

# SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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# Conquering the Last Frontier

**BY SAMUEL MERWIN**

## I.—Our Lost Empire

DEFINITION number seven, in Webster's unabridged, of the transitive verb, "to lose," reads: "To fail to obtain or enjoy; to fail to gain or win." Twenty-five years ago Canada was young and diffident. To-day she is strong, rich, and a little proud. Then, had we thought it worth while to make advances, it is difficult to say what might or might not have taken place. Now, there are half a million American settlers in Manitoba and Saskatchewan and Alberta, and, if you should ask them, you would find that they are not at all interested in the annexation question. "Things run rather better here," they say, "than in the states. The administration of justice is much more satisfactory. We see no advantage in changing."

It may seem a bit inappropriate to choose this time for discussing our lost empire, for speaking of bold men in distant cities who are risking their own and other people's money, hundreds of millions of it, and of still bolder men who are risking their lives. When midsummer comes, and the trees wave dustily in Trinity Churchyard, and the listless sparrows flock about the fountain in Union Square, and the Broadway motormen push their caps back from red, glistening foreheads and stamp heavily on bells that have no cheer in them, it is difficult for most of us to think of anything more remote than the weather, and the flat problem,

EARLY in the spring Mr. Merwin spent several weeks in the unexplored region of Northwestern Canada, whither he had been specially sent by SUCCESS MAGAZINE. He visited principally that great section west of Manitoba and Saskatchewan where the exploring engineers are seeking a pathway through the Canadian Rockies for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, a country full of untrodden ways, unexplored rivers and unnamed mountain ranges, in many parts of which, in spite of the proximity of twentieth century civilization, the footfall of the white man has never before been heard. This is the story of a rough, hardy life, full of the romantic elements of daring and courage. This wild region depicted on the following pages has never before been photographed. It is the last outpost of civilization, the "last frontier."

and Panhandle Pete, and Saturday's trip down the bay.

But if you have ever felt, as I rather fancy you have, that it is in you to explore strange, new countries for yourself, that you would not hesitate very long between going into something in the dry goods way and going into something in the empire-building way, you will do well to open the atlas to the map of North America and let loose your imagination in the splendidly romantic conquest of that Far Northwest which we know very little about, but which we shall, willy nilly, learn a

good deal about before "Jim" Hill, and the new Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern, and the Canadian Pacific, and the Dominion Government get through with it. They are building—while you wait,—an empire with which we, of these states, shall very shortly have to reckon.

It is the first time an empire was ever built in just this way. The rifle has no place in the undertaking. Thanks to the century-long influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Indians and half-breeds are docile. Thanks to the Anglo-Saxon sense of order, and to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, there are few or none of those "bad men" who have infested our frontiers. The conquering army is made up of farmers and cows and sheep and horses and plows and harvesting machines. The advance skirmishers, if you could see them at work, are hardy young men in rough clothes who carry transits and levels,







#### FORDING A RIVER

The engineers have built a raft to ferry their outfit across



#### UPSTREAM WITH PACK HORSES

In the mountains, railroads must follow the watercourses



#### A "HUSKY" DOG

Half timber wolf, half collie, these dogs are invaluable to the engineer



#### A VANISHING TYPE

and travel with pack horses or, in the depth of the winter, with pack dogs.

It is these hardy young men of the transit in whom we are most interested here. The farmer makes excellent foundation material,—the best there is, in fact; but like certain of the others of us he is neither very exciting nor very decorative. In small parties for reconnaissance work, in large parties for survey work, scattered over three thousand miles for construction work, the engineers are blazing the steel trails across the prairies and through the wilderness. Before many of them lies hardship, perhaps starvation. For the larger survey parties provisions are freighted out by Indians and *cached* where expert woodsmen can find them. But the small reconnaissance parties, plunging into the northwestern mountains for six months at a time, can carry only a few staples. When gun and rod fail, they must eat dog. In winter—and winter is winter up there,—they must roll up in a blanket or two and sleep under the stars. A Canadian Pacific engineer, poor Vance, was frozen to death west of Battleford two winters ago. I know an engineer who has slept under canvas when the camp thermometer registered fifty-six below zero. I know another engineer who thinks little, at forty below, of rolling up in a single Hudson Bay blanket on the snow. In summer this same country is hot, and, in places, dusty, and along the river bottoms the insect pests are all but unbearable. The minute and tedious work of surveying and map-making is relieved only by intervals of pushing through rough country, of building rafts in order to ferry supplies, instruments, and records across rivers, of cutting a way for pack horses through tangled windfalls, or, in winter, of "breaking trail" for the dogs.

#### The Lure of the Wilderness Is Irresistible

By way of recompense for this work the engineer, equipped with technical training and with years of hard experience, shares with the college professor the distinction of being the most highly underpaid of brain workers. A fat traveling salesman with a grin, a good story or two, and a fund of questionable grammar, will draw from twice to ten times the salary.

And the curious thing is that they love the life, these lean, youngish men with the clear heads and the magnificent bodies. They will perhaps try to make you think they don't. They are a silent lot, as becomes men who pass their years in the wilderness or on the lonely, wind-swept prairies, and they are working for corporation directors whose business ears are not attuned to the call of the wild. But if you could drop into the Alberta Hotel at Edmonton, on some mild spring evening, and have a look at the assistant engineers and the instrument men who are booked to disappear toward the Rockies, within a day or two, for some six, eight, or ten months, you would see what I mean. The undying spirit of adventure is in their eyes; the half-conscious swagger of the soldier of fortune is in their stride. The same haunting desire that drove Stanley back to Africa, that drives the soldier to the wars or the sailor to the sea, is sending these men back to the wilderness.

The spending out of hand of a hundred millions or so for railroad building through a new land obviously means something. Three new trunk lines are already under construction in Western Canada. Before long we shall be hearing a good deal about the foresight and the unflinching courage of the





ONE OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE

men who are standing back of these huge undertakings. But when you see this sort of thing in the papers, smile. A man would show about as much foresight in staking out a claim in the bullion room at the mint. In Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta provinces there are more than two hundred thousand square miles of prairie land, most of it rich black loam, ready cleared for the plow. As much again awaits clearing. In the mountains are minerals and timber. Settlers are pouring in on every train to occupy this vast region. Towns and grain warehouses are springing up over night. Imagine the Mississippi and Missouri Valleys to settle over again under modern conditions! Imagine anything you like, and you will probably be within the facts.

It is nothing unusual for these prairies to yield a general average of twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, and forty bushels of oats. Much of the wheat is of a higher grade than any now raised in our West, and it is frequently mixed with ours to bring ours up to standard. No, the wonder is that the pompous gentlemen in the tall hats didn't get their railroads through ten years ago. Add to this that all save the Hill undertaking are bolstered up with vast land grants and, now and then, with cash subsidies, and the wonder grows.

No, the engineer is our man. Of the two types, the man who is risking other people's money is neither so picturesque nor so interesting as the man who is risking his life. It is the engineer who is conquering this last, and perhaps greatest, frontier.

## II.—Blazing the Steel Trail

Edmonton is the jumping-off place for all Northwestern Canada, the place where town and wilderness strike hands. Here in Washington Square, the prosperous little city on the Upper Saskatchewan seems even farther away than its accredited twenty-five hundred miles. It is eight hundred miles west of Winnipeg, and it is some little way north of that fifty-third parallel beyond which, if one is to believe Mr. Rex Beach, the laws of God and man don't work very well. If one were to attempt the somewhat hazardous feat of walking due east from Edmonton, it would be found necessary to swim the upper waters of Hudson Bay before fetching up on the coast of Labrador. All this sounds very remote and inaccessible. It suggests rather the interior recesses of Greenland, than the pastoral charms of an Iowa or an Illinois; and if I carried away from New York, buttoned inside a prosaic waistcoat, what I took to be the emotions of the explorer, my ignorance was not, I prefer to think, unique.

Edmonton is a city of banks and a board of trade; of department stores a block long and a good many stories high; of paved streets and brick and stone buildings; of well-to-do men in frock coats or in trim riding breeches and puttees; of prettily-gowned women; of the latest thing in automobiles; of clubs, churches, and polo grounds. All this speaks of the life of to-day. But jostling by the prosperous merchant or the English "younger son" is the half-breed in Stetson hat and silk-embroidered gauntlets, or the squaw with papoose bundled on her shoulders. The contrast, to one who has surrendered much of himself to the effete influence of our Atlantic States, is



TWENTY BELOW ZERO  
Engineers taking a morning shower bath on  
Battle River



EXPLORING A GLACIER  
Among the northernmost ridges of the Rocky  
Mountains



WORKING THROUGH A WINDFALL  
The heads of the horses can be seen above  
the tangle of fallen trees

somewhat bewildering. One evening I strolled to the brink of the bluff and tried to straighten it out. Edmonton was the frontier; I knew that. But maps, with great "unexplored" patches on them, are not so convincing as they might be when one is in the living presence of clubs and banks and churches and automobiles. Before me was the mile wide valley, cut out square and deep from the yellow earth. The smoke from the lower town, thickened by a May mist, filled the valley to the brim, and in the moonlight it was luminous and faintly purple. Through this veil glistened the silver Saskatchewan, as it wound its leisurely way toward Hudson Bay. It was all very serene and very charming. At this moment it seemed, after all, as if I might be pretty close to those unexplored blank spaces. I should have liked to let my thoughts float off downstream through the mist to encounter the wild adventures of frontier times; but even if they could have slipped safely under the railroad bridge, they would have come up short against the very business-like log boom just below.

The wild days are almost over with; the frontier is losing ground every day. In the trading stores at Edmonton, the half-breeds sit, and smoke, and talk of the old days when the steamboats ran on the Saskatchewan. Men talk that way of the rotting wharves at Portsmouth, of the ancient, faded glories of the Spanish main. When I heard this plaint, from the lips of a whimsical old trader, I gave up my hope of finding a frontier. I surrendered to the

spirit of Jasper Street, with its electric lights and its automobiles. I merely shook a listless head when a talkative young man put the age-old question, "What's your line?" So he was here too! Behind a certain prosaic waistcoat, a spark had flickered out. After the engineer, the traveling man; after the traveling man, the steam plow; after the steam plow, the grand piano: that is the way they build empires to-day.

But there is still the engineer. The new Grand Trunk Pacific, the biggest and the most interesting of the new railroad projects, is to pass through Edmonton on its way from sea to sea. Edmonton, indeed, practically bisects the western half of the line. Between here and Winnipeg, there are eight hundred miles of prairie; between here and Port Simpson, the terminal point on the Pacific, there are a thousand miles of mountains. On the prairie active construction work is to-day going forward; contractors' camps are swarming with Galician laborers; district and assistant engineers are riding back and forth over flat prairie and rolling prairie, sand hills and river bottoms; the pile-driver and the steam shovel are driving back the antelope, the coyote, and the jack rabbit; the new line, changing its form and substance before each new obstacle—now an embankment, now an excavation, now a trestle,—is pushing inexorably westward. This much is a plain story of constructive work. The plans have been worked out; the route has been surveyed and staked. The task of the engineers in charge is mainly to see that the contractors live up to the specifications.

Farther west it is different. Open your atlas again, and glance at the thousand miles between Edmonton and Port Simpson, on the Pacific. It is here that you find the blank spaces. Now try to imagine that an unknown wilderness lies between Chicago and New York. Try still further to imagine that you, reader, are the division engineer in charge of the survey work. Imagine, too, that instead of the hills of Pennsylvania and New York you have the Canadian Rockies, with a dozen other ranges thrown in for good measure. This means that you would be lucky to get your track through with a maximum altitude of five to six thousand feet. There are lakes, rivers, and unbridgable chasms in the way; but you, at Chicago, as engineer in charge, are expected to find the one best route to the sea,—a thousand miles, remember, through the impossible,—not a route, but the best route.

To complicate matters a bit, suppose that another division engineer, with the interests of a rival line deeply at heart, is also at Chicago, with precisely the same object in view. There is very little doubt that only one of you can have that best route. The man that misses it (it is barely conceivable that both may miss it,) will put his company in the way of dropping millions of dollars in extra-difficult construction. All this must be made up out of profits. Suppose too that, after the two roads are built, your grades are steeper than his. Remember that the same engine will haul exactly twice as much

[Concluded on pages 572 to 575]

## A Little Diplomacy

BY PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrated by Maud Thurston



THE Boy tossed a pebble into the dark water before him and then watched, discontentedly, the little rings that pursued one another outward and ever outward from the center of disturbance. The Girl, too, sat with dark eyes bent thoughtfully upon the little ripples there just below her dainty, swinging feet.

At length the Boy looked up.

"It isn't so much that I object to marrying you," he said. "You're a good sort,—too good for any man," he continued, mag-

half whimsically, and she so understood it, and smiled.

The Boy returned to his grievances. "I won't do it," he cried. "I'll marry whom and when and how and where and why I choose!" It was an ultimatum.

The Girl placed the tips of her little shoes together and eyed them critically. "So shall I," she declared, positively.

The Boy turned to her in uneasy apology. "Understand," he said, "it is n't because I don't like and respect you, for I do. But I



refuse to be driven, and forced to marry." She nodded again. "I understand," she said. "I like you, too. But I would n't marry you."

"Shall we tell them so?" asked the Boy, at length. She considered for a moment. "Why, yes, of course," she replied.

And they did.

That night two middle-aged, well-groomed fathers sat upon the Casino veranda and considered. These two fathers were men who had met the world and had fought it; and, what is more important, they had won. With them, children had always been a side issue,—a sort of a cross between a duty and an amusement for their mothers and nurses and a cause of expense for themselves; and, as side issues, they had given them neither the time nor the thought necessary for a thorough understanding. But now they revised their ideas as to main and side issues, and they found, much to their surprise, that some shifting was necessary. Thus, being men of the world, and successful, they shifted; and being, as I have said, men of the world,

neck, to the lithe young figure just entering into the glories of womanhood, and thence to the small, firm, sun-browned hands and the idly swinging feet in their little slippers. "Do you know, Sue," he said, at length, judiciously, "you have grown to be a pretty girl,—a very pretty girl. And you used to be so long-legged and skinny."

The Girl reddened a little. "Do you wish me to be pleased by your praise or angered by your condemnation?" she asked; as a matter of fact, she was a little of both.

"I'd rather you'd be pleased," the Boy replied. "You're so much nicer that way." He threw another pebble into the water. "I wish they'd let us alone," he said, returning to his first topic. "They have no right to make us marry. We're old enough to know our own minds."

The Girl nodded. "Yes," she said. "There's only one thing to be said in its favor that I can see," went on the Boy, "and that is that, if things should go wrong, we'd have some one else to blame." He spoke

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and successful, they knew human nature. And they applied their knowledge.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Girl sat on a little bench at the third tee. Beside her stood the Boy, fussing with a little handful of wet sand.

"What did your father say?" he asked, compressing the sand in one tanned, muscular hand.

"Well," replied the Girl, "at first he was cross, and said it was too bad that I could not see what was for my own good. He said that I ought to respect his judgment, and follow it, and,—and he was most unreasonable, indeed."

The Boy nodded, sympathetically. "So was mine," he said, retrospectively. "He called me an opinionated young idiot," he continued, "and said that you were a million times too good for me. Quite possibly he is right,—only that has nothing to do with it, that I can see." He continued to mold the damp sand. "Go on," he adjured.

The Girl considered. "Then, after a day or two," she said, "he seemed to get used to the idea of our not marrying, and told me that, of course, if I did not wish to I need not,—that there were other good men, and I could marry one of them when I got ready."

The Boy stopped molding the sand. He did not seem to like what she was saying. But he did not interrupt.

"And then, this morning," she went on, "he told me that he was very glad that I had been wise enough to see that a marriage with you would be inadvisable. He didn't say anything against you, understand," she continued, quickly. "He just said that he did not think we'd be suited to one another."

"A lot he knows about it," sniffed the Boy, scornfully. "What else did he say?"

"Nothing, except that I must forget that any idea of marrying you had ever been advanced, and that he was glad that we had all come to our senses before some terrible mistake had been made."

The Boy hotly flung the patiently wrought sand into the box. "Some terrible mistake!" he repeated, with infinite scorn. "Some terrible mistake!" Huh!"

After a moment he again picked the sand from the box.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"Why, I told him I thought so, too."

The Boy turned quickly. "You did!" he cried.

"Why, of course," she replied, resting her dark eyes in his. "I had to," she went on, naively. "He was doing just what we wanted him to do, was not he?"

The Boy's face changed. "I suppose so," he admitted, reluctantly, and fell to kneading the sand again.

"What did your father say?" asked the Girl, after a pause.

"Much the same as yours," he answered. "At first he was very stuffy about it. But then he said that if we did not think we'd be compatible, he would not insist. And then, just like your father, he said that, after all, he had probably been mistaken, and that now, even if we wanted to marry, he would not give his consent under any circumstances."

The Girl straightened. "Did your father say that?" she demanded, quickly.

The Boy nodded.

"Why, so did mine!" she cried.

The Boy sat down beside her upon the bench. Hand clasped in hand, elbows upon knees, he remained for some moments, deep in thought. Then he turned to her.

"Would it be any use, do you think?" he asked, at length.

"Would what be any use?" she questioned.

"To ask their consent," he replied, slowly.

"But why should we?" she queried. "You don't want to marry me."

He turned to her impulsively. "I do!" he cried, and positively.

"But you said—"

"Hang what I said!" he declared, vehemently, illogically,—but most naturally. "I do want to marry you, and I'm going to!"

"But," she objected, "I don't—"

"Yes, you do!" he interrupted, seizing both her hands in his.

The red blood surged to her cheeks. "She shook her head.

"Say you do," he commanded.

Her cheeks grew yet redder. Again she shook her head.

"Say you do!" he commanded, once more, tensely, eagerly. And he drew her to him.

She looked up. Her dark eyes caught his gray ones and dwelt there. Then she nodded, slowly.

"I do," she whispered, so softly that he scarce heard. But he understood.

A valiant squirrel, making venturesome advances and scuttling retreats, at length made up his mind that here all was safe, and approached even to their feet, where he sat upon his haunches and eyed them with polite curiosity, bent on finding out, doubtless, how these other strange animals, that walked upright and wore such strange fur, could sit still so long. It would have bored him to death. And a full-throated robin perched for fifteen minutes or more on the edge of the sand box singing his best, and then departed in high dudgeon at being so ignored and unappreciated.

And, at length, there came an erratic, ill-balanced bat. But he was too impatient to wait, and ricocheted off through the gloom, while in his stead appeared a sad-voiced whip-poor-will. And three frogs sat upon a spray-splashed stone and discussed the matter in lugubrious gutturals.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night old Parson Peters, at the Corners, was awakened at eight-thirty by the jangling of his bell. Rising so hastily that he fell over the cat, his heart in his throat lest the house be afire or the cow in the well, he stuck his night-capped

head out of the window, to be ordered by a very impatient and dictatorial young man to come down and marry him to a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, who stood, between laughter and tears, as near to the young man's side as she could.

And when the hired man, who had been forced to get up and dress, that he might serve as a witness, and who was correspondingly disgruntled, saw this same dark-haired, dark-eyed



"Old Parson Peters was awakened by the jangling of his bell"

girl waiting there in the light of the little kerosene lamp, he stopped grumbling so suddenly that it almost choked him, and went back after his celluloid collar and Sunday boots.

And at the club, two middle-aged, well-groomed fathers sat and chuckled, and chuckled, and chuckled again; and the waiter who served them their champagne quite forgot the terrible oppression of his responsibilities and began to chuckle, too, for he was a social le soul, and, even though he did not know what the joke was, he felt sure that it was a good one, and did homage accordingly.

One middle-aged, well-groomed father lifted a brimming glass on high.

"To the bride and the bridegroom!" he cried.

"To the bridegroom and the bride!" cried the other middle-aged, well-groomed father. And both raised their glasses to their lips, and then put them down again quickly, for there was still much chuckling to be done.

"Shall we forgive them to-morrow, or next day?" laughed Father Number One.

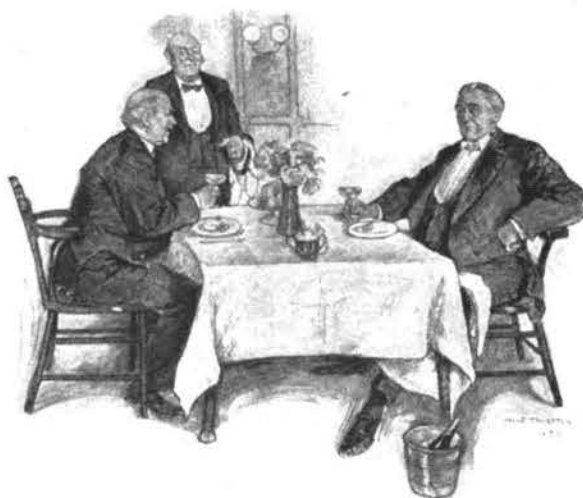
"Next day," laughed Father Number Two. "They have been disobedient,—most disobedient."

And Fathers Number One and Two chuckled together; and so did the waiter, for, as I have told you, he was a sociable soul, and he just knew that it must be a good joke.

\* \* \* \* \*

And out on the road to the Corners, there under the great dark dome of the sky, a French *chauffeur*, with his eye full of oil, and his mouth full of words that would have made one glad that one did not understand idiomatic French, lay on his back in the middle of the road under a French touring car, and pounded his thumb with a monkey-wrench. And in the *tonneau* sat a Boy and a Girl who did not care whether it was night or day, or whether they ever had anything to eat or not; who really did not know that there was any one else in the whole, wide, round world except just themselves. And they laughed, too.

They did not know that it was a joke, to be sure. But they knew that it was good.



"The waiter forgot the oppression of his responsibilities"

# Facing Danger to Get News

The Startling Experiences of Newspaper Reporters, Who Never Know, from Day to Day, through What Perils by Land and Sea Their Quest for News May Lead Them

**BY REMSEN CRAWFORD**

ILLUSTRATED BY L. W. LEE



CONTINGENCIES are apt to arise any day in the life of a reporter doing "general work," the results of which might be most serious. He never knows, until he goes to the office, about the noon hour, what the city editor will send him out to do. If it be to resort to strategy in the investigation of a crime, the criminal and his friends are to be reckoned with, perhaps at risk. If it be to invade a disease-stricken community, and the reporter has n't an abnormal disregard for death, he would better go back to the nursery. If it be to brave a blizzard and report a shipwreck, exposure is apt to be encountered which would result in death, just as it did in the case of Edward Reilly, who died in a storm at Coney Island while reporting the calamity for the New York "Star." Should the reporter be sent to see a test of a submarine boat, he must have the courage of the most daring of the crew; and, should he be ordered to some remote rural district to expose the operations of a lawless gang like the Whitecaps, he must be willing to trade life for death at equal odds.

By some strange process of human mind, the element of danger never figures in a reporter's calculation.

I never knew one to carry a revolver, although he might easily get a permit to do so from the police authorities. Fed so long upon excitement, the spirit of adventure is uppermost, and his nerves are as dead to a sense of danger as are those of the engine driver who fairly revels in the fascination of hurling tons of human flesh along at the mile-a-minute clip. In fact, where danger is often believed to exist is more than apt to be the very place where it will not be found. Most criminals are cowards in the presence of an educated man.

How strikingly this was set forth in the case of the Whitecaps in the southern part of Indiana, when Julian Ralph encountered them! He was then one of the leading correspondents on the "Sun's" staff, and it was just before he left that journal and became one of the most celebrated of American magazine writers. He was sent out with instructions to invade the stronghold of the Whitecaps, to meet the ringleader face to face, and to expose the crimes they were committing in their fiendish conspiracy. Ralph's description of the members of this lawless band made them out mental, moral, and physical degenerates. On arriving at a little crossroads town where the outrages were most frequent, the correspondent went to a little shanty which bore the flattering name of a hotel and secured a room. He then asked some of the loafers about the place a few general questions about the Whitecaps. He was at once taken for a detective, as it had been already rumored around that Pinkerton men had been engaged to run down the outlaws.

## Julian Ralph and the Outlaws

Finding that he could get in return to his queries little more than grunts and growls, Ralph sauntered across the road to the only store in the place. There he found a group of loungers. He asked the storekeeper if he could direct him where to find the leader of the Whitecap band. From descriptions he had from the authorities he believed one of the loafers in the store was none other than the leader. Walking over to him Ralph laid his hand gently upon this fellow's shoulder. Instantly he began to tremble and withdraw. The others threw their eyes to the floor and sneaked away. Ralph told the tall, lank, wild-eyed man that he had reason to believe him to be the leader of the

Whitecap outfit, told him what he was there for, and assured him that it would be better for him not to try to make any trouble. The man who had scattered terror for miles hung his head and sneaked out to join the rest of the loafers. Ralph had felt that there might be some danger in approaching the gang after he had learned that they believed him to be a detective, but his daring, fearless, courteous manner had made cowards of them all.

That night, however, he had cause to become really frightened. He had gone to bed and was asleep when he was suddenly awakened by loud exclamations outside his door and heavy boot heels pounding the hall floor. Instantly he arose in bed, scarcely knowing whether to leap out of a window or to stay and take chances. There was n't time to decide. Before he had thought twice, a mob, apparently, had assailed the door with a heavy log, and he heard it break from its lock, and the ruffians fall over each other on the floor. But it was not Ralph's door at all! The whole commotion was only a combined effort of two or three natives to push open a door which had fastened itself by swelling with moisture,—the door of another room which was needed to house a belated patron of the hotel.

## A Dangerous Case of Resemblance

Mr. Ralph used to tell of another experience from which he was lucky to escape and tell the story. In this case there was a real danger of being shot to death. He had gone to a small village in New Jersey to unravel a murder mystery. A young woman had been killed, and the last person she was seen with was a man who bore a striking resemblance to the reporter. As soon as the father and three brothers of the dead girl laid eyes on Ralph, they were convinced that he was her slayer. He could not blame them much, for they were ignorant persons and had never seen many men of his type. After he had entered the ramshackle house where the girl's body lay awaiting the action of the legal authorities, the three brothers, great strapping giants of physical strength, openly accused him of having committed the murder. They hit upon the idea of making him touch the body, believing, in their utter ignorance, in the old superstition that, if a murderer touches his victim in death, the wounds will bleed to give evidence of the murderer's guilt.

## The Boldest "Beat" on Record

"Touch her!" shouted one of the brothers, as Ralph told the story afterwards.

"I will not!" exclaimed the reporter, staring him in the face and seeing, from the corner of his eye, the other brothers draw their guns.

"Touch her!" repeated the first brother, and he sprang against the door, the only means of escape.

Ralph moderated his voice designingly, and in a tone of earnestness and firmness he told him what he was and what he was there for. He explained to the men how easy it would be for them to get proof of his identity and ascertain the truth of his statements. Seeing that his manner of speech had the desired effect of administering a rebuke to his accusers, he walked to the man on guard at the door and exclaimed: "So, end this folly,—quick!" The door was opened.

Undoubtedly, the boldest undertaking on the part of a reporter to score a "beat" ever known in the history of American journalism was when Thomas B. Fields, of the New York "Times," leaped from a steamer in New York Harbor, at odds of about a hundred to one of being drowned, and brought in the first graphic story of the loss of the ocean liner, "Oregon." It is the custom of New York dailies to send reporters down the bay to meet incoming steamers, when it is known there is "big news" aboard. On the ground that it is better to be safe than sorry, the editors dispatch the reporters by special permit on a government revenue cutter, or else on a specially chartered tug, with a view to catching their game before the ship



HENRY C. TERRY,  
who did telling work while posing  
as a lunatic



W. O. INGLIS,  
who nearly lost his life in a  
blizzard



docks. It was known early in the afternoon that the North German Lloyd steamer which had rescued the passengers of the ill-fated "Oregon" was not far out, and every city editor in New York laid plans for sending reporters out to meet the incoming liner.

Fielders was one of these. He managed to get aboard the big steamer far down the bay, and went among the survivors of the "Oregon" disaster and obtained some thrilling tales of escape. He took notes enough to write a book about the sinking of the ship, with minute details of heroic rescues and plenty of what newspaper men call "human interest" stories. Then time began to hang heavy on his hands. It was getting late at night, and the ship had not yet passed Quarantine. To make matters worse, the captain said that he would allow no one to leave the ship until she had made her way clear at Quarantine; Fielders vainly pleaded that he was not a passenger, and, therefore, was not amenable to the inspection of the ship by the health officers. His remonstrances were unavailing. The captain was obdurate.

#### Taking Chances with Yellow Fever

Ten o'clock came. The city editor of the "Times" paced nervously around the night desk, repeatedly asking: "Where on earth is Fielders?" Out there in the bay Fielders, wrought to a pitch of anger almost sufficient to impel an assault upon the exacting captain, looked vainly at the dimpling stream of light from his tug as she lay out in the darkened waters waiting for him. The captain of the North German Lloyd steamer would not permit the tug to come any nearer to his ship. Fielders stood beside the rail, loudly remonstrating with the man commanding the big ship. He stealthily placed one leg over the rail, then the other. Then there was a splashing sound below and a chorus of shouts from the passengers. The reporter was overboard! Out in the rippling light his body was seen to rise, and, as it did, the dare-devil began swimming toward his tug. His comrades had thrown out a line at a signal from him, previously given, and he made for that line. Would he ever get it? Could they see him, a mere speck on the dimly lighted waters? He gained a hold on the rope, was pulled aboard the tug, and gave orders for her nose to be turned toward the Manhattan shore with all possible speed. The "Times" contained a full and graphic story of the loss of the "Oregon," the next morning.

The nearest approach to Mr. Fielders's "beat" was when Louis C. Beattie, of the old "Recorder," leaped from a steamer at the time of the cholera scare, at Quarantine, with a similar end in view, giving his paper important news hours ahead of his competitors. P. C. Hayes did some clever work in reporting the cholera ship incident, too, invading all quarters of the infested vessel, at great risk, and contriving to evade the Quarantine officials. Taking chances with disease seems to have a peculiar fascination for Henry Guy Carleton, now a celebrated playwright, and Lucien Atkins, still a member of the "World's" staff. These men went South when yellow fever was scattered over the lower districts of Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida. One town in Mississippi had well-nigh been depopulated by the dread disease, and Jacksonville, Florida, and Brunswick, Georgia, were so devastated that popular donations from all parts of the country were necessary to furnish food and medical aid. Carleton and Atkins pretended to be immune from the disease and encamped right in its strongholds.

#### An Encounter with Spiritualists

When Vincent Cook, known throughout newspaperdom as "Vince, the invincible," was managing editor of the Brooklyn "World," he planned a raid upon a spiritualistic meeting which was so successful that it not only revealed the "spirit" as a woman in flesh and blood, but also precipitated a free-for-all fight which resulted in bloodshed and came near sending several of the "faithful," and several reporters likewise, to a hospital. Major N. A. Clowes, now suburban editor for the "World," Stephen Titus, now in charge of the "World's" Brooklyn office, and Archie Gunn, then a sketch artist, and now famed for his chorus-girl pictures in magazines, were the principal figures in the raid. Miss Elizabeth Bingham, a woman of great physical size and strength, accompanied them as a woman detective. Cook had information that the spiritualistic séances were farces of the most pronounced type and determined to break them up by exposing the fraud to the very eyes of the faithful ones. In order to get front seats at one of the materialization meetings he had to get his reporters to pretend to be converts to spiritualism. Gradually they worked their way from the back seats down to the front row. After they had made themselves strong with the medium, a Mrs. Cadman, the *coup* was cunningly planned. Cook and his reporters and the sketch artist were to attend a materialization

meeting, which, in the parlance of spiritualists, is a meeting where the medium is supposed to call spirits out right before the eyes of all the audience.

This meeting was in a parlor. A cabinet was in one corner of the room, and there the medium sat. When the lights were all out and the room was in darkness the spirit appeared, clad in regulation white and with a very white, cadaverous face. It was a woman spirit. Cook thought it would be a woman spirit, and that was his reason for taking with him the stalwart woman detective. In case it proved to be a man spirit, he had such strong men as Major Clowes and Big "Steve" Titus. In order to make the exposure, Cook had conceived the very cunning plan of equipping each of his men with an electric battery, which was concealed beneath their clothing, connecting with small incandescent lamps which they kept in reserve up their sleeves. They all had front seats, and Cook instructed them to turn on the lights when he exclaimed "Marvelous!" Things went smoothly for the medium at the outset. She spoke of the voices that were ringing in her ears from the far-away land of nowhere, and the loyal followers on the front row sighed "Amen." Old women who were nightly frequenters of the place sighed, too, and, when the lights were turned out and the woman in white appeared, gesticulating weirdly, these old women could scarcely keep their seats.

