

SUCCESS

MAGAZINE



CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1906

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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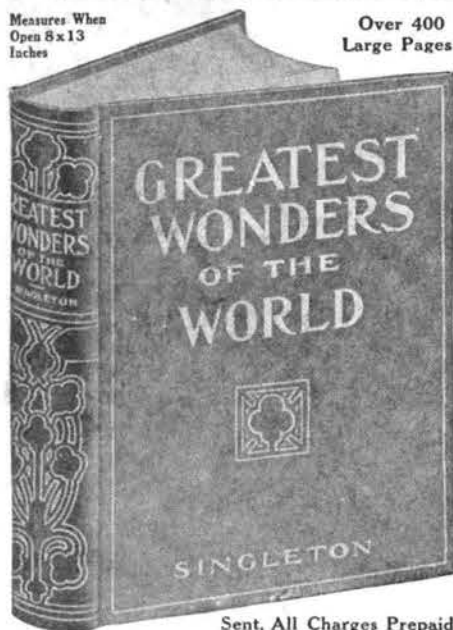
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Success Magazine

ORISON S. MARDEN ROBERT MACKAY
EDITOR AND FOUNDER ASSOCIATE EDITOR

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Q "Then why is it everyone who uses a fountain pen does not buy a Parker?"

Q Simply because some people do not take the time as you do, to inform themselves as to what to buy and what not to buy, and buy something merely because they do not inform themselves of something better.

Q "But will you please tell me how it is the Lucky Curve makes the Parker cleanly when others soil the fingers?"

Q Very gladly.

TO ILLUSTRATE

Q In the common kind of fountain pens you will find, if you unscrew the nozzle from the barrel, that the feeder is cut off almost co-extensive with the thread end. Unscrew the Parker and you will find the feeder extending for a short distance and in the form of a curve—hence the phrase "Lucky Curve." This curved end is made so that when its face is in position it will just touch against the side of the barrel. This face also has a little slit or mouth which communicates with the main channel of the feeder. Just as soon as the fountain is inverted, as it is when carried in the pocket, the ink passes down

through the ink channel, which is a capillary channel,



THIS SHOWS THE LUCKY CURVE

to the mouth of the feeder, where it is in turn delivered to the side of the barrel and by it carried along to the reservoir, and the feed channel is quickly emptied. Consequently when the cap is next removed from the Parker Pen, the nozzle is found as dry and clean as when the pen was first put in the pocket. In the common and old style pens of other makes nothing has been made to provide for care of ink in the feed channel after the pen has been returned to the pocket and which has caused so many blackened fingers and dissatisfaction in using. The feeder, as said before, in the OLD STYLE PENS, is cut square off with or nearly to the end of the screw and the ink cannot return to the reservoir.

Q No intelligent person would, knowingly, run into trouble if they could avoid it; and a safe rule in purchasing a fountain pen and not be imposed upon, is to unscrew the nozzle and examine the thread end.

Q See that it has the Lucky Curve.

Q If it has a cut off feed and no provision for preventing the spilling of ink over the nozzle, let it severely alone, unless you enjoy inky fingers.

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the feed channel faster than is used in writing, either by expansion of air in the reservoir or a sudden jar, or for any reason whatsoever. In the old style pen no provision is made for these exigencies. If the pen leaks it simply leaks, or if it "blots," it blots. In the Parker Spearhead Ink Controller the feeder is provided with a number of little reservoirs on either side of the ink channel which act in perfect harmony with the laws laid down in physics, and each little reservoir gathers up the surplus ink and holds onto it so tenaciously that it is almost impossible to loosen its grasp until drawn up into the ink channel again, which writing will do.

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THE PARKER PEN CO., - - 96 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

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LORETTA OF THE SHIPYARDS

By F. Hopkinson Smith

I.
FOR centuries the painters of Venice have seized and made their own the objects they loved most in this wondrous City by the Sea. Canaletto, ignoring every other beautiful thing, laid hold of quays backed by lines of palaces bordering the Grand Canal, dotted with queer gondolas rowed by gondoliers, in queerer hoods of red or black, depending on the guild to which they belonged. Turner stamped his ownership on sunset skies, silver dawns, illuminations, *fêtes*, and once in a while on a sweep down the canal past the Salute, its dome a huge incandescent pearl. Ziem tied up to the long wall and water steps of the Public Garden, aflame with sails of red and gold: he is still there—was the last I heard of him, octogenarian as he is. Rico tacks his card to garden walls splashed with the cool shadows of rose-pink oleanders dropping their blossoms into white and green ripples, melting into blue. As for me—I have laid hands on a canal—the Rio Giuseppe—all of it—from the beginning of the red wall where the sailors land, along its crookednesses to the side entrance of the Public Garden, and so past the rookeries to the lagoon, where the tower of Castello is ready to topple into the sea.

Not much of a canal—not much of a painting ground really, to the masters who have gone before and are still at work, but a truly lovable, lovely, and most enchanting possession to me their humble disciple. Once you get into it you never want to get out, and, once out, you are miserable until you get in again. On one side stretches a row of rookeries—a maze of hanging clothes, fish-nets, balconies hooded by awnings and topped by nondescript chimneys of all sizes and patterns, with here and there a dab of vermilion and light red, the whole brilliant against a china-blue sky. On the other runs the long brick wall of the garden,—soggy, begrimed; streaked with moss and lichen in bands of black-green and yellow ochre, over which mass and sway the great sycamores that Ziem loves, their lower branches interwoven with cinnabar cedars gleaming in spots where the prying sun drips gold.

Only wide enough for a *barca* and two gondo-

las to pass—this canal of mine. Only deep enough to let a wine barge through; so narrow you must go all the way back to the lagoon if you would turn your gondola; so short you can row through it in five minutes; every inch of its water surface part of everything about it, so clear are the reflections; full of moods, whims, and fancies, this wave space—one moment in a broad laugh coquetting with a bit of blue sky peeping from behind a cloud, its cheeks dimpled with sly undercurrents, the next swept by flurries of little winds, soft as the breath of a child on a mirror; then, when aroused by a passing boat, breaking out into ribbons of color—swirls of twisted doorways, flags, awnings, flower-laden balconies, black-shawled Venetian beauties—all upside down, interwoven with strips of turquoise sky and green waters—a bewildering, intoxicating jumble of tatters and tangles, maddening in detail, brilliant in color, harmonious in tone: the whole scintillating with a picturesqueness beyond the ken or brush of any painter living or dead.

On summer days—and it is always summer days for me in Venice (the other fellow can have it in winter,)—everybody living in the rookeries camps out on the quay, the women sitting in groups stringing beads, the men flat on the pavement mending their nets. On the extreme outer edge of this quay hanging over the water, reaching down, holding on by a foot or an arm to the iron rail, are massed the children—millions of children—I never counted them, but still I say millions of children. This has gone on ever since I staked out my claim—was a part of the inducement, in fact, that decided me to move in and take possession—boats, children, still water, and rookeries being the ingredients out of which I concoct combinations that some misguided people take home and say they feel better for.

If you ask me for how many years I have been sole owner of this stretch of water I must refer you to Loretta. She had lived just five summers when my big gondolier, Luigi, pulled her dripping wet from the canal, and she had





lived all of sixteen, absorbing all their beauty and warmth, when I last saw her and when all I have to tell happened. And yet, now I come to think of it, Loretta's little mishap does not go back far enough. My claim was really staked out before she was born, (I am still in possession—that is—I was last year, and hope to be this,) and her becoming part of its record is like the sticking of two pins on a chart,—the first marking her entrance at five and the second her exit eleven years later. All the other years of my occupation—those before her coming and since her going—have been, of course, full of the kind of joy that comes to a painter, but these eleven years—well, these had all this joy and then, too, they had—Loretta.

I was in the bow of the gondola when the first of these two pins found its place on the chart, working away like mad, trying to get the exact shadow tones on a sun-flecked wall of one of the rookeries. Luigi was aft, fast asleep, his elbow under his head; I never object, for then he does n't shake the boat. Suddenly from out the hum of the

children's voices came a scream vibrant with terror. Then a splash! Then the gondola swayed as if a *barca* had bumped it, and the next thing I knew Luigi's body curved through the air, struck the water, making an enormous souse, and up came Loretta on Luigi's hand, her plump, wet little body resting as easily as a tray on a waiter's palm. Another sweep with his free arm, and he passed up the dripping child and clambered up beside her.

That was a great day for me! I had been looked upon heretofore as a squatter: possessing certain rights, of course, and more or less welcome because of sundry *lire* expended for the temporary use of fishing boats with sails up, — but still an interloper. Now I became one of the thousand families and the million children. These were all in evidence in less than ten seconds. The peculiar quality of that scream had done it. Not only from the top story of the highest rookery did they swarm, but from all the *campo* around, way back to the shipyards, as well. Luigi pushed the gondola to the quay and I lifted out the water-soaked, blue-lipped little tot, her hair flattened against her cheeks,—she was laughing now,—“It was nothing,” she said, “my foot slipped,”—and placed her in the hands of the longest-armed fishwife; and then Luigi disappeared into a door, level with the quay, from which he reappeared ten minutes later in a suit of dry clothes, the property of a fisherman, and of so grotesque a fit that he set the population in a roar, the trousers reaching to his knees and the cuffs of the coat to his elbows. My Luigi, you might as well know, is six feet and an inch, with the torso of a Greek god and a face that is twin to Colleone's, and, furthermore, is quite as distinguished looking as that gentleman on horseback, even if he does wear a straw hat instead of a copper helmet.

After this Loretta became part of my establishment, especially at luncheon time, Luigi hunting her up and bringing her aboard in his arms, she clinging to his grizzled, sunburned neck. Often she would spend the rest of the day watching me paint. All I knew of her antecedents and life outside of these visits was what Luigi told me. She was born, he said, in the shipyards, and at the moment lived in the top of the rookery nearest the bridge. She had an only sister, who was ten years older; the mother was the wife of a crab fisherman who had died some years before; the two children and mother were cared for by a brother crab fisherman. His son Francesco, if report were true, was to marry the sister when she turned fifteen, Francesco being four years older. This last reference to Francesco came with a shake of the head and a certain expression in Luigi's eyes which told me at once that his opinion of the prospective groom was not for publication—a way he has when he dislikes somebody and is too polite to express it.

“Fishes for crabs, like his father?” I asked. “Yes, crabs and young girls,” he answered with a frown. “A poor lot, these crab catchers, *Signore*. Was it the charcoal or a brush you wanted?”

Francesco did not interest me,—nor did the grown-up sister; nor the mother, over whom Luigi also shrugged his shoulders. It was Loretta's chubbiness that delighted my soul.

Even at five she was an entrancing little body. One can always tell what the blossom will be from the bud. All the essentials of beauty were in evidence in Loretta's case: dark, lustrous, velvety eyes; dazzling teeth—not one missing; jet-black hair—and such a wealth of it, almost to her shoulders; a slender figure, small hands and feet; neat, well-turned ankles and wrists, and rounded plump arms above the elbows.

“What do you intend to do, little one, when you grow up?” I asked her one morning. She was sitting beside me, her eyes following every movement of my brush.

“Oh, what everybody does. I shall string beads and then when I get big like my sister I shall go to the priest and get married, and have a ring and new shoes and a beautiful, beautiful veil all over my hair.”

“So! And have you picked him out yet?” “Oh, no, *Signore*! Why I am only a little girl. But he will surely come,—they always come.”

These mornings in the gondola continued until she was ten years old. Sometimes it was a melon

held high in the air that tempted her; or a basket of figs, or some huge bunches of grapes; or a roll and a broiled fish from a passing cook-boat: but the bait always sufficed. With a little cry of joy the beads would be dropped, or the neighbor's child passed to another or whatever else occupied her busy head and small hands, and away she would run to the water steps and hold out her arms until Luigi rowed over and lifted her in. She had changed, of course, in these five years, and was still changing, but only as an expanding bud changes. The eyes were the same and so were the teeth—if any had dropped out, newer and better ones had taken their places; but the hair was richer, fuller, longer, more like coils of liquid jet, with a blue sheen where the sky lights touched its folds. The tight, trim little figure, too, had loosened out in certain places—especially about the chest and hips. Before many years she would flower into the purest type of the Venetian—the most beautiful woman the world knows.

At sixteen she burst into bloom.

I have never seen a black tulip, but if inside its shroud of coal-black, glossy enfoldings—so like Loretta's hair—there lies enshrined a mouth red as a pomegranate and as enticing, and if above it there burn two eyes that would make a holy man clutch his rosary; and if the flower sways on its stalk with the movement of a sapling caressed by a summer breeze;—then the black tulip is precisely the kind of flower that Loretta bloomed into.

And here the real trouble began,—just as it begins for every other pretty Venetian, and here, too, must I place the second pin in my chart.

It all came through Francesco. The older sister had died with the first child, and this crab catcher had begun to stretch out his claws for Loretta. She and her mother still lived with Francesco's father, who was a widower. The mother kept the house for all,—had done so for Francesco and her daughter during their brief married life.

In her persecution Loretta would pour out her heart to Luigi, telling how they bothered her,—her mother the most of all. She hated Francesco,—hated his father,—hated everybody who wanted her to marry the fisherman. (Luigi, poor fellow, had lost his own daughter at five years of age, which accounted, I always thought, for his interest in the girl.)

One morning she called to him and waited on the quay until he could hail a passing *barca* and step from the gondola to its deck and so



“Against the wall stood Loretta; ghastly white, impassive, calm”

ashore. Then the two disappeared through the gate of the garden.

"Every day she must pay a boy two *soldi*, *Signore*, to escort her to the lace factory—" he explained on his return. "The boy is sick to-day and so I went with her. She is too pretty to go alone. But their foolishness will stop after this;—these rats know Luigi."

