sensation, which denotes the presence of new life in the scalp, and cannot be obtained by any other means. Channels which have been practically dormant for years are opened and all follicle life is stimulated and revived to activity, and by supplying the hair roots with nutrition the weak, colorless hair is in time developed to its natural size and strength. We furnish the Cap on trial and under guarantee issued by the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis, and any bank or banker will testify as to the validity of this guarantee. We have

no agents, and no one is authorized to sell, offer for sale or receive money for the Evans Vacuum Cap—all orders come through the Jefferson Bank. Let us send you a book which explains the possibilities of the invention, and also evidence of the results it has achieved. This book is sent free on request and we prepay postage in full.

**EVANS VACUUM CAP COMPANY, 730 Fullerton Bldg., ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.**



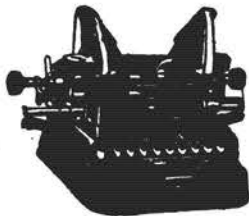


## FREE—A Full Course in Practical Salesmanship!

We offer a full course in the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship—tuition free and all expenses paid—to one man in each community who is ambitious to learn and to earn.

The Oliver Organization of Sales Experts is used as a great training school of Practical Salesmanship.

Its members are engaged in the actual work of selling goods, and have made a record unequalled for the brilliancy of its achievements. We give you the benefit of their combined knowledge.



We can only afford to expend our time and money in training men of sound character and capacity for hard work.

Training is in actual work. You learn Salesmanship WHILE YOU

SELL. You make money even out of your mistakes.

You are not given a few words of advice and then started out with the injunction to "sink or swim." One of our Sales Experts will, if need be, assist you in closing sales until you have learned the knack of securing signatures on the "dotted line." You will receive all the profit of such sales.

Never in the history of merchandising were the demands for trained salesmen so insistent.

Our Course in Practical Salesmanship will develop you into a high-salaried salesman, if you have the ambition and initiative.

As soon as you become a member of our Organization, your training in Practical Salesmanship begins. We make you a Local Agent for

**The OLIVER**  
Typewriter  
The Standard Visible Writer

giving you exclusive territory for the best, most popular and easiest selling typewriter on the market.

The Oliver Typewriter is compact and durable, swift and versatile, simple and sensible.

It is a powerful manifold, an accurate tabulator and is a visible, legible writer.

You step right into an established business that should easily add \$300 a year to your present income if you devote only part of your time to the work. But if you devote all your time to the work, you should make \$300 a month, or more, with the practical training we give you without cost.

There is still some open territory.

The sooner you apply for the Free Course in Practical Salesmanship, the better your chances are of getting an exclusive territory assignment.

Write for the details of our proposition at once. Become a business-getter and a money-maker!

**The Oliver Typewriter Co.**  
N. E. cor. Monroe & Wabash, Chicago, Ill.  
Principal Foreign Office—75 Queen Victoria St., London

## A Chance for You To Make Money

This wonderful little machine turns a pound of sugar into thirty five-cent bags of wholesome candy in eight minutes. Figure the profits for yourself. The candy sells as rapidly as you can hand it out. Made by

### The Empire Candy Floss Machine.

Just the thing for summer resorts, fairs, carnivals, parks, picnics and every place where there are crowds. You can have a pleasant summer and clear several hundred dollars. You can operate it anywhere and the money you take in is mostly clear gain. Two machines at a prominent Chicago resort cleared \$1,400 per month.

Send to-day for catalogue and full particulars.

**EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE COMPANY,**  
Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



MY BOOK  
FREE  
THE  
KEY TO  
SUCCESS



"How to Remember"  
Sent Free to Readers of this Publication.

## Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. My course is simple, inexpensive. Increases business capacity, social standing; gives an alert, ready memory for names, faces and business details. Develops will, conversation, speaking, etc. My Booklet, "How to Remember," sent free. **DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, 796 KIRKLAND HALL, CHICAGO**

and the steps of the Whitney palace in the Lake Drive at eleven the next morning. His mourning garments were most becoming to him, contrasting with the fairness of his hair, the blue of his eyes, and the dead white pallor of his skin. He looked big and strong and sad, and scrupulously fashionable, and very young.

The Whitneys were leading in Chicago in building broad and ever broader the barriers, not between rich and poor, but between the very, very rich and all the rest of the world. Mrs. Whitney had made a painstaking and reverent study of upper class life in England and on the Continent, and was endeavoring to use her education for the instruction of her associates and for the instilling of a proper awe into the multitude. To enter her door was to receive the impression that one was receiving a high privilege. One would have been as greatly shocked as was Mrs. Whitney herself, could one have overheard "Charley" saying to her, as he occasionally did, with a grin which he strove to make as "common" as he knew how, "Really, Tillie, if you don't let up a little on this putting on dog, I'll have to take to sneaking in by the back way. The butler's a sight more of a gent than I am, and the housekeeper can give you points on being a real, head-on-a-pole-over-the-shoulder lady." A low fellow at heart was Charley Whitney, like so many of his similarly placed compatriots, though he strove as hard as do they, almost as hard as did his wife, to conceal the deficiencies due to early training in vulgarly democratic ways of living and thinking.

Arthur, ushered by the exorbitantly fashionable butler into the smallest of the series of reception salons, fell straightway into the most melancholy spirits. He felt the black, icy shadow of the beginnings of doubt as to his right to admittance on terms of equality, now that his titles to nobility had been torn from him and destroyed. He felt that he was in grave danger of being soon mingled in the minds of his fashionable friends and their servants with the vulgar herd, the respectable but "impossible" middle classes. Indeed, he was not sure that he didn't in fact belong among them. The sound of Janet approaching with a subdued, most elegant rustle, drove out of his mind everything but an awful dread of what she would say and think and feel when he had disclosed to her the hideous truth. She came sweeping in, her eyes full of unshed tears, her manner a model of refined grief, sympathetic, soothing. She was tall and slim, a perfect figure of the long, lithe type; her face was small and fine and dreamy; her hair of an unusual straw color, golden, yet pale, too, like the latest autumn leaves in the wan sun of November; her eyes were hazel, in strange and thrilling contrast to her hair. To behold her was to behold all that man finds most fascinating in woman, but so illumined by the soul within that to look on it with man's eye for the charms feminine seemed somewhat like casting sensuous glances upon beauty enmarbled in a temple's fane. Janet was human, but the human that points the way to sexless heaven.

"Dear Artie!" she said, gently. "Dear Artie!" And she took both his hands and, as she looked at him, her tears fell. Arthur, in his new humility of poverty, felt honored indeed that any loss of his could cause her matchless soul thus to droop upon its dazzling outer walls the somber, showery insignia of grief. "But," she went on, "you have him still with you,—his splendid, rugged character, the memory of all he did for you."

Arthur was silent. They were seated now, side by side, and he was, somewhat timidly, holding in his one of her hands.

"He was so simple and so honest,—such a man," she continued. "Does it hurt you, dear, for me to talk about him?"

"No,—no," he stammered, "I came for you—to—to—talk about him." Then, desperately, seizing her other hand and holding both tightly, "Janet, would it make any difference with you if I—if I—no—What am I saying? Janet, I release you from our engagement. I—I—have no prospects," he rushed on. "Father—They got round him and wheedled him into leaving all his money to the college,—to Tecumseh. I have nothing—I must give you up. I can't ask you to wait,—and—"

He could not go on. He longed for the throbbing, human touch that beauty of hers could make so thrilling. But she slowly drew away her hands. Her expression made him say:—

"What is it, Janet? What have I said that hurt you?"

"Did you come," she asked, in a strange, distant voice, "because you thought your not having money would make a difference with me?"

"No," he protested, in wild alarm. "It was only that I feel I—"

"You feel that there could be a question of money between us?" she interrupted.

"Not between us, Janet," he said, eagerly; "but there is your—your mother."

"I beg you," she replied, coldly, "not to speak of mamma in that way to me, even if you have such unjust thoughts of her."

Arthur looked at her uncertainly. He had an instinct, deep down, that there was something wrong,—something in her that he was not fathoming. But in face of that dreamy, cloud-dwelling beauty, he could only turn and look within himself. "I beg your par-

## Remove the Face Plate

of any sewing machine and compare the working parts with those of the Volo as shown in the accompanying illustration. Make the same rigid comparison at every other point. Then you will appreciate what we mean when we say the Volo is the simplest, the most strongly constructed, the most efficient sewing machine ever built. It embodies improvements that make it a real necessity to any woman who wants to do fine, fast, easy sewing. In the



## Volo Sewing Machine

80 per cent. of friction is saved by a unique system of roller bearings. It performs any class of work faultlessly, combining almost countless points of excellence which make it different from any other machine. \$40—at up-to-date dealers everywhere. Drop postal for our

### Valuable Book Free

entitled "Follow the Thread," telling more about sewing machines than any booklet heretofore published. Any woman interested in sewing cannot afford to be without a copy.

**SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY,**  
ST. LOUIS  
AND  
NEW YORK



Be Sure  
to Get  
the Book

## Learn the Truth

### Do you know

that the main cause of unhappiness, ill-health, sickly children and divorce is admitted by physicians and shown by court records to be ignorance of the laws of self and sex?

## Sexology

Contains in one volume—

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

By William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

**PURITAN PUB. CO., Dept. 102 PHILADELPHIA**

## New Odell Typewriter Improved No. 5 On Credit

SHIPPED UPON RECEIPT OF \$2.25 CASH  
Express Prepaid and \$1.00 per Month for Six Months  
Practical as a \$100 Typewriter. Just the thing for small merchants, drummers, professional men, or for personal correspondence. Machine complete \$8.25 on installments, \$7.50 for cash. Cases \$1.75. Kuergelle Salesmen Wanted.

**\$7.50** Writes as well as **AMERICA CO. (Mfgs.)**  
a \$100 Machine. **570 North 8th Street, Muncie, Ind.**

## PATENTS

### 64 PAGE BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent. **O'Meara & Brock, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D.C.**



don, dear," he said. "You know so little of the practical side of life. You live so apart from it, so high above it, that I was afraid I'd be doing wrong by you if I did not put that side of it before you, too. But in the bottom of my heart I knew you would stand by me."

She remained cold. "I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry, Arthur, that you let me see into your real self. I've often had doubts about our understanding each other, about our two natures being in that perfect harmony which makes the true marriage. But I've shut out those doubts as disloyal to you. Now, you've forced me to see they were only too true."

"What do you mean, Janet?" he asked. "Of course, I'm not good enough for you,—no one is, for that matter; but I love you, and— Do you care for me, Janet?"

"Yes," she replied, mournfully. "But I must conquer it. Oh, Arthur, Arthur!" Her voice was tremulous now, and her strange hazel eyes streamed sorrowful reproach. "How could you think so sordidly of what was so sacred and holy to me, of what I thought was holy to us both? You could n't, if you had been the man I imagined you were."