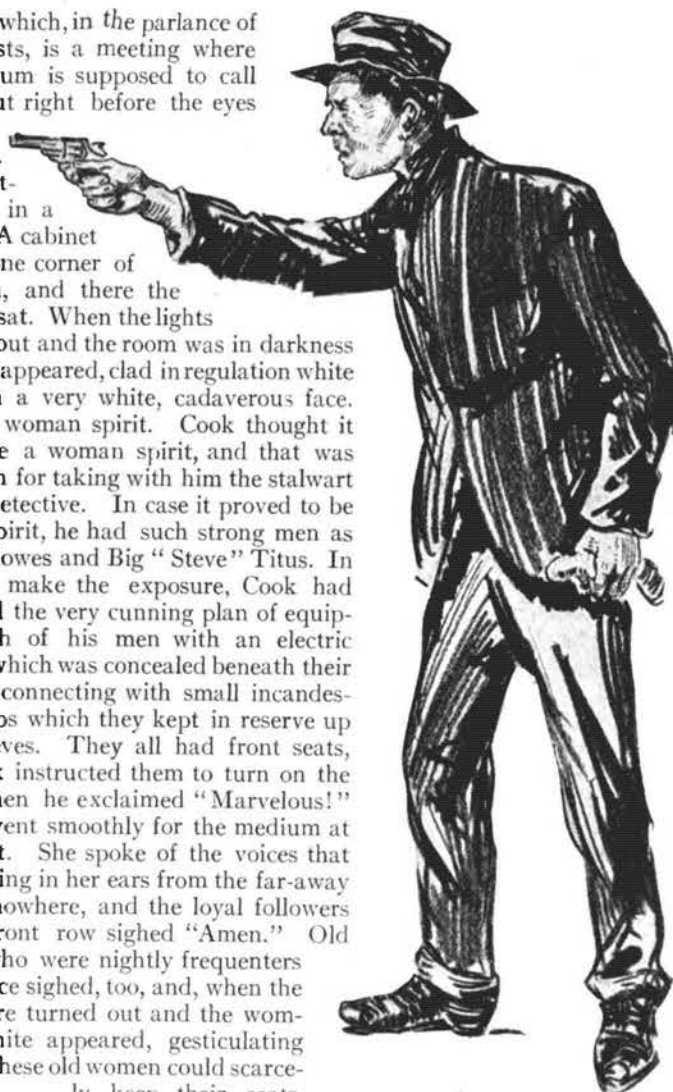
Finally Cook moaned aloud, "Marvelous!" Instantly there was a bright flash of electric lights. The spirit threw up her hands and screamed. By this time the woman detective had her arms about the spirit, and it was a case of Greek meet Greek until Steve Titus went to the detective's rescue. As he did so, several big, strong satellites of the spirit seized him. Here Major Clowes took a hand. Archie Gunn saw that it would be impossible to do any sketching just that moment, so he got busy defending himself from assault by others of the stalwart faithful. There was a general "mix-up," in which many blows were exchanged and some language indulged in that would have shamed all spiritdom. But, enough for Cook, the exposure was made. His raid was successful. The spirit proved to be Mrs. Cadman, herself.

"Vince" Cook scored another triumph when he broke up a nest of grave robbers in Washington City. He was then on the New York "Advertiser." Information had been gained that the congressional cemetery at Washington was being robbed, and that the bodies were being sold to medical colleges for dissecting purposes all over the United States. Cook was assigned by the managing editor to probe the affair and run down the grave robbers. He and another reporter, Edward Doney, who died shortly afterwards, undertook the job. Doney impersonated a medical student. He studied up on anatomy just enough to be able to use a few "big words," for Cook had an intimation that the ringleader of the grave robbers was a negro named Marlowe, and he knew that a few high-sounding phrases would be enough to establish with negroes the belief that Doney was really a medical student. Cook and Doney lived in a house back of the medical college in Washington, for several weeks, looking over the ground night and day. After a few days Cook had in his possession an offer from the negro to supply to a medical college the body of General Benjamin F. Butler for \$250.

#### A Trip to Sea in a Howling Blizzard

On securing this evidence, Cook was then sure that he was shadowing the right man. After working several weeks longer on the case he captured Marlowe, one night, as he came to the medical college to deliver a body. Cook had watched operations in the cemetery, several nights before, and had sufficient evidence. In those days, however, the maximum punishment in Washington for grave-robbing was only twenty-nine days in prison.

William O. Inglis, of the "World," came near losing his life in a perilous trip to sea during the famous blizzard of 1888. News came in, from the meager sources left after many telegraph wires were blown



WALTER WELLMAN,  
who has started for the north pole  
in an air ship



Maj. N. A. CLOWES,  
an enemy of fake spiritualistic  
mediums

down, that the coasts, both on the Jersey and the Long Island shores, were strewn with the timbers of wrecked vessels and with the bodies of the drowned crews. Inglis was sent out in a tugboat with sketch artists and a corps of reporters. He came upon the fleet of pilot boats off Barnegat, on the coast of New Jersey, after a most dangerous venture at sea. Out of twenty-six pilot boats in the beleaguered fleet only fifteen had weathered the storm. The others had gone to the bottom. Inglis wonders to this day how his tug ever managed to bring him back to New York, but he managed to get the mountainous billows of the open sea behind him, after hours of buffeting, and felt relief on passing Sandy Hook and seeing the smoother waters of the harbor lying before him.

Henry Clay Terry, now of Hearst's New York "American," has the record for daring. When Don C. Seitz was city editor of the "Recorder" he learned that the state lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale, New York, was grossly mismanaged. He determined to get at the bottom of it, and sent several reporters to make investigation, but they were turned back with no information bearing on the cases of cruelty stipulated in the "tip" Seitz had received. He finally assigned Terry to go and get himself into Bloomingdale Asylum as an inmate. To fully appreciate what happened one should know Terry's type. He is a man of average size, clear-cut features, and a solemn, serious expression. His facial expression is so clerical that he is known everywhere as "Deacon" Terry. When he found himself confronted with the assignment to become a lunatic he never winced. He isn't of that sort. With powerful physical strength, he might stand his ground before many of the so-called pugilists. More than this, he is a man of incontestable courage. So he decided that, if he had to flog every keeper at Bloomingdale, he would force himself into that institution as a lunatic without even waiting the formality of shamming insanity and being duly committed, as "Nellie Bly" was in Bellevue. One dark, rainy night, while an equinoctial storm was raging,—just the kind of night for lunatics to be at large,—a stout, rugged, weather-beaten man alighted from a train at White Plains. From this town a lonely road leads out over hills and through forests to Bloomingdale. The weather-beaten man tramped along the road like a veritable outcast. His clothing was tattered and torn, and one might have taken him for a scarecrow, had he seen him in broad, open daylight. As he drew near the great inclosure of Bloomingdale Asylum the man began to mutter and growl like a dog. He threw away his hat, rumbled up his hair, spattered mud about his face, and sprang upon the doorstep of the prison, demanding entrance. He shouted wildly, at the top of his voice, until one of the keepers came to the door. Without waiting for a word, the ruffian invader pounced upon the keeper like a raving maniac, shouting: "Why did you put me out? Why do you kick me out in the rain? Don't I belong here?"

#### A Monument to a Servant Girl

It was "Deacon" Terry, but the dumfounded keeper never once dreamed that he had in his care a newspaper reporter. He took Terry inside, believing him to be an inmate, and the reporter stayed there long enough, that night, to get in communication with one of the *attachés* and several of the inmates, who gave corroboration of the story about mismanagement. One of the charges against a physician in the asylum was that, in treating a patient, he had boiled him to death. Terry secured all the particulars about the affair, which resulted in a sweeping investigation, but the reporter had to fight his way out just as he had fought his way into the institution.

The Tillie Smith murder case will live in the annals of criminal history, because a monument was erected to the murdered girl. This monument also stands for the skill, the eternal vigilance, and the shrewdness of two newspaper reporters,—Charles W. Tyler and James Creelman. It is the only monument, perhaps, ever erected to the memory of a servant girl by public subscription. Tillie Smith was a maid in a public institution in a small New Jersey town. When her body was found the mystery of her murder engaged the shrewdest of detectives the state of New Jersey could put to work on the case. They worked every thread of every clew that might lead to the capture of the guilty person, but their efforts were in vain. The "Sun" sent Charles W. Tyler to make investigation of the crime. It should be borne in mind that metropolitan newspapers of the present day are not satisfied with merely chronicling murders and telling what the police have done. They go one further than that and endeavor to beat the police in apprehending the murderer. Tyler became a detective, when he went to the New Jersey town, and took up the Tillie Smith case. There he met James Creelman, of the "World," who has since become famous as a war correspondent and attained prominence as a magazine writer. Tyler and Creelman agreed to work together, one taking up one clew while the

other followed another. They would give each other, every day, the results of their investigations, and the two newspapers would print each day about the same story. Meanwhile the detective work of the reporters was counting for something, and, after getting what they believed to be sufficient circumstantial evidence to cause the arrest of the janitor of the institution, Tyler procured a warrant and he was taken prisoner. This was after the police had given up the case. The man was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree. The court sentenced him to death, but this sentence was afterwards commuted to life-imprisonment. It was shown that Tillie Smith had met her death while bravely defending her honor, and Tyler and Creelman wrote such impressive stories about the affair that a public subscription was started to erect a monument to "womanly virtue." No one ever passes this monument without recalling the tragedy which awakened such widespread interest at the time. Creelman and Tyler did their work in the face of many threats on the part of the janitor and his friends. To say that their lives were in danger, at various stages of the game, would be putting it mildly. They invaded places the police and detectives would not venture to inspect. But for their persistent probing the crime would never have been atoned for in terms of the law.

#### Miss Folsom Enjoyed the Chase

In all things and above all things else a reporter must have the tenacity of an English bulldog when he once gets a grip on an assignment. This was never more strikingly demonstrated than in the case of three or four reporters for the "Sun" when they were sent out to interview Miss Frances Folsom, on her return home from Europe to become the bride of Grover Cleveland, then President of the United States. It may well be imagined that, when a young woman is about to marry a president of the United States, she becomes a most important personage in the minds of the men who make the modern metropolitan newspapers. There was not a city editor in New York, therefore, but determined that his paper should have an interview with Miss Folsom the moment she should arrive in port. In fact, long before the steamer "Illinois" arrived, that day, the Narrows were thick with tugboats bearing reporters for the various dailies. Others had gone down the bay aboard the revenue cutters to board the incoming steamer and interview Miss Folsom on the way to the dock. Meanwhile the "Sun" had received a cablegram, a week before, saying that Miss Folsom would not come on the "Illinois," but, in order to avoid reporters, had quietly changed her plans and gone to Antwerp and taken the steamer "Noordland." This steamer was due the same day the "Illinois" was booked to be in New York, and the "Sun's" city editor very shrewdly determined to throw the other papers off their guard by sending a delegation of reporters to meet the "Illinois," and then quietly sending another delegation to meet the "Noordland." In this way he figured that the reporters on the assignment to meet the "Illinois" could be kept in ignorance of the "tip" that Miss Folsom was really coming on the "Noordland," and thus a "scoop" might be accomplished. So, when the reporters of other papers and a delegation from the "Sun" waited around the dock for the incoming "Illinois," three of the Sun's most alert reporters were far down the bay on a tugboat, awaiting the arrival of the "Noordland." But Miss Folsom was alert as they, for she had arranged by cable, with the President's influence, to get aboard a revenue cutter far down the bay and come into New York without the necessity of staying aboard ship until the vessel should dock. The reporters saw her transfer from the steamer to the revenue cutter. They turned their tugboat about and began to chase the revenue cutter to the dock. They landed just in time to see Miss Folsom take a carriage and depart from the pier, but they likewise got a carriage and kept up their pursuit. Another of them remained and overheard the baggage men give orders for the trunks of the presidential bride-elect to be sent to the Gilsey House. The "Sun" men met Miss Folsom at the ladies' entrance of the Gilsey House, and with an outburst of laughter she capitulated, granted a brief interview, and said she had enjoyed the chase quite as much as the reporters. The "Sun" had its "beat," the next day, and city editors in Printing House Square are still wondering how it all happened.

One of the most important achievements for the public good, of a newspaper, in recent years, was when Frank O'Neil, a reporter for the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch," went to Mexico City and succeeded in influencing J. K. Murrell to return to St. Louis and make full confession concerning the aldermanic "graft" scandal, which has resulted in the great municipal upheaval in that city. O'Neil found he could do nothing by talking with Murrell, whom he had located in Mexico. By clever diplomacy, O'Neil secured an interview with Murrell which not only implicated him, but other politicians, also.

## THE FAMISHED

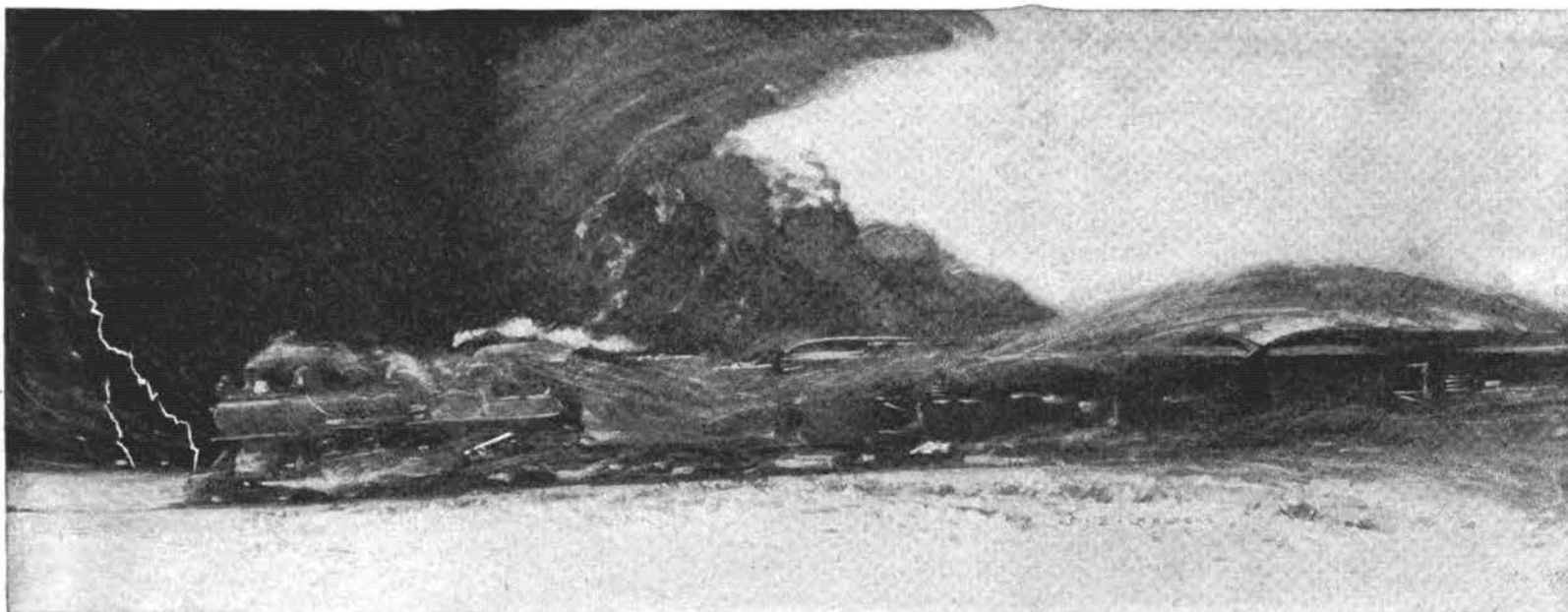
By Nixon Waterman

Mine was a nature that needed sun  
As the flowers need it, I  
Could have wrought good things had there been  
but one  
To smile and to bid me try.  
But they kept their words—they were busy, all,  
With their own affairs,—until  
My blood seemed touched with a tinct of gall  
And my heart with an icy chill.

I died one night, and they came, next day,  
The ones who had seemed so cold,  
And wept as they wreathed my lifeless clay  
And my many ways extolled.  
And I thought, as I lay on my silent bier,  
"They are fools to waste on me  
The words that a dead man can not hear  
And the wreaths that he can not see!"







"He saw the world-wide bosom of the storm threaded with lightning, arteries that ran fire instead of blood"

# Hitting the Sky Grades

By Alvah Milton Kerr

ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS

PRESIDENT SANBORN of the Western Central was opposed to nepotism. He believed in merit and experience in lieu of the influence of birth, wealth, and "pull." The sons of directors and rich stockholders found his doctrine uncomfortable, so did his boy, Clark. When the latter came home to Denver from an eastern school, and stated that he had made up his mind unreservedly to make railroading his life-work, the president said:

"Your choice pleases me. I suppose you have in mind to ultimately occupy a seat at or very near the top?"

"Certainly; nothing less," Clark replied.

"Then you will have to begin at the bottom of the class and spell them all down, one by one. On the Central there is no other way."

The young man looked about him, at the mahogany furniture of his father's private office, at the expensive rug beneath his feet, at his sire's sturdy, well-groomed figure. "You spelled them all down, I infer," he remarked, a glint of banter in his gray eyes.

"Most of them," the president said, smiling. "Not on the Central, however. I was thirty years on the way, most of the time working on other roads, in nearly every department from section foreman up to this desk. How could I wisely pass on the work of others had I never done such work?"

Clark reflected a moment. "Where would you advise me to begin?" he asked.

"I would suggest that you go out on the line, out to Paley Fork, for instance, and become a member of a section gang. Work with those men long enough, at least, to learn exactly how a railroad track is kept in order. Then you ought to go into the roundhouse and repair shops out there, and find out, in a practical way, about the construction of cars and engines; then you would better fire an engine for a while. By doing so you will learn to run a locomotive and know what sort of obstacles trainmen have to contend with. After that, if you are not discharged for insubordination or incompetency, you can take up something else."

A slow flush of something akin to anger crept across the son's handsome face. About him in the big modern building lay many fine rooms,

the treasurer's department, the offices of the land department, the chief engineer's quarters, the richly appointed suite for the directors, yet, he must go out and dig dirt under the hot sun, handle oily machinery in the shops, and, finally, pound coal and shovel it into the fire box! Firing a locomotive, he knew, was fearful bodily toil. In truth, year by year, the size and power of locomotives had been augmented until few men could be found possessed of muscle and endurance sufficient to keep them in steam. To Clark it looked not only hard, but even humiliating.

"Pater," he said, after a moment, "you have been mighty good to me in the past, and I appreciate it, but, really, don't you think you are rubbing it into me now?"

"No. You may not understand it now, but you will if you ever become a railroad official."

"I suppose you are right; anything that is really big and of some consequence has to be struggled for, I fancy."

"Exactly so, and in the struggle one also grows big and of consequence; otherwise one could n't capture and hold down the big thing when one gets to it."

Clark laughed. "All right," he said, "I think I understand why you are president of the Central. I'll wade in; I don't believe you will keep me tamping ties and shoveling coal longer than seems necessary."

The president's strong face softened tenderly. "No; it would please certain feelings of mine to make life altogether easy for you, but it won't do; you have got to meet the tough things and master them. I will give you a note to Roadmaster Logan. Go out with him; he will put you on somewhere. You will draw regular wages. No money will come to you from home; college days and college luxuries are over for you, understand. You will draw from one-fifty to two dollars per day; earn it and live on it. That will enlighten you about certain things that may be valuable to you in the future. The matter rests with you to win or lose. I don't expect to see you show the white feather."

The tall boy's teeth clenched and the color in his cheeks deepened, but he shook his father's hand and said, "All right, dad," and went out.

The next morning Clark went over the range to Paley Fork with Logan, and the following day was made a member of a section crew on the middle division. To the college-bred youth it seemed a lowly position indeed. His hands lost their whiteness and, passing the stage of blisters, became calloused, the milky scarfskin peeled from his face in the sun's glare and his flesh grew swarthy. But he found out how to keep a railroad track in order; there no man would ever be able to deceive him. At the end of five months he shifted his position to the work-train on the West End, and began education in fills and excavations, the removal of earth-slides, and how wrecks were swiftly cleared from the track. During the winter he went out again and again with a battery of four engines and a rotary and had experience of war with the snow of the sky grades. Early spring found him in the shops at Paley Fork, garbed in overalls and working among swinging cranes, snarling lathes, and the crash of steam-hammers. November found him on a night-shift in the roundhouse, dumping engine grates over ash-pits, filling sand-tanks, and wiping steel and brass. By June of the following spring he was hostler, bringing out engines to the main track for departing trains and taking engines into the house from arriving trains.

Naturally, the story of the "nerve" of the president's son went the length of the Central. Between father and son there was a curious reticence. Not once did President Sanborn urge the boy to come home to the luxuries of the big house on Capitol Hill. "Whenever you are tired of the fight you will be welcome here," was the fashion in which he ended most of his letters to Clark, who was wont to rejoin with something like: "Your invitation sounds good, but I'm not at present trotting with the silk stockings; too busy." Once at the end of a note to his father he added a line which read: "P.S.—You have n't noticed any white feathers yet, have you?" But he had the courage and decency to strike that out.

In August of the second year he informed Master Mechanic Addicks that he would like a job of firing. The master mechanic tried to dissuade him. "Let it alone, boy; pass it up."

The work is back-breaking, racking, infernal," he said. "You are not going to follow firing or be an engineer. I know your father too well for that."

"The *pater* said fire, and fire it will be. I'm not going to sprout any white feathers at this stage of the game," was the grim reply.

The master mechanic looked at the young fellow admiringly. "The old block and the chip are of a piece, that's plain. Still, it looks like nonsense to me. I'll let you know about it soon," he said.

At that time telegrams and letters of an epoch-making character were passing between postal authorities and railroad officials, dated from Washington, D. C., Chicago, Denver, and Los Angeles. The thing in ferment was whether or not a certain volume of mail could not be given quicker transit between Southern California points and the cities of the East by way of the Western Central than by means of the longer route through the plains country to the southward. From Manzano, a point on the transcontinental line in New Mexico, across the mountains northeastward to Denver, three hundred miles of mountain road as against five hundred of "sage-brush track," that was the proposition. Six hours from Manzano to Denver would nail the contract. Fifty miles an hour and mountains galore! It had a daunting look. All along the line the tone of comment was protestation. Still, when Sanborn and Superintendent Burke and Chief Dispatcher Manvell had drawn the schedule for the flyers, every man on the Central felt his blood quicken and his pride expand. But one outcome was to be admitted, the line must win.

On the eighteenth of August everything was ready for the test. Out through the switches at Manzano at 7.24 A. M. the great "1300" burst with three heavily laden mail cars behind her, bound for far-off Denver. Instantly the trial was on, the test was set. The whole line seemed to strain taut with excitement. Train orders flashed to and fro on the wires, keeping the track clear for the racer, every man on the Central, metaphorically, held his watch on the flyer, mentally "pulling for her."

Up the long valley of the Big Bear Paw the "1300" thundered, whirled across Ball Bridge, and chased the echoes up the winding canyon of the Little Bear Paw, and onward over the Saddle Bow Range and down into Peace Valley. There, at Three Plumes, engine "1010" was waiting, and, being quickly hooked to the train, rushed onward, twenty-two minutes late. Through Peace Valley, whizzing through Bonnet and around the Great Horseshoe and up over the Muley Pass, roaring through twenty-eight miles of snowsheds, the "1010" came.

Onward she flew, snapping the mail cars around the curves and downward from the pass, and still onward, tearing in through the switches at Paley Fork, but, alas, thirty-eight minutes behind the schedule! Half the population of the division station was on the depot platform, among them superintendent Burke and Chief Manvell. The engineer and fireman of the "1010" descended to the platform grimy and staggering with weariness. Though they had worked like fiends, sixteen minutes had been added to the time lost by the "1300" on the West End.

The "1010" was instantly cut loose and sent toward the house, and a big Baldwin engine, the "1206," backed in and was snapped fast to the mail cars. Dick Munson, reputed to have no knowledge of fear, sat at the throttle; on the fuel deck, with hat off and sleeves rolled to the shoulders, stood Dan Madden, one of the Central's crack firemen; on the firemen's seat, with his hand on the bell rope, sat Clark Sanborn. The master mechanic had said to him that morning:

"When you bring the '1206' out to-day you would better stay on her and make the trip to Denver. I want you to watch Dan Madden

work. Maybe when you've seen what firing a passenger mogul is really like you'll be satisfied to pass up the job. Besides, Madden may need help."

Clark laughingly assented. "All right, Mr. Addicks," he said, "I think I'll enjoy the ride. I would n't object to getting a glimpse of my good, gray dad, provided I don't have to go to Denver in a Pullman and wearing a 'biled shirt.'"

Addicks patted him on the shoulder and growled good-naturedly: "Don't worry, boy, you will have dust and grease enough on you this trip, before you hit headquarters."

To Clark nothing particularly new was promised by the trip, save that a fight against time was to be waged through something more than a hundred miles, half of which was mountains. The gauge of the "1206" showed a steam pressure of nearly two hundred pounds to the square inch, and a blue-white plume jetted from her safety exhaust as the air-coupling was made. Panting for the race, she stood, a beautiful monster, one hundred and eighty thousand pounds of tested steel, with a tender attached to her that held six thousand gallons of water and ten tons of coal. Manvell and Burke and Addicks drew quickly toward the gangway, the face of each man grave with anxiety. Munson saw their lips moving, but could not hear what they said for the hissing steam, but Clark heard and shouted across to him:

"They say, 'Give her the whip, go into Denver on schedule, if possible, but look out that she don't get away from you on the east side of the Cradle Range.'"

Munson's gaunt face lit up with a smile; he touched the sand lever and opened the throttle. Like lightning the fiery gas straining in the engine's boiler shot through her throat into the cylinders and her great drivers spun on the rails. Back in the mail cars Conductor Dirken and the clerks were all but thrown from their feet. For an instant it seemed that the drawheads might be jerked from their sockets, but the next moment the train was rushing out through the switches in a clamor as of many shattering things. Clark, looking back from the fireman's window, waved his cap to the crowd on the platform. Munson never turned his head; his face changed to something like gray iron.

There was a long stretch down a valley and around the base of Silver Mountain before encountering the Sandrill River and the Cradle Range. Here were some thirty miles of slightly falling track ere the towering barrier of the range would interpose its bulk. Here and beyond the range time must be made. Munson centered his attention on the cut-off and throttle, giving her a little shorter stroke and a little more steam with each thousand feet traversed until the exhausts blent into a solid roar. With the flight of four or five minutes they were cutting through the air at a sixty mile pace, at the end of ten minutes the speed had increased to seventy, at least. The three cars of mail seemed no more than steady ballast for the hurling mass of steel at the front. Majestically she rolled on her springs, each driver beneath her a spinning vortex of shadowy things. By times her Crosby chime-whistles sent out a long-drawn, melodious blare, as though she were calling triumphantly to mountains and tempests, and earth's grandest embodiments of power.

Down on the fuel deck Madden swayed back and forth between the coal pile and the furnace door. Already sweat was trickling down the fireman's sinewy neck. From the window seat Clark looked down upon the swaying figure. It was glorious to sit there at ease, hearing the wild scream in one's ears, and seeing the distances taken in gulps by the flying engine, but to get down in front of the hot boiler-head and toil,—well, no doubt old Addicks's appreciation of the task was correct. But how about one's duty, and how about the white feather? Clark set his teeth grimly, remembering what the "old

man" had said. It was well for the first run of the Central's fast mail that purpose in the young fellow's breast remained as granite, for, even while he was weighing the question, a momentous thing happened. Madden struck the pick into a block of coal and there burst out a flash of flame and a crash of sound. The fireman bounced back against the boiler-head and fell in a quivering heap, something like a knife ripped across the back of Clark's neck. Munson sank forward with a cry, the glass of both cab windows burst outward, and the place was wreathed in blinding dust.

Something in the block of coal, doubtless a bit of giant-powder, damp and unexploded when the coal was mined, had been pierced and ignited by the point of the iron pick. Such explosions have occurred before, sometimes in the furnace of an engine, bringing dire results. With the crash of the explosion Clark leaped down on the fuel deck, both hands at the back of his neck, his face awry with pain. The next moment he caught Madden in his arms and lifted him, terror in his eyes.

"Dan!" he cried, "Dan,—are you hurt? How bad is it?"

The fireman groped about with his hands, gasping and struggling. Munson writhed backward, twisting his body until his face was toward them. A ring of pallor shone about the engineer's drawn lips and his eyes looked glassy and strange. He was feeling blindly for the throttle lever. Madden reached a hand toward him, his fingers working, his features distorted in fierce protest.

"Don't shut her off, Dick!" he shouted, "don't,—don't reverse her! We will lose time! I'll be all right in a minute,—in—just—a—minute!" He tried to get to his feet, but one of his legs doubled under him like a limb of putty. "My right leg,—it's broke!" he gasped, looking fearfully into Clark's face, as he clung about the young fellow's shoulders.

As they held together, swaying with the dip and roll of the rushing engine, Clark spoke near the fireman's ear: "I'm hurt, too, Dan, but not bad; just a scratch, I think. I'll do the firing; I'll try my best to keep her hot. We will have to stop and get you into one of the mail cars so you can lie down. It won't do for you to stay in here."

Munson was staring at them. Suddenly his eyes cleared. "What is it,—what happened?" he shouted.

Clark swayed toward him, clenching Madden's body about the waist. "Explosion in the coal," he shouted, in return. "Dan's got a broken leg. I'll fire her now."

Munson threw on the air, clanged the reverse over, and twisted himself painfully from his seat. "Something knocked the breath and sense out of me," he said, "but I guess I'm all right." He scanned Clark's face hesitatingly. "Do you think you can keep her hot?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the big youth, angrily. "If you can keep her open and she stays on the rails we will go in on schedule. If necessary wedge the safety. We must win this fight."

"Good," said Munson. "For a minute I thought sure we was whipped." As with men in battle, each thought first of the outcome of the struggle. Munson took hold of Madden. "Let him lie down," he said to Clark. As they eased the fireman to a recumbent position, his lips twitched.

"I could do it, Dick, I could do it, if I could stand," he wailed; and again, "I could keep her in steam, Dick, I could do it, if I could only stand up."

"We will make it or blow her up, Dan; don't worry," said Munson.

Five minutes later Madden was lying on a bed of empty mail sacks in one of the cars, and the men were doing what they could for him.

"Pile the sacks on each side of him so he won't roll," said Munson. "We will get you to a doctor, Dan, as fast as the wheels can





"Clark swayed toward him, clenching Madden's body, about the waist"

turn. Hold fast, you fellows in here, when we go down the east side; there's going to be doings. Come on, son."

Clark and the engineer rushed back to the "1206" and climbed into the cab. Munson, though his features looked pinched as with pain, flung himself upon his seat, threw the reverse back, and pushed the throttle open. The "1206" belched out her steam in crashing snorts and set off like a race horse. Clark flung his cap upon the fireman's seat, pulled off his shirt

and threw it into a corner by the boiler-head. Stripped to the waist, he turned to the maul and shovel. Blood was running down among the white muscles of his back. He pulled the furnace door open and began spraying coal from the shovel upon the seething bed of fire within. Two hundred and seventy-five tubes of fifteen-foot length lay in the boiler before him, two thousand square feet of surface to be heated. The big fire box, breathed upon by the fierce draft, roared hoarsely as it devoured the coal,

each time the door swung open a scorching blast of heat burst out. Soon he began to breathe with his lips parted, ere long his body was beaded with sweat, his hair became a wet mat, and his skin streaked with grimy dust. Half his strength went in a continuous effort to keep upon his feet. He began to realize what it meant to labor while standing upon a swaying, lurching surface, a floor that never for a moment ceased shifting; to feel himself burning

# THE ARMY OF FRANCE



"The generals are hooted at"

The *Opéra-Bouffe* Militarism That Is Trying To Reconcile an Idealistic Democracy with an Illogical Monarchical Rule, and the Problematical Outcome

BY VANCE THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST HENKEL

NEVER before, perhaps, was Europe so charged with the elements of hate as at present. Of old there were territorial and dynastic rivalries. Nations fought to extend meaningless frontiers or placate the humors of kings. The terrible plastic power of war was lightly loosed. The last dynastic war was that of 1870, which ended at Sedan. The "splendid materialism" of the new century does not fight for flags or ideals; it fights for trade. Whither commerce goes the flag must follow; and behind the flag, the guns. And with old Europe all is not well. Only

a little of her commerce can climb the tariff walls of America; and at so many of the oriental outlets of trade Great Britain keeps the tollgate. Moreover, this old world has been warned that worse is yet to befall it. In full senate Mr. Lodge declared,—"and his voice rang gloomily over sea: "The struggle with Europe has already begun, and it can end only in the commercial and economic supremacy of the United States." Old Europe, heavy with overproduction, listened and took heed. It added to its fleets and strengthened its armies by which, alone, it can hope to gain new markets or hold its own. England seized Thibet and began its grim move on Persia. The new German Imperialism (which is as rapacious as any other,) blazed a new road through the dominions of the Turk. Only France (who has no statesmen,) did nothing; at most she turned over Egypt to Great Britain, and got in return a platonic permission to go harvest trouble in Morocco.

France, of all the European nations, faces the darkest future. Her colonial possessions furnish no outlets for her trade. Indeed, as a colonial power, France has had an unhappy destiny. Always she has sown and others have reaped. Her conquests in India, Egypt, and America served only England. To-day she is policing Northern Africa for the benefit of the Triple Alliance. And then France—in spite of the recent Anglo-French treaty,—has no friends in Western Europe. One and all the monarchies look askance upon this enthusiastic republic which is always opening new roads of social reform,—always waving the flag of the ideal.

A tripartite association of enemies watches her frontiers; and the three armies are maintained at an expense (if you add the fleets,) of nearly four hundred million dollars a year. Not all this armed police exists for France; but were there no France,—especially were there no French ideas, antimonarchical, antiaristocratic, ideas subversive of privilege and the feudalism of caste and money,—it is safe to say that the armies of the three powers would dwindle to just the force they need (and no more,) for carrying on commercial raids in the yellow world and the black. As it is, Germany spends fifty-four per cent. of her national wealth upon the army; the Austrian percentage is forty-seven; that of Italy is fifty-two.