From this day on Loretta had the Riva to herself.

II.

So far there has been introduced into this story the bad man, Francesco, with crab-like tendencies, who has just lost his wife; the ravishingly beautiful Loretta; the girl's mother, of whom all sorts of stories were told—none to her credit; big tender-hearted Luigi Zanaletto, prince of gondoliers, and last, and this time least, a staid old painter who works in a gondola up a crooked canal which is smothered in trees, choked by patched-up boats and flanked by tattered rookeries so shaky that the slightest earth quiver would tumble them into kindling wood.

There enters now another and much more important character,—one infinitely more interesting to my beautiful Lady of the Shipyards than any grandfather gondolier or staid old painter who ever lived. This young gentleman is twenty-one; has a head like the Hermes, a body like the Fauns, and winsome, languishing eyes with a light in their depths which have set the heart of every girl along his native Giudecca pitapatting morning, noon, and night. He enjoys the distinguished name of Vittorio Borodini, and is the descendant of a family of gondoliers—of the guild of the Castellani—who can trace their ancestral calling back some two hundred years, (so can Luigi; but then Luigi never speaks of it, and the Borodinis always do.) Being aristocrats, the Zanalettos and Borodinis naturally fraternize, and as they live in the same quarter—away up on the Giudecca—two miles from my canal—the fathers of Vittorio and Luigi have become intimate friends. Anything, therefore, touching the welfare of any one of the descendants of so honorable a guild was more or less vital to the members of both families.

At the moment something *had* touched a Borodino—and at the most vital of spots. This was nothing less than the heart of young Vittorio, the pride and hope of his father. He had seen the "Rose of the Shipyards," as she was called, pass the *traghetto* of the Molo, off which lay his gondola awaiting custom, and his end had come,—it was on one of the days when the two-*soldi* boy acted as chaperon.

It had only been a glance that had slipped from out the lower corner of the left eye of Loretta as she floated along past the big columns of the Palazzo of the Doges, but it had gone through the young gondolier and out on the other side, leaving a wound that nothing would heal. She had not intended to hurt him, or even to attract him;—he only happened to be in the

way when her search light illumined his path.

Vittorio knew she came from the rookeries and that he, the scion of a noble family, should look higher for his mate, but that made no difference. She was built for him and he was built for her, and that was the end of it: not for an intrigue—he was not constructed along those lines—but with a ring and a priest and all the rest of it. The main difficulty was to find some one who knew her. He would not,—could not, confront her; nor would he follow her home; but something must be done, and at once; a conclusion, it will be admitted, that an incalculable number of young Vittorios have reached, sooner or later, the world over.

When, therefore, a rumor came to his ears that Luigi the Primo was protecting her—the kind of protection that could never be misunderstood in Luigi's case—a piece of news which his informer was convinced would end the projected intrigue of the young gondolier, then and there and for all time, Vittorio laughed so loud and so long, and so merrily, that he lost, in consequence, two fares to San Giorgio, and came near being reprimanded by the Gastaldo for his carelessness.

That was why late one afternoon—I was painting the sunset glow—just as Loretta reached the edge of the quay on her way home, a young fellow, in white duck with a sash of dark red silk hanging from his waist and a rakish straw hat tipped over his handsome face, shot his gondola alongside mine and leaned over to whisper something in Luigi's ear. And that was why the girl in her long black shawl stopped, and why Luigi immediately changed gondolas and made for the quay, and why they all talked together for a moment, the girl flashing and the boy beaming, and that was why, too, they all three disappeared a moment later in the direction of the high rookery where lived the baffled, love-sick Francesco, his anxious father, the much-talked-about mother, and the Rose of the Shipyards.

In a garden where the soil is so rich that a seedling of five—a mere slip—blossoms into flower before a foolish old painter can exhaust the subjects along the canal, it is not surprising that a love affair reaches its full growth between two sons. Not since the day she had tumbled into the canal had she gone so head-over-heels—both of them. Nor did Luigi pull them out. He helped in the drowning, really.

He was talking to himself when he came back—a soft light in his eyes, a smile lingering around the corners of his up-turned, grizzled moustache. "It is good to be young, *Signore*, is it not?" was all he said, and at once began bundling up my traps.

Before the week was out,—nay, before the setting of the two suns—every gossip along the Riva—and they about covered the population—had become convinced that Loretta was lost to the Quarter. Unless a wedding ring was to end it all Vittorio would never be so bold in his attentions to Loretta, as to walk home with her

nights and wait for her mornings.

Luigi shook his head, but he did not help the gossips solve the problem. He had had trouble enough already with Vittorio's father.

"A common wench from the yards, I hear, Luigi!" he had blazed out—"and you, I hear, brought them together—you,—who have been my friend for—"

"Stop Borodini! Not another word! You are angry, and when you are angry you are stupid. I carried that girl in my arms when she was a baby! I have watched over her ever since. A wench! Not one of your own daughters has a heart so white. If Vittorio is so great a coward as to listen to their talk I'll keep her for his betters."

All this snapped out of Luigi's eyes and rolled from under his crisp moustache as he repeated the outbreak to me. What the end might be neither the Giudecca nor San Giuseppe could decide. The Borodinis were proud. Vittorio's father was one of the gondoliers belonging to the palace and always rowed the good Queen Margherita when she came incognito to Venice,—a post which greatly enhanced his social station. Vittorio was the only son, and already a member of the *Traghetto*, young as he was. But then, were there any girls better than Loretta, or as good? She helped her mother; she paid her share of the rent to Francesco's father; she gave to the poor box. That she was the sunshine of the Quarter every one knew who heard her sweet, cheery voice. As to her family, it was true that her mother was a Sicilian who boiled over sometimes, in a tempest of rage, like Vesuvius,—but her father had been one of them. And then again, was she not the chosen friend of Luigi, the Primo, and of the crazy painter who haunted the canal? The boy and his father might be glad, etc., etc.

The only persons who were oblivious to the talk were the two lovers. Their minds were made up. Father Garola had promised, and they knew exactly what to do, and when and where to do it. In the meantime the Riva was a pathway of rose-tinted clouds constructed for the especial use of two angels, one of whom wore a straw hat with a red ribbon canted over his sunburnt face, and the other a black shawl with silken fringe, whose every movement suggested a caress.

The one disgruntled person was Francesco. He had supposed at first that, like the others Vittorio would find out his mistake;—certainly when he looked closely into the pure eyes of the girl, and that then, like the others, he would give up the chase;—he not being the first gay Lothario who had been taught just such a lesson.

Loretta's answer, to the schemer given with a toss of her head and a curl of her lips, closed Francesco's mouth and set his brain in a whirl.

[Concluded on pages 866 and 867]



"Vittorio loosened one hand and took something from his pocket"



Photo by Van Der Weyde, N. Y.

Courtesy of "McClure's Magazine"



MARK SULLIVAN,
Associate Editor, "Collier's,"
New York



GEORGE E. COLE,
President, Legislative Voters' League,
Chicago



BRAND WHITLOCK,
Mayor of Toledo,
Ohio



HOMER FOLKS,
Former Commissioner of Charities,
New York



LOUIS D. BRANDEIS,
Attorney at Law,
Boston

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WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,
Editor, "The Gazette," Emporia,
Kansas



SAMUEL McCUNE LINDSAY,
National Child Labor Committee,
Philadelphia



R. M. ALLEN,
Interstate Pure Food Commission,
Lexington, Kentucky



JOHN MITCHELL,
President, United Mine Workers of America,
Indianapolis



BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
President, University of California,
Berkeley, California

The People's Lobby

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

THE Governing Committee of the People's Lobby met at Washington on October 22 and 23, organized, and issued the following announcement of its purposes:

The function of the People's Lobby shall include:

1.—The collection and dissemination of information regarding pending national legislation, and the attitude of members of Congress thereon.

2.—The keeping of an accurate record of the official acts and votes of members of Congress, together with other information pertinent to their official records; and from time to time the making public of these records, and securing for them the widest possible publicity.

A Committee on Ways and Means was chosen to carry forward the undertaking preliminary to the second meeting of the Governing Committee, called for some date late in November. The following make up this temporary committee:

Towner K. Webster, of Chicago, as chairman; Henry Beach Needham, journalist, of Washington, D. C.; George E. Cole, of Chicago, President of the Legislative Voters' League of that city, and State Senator Everett Colby, of New Jersey; the temporary chairman, Mark Sullivan, of "Collier's," and R. M. Allen, of the Interstate Pure Food Commission, of Kentucky, being also members, *ex officio*.

Ready for Work

The People's Lobby is, therefore, no longer a project, but an accomplished fact. The portraits of the members of the Governing Committee are shown on these two pages. The record of each of these twenty men is as clean as a hound's tooth. The work of organizing the permanent bureau, and of engaging the men to carry it on, is now in progress. When Congress convenes on the first Tuesday in December, the People's Lobby will be ready.

In accordance with its announced purpose, this magazine has formally rendered an accounting to the Governing Committee. Our

relations with the work from this time forward will be no closer than those of any public-spirited magazine, newspaper, or citizen. We shall ask no favors, and for no special information. We, who have had the good fortune to be associated with the carrying out of Mr. Needham's splendid idea, realize as deeply as you, reader, the wonderful possibilities of the People's Lobby if it is left free to develop along the lines of honesty, efficiency, and utter fearlessness.

Its Records Will Be Open

There can be no excuse for any sort of secrecy in the work of the bureau. It is based on the belief that there is no reason why any detail of the legislative work of this republic should be kept hidden. It assumes that evasion of the light is an unhealthy symptom. And, animated by this spirit, it can do no less than keep all its own records open, all the time, to any magazine, any newspaper, any citizen, or body of citizens.

These records will be made up of facts, not of opinions. In so far as they will go to fix the full personal responsibility of senators and representatives for the work of Congress and its committees, the reports will be based wholly on their public acts. The People's Lobby is not interested in personal or political gossip. But every state and district has a right to scrutinize the work of its representatives in Congress, as has an employer to scrutinize the work of his employees. There is nothing in the slightest degree personal about this. No honest man can object to a record, compiled thoroughly and accurately from official sources, of his public acts—of precisely what he has said and how he has voted on every question that has arisen during his term of office, all brought together in concise form and stated in uncompromisingly simple terms. It should be seen, from this,

that the People's Lobby is starting out without the slightest feeling of antagonism for Congress. These records will be an inestimable help to the upright independent congressman. As to the dishonest congressman—and it is with regret that I employ the term—the records will probably hurt him.

So the People's Lobby is finally launched. No one will say how much it will be able to accomplish. It will take a little time to get it running smoothly. But before very long it must, in the homely phrase, "make good." It will not have achieved its aim until the whole country has seen it at its work, has judged it by its results, and has come to believe in its honesty and its efficiency. It must go on until it has earned the respect of the country. And we, who have seen it grow from a mere spoken idea, believe that it will earn this respect.

Battling with Enemies

The most interesting feature which has attended the announcement of the plan has been its reception by the press and by the public. An idea so new and striking as this, boldly set forth, commands attention, draws out excited approval and excited disapproval. It first encounters the small mind—the sort of mind that is frightened, shocked by a new idea merely because it is new. It next meets the biased or dishonest mind, the sort of mind which instinctively

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JAMES B. REYNOLDS,
of Neill-Reynolds Meat Inspection Report,
New York City



HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM,
Journalist,
Washington, D. C.

Samuel Hopkins Adams in "Ridgway's," October 13

"Constructive effort" has been the shibboleth of certain prominent men who have been more or less disconcerted by the general enlightening which they dub "the era of exposure." "Why don't the exposer build up instead of tear down?" they cry, passionately or plaintively, according to the intensity of their own hurt. To their attention the People's Lobby is commended. This movement is both the outgrowth and the promise of a fuller understanding of our methods of government. In intent it is "constructive." It is active. Its main purpose is to maintain, at Washington, an observation station for watchfulness upon national legislation and to satisfy the "want to know" demand. . . . If only as an intelligence office; if nothing more than a bulletin of the when, how, and wherefore of national legislation, the People's Lobby, managed with a wise independence of partisanship, should be a genuinely constructive force.

opposes all clean, open things. This second sort usually relies on ridicule and misrepresentation for its weapons. But finally the idea must reach the wide public to which it was directed, and that public, slowly milling it down, will sooner or later give it just about as much or as little esteem as it ultimately deserves.

We could have prophesied, at the start, just what certain newspapers would say about the People's Lobby; and it has been both interesting and amusing to see each of these fall into its looked-for manner. I would not take time to quote one or two metropolitan editorials here, were it not that they accurately represent the attitude of these papers toward all the new, clean political ideas. Some of our leading newspapers cut rather a sorry figure in the present crisis; and never is the figure sorer than when they are pushed to the front to defend every outpost of the corporations. Their weapons are limited against such a plan as this.

The Brief for the Corporations

They can say, first, that Congress *does* represent the country, that it is noble and exalted in spirit and needs no oversight,—which is, of course, simply silly. The editor who really thinks he can, in the year 1906, fool the American people with such nonsense should, in his own interest, be brought down to date. The second argument against a People's Lobby is that it

is unnecessary because the work is already thoroughly carried on by the Washington correspondents. There are elements of humor in this assertion; there is also a complete misconception of the Lobby's work. I will take this up a little farther on. The third method, apparently the last resort of the opposition, is to ridicule the whole thing.