"Don't blame a fellow for every loose word he utters when he's all upset, Janet," he pleaded. "Put yourself in my place. Suppose you found you had n't anything at all,—found it out suddenly, when all along you had been thinking you'd never have to bother about money? Suppose you— But you must know how the world, how all our friends, look on that sort of thing. And suppose you loved,—just as I love you. Would n't you go to her and hope she'd brace you up and make you feel that she really loved you and—all that? Would n't you, Janet?"

She looked sadly at him. "You don't understand," she said, her rosebud mouth drooping pathetically. "You can't realize how you shook—how you shattered—my faith in you."

He caught her by the arms, roughly. "Look here, Janet Whitney. Do you love me or don't you? Do you intend to throw me over, now that I have lost my money, or do you intend to be all you've pretended to be?"

The sadness in her sweet face deepened. "Let me go, Arthur," she said quietly. "You don't understand. You never will."

"Yes or no?" he demanded, shaking her. Then suddenly changing to tenderness, with all his longing for sympathy in his eyes and in his voice, "Janet,—dear,—my love,—yes or no?"

She looked away. "Don't persist, Arthur," she said, "or you will make me think it is only my money that makes you, that made you, pretend to—care for me."

He drew back sharply. "Janet!" he exclaimed.

"Of course, I don't think so," she continued, after a constrained silence. "But I can't find any other reason for your talking and acting as you have this morning."

He tried to see from her point of view. "Maybe it's true," he said, "that other things than our love have had too much to do with it, with both of us, in the past. But I love you for yourself alone, now, Janet. And, you have n't a fortune of your own, but only expectations,—and they're not always realized, and in your case can't be for many a year. So, we don't start so unevenly. Give yourself to me, Janet. Show that you believe in me, and I know I shall not disappoint you."

Very manly his manner was as he said this, and brave and convincing was the show of his latent, undeveloped powers in his features and voice. She hesitated, then lowered her head, and, in a sad, gentle voice, said, "I don't trust you, Arthur. You've cut away the foundation of love. It would be fine and beautiful for us to start empty-handed and build up together, if we were in sympathy and harmony. But, doubting you,—I can't."

Again he looked at her uneasily, suspicious, without knowing why or of what. But one thing was clear,—to plead further with her would be self-degradation. "I have been tactless," he said to her. "Probably, if I were less in earnest, I should get on better. But, perhaps you will judge me more fairly, when you think it over. I'll say only one thing more. I can't give up hope. It's about all I've got left,—hope of you—be lief in you. I must cling to that. I'll go now, Janet."

She said nothing, simply looked unutterable melancholy, and let her hand lie listlessly in his until he dropped it. He looked back at her, when he reached the door. She seemed so sad that he was about to return to her side. She sighed heavily, gazed at him and said, "Good-by, Arthur." After that, he had no alternative. He went. "I must wait until she is calm," he said to himself. "She is so delicately strung."

As he was driving toward the hotel, his gloom in his face, he did not see Mrs. Whitney dash past and give him an anxious scarching glance, and sink back in her carriage reassured somewhat. She had heard that he was on the Chicago Express,—had heard it from her masseuse, who came each morning before she was up. She had leaped to the telephone, had ordered a special train, and had got herself into it and off for her Chicago home by half-past eight. "That sentimental girl, full of high ideals,—what may n't she do!" she was muttering, almost beside herself with anxiety. "No doubt he'll try and induce her to run away with him." And the rushing train seemed to creep and crawl.

She burst into the house like a dignified whirlwind.



**Coca-Cola**

ADDs A REFRESHING RELISH To EVERY FORM OF EXERCISE

Sold at all Founts 5¢ Carbonated in Bottles

MASSENGAL, Atlanta



TRINITY ROCK, SAGUENAY RIVER.

NIAGARA TO THE SEA

The grandest trip in America for health and pleasure. The Thousand Islands, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec and the famed Saguenay River, with its stupendous Capes "Trinity" and "Eternity."

Send by postage for illustrated guide to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Man., Montreal, Can.

**RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION Co.**





## A NEW KODAK

for pictures

4 1/4 x 6 1/2 inches

The new 4A Folding Kodak makes the taking of large pictures a simple matter—it gets away from the conventional sizes yet is as simple to operate as a Pocket Kodak.

In its construction nothing has been neglected. The lenses are of high speed (f.8), strictly rectilinear and being of 8 1/4 inch focus insure freedom from distortion. The shutter is the B. & L. Automatic, an equipment having great scope in automatic exposure, yet so simple that the amateur can master its workings after a few minutes examination.

Equipped with our automatic focusing lock, brilliant reversible finder with hood and spirit level, rising and sliding front and two tripod sockets.

**A Triumph in Camera Making.**

Price, \$35.00.

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

Rochester, N. Y.

Kodak Catalogues free at  
the dealers or by mail.

The Kodak City.

## RIDER AGENTS WANTED



IN EACH TOWN TO RIDE AND EXHIBIT sample 1906 model. Write for **SPECIAL OFFER**. **FINEST GUARANTEED 1906 MODELS \$10 to \$27** with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. **1904 and 1905 Models \$7 to \$12** ALL OF BEST MAKES **500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS** All Makes and Models, good as new. Great Factory **Clearing Sale. We ship on Approval, without cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.** Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogue. Write at once. **MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T15, CHICAGO**

## IT PAYS BIG TO Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



**NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY** as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tell all. We furnish Complete Outfits with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. **Amazing Opportunity** in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc. **Profits \$10 to over \$100 per night.** Others do it, why not you? It's easy: write to us and we'll tell you how. Catalogue free.

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

## 6% ON YOUR MONEY

By a local Building & Loan Association, established 14 years. Never had a loss or failed to meet an obligation.

Stock in Force \$750,000.00  
Guarantee Fund and Profits, 45,284.74  
Amounts Received from 50c to \$5,000

If interested in a safe and profitable investment, write for free literature. **JEFFERSON COUNTY BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION, 221 21st St., Birmingham, Ala.**

"Where's Miss Janet?" she demanded of the butler. "Still in the blue salon, ma'am, I think," he replied. "Mr. Arthur Ranger just left a few moments ago."

Clearing her surface of all traces of agitation, Mrs. Whitney went into the presence of her daughter. "Mamma!" cried Janet, starting up. "Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, nothing, dear," replied her mother, kissing her tenderly. "I was afraid my letter might have miscarried. And, when I heard that Arthur had slipped away to Chicago, I came myself. I've brought you up so purely and innocently that I became alarmed lest he might lead you into some rash sentimentality. As I said in my letter, if Arthur had grown up into a strong, manly character, I should have been eager to trust my daughter to him. But my doubts about him were confirmed by the will. And—he is simply a fortune hunter, now."

Janet had hidden her face in her handkerchief. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "You wrong him, mother." "You have n't encouraged him, Janet!" cried Mrs. Whitney. "After what I've been writing you?"

"The loss of his money has n't made any difference about him with me," said Janet, her pure, sweet face lighting up with the expression that made her mother half ashamed of her own worldliness.

"Of course not! Of course not, Janet," said she. "No child of mine could be mercenary, without being utterly false to my teachings."

Janet's expression was respectful, yet not confirmatory. She had often protested inwardly against the very sordid views of life which her mother unconsciously held and veiled with scant decency in the family circle in her unguarded moments. But she had fought against the contamination, and proudly felt that her battle for the "higher plane" was successful.

Her mother returned, somewhat awkwardly, to the main point. "I hope you didn't encourage him, Janet." "I don't wish to talk of it, mother," was Janet's reply. "I have not been well, and all this has upset me."

Mrs. Whitney was gnawing her palms with her nails and her lip with her teeth. She could scarcely restrain herself from seizing her daughter and shaking the truth, whatever it was, out of her. But prudence and respect for her daughter's delicate soul restrained her.

"You have made it doubly hard for me," Janet went on. "Your writing me to stay away because there was doubt about Arthur's material future—oh, mother, how could that make any difference? If I had not been feeling so done, and if father had n't been looking to me to keep him company, I'd surely have gone. For, I hate to have my motive misunderstood."

"He has worked on her soft-heartedness and inexperience," thought Mrs. Whitney, in a panic.

"And when Arthur came to-day," the girl continued, "I was ready to fly to him." She looked tragic.

"And even when he repulsed me—"

"Repulsed you!" exclaimed Mrs. Whitney. She laughed disagreeably. "He's subtler than I thought." "Even when he repulsed me," pursued Janet, "with his sordid way of looking at everything, still I tried to cling to him, to shut my eyes."

Mrs. Whitney vented an audible sigh of relief. "Then you did n't let him deceive you!"

"He shattered my last illusion," said Janet, in a mournful voice. "Mother, I simply could n't believe in him, in the purity of his love. I had to give him up."

Mrs. Whitney put her arms round her daughter and kissed her soothingly again and again. "Don't grieve, dear," she said. "Think how much better it is that you should have found him out now than when it was too late." And Janet shuddered.

Ross dropped in at the house in the Lake Drive the next morning on his way east from the Howlands. As soon as he was alone with his mother, he said, "How about Janet and Arthur?"

Mrs. Whitney put on her exalted expression. "I'm glad you said nothing before Janet," said she. "The child is so sensitive, and Arthur has given her a terrible shock. Men are so coarse; they do not appreciate the delicateness of a refined woman. In this case, however, it was most fortunate. She was able to see into his true nature."

"Then she's broken it off? That's good."

"Be careful what you say to her," his mother hastened to warn him. "You might upset her mind again. She's so afraid of being misunderstood."

"She need n't be," replied Ross, dryly.

And when he looked in on Janet in her sitting room to say good-by, he began with a slightly satirical, "Congratulations, Jenny."

Jenny looked at him with wondering eyes. She was drooping like a sunless flower and was reading poetry out of a beautifully bound volume. "What is it, Ross?" she asked.

"On shaking Artie so smoothly. Trust you to do the right thing at the right time, and in the right way. You're a beauty, Jen, and no mistake," laughed Ross. "I never saw your like. You really must marry a title—Madame la Duchesse! And nobody's on to you but me. You are n't even on to yourself!"

Janet drew herself up haughtily and swept into her bedroom, closing the door with almost coarse emphasis.

[To be continued in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for August.]

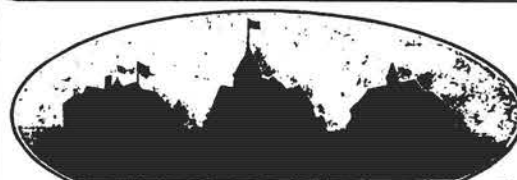
## Independent Telephone Securities

We are underwriters for the bonds and stocks of the largest telephone companies in the West, and on the plan we are offering believe these securities

**will net 15 per cent.  
in one year**

Closest investigation solicited.  
Highest Bank References.

**NATIONAL SECURITIES CO.**  
224-226 Mason Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.



**ATTEND THE  
Illinois College of Photography.**  
A well paying and delightful profession easily learned. Terms easy and living inexpensive. Our students win convention prizes. Good positions secured for graduates. Endorsed by the Photographers' Association of Illinois, and the International Association of Photo-engravers. Write for our illustrated Catalogue. Address **ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 951 Wabash Ave. Effingham, Ill.**  
L. H. BISSELL, Pres.