The democracy of France is a very pretty thing. It is neither practical nor humdrum. Still, it preserves a little of the theatrical air of '93. But it is very sincere for all that. Right and wrong are words that still have immense power in France. The rights of man,—humanity,—equality; they are pompous phrases if you will; but there is something fine and imaginative in a people that can be led by pompous phrases; the French politicians (who are no better than politicians elsewhere,) do not use the shibboleths of "world-wide commerce," "trade supremacy,"—they capture votes by talking (with such magnificent gestures!) of the rights of man,—humanity,—international brotherhood,—equality. Now the politicians are no more sincere than others of their kind; but the people is sincere,—it has that kind of a heart. And the fact is that in these days when it needs an army more than it has ever before needed an army—if France is not to share the fate of Poland,—it has taken the whole, huge, complicated machine apart and is putting it together again in a way that will make it run more smoothly for democracy. This is

quite French, entirely reckless, and very fine. Only a few years ago France destroyed her whole bureau of military information—a bureau every other nation bends all efforts to make efficient,—because the unhappy Dreyfus got caught in the cogs. It was magnificent; and idiotic.

And so, if you will, let us go look at the French army. Not in all the world is there an army whose past is quite so glorious; nor is there in the present an army better worth studying, for more than any other it has reconciled equable democracy with that monstrous and illogical thing,—militarism.

## Every Citizen a Soldier

France has no mercenaries,—the professional soldiers who make a business of soldiering and find a livelihood in it. Indeed, in Europe, only England and Turkey maintain the old-style mercenary army. In France, military service is a personal duty that every citizen owes to the country. That is the first article of the new military law. Here is the second article: "The military service is equal for all. There is no exemption save for physical disability. It lasts for twenty-five years." Every Frenchman serves and no one, unless he is French, is permitted to serve in the French army. It is a part of citizenship,—of good citizenship, I should say, for criminals and all those condemned in the penal courts are excluded. Special regiments exist, however, for bad citizens, and in the African battalions they may reconquer an honorable civic state. No one may enter the public service,—no one is eligible for election to office,—who has not paid his debt of military service to the country. By the new law every Frenchman must wear the uniform for two years; and then, until twenty-five years have gone by in his life, he may be called under the flag, either for a short period of drill, or, should war come, to fight as best he may.

You should have seen these young men coming up for the "class," as it is called; the peasants from the good rich France of the "center," or the sunburned *midi*; the brave provincials, and the alert street-dwellers of that Paris which is ceasing to be French, if, indeed, it ever was; and, perhaps, out by the Gare de Lyon the melancholy procession of bad citizens, going between files of uniformed good citizens, to do the state an unwilling service at Gafsa or some other grim African outpost. Two pictures rise in mind. I think of a hot summer day in front of that great railway station in Paris. The asphalt smoked under foot, and the sky was a pan of brass. The bad citizens came marching. They were young, all of them, for it is at twenty that the country collects its debt of military duty; they were young and most of them were lean and little and wicked,—children of the slums and the barriers, enemies of organized life, larvae of the jails and the gutters, all that Paris breeds of the vicious and horrible in its black underworld. They had robbed and knifed. They had grown in crime and idleness as maggots grow in rotten beef; and now they were marching away into an unknown full of terror,—the terror of discipline and hard technical work. They who had prowled by night were to know the sleep between regulation blankets, and other things as strange and menacing. But they were in wild spirits. They shouted the songs of "*Biribi*" and called to their friends. Their friends called back to them. Bareheaded women, waiting, broke through the line of soldiers and fell upon the bad citizens and kissed them,—for there is love of a kind, even in the dark underworld of Paris:

"Farewell, my Julot,—my tiger."

"Farewell, *la môme*."

"*Oh! Oh! mon petit homme de Dieu!*"

Then the bad citizens were prodded and driven into the station and into the cars that carried them away into the unknown,—an unknown haunted with fears of cleanly living and good order and fair work. Larvae of the jails and the hospitals, food for the guillotine and the dissecting knife; better, I think, they should go to the African battalions even though they were to be the food for long rifles and the Kebillian swords.

Another day I was at Arles in Provence. It was February 6,—the last *tirage au sort*, for the new law has suppressed this old mode of enlistment, whereby a conscript might draw a lucky number and so postpone the evil day. A band of conscripts wearing the numbers of the



"Talking with such magnificent gestures"



"class" came swinging down the Rue du quatre Septembre, arm in arm; the good wine of their country had warmed their hearts; they chanted an old marching refrain:

*"Encore un carreau d'cassé,  
V'la l'vitrrier passé."*

It was a gallant picture. These were the good citizens going joyously about their duty. For them the life into which they were going held a little romance; they were escaping from the monotony of labor in the vineyards, the fields, the shops; they were, in a way, sons of adventure and the unforeseen. And this is good for the peasant; better, still, for the town-dweller. Study, steady work, good food and discipline shape these young men—dulled by work or idleness, narrowed by life without horizons,—into capable citizenship; they learn to know themselves and to take measure of their fellows. In the regiment the workmen of Belleville and the Glacière fraternize with Auvergnats and Savoyards; the dreamy Breton peasant has for fellow the keen lad of Paris; the little viscount sleeps beside a foundling, the shoemaker by the colonel's son; it is the democracy—than which there is nothing broader,—of the army. To the average youth there is no better school; the youth who is exceptional fares not quite so well, perhaps, but then neither the army, nor life, is organized for the exceptional.

Under the new law those who have attained the age of twenty pass each year into the army. The list is drawn up for each canton by the mayor. Only in case of physical unfitness is exemption granted, and even those who are not "good for the service" are incorporated in the auxiliary services, such as hospital work, pharmacies, and the commissary. If, however, two brothers are inscribed the same year (as may happen,) one of them—as they decide,—need not join the army until his brother's time has expired. The officers, one and all, will hereafter serve in the ranks. As of old they will enter at Saint-Cyr or the Polytechnique, but one year must be passed in the ranks under the ordinary conditions. This, apparently, is the most democratic measure in the new rules. In a line with it are the broad opportunities given the private to gain the grade of *sous-lieutenant*; special courses of instruction are provided and, without caste, a soldier of good points and industry may become an officer.

For two years, then, every Frenchman is in the active army. September 30, each year, those who have served two years are sent to their homes; but for eleven years more they make part of the reserve and are called upon for short periods of drill. From the reserve they pass to the territorial army for six years; for six years more they are connected with the military organization of the country in the territorial reserve. In time of peace this connection does not weigh upon any citizen; in case of mobilization the soldiers of every branch may be called under the flags. From twenty to thirty-five the Frenchman is a soldier. Two years of that time, in the active army, are supposed to shape him for his work; for the rest he has a fortnight or so of soldiering a year. Since only a war can decide whether the system is effective, it is to be hoped that the matter will long remain in doubt. It should be remembered that the new law was put through by the socialists and radical-socialists who are enemies of militarism; its purpose was not to increase the efficiency of the army, but to render military service less onerous. There was a great deal of talk of "republicanizing the army" and "killing the germs of Caesarism." There is something very fascinating in the idea of an army of the people,—a democratic

militia; unfortunately, if troops of this kind have frequently shown that they know how to die, they have rarely known how to conquer. France—this gallant France, that has always deemed herself chosen to re-create humanity and make the world over anew,—has entered upon a great experiment. Uhlands and feathered Bersaglieri peer over her frontiers and watch with interest this pretty reform; and do not emulate it.

### The Army and Its Chiefs

"*Tête d'armée*," said Napoleon, dying, head of the army.

His successor in these more practical days is Monsieur Maurice Bertheaux, a stockbroker. He made many millions on the Bourse. In spite of his millions he is an eloquent socialist. Indeed, to-day, every politician who aims at success in France calls himself a socialist, just as, in simpler days, the politician paraded his patriotism. Monsieur Bertheaux is not a soldier; but he makes and unmakes generals and has absolute control. He has



"There is no exemption save for physical disability"



"Going joyfully to their duty"

thrown an immense amount of disorder into the upper ranks. Unquestionably, his position is a difficult one. He succeeded to that unhappy General André, who was cuffed in full parliament upon the discovery of a spy-system which he had established in the army. It was an infamous system not easily comprehended by the Anglo-Saxon mind. Spies were set upon the officers, their wives, and their children; not to agree with the politics of the ruling faction led to dismissal or disgrace; the officer who was convicted of going to church—on the report of an anonymous spy,—was certain to fare ill. The new minister came into power on the agreement to do away with all this bad business; but his party was too strong for him. The old system still obtains. There are spies in every regiment and in every officers' mess. Monsieur Bertheaux is determined that the army shall be "anti-clerical," as the Bourse is.

And distrust and suspicion are abroad in every grade. In time of peace it is perhaps impossible that a democratic army should not be the prey of the politicians and the stockbrokers; but all that is a poor preparation for war.

France has twenty army *corps*, and generals innumerable. There is no one man who has craned himself into conspicuous eminence. Generals of the study, generals of parade, generals political and generals oratorical,—only war can sift out the capable commander. Not even a Boulanger looms picturesquely in the foreground. The men who were tested thirty-five years ago in the great war with Germany are old or dead; the reputations made in colonial warfare have been torn to pieces by political civilians. Even such a fate befell General Dodds,—a fighter anyway, with English blood in him and more than a dash of negro blood. In that huge army, active and territorial, there may be a Napoleon or Von Moltke; but they are lost in the obscurity of peace. And, moreover, the enormous fighting machine which France maintains at a cost of nearly two hundred million dollars a year has never been tried. The day after the disastrous Treaty of Frankfurt was signed, France set about arming the nation. She took as a model the army of her conqueror. Thousands of millions she dispensed to create an army on Prussian lines. Quite as much she has spent in later years in changes and modifications which have tended to eliminate all that is Prussian. The French army to-day is an unknown quantity. The one thing known definitely is that the French are about the best material in Europe out of which to forge a fighting-machine; and if the army goes not to Austerlitz, but to Sedan, the fault will lie not with the men of the sword, but with the general staff and the *tête d'armée*,—from whatever stock-breaking firm he be chosen.

The general staff is formed of a general of division and three generals of brigade, with the supplementary directors for each arm of the service, for the department of military law, the sanitary department, and supplies. Without counting the thirty regiments of the *chasseurs à pied* and the Zouaves, there are one hundred and sixty-three infantry regiments stationed at home. The Algerian troops, the African



"'Vive l'armée!' is a fine cry—notably in France"

[Concluded on page 577]



# The Casey-Murphy Handicap

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Illustrated by Gerrit A. Bénéker



"Mr. Murphy with the boil, and—"

IT NEVER pays to boast. Casey and Murphy worked side by side at a table in the Royal Pickle Factory, corking pickle bottles and dipping the corked necks into red sealing-wax. They were both well along in years, but the spirit of unconquered youth still lingered on their tongues, and as they worked they talked. The Annual Picnic of the Royal Pickle Factory Employees' Mutual Benevolent Association had been set for the eighteenth of July, and tickets were already for sale: "Lady and Gent, Fifty Cents." The picnic was to be at the Fair Grounds, and there were to be games.

"I was a runner mesilf, in me young days," said Casey. "There was only wan other lad was faster than me in th' county, and ivry toime we ran I bate him. 'T was a joy, Murphy, t' see me legs revolv' loike buggy spokes, a leppin' over th' ground, and th' pigs hurryscurryin' out av th' way, thinkin' I was an autmobile, only there was none in thim days."

Murphy pushed in a cork

"Sure," he said, "they was grand runners in th' Ould Country in thim days, Casey. I was wan av thim. But 't is laughin' I am whin ye say th' pigs got out av yer way, Casey. Whin I run there was no toime fer thim t' git annywhere. I was past before they suspected I was comin'."

"'T is well known, th' laziness av th' pigs in County Clare," said Casey; "they be so fat an' lazy they move fer nawthin'."

"Are ye sayin' I c'u'd not run?" inquired Murphy.

"I'm sayin' nawthin'," said Casey, "but 't is well known all over Ireland that a Kerry lad can run a mile whilst wan from Clare is runnin' two."

"'T is not true," said Murphy, coldly. "Whin I was a lad I c'u'd run a mile anny day whilst ye was runnin' three, Casey. I was a grand runner, thim days. And th' endurance av me! 'T was surprisin'!"

"'T is sad th' change that has come over ye since," Casey said. "No wan would suspect it now."

"Oh, 't is not so bad as that!" Murphy bragged, shifting from one rheumatic leg to the other; "there be many a run left in th' legs av me yet, Casey. There be more run left in wan av me legs than in th' two of yours, I wager."

"List t' th' curious felly!" jeered Casey.

"Come outside, where I kin give me fists full play, and I'll show ye I kin do as I say,"

Murphy dared him. "Let me but git wan av me fists agin th' face av ye, Casey, and 't will be a different opinion av me runnin' ability ye 'll be havin'."

"Do ye run on yer fists, then, Murphy," asked Casey, scornfully, "like a clown in a circus? No wan was sayin' but ye have a fist loike a ham, and 't is a wonder th' pipe-stem legs of ye kin carry thim two chunks av fist, but as fer runnin'!"

The result was that the manager of the picnic put on the programme of the day's sports an extra number: "12 A, One Mile Running Race, Timothy Casey, Mike Murphy, for the Championship of the Sealing Table," and Casey and Murphy went into training.

Murphy began his training by running around the block on which his shanty was located. He ran half way around once, and then decided that it was bad policy to expend all his energy before the day of the race. There was no use tiring himself all out before the race; he would store up his vitality and have it intact at the pistol shot. He therefore began a course of absolute rest. When he was not working he sat with his legs stretched straight before him, letting them accumulate energy.

Casey, on the other hand, trained violently. He began, too, by running around a block, and the next day he did not go to work, being so stiff and sore that he had to lie in bed, but his spirit was undaunted. Each night he oiled his knee joints with machine oil to limber them up, and each morning he wrapped them in woolen rags soaked in arnica. It gave the sealing room at the pickle factory a peculiar odor that did not mix well with the acid scent of the vinegar. All day, while at work, he worked his legs up and down, as if he was riding an invisible bicycle. This was to prepare him for the endurance needed in the big race, and, to cultivate speed, he increased the rapidity of the operation from time to time, while Murphy looked on with scorn.

"Luk at him," he said; "he do be thinkin' 't is a race on a sewing-masheen he will be runnin'."

It was, indeed, peculiar to see Casey take a case of sealed pickle bottles and proceed across the room with them, his legs going up and down at the rate of a mile an hour, and himself proceeding but twelve feet in five minutes. He



"'T is me policy t' folly close behind Murphy"

looked something like those fat, prancing, high-school cobs that are all up-and-down motion and no progress, but what is not uncommon in a plump horse is somewhat surprising when seen in an elderly, sober-faced Irishman. Casey, from the belt up, was the honest workman attending severely to his job; from the belt down he was covering mile after mile of cinder path. He was so tired by the eighteenth of July that he could hardly stand up on his legs unaided, though he kept up a brave front.

When the twelve events that came first on the programme had been disposed of, Casey and Murphy removed their coats and vests and descended to the track. The picnic was held at the fair grounds, and as the two men looked at the half-mile trotting track, stretching out in a tremendous oval of dust, and considered that they would have to traverse it twice, the world seemed but a sad and weary place to them. But for the gathered friends and fellow-employees, who gazed down upon them from the grand stand, they would willingly have let bygones be bygones, but until one is beaten there is no such word as recant in the mouth of the true Irishman. Even so, Murphy and Casey approached the starting line reluctantly and slowly. Casey was clearly over-trained. His legs would not stand still. They pranced up and down, in spite of him. They were capering, prancing legs, and you looked around to see who they belonged to, and, when you saw Casey himself, dismal of face and solemn eyed, you felt like begging some one's pardon,—either the legs' pardon or Casey's.

Murphy approached his fate haltingly. If Casey's legs seemed to dash madly to the fray, Murphy's legs seemed to balk and hang back from it. If they could they would have turned around and gone home and lain down and left Murphy to get along the best he could without them. Murphy's legs did not see anything funny in the impending race, but it was not that that bowed Murphy's head. He had a boil on the back of his neck.

As the two men entered the track, the master of the games, the starter, and the referee approached them.

"All ready?" asked the master, in his made-for-public-use voice.

"I'm ready," said Casey, sadly; "me legs is wild t' be off." They were not half as wild to be off as Murphy's were.

"Wan minute!" said Murphy, "wan minute before you shoot off that gun! I claim a handicap fer th' bile on th' back av me neck. 'T is unheard av, t' make me run even wid Casey and me sufferin' th' tortures wid a bile on me neck ivry toime I move me legs."

"Go awn, now!" Casey said. "Did ye iver hear av a runnin' racer gittin' handicaps fer biles? 'T is no fault av mine ye hev a bile, Murphy, an' why sh'u'd ye tax me for it?"

The referee looked at the boil and shook his



Mr. Casey with the brick "



head, in doubt what to do.

"'T is a bad wan!" he declared. "'T is a blem bad bile y' ev got, Murphy, but how t' handicap fer a bile I dunno. 'T is not as if I was a professional handicapper, now, that knows all the rules av handi-cappin'. If 't was a game av pool, now, I w'u'd know; and if 't was billiards I w'u'd know, and if 't was th' record av ye over th' mile track I w'u'd know, but a bile is different. What t' allow off fer a bile, I dunno. What w'u'd ye be givin' fer a bile, Dugan?" he asked the starter.

"Wan says wan thing, and wan says another," said Dugan, judicially. "Shoemaker's wax is good and worruks quick, but it draws harrud, and bread-and-milk poultice is good; and flaxseed is good; and wance I had a bile on me face an' nawthin' w'u'd stick on, an' th' ould woman says flour mixed in honey is good and sticks annywhere—"

"But 't is not—" began the referee.

"Aisy, now, aisy!" said Dugan. "I'm not recommin'din' honey and flour mesilf, fer the ould woman mixed a fine big gob av it and put it on th' face av me, whin I wint t' bed, and th' nixt mornin' I was honey and flour from head t' foot. 'T was in me hair, and everywhere but on th' bile, an' th' bile settin' on me face and laughin' at me fit t' burst. But it did not burst. Not 'til t'ree days."

"But we do not want t' cure th' bile," explained the referee.

"Then ye be a curious felly," said the starter; "fer if I had wan I sh'u'd want t' cure it. There be some call thim pets, 'tis true, but—"

"'T is on Murphy, it is," the referee insisted, "and 't is how much handicap sh'u'd we give him fer a bile, I'm wantin' t' know."

"'T is a bad bile," said Murphy. "I'm thinkin' ye sh'u'd give me wance around th' track fer the bile. Me build is such," he explained, "wid th' long neck av me, that me head bobs back an' front ivry step, whin I'm runnin' me best. If I do not bob me head I kin not let out me full speed, and wid a bile on me neck I kin not bob."

"'T is too much!" objected Casey. "No wan w'u'd give half a mile fer a bile. 'T is outrageous."

"In th' horse races," suggested the starter, "they mek th' best horse carry extry weight t' overcome th' deficiency av th' difference."

"Sure, and 't is fair Casey sh'u'd carry weight t' even it up," agreed the referee. "He sh'u'd carry th' weight av th' bile. How much it weighs, I dunno."

"Twenty pounds," "Wan ounce," said Murphy and Casey simultaneously.

"Let Casey carry a brick," suggested the starter, and this was agreed upon. Casey decided to carry it in his hand.

The race, as is well known, is not always to the swift. Generalship counts for as much as speed, particularly in a mile run, and Casey and Murphy had had abundant advice from their friends as to how to run the race. They knew they should not expend all their strength at first, but treasure it for the final burst of speed on the homestretch.

Mr. Casey, with the brick, and Mr. Murphy, with the boil, lined up at the starting line. One thought filled both their minds: to let the other set the pace and to follow at his heels until the homestretch. The starter raised his pistol.

"Are yez ready?" he cried.



"The timekeeper hesitated"

"Yis!" said Casey, briskly.

"I am!" said Murphy.

The blunt snap of the short-nosed revolver was heard, the timekeeper noted the starting time, and Casey and Murphy were off! A cheer rang from the grand stand. It died, and a look of wonder and surprise passed over the faces of the employees of the pickle factory.

The runners were off! Casey was off, his legs popping up and down at the rate of forty revolutions to the minute, the brick held balanced on his extended upturned hand as if it was some priceless, tender egg. And Murphy was off, his back stiff and his neck bent stiffly forward, as if he had to balance the boil on it, and was afraid to tread hard lest it fall off. They were off, but the starter, the referee, the master of the games, and the timekeeper leaned forward and stared at them astonished. 'Round and 'round in a circle three feet wide went Casey with the brick and Murphy with the boil, Casey at Murphy's heels, and Murphy at the heels of Casey; but from the starting line they did not move. They went 'round, and

they went 'round, but no one could tell whether Casey was ahead or Murphy behind. Casey's legs were going the faster, but Murphy's stride was longer. Casey made the circle in ten steps, but Murphy made it in three, making a triangle of it. They were jockeying for the rear position.

The race officials crowded around them. There is no racing rule known that permits a referee to lay hands on a runner while he is running, and Casey and Murphy were undeniably running.

"Go awn!" shouted the referee. "Break away!"

"Tind yer own business," panted Casey, "'T is runnin' I am. 'T is me policy t' fally close behind Murphy."

"Git a move on ye, Murphy," urged the starter. "Cut loose from him an' scoot! 'T is toime t' discontinue pretindin' ye are a merry-go-round."

"L'ave me be," gasped Murphy; "me generalship is t' kape at th' heels av Casey."

The audience, puzzled, looked at its programmes, thinking they had mistaken the event. It was undoubtedly the mile race. The two men were certainly running. The audience cheered.

"Come awn, now!" begged the referee. "Git loose, and move off! Casey, run awn down th' track, that's a good felly."

"'T is me policy—" Casey began again.

"Dang yer policy!" said the exasperated referee. "Will ye be runnin' 'round in wan spot fer iver, then, loike th' earth on its axle, fer

th' sake av a policy? 'T is a long way ye have t' run yet, Casey, twice around t' track, and 't is a fool ye are wastin' th' little legs ye have goin' nowhere. Break loose, Casey, and start off."

"I will do it if Murphy will," panted Casey. "The brick is gittin' heavy. Let Murphy start off. I'll fally."

"Go side by side," suggested the referee. "'T will be fair t' wan'an' all. Now, ready, go!"

At the word, Casey and Murphy started down the track, side by side. Their speed was not record-breaking. As they ran the referee walked beside them giving them final instructions, and then returned to referee the next event, for it was evident that there would be abundant time for many events before the runners completed the mile. The green that the track inclosed rose to a knoll in the center, obstructing the view of the far side of the track, and those who saw Murphy and Casey as they passed out of view around the turn noticed that they were running as if in distress. Murphy had one hand on the back of his neck, and Casey was carrying the brick over one shoulder.

There was a sack race, the long jump, and the hundred-yard hurdle before Casey and Murphy came into sight on the straight-away. It was hardly a dog-trot that they were doing now, and as they approached the stand and started on the second half mile there were murmurs that Casey was running foul, that he had chucked his handicap; but as the runners passed it was seen that he was running fair. He had put the brick in his hip pocket.

The high jump, which had been arrested to let the runners pass, went on, and on went other games, and it was seen that when Casey and Murphy passed behind the knoll for the second time they were walking.

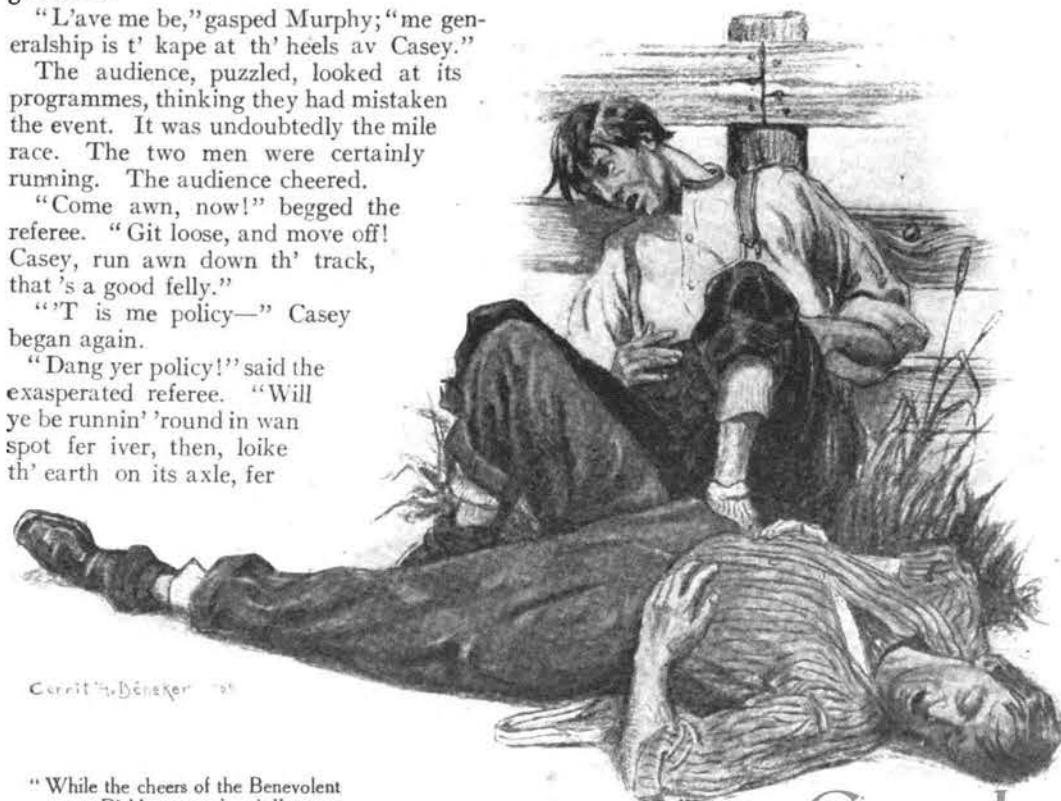
"Murphy!" said Casey, when the knoll hid the grand stand, "are ye tired?"

"Divil a bit," panted Murphy, "but me legs is. I w'u'd give tin dollars t' sit down fer a minute."

"Have I legs or have I not, I dunno!" said Casey, "but 't w'u'd do no harrum t' rist a bit. 'T will be a grand finish they'll be ixpectin', Murphy, an' we kin aisy make up th' toime we lose."

Murphy turned abruptly to the side of the track and lay down in the shadow of the fence. Without a word Casey fell beside him, and the two men lay here looking up at the deep blue of the sky, and breathing hard.

[Concluded on page 576]



"While the cheers of the Benevolent Picklers rent the air"



# The Second Generation

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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

## CHAPTER XII.

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM. HEADPIECE BY CHARLES SARKA

WHEN Arthur got home again, Adelaide at once guessed the truth about Janet, at once saw that he was sternly facing the stern reality of his situation. She was not surprised by his announcement that he was going to work at the mills. She showed her delight, her pride in him, and called him brave. But he answered bitterly, "Brave as the fellow that goes into battle because a bayonet is pricking him in the back. I find there's no hope of breaking the will. So, what else is there for me to do?"

Accordingly, at a quarter to seven on Monday morning, he issued forth to begin work as a cooper's apprentice, with the feeling that all Saint X was lined up to watch him make the journey in working clothes. He had a bold front as he descended the lawn toward the gates; and he would not have been descending that lawn toward a world that loves to sneer, if he had not been brave. So, it is a pity, that, at the risk of opening him to the criticism of all those who have no sympathy for weaknesses other than their own, and for their own only in themselves, it must be set down that inwardly he was shaking and sulking. But he set his teeth together and closed the gate behind him and was in the street—a workingman. From the other big houses of that prosperous neighborhood were issuing, also in working clothes, the fathers, and occasionally the eldest sons of families he was accustomed to regard as "all right,—for Saint X." At the corner of Cherry Lane, old Bolingbroke, many times a millionaire, thanks to a thriving woolen factory, came up behind him and cried out, "Well, young man! This is something like. As soon as I read your father's will, I made one myself. My boys are already at work. I send 'em down half an hour before me every morning. But it occurred to me that they might bury their enthusiasm in the cemetery, along with me. So, I fixed up my will. No pack of worthless heirs to make a mockery of my life and teachings after I am gone! No, sir-ee!"

Arthur was more at ease. "Appearances" were no longer against him,—distinctly the reverse. He wondered that his vanity could have made him overlook the fact that what he was about to do was as much the regular order in prosperous Saint X, throughout the West for that matter, as posing as an European gentleman was the regular order in the "upper classes" of New York and Boston,—and that even there the European gentleman was a recent and rather rare importation. And Bolingbroke's hearty admiration, undeserved though Arthur felt it to be, put nerve and even pride into him. "After all, I'm not really a common workingman," said he to himself. "There's a big difference between me and the men with whom I'll work. It's like mother helping Mary." And he felt still better when, passing the little millinery shop of "Wilmot and Company," arm in arm with the great woolen manufacturer, he saw Estelle Wilmot—sweeping out! Estelle would have looked like a princess about royal business, had she been down on her knees, scrubbing a sidewalk. He was glad she didn't happen to see him,—but he was gladder that he had seen her. Clearly toil was beginning to take on the appearance of good form!

He thought pretty well of himself all that day. Howells treated him like the proprietor's son; Pat Waugh, foreman of the cooperage, put "Mr. Arthur" or "Mr. Ranger" into every sentence; the workingmen addressed him as "sir," and seemed to him to appreciate his talking as affably with them as if he were unaware of the precipices which stretched from him down to them. He was in a pleasant frame of mind, as he went home and bathed and dressed for dinner. And, while he knew he had really been in the way at the cooperage and had earned nothing, yet—his ease about his social status permitting,—he felt a sense of self-respect which was of an entirely new kind and had the taste of the fresh air of a keen, clear winter day.

This, however, could not last. The estate was settled up; the fiction that he was of the proprietorship slowly yielded to the reality; the men, not only those over him but also those on whose level he was supposed to be, began to judge him as a man. "The boys say," growled Waugh to Howells, "that he acts like one of those spying dude sons that proprietors sometimes put in among the men to learn how to work 'em harder for less money. He don't seem to catch on that he's got to get his money out of his own hands."



### 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, and his malady assumes a sudden turn for the worse. 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 encourages an old lover, Dory Hargrave, and agrees to marry him. At length the father dies, the will is read, and Arthur finds he is practically disinherited. His engagement with wealthy Janet Whitney is suddenly broken by the latter.

"Touch him up a bit," said Howells, who had worshiped Hiram Ranger and in a measure understood what had been in his mind when he dedicated his son to a life of labor. "If it becomes absolutely necessary, I'll talk to him. But maybe you can do the trick."

Waugh, who had the useful man's disdain of deliberately useless men and the rough man's way of feeling it and showing it, was not slow to act on Howells's license. That very day, he found Arthur unconsciously and even patronizingly shirking the tending of a plane, so that his teacher, Bud Rollins, had to do double work. Waugh watched this until it had "riled" him sufficiently to loosen his temper and his language. "Hi, there, Ranger!" he shouted. "What the hell! You've been here goin' on six months now, and you're

more in the way than you was the first day."

Arthur flushed, flashed, clenched his fists: but the planer was between him and Waugh, and that gave Waugh's tremendous shoulders and fists a chance to produce a subduing visual impression. A man, even a young man, who is nervous on the subject of his dignity will, no matter how brave he is, shrink from an avoidable encounter that means a doubtful battle, with the chances for defeat. And dignity was a grave matter with young Ranger in those days.

"Don't hoist your dander up at me," said Waugh. "Get it up agin' yourself. Bud, next time he soldiers on you, send him to me!"

"All right, sir," replied Bud, with a soothing grin. And, when Waugh was gone, he said to Arthur, "Don't mind him. Just keep pegging along, and you'll learn all right."

Bud's tone was that a teacher uses to encourage a defective child. It stung Arthur even more fiercely than Waugh's. He saw that the men,—well, they certainly had n't been looking up to him, as he had been fondly imagining. He went at his work resolutely, but blunderingly; he spoiled a plank and all but clogged the machine. His temper got clean away from him, and he shook with a rage he could hardly restrain from venting itself against the inanimate objects whose possessing devils he could hear jeering at him through the roar of the machinery. "Steady! steady!" warned the good-natured Rollins. "You'll drop a hand under that knife."

The words had just reached Arthur when he gave a sharp cry. With a cut as clean as the edge that made it, off came the little finger of his left hand, and he was staring stupidly at it as it lay upon the bed of the planer, twitching, seeming to breathe as its blood pulsed out, while the blood spurting from his maimed hand. In an instant Lorry Tague had the machine still. "A bucket of clean water," he yelled to the man at the next planer; as he spoke, he grabbed dazed Arthur's hand, and pressed hard with his powerful thumb and forefinger upon the edges of the wound. "A doctor," he shouted at the first of the men that came crowding round. Arthur did not realize what had happened until he found himself forced to his knees, his hand submerged in the ice-cold water, Lorry still holding shut the severed veins and arteries.

"Another bucket of water, you Bill," cried Lorry. And, when it came, he had Bill Johnstone throw the severed finger into it. Bud Rollins, who had jumped through the window into the street, in a dash for a physician, saw Doctor Schulze's buggy just turning out of High Street. He gave chase and had Schulze beside Arthur within two minutes. More water, both hot and cold, was brought, and a cleared work-bench; with swift, sure fingers the doctor cleaned the stump, cleaned the severed finger, joined and sewed them, bandaged the hand. "Now, I'll take you home," he said. "I guess you've distinguished yourself enough for the day."