The Washington Press Gallery

This last is the method of the New York "Sun." "It is plain that the period of secrecy in Congress is over," says the "Sun." "The great conspiracy of silence to which Republicans and Democrats, conservatives and radicals, the press correspondents of all degrees and the executive department of the government were parties, is at an end. The hidden things that tell the real story of the work of Congress will all be revealed when Seth Low is put on guard. Nothing can escape the eagle eye of John Mitchell; and Lincoln Steffens is one of the most high-browed of exposer. In this noble company will be another great man, James B. Reynolds, who discovered that the slaughtering business is not a dainty trade. . . . The nation needs such a watchdog at its capitol. There are no good men in Congress, of course."

In this editorial are found, hidden away under the cynical humor which, in the "Sun," is always delightful reading, both method one and method three—a defense of Congress, coupled with broad ridicule of the idea, the whole flavored with a dash of misrepresentation.

The New York "Times" relies wholly on method number two. "A People's Lobby," it says, in a "Sunday special," of October 14, "is the attractive scheme proposed by one of the magazines. . . . But there is a People's Lobby already at Washington. It has been operating with the utmost vigilance for many

Norman Hapgood in Collier's," October 13

The People's Lobby describes nothing that ever existed. Disregarding those judgments which are more prompt than lasting, such an institution might commend itself to the enthusiasm of reflective minds. The packers have their Washington lobby, the liquor interests their HOUGH, the patent medicine crew their BEARDSLEY; the railroads maintain their Washington bureau with its elaborate organization both for whispering in the ear of individual congressman on the back stairs, and for corrupting public opinion by means of a venal or guileless press. And so it would be an excellent thing to have a vigilant organization keeping an eye on things in behalf of the people of the United States. The People's Lobby could find, and name, the man who, in the obscure shadows of committee chambers, was blocking this bill or fathering that. It could act as attorney for the people.

years. So efficiently does it work that when 'snakes' get into bills and stay in them till the day of passage, it is never because the public has not been advised of them; it is always in defiance of that fact."

This "real People's Lobby" is the Washington Press Gallery. Here we have an admission that crooked things are done in Congress. If this is true, and if the Press Gallery has not yet succeeded in making the crooked straight, why object to assistance in the good work? No, I am glad to say that some of the ablest and most experienced correspondents at Washington welcome the People's Lobby. Of course, those correspondents who are lazy, or inefficient, or who are under the thumb of a senator, will oppose the new idea. But the best correspondents know that no one man, even with a "cub" assistant or two, can cover more than a few "features." He is necessarily governed by the "news value" of legislation. More, he generally has orders to leave certain men and bills alone. I will set over against this statement from the "Times" an editorial in the "Chicago Tribune" on this same subject:

Our Lawmakers Must Be Watched

The Washington correspondents used to make a sort of People's Lobby. Their reports were read with eagerness, many a pen name getting a place in history because of the faithfulness with which the owner portrayed the actual conditions at the capitol. There was not so much to conceal in those days as now, and an independent writer had a chance to make himself felt as a real servant of the people through the columns of the paper he represented. Individuality in news is not so common nowadays, with press associations at work everywhere, and so this sort of People's Lobby is no longer to be depended upon.

It is not an attractive thought that the people's interests must be protected by constant watchfulness of lawmakers. It would be much pleasanter to think that senators and representatives were animated by

[Continued on page 904]

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The Second Offense

By William Hamilton Osborne

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



“Steve!
Sit up!”

THE receiving teller stepped into the cage of McClenahan. McClenahan was the paying teller of the Beef & Tallow Bank.

“Say, Mac,” he exclaimed, with grumbling protest in his voice, “the bank examiners’ll be here to-morrow. What d’you suppose they’re thinking about—weather like this!”

He wiped his brow. McClenahan, the paying teller, did not. He *had* been hot. Now he was cold; uncanny thrills were running up and down his spine. The bank examiners! Why, nobody had expected them till fall. McClenahan took out his handkerchief and drew it across his lips. There were things that he knew that the bank examiners did not—things that, in the ordinary course of events, they would never find out. But now—the time was too short.

“Hang ‘em,” he called back to the receiving teller, “it is too hot—for them.”

This was in the morning. At noon McClenahan went up to Chambers Street. He sauntered into the American News Company’s big place. “Say,” he said to the old man at the counter, “give me every morning ‘Sun’ for a week back, will you?”

There was a faint memory that he wanted to strengthen and confirm. He had trained himself along certain lines lately, and he remembered things. But he wanted to be sure.

He looked the papers through, one by one. Then he discarded five of them and kept two.

He found what he was after. “Another Drowning Tragedy at Brighton Beach,” he read; “Two Men This Time. Their Bodies Unrecovered.”

So much for the first paper. The second told him briefly that the men had not yet been found.

He bought a “World” and found the picture of the men. They were ordinary looking men. Each wore a mustache. They were not men who would, under any ordinary circumstances, attract attention. They belonged to the crowd.

McClenahan went back to the bank. He stepped into the receiving teller’s cage, in turn.

“Gee, Mac, but you look cool,” said the perspiring receiving teller, “I never saw such a man. You always turn up as though you’d stepped out of a bandbox. How do you do it, Mac? Just look at me!”

McClenahan’s colleague was right. McClenahan prided himself upon his personal appearance. He was a man just a bit over the average height, with dark hair and a mustache into which the gray had just begun to creep. He was forty-five years of age, and looked not more than forty. There were few lines in his face; his color was good. The chief thing about his appearance was his neatness. He was one of the army of men called “natty.” His clothes were well made. His heels were never run down. His

hat was always new. He *belonged*.

“Well,” he said, speaking very distinctly and slowly to the receiving teller, “bank examiners or no bank examiners, I’m going down to the beach to-day, early, at three o’clock, to take a swim. That’s what I’m going to do, Tommy. Will you come along?”

But Tommy would n’t come along; and McClenahan knew that he would n’t come along. So McClenahan waited until quarter after three, and then went—alone.

“The bank examiners—the experts.” This was the song that the dusty cars sang to him on his way to ocean breezes; it was the song that the surf sang to him later on.

Day and night, in his dreams and in his waking hours, he had seen them coming—the experts. Day and night, step by step, he had laid his plans. Forewarned was forearmed with him. He knew what to do. It merely required executive ability.

He stepped into Bergmann’s Bathing Pavilion, and sauntered up to the desk. He knew the clerk and the clerk knew him.

“Just your kind of a day, Mr. McClenahan,” said the clerk, “surf running just nice and tide coming in.”

McClenahan nodded. He drew out his watch—a Swiss repeater that was worth four hundred dollars. He drew forth his wallet. The clerk saw him do it. The clerk saw him count the bills within it. There were two hundred and fifty dollars in that wallet. McClenahan took from his tie a diamond pin—his keys from his trousers pocket. He bundled all these things into an envelope, slowly, deliberately, as he always did things. Then he hired a high-priced bathing suit, took the key to his locker and the key to the little box in the safe in which the clerk had stowed his valuables, and—left.

He did not go directly to his bathing closet. He retraced his steps, went back to Surf Avenue,

stopped before a little shop, and handed out a brass check. The man within passed over a brown paper bundle. “You was n’t gone long,” said the man, dropping McClenahan’s quarter into his pocket, and immediately forgetting McClenahan.

McClenahan took the bundle, and went back to Bergmann’s. He did not enter by the main entrance, but by the side door. Then he went to his little room.

Next morning the daily papers had it: “Another Washed Away. Paying Teller of the Beef & Tallow Bank.”

How did these papers know this thing? They knew it by virtue of circumstantial evidence. They knew it because the clerk at Bergmann’s had told them about it, had exhibited the evidence. They knew it because the bathing master was interviewed, and gave up all he knew. There could be no doubt about it.

“Gee,” said the clerk, “look at the stuff he left behind! Look at the wad in his pocketbook! And that there pin; and a turnip that’d make you cross-eyed just thinkin’ of it. And his clothes—gee, he was a swell, all right!”

His clothes they had found in his bathing room, where he had disrobed. He had gone out in his bathing suit, and had never come back. John, the big bathing master, outside, knew McClenahan and had talked with him that day in the surf just before he missed him.

“Blame good swimmer, the gent was,” said big John. “I never give him a thought. Last I saw of him, he was away out beyond the lines. Yep. That’s all I know. He went out an’ he never come back.”

The Beef & Tallow Bank opened next morning at ten o’clock and broke forth into expression of unfeigned grief. McClenahan had been theirs for years.

“We’ll never get another man—as good or as honest,” the old president said, wiping his eyes.

In the midst of it all, the bank examiners arrived, cool, unperturbed, business-like. Men might drown down at the shore, but *they* could n’t help it. There were a good many things they could n’t help—especially in banks. They found several in the Beef & Tallow Bank, that very day. At noon, when half the bank’s force had gone to lunch, the experts stepped into the cashier’s office.

“Call in the old man,” they said. The cashier obeyed.

“Now here—” began one of the experts, shoving some loose sheets under the cashier’s nose. The cashier read them through.

“Are you sure?” he asked. They nodded. The president looked nervously over the documents. Then he raised his hand in horror.

“McClenahan!” he almost screamed, “McClenahan!”

The next day the evening papers had it, in all its ghastliness. And they sang a new song: “Suicide. McClenahan, Paying Teller of the Beef & Tallow Bank.”

McClenahan was an ordinary thief. He had stolen, well, more or less—the bank would n’t tell; it was a matter of thousands and thousands of dollars, anyway. It was all as clear as sunshine—now.

McClenahan may have been a forger and thief, but he was not a suicide. That was a little matter that he had taken care of. Nor was he dead. He had taken care of that, too.

He had walked that day into his room at

Bergmann's with the brown paper parcel underneath his arm. He took off all his clothes. Here, his method departed from the routine of the ordinary bather. He opened the brown paper parcel. It contained a complete set of clothing, inside and outside, from a felt hat down to a pair of low shoes. He put these new clothes on. Then, in the brown paper he wrapped up the Bergmann bathing suit, and stalked out of the back way, fully dressed. This was the first step. There was more to come.

He left Bergmann's where he was known and walked down to Hunniwell's Bath Houses, next door, where he was not known. He got a suit, disrobed, donned the bathing clothes, and plunged into the surf. The bathing master at Bergmann's had seen him, had talked to him, and had watched him swim out beyond the lines. After that he had lost sight of him. But McClenahan, the paying teller, had gone back to his second bathroom, had dressed, had left his wet bathing suit behind, carrying with him the dry bathing suit from the Bergmann place.

"And they have n't shown up, yet," he murmured to himself with satisfaction. He was thinking of his conversation with John, the bathing master; about the two drowning cases of a week before at Brighton Beach.

"When they show up," he assured himself, "nobody 'll know 'em."

He took a trolley car back to New York, and lost himself somewhere on the east side. He was alive and well, but minus his mustache.

"It was the only thing to do," he told himself.

He had had it all planned out for the last five years. He had three schemes for summer, two for winter. This was the best of the lot; and it had worked—he could tell that much from the newspapers.

He was doing all that he had tried to do; that was—to keep out of jail.

There had been a time some years ago, when he had hoped to be able to pay it back. That time had passed. Then there had been a time when he shrank from the shame of it. That time had passed. Then the dull, painful, planning had succeeded to it all—the plan, merely, to escape. To dodge the law. He had done it.

"A man can do it if he knows how," he told himself; "they 'll never find me."

Therein he made a great mistake. They did find him. Finding him, they locked him up.

Still cool and debonair, he shook his head at them. "I 'll fight," he said to them.

He meant it. He had read, somewhere, that, if an accused man in New York City would employ the best counsel to be had, he could never be convicted. He believed it. He had money with him, money that had never gone into that wallet found at Bergmann's Pavilion.

"I 'll beat 'em out," he told himself.

He kept his nerve until Molly and the boy came to see him in the Tombs. Then he broke down and cried like a child.

"Never mind, dear," Molly said. She had kept her face heavily veiled, but she lifted the covering then, and he could see the lines that marked her face; the shame that stamped it.

"The—the disgrace," he stammered. And yet, through it all, he felt, and they treated him, as some man laboring under the heavy hand of illness, or of undeserved misfortune. His own

feeling was one of pity for himself. Through it ran a streak of hysterical excitement that stimulated him.

Finally he lifted his head, and looked his wife and his son Stephen in the face. "Molly," he went on, his face flushing, "there 's one thing I want you and Steve to know. They 've told lies. That 's all. Not about—not about the money; but about spending it. You know that silk stocking they said they found in my drawer down-town? Do you know what that was? A pair of your old lisle-thread gloves doubled up. They never opened them, those newspaper men. They did n't want to. Doubled up it looked like a silk stocking. It was n't. And that letter from Daisy, thanking me for a good time. Daisy, my sister. Think of it! She wrote it the day after we took her to Atlantic City. And that roof-garden letter, from Molly, from you, you know the one I mean. Think of it! And I have n't played the races; those were n't dope sheets they found, they were golf scores. I—I 've been decent—I—"

"I know, dear," Molly answered; "I know."



"I know, dear," Molly answered; "I know"

She broke suddenly into uncontrollable weeping. "It 's a shame, Mac," she said, resting on his arm, "a shame."

Forlornly, they made their way back home. It was a shame, to say these things in print about him. His realization of the injustice of it all lent him new energy.

"I 'll beat 'em out," he repeated to himself.

He began, slowly, to think things out. His memory harked back to that first time, so many years before. He had never told Molly how little he was making when they married. That

was the beginning of it all. That was distinctly the bank's fault. Why had n't they paid him better? He had swelled around, single, easily enough, on his salary. When he married Molly—Well, Molly's opinion had been worth a good deal to him. She had liked him for his success, as well as for himself. He knew that. And he had liked good things, to eat, to wear. He had to live in a high-toned flat—thunder, they had had to keep up, had n't they? And there was Steve, the boy. Steve was a McClenahan, and Steve had to go to good schools. And then, there were McClenahan's clubs, and the little dinners that he and Molly had had to give—

He had been clever about it, too. He had kept up his false balances from day to day, so that his iniquity would only show for a week or so back. He might have kept on forever, if he had n't been caught in a dull time, when the bank's customers were n't selling much paper. It was hard luck.