**Shur-On  
Eye-glasses**  
for old and young and middle aged, for many who can't wear ordinary eye-glasses, for everybody who has uncomfortable glasses or constantly breaks lenses.  
At all opticians—shapes to fit any nose.  
"Shur-on" on the mounting. Any broken part of mountings replaced free  
within one year by any optician in the United States.  
Valuable book free for the name of your optician. Full of helpful hints on the care of the eyes.  
**E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO., Dept. N.  
Established 1884 Rochester, N. Y.**



**DEAFNESS**  
"The Morley Phone"  
A miniature Telephone for the Ear—invisible, easily adjusted and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited. Write for booklet and testimonials.

**THE MORLEY COMPANY**  
Dept. P, 31 South 16th Street, Philadelphia.

## PATENT SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Send model or sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Send for illustrated Guide Book. Contains 100 mechanical movements and LIST OF INVENTIONS WANTED. TELLS HOW TO OBTAIN AND SELL PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS and COPYRIGHTS. PATENTS advertised for sale at our expense.

**EVANS, WILKENS & CO.**  
Reg. Patent Attorneys. 615 F Street, Washington, D. C.



**GOOD PIANO TUNERS**  
Earn \$5 to \$15 per day.  
We can teach you quickly BY MAIL. The new scientific Tune-a-Phone method endorsed by highest authorities. Knowledge of Music not necessary.  
Write for free booklet.  
**NILES BRYANT SCHOOL, 26 Music Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.**

# The Dummy Director

By DAVID FERGUSON

[Concluded from page 472]

these men, who such a short time back were known and revered the country over, have been trailed in the mud and mire and stained beyond repair. No more vivid illustration of the lamentable damage worked by the dummy can be found outside of the Equitable disaster, and a study of it presents convincingly the fact that if there had been fewer dummies and a larger number of *bona fide* directors the waste, extravagance, and fraud would not have existed.

The directorate of the Equitable numbered fifty men. Forty were dummies. Only ten were actual owners of stock in the society. The forty were qualified as directors on shares owned by James H. Hyde, James W. Alexander, and Thomas D. Jordan. Thirty-six were qualified on Hyde stock and four on Alexander and Jordan stock. It would be a difficult task to find forty men in the United States more distinguished in finance and commerce than the dummies in the Equitable's directorate. They were:—

John Jacob Astor, the wealthiest owner of real estate on the American continent.

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, chief heir of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt and destined head of the Vanderbilt family.

Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

George J. Gould, president of the Missouri Pacific and other railroads, and head of the Gould family.

James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern and dominant in the railroads of the Northwest.

Edward H. Harriman, president of the Union Pacific and railroad expert of the Standard Oil group of capitalists.

Melville E. Ingalls, chairman of the "Big Four,"—the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad.

Sir William C. Van Horne, chairman of the board of the Canadian Pacific.

Robert T. Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln and president of the Pullman Palace Car Company.

August Belmont, American representative of the Rothschilds and head of the transportation system of New York City.

Levi P. Morton, former vice president of the United States and president of the Morton Trust Company.

Cornelius N. Bliss, former secretary of the treasury of the United States.

James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank, of Chicago, and leading banker of the Middle West.

Jacob H. Schiff, head of the international banking house of Kuhn, Loeb and Company and, next to J. Pierpont Morgan, the most influential banker in the United States.

Gen. Louis Fitzgerald, former president of the Mercantile Trust Company.

Henry B. Deming, president of the Mercantile Trust Company.

Valentine P. Snyder, president of the National Bank of Commerce, the second richest bank in the United States.

Alvin W. Krech, president of the Equitable Trust Company.

Charles Stewart Smith, former president of the New York chamber of commerce, the most conservative body of business men in the country.

Henry C. Frick, a former partner of Andrew Carnegie and a leader in the steel-making industry.

C. Ledyard Blair, a capitalist and director in eighteen corporations.

Brayton Ives, president of the Metropolitan Trust Company and director in twelve corporations.

Only Trans-Pacific travellers who have crossed by the different routes can fully appreciate the very great advantages of the route of the

## PACIFIC MAIL S. S. CO.

It follows the Sunshine Belt via beautiful Hawaii, where twelve daylight hours may be enchantingly spent in sight seeing

From the New York Herald, January 7th, 1906

"Stretching completely across the Pacific is what may be termed the 'Sunshine Belt.' Here the sun shines regularly, the trade winds blow gently, there is very little rain and the seas are never high. It is within this belt that the Hawaiian Islands are located, with their equable climate and sub-tropical verdure.

"North of this the Pacific presents much the same aspect as the Atlantic, with its cold winds, fog and blows, except that the icebergs of the North Atlantic are lacking."

### SERVICE NOT AFFECTED BY THE SAN FRANCISCO DISASTER

Travellers can find hotel accommodations convenient to San Francisco, or may occupy their rooms aboard the steamers while in port, from which may be visited the greatest ruins of the age.

From San Francisco to Hawaii, Japan, China and the Philippines

Rates and information at any railroad ticket agent or from

PACIFIC MAIL S. S. CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

CHICAGO	NEW YORK	ST. LOUIS	BALTIMORE	BOSTON
120 Jackson Boul.	1 B'way—349 B'way	903 Olive Street	Baltimore & Hanover	170 Washington St.
PHILADELPHIA	SYRACUSE	WASHINGTON	HAMBURG (GERMANY)	
682 Chestnut St.	212 W. Washington St.	511 Pennsylvania Ave.	Amerika Haus, Ferdinandstrasse	
		LONDON (ENGLAND), 49 Leadenhall Street		

R. P. SCHWERIN, Vice-President and General Manager



## Chicago Musical College

Founded 1867.

College Building, 202 Michigan Boul., Chicago.

Dr. F. Ziegfeld, Pres.

(Facing the Lake Front Park)

ALL BRANCHES OF MUSIC

SCHOOL OF ACTING—OPERA—SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION—MODERN LANGUAGES.

Forty years of artistic achievement under the personal direction of its Founder and President Dr. F. Ziegfeld, has made the College one of the vigorous educational forces of America. Offers facilities unsurpassed in America or Europe.

"Holds the same prominent position in Music as the University, the Art Institute, the Academy of Science, and the Field Museum in their respective departments of educational labor."

George P. Upton—Author and Dean of Musical Critics.

Investigation will demonstrate the Superiority of this Institution.

HUGO HEERMANN—The Eminent Violinist of Germany, who has no peer as a virtuoso and instructor, will be added to the faculty Sept. 10.

41st SEASON BEGINS SEPTEMBER 10

Catalogue giving full information mailed free upon application.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE, - Chicago, Ill.

NOTE—Applications for the 45 Free and 150 Partial Scholarships will be received until Sept. 1.

## Before Deciding Where to Take Your Business Course

Eastman

write to Eastman, "the best Business College in America." It will save much time and many dollars to know what Eastman can do for you that the ordinary business school cannot. Secure positions for all graduates of Complete Commercial Course. Address

C. C. GAINES, Box 925 Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or 119 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y.

## MUSIC LESSONS FREE

at your home. For a limited time we will give free, for advertising purposes, 26 music lessons for beginners or advanced pupils on either Piano, Organ, Banjo, Guitar, Cornet, Violin or Mandolin, (your expense will only be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small). We teach by mail only and guarantee success. Established seven years. Hundreds write: "Wish I had heard of your school before."

Write to day for booklet, testimonials and free tuition blank. Address: U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC Box 4E, 19 Union Sq., N. Y.

## AUTOMOBILES

BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED The largest dealers in NEW and SECOND-HAND AUTOMOBILES in the world. COMPLETE LIST sent on request.

Times Square Automobile Co., 217 W. 48th St., New York City



T. Jefferson Coolidge, president of the Bay State Trust Company, of Boston, and director in seventeen corporations.

Marvin Hughitt, president of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company.

M. Hartley Dodge, president of the Remington Arms Company and director in six other corporations.

John A. Stuart, capitalist and director in eight corporations.

Darius O. Mills, capitalist, philanthropist, and director in thirty-five corporations.

John Sloane, merchant and director in fifteen corporations.

Thomas T. Eckert, former president of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Samuel M. Inman, one of the leading business men of the South.

H. C. Haarstick, president of the St. Louis and Mississippi Valley Transportation Company.

David H. Moffat, head of railroads, banks, and mines in Colorado.

Joseph T. Low, vice president of the Hanover Fire Insurance Company.

Bradish Johnson, New York capitalist, director in seven corporations.

Henry Rogers Winthrop, financial manager of the Equitable.

William A. Wheelock, philanthropist, capitalist, and director in four corporations.

George H. Squire, multimillionaire and former financial manager of the Equitable.

Gage E. Tarbell, second vice president of the Equitable. Since the upheaval in the Equitable Mr. Tarbell has become the *bona fide* owner of five shares of stock.

George T. Wilson, third vice president of the Equitable.

William H. McIntyre, fourth vice president of the Equitable.

Though dummies in the fact that they did not own stock in the company and that their membership in the directorate depended upon the good will of the actual proprietors of the shares nominally transferred to them, some few of these men were permitted to share to a degree in the active management.

#### *The Law of New York Requires Genuine Activity*

Most of them, however, were quiescent dummies who merely attended board meetings four times a year, voted perfunctorily upon matters submitted, blindly trusting to the honesty, integrity, and sagacity of those actually in charge. By no stretch of courtesy could they be classed with the directors who direct.

The law of New York State governing corporations requires genuine activity upon the part of directors. It takes no cognizance of the present-day system of conducting corporations which places the actual management in the hands of a small *clique* of men, rendering all of the other directors mere figureheads or ornaments. In consequence, every one of the forty men named, as well as the ten *bona fide* owners of stock, have been made defendants in suits brought on behalf of the people by the attorney-general of New York for restitution of all sums wasted or improperly diverted from the treasury of the company.

What was true of the management of the Equitable Life has been shown to be true of the management of both the Mutual and the New York Life Insurance Companies. The two last named are not stock companies. In theory they are owned absolutely by the policy holders. They are both supposedly managed by boards of trustees who in theory are elected by the policy holders. Each company has a board composed of men almost as distinguished as the directorate of the Equitable, including railroad presidents, bank presidents, trust company presidents, bankers and merchants of high repute, philanthropists, and men of affairs. The functions of a trustee of a corporation are practically identical with those of a director. Only a small minority in the Mutual and the New York Life are active factors in the management. The majority are dummies.

Only three or four trustees in the Mutual knew the salary of the former president, Richard A. McCurdy, until the figures were revealed by a legislative committee. In the New York Life a great majority of the trustees knew nothing of immense sums spent for legislative and political purposes. These two examples of lack of knowledge are simply mentioned to make plain the great gap existing between the dummy director and the very matters he is charged with directing. Innumerable other examples could be given, but they would be merely cumulative evidence of the same sort.