Arthur followed, silent and meek as a humbled dog. As they were driving along, Schulze misread a mournful look which Arthur cast at his bandaged hand. "It's nothing,—nothing at all," he said, gruffly. "In a week or less, you could be back at work." The accompanying sardonic grin said plain as print, "But this dainty dandy is done with work." Weak and done though Arthur was, some blood came into his pale face, and he bit his lip with anger. Schulze saw these signs. "Several men are killed every year in those works,—and not through their carelessness, either," he went, on in a milder, friendlier tone. "And forty or fifty are maimed,—not like that little pin-scratch of yours, my dear Mr. Ranger, but hands lost, legs lost,—accidents that make cripples for life. That means tragedy,—the wolf with his snout in the platter."

"I've seen that," said Arthur. "But I never thought much about it—until now."

"Naturally," said Schulze with sarcasm. Then he added, philosophically, "And it's just as well not to bother about it. Mankind found this world a hell, and is trying to make it over into a heaven. And a hell it still is, even more of a hell than at first, and it'll be still more of a hell,—for, these machines and these slave-driving capitalists with their luxury-crazy families are worse than wars and aristocrats. They make the men work, and the women and the children also,—make 'em all work as the Pharaohs never



sweated the wretches they set at building the pyramids. The nearer the structure gets toward completion, the worse the driving and the madder the haste. Some day the world will be worth living in,—probably just about the time it's going to drop into the sun. Meanwhile it's a hell of a place. We who inhabit it now are a race of slaves, toiling for the race of gods that will some day be born into a habitable world and live happily ever afterwards. Science will give them happiness and immortality, if they lose their taste for the adventure into the Beyond."

Arthur's brain heard clearly enough to remember afterwards; but Schulze's voice seemed to be coming through a thick wall. When they reached the Ranger house, Schulze had to lift him from the buggy and support his weight and guide his staggering steps. Out ran Mrs. Ranger, with the terror in her eyes.

"Don't lose your head, ma'am," said Schulze. "It's only a cut finger. The young fool forgot he was steering a machine, and had a sharp but slight reminder." Schulze was heavily down on the "interesting invalid" habit. He held that the world's supply of sympathy was so small that there was not enough to provide encouragement for those working hard and well; that those who fell into the traps of illness set in folly by themselves should get, at most, toleration in the misfortunes in which others were compelled to share. "The world discourages strength and encourages weakness," he used to declaim. "That injustice and cruelty must be reversed!"

"Doctor Schulze is right," Arthur was saying to his mother, with an attempt at a careless smile. But he was glad of the softness and ease of the big divan in the back parlor, of the sense of hovering and protecting love he got from his mother's and Adelaide's pale and anxious faces. Sorer than the really trifling wound was the deep cut into his vanity. How his fellow-workmen were pitying him,—a poor blockhead of a bungler who had thus brought his failure to learn a simple trade to a pitiful climax. And how the whole town would talk—and laugh! "Hiram Ranger, he begat a fool!"

Schulze, with proper equipment, redressed and rebandaged the wound, and left, after cautioning the young man not to move the sick arm. "You'll be all right to strum on the guitar and sport a diamond ring in a fortnight at the outside," said he. At the door, he lectured Adelaide: "For God's sake, Miss Ranger, don't let his mother coddle him. He's got the makings of a man like his father,—not as big, perhaps, but still a lot of a man. Give him a chance! Give him a chance! If this had happened in a football game or a fox hunt, nobody would have thought anything of it. But just because it was done at useful work, you've got yourself all fixed to make a fearful to-do."

How absurdly does practice come limping along, far behind firm-striding theory! Schulze came twice that day to see Arthur, looked in twice the next day and fussed like a disturbed sitting hen when Arthur forestalled his next day's visit by appearing at his office for treatment.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Arthur called on the fifth day, Doctor Schulze's daughter Madelene opened the door. "Will you please tell the doctor," said Arthur, "that the workman who cut his finger at the cooperage wishes to see him."

Madelene's dark gray eyes twinkled. She was a tall and, so he thought, rather severe-looking young woman; her jet black hair was simply, yet not without a suspicion of coquetry, drawn back over her ears from a central part—or what would have been a part had her hair been less thick. She was studying medicine under her father. As Arthur looked at her—the first time he had seen her, it had so happened, since she was in knee dresses, at the public school,—he thought: "A splendid advertisement for the old man's business." Just why she looked so much healthier than even the healthiest, he found it hard to understand. She was neither robust nor radiant. Perhaps it was the singular clearness of her dark skin and of the whites of her eyes; again it might have been the deep crimson of her lips and of the inside of her mouth,—a wide mouth with two perfect rows of small, strong teeth, of the kind that go with intense vitality.

"Just wait here," said she, in a business-like tone, as she indicated the reception room.

"You don't remember me," said Arthur, to detain her.

"No, I don't remember you," said Madelene. "But I know who you are."

"Who I was," thought Arthur, his thought never far from the foreground of his mind. "You used to be very serious, and always perfect in your lessons," he continued aloud, "and—most superior."

Madelene laughed. "I was a silly little prig," said she. Then, not without a subtle hint of sarcasm, "But,

I suppose we all go through that period,—some of us in childhood, others further along."

Arthur smiled, with embarrassment. So, he had the reputation of being a prig!

Madelene was in the doorway. "Father will be free—presently," said she. "He has another patient with him. If you don't care to wait, perhaps I can look at the cut. Father said it was a trifle."

Arthur slipped his arm out of the sling.

"In here," said Madelene, opening the door of a small room to the left of her father's consultation room.

Arthur entered. "This is your office?" said he, looking round curiously, admiringly. It certainly was an interesting room, as the habitat of an interesting personality is bound to be.

"Yes," she replied. "Sit here, please."

Arthur seated himself in the chair by the window and rested his arm on the table. He thought he had never seen fingers so long as hers, or so graceful. Evidently she had inherited from her father that sure, firm touch, which is, perhaps, the highest talent of the surgeon. "It seems such an—an—such a hard profession for a woman," said he, to induce those fascinating lips of hers to move.

"It is not soft," she replied. "But then father did not bring us up soft."

This was discouraging, but Arthur tried again. "You like it?"

"I love it," said she. "It makes me hate to go to bed at night and eager to get up in the morning. It gives me something to look forward to. And that means living, does it?"

"A man like me must seem to you a petty sort of creature," said Arthur.

"Oh, I have not any professional haughtiness," was



"Amid flooding commonplaces and hysterical repetitions"

her laughing reply. "One kind of work seems to me just as good as another. It's the spirit of the workman that makes the only differences."

"That's it," said Arthur, with a humility which he thought genuine and which was perhaps not wholly false. "I can't give my heart to my work."

"I fancy you'll give it attention hereafter," said Madelene. She had dressed the almost healed finger and was dexterously rebandaging it. She was necessarily very near to him, and from her skin there seemed to issue a perfumed energy that stimulated his nerves. Their eyes met. Both smiled and flushed.

"That was not very kind,—that remark," said he.

"What's all this?" broke in the sharp voice of the doctor.

Arthur started guiltily; but Madelene, without lifting her eyes from her task, said: "Mr. Ranger did not want to be kept waiting."

"She's trying to steal my practice away from me," said Schulze. He looked utterly unlike his daughter at first glance; but on closer inspection there was a resemblance like that of the nut in and the nut out of the rough, needle-armored shell. "Well, I guess she has not botched it." This in a pleased voice, after an admiring inspection of the workmanlike bandage. "Come again, to-morrow, young man."

Arthur bowed to Madelene and somehow got out into the street. He was astonished at himself and at the world. He had gone drearily into that office out of a dreary world; he had issued forth light of heart and delighted with the fresh, smiling, interesting look of the shaded streets and the green hedges and lawns and flower beds. "A fine old town," he said to himself. "Nice, friendly people,—and the really right sort. As soon as I'm over the rough bit I've got just ahead of me, I'm going to like it. Let me see,—one of those girls was named Walpurga and one was named Madelene. But which was which? I guess she was Walpurga. She looks as if her name were something uncommon. I'll ask Del."

And with a quite unnecessary show of carelessness, he did ask her. "The black one is Madelene," was Adelaide's matter-of-fact reply. "The blonde is Walpurga. I used to detest Madelene. She always treated me as if I had not any sense."

"Well, you can't blame her for that, Del," said Arthur. "You've been a great deal of a fool in your day,—before you blossomed out. Do you remember the time Dory called you down for learning things to show off, and how furious you got?"

Adelaide looked suddenly warm, though she laughed too. "Why did you ask about Doctor Schulze's daughters?" she said.

"I saw one of them this morning,—a regular beauty; and no nonsense about her. As she was the black one, I suppose her name was Madelene."

"Oh, I remember now!" exclaimed Adelaide. "Madelene is going to be a doctor. They say she's got nerves of iron,—can cut and slash like her father."

Arthur was furious, just why he did not know. No doubt what Adelaide said was true; but there were ways and ways of saying things. "I suppose there is a good deal of sneering at her," said he, "among the girls that could not do anything if they tried. It seems to me, if there is any profession a woman could follow without losing her womanliness, it is that of doctor. Every woman ought to be a doctor, whether she ever tries to make a living out of it or not."

Adelaide was not a little astonished by this outburst. "You'll be coming round to Dory's views of women, if you are not careful," said she.

"There's a lot of sense in what Dory says about a lot of things," replied Arthur.

"How did the doctor say your hand was?"

"Oh,—all right," said Arthur. "I'm going to work on Monday."

"Did he say you could?"

"No, but I'm tired of doing nothing. I've got to get busy if I'm going to pull myself out of this mess."

His look, his tone made his words sound revolutionary. And, in fact, his mood was revolutionary. He was puzzled at his own change of attitude. His sky had cleared of all the black clouds, and the air was no longer heavy and oppressive. He wanted to work; he felt that by working he could accomplish something; he felt that he was going to deserve and to win the approval of people who were worth while,—people like Madelene Schulze, for instance.

Next day he lurked round the corner below the doctor's house until he saw him come forth and drive away. Then he went up and rang the bell. This time it was the "blonde" that answered,—small and sweet, pink and white, with tawny hair. This was disconcerting. "I could not get her earlier," he explained. "I saw the doctor just driving away. But, as these bandages felt uncomfortable,

I thought perhaps his daughter—your sister, is she not?—might—might fix them."

Walpurga looked doubtfully at him. "I think she's busy," she said; "I don't like to disturb her."

Just then Madelene crossed the hall. Her masses of black hair were rolled in a huge knot on the top of her head; she was wearing a white work-slip and her arms were bare to the elbows—the finest arms he had ever seen, Arthur thought. She seemed in a hurry and her face was flushed,—she would have looked no different if she had heard his voice and had come forth to prevent his getting away without her seeing him. "Meg!" called her sister. "Can you—"

Madelene apparently saw her sister and Arthur for the first time. "Good morning, Mr. Ranger. You've come too late. Father's out."

Arthur repeated his doleful tale, convincingly now, for his hand did feel queer—as what hand would not.



remembering such a touch as Madelene's and longing to experience it again?

"Certainly," said Madelene. "I'll do the best I can. Come in."

And once more he was in her office, with her bending over him. And presently her hair came unrolled, came showering down on his arm, on his face,—and he shook like a leaf and felt as if he were going to faint, into such an ecstasy did the soft rain of those tresses throw him. As for Madelene, she was almost hysterical in her confusion. She darted from the room.

When she returned, she seemed calm,—but that was because she did not lift her telltale eyes. Neither spoke as she finished her work. If Arthur had opened his lips it would have been to say words which he thought she would resent and he repent. Not until his last chance had almost ebbed, did he get himself sufficiently in hand to speak. "It was n't true,—what I said," he began. "I waited until your father was gone. Then I came—to see you. As you probably know, I'm only a workman, hardly even that, at the coöperage. But—I want to come to see you. May I?"

She hesitated.

"I know the people in this town have a very poor opinion of me," he went on. "And I deserve it, no doubt. You see, the bottom dropped out of my life not long ago, and I have n't got myself together yet. But you did more for me in ten minutes, when I was here yesterday, than everything and everybody, including myself, has been able to do since my father died."

"I don't remember that I said anything," she murmured.

"I did n't say that what you said helped me. I said, what you *did*. And—I'd like to come."

"We never have any callers," she explained. "You see, father's—our—views—people don't understand us. And, too, we've found ourselves very congenial and sufficient to each other. So,—I—I don't know what to say."

He looked so cast down that she hastened on: "Yes,—come—whenever you like. We're always at home. But we work all day."

"So do I," said Arthur. "Thank you. I'll come—some evening next week." Suddenly he felt peculiarly at ease with her, as if he had always known her, as if he and she understood each other perfectly. "I'm afraid you'll find me stupid," he went on. "I don't know much about any of the things you're interested in."

"Perhaps I'm interested in more things than you imagine," said she. "My sister says I'm a fraud,—that I really have a frivolous mind and that my serious look is a hollow pretense."

So they talked on, not getting better acquainted, but enjoying the realization of how extremely well acquainted they were. When he was gone, Madelene found that her father had been in for some time. "Did n't he ask for me?" she said, to Walpurga.

"Yes," answered Walpurga. "And I told him you were flirting with Arthur Ranger."

Madelene colored violently. "I never heard that word in this house before," she said. "Nor I," replied Walpurga, the pink and white; "and I think it's high time,—with you nearly twenty-two, and me nearly twenty."

At dinner her father said: "Well, Lena,—so you've got a beau at last. I'd given up hope."

"For heaven's sake, don't scare him away father," said Walpurga.

"A pretty poor excuse," pursued the doctor. "I doubt if he could make enough to pay his own board in a River Street lodging house."

Madelene was silent. She shrank from this teasing, yet welcomed it, too. She liked to hear his name spoken.

"You must n't let him know he's the only beau you've ever had, Meg," said her sister.

"Why not?" said Madelene. "If I ever did care especially for a man, I'd not care for him because other women had; and I should n't want a man to be so weak and vain as to feel that way about me."

It was a temptation to that aloof and isolated yet anything but lonely or lonesome household to discuss this new and strange phenomenon,—the intrusion of an outsider, and he a young man; but the unconscious earnestness of Madelene's voice made her father and her sister feel that to tease her further would be rude and impertinent.

Arthur had said he would not come to call until the next week because then he would be at work again. He went once more to Dr. Schulze's, but was careful to go in office hours. He did not see Madelene,—though she, behind the white sash curtains of her own office, saw him and watched him until he was out of sight far down the street. On Monday he went to work,—really to work. No more shame; no more shirking or shrinking; no more lingering on the irrevocable. He squarely faced the future, and, with his will like his father's, set dogged and unconquerable energy to battering at the obstacles before him. "All a man needs," said he to himself, at the end of his

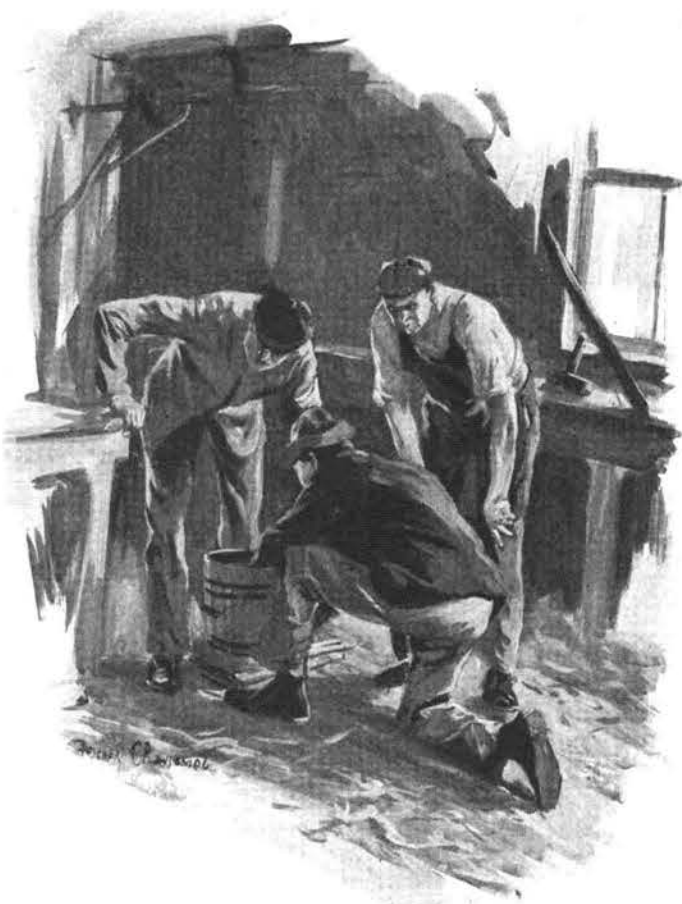
first day's real work, "is a purpose. He never knows where he is until he gets one. Once he gets it, he can't rest until he has accomplished it."

What was his purpose? He did n't know,—beyond a feeling that he must lift himself from his present position of being an object of pity to all Saint X and the sort of man that has n't the right to ask any woman to be his wife.

### CHAPTER XIII.

A LARGE sum would soon be available; so, the carrying out of the plans to extend, or, rather, to construct Tecumseh, must be begun. The trustees commissioned young Hargrave to go abroad at once in search of educational ideas, and to get apparatus that would make the laboratories the best in America. Chemistry and its most closely related sciences were to be at the foundation of the new university, as they are at the foundation of life. "We'll model our school not upon what the ignorant wise of the Middle Ages thought ought to be life, but upon life itself," said Dr. Hargrave. "We'll build not from the clouds down, but from the ground up." He knew in broad outline what was wanted for the Tecumseh of his dreams, but he felt that he was too old, perhaps too rusted in old-fashioned ways and ideas, himself to realize the dream; so, he put practically the whole task upon Dory, whom he had trained from earliest infancy to just that end.

When it was settled that Dory was to go, and that



"He grabbed dazed Arthur's hand and pressed hard upon the edge of the wound"

he would be away a year, at least, he went to Adelaide and explained it all. "They expect me to leave within a fortnight," he ended. And she knew what was in his mind,—what he hoped she would say.

Dory was not looking at her. There was too much at stake for him in her decision; he had n't the courage to try to read it in her face. "Will you come?" he said, when he could endure the suspense no longer. "Won't you come?"

She temporized. "I'm afraid I could n't—ought n't to leave—mother and Arthur just now."

He smiled sadly. She might need her mother and her brother; but in the mood in which she had been for the last few months, they certainly did not need her. "Adelaide," said he, with that firmness which he knew so well how to combine with gentleness, without weakening it, "our whole future depends on this. If our lives are to grow together, we must begin. This is our opportunity."

She knew that Dory was a man that she could not play fast and loose with, even had she been so disposed. Clearly, she must decide whether she intended to marry him, to make his life hers and her life his. She looked helplessly round. Without him, what was there to build on? She broke the long silence with, "That is true. We must begin." Then, after a pause during which she tried to think and found she could n't, "Make up my mind for me."

"Let us be married day after to-morrow," he said. "We can leave for New York on the one o'clock train, and sail on Thursday."

"You had it planned out!"

"I had several plans," he answered. "That's the best one."

What should she do? Suddenly—why she did not know,—her father seemed to stand before her. And impulsively—why she did not know,—she answered Dory: "I think so, too. Yes, that is the best plan. I must begin,—at once."

The problem of the *trousseau* was almost as simple for her as for him. She had been extravagant and luxurious, had accumulated really unmanageable quantities of clothing of all kinds, far, far more than any woman without a maid could take care of. The fact that she had not had a maid was in part responsible for this superfluity. To keep a wardrobe in order requires time; she had neither the time nor the taste for making the thousand exasperating little repairs that are necessary if a woman is always to look well, when she has only a few clothes; so, whenever repairs were necessary, she bought instead. She had put by the things which were not quite perfect against that vague time when she would have leisure or inclination for mending and sewing on buttons, or for superintending a seamstress. Within two hours of her decision a seamstress was in the house and they and her mother were at work. There was no necessity to bother about new dresses. She would soon be putting off black, and she could get in Paris what she would then need.

In the wild whirlwind of those thirty-six hours, she had not a moment to think of anything but the material side of the wedding,—the preparations for the journey and for the long absence. She was half an hour late in getting down to the front parlor for the ceremony; and she looked so tired from her toil and lack of sleep that Dory in his anxiety about her was all but unconscious that they were going through the supposedly solemn marriage rite. Looking back on it afterwards, they could remember little about it. They had once in jesting earnest agreed that they would have the word "obey" left out of the vows. But they forgot this and neither was conscious of repeating "obey" after the preacher. Adelaide was thinking of her trunks and of the things she must have forgotten at the last minute; Dory was worrying over her paleness and the heavy circles under her eyes, was fretting about the train,—Del's tardiness had not been in his calculations. Even the preacher, infected by the atmosphere of haste, ran over the sentences, hardly waiting for the responses. Adelaide's mother was hearing the trunks going down to the van, and was impatient to be where she could superintend,—there was a very important small trunk, full of underclothes, which she was sure they were overlooking. Arthur was gloomily abstracted, was trying to fight down the bitter and melancholy thoughts which arose from the contrast he could not but make,—this simple wedding, with Dory Hargrave as bridegroom, when in other circumstances there would have been pomp and grandeur. He and Mary the cook and Ellen the upstairs girl, and old Miss Skeffington, generalissimo of the Hargrave household, were the only persons present keenly conscious that there was in progress a wedding, a supposedly irrevocable union of a man and a woman for life and for death and for posterity. Even old Dr. Hargrave was thinking of what Dory was to do on the other side, was mentally going over the elaborate scheme for his son's guidance which he had drawn up and committed to paper.

Judge Torrey, the only outsider, was putting into form the speech he intended to make at the wedding breakfast.

But there was no wedding breakfast,—at least none for bride and bridegroom. The instant the ceremony was over, Mary the cook whispered to Mrs. Ranger: "Mike says they've just got time to miss the train."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Ranger; and she darted out to halt the van and count the trunks. Then she rushed in and was at Adelaide's arm. "Hurry,—child," she exclaimed. "Here is my present for you,"—and she thrust into her hand a small, black leather case, the cover of a letter of credit. Seeing that her daughter was too dazed to realize what was going on, she snatched the little case away and put it into Adelaide's bag which Mary was carrying. Amid much hand shaking and kissing and nervous crying, amid flooding commonplaces and hysterical repetitions of "Good-by, good luck," the young people were got off. There was no time for Mary to bring the rice from the kitchen table; but Ellen had sequestered one of Adelaide's old dancing slippers under the front stair. She contrived to get it out and into action, and to land it full in Adelaide's lap by a lucky carrom against the upright of the coach window.

Adelaide took it up, looked at it vaguely. It was one of a pair of slippers she had got for the biggest and

[Concluded on page 577]



# Fighting the Telephone Trust

BY PAUL LATZKE

SIXTH  
ARTICLE

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THE suit to wrest the Kellogg Switchboard and Supply Company from the Bell conspirators who sneaked into control of its affairs, by means of the disreputable methods I described in the June number, may possibly be decided before this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE reaches the public. All hands, from Mr. Kellogg down, feel confident that right and decency will triumph, that the court will set aside the sale, restore the company to Mr. Kellogg and his associates, and put the stamp of its disapproval on so infamous a transaction. But the public interest attaching to the outcome is due more to the moral issues involved, than to the commercial, for, no matter what the result, the involved scheming of the trust officials will have come to the usual end,—defeat. Instead of crushing the independents through control of the manufacturing end of the industry, the elaborate cunning of Mr. Barton and Mr. Fish has only strengthened this end of the business and scattered it into other localities. Mr. Kellogg, assisted by Mr. Dunbar, has been at work for nearly two years organizing a staff of experts who are working on a large scale perfecting new styles of apparatus to be put on the independent market as soon as the Kellogg suit is decided. W. W. Dean, who was chief engineer of the Kellogg Company, and A. E. Barker, who was general sales manager, organized the Dean Electric Company, of Elyria, Ohio. This company is putting out enormous quantities of telephone apparatus, and will soon be as big as the Kellogg in its palmy days.

## The Trust's Secret Service

Associated with them is most of the best engineering talent of the old Kellogg concern. Here, then, are two new independent manufacturing organizations sprung up to replace the one which the Bell, with infinite pains and the outlay of huge sums of money, succeeded in buying up. Nor is this all. Dozens of other employees of the Kellogg Company, forced out of the concern by self-respect, unwilling to serve men who have such base ideas of business methods, have been scattered here and there about the country, serving the ends of independent development. Kemper B. Miller, who was in effect the general manager of the Kellogg, has founded an important business in Chicago as an independent telephone engineer. He has built competing plants in several towns and forwarded the building of plants in many others. Nearly all the Kellogg salesmen have taken their services and their trade to new employers, and the net result of the whole miserable conspiracy has been to stimulate independent growth instead of stunting it as the conspirators had hoped.

Even the privilege of writing off the cost of this conspiracy to the account of experience is denied the Bell Company; for, as I have said before, this company never gains anything by experience. It never learns. It has spent millions in suborning public officials only to find in the end that its money has been wasted. Yet it goes right on carrying men of this stripe on its pay rolls. It has bought up scores of competing companies in the hope of staying competition, only to find other companies springing up in their places, so that it had nothing for its huge outlay except plants it had to "junk." Yet, as shown in the case of Hugh Dougherty, it is still spending its stockholders' money in this fashion whenever it finds men willing to betray their fellows. It has poured out a king's ransom to corrupt the public press, only to find its editorial advocates impotent. Yet its press bureau

is as active and costly as ever. It has had an army of spies and bravos in the field, men who reported from the inside the doings of the independents and laid plans to thwart them, men who in the guise of independents entered this field and that with "fake" independent plants in order to disgust the people with the opposition service. All these spies have, sooner or later, been discovered and branded, and their work has yielded no fruit. Yet the system of espionage is kept up on as elaborate and expensive a scale as ever. One such spy, known as Fred De Land, operated plants in Pennsylvania and Kansas for years, until the Kansas State Association branded him publicly in convention and rendered him forever harmless. The monopoly maintains an expensive staff of "expert promoters," whose business it was and is to invade almost every community where a franchise is asked by legitimate independents. These "promoters" put themselves in touch with influential persons whom they can "work," generally on a cash basis, and then apply for a rival "independent" franchise on such terms that competition with them is impossible. In the beginning these "fake" promoters proved themselves very dangerous, but latterly their methods have become so well known that they are spotted immediately for what they are and exposed to the public. But the Bell Company apparently relies on them as much as ever, and they may be expected to show up in any place where an independent telephone franchise is being discussed.

## Telephone Rate Manipulation

Another favorite method for blocking the independents is rate manipulation. Having failed to keep out competition by every other means the Bell Company will almost invariably cut rates all to pieces, even give away service, in the effort to drive its rivals to bankruptcy. There are scores of places where the trust is to-day selling farmers service for 25 cents a month or \$3 a year, and thousands of Bell telephones are in operation in such places as Kansas City, Rochester, Toledo, and other competitive points, for which the users are not required to pay a penny.

In Rochester it was at one time a common remark that any householder who paid for a Bell telephone was a fool, and there are a number of cases on record in that town where men had literally to use force to get the Bell instruments out of their houses. The feeling on the subject runs high in Rochester, owing to the fact that it is an active center of independent development, thousands of its citizens holding independent securities, and the largest independent manufacturing plant in the country, the Stromberg-Carlson Company, being located there. Of course the non-competitive points have had to pay for this sort of thing, and to meet this condition various schemes of legislation have been proposed. The most effective has been adopted in Wisconsin. There the legislature passed a law providing that uniform rates must be charged for telephone service in cities of the same class. This has put a fairly effective end to discrimination. Several other states are taking up this matter of rate discrimination, and the chances are that the Wisconsin law will soon be adopted very generally,—throughout the Middle West, at any rate.

It is necessary that I should bring this series of articles to a close, so it becomes impossible to go into the other schemes the trust has worked in the vain effort to preserve its monopoly. Suffice it to say that it has tried almost everything short



GEORGE R. FULLER  
President of the Rochester, New York, Independent  
Telephone Company



of giving fair rates and the best service possible. And what has been the net result of its work,—of the lavish expenditure of its millions?

As I have shown, the independents are operating at least 500,000 more telephones in the United States than the Bell Companies. They are growing at the rate of fifteen to twenty per cent. a year. They dominate the Middle West and are fast coming into control in the East and the Far West. Their securities are eagerly bought by the people who have had experience in this class of investments. In the chief moneyed centers, New York and Boston, the value of the independent stocks is still to be appreciated, because there the agents of the trust have concentrated all their efforts to keep the true facts away from the bankers. But the interior bankers who are close to the people, and who know what is going on, are absorbing immense quantities of these stocks. And their clients are following suit. Securities that pay from eight to twenty per cent., as thousands of these independents have paid for years, and that show a steady advancement of income, are not particularly plentiful, and the interior bankers have not been slow to take advantage of their opportunities here. E. B. Overshiner, president of the Swedish-American Telephone Company, of Chicago, completed recently a list of over one thousand banks and bank officers who, to his knowledge, held considerable quantities of independent securities, and the list might easily be extended to ten thousand by a more comprehensive canvass.

#### A Strong Independent Directorate

Among those who are now actively interested in independent companies, as officers or directors, are to be found scores of men whose reputations are national. In what is known as the St. Louis-Rochester group of independent companies are such men as Adolphus Bush, the millionaire brewer; George Eastman, president of the great Eastman Kodak Company; Walter B. Duffy, the millionaire distiller and bank president, of Rochester; August Gehner, president of the German-American Bank of St. Louis; Breckenridge Jones, vice president of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company, St. Louis; T. W. Finucane, and Eugene Satterlee, two of the most important capitalists of Rochester; Hiram W. Sibley, said to be the wealthiest man in the northwestern part of New York State, and a number of others equally well known.

In the city of Buffalo, which is one of the newest but most active centers of the industry, the directorate of the independent company reads like a section of the financial blue book. It includes:

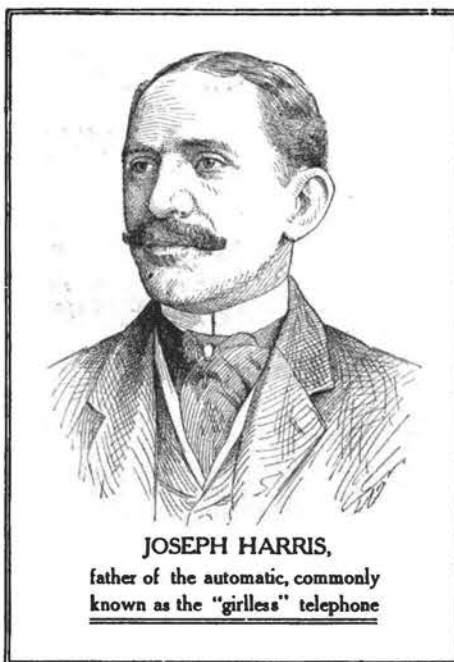
Charles Adsit, president, First National Bank, Hornellsville, New York; Charles E. Austin, secretary, Inter-Ocean Telephone and Telegraph Company, Buffalo; Arthur D. Bissell, president, Peoples' Bank of Buffalo, Buffalo; E. Frank Brewster, vice president, Flour City National Bank, Rochester, New York; Martin Carey, Bissell, Carey, and Cooke, attorneys, Buffalo; Joseph P. Dudley, president, Union Fire Insurance Company, Buffalo; J. Sloat Fassett, congressman, Elmira, New York; Theodore S. Fassett, Smith, Fassett, and Company, lumber, North Tonawanda, New York; Charles W. Goodyear, vice president, Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad Company, Buffalo; Kermod F. Gill, John Gill and Sons, general contractors, Cleveland; Burt G. Hubbell, president of the company, Buffalo; Andrew Langdon, capitalist, Buffalo; John Markle, coal operator, Jeddo, Pennsylvania; W. W. Miller, vice president, First National Bank, Wellsboro, Pennsylvania; V. Moreau Smith, secretary and treasurer, Rochester Trust and Safe Deposit Company, Rochester, New York; George W. Thayer, capitalist, Rochester, New York.

#### The Supremacy of the Home Companies

The Buffalo company, which is controlled by these men and known as the Consolidated Telephone Company, owns outright over 30,000 telephones, and controls 60,000 additional instruments under traffic arrangements. Its long-distance lines cover the northwestern part of New York with a solid network of wires, and reach well over into Ohio and Pennsylvania. In nearly all the towns in which it operates it has the Bell beaten to a standstill. For instance, in Ithaca it has 1,600 instruments against the Bell's 900:

TOWN	INDEPENDENT	BELL
Hornellsville, .....	1,124	300
Salamanca, .....	416	50
Friendship, .....	250	4
Corning, .....	913	300
Penn Yan, .....	609	50
Sherman, .....	365	1
Cortland, .....	948	16
Waverly, .....	1,064	200
Geneva, .....	685	100
Wellsville, .....	325	150

Figures such as these would presuppose, at least, long competition. As a matter of fact, six years ago few of these companies were in existence. In 1901, B. G. Hubbell, the president of the Consolidated, who is one of the most important men in the independent movement, began



JOSEPH HARRIS,  
father of the automatic, commonly  
known as the "girlless" telephone

his organization work. He built one town after another, generally in the face of the most pronounced opposition, political, social, and financial. To-day Mr. Hubbell has the cooperation of nearly all the leading business men and bankers throughout his territory, and the companies which he controls have the active interest of most of the leading investors in the section. In other sections where the independents have operated for any length of time, their experience has been the same. And this is due to the fact that they always give a good account of themselves when properly managed.