And these stories—Yet, after all, when he began to think it over, he was rather glad on his own account, not on Molly's, that they had printed that stuff. What would Colonel Peterson, of the Troop think of him, if Peterson knew that all his stealings had gone into mere humdrum living—had merely helped him to hold his head above water?

"Reckless devil!" That was the thing they were saying about him in his clubs. He was glad of that. It was much better that, than to have them know that the money had only bought him and his family the regard of their fellows that comes from putting on a bit of a front. The ponies, the stock market, that was the kind of talk; that placed him in the ranks of financiers, of men about town, whereas—

Why, he did n't even drink; and, as for the women of the fast set, he would have shunned them as Molly would. Molly knew that. He knew it. Why, he was a McClenahan, and the McClenahans had been church people, sober, honest, respectable. He was a church man. He had been proud of it. He was the last of a long race of aristocrats, the McClenahans of New York. The last, all but Steve, his son.

And now—well, the honor and the name of the McClenahans was trailing in the mud. It worried him.

"Steve must build it up again," he thought. He did n't say it. It was a mere fragment of an idea that floated into his mind, along with the excitement and the disgrace of other things.

"But they 'll never jail me," said McClenahan; "I 'll beat 'em out. See if I don't."

Well, he did n't beat them out. He was tried and convicted, as easily as though he had not retained eminent counsel. He was sentenced.

"Ten years." These words had but little meaning at the start. Ten years. Well—but, it would n't be ten years. There was the time allowance for good behavior. He made inquiries. He found that the sentence meant about seven years and a fraction.

"That is n't so long," he thought to himself. The last seven years had gone by rapidly enough. Meantime—

Meantime, there were Molly, his wife, and Steve, his son. Well, they would have to shift for themselves. Steve was old enough now to get a job, if he could. Could he?

[Concluded on pages 895 to 899]

The Quest of the Querulous

A Christmas Fantasy in Three Canters and Two Decanters

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrated by NORMAN E. JENNETT



CANTER I.

It was midnight, that was certain; and the King, behind his curtain, Lay enwrapped in snorous slumbers—dreams, no doubt, of Christmas wassail. O'er the town the snow lay whitely, and the full moon smiled politely On a "real, antique" cathedral and an operatic castle. 'Twas the psychologic moment for the warlocks of the deevil To be practising the mischief of their darkest medi-evil.

Suddenly from out the seething of the monarch's measured breathing There arose at first a chuckle, then a most pronounced guffaw, Then the giggles, rippling thicker, boiled and burbled to a snicker, Then a whooping, "Well! I never heard the like o' that—haw-haw!" Till the Lord of the Bedchamber and a dozen oriflammers Rushed into the royal presence in their dimity pajammers.

And the noise of mirthful riot woke the city from its quiet, Woke the sentry with his blunderbuss, a-sleeping down below, Woke the Warden of the Palace, woke the lovely Princess Alice, Woke the sparrows in the chimney, keeping sheltered from the snow, Shook the steeple, woke the people who began to sneeze and shiver, Woke the little peasant, Johnnie Jones, in his hut across the river.

In his bed the King lay choking in an agony of joking, While the sympathetic courtiers watched him chuckle, gasp, and stutter. They despaired of his condition, so they called the Court Physician Who prescribed a strong sedative, till at last the King could splutter, "On my crown! that was dee-licious! How the joke of it doth thrill me—I have dreamed a dream so funny that I think it's going to kill me!



"And before I die of chuckles, good Lord Chamberlain, Guy Buckles,

Pray draw near and let me whisper in your ear this little story." So the Chamberlain, expedient, leaned and listened, quite obedient, With a look of deepened sadness on his features grave and hoary. And with sighs that rent his bosom, to his gravity attesting, He observed, "Indeed, Your Majesty, it's very—in-ter-est-ing!"

No reception could be cooler. "Inter-est-ing!" roared the ruler; "Don't you know a funny story when you hear it, you old gloomer?" Soldiers, drag this varlet rusty to the dungeons dank and musty— Put the thumbscrews on his crazybone to touch his sense of humor!" So the Chamberlain was packed away with prisoners the meanest, And received the prompt attention of a talented machinist.

Next the King, with impish pleasance, quickly summoned to his presence Seven Dukes, a Cook, a Butler, and the Keeper of the Keys, And he bade them all be seated while the story he repeated; But they simply sat and listened, just as solemn as you please. Till at last the awkward silence by the awkward Cook was broken, "Be yer Majesty in earnest, please, or be ye only jokin'?"

CANTER II.

One week passed in nervous tension. And, in passing, I might mention Seven Dukes, a Cook, a Butler, who were all decapitated, And within his palace roomy sat the King, in poses gloomy, Mumbling o'er that funny story, still quite unappreciated. Now and then he told it sadly to some wretched, mute clodhopper Who, in lieu of timely laughter, laid his neck across the chopper.

Then, full armed for war and pillage, rode a Herald through the village, And before him strode a Sandwich-man, this lettered placard bearing: "If ye long for Wealth and Glory, hear your good King's funny story, Which he'll tell to Anybody with the Proper sense of Daring. He who fails to Laugh (like Others,) will be taken to the Slaughter; He who Laughs shall be Rewarded—he may wed the Monarch's Daughter."

Hungry for substantial pottage, in his neatly mortgaged cottage Lay the little peasant, Johnnie Jones, close by his widowed mother;

"Turned a tip-top circus flip-flop"



No provisions, save potatoes, seven beans, and three tomatoes, (It was not tomato season—but these rhymes are such a bother!) "Never mind," the brave boy murmured, "we shall yet be great"—when, presto! Floating through a broken window came the Monarch's manifesto.

CANTER III.

At the splendid Winter Palace, where resided Princess Alice, Knocked the wistful peasant, Johnnie, with a look of desperation, And his cheeks blanched rather whitely, but he clinched his teeth down tightly As he murmured, "Yes, I'll do it, if it hurts like all creation!" Then a butler swung the portals and naively muttered, "Golly! Have you got a Sense of Humor? You don't look so dreadful jolly!"

So into the presence royal limped the peasant, pale but loyal, And to him the Monarch thundered in a graveyard voice immense, "Stay, rash boy! such kingly pleasantry be-fitteth not the peasantry—Behold the line of rotting heads along yon picket fence!" But the little Hero answered, "Honest, Sire, I got to do it—It's a case of desperation—want and hunger driv me to it!"

Then the King—and not unkindly—told the story—told it blindly; With a flourish born of practice every word of it he said, Till Our Hero, of a sudden, gulped and choked, began to redden, Turned a tip-top circus flip-flop, whooped, and stood upon his head, Spluttered, wept, convulsed, exploded in a very rage of laughter, Turning cartwheels down the tilings with the Court all roaring after.

So he traveled till they caught him. To the royal throne they brought him, "Bless you, bless you!" cried the King, "you'll be rewarded as you oughter. You shall quit my Palace never—to me arms, me boy—forever! Warder, fetch this lad a crown and then lead forth our Lovely Daughter." So the lad became a bridegroom, his prosperity unending, And the King gave Johnnie's mother all the Court's official mending.

DECANTER I.

Moral? Well, this one is dual: If you're willing to be cruel, You can get Someone to snicker at your jokes, however hoary. Or, if you're intent to capture Her whose eyes to you mean rapture, You must be prepared to giggle at Her Father's Comic Story.

DECANTER II.

Monarchs' whims were so erratic in the ages autocratic That a king, when he was comic, shook the nation with his fury. But in this cold Age of Reason when the Funny Man's in season, He has got to show the Public, for they're largely from Missouri.



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MY LIFE—SO FAR

First
Installment

By JOSIAH FLYNT

Author of "Tramping with Tramps," "The World of Graft," "Powers That Prey," Etc.

Illustrated by J. J. Gould

The Call of the
Open Road

MY OLD NURSE once told me that I came into this world with a "cowl" on. She used to say that one thus born was fated to be a prophet. Why a state of blindness at one's birth should premise extraordinary vision, spiritual or otherwise, later on, is not clear. No such extraordinary vision has ever been vouchsafed to me; on the contrary, as my story will reveal, that early blindness continued in one form or another all through my search for *Die Ferne*.

My very earliest remembrance is a runaway trip, culminating in the village lockup. Although my mother declares that I was at least five years old when this happened, I have always believed that I was nearer four; at any rate I remember that I wore dresses. The circumstances of the truancy and imprisonment were as follows: My parents were in a neighboring city for the day, and I had been left at home with the nurse. She had punished me pretty severely for some slight offense, and had then gone to the lake for water, leaving me in a lane, in front of the house, very much disquieted. A sudden impulse to run took hold of me—anywhere, it did not matter, so long as the nurse could not find me. So off I started with a rush for the main street of the village, my little white panties dangling along after me. That was my first conscious and determined effort to see the world in my own way and at my own discretion. It was the beginning of that long series of runaway excursions which have blessed or marred my life ever since. No child ever had a greater measure of unalloyed joy in his soul than I did when I dashed down that village lane, and no later escapade has ever brought me quite the same fine shade of satisfaction.

In the main street, the village police officer stopped me, and, on learning who I was, took me to the lockup for safe-keeping until my parents returned in the evening. I was not actually put in a cell—the lockup was fire station and village prison in one, and I was given the freedom of the so-called engine room. I remember that I spent most of the time sucking a stick of candy and marveling at the fire apparatus. Nevertheless it was imprisonment of a kind, and I knew it. It was the only punishment I received. My parents picked me up in the evening, much amused. Could my father have realized what that initial truancy was to lead to I should probably have received one of his customary "whalings," but fortunately he was in a mood to consider it humorously.

My father died at the early age of forty-two, when I was eight years old (1877). I have every reason to remember him most vividly. He was a tall, slender man, lithe, nervous and possessed of a long brown beard which always impressed me when looking at him. He was the editor-in-chief of a Chicago daily newspaper, which died six months after his demise. I have heard it said that he was the only man who could have made the paper a success, and trying to do this probably wore him out. He had experimented with various activities before taking the news-

paper position, but he thought that he had at last found his life-work when he developed into an editor. The last year of his life he became very much interested in church matters. He came of good New England stock, his original ancestor helping to found the town of Concord, Massachusetts. I have said that he was a nervous man—he was a very nervous man. A present bishop in the Methodist Church, on hearing that my father and mother were married, exclaimed at the time: "Why, their children will be wiggling ideas!"

I doubt whether my father ever liked me as he liked the three other children. There was something in my weazened face and diminutive form that seemed to vex him. My mother made the mistake of leaving the punishment of us children for my father to attend to when he returned from the city at night, tired out, often cross, and his judgment by no means well in hand. My father had two forms of punishment for me; he would point one finger sternly at the sofa in the sitting-room, which meant that I must crawl under the sofa and await his pleasure, and point another finger significantly at the cellar door which indicated that I was to go below into the darkness and shiver with fear until he came down to whip me. That was the way I learned to be afraid in the dark—a sorrow to me all through my youth; even now, at times, the old fear comes faintly back on occasions when I am nervous or overwrought.

I am afraid that I learned to hate him. I also learned to deceive and pilfer. These sad traits in my boyish character were not inherited—not a bit of it. Both of my parents came of stock which did not tolerate such obliquity; their parents also. I took to lying and stealing small things, because this seemed to me the easiest way to get happiness. Whippings were going to come sooner or later, anyhow, I reasoned, so why not achieve my ends by trickery and deception? My father watched my thieving habits develop.

other, a look indeed which puzzled me very much at the time. The fact is that my father and mother were truly lovers, and we children, certainly as long as my father lived, were a secondary issue in their lives. My father recognized this fact when he was dying. "Mary," he said, calling my mother to his bedside, "try to look out more for the children. I fear we may have neglected them." He died in a hotel, in Chicago, after but three days' illness. They brought him home to the village, and he lay in his coffin in our parlor for a day or two before the funeral. I shall never forget the feeling I had when I saw his tall, gaunt form for the first time stretched out helpless in the casket. "Well, you'll never lick me any more," I thought. The neighbors were sitting around consoling my mother, crying, commiserating us children, but I did not appreciate their sorrowings. Henceforth, for me, freedom was in sight. Cruel thoughts these for a boy of eight, with his dead father lying in front of him, and his widowed mother sobbing over his bier. Sad thoughts, indeed, and I have learned to recast them into a gentler mold as life has passed by, and I could think more rationally. But at the time I considered them natural—that they were genuine I have never had any doubt.

My father gone, the battle of life for us children shifted to my mother. My father left very few funds behind him, and it was necessary for my mother to be mother and breadwinner at the same time. I shall not enter into an account of her various activities to keep the family together, but she did this somehow in most honorable and useful ways for nearly ten years, departing then for Germany with the two girls to engage in educational work. No man ever made a braver struggle against fearful odds than this mother of mine, and when I think of my almost unceasing cussedness throughout her struggle a remorse comes over me which is best not described. We stayed in the village during the ten years



The Strange, Sad Life-Story of a Man Who, after Thirty Years of Wander- ing, Found the End of the Rainbow



JOSIAH FLYNT



in question, and I grew to be a youth well on in my teens, but never looking my years, nor do I to-day in spite of the hard life I have led, and a great many days and nights spent in hospitals. This is not said to coddle my vanity. I merely mean that I got from my parents a wonderful constitution. I hardly think that the average man, had he risked his health as I have done, would have pulled through so well.