It is a question which works the greater injury, the professional dummy or the great man who permits himself to become a dummy. For the first time since the system was created the courts are beginning to take cognizance of the vicious nature of the injustice it does to the public, and, during the past few months, some important steps have been taken which may help to eradicate the evil. These measures have been directed against the men who hide behind the professional dummy and against the prominent men who officiate as directors but do not direct. Without a wholesale revision of the corporation laws of states like New Jersey and West Virginia, which make a specialty of granting liberal charters, there seems to be no way of directly attacking the professional dummy.

#### *The Perfecting of Wood Pulp Killed the Paper Trust*

The suits instituted by Attorney-general Julius M. Mayer, of New York State, against every director in the former board of the Equitable Society, holds alike legally responsible dummy and *bona fide* directors. The fact that the dummy has done nothing does not relieve him of blame. As the attorney-general interprets the law, the sin of omission is on a level with that of commission. In other words, for not preventing waste, extravagances, and illegalities, the dummies are adjudged by the chief law officer of the state as participating offenders. The mere bringing of these suits has had a most beneficial effect in corporations of all classes. Directors who have heretofore not directed have been awakened to a lucid understanding of their individual responsibility for everything done by others as well as by themselves in the management of corporations with which they are connected.

More convincing than these suits, however, is a recent decision rendered by Vice-chancellor Pitney, of New Jersey, in a suit growing out of the collapse of the Columbia Straw Paper Company. This concern was one of the original trusts or industrial combinations. It was organized under the laws of New Jersey, in May, 1895. It was capitalized, including bonds and stock, at \$5,000,000, about eighty per cent. being water. Dummy corporators and dummy directors were employed at the outset. The combination was supposed to have a monopoly of manufacturing wrapping paper. It controlled thirty-nine mills in agricultural districts



Large contributions are expected

in Middle Western States. The process then employed was the making of paper out of straw. Soon after the combination was perfected came the introduction of wood pulp as the basic material of wrapping paper. This innovation proved a deathblow to the straw-paper plants, and drove the trust into the bankruptcy courts.

Suits against the organizers of the company were instituted by the receiver on behalf of creditors. The receiver went over the heads of the dummy corporators and the dummy directors, ignoring them completely, and attacked the men behind the dummies. These men had distributed among themselves bonuses of immense amounts of the shares of stock created by the dummies. They paid nothing for the stock in money. They claimed they gave "property" for it. When sifted down, it developed that the "property" consisted of the "good will" of the thirty-nine mills and the prospective benefits which would grow out of the merger; namely, the economies incident to consolidation and the elimination of competition which would permit them to charge higher prices for the products of the company.

#### *Some Men Collect Directorships as They Do Souvenirs*

The New Jersey corporation law requires that the capital stock of a company shall be paid in; in other words, there must be a fair equivalent, in property, money, or other assets, of the stock issued. The law was generally regarded by the makers of New Jersey corporations as a dead letter until the recent decision of Vice-chancellor Pitney. He held that the men who received the bonuses of stock had never given fair value for it; that the company had received credit in proportion to its large capitalization, the creditors being justified in the belief that the capital actually existed; and that, therefore, the men who got the stock bonuses

practiced a deception for which they were liable. The upshot of the vice chancellor's decision was that the men who organized the company and took the stock bonuses had to pay over to the receiver a sum sufficient to satisfy the claims of the creditors. This suit dragged through the courts from the summer of 1895 to the winter of 1905. Corporation lawyers regard the decision as the most drastic rendered in years. While it does not deal directly with the professional dummy director, it goes down to the root of his being—the man who hires him,—and fixes the responsibility for the misdeeds of the tool upon the principal.

How many corporations a man may genuinely serve as a director without being a figurehead in any one of them is a complex question. Some capitalists make it a fixed rule not to enter the directorate of any corporation unless they are certain of their ability to actually assist in the direction of its affairs. Others seem to go on the principle of getting memberships in as many directorates as they possibly can, seemingly without regard to their fitness or ability to be of legitimate service.

Until recently, Chauncey M. Depew was a director in seventy-nine corporations, most of them railroads controlled by the Vanderbilts. Though it is a mental impossibility for one man to keep in close touch with the affairs of seventy-nine corporations, it would not be fair to class Mr. Depew among the dummy directors. He was put into the corporations chiefly to represent the Vanderbilt family stockholdings and carry out the Vanderbilt policy of management. This he was eminently fitted to do by training and experience. His knowledge of finance, of the value of investment securities, and of the myriad of intricate matters involved in modern railroading, to say nothing of his familiarity with public affairs, afforded him a peculiar capacity for serving a larger number of corporations than would be within the scope of the average financier.

Mr. Depew's membership in so many directorates was the result of the Vanderbilt policy established more than a generation ago and still maintained. William H. Newman, Mr. Depew's successor as president of the New York Central Railroad, is a director in sixty-eight corporations, most of them railroads. Mr. Newman probably holds the record as a president of corporations. Of the sixty-eight companies he serves as director he is president of forty-four. This might expose him to the charge of being a dummy president were it not for the fact that most of the forty-four companies are small railroads,—component parts, or feeders, of the main lines of the Vanderbilt system. Mr. Newman is not the only man employed by the Vanderbilts to represent the family interests in corporations. John Carstensen, one of the confidential men of the Vanderbilts, is a director in forty-two corporations; Charles F. Cox, another confidential representative, is in twenty-nine corporations as a director, and Edward V. W. Rossiter represents the Vanderbilt family as director in fifty-two corporations.

#### *Many of Our Foremost Financiers Are Really Dummies*

William K. Vanderbilt, the present head of the family, is a director in sixty-one corporations, his younger brother, Frederick W., is a director in forty-nine, and his brother-in-law, Hamilton McK. Twombly, is a director in fifty-four.

James Stillman is a director in a larger number of corporations than any other member of the Standard Oil group of capitalists. He serves as director in fifty-eight companies. William Rockefeller is in forty-one, Henry H. Rogers is in twenty-five, Daniel O'Day is in twenty, and Charles M. Pratt is in fourteen. John D. Rockefeller, as has been stated, confines his energies to one corporation, the Standard Oil Company, of which he is president as well as director. J. Pierpont Morgan, though a director in forty-seven corporations, is not an officer of a single one. August Belmont, head of the transportation system of New York City and American representative of the Rothschilds, is in twenty-seven corporations as a director; Anthony N. Brady serves fifty companies; George F. Baker, president of the First National Bank, is in forty-three; George J. Gould, head of the Gould family, is in fifty-three; Henry C. Huntington serves in directorates of sixty-one corporations, most of them the creations of the late Collis P. Huntington; and the veteran financier, Russell Sage, though well on the way to nonagenarian age, still clings to directorships in twenty-six corporations.

Thomas F. Ryan, who, next to John D. Rockefeller, is regarded in the Wall Street district as the most determined money-maker in America, is a director in thirty-two corporations; but these do not represent his total interests, by any means. He has placed his personal counsel, Paul D. Cravath, in the directorates of a dozen companies, and he has other confidential men whom he employs in a similar capacity. Norman B. Ream, the right-hand man of the late Marshall Field, is a director in thirty-one corporations, Alexander E. Orr, recently elected president of the New York Life Insurance Company, is in twenty-nine, and William A. Clark, a United States senator, is a director in thirty-two, of which he is president of twenty-five.

All of these men would probably bitterly resent being called dummy directors; but, if the real facts of their activities, or inactivities in corporations they supposedly serve could be learned, some basis for the charge would undoubtedly be found.



# Thompson and His Hippodrome

[Concluded from page 468]

the rustlings of the audience and the tuning of violins which came remotely to our ears reminded me of the fact that several thousand individuals were waiting for this change to take place, and that they were not supposed to wait more than a few minutes. But on the stage, before our eyes, was the nearest approach to chaos I have ever seen. I do not know how many hundreds of articles, ranging from built-up scenes to stage grass were moving about, but I am quite sure that when the confusion was at its worst I would not have contracted to straighten out the tangle under two weeks. In actual extent of ground area, and as the work appeared to an untrained eye, it seemed to be about as much of a job as to tear down the Fifth Avenue side of the Waldorf-Astoria and lay out a park in its place. The stage, on which these two hundred men were working, is actually as large as ten city lots.

But they kept quietly at it. The sweepers disappeared first; then the "grips;" next the "props;" and finally the electricians, who had been following up the sections of scenery, coiled wire and "pin-connectors" in hand. And almost before I knew it I was standing in what appeared to be a completely appointed jungle, and I had to step quickly "off stage" to avoid an impromptu appearance before the audience.

Some of Thompson's quickest and most daring decisions are made during the rehearsals of a new production. It is then that money is not thought of at all. One of his minor ideas was a sort of animal ballet for the circus ring in which ponies were to appear on revolving tables, which in turn were to be drawn on wagons. It was to be in part an electrical effect, and Charles De Soria, the head electrician, installed ninety-six arc lamps, at a cost of sixty-five dollars each, especially for this "turn." When the ponies were brought out for rehearsal, for some reason they refused to work. The outlook was not promising, and Thompson, who was sitting in an orchestra chair, called out,—"Cut it out! Take those wagons back to the storeroom." The wagons are still in the storeroom. That crisp sentence from the orchestra seats transferred sixteen thousand dollars, the actual cost of preparing this single feature for rehearsal, to the profit and loss account.

It was an inflexible notion of Thompson's, when the Hippodrome was first built, that the scenery should be made of tin instead of canvas. Just what advantage he looked for in the metal, it would be hard to say. But Thompson—wisely, I think,—rarely listens to advice when an idea is stirring in his head; if he had listened to advice there would have been no Luna Park and certainly no Hippodrome.

The day came when the tin scenery was put on the stage for a rehearsal, and Thompson took his usual orchestra seat. The rehearsal ran smoothly enough until the time arrived to "strike" the scene. Half a hundred men swarmed at it, but found the built-up sheets of metal too heavy for quick handling. They pulled and pushed, while ten minutes rolled by—fifteen minutes—twenty minutes. Then they heard a voice out of the dusk of the orchestra chairs:—"Throw that stuff into the alley!" And into the alley it went, to be broken up on a rubbish heap. I was not told how much it had cost; but scenery, as the reader may well imagine, is not an inexpensive luxury.

When Thompson has developed his big idea, and has set his inventors to work at getting up the practical details, he plunges in among details himself, but confines himself mainly to the artistic development of the central idea. When I met him he was deep in Nansen's "Farthest North," getting "atmosphere" for the polar scene which is scheduled for an early production at the Hippodrome. In this scene there are to be, as he puts it, "fifty polar bears sliding down an iceberg into the lake and diving for real fish." When "A Hindoo Princess" was in rehearsal, he devoured all the literature he could find relating to the picturesque side of East Indian life and customs. He bought some sacred cattle, and turned them over to Frank Melville with orders that they were to be broken to a cart. He scoured the country for a real falcon, secured one, and sent out a "super" to carry it across the stage perched on his wrist. It may be doubted that one spectator in a thousand observed the falcon; but it is by attention to such details that Thompson builds up his wonderful stage pictures. I saw "A Hindoo Princess" with a man who had lived for fourteen years in Northern India and he was struck with the remarkable verisimilitude of the scene. Possibly the reader has by this time drawn a comparison in his own mind between this artist-student and the cheap theatrical speculators to whom we have been too long accustomed. And there you have Fred Thompson, living in a

## The Road of a Thousand Wonders

Picture between two covers all the marvels of the world and the most fascinating chapter of the book will be that which represents THE COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, extending from Los Angeles, California, to Portland, Oregon—a veritable moving picture thirteen hundred miles long.