Statistics show there are fewer failures among independent telephone companies than among national banks. The independents have had only one conspicuous crash. Several years ago, when the Everet-Moore Street Car Syndicate, of Cleveland, went to smash, a group of independent telephone companies, which it controlled in Cleveland, Columbus, and other places, (five in all,) was carried down. But these companies have since been rehabilitated, and they are marching on to success with the rest of the independent procession.

The trust, on the other hand, has suffered the most tremendous losses. Three of its greatest companies, the Central Union, the Erie, and the Michigan have been ruined.

The Central Union, with a capital stock of \$6,000,000 outstanding, was one of the greatest money-makers of the trust, before competition began. This company paid its last dividend, one per cent., in 1896. Its stock has been cut in half, and in the last ten years it has, in addition, accumulated a bonded debt of \$6,000,000. The Michigan Company was wiped out entirely. Its stockholders lost their total investment of \$5,000,000, and the bondholders received only a part. It was reorganized under foreclosure by the bondholders. The Erie Company, with \$10,000,000 capital, which controlled some of the richest territory in the Middle West and the South, was also wiped out after a series of manipulations.

The stock of the Central Telephone Company of New York, the Bell licenses operating in excellent territory, was worth, a few years ago, \$115. The last recorded sale was at Utica, where ten shares were sold at auction at \$36.25. Half a dozen others among the Bell subsidiary companies have ceased paying dividends. As for the parent concern, the American Telegraph & Telephone Company, which controls all the others, and which has furnished the millions that have been spent in the effort to wipe out the independents its condition is well summed up in a book recently issued by Frederick S. Dickson, former president of the Cuyahoga Telephone Company, of Cleveland.

#### A Vain Effort to Stem the Tide

"The American Telegraph and Telephone Company's stock," says Mr. Dickson, in his admirable work, "which had sold as high as 185 3/8, in 1902, sold as low as 114 1/2, in 1903. Thus far in 1905 its highest price is 148, a reduction of 37 3/8 dollars a share from the highest price in 1902. That means that these people have actually sacrificed the enormous sum of \$49,225,850 in the value of their own stockholders' property in a frantic effort to discredit telephone securities as an investment. Oh, the folly of it! Add to this, if you will, fifty millions more from the shrinkage in value of the stocks and bonds of the various corporations subsidiary to the parent Bell and you will get some idea of the colossal price which Bell investors have been compelled to pay for the bungling incapacity of their officers."

To maintain the fight the American Telegraph & Telephone Company has been compelled to go to its friends in Wall Street with bond issues aggregating \$73,000,000, besides exhausting its own reserve. Now there is need of more money, and at this moment the ground is being carefully prepared through Wall Street for a further issue of \$150,000,000 of bonds "to be issued during a period extending over several years."

It remains to be seen whether this amount of money can be found for disbursement by men who have shown such utter incapacity to handle a situation which would be simple if the Bell officials could make up their minds that the day of their monopoly is gone once for all. Unfortunately for the stockholders they seem utterly unable to do this. It will probably require a total smash to bring them to their senses. An acceptance of the inevitable would make it possible to apply the borrowed millions to the upbuilding of the Bell Company's business along legitimate lines. Instead we see these millions poured out in frantic efforts to stem a tide that is rising steadily every year, every day, overwhelming the

#### GOOD-BY

By Lillian Bennet Thompson

DEAR LOVE, good-by.  
Though my heart break beneath its weight of pain,  
I must not look upon your face again;—  
I dare not cry  
That life spreads out before me, desolate,  
For none must know; each one must bear his fate,  
Nor question why.  
The road lies on before us. Thorn and stone  
May wound us, yet we go alone,  
Nor seem to sigh.  
Yet sometimes, in the dim year's passing, throw  
One kindly thought to one who loved you so,—  
Dear love,—good-by.





## THE EDITOR'S CHAT



### Hungering for the Soil

THE older we grow, the more the heart protests against artificial living, the strenuous existence, and the more we long for the simple, natural life.

The boy who hates the chores on the farm, and who longs to get to "the city where opportunity dwells," thinks he will never want to see the country again; but after years of artificial life in the city, straining and struggling for wealth, he is surprised to feel a great craving in his nature for the old farm. The things which in the past seemed like dry, dreary drudgery to him, now take on a tinge of romance, and he longs for the scenes of his boyhood, to be back with the lambs, the chickens, and the colts. The meadows, the brooks, the hills, the trees,—all have taken on a new charm and meaning, and in his imagination he smells the fragrance of the new-mown hay and the fresh perfume of wildflowers, and sees the glistening of the jeweled dew in the grass. All these things haunt him, until he buys back the old homestead, or farm; for a piece of land of some kind he must have. Nothing else will satisfy him.

Force ourselves how we will to lead a strained, unnatural life, we can never get entirely used to it. It is never satisfactory. There is a yearning for the simple life, for the natural life, and, for most of us, country life. We want to feel Mother Earth, to breathe the fresh air, to drink in the beauties of flower, of field, of mountain, and of sunset, which never tire or pall upon the mind.

This hungering for the soil is as natural to us as our breath, because it is a part of us. We feel a kinship with the thoughts of the Creator, written in flower, in grass, in trees, and in His multitudinous expressions of love and beauty in nature. We feel that these hills and mountains and streams and meadows, these valleys and flowers are our relatives; that we are all thoughts of the same Creator, and that there is a relationship between us which even the money mania and the scramble for power can never quite crush out of our nature.

The longing to get back to the soil, the craving to get away from the artificial life, and to get back to Mother Earth, to the simplicities of life, pervades all classes, and is especially felt by those who were born and reared in the country.

I have recently heard of a railroad man who has spent the most of his life trying to work to the top of his profession, and who says that his one burning ambition is to own a little chicken ranch, where he can care for the chickens himself.

\* \* \*

### A Catastrophe, and the Brotherhood of Man

HOW men will push and scramble and crowd to get advantage of one another, use all their ingenuity and cunning to make for themselves the best bargain they possibly can! In their selfishness, they crowd one another, in the cars and public places, for the most comfortable seats. They exhibit many of their worst qualities in the ordinary affairs of life; and yet, let some great catastrophe, some great misfortune or disaster befall these very people with whom they were so selfish, cold-blooded, and unsympathetic yesterday, and instantly they become sympathetic, kind, considerate, helpful, and generous even to magnanimity. Their pocketbooks, which they guarded so closely yesterday, they throw wide open to-day.

In a few hours after the San Francisco disaster, relief trains, with provisions and medical assistance, were flying toward the stricken city from every direction.

The day before, many of the people who gave seemed so intent upon their own interests, so selfish, that one unaccustomed to American generosity would have thought a great deal of urging would have been necessary to have brought such relief. But, no, the assistance was spontaneous and hearty.

There is nothing else which calls out the brotherhood of man, the qualities of nobility, like some great disaster. It kills all prejudice; all antagonisms melt away. Selfishness and greed slink out of sight, ashamed to assert themselves in such a sacred moment. All our mean and contemptible traits slink to the rear, all the noble and generous impulses spring to the front, and bid us do the kindly, charitable, magnanimous thing. All our prejudices—political, religious, and racial,—are gone, and we rush to the assistance of our brother in danger, no matter who he may be. Nothing is reserved. We open our homes, our purses, our hearts.

I sometimes wonder what hardness of heart our self-seeking would lead us to, but for the misfortunes which befall us, which keep us from becoming callous and

hard-hearted, and which keep the affections warm and tender.

The very men who drive hard bargains with us to-day, and exact the last penny in a trade, who push us aside and crowd us out of the way in order to get a more comfortable seat, would to-morrow divide their last dollar or their last loaf of bread with us, if a misfortune great enough to call out their sympathy should overtake us.

\* \* \*

### The Problem of Giving Himself to His Family

I RECENTLY received a letter from a young man, who says he has a charming family, but that he is very much troubled because the "bread-and-butter" problem absorbs the best part of himself, and exhausts his energies so that he has only a remnant left for his family. He says that the problem of maintaining his wife and children in comfort, and of doing for them what every ambitious man is anxious to do for those dear to him, is becoming so stupendous that it takes all of a man's ingenuity and saps his entire strength, so that he is good for nothing when he gets home in the evening. He is worn out and exhausted, so that, instead of giving the choicest and freshest part of himself to his family, he gives them the dregs, because he has nothing else to give.

This man's experience will strike a responsive chord in thousands of hearts. It does seem a pity that, in this land of opportunity, in this land of plenty, a man should be forced to give about all that is of any value in him, to provide little more than the mere necessities of life for his family.

There is certainly something wrong in our social system when a man is compelled to give all of his energies to the "bread-and-butter" question.

It is a pity, when life ought to mean so much, and should be so full of things worth while, so complete in all that makes for beauty and joy and happiness, that the living problem should absorb the cream of a man's time, so that he can give those dearest to him only his poorest, his driest service, that he can only give the husks where the wheat should go.

\* \* \*

### The Refining Influence of Beauty

THAT the quality of beauty is divine is proved by its elevating, refining influence in all ages. When the barbarians overran Greece, desecrated her temples, and destroyed her beautiful works of art, even their savageness was somewhat tamed by the sense of beauty which prevailed. It is true, they broke her beautiful statues; but the spirit of beauty refused to die, and it transformed the savage heart and awakened even in the barbarian a new power. From the apparent death of Grecian art Roman art was born. "Cyclops forging iron for Vulcan can not stand against Pericles forging thought for Greece." The barbarian club which destroyed the Grecian statues was no match for the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles.

There is a peculiar power in beauty which can not be described, but whose fascination no normal person can escape. No matter how low one has fallen, no matter how degraded or criminal, no matter what his condition, he feels its softening and elevating force. There is something in a man that instinctively compels him to yield to the spell of loveliness. We all know how it has charmed and influenced judges and swayed juries in all ages. We all know how difficult it is to convict a beautiful woman with great charm in our courts to-day. History tells us of its marvelous power to sway kings and even to divert justice from its course.

There is no doubt that beauty was intended to play an infinitely greater part in civilized life than it has thus far. The trouble with us is that the tremendous material prizes in this land of opportunity are so tempting and alluring that we have lost sight of the higher man. We have developed ourselves along the animal side of our nature. The great majority of us are still living in the basement of our lives. Now and then one rises to the drawing-room. Occasionally an artist, a writer, or a sculptor ascends to the upper stories and gets a glimpse of the life beautiful, the æsthetic life, the life worth while.

A prominent Russian surgeon, commenting on a little poem written by an American with a refrain something like this: "Take off your coat and hustle," said: "When an American takes off his coat to hustle, he forgets to put it on again." He said that we are so buried in the material, so captivated by the game of hustling for the dollar, that we forget the amenities of life, the things which emancipate from the dreary

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drudgery, and which appeal to the higher, spiritual man.

I think that all educated and cultured people feel that, although we have, in many respects, a marvelous country, we lack something which is found in people of older countries, where the love of the beautiful is much more highly developed and appreciated. They find a peculiar charm in France and Italy, for instance, which they do not find here. Although these countries are poorer in their material resources than ours, they are infinitely richer in their artistic and æsthetic development.

Who can calculate the inestimable value that would come to the world from the perfectly normal development of the love of the beautiful in the entire race.

What a dream of beauty New York might have been, for example, had it been planned and built by Sir Christopher Wren, instead of being subservient to a purely commercial utility!

Instead of the hideous sky-lines of our city, what beauty, grace, majesty, and sublimity would have taken their place! What graceful curves would have replaced the ungraceful angles! Instead of being ugly our streets would have been beautiful. What a joy to the æsthetic soul our parks and squares would be if they had been planned by people of æsthetic taste!

What nightmares many of our American homes are, even those of the wealthy! We see only the ugly, the repellant, the unæsthetic in their arrangement, in their coarse, incongruous furnishings and decorations.

The test of beauty is that in its presence you feel a sense of rest, of satisfaction, of poise, of comfort, of completeness, and of contentment.

I was in the home of a New York millionaire, recently, where almost everything I saw was fighting its neighbors.

In this house, which was filled with costly works of art and expensive fabrics and furnishings of all sorts, I felt a peculiar uneasiness. The eye found no resting place. The colorings were antagonistic. The different articles of furniture seemed to be enemies instead of friends. They all appeared to have a grudge against one another. There was an absence of fitness of things. Nothing was in good taste. The objects, taken separately, were all well enough; but they did not harmonize; they did not go together; they were natural enemies. Each was out of place, fighting against everything else. I have never seen a better illustration of the lack of that æsthetic culture, which, in the mind of the foreigner, characterizes the American.

We are so absorbed in the material, so eager to get rich, that there is a tendency among us to overlook the things which soften and refine the nature and ameliorate the severities of life. We give foreigners an impression of strength without culture, of massive ruggedness, unlimited energy, and great enterprise and ability; but they miss the delicacy, the sweetness, and the beauty, the evidences of culture which are found in the older countries where the chase for the dollar and the lack of vast resources have not forced the practical faculties at the expense of the æsthetic.

The absence of culture, beauty, and harmony, is characteristic of all new countries with great natural resources. In America we have not had time to cultivate beauty, or to feel its refining, elevating influence. Our vast resources, the great prizes of life, are so alluring, so dazzling, that we do not stop to think of the finer graces and the more delicate things.

I do not mean that we do not appreciate beauty of form, but that we do not fully appreciate beauty as found in music, and as reflected in art and literature, or the exquisiteness of culture, and the graces of social life. We have not yet learned the fine art of conversation. We have not developed the graces of life as we shall in the future. We are strong without being attractive. We lack the refinement which comes from leisure and opportunity of self-culture.

## Vacation as an Educator

It is neither necessary nor desirable to study books while on a vacation; for a vacation affords a great opportunity for study without books, for exercising the faculties which are not brought into play much during the strenuous working months of the year.

What a splendid opportunity, for example, a vacation affords for the cultivation of the powers of observation, the ability to see things, when not worried or harried by the exacting duties of our vocation!

Few people ever really learn to use their eyes in a scientific way; for it is one thing to look at a thing with the eyes, and another thing to see with the mind, to think about it, to compare it, to draw conclusions, and to reflect upon it.

To many people a tree is a tree, a flower a flower, and nothing more. It is only the few who appreciate the marvels in each individual tree, flower, leaf, or landscape. How many have ever really seen the miracle in a flower, even the commonest wildflower, or ever learned to read the marvelous stories in the leaves, the plants, or the trees? How many attempt to fathom the mysteries in the country, or ever learn to read the handwriting of the Creator in the rocks, or ever look at the beautiful things of nature as the expression of God's thought?

There are beauties and mysteries, marvels enough in the tiniest bit of country to stir a Ruskin into ecstasy, and yet most of us are indifferent to these mysteries and beauties.

What an opportunity a vacation in the country gives for putting beauty into the life, for cultivating the æsthetic faculties, which, in most people, are very inactive, for comparatively few cultivate their æsthetic side! Then, again, what a chance there is to get a fresh view of things from country people, to get close to nature in all forms, which is impossible in the artificial life of the city.

One thing that makes our lives common and ordinary, when they were intended to be grand and magnificent, is that so many sides of our nature are never developed.

What would you think of a gardener who should develop one or two branches of a plant, cutting away all the others, so that the sap should flow into the remaining two and develop them abnormally, instead of having a well-balanced, symmetrical, beautiful plant as was intended?

If we persist in sending all the sap and energy of our being into the money-making faculty, developing it abnormally, and letting the æsthetic faculties, the social and friendship faculties lie dormant, we certainly can not expect a well-rounded, symmetrical life. Only the faculties that are used, the brain cells that are exercised grow. All others atrophy.

## Talk It Over with Your Wife

THERE are thousands of families homeless, or living in poverty and wretchedness to-day, who could have been living in comfort, in good homes, if the husbands had confided their business affairs to their wives.

Women are very much better judges of human nature than men. They can detect rascality, deception, and insincerity more quickly.

I know business men who would never think of employing a manager or superintendent, or a man for any other important position, or of choosing a partner, without managing in some way to have their wives meet the man and get a chance to estimate him, to read him. They invite the man, whom they are considering for an important position, to their home for dinner, or to spend a Sunday, before deciding. They want the advantage of that marvelous feminine instinct which goes so directly and unerringly to its mark.

I have known of several instances where a wife had cautioned her husband against having anything to do with a man with whom he was thinking of going into business, but the husband ignored the wife's opinion as silly, and disregarded her advice to his great sorrow later, as the man turned out exactly as the wife had predicted.

If you are considering taking any great risk on an investment, if you are in doubt as to whether you can quite afford a certain thing or not, talk it over with your wife.

How many men who have made a failure of life wish they had talked their affairs over with their wives!

Many men think that because their wives have never had any experience in business that it would be foolish for them to talk business matters over with them. But, no matter how much experience you may have had, no matter what a great brain you may have, you need the swiftness and the accuracy of woman's instinct to keep you from making foolish investments, from making alliance with bad men, and from foolish things generally.

## Signs of Deterioration of Character

When you are satisfied with mediocrity.

When commonness does not trouble you.

When you do not feel troubled by a poor day's work, or when a slighted job does not haunt you as it once did.

When you are satisfied to do a thing "just for now," expecting to do it better later.

When you can work untroubled in the midst of confused, systemless surroundings which you might remedy.

When you can listen without a protest to indecent stories.

When your ambition begins to cool, and you no longer demand the same standard of excellence that you once did.

When you do not make a confidant of your mother, as you once did, or are ill at ease with her.

When you begin to think your father is an old fogey.

When you begin to associate with people whom you would not think of taking to your home, and whom you would not want the members of your family to know that you know.

No man is beaten until he admits it.

No man is a failure until he has lost his grip and his self-respect. When he loses these he is practically dead.

There is a great difference between a wish and a dogged resolution, between desiring to do a thing and determining to do it.

If you talk poverty, think poverty, and act poverty long enough, you will be convinced that there is nothing but poverty for you.



## Fighting the Telephone Trust

[Continued from page 556]

trust first at one point, then at another. Even the long-distance business, once the backbone of the Bell, is slipping away. In the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, the independent long-distance toll lines are already much more extensive than the Bell's. Not very long ago it was the Bell Company that set the standards in construction. The independents built cheaply. To-day the finest construction in the land is seen in the work of the independent companies, while the Bell is slacking off in quality.

"For the first time in my life," said an engineer of the Southern Bell to me, recently, "I am putting in work that is cheap and unsubstantial. In wire and poles, in cross arms, and in general construction we are ordered to adopt standards that a few years ago would not have been tolerated under any circumstances."

And why? The Southern Bell, like many other subsidiaries of the trust, stopped paying dividends long ago. Its earnings have been diverted to carrying on the sort of bottomless warfare I have described. In the city of Richmond alone it spent over \$500,000 to kill off competition. It has borrowed heavily from the parent company. Now it has come upon famine times.

The Missouri and Kansas Bell Company, after pooh-poohing competition for years in the public prints, has been fairly swept off its feet in Kansas City and other points. For the first time in its history it has been compelled to go to its stockholders with a report of a deficit. And so the conditions are moving all along the line. True, most of the biggest Bell companies, like those operating in New York City, Brooklyn, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, etc., are still making great profits. But their time, too, is coming,—and rapidly.

The monopoly in New York City, heretofore a gold mine for the trust, is seriously menaced for the first time. It appears only a question of a very short time, now, when opposition shall have firmly planted itself here. Then the last claim to control will have passed away, and the great fight of the independents will be finally at an end. The country will have been reclaimed in its entirety, as it has been reclaimed already in its main sections.

### A Bad Outlook for Thomas

A REGULATION of the public school administration of Baltimore requires that notice shall, from time to time, be given the parents of any pupils whose eyesight needs attention.

In one case, the teacher of a primary school, in the poorer quarter of the city, had written the father of one pupil this note:—

"Dear Sir: It is my duty, under the regulations, to advise you that your son, Thomas Blank, shows unmistakable signs of astigmatism. The case should receive immediate attention."

In reply the teacher received a note from the father, in these laconic terms:

"Dear Madam: Lick it out of him.  
"Very truly,  
"CHARLES BLANK."

### Veracity by Wire

A BRIGHT young man was engaged in a desultory conversation with a prominent financier of a most economical disposition when the great man suddenly invited attention to the suit of clothes he was then wearing.

"I have never believed," said he, "in paying fancy prices for cut-to-measure garments. Now, here's a suit for which I paid eight dollars and fifty cents. Appearances are very deceptive. If I told you I purchased it for thirty dollars, you'd probably believe that to be the truth."

"I would if you told me by telephone," replied the young man.



"You'd probably believe that."

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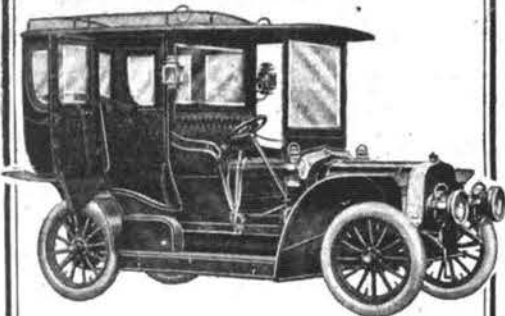
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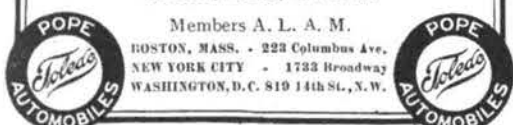
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# THE PULSE OF THE WORLD

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WHAT a game the senate and the house have been playing this year! Obstruction has been an ancient prerogative of the senate; the house could cheerfully pass popular measures, serene in the knowledge that they would be blocked by the upper body. But the public, the befuddled, obfuscated public, finally saw how the device was worked. It was the Railway Rate Bill which showed the once ingenious trick in all its frayed stupidity. And as senators enjoy being caught in evil-doing as little as do the others of us, they turned patriotic and passed the Beveridge Meat Bill in a calm of lofty feeling. The bulwark of human liberty, the guardian of the public health, was the senate on that exalted afternoon.

*Putting It Up to the House*

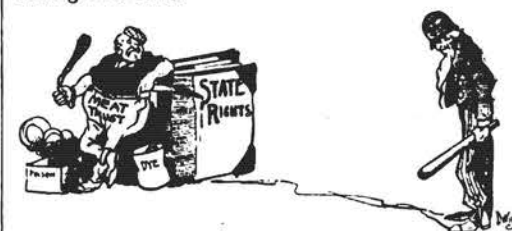
genious trick in all its frayed stupidity. And as senators enjoy being caught in evil-doing as little as do the others of us, they turned patriotic and passed the Beveridge Meat Bill in a calm of lofty feeling. The bulwark of human liberty, the guardian of the public health, was the senate on that exalted afternoon.



AND so the unpleasant task of fighting for the packers fell upon the house. The members of one or the other body had, of course, to stop that bill, to head it off, to emasculate it, to do anything rather than their honest, American duty, and "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Chairman Wadsworth did their best, within hearing of the voice of a very angry people.

*Vox Populi, Vox Dei*

It was not pleasant to be compelled to do the senate's dirty work; but that somebody had to save the packers seemed to go, under the splendid dome of our national capitol, without saying. "Uncle Joe" and Mr. Wadsworth did not at all enjoy being caught at the business. They writhed a little, even said heated, unguarded things. But, like the trained wheel horses they are, they stayed in harness. It is our opinion that between them they came very near "delivering the goods." We believe that the house bill failed to provide the permanent safeguards which the country should have in the manufacture of meat products. We wonder, respectfully, but sadly, just how certain prominent congressmen feel about it when they are out alone, of an evening, under the All-Seeing Eye that shines down through the stars.



ANOTHER ancient, if scarcely honorable, congressional device is what might be called the state rights game. Fifty years ago the slave owners raised the cry when the Abolitionists attempted to draw the federal government into the slavery question. To-day the cry is raised whenever honest, thoughtful citizens attempt to bring the corporations under some sort of control. Of the two employers of the device, the slave owner was much the more attractive. He believed in it, at the time. The corporation manager can hardly be said to believe in anything of the sort. He merely uses all the weapons he can get his hands on to keep himself in the saddle. The least admirable party to the game is the senator or congressman who utters the cry at the command of the corporation which happens to occupy the position of his immediate boss. And the final, and most completely ridiculous stage of the states' rights theory has been its use in defense of the packers.

*States' Rights and the Packers*

ALL of which leads us to a not uninteresting reflection. "I'm tired to death," one senator is quoted as saying. "I hope we can adjourn by July first." It has been a long, hard session, merely because an aroused public opinion and a vigorous President have compelled the two houses to get down to business. Of

late years, the business of putting through grabs and of blocking such popular measures as the Pure Food Bill has taken up about all the time there was. We venture to suggest that congress could easily do its work in six months, or in four months, if the four hundred and seventy-five members of the two houses should go to Washington with the sole idea of carrying out the popular will. And we venture further to suggest that if either or both houses should prefer the obstructing game, it would n't hurt us much to make them stay there until it should seem to them worth while to perform the duties for which they were elected. The first such experiment might result in keeping them there a good long time,—a year or two, or even three, working all the time, like the rest of us. But after awhile they might come to see the expediency of obeying the people instead of the trusts; and when we have brought them to that point we shall have achieved a notable victory along the line of decency and of really representative government.



PRESIDENT CASSATT's return is already ancient history.

He found his railroad in something of a mess, it will be recalled, and by way of cleaning up he discharged a clerk or two. The New York insurance revelations are also ancient history, including that curious unwillingness to prosecute rascals which has been discovered by District Attorney Jerome. Graft in high places, appropriation and diversion of funds, falsifying of accounts, and something which looks, at times, curiously like perjury, all these unwholesome blunders have begun to seem unpleasantly common among the mighty men who have been conducting our larger affairs. And yet, beyond hounding a few unlucky scapegoats into sanatoria, or across the Atlantic, we have done little or nothing. We submitted meekly, remember, when Governor Higgins batted down the hatches on the proposed banking inquiry.

*The Seats of the Mighty*

FRANKLY, this won't do. If our sense of proportion is unequal to punishing wrong wherever it may be found, then our entire legal and judicial machinery is precisely what it has sometimes appeared to be, a prop to the rich, a club to the poor. As human beings and members of society, we shrink from the spectacle of an erstwhile benign and prosperous suburban gentleman in prison stripes. The garb is unbecoming. We think of his wife and his children; we avert our faces when we pass the ample grounds and hospitable house, now dark and silent. It is proper that we should feel compassion toward the unfortunate. But let us remember that the poor devil who breaks into the corner grocery also has a wife and children. Our rule must work both ways. Either put the richer offender behind the bars, or let the poor offender go. They are equal in the sight of heaven.

What Shall We Do with the Big Rascals?

A CERTAIN pettiness has for years marked the relations between the sleeping-car monopoly and its patrons. The Pullman Company is not distinguished by good manners. For one thing, it has always made a principle of the dictum that a traveler who won't buy a vacant upper berth must have his head bumped. For another thing, it has made no effort to modify



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the upholstered stuffiness which has made costly summer travel next to unbearable. We have put up meekly with exorbitant charges; we have acquiesced humbly in the various refusals of our representatives at Washington in congress assembled to extend the laws regarding common carriers so as to include the Pullman works. But we are of one mind in the matter of summer comfort; and the announcement that a new sleeping-car company has lifted up its voice and asked us to have a look at a new sort of car, has found us all, we fancy, in a responsive mood. The descriptions of the new car are most interesting. By day it is a chair car,—cool, airy, and free from uncleansable upholstery. By night it is a sleeping car, with berths which have come swiftly up through the floor.

THE illusions of childhood die hard. "Some vast amount of years ago" it was our custom—a custom which seems, in the light of memory, to have been almost a hallowed tradition,—to break

#### The Stern and Rockbound Codfish

our fast each Sabbath morning with an ample platter of creamed codfish. The fast broken and the Sunday-school lesson put down, what more natural than that we should curl up in a big chair and pass the drowsy afternoon in perusal of certain inspiring "Hero Tales from American History," compiled by our vigorous President and by the present senior senator from Massachusetts! Both dishes, that supplied by the cod and that supplied by the senator, had about them an atmosphere of honest, unbending Puritan character; both suggested to the young idea that stern and rockbound coast of which we had sung so lustily on Friday afternoons at school. But one by one the long, long thoughts of youth droop and die before the sordid blasts of fact. No less a journal than the New York "Evening Post" has said it. That same Senator Lodge who inspired our heroic youth, that same Senator Lodge who so witheringly, so magnificently, scored the Chicago packers for their careless habits in the matter of food preservatives,—but let the "Evening Post" tell its own story: "One of the conferees . . . propounded this embarrassing question: 'If it is so bad to have meats preserved by boracic acid, why is it all right to have codfish preserved by the same preparation?' Examination of the senate and house pure food bills shows that both contain a provision protecting the codfish of Massachusetts. It was inserted at the instance of Senator Lodge." It is not pleasant to think of the Boston senator supporting a vicious, characterless codfish. There is left to us, in Massachusetts, only the bean; and with reputations falling on every hand, dare we lean too strongly on that? Possibly even those heroes were but stale frauds, colored and artfully preserved to deceive eye and heart. Truly, "ancient and holy things fade like a dream."



JAMES J. HILL is a remarkable sort of a despot. Whether or not one finds it easy to agree with his practices regarding private ownership of considerable communities, one can hardly avoid admiring the force of his intellect and of his dominating personality. His latest and most original performance is suggested in the rumor that he proposes to finance his new Canadian railroad himself. There are to be, so runs the rumor, no bond flotations, no "slicing the melon" for syndicates, no forcing of stock and water down the public throat. Mr. Hill simply proposes to back his judgment with his own money. If he carries the plan through, it will be the first case in our knowledge in which a large railroad enterprise has been based on private means. As a precedent it should prove interesting and sound. This magazine has found it necessary at times to take issue with Mr. Hill's theory of railway domination, but for his plan to build across Canada without asking subsidies or land grants, and without rigging the market, we have nothing but honest admiration. If there were more of this sort of thing, we should hear fewer protests against Wall Street.

THOSE readers who read the article on Newark, ("The Habit of Governing Badly," in the April number of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, will be interested to learn that "the Colby-Fagan movement" bids fair, very shortly, to capture the state. George L. Record, "the man behind Mayor Fagan," has come out openly for the United States senatorship to succeed John F. Dryden. Senator La Follette has promised to stump the state for the Colby-Fagan-Record forces. The "reform" party, not content with strong majorities in Newark and Jersey City, is reaching out for the control in the other important cities and counties. A victory in New Jersey will be a victory for good government in the country at large, for it is from such movements as this that the new, clean influences in the federal government must spring.



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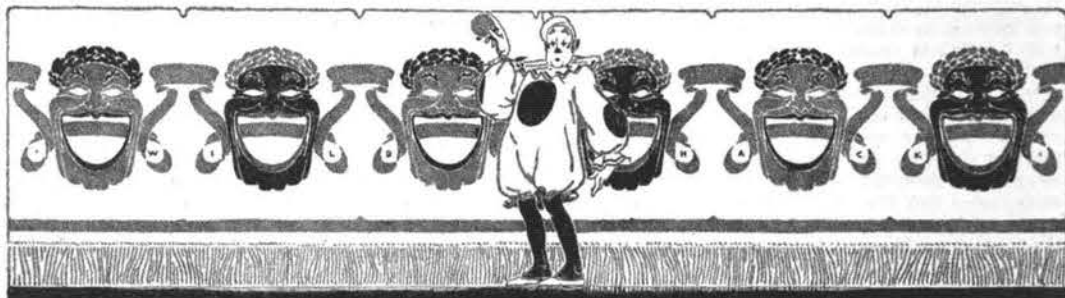
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# The Funniest Stories I've Heard

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

EVERY man likes a different kind of story, and I have always got more solid comfort out of Irish stories than out of any other class. I like the story of the baggage master who was called upon to decide whether a tortoise that was being taken home by a traveler could be checked free or came under the head of animals that had to pay a small additional fee, as dogs did. He looked at the strange creature, the like of which he had never seen before, and brought all his past experience to bear on the case. The only rule he had to go by was the one that said dogs must pay, for much was left to the common sense of the baggageman, and he gave his decision: "Oi niver had t' decoide on wan av thim things before, but dogs pays extry, but does it come in th' classification of dogs Oi dunno." He called the station master, who was also an Irishman. The station master looked at the tortoise. "Tis not a dog," he said, promptly. "Dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs, and squirrels in cages is dogs, but that there animal is an insect and goes free."

NOT Irish, but delightful, is the story of the automobilist who, in making a cross-country tour in Dakota, had the misfortune to have his machine break down. He saw a small house not far off and cut across to it. The only man about the place was a Swede, who was much amused by the sight of the strange rig the automobilist wore. "My friend," said the automobilist, "my machine has had a bad break and I would like to know if you have such a thing as a monkey wrench about here." The Swede looked at the automobilist with greater curiosity than ever, and then laughed. He had met some strange folks and heard some odd things since he had come to America, but this was the worst! "Monkey wrench?" he asked, sarcastically. "I got sheep ranch, and my cousin Ole he got cow ranch, and Meester Ferguson he ban have wan pig ranch, but I tank annywan start monkey ranch in Nord Dakota ban wan fool!"