Our village, which has since developed into one of Chicago's most beautiful and fashionable suburbs—I sometimes think it is the most entrancing spot, so far as nature alone goes, that exists near a large city—was a strange locality for a wanderer of my caliber to grow up in. Settled originally by sturdy New Englanders and Central New Yorkers, it early became a western stronghold of Methodism. My people on both sides were early comers, my mother's father being a divinity professor in the local theological institute. My father's people inclined to Congregationalism, I think, but they swung round, and when I knew my grandmother she was an ardent communicant among the Methodists. Such church instruction as I



"Pretty much of a fiasco"

could stand was also found in this fold—or, shall I say, party? Some years ago an ex-governor of Colorado was saying nice things about my mother to the United States minister in Berlin, and, to clinch his argument why the minister should look out for my mother, the ex-governor said: "And, Mr. Phelps, she belongs to the greatest political party in our country—the Methodist Church!" It never interested me very much to look into the church's machinery—I had what seemed much more important and seductive work in planning and carrying out my runaway trips—but in later years I must confess to having been impressed with similarities in Methodism as a religious policy and politics as a business. Methodism as an organism pure and simple ought to be described by someone who can study it impartially. The struggle for the high places in the church at conferences is woefully like that in political conventions. Men who want to be bishops pull wires and secure supporters in almost identically the same way that office seekers in conventions make their arrangements, and the fat jobs in the ministry are as earnestly coveted by aspiring

preachers as are political offices in the nation at large. Perhaps this is all right; certainly, if figures, churches, and concerts count, the Methodists have done a great work; but Methodism as a religious cult had to pass me by.

The good villagers tried numberless times to have me "converted," and officially I have gone through this performance a number of times. Strangely enough, after nearly every one of my earlier runaway trips and my humbler return to the village, bedraggled and torn, some revivalist had preceded me, and was holding forth at a great rate in the "Old First," where my people communed. My grandmother, my father's mother, invariably insisted on my attending the revival services in the hope that finally I would come to my senses and really "get religion." As much as for anything else to show that I was sorry for the anxiety I had caused my mother during the latest escapade, I would take my grandmother's advice and join the mourners at the mercy seat. Two or three visits usually sufficed to effect a change in me, and I would hold up my hand with those who desired conversion. I was not insincere in this; far from it. It came from nervousness and a desire to go home and be able to say honestly that I meant to mend my ways. I shall never forget the last time I attempted to get Divine grace and healing at one of these meetings. The preceding escapade had been woefully bad, and it was very much "up to me" to atone for it in no unmistakable manner. The relatives were all looking at me askance, and the neighbors were cautioning their children more particularly than usual to keep out of my company. Indeed, I became at a jump the village "bad boy," and I never really got over this appellation. I have heard good Methodist mothers say, as I passed by in the street: "There goes that awful Flynt boy," and I came to look upon myself as the local boy outcast.

In later years I have changed considerably in my attitude toward people who criticize and revile me, but at the time in question I was a timid, bashful lad in temperament, and the ruthless remarks made by the Methodist mothers—the Methodist fathers also discussed my "case" pretty mouthily—made scars in my soul that are there yet. The truth of the matter is, I was not so innately bad as my persistent running away and occasional pilfering seemed to imply. I was simply an ordinary boy possessed of an extraordinary bump for wandering, which, when the "go-fever" was in me, sent me off to strange parts and peculiar adventures before anyone had time to realize that I was in one of my tantrums. The attack would come so suddenly that I was off and away before I had myself fully realized that I had been seized with one of the periodical fits.

But, to return for a moment to that last revival, and my last "conversion." "Josiah," said my grandmother, "there is a good man holding forth in the church to-night, and do you go over and get good from him." I was prepared to do anything to stop the critical glances of the village, and that evening I made what was supposed to be a full surrender, and declared myself "converted" forever more. Whether the "good man" hypnotized me into all this, whether I consciously made public declaration of conversion from selfish motives, or whether it was all sincere and upright I can't tell now. Probably all three agencies were at work at the time. A retired captain in the army, himself a convert of not many months, put my name down in his book among those who had experienced a change of heart. "Josiah, this time you mean it, don't you?" he asked, and I said, "Yes." I walked out of the church in a warm glow, and felt purged from sin as never before. A few weeks later I was off on another *Wanderlust* trip of exploration.

It is a pity in such cases that the truant's

wanderings can not be directed, if wander he must. In my case there was plainly no doubt that I possessed the nomadic instinct in an abnormal degree. Whippings could not cure it, shutting me up in my room without any clothes only made the next seizure harder to resist, and moral suasion fell flat as a panacea. Revivals and conversions were serviceable merely in reinstating me temporarily in the good graces of my grandmother. The outlook ahead of me was dark indeed for my mother, and yet it was from her, as I have learned to believe from what she has told me in later years, that I probably got some of my wandering proclivities. There was a time in her life, I have heard her say, when the mere distant whistle of a railroad train would set her go-instincts tingling, and only a sense of duty and fine control of self held her back.

This call of *Die Ferne*, as the Germans name it, this almost unexplainable sympathy with the slightest appeal or temptation to project myself into the Beyond—the world outside of my narrow village world—was my trouble from almost babyhood until comparatively a few years ago. The longing to go would come upon me without any warning in the dead of night sometimes, stealing into my consciousness under varying disguises as the years went by and the passion required fresh incentives to become active and alert. In the beginning a sudden turn of the imagination sufficed to send me worldwards, and I would be off, without let or leave, for a week at least, usually bringing up at the home of relatives in Northern Wisconsin. They would entertain me for a time, and then I would be shipped back to the village to await another seizure. On one of these return trips I traveled on one of the most unconventional railroad passes I have ever known. The relative who generally superintended the return to the village was an editor well known in his locality and to railroad men on the road. On one of the last visits paid to his home he determined not to trust me with the necessary money for the ticket but to give me a personal note to the conductor, which he did. It read: "This is a runaway boy. Please pass him to — and collect fare from me on your return." It was as serviceable at the time as any *bona fide* pass, annual or otherwise, that I have had and used in later years.

As I got well on into my teens and was at work with my schoolbooks, it naturally required a different kind of appeal to start me off on a trip from the simple call of the railroad train which had sufficed in the earlier years. For periods of time, long or short, as my temperament dictated, I became definitely interested in my books and in trying to behave, for my mother's sake if for no other reason. I knew only too well that my failing caused her much anxiety and worry, and for weeks I would honestly struggle against all appeals to *vamosé*. Then, without any warning, the mere reading of some biography of a self-made man, who had struggled independently in the world from about my age on to the Presidency perhaps, would fire me with a desire to do likewise in some far-off community where there was the conventional academy and attendant helps to fame and fortune. There was an academy in our own village and I attended it, but the appeal to go elsewhere carried with it a picture of independence, midnight oil, and self-supporting work which fascinated me, and, at an age when most boys have got over their *Wanderlust*, I would start off in secret, to return famous, some day, I hoped.

One of the last excursions undertaken with an idea of setting myself up in business or academic independence is worth describing. There had been considerable friction in the household on my account for several days, and I deliberately planned with a neighboring banker's son to "light out" for parts unknown. I was the proud owner of two cows at the time,

furnishing milk to my mother and a few neighbors at an agreed upon price. I had been able to pay for the cows out of the milk money and my mother frankly recognized that the cows were my property. The banker's boy was also imbued with the irritating friction in his family—he was considerably older and larger than I was.

We put our heads together and decided to go west—where in the West was immaterial, but toward the setting sun we were determined to travel. My companion in this strange venture had no such property to contribute toward financing the trip as I had, but he was the proud possessor of five greyhounds of some value, several guns, and a saddle. We looked about the village for a horse and cart to carry us, and we at last "dickered" with a young man who owned a poor, half-starved, spavined beast and a rickety cart.

I gave him my two cows in exchange for his outfit, a deal which netted him easily fifty per cent. profit. The cart loaded, our outfit was the weirdest looking expedition that ever started for the immortal West. The muzzles of guns protruded under the covering on the sides, the five dogs sniffed uneasily at the cart, and the dying steed threw his ears back in utter horror. In this fashion, one bright afternoon in spring, our hearts throbbing with excitement, we started forth on our Don Quixote trip, choosing Chicago as our first goal. We arrived in that city, twelve miles distant, after four days' travel and a series of accidents to both cart and horse. It was a Sunday morning, and we had found our way somehow to the fashionable *boulevard*, Michigan Avenue, about church time. Our outfit caused so much embarrassing amusement to the people in the street that we turned citywards to find the station where the C. B. & Q. R. R., started its trains west. We knew of no other way to go west than to follow these tracks, I having already been over them as far as Iowa. We came to grief and complete pause in Madison Street.

I was driving, and my companion was walking on the pavement. Suddenly, and without any warning, a stylishly dressed man hailed my companion, and asked him if his name was so-and-so, giving the young man's correct name. The latter "acknowledged the corn," as he afterwards put it to me, and I was told to draw up to the curb, where I learned that the dapper stranger was none other than a Pinkerton operative. Our trip west was nipped in the bud then and there. The cart was driven to a stable, and we boys were taken to the Pinkerton offices, where I spent the day pretty much alone except when one of the Pinkertons, I think it was, lectured me about the horrors and intricacies of the West, and exhorted me to mend my ways and stay at home. Our horse succumbed to his wanderings soon after being returned to his original owner, and my cows were got back by process of law.

Later on, a good old major, a friend of my mother's, recommended that she send me west, and let me see for myself. "A good roughing it may bring him to his senses," said he, and I was shipped to a tiny community in Western Nebraska, consisting of a country store about the size of a large wood-shed, and four sod cabins. An older brother had preceded me there, and had been advised by letter to watch out for my coming. I shall never forget the woe-begone look on his face when I



"They barely noticed me until I excused my bold entrance"

slipped off the snow-covered stage and said, "Hello." He had not yet received my mother's letter of advice. "You here?" he groaned, and he led me into one of the sod houses. I explained matters to him, and he resigned himself to my presence, but I never felt very welcome, and in six weeks was home again, chastened in spirit and disillusioned about the West.

I must confess to still other runaway trips after this western failure, but I have always felt that that undertaking did as much to cure my wandering disease as anything else. Dime novels soon ceased to have a charm for me, and home became more of an attraction. In spite of all this, however, in spite of some manly struggles to do right, my longest and saddest disappearance from home and friends was still ahead of me. It belongs to another section of my story, but I may say here that it wound up the runaway trips forever. The travels that followed may have been prompted by the call of *Die Ferne*, but they were above board and regular.

Now, whence came this strange passion, for such it was, found in milder form in probably all boys and in some girls, but uncommonly lodged in me? My pilferings and the tendency to distort the truth when punishment was in sight I account for principally by those miserable whalings my father gave me. Punishment of some kind seemed to await me no matter how slight the offense, and I probably reasoned, as I have suggested above, that, if "lickings" had to be endured, it was worth while getting something that I needed or wanted in exchange for them. My mother very charitably accounts for my thefts and lies, on the ground that shortly before I was born the family's material circumstances were pretty cramped, and that this state of affairs may have reacted on me through her, producing my illicit acquisitiveness.

But that insatiable *Wanderlust*, that quick response to the lightest call of the seductive Beyond, that vagabond habit which caused my mother so much pain and worryment—where did that come from? It was a sorry home-coming for my mother at night when the runaway fever had again sent me away. She would come into the house, tired out, and ask the governess for news of the children. The latter would make her daily report, omitting reference to me. "And Josiah," my mother was wont to say, "where is he?"—"Gone!" the poor governess would wail, and my mother would have to go

about her duties the next day with a heavy heart. Now, why was I so perverse and pig-headed in this matter, suffering real remorse myself after each trip, the fever having subsided? Even at this late day, after years of pondering over the case, I can only make conjectures. I have hinted that probably I inherited from my mother a love of being on the move, but she could control her desire to travel, while I, for years, was a helpless victim of such whims. All that I have been able to evolve as a solution of the problem is this: Granted the innate tendency to travel, living much solely with my own thoughts, bashful and timid to a painful degree at times, and possessed of an imagination which literally ran riot with itself every few months or so, I was a victim of my own personality. This is all I have to offer by way of explanation.

II.

In the foregoing chapter I have tried to give some idea of the kind of boy I was, say, by the time I had reached my seventeenth year, or the calendar year, 1886. There is no use denying that such wickedness as I displayed was due more to willful waywardness than to hereditary influences. Consequently, I have always felt justified in replying to a distant cousin as I did, when she took me to task for making so much trouble and causing my family such anxiety.

"Can you imagine yourself doing such dreadful things when you get your senses back and are able to think clearly?" was the way her question was worded. My reply was: "In my senses or out of them, I certainly can't imagine anyone else as having done them." And I can truthfully say that, as a boy, I was very little given to trying to shift the blame for my sins on other boys. I was not a "squealer," although I was an expert fibster when necessity seemed to call for a lie in place of the plain unvarnished truth.

In the spring or early autumn of 1884 my mother and sisters went to Europe, and I was sent to a small Illinois college. The village home was broken up and, for better or for worse, the five of us, in the years that were to follow, were to be either voluntary exiles abroad,

[Continued on pages 889 to 894]



FOR SKUDSY

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by CLARA D. DAVIDSON

FIELDING had swung around in his desk chair so that his knees almost touched his wife's knees as she sat beside him, and he was bending forward when the tap came at his office door. It was his private office, with mahogany furniture and soft, deep carpet under foot, and it all told plainly enough that Fielding was a big man, probably the head of the firm; but at the tap on the door he glanced up quickly, and his wife hastily wrapped a paper around something she was showing him. They might have been conspirators planning a crime, but it was only the stealthy Christmas habit of concealment, that makes us seek to hide our light under a bushel until the last moment that it may glare the more dazzlingly then.