Along THE COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE are the places and scenes that have made California and Oregon famous in all climes; the resorts that have for their attraction Nature's most lavish gifts.

Here are the cooling forests of giant trees, so old that history reckons not their time; the majestic mountains capped with eternal snows to invite the summer traveler who seeks health and recreation.

Here are the ancient Missions, so cool and restful that you want to linger on and on delving in their long-forgotten lore.

Here are the shadowed valleys filled with flowers of perennial bloom, the like of which no other land affords—and last, the blue Pacific, that fans you with her refreshing breath as you speed safely along the lace-fringed beach, or bathe in her invigorating waters.

The Road of a Thousand Wonders calls aloud to those who seek the one summer vacation of a lifetime. It cannot be described or imagined. You must traverse it to revel in its glories, and now is the time.

For particulars regarding resorts, rates and trains, address Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Room C, Southern Pacific Company, Union Ferry Depot, San Francisco, California.



## SUCCESSFUL TOOLS

These Chisels have carved their way to fame. To-day, those who know tools pronounce the Keen Kutter the perfect Chisel Success. Tempered nearly to the handle; hand whetted; sharp and ready for use; handles of selected white hickory with leather heads.

## KEEN KUTTER

QUALITY TOOLS

are all successful tools—tools that have won their way by hard, honest, true work. Every step in their success has been reached by sheer force of merit and quality. Whenever you want perfect tools—Saws, Chisels, Bits, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing-knives, Pocket-knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Ice-picks, Lawn-mowers—ask for Keen Kutter. For 37 years Keen Kutter Tools have been doing perfect work; for 37 years they have been guaranteed, and for 37 years have been sold under this mark and motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

Tool Book Free.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



world of startling, highly colored creative ideas, impatient of all physical and financial obstacles, and simply oblivious to failure. As I walked back toward his little office in the lobby I think that I envied him. For he is a boy who has never grown up. He is a sort of everyday Peter Pan who has lived to carry out absolutely his boyish dreams. No grown man could conceivably have done what he has done, for your grown man would have known at the start that it was impossible. His executive ability and physical and mental stamina are those of maturity; his dreams and his courage are wholly the dreams and the courage of youth. The combined result is one of the rarest and one of the finest things in the world. Apparently the only danger in his path is the danger that some day he may suddenly grow up. If this should happen, he will be lost. It is sheer, sublime boldness that has carried him thus far; it is sheer boldness that must carry him through.

He was standing in the doorway of his office when I reached the lobby. "Do you mind waiting a minute?" he said. "I haven't had my lunch yet.—Or maybe you'll have something?"

I declined the something, but I walked with him to the *café* and watched him toss down the milk shake with an egg in it which he seemed to regard in the light of a noonday meal. Then we went back through the lobby, and I observed that not one of the crowd through which we elbowed our way turned for a second glance at the boyish looking fellow in the soft hat. Yet it was that boyish looking fellow who, before he revolutionized the show business of the country, changed Coney Island in a single season from a vicious criminal resort to a pleasure ground for women and children. Where the clergy and the police had alike failed, he succeeded at a stroke through the force of an idea.

We entered a little pigeonhole of a private office, and he drew the curtain. For a few moments we talked commonplaces, but before long, as we drew nearer to the subject of his future plans, a curious sparkle came into his eyes, his fingers began to twitch nervously, and his words came faster. Was he about to loop the gap, I wondered. And then what I have since assumed to be the real Thompson burst forth.

"They tell me I've reached the end of my rope," said he. "They say I can't beat the 'Court of the Golden Fountains,' that I shall have to begin going backward. But they're wrong. I'm going to beat it! Just listen to this." As he spoke, his fingers were moving toward the inevitable soft pencil. "I'm going to put on such a *ballet* spectacle as the world has never seen. It's to be the biggest thing of all, the Creation. But I don't call it that. I call it, 'The Birth of the Elements.'"

I found myself whistling softly as I watched his mobile face.

"There will be changes of scene and a chorus in this *ballet*. I shall begin it with darkness. The different groups of dancers, as they come on, will suggest the first development of life on the earth,—the vegetables, and flowers, and animals. The stage will keep growing lighter and more brilliant; the scenery will change, until finally we have man and woman, the light floods the stage, the people crowd into the picture, the scene changes into the most brilliant stage spectacle you ever saw, the chorus bursts out,"—he was talking so rapidly now that words were almost too clumsy a medium for the flow of his ideas,—and then, at the climax, a hundred white doves are released up in the dome of the auditorium and they swoop down with a rush and perch on the stage as the curtain falls."

I am inclined to believe that Thompson is right. If he can produce this spectacle as he described it to me, and I see no reason why he can not, it will indeed be far and away the finest thing of its kind ever produced on the modern stage. Frank Melville later told me that he had already, he was sure, climbed the stairs to the dome thirteen thousand times with those doves—and he with an acrobat's heart that forbids him to mount the stairway in his own house. But you forget such details as an acrobat's heart when you are working for Fred Thompson.

While he was talking I am sure that I forgot everything else. His enthusiasm is irresistible. He sweeps you out of yourself. He makes you see visions. With him you ignore the tremendous difficulties in the way of molding men and women and materials into dream-pictures. And then, most unexpectedly, he drops you to earth with a bump. He had finished his description of the wonderful new *ballet*. His face was flushed, his eyes glowing. And then, as if to drive the thing home, as if to make me see it as he saw it, he pounced on the pencil, dashed off three lines in the form of a crude star, poised his pencil in the center of it, and looking up,—all afire with enthusiasm,—exclaimed:—

"There,—you see!"

The symbol had to come. I hope the drawing which he undoubtedly gave to Ballet Master Romeo was a trifle more detailed; but perhaps it was not.

At any rate, there you have Fred Thompson. There never was anybody else just like him. Studied as nearly as possible from the impersonal point of view of the reporter, he has seemed to me to be so interesting as to deserve this somewhat extended attempt at a portrait. I hope I have succeeded in setting before you the man who is to-day, I suppose, the greatest showman in the world.



"Speakin' of adventures," said the pirate to the pilot, "Mongst the South Sea Islands is the most I ever seen: Pollywows and willywows and waterspouts,—a high lot As ever scuttled of a ship or turned a skipper green."

"On a sultry mornin' we was floatin' in the tropics, Sailin' of the 'Dainty Dot,' a half-mast schoonerette. Crew was talkin' polyticks and other lively topics, Captin' he was swiggin' tea to keep his whistle wet."

"Suddently acrost our bows we seen a little island,—Pebbly beach and palmy hills and everythin' complete; Monkeys, parrots, cannibals a-skippin' thro' the highlands, Oranges and cocoanuts and lots o' things to eat."

"'Blow me ears!' the captin' cheers, 'that surely do look pleasant! Picnic party out to sea,—we want for nothin' more; Bein' in no hurry, lads, we 'll linger for the present, Tie the vessel to a tree and take a week ashore.'"

"'Cordin'ly we done that same and scrambled on the beach, sir; Cannibals, a-waitin' for us, awfully perlit; Brought us figs and ostrick eggs, as much as they could reach, sir, (They was dark-complected, but they treated of us white.)"

"Well, be gum, we felt to hum on that there desert island; Some of us caught paroquettes or clumb the cocoa trees; Some of us lay in the shade and slept or talked awhile, and Watched the friendly cannibals a-chasin' chimpanzees."

"Captin' Stoke, the dear old bloke, he sat beside the water Rubbin' noses with the king and treatin' 'im with rum; (I, a-bein' youthful, when I seen the monarch's daughter, Murmured 'Mumbo-gumbo-gool' which means, 'Fine mornin', mum!'"

"Every morn, at half past ten, we sought that leafy aiden, Each one dressed up in his best to stay an hour or more; Each one bore a large bouquet to give some tropic maiden, Walkin' with her arm-in-arm along the pebbly shore."



"'Rubbin' noses with the king'"

"Every night at half past nine we gave a social dance, sir, Waltzin' very proper-like, as pretty as a beau, Breathin' to some dusky maid soft speeches of romance, sir, (Femy-nine society do help men's manners so!)"

"When at last the week was past the captin' said, with sadness, 'Geel! I hates to go away and leave that island thus!'"

"Cap.' says I, and winks me eye, 'don't think me words is madness,— Why not pull the island loose and tow 'er home with us?'"

"'Good!' the captin' says, and arms the crew with picks and shovels, Knives and saws and bathin' suits, and sends them 'neath the sea, Where, below that little isle they cuts and hacks and grovels,—"

## Floating Island

*A Nautical Custard with a Tropical Flavor*

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by Charles Saroka

Chops the whole foundations loose and sets that island free!

"Then with ropes and hawser lines we tied the isle securely To our ship with merry jests and many a loud 'yo-ho!'—Up went sail and up came gale,—it was a strange sight, surely, Monkeys, trees, and cannibals,—and all of 'em in tow!"

"Sixty days we towed that isle, which floated like a biscuit, Birds a-singin' in the trees, not feelin' strange at all; Monkeys in the cocoanuts continued for to frisk it,— Every afternoon at four we went acrost to call."



"Every night, at half-past nine"

"Captin' Stoke severely spoke,—'t was little that his rage meant When he seen us lovesick tars our lovesick homage do; All in vain he groaned with pain to hear of our engagement,— Forty dusky damosels to forty of the crew."

"'Bill,' he says to me, he says, 'I've led a Christian life, sir, Born and bred in Portland, Maine, a man o' famille. Can I bring an isle like that before me dear old wife, sir, With some fairy-story how I found it out: to sea?"

"'What will Nell and Deacon Snell and what will Aunt Cordelia Say when all them cannibals come visitin' our hum, When I bring that savage king to call on Miss Amelia, Dressed in native dignity,—and nothin' else, by gum?"

"Captin' Stoke thus sadly spoke; and by next Friday mornin' We had sighted Portland light, along the coast o' Maine, When the captin' drewed 'is knife without the slightest warnin', Cut the island's cables loose, our pleadin's all in vain"

"'Stop it, sir!' and 'Drop it, sir!' we cried with faint resistance, For the isle was floatin' off upon an ocean swell, Balmy glades and palmy shades, fast fadin' in the distance, Forty dusky damosels a-wavin' us farewell."

"'Speakin' of adventures," says the pirate to the pilot, "If along the coast o' Maine ye see an island green, Tropic glades and tawny maids, a happy, high and dry lot, Please report to Bos'n Hank and me and Jimmy Dean."