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER,  
Author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "The Casey-Murphy Handicap," etc.

THE story of Tim Hooly, who came to America as an emigrant, is not so bad. He had the Irishman's successful combination of luck, pluck, and industry, and prospered. Everything seemed to come to him that he wanted, and as he gained in wealth people gained in the respect they paid him.

"Tis marvelous t' behold," he told a friend, shortly after he had been elected alderman, "th' gradation av th' manner av addressin' a man they have in this country. For iv'ry station in loife there bes th' proper way t' spake t' him, and 'tis blame near all av thim Oi have had called at me; but fer politeness th' Apiscopalians do take th' cake. Whin Oi was frish landed off av th' steamer from th'ould country, 't was glad Oi was t' git a job on th' sewer, and shure Oi was no wan then but a greenhorn, and th' boss adressed me as such. 'T was 'Hey, ye Mick, do this,' and 'Hey, ye Mick, do that,' from wan day's end t' th' other.

"AND next," continued Mr. Hooly, "Oi got t' be th' boss av a gang mesilf, and then 't was 'Tim' here and 'Tim' there, until Oi took a hand in th' contractin', and wan and all adressed me as Mистер Hooly. Thim nixt 't was nawthin' w'u'd do but Mистер Hooly shud run fer alderman, and Oi did, and 't was elicited Oi was, as ye well know, and then 't was 'th' Honorable Timothy Hooly' be day and be night, and whin me fortun' grew big and iv'ry wan knew th' ward wint as Hooly tould it t' go, and th' city wint as th' ward wint, then nawthin' was too good fer Tim, and th' ould lady fair swelled up wid pride. 'Tim,' she says, 'tis but roight we sh'u'd take th' position in society th' wealth and prominence of us lades folks t' suppose belongs t' us. And th' swell four hundred,' she says, 'all belongs t' th' Apiscopalian church,' she says, 'and so sh'u'd we.' Wid that Oi gave her a look and Oi says: 'Th' Apiscopalian church is not for th' loikes of us, Bridget. Them swells w'u'd be laughin' at us.' But she w'u'd

not have no for an answer, so Oi says: 'Well, anny how 't will do no harrum t' thry ut wance, and if they do not show disrespect for th' alderman av th' city, we will see.' So th' nixt Sunday we wint t' th' Apiscopalian church, and th' reception they gave me was beyand me imagination in th' idolatry av ut. Mebbly Bridget had let out t' some wan we was comin'. Oi dunno. But annyway 't was a grand reception they gave me and beyand anything Oi ixpected."

"And what was it like, Mr. Hooly?" he was asked. "We was a bit late loike," said Mr. Hooly, "and as we come in th' front dure what do ye think thim Apiscopalians did? 'T was no 'Mick,' nor 'Tim,' nor yet 'Mr. Hooly' they adressed me wid, but as they saw who Oi was up jumped th' choir and sings out: 'Hooly, Hooly, Hooly, Lord God Almighty!'"

I HOPE that story is not sacrilegious, for it was told me by an Episcopalian clergyman.

I do not remember who told me the story of the Irishwoman who was accused of having stolen an iron soap kettle and cracked it so that its usefulness was forever ended. Her defense was that she was innocent on three counts. "Oi have witnesses here, yer honor," she said, "t' prove, first, that Oi niver had th' kittle in me possession; second, that Oi returned it t' Mrs. Casey widout a crack in it; and, third, that th' ould kittle was cracked whin Oi sthole it."

I CAN still get up a laugh for the story of the Chinaman who was going along the street on a chilly winter day, with his bag of soiled linen over his shoulder and the wind blowing his flapping blue blouse, and who met Mrs. Casey carrying a basketful of clothes. John was as polite as a Chinaman always is, and he paused long enough to say pleasantly, "Belly cold to-day, ma'm." Mrs. Casey looked at him with all the contempt that an Irishman has for a "foreigner." "Belly cold, is it?" she said, scornfully. "Well, ye haythen, if ye tucked yer shirt into yer pants loike a Christian, yer belly w'u'd n't be cold."

I HAD a friend who took to local missionary work like a fish to water, and it was his pleasure to teach a Chinese class in one of the Sunday schools. It shocked him to hear the Chinamen say, "lice" when they meant "rice," and, as they could not pronounce the "r," he taught his class to call its staple food "ice." It was æsthetic, but, like the negro who stole chickens, it might lead to misunderstandings. This negro got into court on the charge of chicken stealing, and his lawyer had a good chance of getting him free, but unfortunately the first question asked the prisoner was: "Now, sir, are you the defendant in this case?" The negro shook his head angrily. "Defendam? Defendam? No, sir. I ain't no such thing as that. I ain't the defendam. I's the nigger what stole de chickens."

AN absent-minded man met a friend and asked after the health of his family. "They're all well, thank you," said the friend, "except Martha. She's better than she was, too, I guess. She's dead." "Too bad! Too bad!" said the absent-minded one, and went on his way. A few hours later he ran across his friend again. "Why, how do you do!" he exclaimed, "How are the children?"

"They are still well," said the friend. "And Martha?" asked the absent-minded one. "She's—she's still dead, thank you."

ONE of the funniest stories ever concocted is the story of the man who entered the restaurant and took a seat at a table and began to read his paper. The waiter came obsequiously, rubbing his hands as all waiters should. The man did not look up, but continued to read his paper.

"Beg pardon, sir; but may I take your order, sir?" "Yes. Bring me two eggs, one fried on one side and



one fried on the other." The waiter went out. In a few minutes he returned and approached the man gently, but with confidence.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, politely, "but would you mind repeating that order, sir?"

"Certainly not," said the man. "I want two eggs. One fried on one side. And one fried on the other." He took up his paper again and continued to read. The waiter was gone ten minutes this time, and when he came out of the kitchen he looked worn and flushed. His brow was creased and he seemed worried. He hesitated, and then boldly took a step toward the man, stopped short, and then went up to him.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but would you mind repeating that order just once more? The cook does n't seem to understand it."

The man laid down his paper with a patient sigh. "I want two eggs," he said, slowly and distinctly. "Two eggs. I want one fried on one side. I want the other fried on the other side. Do you understand that?"

The waiter bowed. "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Two eggs. One fried on one side. And one fried on the other side. Yes, sir."

He went out of the room repeating the order. He was not gone long. There was a noise like a riot in the kitchen, and the brass-covered door swung open and the waiter fell out on the dining-room floor. He picked himself up, looked toward the kitchen and then at the customer, who was calmly reading the second page of his newspaper. Then he brushed off his knees, tried to arrange his coat, which was torn down the back, and walked up to the man at the table with a cringe.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said weakly, "but would you mind changing your order to scrambled eggs? The cook and I have had a little dispute."

There is another story, so old that it is in "Joe Miller's Jest Book," but which I heard and laughed at before I read it there, so I presume I can add it to this collection of venerables. Pat, a hod-carrier, bet Mike that he could carry him in his hod to the top of the eight-story building on which they were working. Mike bet he could not. With difficulty Mike climbed into the hod, and Pat started. Eight stories is a long, hard climb, but Pat made it, and set Mike down on the eighth floor. "I done ut!" he gasped, in triumph. "I own ye done ut, Pat," said Mike; "ye've won th' wager, but whin yer foot slipped there at th' sivilth floor I had hopes."

In the field of pure nonsense I know nothing funnier than "Brick" Pomeroy's introduction to his book, "Nonsense." It is too long to quote, but the desired effect is gained by keeping up the nonsense at great length. It goes somewhat in this manner: "In the first place I did not write this book. And the reason I wrote it was simply this: In 1817, my father owned a large peach orchard in New Jersey. At the same time he owned a yoke of oxen and a large, covered wagon. At this time my uncle lived in Canada, adjoining the town nearest the one he resided in. He owned a span of horses and a garden. There was not then, and it is safe to presume there is not now any resemblance between the wagon of my father and the garden of my uncle. Why this was so I never knew, as the nurse left the day beforehand, so I determined to adopt the wisest course, thinking it would be the best. The result was all I wished and more. In 1821, the physician moved away, and left the place. My father determined to bind me out to a fine old gentleman whose daughter was in love with a young man who lived with his father down the river which in the springtime was so swollen by the rains that it was important not to cross it in a skiff tied to a buttonwood tree by a chain which cost five dollars at the hardware store on the corner of the street in the village where each Sabbath morning the minister told his many congregation which would have been larger had it not been for the habit so many people had of staying away from all places of good instruction without which not a single person in the village would have been safe for a moment from the members of a band of desperadoes whose retreat was in the bowels of the huge mountain on whose healthy sides the birds sang all day long as if to remind the weary traveler that in all well-regulated families there exists a cause for the effect be it great like the late war which was a fearful struggle on both sides for the original position held by the covered wagon of my father."

BUT this is getting out of the field of stories I have heard into that of stories I have read, and once I do that I may as well say that the funniest story I ever read was by Mark Twain, and so was the next, and the next, and the next, for even in the realm of pure nonsense he has a better example than that I have given from Pomeroy, in the tale of Jim Blaine's ram, in "Roughing It." I think that all the best stories are by Mark Twain. He is not only, in my opinion, the greatest story-teller for the laugh's sake that we have ever had, but he is the greatest the world will ever have. So long as the present epoch of humor lasts Mark Twain will still be the funniest story-teller, and when the style does change the reverberation of the gigantic laugh he created will keep him in mind, and new humorists will warm his jokes over.

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### New Champions at the Traps

THE annual contest for the Grand American Handicap Trophy is to the trap-shooting world what the Vanderbilt Cup race is to automobilists, or the Yale-Harvard boat race is to oarsmen. The contest was held this year at Indianapolis, and was attended by trap shots representing nearly every state in the Union.

The preliminary handicap, shot under the same conditions governing the Grand American, and, therefore, practically a "warming up" contest for the "big shoot," was won by Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Illinois, who won the "shoot off" after he had tied with Edward Voris, Mayor of Crawfordsville, Indiana, and F. M. Edwards of Illinois, on 93 out of a possible 100 breaks.

The State Team Championship race, between teams of five men each, representing Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska, was won by the Illinois team, composed of Messrs. H. Dunnill, B. T. Cole, J. R. Graham, B. Dunnill, and C. M. Powers, with a score of 470 out of a possible 500 breaks.

The Grand American Handicap was won by F. E. Rogers, of St. Louis, who succeeded, under weather conditions that made the shooting exceedingly difficult, in breaking 94 out of 100 targets.

The Amateur Championship of the United States, was won by Guy Ward, of Tennessee, who broke 144 out of 150 targets. The Professional Championship was won by Walter Huff, of Macon, Georgia, breaking 145 out of 150.

Chauncey M. Powers, winner of the Preliminary Handicap, is not only one of the most popular, but also one of the cleverest trap shots in the country. That he should have been victorious in the Preliminary, surprised no one, a majority believing that the trophy had gone to the best man in the race. He was a prime favorite for the Amateur Championship event, and not without supporters in his race for the Grand American Cup. In both of these events, although defeated, his work was of a quality that ranks him with the best amateur shots in the United States. The Grand American of 1906, was won by the traditional "dark horse." Mr. Rogers shooting from the seventeen-yard mark, and having been, prior to his victory, practically unknown in the trap-shooting world.

In personal appearance he resembles the college football player rather than the expert trap shot, although his performance in the big handicap demonstrates that while he may be built for work on the "gridiron," he has well merited the distinction of being a Grand American Handicap winner, and that, too, under weather conditions that, perhaps, make his score the equal of the best on record in this fixture.

While the shooting was in progress, a gale of wind, that came in gusts, and from various points of the compass, flew across the field, and made the shooting most trying for every man at the score. Notwithstanding the eccentric flights of the targets, however, Mr. Rogers pulled them down with a marked degree of skill and deliberate execution.

Perhaps the most interesting contests of the tournament, not excepting the Grand American itself, were those for the professional and amateur championships. Since the inauguration of trap shooting as a sport, there has at no time, prior to this year, been instituted by the governing body two events recognized as such, that should determine the title of national champion, professional and amateur respectively. There have been

state champions, of course, who have properly won their titles at annual state shoots, and there have been self-constituted national champions, so called. At no time in the past, however, has the line of demarcation between the professional and the amateur been clearly defined with a view to establishing annual contests in these classes, and as these events, instituted by the Interstate Association, were to determine the first amateur and the first professional national champions, to be universally recognized as such by all trap shooters,

# Recreation and Sports

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

interest ran high when some forty entrants in the amateur and sixty or more in the professional event stepped to the score. The conditions were even more difficult than those of the Grand American Handicap; more difficult for the shooter of lesser ability, since all contestants shot from the same mark, 18 yards, and more difficult for all, in that each man was to shoot at 150 instead of 100 targets. In the amateur event, as in the Grand American, the "dark horse" seems destined to become a tradition, for it was won by Guy Ward, of Walnut Log, Tennessee, who is scarcely twenty years of age, and who, together with his place of residence, had never before been heard of at Indianapolis. This slim boy shot throughout the race like a veteran, breaking all but six of his 150 targets, defeating the favorite, C. M. Powers, and even F. E. Rogers, who, the day before, had won the Grand American Handicap. The professional event established Walter Huff as champion for the year 1906, in his class, Mr. Huff breaking all but five of his 150 targets and defeating such experts as Rolla Heikes, W. R. Crosby, R. R. Barber, winner of the 1905 Grand American, and other experts.

Unlike the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, those of the Interstate Association do not disbar an amateur from competing in events with professionals, or for purses or stake money, an amateur trap shooter, as defined by Interstate rules, being one not in the employ of any merchant or manufacturer of trap-shooting supplies, and who is not supplied, gratis, with his gun, powder, ammunition, or expenses, by such merchants or manufacturers, or their agents.

The 1906 Grand American Handicap at Indianapolis proved one of the most successful tournaments yet held by the Interstate Association, even though the number of shooters participating fell a trifle short of the record. There were 267 starters in the big race, however, and this is sufficient to bring the number dangerously near unwieldy proportions. The grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club are so well equipped and the city so centrally located, that it is not unlikely that the big tournament may become a fixture there.

\* \* \*

Trap shooting at artificial targets has made remarkable strides of late years, and although gun clubs with membership lists of from 20 to 100 have been organized to the number of 1,200 or more, the sport can scarcely be said to be fully developed. Its rapid growth followed the introduction of the breech-loading and repeating gun and smokeless powder; the gradual disappearance of game birds and the enforcement of state game laws left but little opportunity for shooting, excepting at the traps.

To a novice, trap shooting is not very difficult to master, and it is only when he enters a 25 or 50 target race in a squad of five or six trained shooters that he realizes the wide difference between his own skill and that of the "ninety per cent. man" beside him. The saucer-shaped targets, composed of pitch-tar, so as to break easily when hit by one or more pellets of shot, and thrown from the traps at unknown angles and at a speed that gives them a flight similar to that of the quail when flushed from cover, prove, at first, aggravatingly elusive, and it is only by continued practice that the beginner can become sufficiently expert to break twenty or more out of a possible twenty-five. Even when he can do this, he finds himself unable to maintain so good an average under the strain of a hundred "bird" race, as called for in the Grand American.

As is true of most outdoor sport, trap shooting is a factor of no small importance in the prosperity of several great branches of industry. At the recent tournament at Indianapolis, the value of the guns in the club house can safely be estimated at \$50,000. During the week, 100,000 shells, valued at two and one-half cents each, were discharged, and probably an equal number of targets at a cost of one cent each were thrown.

\* \* \*

### The Greek in Athletics

"THE best I can wish any American athlete," says James E. Sullivan, secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, and President Roosevelt's special commissioner at the recent Olympic games at Athens, "is that he may some day enjoy the opportunity of visiting Athens for the international games. It is, indeed, a sight and an experience unlike that of any



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other in my career in athletics. The great stadium, with its seating capacity of 44,000 persons, is, in itself, an impressive sight, but when filled to its entire capacity of nearly 80,000, and surrounded by the tens of thousands who view the contests from the surrounding hillsides, the scene is one never to be forgotten. I am quite sure that I am conservative in my estimate, when I say that not less than 180,000 people witnessed the finish of the Marathon race. As the contestants approached the stadium, nearing the end of their twenty-five mile run from Marathon, the vast crowd that extended along both sides of the route for a distance of a mile or more from the finish line announced the coming of the runners by great cheers, which, to those in the stadium, sounded faintly at first, and then, with gradually increasing volume, reached the climax of applause, as Sherring, the leader of the race, appeared through the great gate, at which point he was joined by Prince George of Greece, who accompanied him to the finish line.



JAMES E. SULLIVAN,  
secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, President Roosevelt's special commissioner to the recent Olympic games at Athens.

"In the American," continued Mr. Sullivan, "the love of athletics is deep-rooted, and is growing stronger with each succeeding year, but, with the Greek, periodical participation in contests of physical prowess is as essential to his happiness and well being, as is freedom to the people of the United States. The Olympic games, as an ancient institution of his country, are held sacred by the Greek, and, during their progress, affairs of trade and commerce, and almost of government, are forgotten in the public interest and enthusiasm that extends throughout the nation, and centers in the stadium.

"The stadium eclipses all other structures of its kind. The stadium of Harvard University, if set down beside that of Athens, although supposed to have been modeled after the Greek structure, would suffer in comparison as would an Adirondack waterfall beside Niagara. Easily the greatest athletic meeting that has taken place in the United States was that at St. Louis, during the progress of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. I was director of that prolonged and very satisfactory meeting, and experienced the enthusiasm imparted by so great a gathering of athletes; yet, from the opening day at Athens to the close of the meeting, I felt that my career as an athlete had but just begun, and that, for the first time in my life, I had been infused with the true spirit of athletics."

Among the additions to the Spalding athletic library, now in course of preparation, is a volume covering the Olympic games of 1906, by Mr. Sullivan.

## The Sportsman's Camera

THE camera has become so important in the equipment of every lover of outdoor sport that many sportsmen would as readily consent to go into camp without their fishing rods, as without their cameras and a plentiful supply of films or plates. In automobile touring, especially, is the camera well-nigh indispensable, for by no other means can so interesting and satisfactory a record of the scenes and incidents be kept. On yachting and power-boat cruises; on trips to the mountains and seashore, the camera, if kept in proper condition, and if properly used, is a diary in itself, and one capable of recording greater detail than is possible in any other way. Through the many improvements effected of late years, the modern "snapshot" camera can be used with excellent results even by novices in the art of photography, and, since the introduction of the "daylight" film package, the possibility of spoiling films, if ordinary care is exercised, has been eliminated. Following a demonstration by, and a few words of advice from some experienced friend, upon the more important rules to be observed,—such as time of exposure, distance and focus, varying degrees of light, weather conditions, and a few other points of like importance, the best instructor in photography is experience. If, after making each exposure, the beginner will enter in his notebook, first: the subject; then, time of exposure; whether bright sunlight, or cloudy; distance, and (if not focused through the ground glass,) the set of the distance indicator; and any other points worthy of note, he will have the necessary data, when he studies his negatives, to assist him in guarding against those faults, in future, that may have resulted in making any of the negatives imperfect.

Following this method, the writer obtained such uniformly good results from the forty or more exposures made by him at the recent national trap-shooting tournament at Indianapolis, that he has received innumerable inquiries as to what camera he used. The camera was a 4 x 5 Premo, loaded with the new film pack. Carelessness, or indifference to the points above emphasized, however, would have resulted in imperfect negatives, even with so good an outfit. No camera will do satisfactory work in careless hands.

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Conducted by GRACE MARGARET GOULD



has worn more than the skirt, and now, just at the height of the season, it looks soiled about the neck and sleeves, and the effect of the costume, as a whole, is thus quite spoiled. A most satisfactory little renovating touch for this waist consists of cutting it out at the neck, back and front, binding it with black velvet ribbon, and making a chemisette of coarse lace to wear with it. Imitation jewel buttons are also used to elaborate the new effect. Three are sewed at each side of the waist, near the end of the chemisette, and they are connected with a lattice of the narrow black velvet ribbon. The sleeve may be treated in much the same way, especially if it is the lower portion that has become worn and soiled. It is an easy matter to make the sleeve elbow length, and to cut it out in the same shape as the neck. Lace should then be used to fill in the cut-out portion, and this U-shaped lace tab, for that is what it is, should then be trimmed with the lattice of black velvet and the jewel buttons just as the chemisette is. Any deep shade of velvet ribbon may be used for the binding and latticework as well as black.

If the gown happened to be of *beige voile*, made with a silk-embroidered plastron, as the trimming for the waist, in shades of faint green and pink, and if the sleeve was a puff to the elbow, with a deep cuff of *beige* silk and the green and pink embroidery, think how quickly the waist may lose its identity by removing the plastron, cutting out the neck, and wearing a chemisette of cream guipure lace. The waist should then be bound with brown velvet ribbon, and the same velvet should be used for the latticework, while the buttons should look as though they were real topazes. In renovating the sleeve, of course the long cuff should be done away with, and the same combination of brown velvet ribbon, lace, and topaz buttons be used for the new touch.

A white waist which is much the worse for wear may have a smart black note given it by carrying out this same idea, only using black lace for the sleeve tabs and chemisette. In this case, the ribbon velvet used should also be black, but the buttons may be bits of pink coral or turquoise or imitation amethysts, if one has a fondness for violet. But, if the girdle belt is soiled, do not be tempted to replace the white one with one of black, reasoning that it will be quite correct, because it will match the lace at the neck. Buy enough white silk for a new girdle, the black one, especially when worn with a white skirt, will make the dividing line too pronounced and will tend to make you look short-waisted, too; while the white girdle will make your waist longer, that is, as far as appearance goes.

When the summer days begin to wane there is no better investment for a girl who is particular about her clothes than a number of different sets of dress accessories. These accessories will not only change the effect of a gown which has grown monotonous, but will cover a multitude of its defects.

A lace set consisting of plastron, girdle, and deep cuffs will be found most useful. Colored laces are to be much the vogue this fall. Guipure lace, dyed gray, blue, or cinnamon brown, may be used for a set of accessories, while another lace set may be all white. Then again a heavy white lace may be used with a conventional silk design embroidered upon it. Sprays of maidenhair fern make an artistic design done in very soft and dull greens.

To give a summer silk gown a renovating touch try a set of accessories made of fine suède. For instance, if the gown is a baby princess one, of brown-and-white checked taffeta, make it look like new again by wearing with it a little Empire bolero made of brown suède, with just a trifle of gold *appliqué* trimming. The suède jacket may be cut in tabs or have rounded fronts, as one prefers. There should be suède cuffs to match, — gauntlet cuffs, with an edge of gold as their finish. The belt, which completes the set, should also be of the suède, either fastening with a gold buckle or with gold cords, so arranged that they simulate a buckle.

Ribbon accessories will also be found useful. The shirred girdles of soft ribbon with long sash ends are always an attractive finish for a gown. Both ribbon *bretelles* and ribbon Etons are all the vogue these days. Sets of ribbon bows are not apt



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Linen collars—the "H & I" kind—are high-toned. They wash well, wear well, and keep their shape.

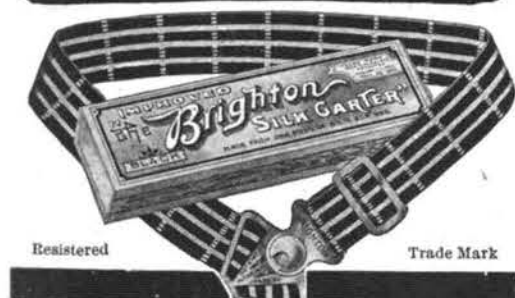
2 for 25c. Quarter sizes

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comfort is a question easily settled if you wear Brighton Flat Clasp Garters. They neither bind, pinch nor hang loosely. Try them.

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are made of one piece pure silk web. The perfectly flat clasp and all other metal parts heavily nickel-plated. They sell for 25 cents a pair, same price as inferior mercerized cotton ones. If your dealer hasn't them, they will be sent postpaid upon receipt of price by

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four-ply — are "linen" — stamped "linen."

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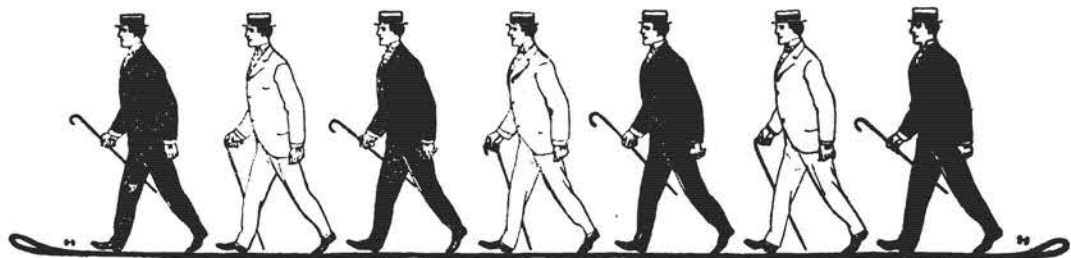
They are Collar shrunk, not piece shrunk, therefore they keep size and shape permanently.

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They are a bit exclusive—not to be had everywhere.

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## THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted by ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN

### How to Dress for Automobiling

MOTORING has grown, within the span of three years, from the sport of the few to the pastime of the many. True, not everybody can afford to buy a car, aside from the cost of maintaining it after purchasing, but nearly everybody has a friend who owns a car. Then, too, a machine may be hired for a day's or a week's outing, and, by apportioning the cost among several persons, the tax on each is light. No sport is more healthful and stimulating alike to body and mind than motoring. It brings color to the cheek, brightness to the eye, and buoyancy to the spirit. It tempts the habitual stay-at-home and the apartment dweller, who dislike walking and loathe the crowded street cars, into the country, enables them to cover hundreds of miles swiftly and comfortably, and familiarizes them with many historic spots and much picturesque scenery that they would otherwise miss. Motoring is a sterling sport, which, apart from the incitement to overspeed, deserves unstinted encouragement.

Now as to the proper clothes. The motorist who is his own *chauffeur*—and being that is half the fun of the game,—dresses with the idea of comfort uppermost. Style is of secondary consideration, if, indeed it is a consideration at all. Driving a swiftly moving car against wind, through dust, and along roads often stony and jolting, is a task which demands a sure eye, a steady wrist, and absolute ease of body. Fashion in dress must yield, then, to comfort, though there is no reason at all for not dressing both suitably and becomingly. The popular conception of the motorist as a creature of forbidding mien, clothed in garments suggestive of an arctic explorer or a modernized Bluebeard, is due to motorists themselves, some of whom delight to look spectacular, even if they are only out on a trip through the park. This is unnecessary and decidedly unsportsmanlike.

Rule Number One,—dress as lightly as you can and as warmly as you must. Let every garment have a place and a purpose. Don't pile on things indiscriminately, just because you have seen others wear them, or because they are attractively tagged in the shops, "Auto This" or "Auto That." Ease and strength are precious in guiding a machine, and both should be husbanded for emergencies. The foundation of right dress is right underwear. This should be thick enough to keep the body warm in the constant breeze which blows when the car is in motion, and yet not so thick as to induce perspiration. I recommend mesh underwear of medium weight. It lets the air in and out, absorbs perspiration, and preserves a uniform temperature, something greatly to be desired. The shirts should be sleeveless, to give the wearer's arms perfect freedom, and "knicker" drawers are preferable to full-length drawers, for similar reasons.

As concerns outer dress, a distinction should be made between long and short runs. The short run in a light car requires very little "muffling up," and any sort of loose flannel or tweed suit with a tweed cap will do. Leggings are serviceable, but by no means necessary. Many men prefer "knicker" trousers, like those for cycling, and golf stockings. This manner of dress is simple and sensible, and leaves the legs unencumbered. I am quite aware that it differs from the popular notion of what a motorist should look like, but experience has taught me that it gives the maximum of comfort. Indeed, the man who dresses well keeps as

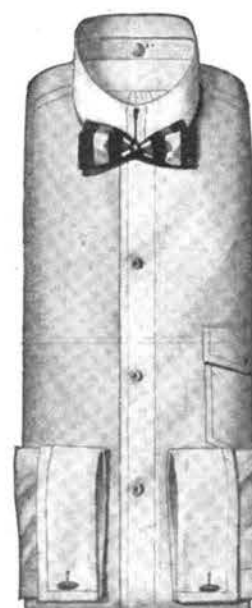
far as possible away from any garb which would tend to make him resemble a hired *chauffeur*, and there is always that danger when one needlessly affects clothes extremely "motorish."

The long run does call for "bundling up," and a multiplicity of leather garments of varying weight and thickness are made in this country, but imported chiefly from abroad. It may be added that motoring is a sport of European birth, and that we are too prone to accept our styles from across the sea. Just because they wear cumbersome, sack-like garments in the colder countries is no valid reason why we should do likewise. Leather may be very wear-resisting, but it is extremely stiff and clumsy and, of course, without the least pretensions to good looks. The long, silk, pongee coat illustrated here is an admirable garment,—dust-proof, wind-proof, soil-proof, and cloaking the whole body, without, at the same time, impeding the wearer's movements. It may be worn over any kind of outfit, and looks "smart," as well as appropriate. The regulation motoring cap is not half so becoming as a simple cap of soft tweed.



Auto-duster of pongee silk

Heavy, thick-soled boots which lace high above the ankles are recommended for long runs, as the roads are apt to be muddy, and one may be obliged to tramp some distance in search of a repair shop, if the car balks or gets out of order, a contingency that is never looked for but always provided for by the seasoned motorist. Moreover, heavy boots are needed in the car, since considerable of the rougher work must be done with one's feet.



Auto-shirt with folded-back cuffs

### 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.]

C. R. D.—We know of no periodical of general circulation in this country devoted wholly to men's dress. There are several in England. The publication which you mention is a "trade paper" of doubtful influence. Nor can we recommend any book on men's dress. That which you quote is full of errors, and its fashion information is several years old. There are, however, half a dozen good books on etiquette and social usage for men and women. You can obtain their names by writing to any of the large publishers in New York. Mr. Bryan has never written a book on men's dress.

RUDD.—The correct summer outing suit was pictured on page 427 of SUCCESS MAGAZINE for June. The approved fabrics are flannels, tropical worsteds, serges, tweeds, and homespun. Purple is still a favorite cravat color, both plain and in mixtures. If you wish a light, cool cravat for summer, do not choose silk, but silk-and-linen. It should be narrow, folded-in, and knotted snugly. The very wide four-in-hands of a year ago are *passé*, and the fold, not the wing collar, is most in vogue for summer. The fashionable string or bow tie is adjusted with a



pinched center and spreading ends. It may be more pronounced in design and color than the four-in-hand, on account of its limited size. Indeed, brilliant colors like scarlet, green, and even yellow are indorsed. Cravat and handkerchief often match in color and pattern, and the effect is agreeable. But when shirt, hose, and hat-ribbon, as well as cravat and handkerchief are made to accord, the result is not pleasing.

UNIVERSITY.—A black band on the jacket sleeve as a sign of mourning is in questionable taste. The practice originated among English servants, who were required to wear a black band on the sleeve after a death in the master's family. It is still confined to servants, among persons of the best social position. The only evidence of mourning sanctioned by good breeding besides a black suit, a black silk cravat, and black calf-skin shoes, is the black ribbon on the hat. Russet shoes are never worn during mourning, nor is a colored derby. A straw hat, though, is entirely proper. Some men affect black shirt studs, black cuff links, and black-edged handkerchiefs, and the more ignorant among them even go to the length of wearing these with evening clothes. They are in very bad form for the evening, and in doubtful form for the day. Some deference to the conventions in the matter of mourning is expected of a man, but one's sorrow may be shown without being paraded.



Auto hat of ooze calf skin

A. V. B.—As the proper dress for a protracted cycling tour, we suggest a sleeveless undershirt, knee-length drawers, a flannel shirt with a soft turn-down collar of the same material, a Windsor tie, "knicker" trousers and a jacket to match, the regulation cycling cap, low rubber-soled shoes, and perforated washable half gloves, which cover only the wrist and palm, leaving the fingers free. Of course, comfort is the main thing, and the clothes mentioned will certainly give it in fullest measure. Gloves are recommended, so as to keep the hands from chafing by continual contact with the handle bars. If desired, leggings worn over long trousers may be substituted for "knickers," although leggings are heating, clumsy, and more suited to the rougher sport of motoring. A colored shirt may be worn to church, unless the occasion be a wedding and you are one of the participants. So-called "peg top" trousers are no longer in fashion. Russet shoes are correct for the country at all times, and permissible in town during summer.

BRUN.—The jacket suit is not to be recommended for a day wedding, even if it be performed at home.

The occasion is tinged with some degree of ceremony, and one should make concessions to it. Wear the frock coat, or, at least, the cutaway, and with it a white waistcoat and striped trousers, as you suggest.



Auto glove of capeskin

OGDEN.—Your height, five feet, four inches, need not prevent you from dressing in fashion. Stick to quiet colors, like dark blue, dark gray, black, and mixtures. It is only the tall man who looks well in conspicuous clothes. Do not have your jacket cut long, no matter what the mode may be, for that tends to make you look undersized. Avoid all extremes in dress,—they are not becoming to a man below normal height. Have your jacket well shaped to the waist, with a bit of a flare over the hips. This breaks the straight line of the jacket in the back, and seems to multiply a man's inches. Do not wear very high collars,—they look ludicrous on a short person. In fine, dress simply and sensibly. Simplicity is in the truest taste, and it lends, besides, a distinction to the wearer that singles him out wherever and with whomsoever he may be.