"Well, good-by," said Mrs. Fielding, hastily. She had merely dropped in to show him what she had bought for the baby. She wanted his cheerful approval of it, nothing more.

"No, wait," he said, "I want to show you what I got for Harris." Harris was the gardener. Then he called, "Come!" and the office door opened and the boy brought in a card. Fielding glanced at it, and tossed it on his desk.

"Huh!" he said, "it's only Wilson, Bill Wilson. You know him, Kitty—the reporter fellow. Tell him to come in," he told the boy, and then to his wife, "Just wait. He won't be a minute."

When the door opened again it swung wide, and Billy Wilson dashed in like a boy let loose from school. He had that way with him; he was made up of great haste and tremendous intensity, tempered with good-natured breeziness of speech and happy-go-lucky earnestness.

"Oh, say!" he exclaimed, when he saw Mrs. Fielding, "I beg your pardon, Jack! Thought you were alone or I would n't have—But is n't this Mrs. Fielding? Yes—say! I'm awfully glad to meet you again, Mrs. Fielding. I'm lucky, too, to find you here."

They smiled in sympathy with his cheerful chatter, it was such a warm, wholesome sort. "Well, say!" he rushed on, "I won't keep you a minute. I want you to do me a little favor, Jack, that's all! Old Skudsy—he's my boss down at the 'Beacon,' you know, Scudder—he gave me orders to trot out in the country somewhere Christmas eve and write up a genuine fine old Christmas house party for the Sunday edition. I want you to invite me out over Christmas. Is that all right?"

Mr. Fielding said nothing, and Mrs. Fielding, somehow, managed to say still less. It did not disturb Wilson.

"I guess you do admire my nerve," he said, cheerfully. "So do I. But I tell you, Jack, you have simply got to invite me out! Absolutely necessary for the 'Beacon' to have a page splurge on 'The Christmas Spirit,' and I don't know another man with a fine big house out of town. So that's settled. Have n't got a time-table that will show me when the trains run, have you?"

"But—" said Mr. Fielding.

"Now, that's all right!" said Wilson. "If you have n't a time-table, don't mind. I'll get there."

"But, my dear fellow," Fielding insisted, "we are not going to have any Christmas this year."

"Oh, tut!" laughed Wilson, "that's what my father always used to say—and then spread himself more than ever. No Christmas? Tut!"

"But we are not," insisted Fielding, "noth-

ing elaborate at all. No house party—"

"That won't do," said Wilson, lightly. "Have a house like yours and no house party! Now, I'll drop in on you about six thirty Christmas Eve—"

"We will be glad to see you, of course," said Mrs. Fielding, doubtfully. "But we really do not intend—"

"Now, Mrs. Fielding," said Wilson, "don't say that! Don't say it! I'm coming. I accept your invitation. Thank you. But we must have a grand old happy time. Joy and merriment and—all that sort of thing. Skudsy would be mad as hops if—"

Mr. Fielding caught his wife's eye and raised his eyebrows questioningly. She nodded.

"All right," said Fielding, with mock helplessness, "come along, then! You're invited!"

"Say, that's good of you, now!" cried Wilson. "You don't know—Skudsy is such a stickler for the real thing. I've never been able to work off a 'fake' on him yet, and I just had to get into a house party somehow. I hope you don't think I'm too pushing, Mrs. Fielding?"

"Oh, no!" she said, laughingly.

"Now, some people do," said Wilson, frankly, "but they don't understand enterprise, that's all. I'm glad you appreciate it. So I'll be there. Let me see," he said, thoughtfully, "you'll be sure to have a yule log, won't you? Got a great big fireplace that will hold a yule log?"

"We have one that will do," Fielding said, "if the yule log is n't too big. If a small yule log—"

"That's good," Wilson assured him, heartily. "We've got to have a yule log, Skudsy spoke of

a yule log especially, and a Christmas tree! We want a big one—biggest one the room will hold—with presents on it for everybody. Presents for the servants on it, too, so they can come in and get them and—and look pleased and bashful."

"Imagine Harris looking pleased and bashful!" exclaimed Mrs. Fielding. A cloud passed across Wilson's brow.

"Oh, now!" he cried, "Harris has got to! I—well, I'll speak to him when I go out. Don't you worry about Harris, Mrs. Fielding. I'll see that he looks pleased and bashful. You just attend to the roast turkey—and mince pie—and, oh, yes! cranberry sauce. And, oh, yes! holly and mistletoe! Don't forget plenty of holly and mistletoe! And lovers! We've got to have a pair of lovers. That's important. To sit on the steps while the others are dancing. By George! I nearly forgot the dancing! You can't get a one-armed fiddler can you, to play for the dancers? Some old farmer-looking fellow? Skudsy said—"

"One-armed?" asked Mr. Fielding. "Could a one-armed fiddler fiddle?"

"Ha!" laughed Wilson, unabashed, "that was one on me! Get a one-legged one—with a crutch. Let me see now—Oh! children. You have children, have n't you?"

"Three," said Mr. Fielding.

"Three!" said Wilson, "hardly enough, but we can make them do. We ought to have more but—well, let it go at three. I suppose," he added, and for the first time seemed to hesitate, "I suppose you've got plenty of toys and things to give them?"

"Mercy, yes!" laughed Mrs. Fielding.

"I thought I might bring out some if you had n't," said Wilson, "but if you have, it is all right. Well, thanks! I won't take up your time any longer. I'm off!"

He shook hands heartily with Mr. Fielding and then with Mrs. Fielding.

"I know I can trust you to do the thing up right," he said, and then he dashed out.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Fielding, when the door had closed, and then she laughed.

The next morning Fielding found a sheet of copy paper in his mail. Wilson had scrawled on it, "I should say about six couples would do, but don't forget the lovers. Get the real heart-to-heart, hold-hands kind."

Mrs. Fielding went about her part of the task energetically, and her part was the entire affair. She was laying out the menu for the dinner when a telegraph messenger dashed up to the door. It was a message from Wilson.

"Change plans," it commanded. "Do not decorate house. Get greens, but do not decorate. Have guests arrive noon. Have guests decorate. Makes Christmas spirit whoop. Do not forget pair of lovers. W. Wilson."

Mr. Fielding, when he went home that evening, found his wife at her desk thoughtfully smoothing one eyebrow with the end of her penholder. A sheet of paper lay before her.

"Now, this list of guests," she said, "of course I have the Grays and the Wilburs and the Freclands,—that makes six—"

"Plenty!" said her husband.

"Yes," she agreed, "but I don't know what to do for the lovers. I simply don't know whom to ask. Everyone has



"He tried to look love and devotion as he reached it up to her"

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"You get out! I won't have you interfering with my private

at some other house party by this time. I can only think of Tom Ford and Kitty Hurlington!"

"Tom Ford! And Kitty Hurlington!" cried Mr. Fielding aghast. "Now, my dear, we can't stand them, you know!"

"I know," she answered, plaintively, "they are too loving to bear. But I can't think of any others."

"They are idiotically soft!" exclaimed Mr. Fielding. "They are not lovers, they are caricatures of lovers. Of all the soft, moonstruck, tootsy-wootsy—"

"Well," she interrupted, "is n't that just what your Mr. Wilson wants? Somebody to sit on the stairs and hold hands?"

"But they won't! They will sit in the middle of the floor and hold hands. People will walk on them and they won't know it. The blessed Christmas tree will catch fire and the house will burn down and they will sit and hold hands. I can stand a lot, dear, but I can't stand them!"

Mrs. Fielding sighed.

"I don't know whom else to ask," she said, despairingly.

Mr. Fielding considered, and then shook his head.

"I'm afraid we will have to have them," he said at length, "but I know they will make me sick."

Kitty Hurlington and Tom Ford accepted their invitations promptly. So did the other guests. The marketman promised a beautiful tree. The turkey was large and had a limber breastbone, and the yule log, although young-looking for a yule log, was provided.

At seven o'clock of the morning of the day before Christmas, Billy Wilson rang the bell of the Fieldings' door.

"To see Mrs. Fielding," he said to the maid, and Mrs. Fielding came, but she stood speechless. There were two men instead of one, and there were parcels and bundles enough to stock a shop.

"Look like moving day, don't we?" said Wilson, cheerfully. "Oh, yes! This is my friend Simpson, Mrs. Fielding. He's our staff photographer. Did I forget to say Skudsy wanted photos of the affair? My mistake. And I was n't just sure you had—well, we wanted plenty of toys, so I brought a few along—in case we needed some. And a few greens. Can't have too many greens, you know. Got the guests and the lovers, all right?"

He seemed relieved to know she had.

"Fine!" he said. "I'm awfully glad about the lovers. Skudsy is strong on lovers—'heart interest,' you know. Are they the real heart-to-heart kind?"

"They are worse than that," said Mrs. Fielding, "they are the hand-in-hand-the-world-forgot kind."

"Fine!" he exclaimed, again. "Now, don't say what Simp and I are after. What we want is unconsciousness. The real Christmas spirit cut loose. No constraint. No posing."

He looked around the rooms.

"It will do splendidly!" he said. "Skudsy will be tickled with this. Simp, you put your camera behind the screen. We'll have a stepladder at this door with a girl on top and a man passing up a wreath. Snap her just as she bends down. Understand?"

The other guests and Mr. Fielding came soon, and Mr. Simpson and Mr. Wilson were introduced to them. Mr. Simpson did not exactly look like a friend of the family. He looked more like a Bowery boy gone astray, but then families have strange friends sometimes.

Miss Kitty Hurlington was almost the latest arrival. She came in with a rush, enveloped in furs, and cast her arms around Mrs. Fielding. "My dear!" she cried, "if I thought he would come I would not have come. But I know he can not be so brazen.

We have parted. Actually! When I tell you what that man did—"

Mrs. Fielding bore her upstairs, still talking, so that, when Tom Ford came, Mr. Fielding had to welcome him.

Tom Ford stopped at the door.

"Is Miss Hurlington here?" he asked, stiffly. "Oh, then I had better not come in. We—well, she broke it off."

"Oh, come in," cried Fielding, "what's the difference, anyway? And this is Christmas. Just the time to break it on again, you know. You can't go, anyway, now." Tom Ford hesitated, but entered.

"I don't know that I want to break it on again, as you put it," said Tom Ford, coldly. "If I were to tell you, Fielding, what I have learned of the perfidy of woman—"

"Get them started with the greens," Wilson whispered. "It has started off splendidly, but they might joke and laugh more. Get around among them and joke, can't you?"

"Wilson," said Fielding, solemnly, "the lovers are here."

"Good!" cried Wilson.

"But," said Fielding, and he let his voice give a foretaste of the information he was to discharge at Wilson, "but they won't love."

"Oh! I say!" cried Wilson, with dismay. "I say! Fielding, I can't have that! They've got to love. I've got to have the love motive really. Why, Skudsy is awfully strong on the love motive. I—I'm disappointed in you, Fielding. I left all that to you, and you've gone back on me."

"Well, I did n't do it, did I?" asked Fielding, crossly. "How did I know they would have a tiff? Usually they love enough to make you ill; how could I tell they would get up a row just at this time? I'm not running this love affair."

"It was your duty to pick out the right kind," said Wilson, dejectedly. "If I had known you would go and mess it all up I would have furnished the lovers myself. I would n't have got a damaged love affair. Not while I am working under Skudsy! I see, the whole thing has gone to grass! I've gone to all this trouble to get together a Christmas spirit, and you go and spoil it by palming off on me a pair of lovers that won't work."

"If any other man," said Fielding, with stifled rage, "spoke to me that way in my own house—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Wilson, "I know it's your house, and I won't have any jolly now in it to-night, either. That would be a pretty Christmas spirit, would n't it? You've done enough damage, Fielding, without getting up a fight. We've got to get together, you and I, and make those lovers love."



affairs. Go and take a moonlight view of the house"

Fielding brightened, at Wilson's last remark.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "That's the idea! Why, Wilson," he cried, glowingly, "it is just what you want! You want them to begin with a disruption. Don't you see? It could n't have been better if you had planned it. Christmas reconciliation! That's the Christmas idea!"

"Oh, fudge!" said Wilson, disdainfully. "That would make Skudsy sick. Christmas reconciliation! Of all the old, dried-up motives—why, if I tried to run in a Christmas reconciliation on Skudsy he would tell me to take my hat and leave."

Tom Ford came down the stairs walking like an offended icicle.

"Is that the lover?" asked Wilson, in an undertone.

"Yes," Fielding assured him, "joyful looking, is n't he?"

Wilson sighed.

"I don't see how you could have picked him out," he said, reproachfully. "I would n't have considered him for a moment. He's going to be a skeleton at the feast, that is what he is going to be." Wilson looked as if he was likely to be another, but when, a minute later, Miss Hurlington came down, all smiles and swishing draperies, he cheered up a little. She looked possible. There were even superb possibilities in her, if the other half of the love combination would work. But he would n't.

The guests accepted cheerfully the idea of doing the decorating, all but Tom Ford, and he moped. The more he moped the more punishingly merry Miss Hurlington became.

Wilson stood off and absorbed the scene as long as he could. He got the *ensemble* fixed in his mind, but it lacked the lovers. There was no love-filled face gazing up into love-filled eyes as a youth passed a wreath up to a maiden on the stepladder. He looked anxiously at Tom Ford. He saw Simpson peeking through the crack in the screen, waiting for the stepladder scene. He thought of Skudsy and the Sunday edition, and he knew that he would have to substitute himself for the lover. A man will do much in the cause of the Sunday edition. He sprang to the ladder cheerfully and made merry with Miss Hurlington and persuaded her to mount. She made a pretty picture with her skirts clasped close and one hand extended for the wreath. He tried to look love and devotion as he reached it up to her, and he was even gay when he heard the camera shutter click.