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

"'When the captin' drewed 'is knife'"

# Aid the Natural Changes

of the skin by using HAND SAPOLIO, the only soap that makes every pore respond, and energizes the whole body. It is a summer necessity to every man, woman, and child who would be clean. It removes all scurf, casts off the constantly dying outer skin, and gives the inner skin a chance to assimilate new life.

GOLFING  
AUTOMOBILING  
FISHING.

All great fun, but all necessitate a visit to the tub. Make the bath a pleasure by using HAND SAPOLIO, the soap that has a method of its own. Try it.

ATHLETES, to keep in good trim, must look well to the condition of the skin. To this end, HAND SAPOLIO should be used in their daily baths. It liberates the activities of the pores and so promotes healthy circulation. Test it yourself.



SUMMER  
PLEASURES  
are essentially out-of-door ones. All the active sports make the bath a luxury. HAND SAPOLIO is the only soap which lifts the bath above a commonplace cleansing process.

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

"Beauty?" said Aristotle, when asked what it was—"That is a question which we may leave to the blind." The question can be left with any one, for it is both seen and felt when the work is left with

## HAND SAPOLIO

for it develops both the tint and the texture of the skin. It gives quality as well as color, and art instead of artifice. A thousand soaps, and you still need the unique action of Hand Sapolio to remove the dead skin of an outgrown complexion and to liberate the new. Hand Sapolio gives more than cleansing; it gives energy and vim and circulation. It is called "the soap with life in it."

No animal fats, but pure vegetable oils combined with the cake so that  
THE TEXTURE OF THE SOAP HELPS THE TEXTURE OF THE SKIN.

## HAND SAPOLIO is

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

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

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



## The Autobiography of Josiah Flynt

JOSIAH FLYNT, who several years ago wrote a remarkable book entitled "The Powers that Prey," in which he revealed the secrets of the "underworld," is now at work on his autobiography for SUCCESS MAGAZINE. It is idle to presume that this will be the most talked of literary production of the year. JOSIAH FLYNT has few equals as a writer. His life has been one long series of exciting adventures in all parts of the world. His association with that peculiar fraternity that exists in all big cities, known to the police as the "underworld," has furnished him with an abundance of material that would have made VICTOR HUGO jump with joy. When MR. FLYNT wrote about the powers that prey in this big city of New York, he up-



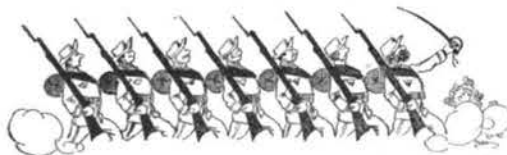
set the detective bureau to such an extent that his presence was sought by the head of that institution.

"We will make him one of the powers that prey," said that doughty officer, "if we ever get a hold of him."

JOSIAH FLYNT's autobiography will begin in our fall numbers. He is now at work on the manuscript. The papers have been signed, payments have been made, and we have secured the rights. We congratulate ourselves on having secured one of the big literary prizes of the year, and we believe our readers will agree with us.

### The Poison Trust

SUCCESS MAGAZINE was the first monthly publication to make a dent in the armor of the beef trust. In April, 1905, SAMUEL MERWIN told in these columns of the manner in which lard was made from the greasy ripples of Bubbly Creek, how dead carcasses were transformed into succulent potted morsels, and considerable else regarding the wholesale manner of manufacturing embalmed delicacies as recently brought to public notice. For a long time we have been contemplating the publication of a series of articles which will be a complete *exposé* of the adulterations, not only of foods, but also of drugs. To be sure, a great deal has been published regarding these crimes, but the writers of these articles and those we have employed to collect data for this magazine, informs us that only the skin has been scratched. There is yet a great volume of evidence which the public must know, and it will establish beyond all peradventure, even more conclusively than the Neill-Reynolds report, just made public by the President, the terrible manner in which the public is being treated by the poison trust.



In the march of events this is really the most important matter now before the public. Getting to the bottom of it is not an easy matter. Wherever information is to be had now, obstacles are placed in the way. Our facilities for going to the very dregs of the poison trust are thorough. The corps of men who will undertake this work is second to none on any magazine staff. The poison trust has menaced the lives of the American people, and it has also menaced the lives of the people of every other

## WITH THE EDITORS

nation. It has brought this country into disgrace of the most revolting kind with all the countries of the world. It must be put out of business.

### How the President Plays the Game

THE people are going to get an unusual amount of legislation from this congress, through the efforts of President Roosevelt. First, there is the Rate Bill, which is the most important step taken in the history of the country in the matter of regulating the business of the railroads. Included in this bill is the matter of divorcing common carriers from coal mining. By this amendment the Standard Oil Company may not be able to transport its own oil if it continues to own pipe lines. There is the Free Alcohol Bill, which will prove a great boon to farmers, manufacturers, owners and operators of gas engines, automobiles, etc.; and also to the householder for whom a better and cheaper illuminant than kerosene may be provided. There is the Meat Inspection Bill, of which so much is said at present. Mention might also be made of the Consular Reform Bill,—a step in the right direction,—the Statehood Bill, and the renewed interest in the Pure Food Bill, which has been seventeen years before congress, and which has just been "side tracked" again.

All these reforms involved a great fight. They have been operated largely by the insistence of President Roosevelt.

This is distinctly an article of the "inside." It involves all the fine points of President Roosevelt's success with congress, and it contains some pretty sane remarks about executive interference. The author is HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM. He is not new to magazine readers. He is on the "inside" at Washington, and he writes from that standpoint.



### What People Write Us

"You have an ear for music and a mouth for pie," writes one of our ardent admirers, one JOSEPH B. KENT, of Indianapolis. "You chatter about muck-raking the daily press when you know that there is not a chance to show up a newspaper that is subsidized, because you dare not." We wish to inform our misguided friend that until we received his letter we had no hope of doing anything in this direction, but, now, in connection with the other work outlined for our staff, we will show how the daily papers have become so muzzled by trust ownership that their power, in many lines of reform, has been dubious and discredited.

We find among other letters from our constant readers, one from CHAUNCEY THOMAS, of Colorado, himself a story writer of considerable ability, who says, "I consider 'The Second Generation,' by DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, a better story than 'The Sea Wolf.'" Letters praising this powerful novel come to our office every day. MR. PHILLIPS certainly has made the hit of his career. We call particular attention to the installment in this number. It is the strongest that has appeared since it commenced.

A friend in Quebec summons us to account for assuming that it is unrighteous for a sovereign or a nation to kill defenseless animals,

and incidentally refers to what has been said about President Roosevelt's passion for killing wild game. In the first place,

we will always take exception to any man, woman, or child, of whatever rank or station, who wilfully shoots birds or animals for his own pleasure. Kings come under this chastisement just as much as commoners. Secondly: President Roosevelt is not a sovereign. Sovereigns are neither born, bred, nor elected in the United States. But Mr. Roosevelt has not been spared a just amount of criticism for his hunting proclivities, and in view of this he has very wisely decided to refrain from that strenuous sport.

While we are on this subject we would like to speak of the king of Spain, who never goes anywhere without a gun. When he received his queen in Madrid last month, and was escorting her through the grounds of his royal castle, he stopped the carriage to shoot an eagle. He boasts of having killed 314 harmless rabbits in a day! When he visited France, last summer, he was invited to a shoot, but some previous engagement prevented. He told former President Loubet that he would return later and "carry the guns." He did. He arrived in France in the early winter, when there was snow on the ground. It is against the laws of France to shoot birds when there is snow on the ground, because the birds do not have an equal chance. This did not affect the king of Spain. He would go shooting anyhow. So the president of the French republic was obliged to break the laws of his own nation to please an infant who is an accident of birth.

### New Stories

JUST before F. HOPKINSON SMITH sailed for Europe, a few weeks ago, he left with us the manuscript of a new story which he had just completed. He calls it "Loretta of the Shipyards." It is not a sea story, as its title might indicate; it is a romance of Old Venice, a story of that sunlit spot where MR. SMITH has found the subtlest inspiration for both his brush and his pen. Among other new stories which have recently come into our keeping are "The Snare," by FRANK SAVILLE, "For Skudsy," by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER, "The Concrete Treatment," by CLARA MORRIS, and "Hitting the Sky Grades," by ALVAH MILTON KERR. These are all stories that we have accepted since writing the announcements in our last issue. They are few in number, but they are strong in force and action. They were selected from a batch of two hundred and twenty, after the most careful consideration. Good stories



are, indeed, a rarity. Good short stories were never so difficult to secure. Thousands are written every year,—we received for consideration over four thousand in 1905,—but out of this great mass only a few passed muster.

### Our Cover

WE wish to call particular attention to the beautiful cover design of this issue. It was specially painted for SUCCESS MAGAZINE by J. C. LEYENDECKER, an artist whose finest work has appeared on the cover pages of this magazine. MR. LEYENDECKER says that he has never painted anything that pleases him so much. Special copies of this design, printed on heavy calendar artists' proof paper, will be furnished to our readers at ten cents apiece.

# A Talk on Advertising Service



THE article reproduced on this page is from Printers' Ink, the most prominent and independent Advertising Journal in America.

The editors of Printers' Ink wrote and published this article on their own initiative after making the most complete and comprehensive investigation of advertising agency methods for the benefit of their readers.

Lord & Thomas are reproducing the article this month in thirty-five leading magazines at an expense of over \$20,000.00.

Because they believe this report by so great and independent an authority as Printers' Ink constitutes a matter of concern to all who are interested in that most interesting part of modern commerce—modern advertising.

## PRINTERS' INK.

A JOURNAL FOR ADVERTISERS.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT THE NEW YORK, N. Y., POST OFFICE, JUNE 29, 1893.

VOL. LV.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1906.

No. 3.

### MODERN ADVERTISING SERVICE.

ORGANIZATION OF THE LORD & THOMAS ADVERTISING AGENCY—NOW SAID TO BE THE LARGEST AGENCY IN THIS COUNTRY—HOW MAIL ORDER AND GENERAL ADVERTISING ACCOUNTS ARE OPERATED SIDE BY SIDE, EACH HELPING THE OTHER—WRITING GOOD COPY AND WATCHING AND RECORDING RETURNS EQUALLY IMPORTANT.

Lord & Thomas now claims the distinction of being the largest general advertising agency in the United States.

No American Advertising Agency has ever made a statement showing as much business as they show.

They claim leadership not only in the gross amount of advertising cleared through their organization, but also in the number of individual accounts on their books.

These numbered 685 in February.

It is said that no other agency has ever shown more than 200.

Lord & Thomas gave the following extensive insight into their methods the other day for Printers' Ink. They said:

"While ours is the largest agency in the country, we do not seek to handle large accounts to the exclusion of small ones.

In fact, we would hesitate to confine operations to a half-dozen very large accounts. We seek particularly accounts ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year, and to scatter a large number of them over a wide range of commodities.

So we are placing advertising today for a wider range of commodities and articles, perhaps, than any other agency.

We are the largest agency because we have built up hundreds of small accounts.