SYCAMORE.—Some tailors cut trousers with hip straps to enable the wearer to discard suspenders, but we do not consider the idea a practical one, unless a man have pronounced hip bones. If you do not care to wear suspenders or a belt in summer so that they are seen, try invisible suspenders, which are worn under the shirt.

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"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

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WEAR LOOSE FITTING

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AND BE COOL AND COMFORTABLE

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When you tire of wearing clothes that don't hold their shape, that never did fit you and that were not made for you but in quantities, sort of like patent medicines are compounded,

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When soiled discard. By mail, 10 collars or 5 pairs cuffs, 30 cents. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cents in U. S. stamps. Give size and style.

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## NEW IDEAS

[This department is conducted by our readers. Improved methods of household work, practical and helpful ideas of all sorts and of all phases of usefulness are wanted. These ideas may pertain to the home, the farm, business, or the professions. One dollar (\$1.00) will be paid for each idea accepted, provided the author will assure us of its originality. Write on one side of the paper only, and with ink, or on a typewriter. Do not send cooking recipes. No manuscripts will be returned. Address: New Ideas Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, New York City.]

### Quick Window and Lamp Chimney Cleaning

Place pulverized pumice stone between the layers of a folded piece of soft muslin and stitch around the edge to keep the powder from spilling. Wipe lamp chimneys or windowpanes with this dry cloth and they will be clean and sparkling almost instantly. Enough powder will remain in the cloth to be used many times.—A. M. JACOBS.

### When Ivory Knife Handles Get Discolored

Dip half a lemon in salt and rub on knife handles; then wash immediately in warm water, and the handles will be as white as when they were new.—B. W. SIMMONS.

### A Musical Instrument Cleaner

An excellent cleaner for guitars, violins, etc., is made of one third each of linseed oil, turpentine, and water. These shaken together in a bottle form an emulsion or cream. Rub the instrument with a cloth dampened in the cream. Wipe dry and polish with a woolen cloth.—DON G. VALE.



Cleaning discolored ivory handles

### How to Mend a Hot-Water Bottle

To mend a small leak in a hot-water bottle, have the bottle perfectly dry, blow a little air into it, and cork tightly. Then place a good-sized piece of fresh mending tissue over the hole, a piece of black silk over the tissue, and a damp cloth over this. Hold a warm iron lightly on the cloth until the heat melts the tissue so that it will adhere to the rubber. Remove the damp cloth and let dry.—MRS. ANNA B. KIRKPATRICK.

### For the Artist's Easel

The usual method of tacking crayon paper to the board mars the margin and leaves the edges of the paper exposed. To hold the paper in its proper place without these perforations, use two thin strips of wood, about an inch in width and six or eight inches longer than the width of the picture. Place these along the upper and lower margins and tack their ends firmly to the board.—O. M.



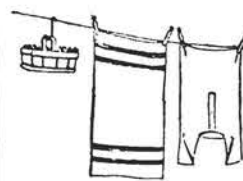
To hold drawing paper

### To Clean Iron Kettles and Sinks

To keep iron sinks and iron kettles smooth and free from rust, never use soap in cleaning them. Wash them in the water in which potatoes have been boiled, using a well-boiled potato to rub any spot which may have become rough, or rusted, afterwards rinsing clean, with very hot, clear water. By cleaning in this way, they will always be smooth and free from rust.—S. F. F.

### How to Solder Graniteware

Graniteware can be soldered as easily as tinware by adopting the following method: Brush over the edges of the holes to be mended, with shell-lac,—both inside and outside,—and immediately apply the melted solder, which will adhere firmly.—C. M. BENEDICT.



Handy clothespins

### To Have Clothespins Handy

Put the pins in an ordinary grape basket and suspend it from the line by a wire hook. It is easy to move the basket along as you hang the clothes and it is also out of the way.—MRS. ALICE L. HALL.

### To Keep Violets Fresh

The very best way to keep violets fresh is not to put them in water, but to throw over them a handkerchief thoroughly wet, and set them in a draught.—EREMA

### For the Sick Room

When in need of hot flannels in case of sickness, I have found the following a very convenient way of supplying them, especially when there is no hot water ready. Wring out the flannel in cold water, fold and place in a paper bag, pinning it together; then put on the top of the stove, with a cover under it, lest the stove should burn the paper. The water will soon turn to steam and an exceedingly hot cloth will be the result, without the drip of water. This placed in a warm, dry flannel will prove a great comfort to the invalid.—M. N. S.

### News for Bread-Makers

For years we ate baker's bread in the summer, because the homemade bread was apt to get dry and stale before we could use it all. At the same time we threw away the milk which happened to sour on our hands, sometimes as much as a quart at a time. Last summer a young woman visited us who chanced to mention that sour milk made the finest and moistest kind of bread. Though skeptical, we tried it, making the bread in the usual way, but using, to mix it with, heated sour milk instead of water. We had excellent, moist bread and saved the cost of the milk formerly wasted.—MRS. HELEN COMBES.

### To Save Flowers from Hens

To keep the neighbors' hens from scratching up my flowers, I spread on the ground, close to the rows or clumps of plants, strips of heavy paper, through which, at close intervals, carpet tacks have been pushed up to the head. Lay the paper, point side up, and place flat stones or pieces of brick on its edges to keep it from blowing away.—MRS. E. P. DUNLAP.



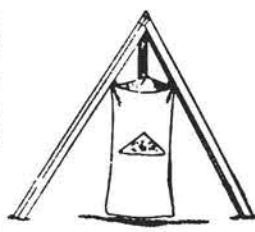
The hens kept out

### Bicarbonate of Soda as a Toilet Article

To kill all odor of perspiration on any part of the body use bicarbonate of soda. The effect will be instantaneous. Always have a supply of the pure article on hand, and use it freely after bathing or at any other time. Never apply it to raw flesh, but its constant use will prevent chafing. It should be used only by grown people, however, and must never be used on an infant. Do not mix the soda with any toilet powder, nor try to scent it, as by so doing its object will be neutralized.—K. H. WADSWORTH.

### A Help in Sacking Grain

Make a strong triangular stand of two by four scantling. Drive three strong nails in the upper frame, at an upward angle, to serve as hooks. The stand should be about the height of a sack when full. By using such a stand one man can sack more grain, lime, etc., than two working in the ordinary manner.—O. W. WINCH.



Sacking grain made easy

**A Remedy for Burns**  
In case of burns of either a trivial or serious character



ter, immediate relief from pain and a speedy cure can be effected by the liberal application of essence of peppermint. In burns of small area, it is sufficient to bandage the part and keep the bandage well soaked with the essence. Large surfaces should be dusted well with baking soda, then anointed with olive or linseed oil, and, with a bandage covering the affected part, the essence of peppermint should be applied until the bandage is thoroughly wet. It should be kept in that condition until the inflammation has subsided. This treatment has been successful in cases of very serious nature.—ALICE BURROUGHS.

### Some Uses for Spoilt Photo Films

Remove the gelatin with cold water, which leaves a sheet of thin celluloid, convenient for squeegeeing solio and similar prints on to dry with a high gloss. One side of the film being finely ground with pumice powder, we have a good, unbreakable focussing screen at once. If put between the negative and the print in the printing frame it will greatly aid in softening intense hardness of definition and reduce the necessity for retouching. If in a hurry for a print from a freshly developed negative, place a clean, dry piece of film upon the wet negative and a bromide print may be immediately made from a wet negative even before the hypo is removed. For a convenient and suitable "touch paper" to inflame flash powder promptly a long thin strip cut from a roll of film is first rate. Finally, cut up some old films that have been well cleaned, put in a bottle and put in enough acetone to cover well. Cork well and shake the bottle occasionally and in a few days we have a liquid, which, mixed with equal parts of acetone and amylacetate, makes a good negative varnish.—L. S. H.

### It Renews Pencil Erasers

The best thing I know of for cleaning pencil erasers is a piece of old plaster. I keep a small piece always handy, and when the rubber gets soiled a rub on the plaster makes it as clean as when new.

### Improved Apple Sauce

In making apple sauce, quarter the apples to assure yourself that the fruit is sound. Stew the quartered apples without paring or coring, and run them through a fruit press, (like the one shown in the accompanying cut.) The apple skin and core will remain in the press. Boiling the fruit with the skin and core adds to the flavor of the sauce, saves the time of paring and coring the fruit, and is more economical than the old way of making apple sauce. Sweeten after pressing, while the fruit is still hot, but do not boil again, as less sugar is required in this way than if sweetened when boiling.—O. A. C.



An apple-sauce press

### Drying Lace Curtains

After washing them lay a blanket on the floor in some empty room; spread the curtains on the blanket, stretching them carefully, and they will keep their place without any fastening until dried.—K. V. SCHURMAN.

### A Quick Way to Clean Discolored Silver

Returning home, after an absence of several months, I found my silver in a very blackened condition. The same day I received a letter from friends saying they were coming to visit me. The silver had to be cleaned at once and in the quickest way possible. This was my method:—To one gallon of water I added two level tablespoonfuls of lye and let it boil for ten minutes; added soap to make lather, washed silver in suds, and polished with chamois. I have continued to clean my silver in this way for years. It has not injured it a particle. Last spring I cleaned our communion set in this same way, after it had become so discolored that it was about to be discarded, several attempts to clean it with silver polish having failed.—ELIZABETH.

### To Remove Coffee Stains

Rub the spots with glycerine and water and they will disappear as by magic.—IDA W. HAYGOOM.

### About Lemons

Heat a lemon thoroughly before squeezing, and you will obtain nearly double the quantity of juice that you would if it had not been heated.—H. M. A.

### To Drive Worms Out of Apples

If housewives who dislike to find worms when cutting apples would first put the fruit in cold water, they would find that the worms would leave the apples and come to the surface of the water.—MRS. D. J. MULVIHILL.



## TRAVELERS' FATIGUE

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

"We further agree to accept a certificate of graduation as sufficient recommendation for a position in our workrooms."

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# Conquering the Last Frontier

By SAMUEL MERWIN [Concluded from page 540]

up a four-tenths per cent. grade as up a grade of one and two-tenths per cent. This mistake will probably turn out to be more costly than the first, for your rival will be able to haul more freight with the same expenditure for motive power, and your relative loss will accumulate from day to day. The remedy is, rebuilding,—and millions more. In short, it is pretty sharply, as the saying runs, up to you. You must find that one best route without wasting a day, and you must be very certain that you *are* finding it. Haste will make waste, as surely as sparks will fly upward.

Now, if you had this problem on your hands, how would you go about the solving of it? It is the sort of job, as I have heard an English engineer say, that tries men's souls. There are millions, and a reputation or two, at stake. Suppose I try to answer my question and tell you, in the light of certain historical facts, what you would do.

It is simple enough in outline. You would perhaps listen to the few half-breed traders who had penetrated into the rock-ribbed wilderness. If you did, you would soon find their information so vague, and, from an engineer's point of view, so contradictory, as to be valueless. Then you would settle back in your headquarters' office, pick out a number of quiet, sunburned, youngish men, give them aneroid barometers, hand levels, rifles, and pocket compasses, and turn them loose. Should it be winter, they would put their very slim outfit on the backs of "husky" dogs; should it be summer, they would take a few pack-horses.

You will hear nothing further from them for six, eight, ten months. Then a party will come in,—a little gaunt, it may be; trained down too fine for comfort,—but ready to report. It is quite possible that these two or three youngish men have known something uncomfortably like starvation, when the game fell off, but it would hardly occur to them to come back before the work is done. Another party—with a man missing, perhaps, and another touched up a bit with rheumatism,—turns up on the coast, a thousand miles away, also ready, as soon as they can get in touch with you, to report.

So it will go, for two or three years, say. By that time your exploring, or "reconnaissance" parties will have worked out, roughly but shrewdly, the two or three or four possible routes. Now your preliminary survey parties take the field, to go over each route in detail at the rate of something like a mile a day. There will be eighteen or twenty men in each of these parties, and twenty-five horses, under the command of a hard-muscled, matter-of-fact young man, who ranks as an assistant engineer. For assistance he will have a transit man, a level man, a draughtsman, and a topographer, all "officers." The force of "privates" is made up of two rodmen, two chainmen, a "back flag," three axmen, three packers, a cook, and a "cookee."

With the departure of these parties you will have entered on your real problem. They, like the reconnaissance men, are disappearing for six or eight months; but, unlike the smaller parties, they can not shift so easily for themselves. It must be remembered that the clothing which will do well enough in a hot, pest-laden summer, will be insufficient in a winter which ranges from twenty to fifty below zero; and that a party which is cumbered with tents, draughting tables, a complete outfit of nicely adjusted instruments, and provisions, can carry only about so much. Large quantities of provisions must be freighted out by Indians and cached at conspicuous points in the mountains. In other words, you must use foresight enough to insure

that it will be no fault of yours if your men freeze or starve to death.

Finally, as the months and years roll by, with you working deliberately and thoroughly—oh, how deliberately and thoroughly!—in the face of possible defeat, the survey parties are in; you have every detail of the various routes mapped and tabulated before you; and, with the chief engineer of the line at your elbow, you make the choice.

There is your job. How do you like it? Remember that your salary will be sniffed at by lawyers, doctors, and advertising specialists everywhere. The story-writer who takes up your time with impertinent questions will perhaps make more out of your experience at second hand than you make out of it yourself. Your name never gets into the papers, as it would if you ran excitedly up a hill in a blue uniform and found that the enemy, in white, was running desperately down the other side; or as it would if you went through Labrador or Patagonia for fun. Really, as a job, in these prosperous times, what do you think of it?

The man who is filling just this sort of job at Edmonton, bears, in a very low-voiced and unassuming manner, the name of Van Arsdale. He is long and lean, with a wide-brimmed black hat and a bronzed, quizzical, seamed face under it. In the Alberta Hotel, of an evening,—feet up, big frame telescoped into a leather chair, hat not quite straight on his head, silent, except for an occasional drawled remark, he looks lazy. But, if you should watch him, you would see him, after a little, uncoil that big frame, move languidly to the door, and slowly disappear down Jasper Street. Late that night, should you pass the Merchants' Bank building, you would see a light still shining from the division engineer's office in the Grand Trunk Pacific suite. If you should talk with him, you would soon discover, behind the drawling, noncommittal voice and the patient eye, indications of a bold, roving mind, a stubborn determination, technical knowledge so digested and assimilated that it long ago became a personal attribute, and something suspiciously like an imagination. Of boasting or yarn-spinning you will get not a word; like his pioneering assistants, "Old Van" is too deeply concerned with the real thing to feel inclined toward careless talk. He is worth while, this man who is blazing a trail for the iron horse through the far northwestern mountains.

Step for a moment into his offices, and you have Edmonton, and the new Northwest, in a nutshell. The hallway, in this extremely modern office building, is floored and finished in hardwood. The walls are covered with something that looks like green burlap. Approach the railing in the outer office, and a businesslike young man will ask, over the noisy clicking of typewriters, what he can do for you. Through the windows you will catch glimpses of other extremely modern buildings, and possibly, if you look down, of a drug store, and, through plate-glass windows, of a prosperous-looking soda fountain. But when you came in you stumbled over a thick roll of brown canvas,—that was a sleeping-bag. There was a rifle lying across it, and a bundle or two of Hudson Bay blankets near by, and possibly a few pairs of snowshoes.

Yes, beyond the prosperous soda fountain lie the great blank spaces. If you will close your eyes and look, you may see a broad snow waste with glistening white mountain-peaks ahead and an ice-bound river behind. Far out on the snow are half a dozen black specks,—two or three lean men, and two or three gaunt dogs, each with a pack on his back.

The engineers are passing that way. Their pay is small; their names will not get into the



papers; the Carnegie Hero Commission will never learn of their existence. But their work will be done, and done right. And a little later civilization will be passing that way with its steam plows, and its grand pianos, and its reminiscent talk about the good old days.

### III.—Under Canvas in the Sand Hills

Western Manitoba is, I believe, the flattest country in the world. From the seat of a democrat wagon (which is the ship of the Canadian prairie,) you may swing your eyes clear from horizon to horizon. There is not, it seems, the slightest undulation in the ground; it is as level as a table. Over hundreds of square miles there is literally, if you except the short grass or the sprouting wheat, no vegetation at all,—not a tree, not a bush. The little villages, half a dozen miles apart, with their inevitable cluster of countryside grain elevators, are scattered about the plain as a child might strew blocks about the floor. You may see a red elevator over the edge of the horizon as one sees a ship, hull down, at sea. The air is crisp and buoyant; the flat earth is green; the skies are very blue; and the sensation of endless space, of unattainable horizons, is, indeed, curiously like what one feels at sea. There are settlers who find it oppressively desolate; some men drink pretty hard on the prairies, and some go mad. More than one young rodman or instrument man has had something of a fight of it to conquer a sort of acute loneliness which lies very close to despair.

Perhaps that is why, in spite of the magnificent sweep of the prairies, and of the exaltation which they excite, it is very pleasant to find oneself ascending into the sand hills. They are green and partly wooded, these sand hills, and they are tumbled and jumbled into a compact series of miniature mountain ranges. Jones and I were driving together. We had been through wind and dust storms west of Portage la Prairie; we had stopped over night at an unspeakable hotel in the shadow of three little red elevators; we had been caught, over the hubs, horses sunk to their bellies, traces snapping and wheels springing, in what at certain moments had promised to be a bottomless "muskeg"; and yet to come, on the Carberry Plains and beyond, there were more dust storms, more wind, snow flurries, and hail.

The winds I am speaking of are the sort that will tear a doubtful button off a man's coat. One gust removed Jones's spectacles from his nose and hung them on the back of the seat. Fifty miles, sixty miles an hour, blow these cheerful prairie breezes. Where the top soil is loose and dry the dust clouds shut out the view. It is fine dust, too; it searches through mere clothing and grinds itself into the pores; it penetrates to every corner of the locked suit-cases in the wagon bottom. Imagine driving fifty miles of this on end. If you can imagine it, we understand each other, we are getting on; and you will understand why Jones and I were glad to get into the sheltering hill country, and to tumble out at Pine Creek, with the rain turning loose by the cloudful, and to seek shelter and a dinner in the contractor's camp.

Jones, I might add, was the assistant engineer, in charge of this train division. It was, and I suppose still is, his duty to ride over his division (a hundred and fifty miles of it,) every ten days. Not a pleasant duty, one would say, unless one by some odd chance enjoys tent life and an open sleigh with a capricious thermometer ranging from ninety above to forty-five below. But then, one need n't waste sympathy on the engineers. They don't expect it; and they don't get it. Human life, you remember, and human happiness are the cheapest of commodities. If years of exposure end in years of rheumatism, who cares? There is no pension grant for the engineers. But there are, after all, compensations. One may have a pop at a jack rabbit, now and then, or at a coyote, from the democrat wagon. Sometimes, as here in the sandhills, there befalls an opportunity to pitch camp for a fortnight by a lonely little lake. And when you have had to haul your drinking water forty-five miles, a lake is something. Sometimes, as here, you may be so lucky as to own a phonograph; which tempers the loneliness of the evenings. And the prairies are so wide, and the heavens are so blue and so far, that one can think pretty clearly, can get things into a plausible sort of proportion. And that, again, is something. Oh, yes, there are compensations!

Dinner in a contractor's camp is worth while. And dinner at the Pine Creek trestle, where it had been thought profitable to erect a long structure of building paper and unpainted pine boards, and where there was actually a "private" dining room for the elect, was luxury indeed. The food was served in graniteware pans, every pan full; and there were so many of them that the table was covered, here and there, two deep. There were four or five kinds of meats and stews, eight or ten kinds of vegetables, baked beans, tea, coffee, and milk, seven kinds of cake, three or four kinds of pie, a



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pudding or two, bread plates, butter plates, and a number of other dishes which must remain untabulated because they did not pass my way. We sat on benches, and every man did his own reaching. Everything was good and well cooked. And over all hovered John the cook,—ruddy, smiling, proud of his art and prouder still of the astonishingly elaborate paper flowers with which he had decorated the table.

The rain was beating against the small-paned window. But we were dry, or at least we were drying rapidly; and I found myself succumbing to the pleasant warmth which follows a well-digested dinner. The paper flowers began to seem less outrageous. The plain board walls, covered with magazine covers and colored prints and actress ladies in big hats and twinkling toes, grew almost cheerful.

It was not, perhaps, the place one would choose for revelry; but revelry came. It was so rough, so close to the frontier, even here in Western Manitoba, with a rival railroad and a string of red elevators only fifteen or twenty miles away; and yet the veneer of civilization would follow the construction camp so swiftly and so inevitably! The old way was to push the frontier ahead of you until you pushed it off the continent. That was brisk work and hard, and occasionally there was a bit of brutality about it. The new way is to apply your civilization in thin layers over the entire country. At the beginning of the process the rough timber underneath shows through in dark spots. That is the condition of all Western Canada to-day. The first coat was laid on by the Canadian Pacific. Now the Canadian Northern, "Jim" Hill, and the Grand Trunk Pacific are laying the second coat. To-day you can see through almost everywhere; you are conscious that the first coat is thin. The second coat will change all that; and the third will announce the new empire,—our lost empire.

Settlers—not adventurers, but the shrewd, steady sort,—never poured into a new region much more rapidly than they are pouring into Western and Northwestern Canada. Not only from Galicia and Sweden and Italy and Russia do they come, but also—and this, again, is where we lose,—from Minnesota and Montana and Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska. They bring farming implements with them, and a little money. Some become "homesteaders"; but many buy outright. You can see them everywhere from the car windows. They begin in shacks or tents or log cabins; but within ten years their houses will be of brick or stone. From Minneapolis, northwestward through North Portal to Moose Jaw, they are pouring in a steady stream. Well-organized agencies in Minneapolis and Chicago are day after day beckoning them to the new land. On the trains the land shark is a matter of course. The talk everywhere is land, land, land. The winters are severe, but it is not uncommon for a skillful farmer to clear up eight, ten, or twelve thousand dollars, in four months, from a square mile of black loam, and spend the other eight months in comfort down East. Corner lots in absurd little towns, two hundred miles from anywhere, sell for a thousand dollars and up. And with all this turmoil, with this intricate problem of handling the chaos of settling a vast new region, our American emigrants say that they find government a bit more admirable there than here; that justice is administered more speedily and squarely. There is nothing, they say, in annexation,—nothing, that is, for Canada. They are even so foolish, in the first flush of their young empire, as to hope that they will rival us, will beat us out in the greatest of games. Can you wonder that it cut a certain traveler to hear Americans talk like that, when he suspected that, as to government and courts, they were painfully close to the truth? Can you wonder that this traveler winced?

This settling process is not without its humors. An Iowa farmer, they say, fell to talking, in a sleeping car, with a syndicate gentleman who had land to sell. The talk led to a purchase, and the man from Iowa announced that he had sent a box car on ahead with his worldly goods. Purchaser and owner visited the land. The box car came in and was cut out of the train. The seal was broken, and the farmer—here the teller of this tale is supposed to pause and speak impressively,—opened the car door, and took out two horses, a cow, two sheep, a collection of farm implements, a table, a bed, three chairs, and—his wife and nine children.

It was evening at the residency camp. The Pine Creek trellis, with its stables, and its muskegs (a muskeg is a bog with a misleading surface, and no bottom), and its half-mile of interlacing yellow timbers, lay five miles to the eastward. Before us, half a score of miles, were the high Carberry plains, where, on the morrow, we were to face the prairie winds again and eat the prairie dust. But here, by a blue little lake, all was still, shadowy water, and blue and white sky, and tumbling green hills. There was no unpainted contractor's shanty, no army of mules to trample the ground and transform sand-hills grass into Virginia mud, no Galician laborers to scuffle and chatter and squabble on a thin floor overhead, but only three white tents against a green hillside, by a lake. There were trees here too, thick groves of them, where the coyotes could slink in by day, and where you might, once in a season or two, find wapiti, or antelope, or moose. A muskrat was swimming across the lake; you could see his nose and the tiny swell he threw off. A few ducks came over a miniature headland and settled comfortably on the

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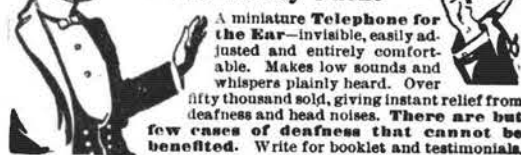
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water. It would not be difficult here, I found myself thinking, to rise splendidly above the humdrum of mere engineering or magazine work to heights of what the East Indian Mahatmas call "attainment." As the dusk came slowly down, it began to seem incredible that there were such things in the world as specifications and Galleons and contractors. I did not wish to know that civilization would soon be passing, inevitably, this way; that the steam plow was already ahead of us, and the grand piano was pressing us close.

"It's rather pleasant here," said Jones, at my side. "Burbank ought to have a canoe. This is one of the bright spots in an engineer's life, this kind of thing." He was indicating the lake and the sky and the dusky hills, and was trying, as engineers will, to put down the slightest show of sentiment.

The instrument man, who could not have been long out of college, and whose face still showed the sobering traces of severe nostalgia, asked us into the square-wall tent on the high ground. We ducked through the flaps and found ourselves facing the very large horn of a phonograph. It had petals painted in pink and white on the inner side, like a somewhat conventionalized morning-glory. I must have smiled a little, for the instrument man said, deprecatingly: "We have to have something, you know."

There was a draughting table in the tent, a smaller table, with books and blue prints and writing materials on it; some trunks and boxes; and three canvas cots with sleeping-bags laid out on them. Nearly all of the open space in the middle was given up to the phonograph horn that was trying to look like a morning-glory.

We sat about on the cots. Jones picked up my copy of "Man and Superman," and curled himself up by the lamp. The instrument man—a picturesque figure in that flickering light, with his loose, gray flannel shirt, his laced half-boots, and his boyish face and wistful eyes,—hailed out a soap box, containing phonograph records, from under his cot. Burbank, the resident engineer, was half-heartedly figuring at his table. The very youthful rodman had effaced himself in a corner. And there, with the light wavering over the sloping canvas, and a late breeze rustling by outside, and a coyote yelping somewhere down the lake, we smoked and grew dreamy-eyed while the sonorous voice of the gentlemanly announcer chopped out the words:—

"My Name Is Morgan, but It Ain't J. P.," sung by Br-r-r-r-scrape-cr-r-r-r-rrk!

It was a trivial little thing, a good comic song spoiled in the writing, about a young fellow named Morgan and a young woman who showed a well-developed tendency to order more ice cream at a sitting than Mr. Morgan could conveniently pay for. His protestations took the form of a vociferous refrain, in the course of which he informed her that, while she had known him pretty long, she had unmistakably got the initials wrong; for, while his name was admittedly Morgan, he was not "J. P.," a fact which he felt must be impressed kindly but firmly upon her consciousness. From what was not said, as we listened, I knew that at least three members of that little party were back, in imagination, in that Broadway where the lights twinkle at night by the tens of thousands, and the motor horns toot savagely, and the surface cars rumble and ring, and life is light and merry and altogether an effervescent substance. And the coyote yelped through the lonely night. Glancing out, I saw that the surface of the lake was wrinkling a little under the breeze.

It was very charming, but from the notion of being compelled to stay there indefinitely, whether one liked it or not, in all weathers, I knew that I should shrink. And then the pay was so poor; and corporation directors were so—well, so impersonal. I drew back into the tent and looked around. The phonograph was roaring out another song, which, like the first, brought with it a whiff from Keith's and Proctor's. Burbank was tracing idle designs with his pencil; the instrument man was gazing off through the tent walls and a good many thousand miles farther. Fainter than before I heard the coyote.

"We have to have something," the instrument man had said. I knew now what he meant. Even men who build empires are human, at times. But I must not show them as objects of sympathy, for, frankly, they would n't like it. They go rather lightly on the maudlin. It is something to have your health, and a bite to eat, and to get your expense account through without too much rowing on the part of the extremely unsympathetic gentlemen at headquarters. And then, after all is said, when your wistful-eyed instrument man has grown up to be a resident and later an assistant engineer, when he has roved from Portage to Saskatoon, from Saskatoon to the sea, when his skin is brown, his eyes are clear, and his muscles are lean and hard, if you try to make a division engineer out of him, and put him at a desk in a city with a club just around the corner, who knows but what his heart and his eyes will then look toward the wilderness as longingly as now they look toward the town. For the Wild calls subtly and with endless persistence, and it never relinquishes its own.

### The Victor : By Aloysius Coll

Though one may win the goal by luck,  
And one by chance be hero hailed,  
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# The Murphy - Casey Handicap

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

[Concluded from page 551]

The minutes rolled away. The games before the grand stand proceeded, and ended. The sports were ended, and the audience and officials awaited only the finish of the mile running race.

They gazed up the homestretch and craned their necks to catch sight of the runners when they should round the bend.

"Come awn," said Casey, getting stiffly to his feet. "We must be movin' awn, Murphy. They'll be missin' us."

"Howly Erin!" groaned Murphy, sitting up and rubbing his knees. "I w'd not run another mile fer all th' money av all th' Rockfellers in th' world!"

He staggered up, and took his place in the middle of the track. Casey got beside him, and they started.

The judges, grouped in the middle of the track, peered earnestly up the homestretch. The picnic stood on its seats, turned as one person in the same direction, and peered. No Casey! No Murphy! The wonderment grew intense.

Suddenly there was a patter of feet and a wheeze of breath. The officials turned sharply around, and the audience turned, too. With all their strength and final breath Casey and Murphy, neck and neck, were dashing to the finish tape, from the direction in which they had gone.

Neck and neck, making a grand finish, even if they were coming from the wrong direction! Casey's little legs were flashing up and down, and Murphy's long ones stretching out. Murphy ran more freely than before, his long neck darting back and forth like a serpent; but Casey, his fists doubled up, his face in the air, was a cyclone. He crossed the tape a foot ahead of Murphy.

Murphy lay down on his back on the track and gasped, and Casey leaned up against the fence and panted, while the cheers of the Benevolent Picklers rent the air.

"Wan minute!" called the referee, sharply, as the judge was about to announce Casey's victory.

"Casey, where's th' brick?"

Casey's mouth fell open.

"Dang!" he gasped, "I left it—around awn—th' other side—av th' hill!"

"T is a foul!" exclaimed the referee. "Casey has thrown away th' handicap. 'T is Murphy's race!"

Murphy sat up and a smile of pleasure lighted his face.

The starter got behind him to help him to his feet.

"Wait a bit!" said the starter, "Wan thing I want t' ask Murphy first! Murphy, whin did th' bile awn yer neck bust?"

"T was—'t was when Casey lost th' brick," he answered, for he would not tell a lie.

"Then th' handicaps is even," said the referee, "and Casey wins, but what does he win, I dunno. 'T was a mile race on th' programme, but wan quarter they ran th' wrong way around, and does it make t'ree quarters av a mile, or wan mile, or wan mile an' a quarter, I dunno. But annyhow, 't was a fast race fer such slow runners. What was th' time of it?"

The timekeeper hesitated.

"T was an' hour an' some more," he said, "but how much more, I dunno, fer I was fergettin' t' wind me watch last night and it ran down on me; but 't is safe t' say th' toime av th' race was an hour an' mebbly another wan."

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## The Second Generation

[Concluded from page 554]

most fashionable ball she had ever attended. She remembered it all,—the gorgeousness of everything, her own ecstasy of delight in being where it was supposed to be so difficult to get; how her happiness was marred in the early part of the evening by Ross's attendance on Helen Galloway, in whose honor the ball was given; how he made her happy again by staying beside her the whole latter part of the evening, he and more young men than any other girl had. And here was the slipper—old, torn, stained, out of shape from having been so long cast aside. Where did it come from? How did it get there? Why had this ghost suddenly appeared to her? As the carriage flew toward the station, the answer to those questions came: "My fate is settled for life. I am married!"

She could not look at her husband—husband! In that moment of bitter memory, of chopfallen, ghastly vanity, it was all she could do to keep from visibly shrinking away from him. She had no sense that he was her best friend, her friend from babyhood almost, Theodore Hargrave. She felt only that he was her husband, her jailer, the representative of all that divided her forever from the life of luxury and show which had so permeated her blood with its sweet, lingering poison.

As he sat opposite her in the compartment, she was exaggerating in glaring faults the many little signs of indifference to fashion in his dress. She had never especially noted it before, but now she was noting it as a shuddering exhibition of commonness, that he wore detachable cuffs—and upon this detail her distraught mind fixed as typical. She could not take her eyes off his wrists; every time he moved his arms so that she could see the wristband within his cuff, she felt as if a piece of sandpaper were scraping her skin. He laid his hand on her two gloved hands, folded loosely in her lap. Every muscle of her body grew tense, and she only just fought down the impulse to snatch her hands away and shriek at him.

She sat perfectly still, with her teeth set, until her real self got some control over the monstrous, crazy creature raving within her. Then she said: "Please don't—touch me—just now. I've been on such a strain,—and I'm almost breaking down."

He drew his hand away. "I ought to have understood," he said. "Would you like to be alone for a while?"

Without waiting for her answer, he left the compartment to her. She locked its door, and let herself loose. When she had had her cry "out," she felt calm; but, oh, so utterly depressed. "This is only a mood," she said to herself. "I don't really feel that way toward him. Still,—I've made a miserable mistake. I should not have married him. I must hide it. I must n't make him suffer for what's altogether my own fault. I must make the best of it."

[To be continued in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for September.]