The example should have been good for Tom Ford, but it did not seem to be. If anything, he was stiffer and more formal than before.

"See here," said Wilson, when he got Fielding

[Concluded on pages 836 to 838]

The Dreyfus Affair

The First Authentic History of the Greatest Human Drama of the Age

FIRST
ARTICLE

By Vance Thompson

Special sketches made at the Court of Assizes, Paris, by Georges Vallée, for SUCCESS MAGAZINE



The Court Prosecutor

While engaged in preparing this remarkable history, Mr. Thompson wrote us from Paris: "As I get into it, and see it as a whole, it looms up big and tragic and human. I have secured all the data—some unpublished data that Reinach is to use. Frankly, I have never worked on any subject that gripped me as this does. After much thought I made a plan, which I trust will please you." I have decided to make the history absolutely accurate to a word. Thus every word quoted from the chief of police, of Du Paty de Clam—of one and all—is exact. The eloquence of the facts is so great I can add nothing.

"The first article begins with the shortest account possible of Dreyfus and his career; then comes his dramatic arrest, his trial, then his degradation.

"In the second article you follow him in his journey to Devil's Island—and this is a grim story. Silence falls on him. Only the pitiful letters, crying, 'I am innocent.' Silence, too, in France. And then at last the voice of Lazare—of a few others, until ten men were found—a hundred men were found who demanded the revision. So the battle goes on until 'J'accuse' appears, until the crime is unearthed. Here it is very dramatic. The discovery of forgery, the veiled woman, —Esterhazy, and others. France is afire—the whole world ablaze—and Dreyfus is brought back, knowing nothing of this world-wide ferment.

"But I need not sketch the story any further. Doubtless you see the plan of it. I hope you will find it good."—THE EDITORS.



Alfred Dreyfus

YOU will never understand the tragic story of Dreyfus—his martyrdom, his triumph—unless you know, vaguely at least, something of this Third Republic of France, which was born in the ignominy of treachery and defeat, which lived and lives in the greater ignominy of financial and political scandals—scandals so sinister that only those who live in the Latin world can comprehend their significance. Even as the Panama affair showed how the rulers of the Third Republic—Rouvier, Clemenceau, and many another—were bought and sold in corruption, the tawdrier Humbert case demonstrated that the judiciary, from the Guard of the Seals down to the casual judge, was capable of conspiring for wholesale theft. The Third Republic is a polypus with three tentacles—bureaucratic, judicial, military. Panama proclaimed the infamy of the bureaucracy; the monstrous theft set on foot by old Humbert, the Minister of Justice and Guard of the Seals, proclaimed that of the judiciary; it was reserved for the Dreyfus case to uncover the military ignominy—not of France, mark you, but of the Third Republic, which is a very different thing.

A Nation's Tragedy

In a way you know the story of the young captain, studious and good, who was caught up in its tentacular orbit; but you do not know it all. What is most wonderful in it is the fierce and sudden uprising of humanity in this old Latin world. It seemed for a while that the Third Republic was a sewer—*notissima fossa*—in which all ideals were drowned. Then, as though summoned by a maker of miracles, there rose this white ideal of humanity—greater than the love of country, race, or religion—man's love for man, the hate of injustice, anger against the lie. What spoke then was the collective soul of France; and in that voice was heard the august and savage wisdom of the people—peasants of the fields and helots of the mines—the People. When once that voice was heard the end was no longer in doubt. The drama rose from its first base acts of suicide, murder, forgery, perjury, delation; it became a revolution at once social and political; it caught up in its swirling folds this young captain, studious and good, and made of him a battle-flag—a point of attack—a rallying point—the cause and center of one of the great human movements of this age, or any age. Nor did the civilized world stand aside, content to watch the battle. It poured millions of fighting money into France; its great men fought with pen and voice in all known languages of Europe; local

ideals of race and patriotism were forgotten—this war was humanity's war.

Will you go down into the cloud and crime of this tragic romance for a little while? Here in the dark go murderers, elbowing forgers and spies, and yonder, plastered with gold, strut the generals in their morose arrogance—afar off, haggard in his chains, their martyr cries his innocence.

The romance of a man; the tragedy of a nation—fo, while Dreyfus hung chained to that Devil's Rock in the southern seas, France was thrown, like a dead girl, to the lampreys and eels of anarchy.

"L'Accusé Est Coupable"

First of all, in this unhappy affair, the man—Alfred Dreyfus was born at Mulhouse, in Alsace, in the year 1859. After the war of 1870, when Alsace was ceded to Germany, his father, Raphael Dreyfus, decided to retain his French nationality, and with his younger children went into France. The eldest son, Jacob, became a German subject and remained at Mulhouse. Alfred was sent to him for a while, in the hope that he might show an aptitude for business; but his boyish heart was back in France. He returned to the house of a married sister in Carpentras. It was she who first spoke to the lad of a military career and led his thoughts in that direction.

"There should be at least one officer in our family," she said, "for the day of the *revanche*."

These words decided him; he began his studies at the Collège Chaptal in Paris; in 1878 he was admitted to the great military school known as the *École Polytechnique*. Two years later—he was only twenty—he had gained the

rank of sublieutenant of artillery and was sent to Fontainebleau. In 1882 he was a second lieutenant in the 31st. regiment of artillery, stationed at Mans. After a year he was called to Paris—the goal toward which every young soldier strives; he was not twenty-three. Those who knew him then will tell you he was blond and slim, with a pale face and a little blond mustache; there was in him a feverish energy of work—his chiefs praised him; they called him grave and serious. In 1889 he was named captain in the 21st artillery, stationed at Bourges. There he was betrothed to Mlle. Lucie Hadamard. Their wedding took place in April, 1890, the day after he was admitted to the *école supérieure*. Two years later he was graduated, ninth in his class, and was attached to the General Staff.

These are the simple facts in a simple life. A brilliant and easy career lay before him. His home life was sweet and attractive. He had a little son and a daughter. Society had never attracted him; now he went out less than ever; he spent his evenings in his quiet flat in the Avenue du Trocadéro, (it was at Number Six,) reading, studying—for he was ambitious and, as well, he loved the science of war. He was a happy man. Indeed, he had conquered the right to happiness, and for him life flowed

like a little stream of water peaceful and clear.

Came Saturday, October 13, 1894.

Late that evening he received an order to appear Monday morning, at nine o'clock, at the Ministry of War—"in civilian's dress." This recommendation struck him as odd, but he attached no great importance to it. Sunday passed in the usual quiet, happy way. Monday morning he bade his wife good-by.

"You will come home to luncheon?" she asked; and he said, "Yes."

Pierre, his little son of three years and a half, went with him to the door and climbed into his arms for a good-by kiss. And so he went away into the fresh and sunny morning, with little Pierre's kiss on his lips.

He was never to see that home again; years were to pass—years of tragic horror that whiten the hair of man and twist the fibers of heart and brain—before he should feel the touch of loving lips; but he did not know. Commandant Picquart met him, as he entered the War Office, and



Octave Mirbeau, one of Dreyfus's Defenders



President Bertulus of the Court of Assizes, (center,) and his associates

led him into the room of the chief of the General Staff. There, to his astonishment, he found, not his chief, but Commandant du Paty de Clam, in uniform, and three unknown civilians. These men were Cochefort, chief of the Secret Police, his secretary, and the archivist Gribelin. They were there to take part in a comedy at once childish and ignoble. Mark it well. In this comedy, with its imbecile trickery—its tawdry and melodramatic methods of the base police—there is foreshadowed all the long and complicated Dreyfus case, with its spies and forgeries, its "veiled women" and its "Speranzas" and Esterhazys. Round the room mirrors had been arranged so that no movement—no glance—of a man sitting at the writing table could be unseen by the detectives.

"I have a letter to write," said Du Paty de Clam, "and, as I have a sore finger, I wish you would write it for me."

In the Name of the Law!

Surprised, but obliging, Dreyfus took a seat at the table; Du Paty de Clam sat beside him and began to dictate; calmly the captain wrote in a clear and steady hand. Suddenly Du Paty de Clam seized him by the arm and shouted: "You tremble!" Did he expect some theatrical manifestation of guilt? Dreyfus merely glanced at him in amazement.

"I'm not trembling," he said, "but my fingers are a little cold—"

"Take care, it's a serious matter!" Du Paty de Clam said violently.

But the infantile comedy had failed; in writing out the words which made part of what was afterwards known as the *bordereau*—that famous document of treason—Dreyfus showed no emotion, knowing not in the slightest what it was all about. Then Du Paty de Clam struck him on the shoulder, and roared: "In the name of the law I arrest you—for high treason!" He had hardly time to spring to his feet with indignant protest, when Cochefort and his fellow leaped upon him and bore him down. Their first care was to search him.

"Take my keys—search everything in my home—you will find nothing. I am innocent," he cried.

Cochefort in a rough voice bade him be still. "Show me the proofs of the infamy you say I have committed—what proofs? What charges?"

"There are proofs enough," said Du Paty de Clam grimly.



In the ladies' gallery

That was the end of the comedy; in charge of a detective and of Commandant Henry, (it was in his horoscope to die by the red death,) Captain Dreyfus was taken to the military prison of the Cherche-Midi. At twelve o'clock he was in a cell; at home they waited for him—the wife and babies, all unsuspecting.



A witness

What Happened in That Somber Cell

You have seen this man—grave, cheerful, happy, studious—in his home; you have seen him caught in a melodramatic police trap; would you know him well—know how passionate a heart beat behind all his soldierly calm—you should see him in his cell. An honest soldier, brave and good, was then the governor of the prison; his name, Forzinetti. I shall not in this history write one unauthoritative word; and it is Forzinetti's sworn statement that I use here. All the prisoner's possessions had been taken from him—knife, pencil, paper, even his watch, lest with the mainspring of it he should saw his way to liberty or cut his throat. Oh, the subtle detectives had all foreseen!

Dreyfus himself says: "When I found myself in that gloomy cell, under the atrocious shock of the scene I had gone through—when I thought of those whom I had left only a few hours before in joy and happiness—I fell into a fearful state of agitation and cried my agony aloud. I went to and fro in my cell, beating my head against the walls, mad with anguish. The governor of the prison came to me and calmed me for awhile. He was a good man, humane."

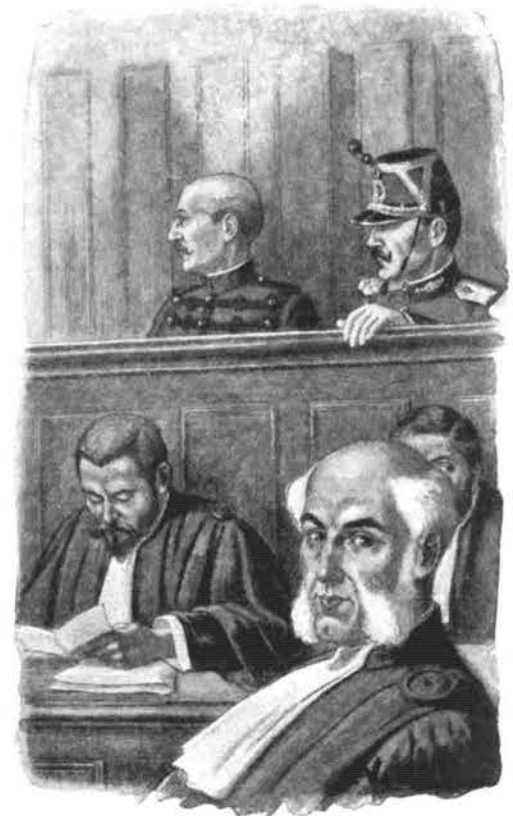
And Forzinetti says: "He was in a state of nervous exaltation impossible to describe. His eyes were bloodshot. He seemed almost insane with grief and horror. With great difficulty I soothed him. Now, I had seen many criminals; and, as I studied this man, I said: 'He is innocent.' And I have never thought otherwise. I obeyed the orders given to me but I tried to give him comfort and hope. During the next few days Commandant du Paty de Clam, came twice

with a special permit of the minister of war to interrogate the prisoner. Before seeing Dreyfus, he asked me if he could not enter the cell by some secret way and flash a dark lantern suddenly in the prisoner's face. I told him he could not. During this period Captain Dreyfus was always in a state of dangerous nervous excitement. From the corridor one could hear him groan, cry aloud, protest his innocence. He dashed himself against the furniture and walls, seemingly unconscious of the bruises and wounds he caused himself. He had not an instant of repose, and when,

overcome by his sufferings and by fatigue, he threw himself on his bed, his sleep was haunted by horrible nightmares. During this agony of nine days he took no nourishment, save a little soup and sugared wine; and on the 24th of October his mental state seemed so serious that I sent word to the minister of war and the governor of Paris. In the afternoon I was summoned to the ministry. The minister was absent; he had gone to the wedding of his niece. I was received by General du Boisdeffre. He asked me my opinion and without hesitation I answered: 'You are on the wrong track; this officer is innocent.'

"Well," said the general, 'nothing can be done until the minister comes back from the wedding—get a doctor to give your prisoner some quieting drugs for a few days.'

And that was done; half mad with fever and drugs. Dreyfus lay in his cell; and to this broken fragment of humanity came Du Paty de Clam questioning, probing, laying little police snares;



Dreyfus in the dock. His lawyers, Labori and Demange, are seated below

and the prisoner cried: "I am innocent! What proofs have you? What is the charge against me?"