For this reason our whole organization is designed to give the smallest, as well as the largest, advertisers individual attention.

Our growth depends on it.

And we have data about results from so many advertisers that our service could not possibly be obtained from any agency with fewer accounts and a narrower range of commodities to push.

The very fact that we market so many different articles through advertising gives us experience and judgment invaluable to any advertiser.

Our accounts are divided into two great branches—General Advertising and Mail Order Advertising.

This year we will place approximately \$2,500,000 in general business and \$1,500,000 in mail order lines, a total of \$4,000,000.00.

Our mail order accounts bring us absolute data upon the pulling power of different forms of copy and also show the pulling power of each individual newspaper, magazine, mail order, farm, religious and trade journal.

On this data we depend for knowledge that enables us to start a general advertiser with the right copy, in the right mediums

from the very beginning, and give him returns that mean growth, without the waste of money that would come from experimental work.

Our contract names twelve duties which we agree to perform for the advertiser, constituting what we understand by the word service.

It also binds the advertiser to certain duties which he must faithfully carry out for our guidance.

He must, when and where it is practicable, make a weekly report on returns from his advertising, specifying the number of replies and orders received from each separate piece of copy and each separate medium in mail order campaigns, and the amount of traceable increase in sales due to his advertising when goods are sold through retailers.

On our part, we bind ourselves to compare the returns and sales shown in each advertiser's report with reports and statistics of other clients, ascertaining each week whether his advertising is paying as well as it ought to, and discovering defects when it is not. Of course, we treat all these reports in strict confidence. This information is tabulated in what we call our "Record of Results."

The latter is the guiding spirit of our business.

It gives us positive knowledge about copy and mediums in widely varied lines of publicity, minimizes experimental work, eliminates the element of chance.

By making more certain the returns for our clients it means our growth, and we have developed this Record of Results for six years.

No other agency in the world has anything like it.

With this body of information, pouring in weekly from scores of advertisers in all lines, embracing returns from every good publication in the country on clothing, foods, stoves, medicines, mail merchandise and every form of commodity, we quickly discover obscure publications that are strong, prominent ones that are weak.

Sixty-six per cent of general advertising checked by thirty-four per cent of mail order publicity is a ratio we carefully maintain, because we believe that mail order advertising is an invaluable guide to safe procedure in general advertising when properly interpreted.

The same kind of copy that pulls best for a mail order commodity will, when rightly adapted, also get money out of people's pockets in the stores.

Our Record of Results shows many surprising cases where small publications pull better than big ones.

When a publication begins to pay it can't remain hidden long from us because of our Records.

Many old publications of immense prestige have circulations that have been worked over and over again, so that their general

reputations among advertisers is often out of all proportion to the actual returns they bring from keyed advertisements.

Other mediums, comparatively new or just being built up, without much prestige, may have a new, live, growing circulation that makes them highly profitable.

For example, in a certain Southern city there is a certain daily newspaper of wide reputation, old and great in circulation.

It has a competitor in the same town, new and with smaller circulation.

We tried out both papers on mail propositions with astonishing results in favor of the smaller paper.

Then a general commodity, selling in stores was tried in both with the same result.

Many of our clients were then put into this new medium, and nearly all got sales and inquiries at one-third the cost in the older paper. Our clients get into such a medium long before its reputation is established generally.

Our system of centralized records based on reports from advertisers, not only indicates the line of least resistance quickly and infallibly, but the expenditure of our largest client serves as a guide in the development of our smallest, and vice versa.

Advertisers seldom realize how quickly the character of a circulation may change.

A mail order advertiser, for instance, may find a certain publication one of his most profitable mediums for several seasons.

He drops out some summer.

When he begins in the fall that paper does not pay, for some reason.

The publication has always paid, and it is the last thing he blames.

Five or six failures may be necessary before he is willing to distrust the paper.

But we have received a report of failures from a dozen advertisers on that paper.

So the paper comes under suspicion.

If it is really weak, all our advertisers are out within a month, and there is a big aggregate saving.

Think what this means in dollars to the small advertiser.

How does this work out for a general advertiser?

Well, take the case mentioned of the two dailies in the Southern city.

The returns for mail advertising in the smaller paper woke us up.

We investigated at close range and found that all the retail advertisers in that city were using the smaller paper, too.

They were alive to conditions.

So we put our general advertisers into it.

One of them sent us \$2000 for the older paper while this investigation was going on.

We explained the situation.

He sent a representative to that town and found that his advertising would probably bring three times as much results in the smaller paper, or 300 per cent more returns for his money.

He changed his order, and got the increase expected.

Other advertisers and agencies are still going into the wrong medium on its general reputation.

Our centralized records also indicate the most effective kinds of copy.

A page in Munsey's costs \$500. It may bring \$5000 to an advertiser in returns, or only \$2.

The difference in results from so good a medium will be due to copy—nothing else whatever.

What goes into the space—that makes the difference.

Our Copy Department is so organized that no writer handles more than twelve accounts a year—or fewer, probably, than with any other agency in the country.

While our knowledge of mediums is vital, our Record of Results brings it, you might say, almost automatically.

Therefore, ninety per cent of the thought, energy and cost of running our agency goes into copy.

The line between successful and unsuccessful copy is not broad.

But it is definite.

General advertising copy has always been allowed a wide margin for errors because results could not be traced under old conditions.

Mail order advertisers have allowed no margin for errors, but demanded exactitude and keyed replies.

With our records from mail order advertising we know to a certainty the copy that brings the greatest returns in actual sales and this definite knowledge we apply to general advertising so far as practical.

And our copy department is so organized that though a writer were the best copy-man in the country the element of personality in his work for any of our clients would have less to do with the pulling power of the copy than the selling reasons it embodies, based on our Record of Results.

The lesson constantly taught by these records to our staff makes each writer stronger because he is guided by positive knowledge and his work is more certain than it possibly could be without our organization, because he is working on definite data, along definite lines, for definite ends."

Lord & Thomas took a great deal of pains to show Printers' Ink the inner workings of the Record of Results department.

Eight people do nothing else but tabulate and file information from scores of advertisers' reports.

The cold, hard figures, in dollars and cents go down on cards that are classified according to copy and publications.

Probably the pulling power of copy and media is nowhere shown up so completely—at least this side of Judgment Day.

Pull out a card and there will be found of it the record of returns for the last week of from three to three dozen different commodities.

Each piece of copy and each medium brought so many replies and sales for each advertiser at such and such cost—and there is no way of getting behind the returns.

In the past six years it has cost \$100,000 to maintain this record cabinet.

that Lord & Thomas are qualified above all others to protect your advertising appropriation.

When you are about to invest money your first consideration is naturally "security."

Your business judgment demands something tangible to make your money safe.

How about your advertising investment?

The Lord & Thomas Record of Results safeguards your advertising investment—makes you certain that your appropriation will be wisely placed and the dividends you have a right to expect reasonably certain.

With no other advertising agency in the world can you have such a feeling of certainty, because no other agency has such a record with which to protect your interests.

These considerations should lead you to carefully read and fully digest this article from Printers' Ink.

What you read should lead you to investigate the details of Lord & Thomas service.

If you are seriously interested in advertising—if you contemplate advertising—if you care to investigate the possibility of increasing the results from your present advertising—Lord & Thomas will be pleased to explain to you in person just what their service means to you.

Lord & Thomas are 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 these books contain cannot be measured by the price they were intended to sell at—\$4.00—but Lord & Thomas will gladly send them free to any interested advertiser or anyone contemplating advertising.

AS Printers' Ink so truly says, "the pulling power of copy and media is nowhere shown up so completely" as it is in the Lord & Thomas Record of Results Cabinet.

It must be obvious to any advertiser or prospective advertiser that this record does "give positive knowledge about copy and media" and does "minimize experimental work and eliminate the element of chance" in Lord & Thomas Campaigns.

Think how much this means to even the most experienced advertiser. The Lord & Thomas Record of Results is practical tangible assurance

# LORD & THOMAS

ESTABLISHED 1873

Largest Advertising Agency in America

CHICAGO

Annual Volume Placed for Clients  
Approaching \$4,000,000.00

NEW YORK



# NOT ON THE PROGRAMME

By GEORGE SANDERSON

Illustration by R. Emmett Owen

"COME, BOYS, cricket 'll do well enough for term time, but we ought to have a change now we've got the whole New Year's vacation before us!" exclaimed a Marischal collegiate, as he flung his bat away; "let's put up a big joke on Downie! We've stood his nonsense long enough. I've got a plan to reduce the old fellow to lower terms."

"What is it? Let's hear it!" burst from a score of throats, as his companions crowded around him.

No subject of more exciting interest could have been broached upon the campus of the old college at Aberdeen, Scotland. The students all hated Richard Downie, the janitor, for his austere punctuality in closing the gates at an appointed minute every morning, thus subjecting everyone who was only a moment late to prayers to a fine and a reprimand from the principal. The boys had retaliated by every petty means in their power, but this had only made the janitor more strict, not only in closing the gates, but also at other points of school routine.

Downie kept within the letter of the college and civic law, but the exasperated boys did not. Reprimands and fines failed to subdue them, but rustication, suspension, and even expulsion of the ringleaders followed, until there was an outward semblance of yielding on the part of the boys. But the fire of hatred only smoldered.

The plan of the cricket batter met cordial approval. Other students were called, until fifty of the brightest youths at Marischal stood on the campus. They discussed and elaborated the plot with minute care, assigned to each man his part, pledged themselves to absolute secrecy, and at once began to make arrangements for its execution. All day they worked like beavers.

"Is Mr. Downie in?" inquired a messenger who knocked at the janitor's door the following evening.

"He is," replied Mrs. Downie; "walk in."

"I can not stop," replied the messenger. "A gentleman who is registered at the Hotel would like to speak with him at his earliest convenience."

Downie accompanied the messenger to the hotel, where he was shown through room after room until he reached a large apartment draped in black and lighted by a solitary candle. A slight noise behind him caused him to turn in time to see the door close and hear the bolt shoot in the lock. His attendant had disappeared.

As he glanced apprehensively around, a door opened

silently on the opposite side of the room and fifty figures in black, with black masks and list slippers filed noiselessly in and arranged themselves as a court, two sable officers conducting Downie to a chair placed as if for a criminal to be tried.

The judge took his seat, the clerk, prosecuting attorney and the jury their positions, and spectators stood at one end of the room. The clerk read the indictment, charging the janitor with conspiring against the liberties of the students. Witnesses were examined and cross-examined with great minuteness and solemnity. The prosecuting attorney addressed the jury, followed by a lawyer in jet-black clothes, to whom had been assigned the defense of the prisoner. The judge summed up with unusual care and the utmost gravity.

Downie had at first considered the whole affair a mere students' prank; but, as the trial proceeded, a nameless fear grew within him.

"Gentlemen!" he gasped, as the judge paused for a moment, "the joke has gone far enough. It is late, and my wife and children will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you I am sorry, and I assure you I will take more care hereafter. With your kind permission I will now withdraw."