## The Army of France

[Concluded from page 549]

light infantry, the troops in the Sahara, the *fusiliers de discipline*, the two régiments of the foreign legion, and the twenty-four régiments of the colonial infantry—in Madagascar, China, and Tonkin,—are the only ones that have shot off cartridges save in mock battle. There are forty artillery régiments and eighteen batteries of foot artillery, with ten companies of *ouvriers d'artillerie* and three companies of artificers. There are seven régiments of engineers. The *gendarmerie* is grouped in twenty-six légions. The French army has always been strong in cavalry. To-day, in activity, there are thirteen régiments of *cuirassiers*, thirty-one of dragoons, twenty-one of the *chasseurs*, and fourteen of the hussars. These are home troops. There is no finer cavalry known than the Spahis who ride under the French flag in Algiers, Tunis, and the Sahara.

Dimly across this smoky rhetoric one may discern a high and beautiful ideal: universal brotherhood, perpetual peace. Toward such an ideal, France—in her old-time blithe and gallant way,—is marching; without much counting the cost. Across her frontiers, German and Italian, there are no signs of disarming. Might still affirms that it is right. Too soon, it would seem, and in a world too covetous, the French democracy is shouting that swords should be pruning-hooks. And with the French army, cried upon by the mob and bullied and badgered and experimented with by the politicians of a red stripe, all is not well at this moment. At Longchamps it swarms splendidly in review. Europe can show no braver army of parade. And, if war comes, there will be no braver army of combat.

But headless—save for a casual stockbroker,—it may be in its horoscope to blunder to another Sedan. For humanity world-over that would be a disaster. The hope of civilization rests in no slight degree upon the impetuous republic of "liberty, equality and fraternity." So you and I have an almost personal interest in *le petit soldat*; and may wish him well. He is policing his corner of Europe against too much monarchy and undue imperialism. For the liberty-lover "*Vive l'armée!*" is a fine cry,—notably in France.

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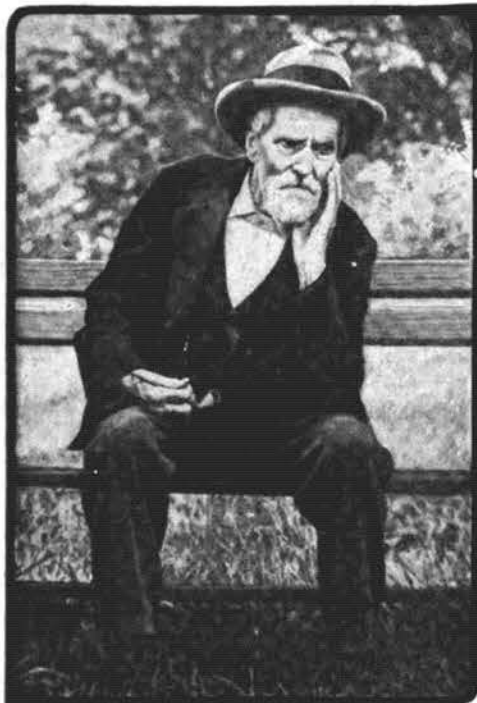
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## Hitting the Sky Grades

By ALVAH MILTON KERR

[Concluded from page 547]

with heat and his brain and nerves shaken into giddiness by the never-ceasing jar of the floor and the clangor and shock of things about him.

They went around the long, curving base of Silver Mountain in a cloud of rushing echoes. Notch by notch Munson was working the reverse toward the center of the quadrant, notch by notch was opening the throttle, measuring the cut-off to the last nick. The whole composition of the engine buzzed as she flew. Munson sat low, crumpled down upon himself like a straining jockey, his cap pulled solidly to his ears, his face drawn into hard, pallid lines under its streaks of oil and soot, his eyes, unnaturally bright, gazing ahead. At times he leaned back and glanced down at the figure swaying and toiling in the heat of the boiler-head, then stared ahead.

Down around Puma Point they swept, passed the Queen Cove mines like a flash, and struck the shore of the Sandrill. On the sharp curves Clark sometimes lunged clear across the cab, and back in the rocking mail cars men grasped whatever stable thing they could lay hold of to keep themselves upon their feet. A half-mile down the Sandrill the "1206" literally leaped upon the bridge and tore across in a torrent of noise, then they were rushing up the winding groove that led toward the summit, twenty miles away. At Bridge Station the conductor threw a book from the tail of the train; in the book was a message which read:

"PRESIDENT SANBORN,  
"Denver.

"Madden's leg broken; your son is firing;  
gaining on the schedule.—DIRKEN."

When the president had read the telegram an anxious, tender expression softened his face. He felt a twinge of uneasiness from the thought that Dick Munson was at the throttle. To what extreme Munson might carry the speed on such an occasion as this was a disquieting surmise.

"He ought to have had a secondary engine to help him up the western side of the range," thought the president. "If we get the contract that must be looked after. I'll wire Burke about it."

Far over on the western side of the Cradle Range much the same thing was being said by Dick Munson, save that the words were edged with sulphur. Through several miles, at the beginning of the long climb, the "1206" swept along the iron trail at high speed, superb, scorning the backward push of the grades, then almost imperceptibly the glimmering whirl of the drivers slackened, her breathing grew louder and longer-drawn, her gait fell from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty. Clark fought like a demon to hold her there, but gradually she slipped down to twenty-five. She got no lower than that. To and fro she wove her way toward the summit, swerving across a slope here, wheeling along the verge of an abyss there, drumming over dizzy trestles, plunging through stifling tunnels, always upward. Clark's face and body turned to a smear of sweat and oil and dust, across the nape of his neck the flesh lay open, down his back to his waist ran a dark embroidery of blood-soaked dirt. By times he shook the grate lever to give her better draft, again he plunged the stirring-rod into the furnace, but for the most part he simply pounded coal furiously and sprayed it through a red-white hole that belched blinding heat into his eyes.

Half-way up the Range Munson slipped down to the fuel deck. The dial showed one-seventy to the square inch, he wanted to push the pressure to the two hundred mark. He clung at the side of the cab, looking at Clark for a moment. The engineer's gaunt face was drawn with suf-



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Munson threw on the air, wringing sparks from the wheels in spurring showers, for at points the danger of leaving the track was too imminent to be ignored.

As they flew along the groove toward the plain, Clark saw nothing of clouds or sun or sky. He was intent upon the steam gauge and the fire box, and the baffling problem of keeping upon his feet. But Munson, when they were two thirds of the way down the range, became aware that in the east there was rising a mountain of vapor,—green, craggy, portentous, immense. He saw that the towering crag was abutted by a mighty wave of vapor, stretching north and south beyond the capacity of the human eye to compass. He had never before seen in that latitude the heavens written with so large a prophecy of havoc. Though impressed with the vision and dismayed by the thought that the promised tornado might impede or entirely block the way to Denver, he conceived of nothing very clearly. Numb and gripped by inward agony, he felt at times his senses lapsing. One impression, however, remained queerly vivid, pricking into his brain like a thorn of fire: when they should enter the plain he must nurse the cut-off and throttle for still greater speed, and outrun the approaching tempest.

They swung down from the foothills onto the level at a killing pace, with each man on the train clinging to something to keep himself upright, all save poor Madden, who, buttressed solidly by heavy bags of mail, ground his teeth in pain one moment and laughed the next.

"Dick's getting her there!" he would cry. "Feel him pound her! Feel him pound her! And that boy, that boy, sure he's getting the hash into her! We are going some, Dirken, sure we're only hitting the high places. Trust old Dick, he'll jam her nose against the Denver bunting-post before the president's watch ticks the end of the schedule!"

They went down into something like a vacuum,—a hot, thin, motionless atmosphere, peculiarly suffocating and unrespirable,—a vast space from which the normal gases had, in great part, lifted, and toward which a storm of gases was rushing from the east. Swaying to and fro on the fuel deck, Clark felt his breath catch at times and a sense of falling sweep over him. In such moments he dashed water over himself and buckled again to the fight. They might have been seven or eight miles northeast of Barn Butte when he noticed that Munson had swayed sideways and was lying with his face among the levers. With a thrill of horror that sharpened all his faculties, the young fellow sprang up to the engineer's seat. He caught Munson about the shoulders, shouting wildly in his face. Munson's eyes were closed, but his lips moved. Clark put his ear close to the engineer's lips.

"I'm all in, son,—everything is black,—let her go wide,—pound the coal under her,—outrun the cyclone or we are whipped," were the broken sentences he heard.

Clark laid the man back on the cushion, then he saw rolling from the east the indescribable billow, the tumbling mountain of clouds at its center, a green sky overhead, and a world beneath that seemed coated with rust. Here was opposition indeed, if not actual destruction! All the elements of his physical being seemed drunk with exhaustion, but at sight of this incalculable menace his whole nature seemed suddenly on fire; in him burst an opposing tempest, a storm of mingled rage and protest and terror and determination. What! had men of the Central fought moment by moment over three divisions, battled through nearly three hundred miles to conquer this schedule, and now, within sight of the goal, were they to be blocked by the senseless elements? He saw the world-wide bosom of the storm threaded with lightning, arteries that ran fire instead of blood, but he heard no thunder save the roar of the hurling machine that bore him.

As he looked, he saw, as something done by the strength and swiftness of the supernatural, the wings of the tempest break away on either side of the mountain of clouds, and the mountain itself whirl like a gigantic cylinder, its top spreading wide against the sky, and spinning dizzily. The monster looked to be fifteen or twenty miles distant, but sweeping slightly to the northwest. After it on either hand the wings of the storm rushed, from time to time huge masses of vapor being sucked into the flying cylinder. The "1206" was racing northeastward. It looked as though the cyclone might cross the track within five or eight miles of the city. If it crossed ahead of the train there might be no track left at the point of impact, or, at least, ties might be dislodged and rails twisted, causing wreck; if the train were caught in the heart of the tempest, the mail cars, at least, might be thrown from the track, then what of the contract and how about poor Madden and Munson? A force that could fling houses about as a giant might throw paper boxes, mad gases plowing ditches through solid ground and pulling trees up by the roots with the ease of a man pulling up grass-blades,—should a human creature try conclusions with such elements?

A glimmer of all this, vision and question and answer, blazed through the brain of the dripping young fellow who, swaying half across Munson's body, looked up at the storm. Then he leaped back on the fuel deck and pulled out a knife and cut the bell-cord. Dirken should not stop him! He glanced at the quadrant, the reverse was biting near the center; he looked at the throttle, it was set to the last nick; the



needle of the gauge pointed to 'one-ninety-two. They must be making a mile a minute, maybe more, he did not know. He flung the furnace door open and stirred the raging bed of fire with the rod, pounded blocks of coal into nut sizes, and sprayed the flaming mass. He glanced toward the monster converging upon them from the eastward. He must get more speed, he must get more speed! Suddenly the safety-valve hissed loudly. He looked at Munson, who rolled on the cushion, limp and palid as a dead man, then he caught a chisel and hammer from the box and clambered over the man's body and out upon the board. Clinging for his life, he drove the piece of iron into the safety valve and scrambled back into the cab.

If the boiler gave way, let her, he would risk it! Storm,—schedule,—contract,—and wounded men in need of doctors! Was he going to let her power blow itself out through her nose? Not he, not Clark Sanborn, who had been commanded not to sprout white feathers!

He feverishly battered more blocks of coal into fine fragments, then ripped the big oil-can from the supply box and threw it upon the heap and drove the pick through the can. As the oil gushed over the coal he shoveled the mass into the roaring furnace, turning his eyes by times toward the fearful thing eastward. The gauge needle trembled across the two hundred mark and crept on up to two hundred and five. The "1206" was literally flying along the steel. She sped in a cloud of thunder, seemingly every atom of her a-roar with vibrations.

Back on the mail cars there were three hot boxes, each one flaming, but the chap on the fuel deck did not look back; he was racing a cyclone, trying to outrun destruction, fighting to get a dying engineer to a physician, and to save the reputation of the Central. He jerked the long-necked oiler from its rack and flung it down on the coal, and cut the can half in two with a blow of the shovel's edge; he ransacked the seat-boxes of their waste, and fed the inflammable stuff to the furnace; he nursed and stirred and coaxed the last ounce of radiation possible from the blinding mass in the fire box, himself half-blind with salt sweat and giddy with heat. One thing, the track was clear for the fast mail; here and there all along the way they had flashed by trains, standing securely on side tracks; but the mountain of whirling gas,—there was no siding for that; it had to be outstripped and beaten.

Swiftly the forces approached each other, the vast pillar of cloud that extended from earth to heaven and the superb man-made thing speeding across the plain. Under the tread of the tempest and its bursting thunder the world jarred and shook, the whole atmosphere of the region buzzed as from the swarming of a billion invisible bees, the air was pricked with fragments of buildings, with fences, shade trees, dust, and the products of the fields. The hue of all things was a russet-green. The "1206" seemed straining every fiber, the gauge-needle crept to two hundred and eight; surely she was making ninety miles an hour, maybe a hundred, no man would ever know. Clark fed her, fed her, fed her, working like mad. They shot past stations that he did not see. Words leaped along the wire to President Sanborn, and back to Paley Fork to Manvell and Burke:

"Fast mail in danger of cyclone; trying to outrun the storm; making fearful speed."

The whole Central, in fancy, was trembling and watching. Burke was pacing the floor of the dispatcher's office in Paley Fork, Sanborn was down in the great train shed in Denver, walking up and down the track, for once beside himself. But Clark did not know; he was pouring his life into an effort to melt the heart of the "1206" and to get her last drop of power into the wheels. Black, bedraggled, open-mouthed, he fought. In moments he seemed to lose his sense of hearing, the thunder of the engine dwindling until it seemed as though he were listening to only a thin stream of water gurgling down a pipe; then it all came back clamoring in awful dissonance.

Suddenly he was aware that a reeling mountain was towering above him, jets of icy air hissed against his reeking body, darting things stung him, there was so wild a roar that the noise of the "1206" sang through it like the hum of a bowstring. The next moment he was rushing through greenish darkness, and his breath seemed plucked clean out of his body, and the next he was in brownish twilight. Grasping the handgrips, he swung out the gangway and looked back. He saw box cars being hurled from a side track, and a section house crashing out upon the prairie. The whirling heart of the tempest had crossed the track just behind the train,—they had grazed the monster by a hair!

They were now in the north wing of the storm; rain gushed over them and a fierce wind blew, but they were in straight-flowing currents, beyond the crushing power of the elemental vortex. The "1206" was tearing through the wind and the rain with her gauge at two hundred and ten. Clark looked at his watch. His hands shook so that he could hardly hold the time-piece. He did not know precisely where they were, but fancied that they were not more than eight or ten minutes behind the schedule. He looked at Munson, then swung over and pressed a hand above the man's heart; pulse and breath were still alive in the engineer's bosom; that was all Clark could tell. He pushed the wet hair back from his own eyes and looked at the steam gauge. Should he take the wedge out of the



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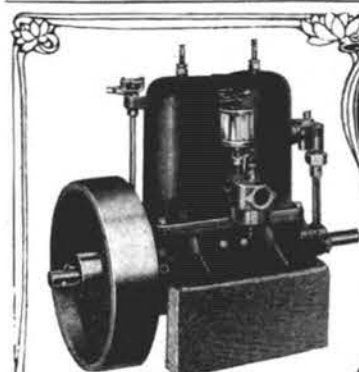
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safety? Not yet, not yet! He looked at the water gauge; it registered a supply but little above the danger point. He set the injectors working, but there seemed little response; the supply in the tank was falling low. But surely, five or seven minutes at that tremendous pace would take them into the city!

There was peril at many points; the hot journals on the rear cars, the low water, the perilous pressure of steam in the boiler, the numerous switches through which they were running as they neared the city,—all contributed to the danger. But the tower men must keep the track clear,—that was not Clark's business; and so long as the "1206" had an open throttle and was greedily using steam, surely her boiler would hold. Half thoughts, intuitions, sparks, and flashings of reason glimpsed across his consciousness as he worked, while the "1206" tore onward through lightning and wind and rain, a gigantic and hurling bolt of force.

Trackmen and citizens and the men in the towers never before saw a train go by as did that one. Across frogs and through switches she battered in thunder, and at a pace that seemed appalling. Though it was raining, everywhere throughout the suburbs people were watching for the Central's first fast rail. They saw a train flying, the smoke from her engine's stack streaming straight back, and flames flaring from hot boxes. In the edge of the city there were people who saw a blackened, half-naked young fellow out on the boiler, knocking a wedge from the safety valve; then, not eight hundred feet from the train shed, the great drivers of the "1206" were reversed, the air went on, and the brakes bit the wheels into wreaths of red. Pitching and straining as though its fabric might burst in pieces, the train skated into the train shed. It looked for the moment to be on fire from end to end. Shuddering and loudly creaking, the train drew to a standstill, the pilot of the "1206" crushed against the safety post.

Black as night, and streaked with blood, a young fellow with a shirt thrown around his shoulders staggered down from the gangway. People were swarming about him. He heard a voice yell:

"Only two minutes behind the schedule!" He heard another hoarser voice shouting, "Fall to! Transfer the mails! Get busy, men!" Then a strong-faced, gray-haired man pushed toward him, wonder and alarm and questioning in his eyes.

"My poor boy!" the young fellow heard the man say, huskily. He felt the man's arms about his body, but things were not very clear to the young fellow; the place seemed to swim around and be paved with gaping human faces.

"Don't mind me, *pater*," the young fellow heard himself saying, "pull the fire from the engine, or get water into her, quick! Dick's up on the seat there—unconscious through the last thirty miles! Get—a—doctor!" Then he heard voices all about him, excited, strident, but these lapsed and dwindled into whispers, then he was listening to a thin stream of water gurgling down a pipe, then it was dark.

A week later Clark sat by the president's desk. The president smiled. "We've got the contract for the mail at six hours and thirty minutes," he said. "With auxiliary engines properly placed I think we can handle it all right."

"I suppose I'd best take Dan Madden's place for a while," said Clark, dryly, the corners of his mouth twitching.

"Young man, you will stay here at headquarters; I've got other things for you to do," said the president. "As a fireman you are a graduate. Bring those time cards over here; we'll figure out the new schedule."

### The Clock Will Tick It Away

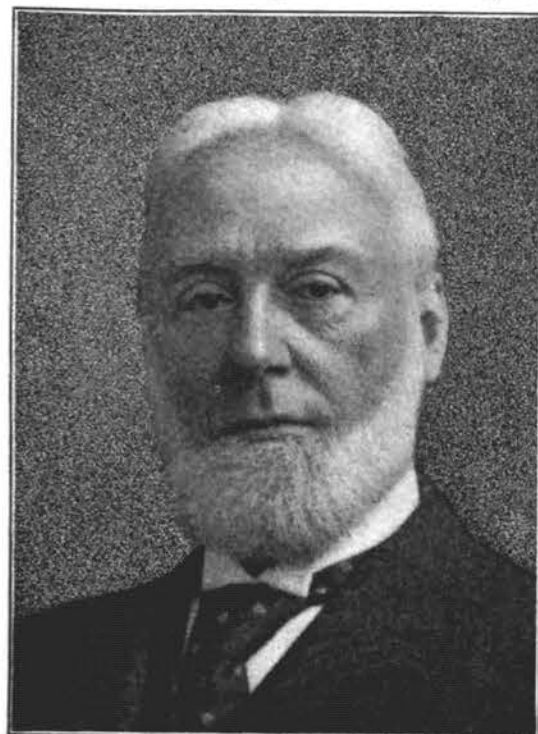
By Nixon Waterman

MID the many tasks the years impose  
Come blithe and blissful times,  
And strewn through a world of rustic prose  
Are ripples of restful rhymes.  
But the joys we deem the dearest seem  
The shortest in their stay,  
For we never can greet a day so sweet  
But the clock will tick it away,  
Away,  
The clock will tick it away.  
But if pleasure must hurry so quickly past,  
Then sorrow must do the same,  
And a word of praise is sure to last  
As long as a word of blame.  
And there's never a night so void of light  
But it wakes to a golden day,  
For we have not a grief so broad or brief  
But the clock will tick it away,  
Away,  
The clock will tick it away.

The man who is never quite sure, "thinks perhaps," "imagines," "guesses," or "presumes," is no man to trust. His foundations are built on sand.



## Robert C. Ogden at Seventy



ROBERT C. OGDEN

In the April, 1906, issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE, in referring to the qualities that made Mr. Robert C. Ogden, John Wanamaker's partner, a great man, we said that he was eighty years of age. This was an error, which, unfortunately, was not noticed until after we had gone to press. Mr. Ogden is only seventy.

In the business world, few men have the same untiring energy and up-to-date methods that characterize Mr. Ogden, because he refuses to grow old. In using him to illustrate the motive of the article in question, "Am I To Be Oslerized?" this was our particular purpose.

In an interview with a representative of SUCCESS MAGAZINE some time ago, Mr. Ogden said: "Mental inertia is the cause of most failures. The man who wishes to make a place for himself in the business world should learn that a superficial performance of duty is not that which engages the attention of an employer. One has not performed his duty until he has done all that can be done. Every young man makes his own career,—he finds himself and finds his place, if he is the kind of person who has sufficient self-confidence to strike out.

"I frequently hear men complain that they have not been fortunate in chances. Chances are made. They are not to be secured by the man who lacks mental alertness and energy to grasp opportunities.

"A young man can best satisfy his employer by striving to do his utmost. The difference between superiority and inferiority is often only perception,—the faculty of being able to judge between right and wrong. Mistakes are expensive. A stupid fellow will invariably try to defend a mistake and harass you with an argument in his favor. Unfortunately, this is not peculiar to young men. Most men make the mistake of talking too much. Talk is cheap. The way to succeed is by keeping everlastingly at it."

## Joe's Smile

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You can, also, if you will, help to send some poor, overworked mother, some underfed, underpaid shopgirl, some poor, sick baby or aged destitute woman to Sea Breeze for a week, where fresh air, sunshine and good food will give them new strength and courage.

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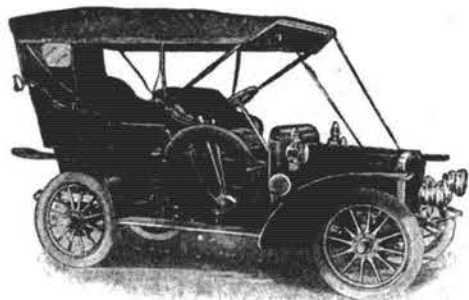
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## Success Magazine Editorial Announcements

### Breaking Through

By W. C. MORROW

WE have a distinct feeling of personal pride in presenting to our readers a new writer, Mr. W. C. MORROW, whose work is too little known in the "effete East." Out in the great western country of superlatives, Mr. MORROW's writings of virile American life are known and appreciated by the readers of that classic sheet, the San Francisco "Argonaut." Mr. MORROW is distinguished also by a great book he wrote a few years ago, "A Man: His Mark," which, it was claimed by a well-known critic, could not have been equaled by Rudyard Kipling. "Breaking Through" will appear in our September issue. This is one of the greatest pieces of short fiction that has ever come



W. C. MORROW  
Author of "Breaking Through"

into this office, and was passed upon with enthusiastic favor by every member of the editorial force. As a study of child nature it has never been surpassed, especially in certain phases of boy character that seem forever incomprehensible to grown-ups. It is something new. It has a flavor of its own. Watch out for the story. We want your verdict upon it.

### How Roosevelt Played the Game

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

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 project 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, the Statehood Bill, and the Pure Food Bill. This is distinctly an article of the "inside." It involves all the fine points of President Roosevelt's success with congress.

### We Have Secured from F. HOPKINSON SMITH

His Latest Story, "LORETTA  
OF THE SHIPYARDS"

It is a story in which the romance and tragedy of Old Venice are blended in that charming manner that gave the author of "Col. Carter of Cartersville," "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," etc., first rank among American men of letters.

### Two New Humor Stories

BY

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Are ready for early publication

One of these stories is entitled "For Scudsy," and the other has not yet been christened. But both are funny,—funny in every sense of the word. They are the kind of stories that make you laugh whether you want to or not.

## WITH THE INVESTOR

AS A NATION, the American people are thrifty.

Very few families have not a little hoard tucked away somewhere in the proverbial "teacup" or "toe of a stocking." Such hoards in these times of plenty rapidly swell into proportions which suggest investment. Unfortunately there is an army of sharks preying upon the savings of the people,—the "get-rich-quick" man is everywhere. Each day adds to the number of lambs fleeced and shorn in and out of Wall Street. Oddly enough, the very suspicions of the people work against them. Wall Street has a bad name and yet the best and most conservative investments are to be found there. Many people keep away from Wall Street to their detriment, because they must invest and they fall a prey to other and less reliable advisers.

Judging from the great number of letters received daily on this subject, it is obvious that our readers have great confidence in our judgment along these lines. This is such a deep and seri-

ous subject that we have hesitated about assuming the responsibility of giving advice. We are grateful for the high opinion and confidence of our readers and for the letters received from investors. They have given us an idea of real value, and are responsible for a department in SUCCESS MAGAZINE which will appear each month, beginning with the September issue, and which we will call "WITH THE INVESTOR."

Our plans do not contemplate giving "tips" or anything of that nature. We propose, however, to have every letter of inquiry regarding subscribers' investments answered by men who are thoroughly conversant with the financial market. We have been successful in securing the services of several of the best known men of authority. We propose also to have articles each month from them concerning various lines of investment, their value to the investor, etc. With this staff we hope to be able to direct our subscribers into safe and conservative investments.



# THE EDITOR'S CABINET



WM. P. BROOKS  
*Agriculture*

## AGRICULTURE

WILLIAM P. BROOKS is one of the makers of modern Japan. The Imperial Japanese Government, in 1877, made diplomatic inquiries for an American agriculturist to introduce Occidental ideas into the farm practices of Japan. The choice fell upon Dr. Brooks, who is a graduate of the Massachusetts Agricultural College and post-graduate of the University of Halle, Germany. After eleven years as professor of agriculture at the Imperial College at Tokio, Dr. Brooks came home to take the chair of agriculture, which he still retains at his *alma mater*. He is director of the Hatch Experimental Station, author of "Agriculture," (3 vols.,) and of numerous books and papers. From an extensive correspondence as lecturer, writer, and teacher, Dr. Brooks has become a heart-whole believer in the popularization of scientific knowledge. He will give all reasonable inquiries of our readers personal attention.

## LITERATURE

EDWIN MARKHAM, author of "The Man with the Hoe," is preëminently one of the leaders in American letters. He is a student as well as writer. For many years he has spent a large part of his time reading and studying the prose and poetry of the world's greatest masters. We think we are pretty safe in stating that no other living man knows more of the inside of books than EDWIN MARKHAM. His judgment on matters of literature is sought by the leading publishers, and we feel particularly fortunate in having been able to secure his services as a member of the cabinet.



Dr. F. A. CLEVELAND  
*Finance*



EDWIN MARKHAM  
*Literature*

## FINANCE

EXPERT investigation of the finances of New York City, including its funded debt aggregating more than five hundred millions of dollars, and the annual budget of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, with assets of over four millions, calls for financial acumen and experience of a rare order.

Dr. FREDERICK A. CLEVELAND who has recently been engaged in both of these undertakings can not only see his own way clearly through the labyrinth of modern finance but can also make financial matters understandable to the lay reader. Dr. CLEVELAND is a valued member of Mayor McClelland's advisory committee, and is one of the busiest men in New York. He is willing, however, to give consideration to financial queries of general interest.

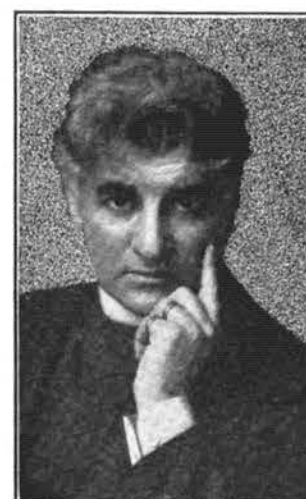
**DIRECTIONS:**—Write with pen and ink, or typewriter, and on one side of the paper only, inclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply. Address all communications to The Editor's Cabinet, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Room 819, University Building, New York City.



ISABEL GORDON CURTIS  
*Domestic Economy*

## SCIENCE AND INVENTION

HUDSON MAXIM, inventor of "Maximite," one of the most powerful of modern explosives, an expert in all branches of science, chemistry, and invention will head the department devoted to this important branch of progress. We asked Mr. MAXIM to become a member of the Cabinet principally because of his knowledge in his chosen field. His opinions are largely sought and highly paid for not only by private individuals and corporations, but also by the governments of the world. One of the best things we can write about him is to repeat what one of his friends once said: "To hear Maxim talk about chemistry is like listening to an adventure story by Conan Doyle." Mr. Maxim will answer all questions relating to his departments.



DAVID BELASCO  
*The Drama*

## THE DRAMA

IN 1880, DAVID BELASCO—now acknowledged dean of the American stage, then a young man with an infinite ambition, marvelous force and determination, and some reputation on the Pacific Coast,—"came out of the West." His first great success, "Lord Chumley," started E. H. Sothorn on his brilliant career. There followed a series of plays, some written alone, some in collaboration with the late H. C. De Mille. In 1898 he started Mrs. Leslie Carter on her successful career, and since then he has added to the artistic influence of the drama by his presentation of such notable actors as Blanche Bates, Henrietta Crosman, and David Warfield. He is the greatest living master of stagecraft and a clever playwright. Mr. BELASCO has placed at the disposal of our readers not only his own exhaustive fund of information upon matters dramatic but also the co-operation of his entire professional staff.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY

"THE MAKING OF A HOUSEWIFE," recently published, by ISABEL GORDON CURTIS, has established the position of the author as an authority upon all household matters. Mrs. CURTIS, after a long and successful career as a journalist, has resigned her position as editor of a leading monthly periodical to give her entire time to general library work and correspondence. She has had years of study in schools of domestic economy. Her contributions have long been welcome to readers of the principal American periodicals. She will give attention to inquiries concerning the household.



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## Wonderful New York

This free book tells all about New York, the wonderful metropolis of America, and the possibilities it is unfolding to people who can invest a little money,—even though it is only \$5 a month.

What do you know about New York?

No matter whether you have lived there or have been there or not, one thing you must know, New York is the most wonderful city in the world—a city designed to become within a few years the world's metropolis—the largest city in the whole universe.

### New York Is Young

The situation in New York City now is unparalleled.

No other city is growing so fast.

None can grow as fast.

Remarkable as the growth of New York has been, the city is still in its infancy.

But Manhattan Island, the original site of New York, 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.

What is the solution to this great problem?

### The Suburbs

Although last year 250,000 people moved to Greater New York, Manhattan decreased 30,000 in population.

This means that practically 280,000 people have, during the last twelve months, moved to the suburbs.

During the next twelve months and succeeding twelve months for many years to come, more people will move to the suburbs than ever before in New York's history.

The suburbs are being made attractive for New Yorkers.

### The Wonderful Hudson River Tunnels

The greatest engineering feat of centuries is now practically completed.

Three great tunnels have been bored beneath the Hudson River. Tunnels through which trains and trolleys will run.

Tunnels which will bring suburban New Jersey, now nearly an hour in point of time away from Manhattan, to within 19 to 30 minutes of the heart of the city.

By means of these tunnels, the New Yorker will be able to reach his suburban home as quickly as he can now reach his city flat.

He can live more cheaply, more comfortably, more healthfully, enjoying pure air and pure water, and yet have all the city's advantages and privileges.

Think what these tunnels will do for the New Yorker.

Think what these tunnels will do for New Jersey.

Think what these tunnels may do for you if you will but take advantage of the opportunity they offer.

### An Era of Development

Northern New Jersey is on the eve of development such as it never has known before.

During the next five years and onward, land values will increase enormously. The entire countryside will be dotted with homes. Towns will spring up as though by magic. Cities will spread and industries multiply.

We have seen the wonderful opportunity that New Jersey offers and for months past have been taking advantage of it.

We control valuable tracts of land situated right in the heart of the district that will be most benefited by the Hudson river tunnels.

We now in turn offer this land to you.

If you have \$5 or more a month to invest, you can buy a lot in one of these New Jersey suburban towns.

### No Chance for Loss

It is an investment in which you have not the slightest possibility of losing.

Real Estate near a city like New York is as safe as a government bond.

It is safe to say that if you buy one of these lots on the instalment plan to-day, you will have an opportunity of selling it for far more than you have contracted to pay even before your payments are completed.

It is absolutely certain that if you buy a lot now and will hold it for five or ten years or more, your profits will be enormous.

I honestly believe that within ten years every hundred dollars invested in New York suburban real estate in New Jersey will be worth one thousand dollars.

All this and more my free book tells.

It explains and proves every statement it makes.

It is beautifully illustrated with photographs of this rising state. It explains in detail just where to buy and how to buy and how to be sure your investment is a good one.

The history of New York reads like a novel and you will find this book as interesting as one.

Even though you have never thought of investing in real estate or of investing near New York, you ought to read this book if you are in a position to make such an investment.

Remember the time to buy is now.

Real estate is cheap in Jersey to-day.

Next year it will not be and within a few years suburban real estate in Northern New Jersey will be as unapproachable to the average investor as real estate on Manhattan Island is to-day.

Won't you send for this book to-day?

Just ask for it on a postal card. I will send it to you by return mail and you will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

Don't let this opportunity slip by. Let me hear from you.

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391 North American Bldg., PHILADELPHIA