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the judge, without heeding the interruption, "you may now consider your verdict. Mr. Sheriff, you may conduct them to the jury room and see that they have no communication with the outside world."

The jury retired, and profound silence prevailed until they filed solemnly back to their places.

"Mr. Foreman," said the clerk, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman.

"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty in manner and form as charged, or not guilty?"

"Guilty," replied the foreman, in a firm but scarcely audible voice.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the clerk, "you hear the verdict of your foreman. As sayeth your foreman, so say you all?"



"Another five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

used the clerk, "you hear the verdict of your foreman. As sayeth your foreman, so say you all?"

"We do," replied the jury, in deep bass concert, each man slowly lowering his head.

The janitor stood pale as a ghost, clammy perspiration oozing from every pore.

"Richard Downie," said the judge, after assuming a huge black cap, "the jurors have unanimously convicted you of conspiring against the just liberties and immunities of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted these inoffensive scholars for some months. Have you aught to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against you?"

The janitor was speechless from terror.

"Prepare for death," ordered the judge. "In fifteen minutes the sentence of the court will be executed."

He placed his watch on the table before him. The hands indicated midnight.

He stamped his right foot. The ebon attendants silently placed a box, an ax, and a bag of sawdust in the center of the room. A figure even more grim than the others glided noiselessly forward and made rapid preparations for acting as executioner.

"For mercy's sake," pleaded the horrified janitor, "let me go home. I promise that you shall never again have cause for complaint against me."

For a full minute no sound was heard save the ominous ticking of the watch.

"Richard Downie," said the judge, in tones of deepest solemnity, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. Attempt to utter one cry and you will be seized and put to death before you can utter another. Everyone here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known to ourselves only, and, when the object for which we have met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for your doom; another five minutes will be allowed, but no more."

In his agony Downie begged for forgiveness, or for even a brief respite, but his supplications were unheeded. His fevered, trembling lips then moved in silent prayer, for he felt, as never before, that time was ebbing into eternity with every tick of that remorseless watch.

The sounds seemed to grow louder, louder, and yet louder, until they beat with more than nightmare oppressiveness upon his throbbing brain. One, two, three, four, five, ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred,—his head seemed ready to burst. One hundred and ten,—twenty,—fifty, two hundred,—he thought of wife and children and shivered to the very marrow of his bones. Two hundred and twenty,—forty,—sixty,—eighty, three hundred,—his limit of time had expired,—his soul reeled at the sickening thought.

"Now!" exclaimed the judge, stamping his foot.

Four somber figures stepped forward and seized the janitor, whose brow was beaded with cold, deathly perspiration. They bared his neck and made him kneel before the block.

"Strike!" commanded the judge, stamping, and clapping his hands.

The executioner raised his ax, and at the same moment an assistant standing on the opposite side of the prisoner lifted a wet towel. Downie closed his eyes to shut out the horrid sight. The executioner pounded the ax on the floor, and simultaneously the attendant struck the wet towel across the trembling janitor's neck.

A loud laugh announced that the joke was ended, but Downie made no response.

Again the students laughed, more uproariously than before,—but still he spoke not,—nor moved. They lifted him up, but he fell back, limp and senseless. They dashed cold water in his face to revive him, they moved his arms, they pounded his back, they rubbed his limbs briskly, but all in vain. Downie was dead!

The imagination of fear had supplied an ax's keen edge to the soft, harmless towel. Fright had killed him as effectually as if his head had been severed from his body.

*The comedy had become a tragedy.*

The alarmed students swore a still more ironclad oath of secrecy. Carrying their disguises and tools with them, they left the hotel, one of their number telling the landlord that their entertainment was not quite over and that they did not wish the rooms disturbed for several hours. This gave them ample time to disperse to their own apartments.

Next morning the body was found. It exhibited no marks of violence. Judicial inquiry was made, but no one could be found who knew anything about the matter except that some students had passed the previous evening at the hotel. But from the two hundred students, all professing ignorance, who could select the guilty?

The widow and family were provided for, but the strange death remained a mystery for fifteen years, when a gentleman on his deathbed told the whole story.

But, for more than one generation after the truth was known, no severer reprimand could be given at Marischal College, nor could any surer method be found to restrain the excesses of practical jokers, than to ask a student, quietly, "Who murdered Downie?"

*The noblest character would soon degenerate if it should lose the love of excellence.*

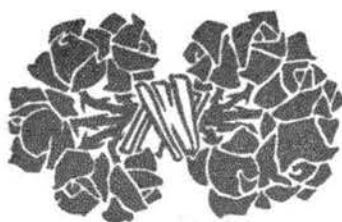
## THE TELEPHONE TRUST

By  
PAUL LATZKE

MR. LATZKE's sixth installment of "The Telephone Trust" does not appear in this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE as announced. This is due to the fact that so much work and time are required to secure the necessary data and, more important still, in proving the facts in the case, that we found it necessary to postpone the article until the August issue.

Mr. Latzke's series has turned out to be one of the most far reaching in modern magazine literature. For ten years he has studied the telephone trust in all its phases. He is one of the greatest authorities on telephone matters in the United States, and no man is better equipped to treat so large a subject in so convincing a manner.

The article, which will appear in the August issue, will deal with the methods used by the Bell Company to promote its industries through the medium of the press bureau. This will be the concluding article. After its appearance, the entire series, which commenced in our February issue, will be published in book form.



# WHAT THREE TUNNELS WILL DO FOR YOU AND NEW JERSEY

Imagine a mile of water dividing the metropolis of America from the green fields and cool hills of New Jersey.

Imagine this mile of water with three great tunnels beneath it connecting the hot, bustling pavements of New York with the shady lanes and cozy cottages of the New Jersey suburban homes.

Imagine trains and trolleys running through these tunnels and into them, pouring each night thousands of tired toilers bound for the genuine home comfort that only suburban life can give.

The tunneling of the Hudson is one of the wonders of the world.

Few have an adequate conception of the effect it will have on nearby New Jersey.

Land values will increase enormously. Towns will spring up as if by magic. Cities will spread and industries multiply.

If you have a few dollars and want to double them, you can't afford to overlook New Jersey.

It is the investment opportunity of the century.

It is safer, surer and of a certainty more profitable than any investment before the public to-day.

If you have \$5 a month to save and invest, New Jersey should have your most careful consideration.

## New York Must Grow

Remarkable as the growth of New York has been, the city is only in its infancy.

But Manhattan Island—the site of the original city—has almost reached the limit of its capacity to grow.

Of all the millions of people who are yet to go to New York, there will be room for only a few hundred thousand more upon Manhattan Island.

That part of the city will soon demand enormous prices for the privilege of living within its borders.

Within a short time three big tunnels will add many thousands to New Jersey's population and 100% to Jersey's land values.

Land is cheap in New Jersey to-day—cheaper than any other suburban land at equal distance from New York City.

But a year from now it will be different. Prices will soon begin to go up by leaps and bounds, and to the small investor real estate will become prohibitive in price.

Whether you buy for a home or buy to sell, NOW is the time to buy and NEW JERSEY is the place.

## Your Opportunity

We have been fortunate in securing for sale a large tract of improved land right in the heart of one of the most progressive towns in New Jersey.

The town is fully laid out and improved.

It has city water, gas, electric lights and sewers.

It has a splendid 15-minute trolley service, and every lot in the town is within easy reach of the cars.

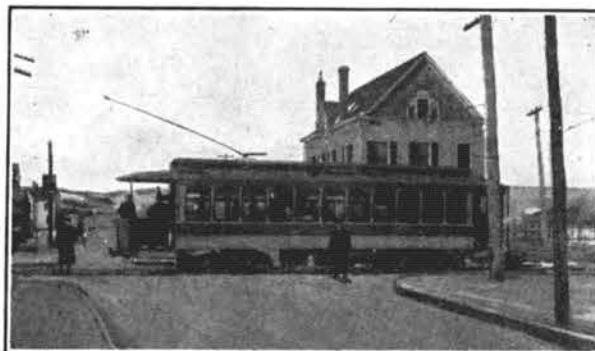
The town is on the main line of two big railroad systems. Twenty-nine trains a day stop there. Every lot offered for sale is within a few minutes' walk of the stations.

The town is only 28 miles from Broadway.

The lots are regular city size.

The offering of this real estate opens a paradise to the New York home-seeker and a bonanza to the careful investor.

The town is on the edge of a boom that is going



The Fifteen Minute Trolley Service

to increase its real estate value beyond computation.

We feel perfectly safe in saying that values will increase from 30 to 50 per cent. during the coming year. The increase should be more than that each succeeding year for many years to come.

## Your Time to Act

You can buy some of these lots—and very good ones, too—for as little as \$135. Others, corner lots, etc., will cost you from \$150 to \$175, while lots in the business portion of the town will average in cost \$500.

Any lot in the town can be secured with a first payment of only \$5, and you can pay the balance in easy monthly instalments that may extend over two years' time.

At such prices and on such terms it will be absolutely impossible for you to find a better opportunity to profitably and safely invest a few dollars each month.

Never again in your life will you have an opportunity to buy at such low prices or on such easy terms so good a property in such a well-developed suburb.

## 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 over half a million dollars in dividends.

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

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

## Write to Us To-day

If you have \$5 or more a month to invest in New York suburban real estate, once you are convinced that the investment is a safe one and certain to be profitable, we want you to write to us to-day.

We have just published a handsome little booklet called "LARGEST NEW YORK."

It tells all about this Jersey town and what its growth is going to do for its property holders.

It tells all about land values in New Jersey, and it tells how a small investment there can be made to yield a large income.

We want you to read this book and we ask you to send for it to-day.

Read it carefully before you invest a cent.

Then ask questions. We shall answer them promptly.

Remember, though, that the lots are selling rapidly, and that naturally the choicest ones are the ones that are being selected now.

Do not delay. NOW is the time to act. Write for this booklet this minute while you are thinking about it. Write your name and address on the coupon printed below.



**W. M. OSTRANDER**  
(Incorporated)

391 No. American Bldg.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Suite 391, 25 West 42d Street  
NEW YORK

Please send me your free book on Jersey real estate, "Largest New York." I am interested in real estate investment.

**W. M. OSTRANDER, (Inc.)**

Exclusive Sales Agents

391 North American Building, Philadelphia

Suite 391, 25 West 42d Street, New York

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

Sign, Tear Out and Mail This Coupon To-day



# MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

## TOILET POWDER



*"Afloat or Ashore"*

## Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder

is the one perfect toilet powder; perfect in what it is and what it does. It is a **perfectly pure**, impalpable powder. **Mennen's Borated Talcum** positively relieves **prickly heat, chafing, sunburn, nettle rash, and all other skin affections**. It removes all odor of perspiration, and gives coolness and comfort to the skin. **Genuine Mennen's Borated Talcum** is put up in non-refillable cans for the protection of purchasers. Mennen's face on top of the box guarantees the powder **inside**. Try **Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum**.

*For sale everywhere,  
or by mail postpaid, 25 cents  
Sample Free*

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, 30 Orange St., Newark, N. J.