For weeks he lay there—*au secret*—not permitted to communicate with his wife, with a friend, with a lawyer. He had vanished as completely from the world as though he had been thrust down into the *in-pace* of a medieval dungeon. His protests of innocence were heard no further than the corridor of his prison, where day and night the military guards walked to and fro, or stood to peer in at him. In the meantime an inquisition into his private life had been made by the chief of the Secret Police, his home had been searched, his most intimate letters read and noted. And from this scathing investigation nothing was learned, save this—he had led a clean life, irreproachable. And a report to this effect was drawn up by the Secret Police. Now, see how early in the case the lie enters. This report, which proclaimed him a sober, discreet, home-loving, honorable man, was suppressed; it was never shown at the trial; another report—a tissue of lies and foul insinuations—was prepared by Commandant d'Ormescheville, secretary to the First Council of War of Paris, and produced against him. And so, having arrested their man, the Du Paty de Clams and Henrys worked, forging evidence against him.

[Charged with Treason]

Not until they had been seven weeks busy was a formal charge made. On December 7, 1894, General Saussier, military governor of Paris, ordered that he should be brought to trial. Then, for the first time, he was permitted to write to his wife. Since that Monday morning in November when he kissed her and took little Pierre up in his arms ("I shall be home for luncheon,") she had had no word from him. She knew only he was under arrest, charged with treason; and this she heard first from the police spies who searched her home. Here is the first letter that came from the man she loved so well; read this:

"TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1894.

"MY DEAR LUCIE:—

"At last I can write you a word—they have just told me I shall be called up for trial the 19th of this month. They have denied me the right to see you. I do not want to write you all I have suffered—there are not in all the world words expressive enough for that. Do you remember when I said how happy we were? Everything in life smiled on us. Then all at once a frightful thunderclap from which my brain is still shaken! I,

accused of the most monstrous crime a soldier can commit! To-day still I can hardly think I am not the prey of a frightful nightmare.

"In the end the truth will come to light. My conscience is calm and tranquil; it does not reproach me with anything. I have been broken, overwhelmed, here in my dark cell, alone with my thoughts; I have had moments of fierce madness; my mind has wandered at times; but my conscience watched. It said to me: 'Head high and look the world in the face! Strong in the right, march straight on with head up; this is a terrible ordeal but it must be gone through with!'"

"I shall not write more to you now, for I want this letter to reach you this evening. I kiss you a thousand times, as I love you, as I adore you. A thousand kisses for the children. I dare not speak of them to you; tears come to my eyes when I think of them."

"ALFRED."

The Purifying Ordeal

The night before he was taken away to be tried he was permitted to write to her once more. And in this letter you may see all the man—his force of soul, his purity of thought, his soldierly confidence in a just cause, his sufferings nobly born:

"Lucie, I am near the end of my sufferings, near the end of my martyrdom. To-morrow I shall appear before my judges, my soul tranquil and my head held high."

"The ordeal I have undergone, terrible as the ordeal has been, has purified my soul. I shall come back to you better than I was. I want to consecrate to you, to our children, to our dear families, all of life I have left to live. As I told you, I have passed through awful crises. I had moments of furious madness at the thought of being accused of so monstrous a crime. I am ready to appear before soldiers as a soldier who has nothing to reproach himself with. They will see on my face, they will read in my soul, the certainty of my innocence. Devoted to my country, to which I have consecrated all my powers, all my intelligence, I have nothing to fear. Sleep peacefully then, my darling, and do not worry. Think only of the joy we shall feel to find ourselves in each other's arms, soon—"

So the poor prisoner wove delusions; he still believed in the honor of his judges, in justice, in truth! Came the morning of the trial. This was December 19, 1894. Forzinetti, his humane jailer, shook him by the hand and bade him have courage.

"I have no fear," said Dreyfus; "my martyrdom is nearly over now. In a few hours I shall be in the arms of those I love."

In undress uniform, his sword at his side, he walked away among his guards; physically he was weak and broken, but he held himself erect; proud and glad and confident, he went away to face his judges. Why should innocence be afraid?

A Star Chamber Trial

In spite of Captain Dreyfus's protests it was decided he should be tried in secret. In vain his lawyer, Maître Demange, fought for a fair trial in the open. Even his enemies—for already the "traitor" had found fierce and hysterical enemies—argued with energy against a star chamber trial. Paul de Cassagnac to his own great honor, wrote in "*L'Autorité*:"

"There is something inhuman, horrible, revolting to the conscience, in this lamentable spectacle of a man being dishonored or killed in the dark, even were this man the guiltiest and most ignoble scoundrel. It is a thousand times worse when the accused denies, opposes an invincible resistance to the accusation, appeals, as is his right, to the sovereign judge, public opinion. I say the only loyal and honest trials are those held before the whole world and in which nothing has to be hid."

Not even that honest voice was heard. The minister of war, General Mercier, had decided; it was in the dark he dishonored his man. General Mercier has been held responsible for the whole, black infamy of the conviction of Dreyfus; and not unjustly. Like Naaman, the Syrian, this old soldier was a great man, but a leper; and the leprosy on him was that of moral cowardice. At first, misled by Du Paty de Clam and Henry, he believed honestly enough in the guilt of their victim; there came a time when he knew better, but, bullied by the press, threat-

ened by his associates, he dared not avow his first vicious mistake; and to error he added crime. Seven blunt, unsuspecting officers sat in the council of war; Colonel Maurel presided. The trial lasted four days. All that France knew of it—all that the world knew for years—was the preliminary proceedings which were open to the public the first day.

It was one o'clock. The doors of the great hall opened. On the raised platform sat the military judges; behind them the substitute judges, Commandant Picquart, delegate of the minister of war, Lepine, the chief of police. The prosecuting officer, Commandant Brisset, was at a table, strewn with documents, photographs, letters. Then, in profound silence, the prisoner was brought in, escorted by guards. With perfect self-command he bowed to his judges and took his place beside his lawyer, Maître Demange. He was slim and erect, young looking in spite of the gray that had come into his hair; a little blond mustache covered his upper lip; he wore eyeglasses. Hardly had he taken his seat when he was sharply ordered to stand up.

"Your name?"

"Alfred Dreyfus."

"Your age?"

"Thirty-five."

A few formal questions; then Commandant Brisset, the prosecutor, intervened and demanded that the trial be held in secret, urging the dangerous nature of the evidence, which might trouble public order. Whispers ran through the room—"The traitor has sold us to Germany!"—"Will there be war?" It was in such an atmosphere that Maître Demange, an old, wise, corpulent man, broken to all the shifts of the law, rose to argue for a fair and open trial.

Alone with His Judges

With violent reproaches the president of the council cried him down. His arguments were not heard. A secret trial was ordered; the hall was cleared; and Dreyfus was left alone with his judges and their witnesses—with Du Paty de Clam and Henry, with handwriting "experts" and the spies of the underground police. His only helper was the old lawyer, gagged and hamstrung by the military procedure. In the dark there the trial dragged on.

Out of doors the press, led by Drumont and by Rochefort, (a brave Don Quixote of journalism, he, charging ever at windmills,) clamored against the "traitor" and the Latin world rumbled darkly with curses against this "German" who had sold the country; and not one voice said: "Wait—at least let us hear the verdict!"

Meanwhile, at the house of her parents, his wife waited in alternate hope and fear; the noise of the Latin world without beat in upon her—vehement and hard; it was the hate of a world that thought itself betrayed; good cause she had to fear. Holding her children close she waited through the days and the nights for word from that closed room where, alone with his accusers, her husband fought for life and more than life. The morning of the fourth day Demange promised she should have the earliest news from that curtained alcove of military justice.

"I will come myself if the news is good," he said.

The Verdict

The hours passed. She went to and fro in her room in restless agony. Every time the street door was opened and shut again heavily, her heart seemed to stop beating. And Demange did not come.

The day crept past, and darkness came and night. Then the door was opened to a messenger. And when the wife saw that he who had come was not Demange—"I will come myself if the news is good!"—she fell to the floor and lay there. It was a long time before her mother won her back to life and she heard the sentence: "Condemned—but not to death!"

Alfred Dreyfus was taken back to his cell. When he saw his kindly jailer he cried: "My only crime is that I was born a—Jew!"

Old Demange clasped him in his arms and wept, and said: Captain, your condemnation is the greatest infamy of the age." He knew what had passed in that room where a man's honor had been slain in the dark, and only he; years were to pass before the world could know and justice be done. Oh! slowly justice was to come, bringing in its train a ghastly *cortège* of murder, suicide, treachery, and shame. In the meantime, the "greatest infamy of the age" had but begun.

Publicly Degraded

The judgment pronounced by the council of war declared Alfred Dreyfus guilty of having, in 1894, delivered to a foreign power or its agents, documents concerning the national defense; and of having trafficked with this foreign power in the purpose of engaging it to commit hostilities against France. He was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a fortified place, after having been publicly degraded before the army.

Publicly degraded—

In all the tragic history of this man, who drank shame and agony and desolation, the infinitely tragic moment was that of his degradation. No one who was there will ever forget that scene. It rises in memory, very actual, inexorably precise, as though it were one of those timeless events which remain forever in the present.

It is the fifth of January, 1895—a bitter winter morning. Since dawn a Latin mob has thronged the streets about the *École Militaire*; it surges against the iron railings that shut off the *Place de Fontenoy*; and that place is a naked, wind-swept parade ground. At one side, the *jaçade* of the school of war; at the other side, over the roofs of the barracks, rises the great gilt dome of the *Invalides*, beneath which Napoleon lies in his tomb of porphyry and granite. At half-past eight the troops march out upon it—three companies from each of the Paris regiments, made up of old veterans and young recruits, troopers, and artillerymen; and always among them the boyish conscripts who are to learn a lesson from this scene. A group of journalists finds place between the artillery and the infantry; their instructions are to make no demonstration when the "traitor" is led by. Some of them promise.

The Howl of the Mob

Nine o'clock; General Darras draws his sword; orders ring out; the infantrymen shoulder arms; the sabers of the cavalry gleam; at the far edge of the field a little group appears. It is made up of four artillerymen in somber dolmans; in the center is Dreyfus—the light flashing on his sword, on the three gold galloons that mark his rank; beside him strides the adjutant of the guard, the executioner of the military decree, a giant of a man, cloaked, plumed, glorious. The little group comes obliquely across the naked field. The "traitor's" step is firm, his head is high, his left hand grasps the hilt of his sword. Without, the mob lifts its dull clamor, the sulky growl of six thousand alcoholic throats. Where the general sits on his horse the little group halts; the cannoneers fall back, and Dreyfus stands alone. Very small he seems; motionless, cut in steel. And the general speaks:

"Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. In the name of the French Republic I degrade you!"

Then the desolate man raises suddenly his arms to heaven and cries with a loud voice, "I am innocent!"

As sudden is the roar that comes from the Latin mob, surging against the iron fence: "Death!" and "Judas!" and "Traitor!" A

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The Second Generation

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

CHAPTER XXI.

MADELENE'S anteroom was full of poor people.

They flocked to her, though she did not pauperize them by giving her services free. She had got the reputation of miraculous cures, the theory in the tenements being that her father had swindled his satanic "familiar" by teaching his daughter without price what he had had to pay for with his immortal soul. Adelaide refused the chair a sick-looking young artisan awkwardly pressed upon her. Leaning against the window seat, she tried to interest herself in her fellow-invalids. But she had not then the secret which unlocks the mystery of faces: she was still in the darkness in which most of us proudly strut away our lives, deriding as dreamers or cranks those who are in the light and see. With almost all of us the innate sympathies of race, which give even wolves and vultures the sense of fraternal companionship in the storm and stress of the struggle for existence, are deeply overlaid with various kinds of that egotistic ignorance called class feeling. Adelaide felt sorry for "the poor," but she had yet to learn that she was of them, as poor in other and more important ways as they in money and drawing-room manners. Surfaces and the things of the surface obscured or distorted all the realities for her, as for most of us; and the fact that her intelligence laughed at and scorned her perverted instincts was of as little help to her as it is to most of us.

When Madelene was free she said to her sister-in-law, in mock seriousness, "Well, and what can I do for you?" as if she were another patient.

"Nothing, nothing at all," replied she to Madelene's question. "I just dropped in to annoy you with my idle self—or, maybe, to please you. You know we're taught at church that a large part of the joy of the saved comes from watching the misery of the damned."

But Madelene had the instinct of the physician born. "She has something on her mind and wants me to help her," she thought. Aloud she said: "I feel idle, myself. We'll sit about for an hour, and you'll stay to dinner

with Arthur and me—we have it here to-day, as your mother is going out. Afterwards I must do my round."

A silence, with Adelaide wondering where Ross was and just when he would return. Then Madelene went on: "I've been trying to persuade your mother to give up the house, change it into a hospital."

The impudence of it! *Their* house, *their* home; and this newcomer into the family—a newcomer from nowhere—trying to get it away from them! "Mother said something about it," said Adelaide frostily. "But she did n't say *you* had been at her. I think she ought to be left alone in her old age."

"The main thing is to keep her interested in life, don't you think?" suggested Madelene, noting how Adelaide was holding herself in check, but disregarding it. "Your mother's a plain, natural person and never has felt at home in that big house. Indeed, I don't think any human being ever does feel at home in a big house. There was a time when they fitted in with the order of things; but now they've become silly, it seems to me, except for public purposes. When we all get sensible and go in for being somebody instead of for showing off, we'll live in convenient, comfortable, really tasteful and individual houses, and have big buildings only for general use."

"I'm afraid the world will never grow up into your ideals, Madelene," said Del, with restrained irony. "At least not in our day."

"I'm in no hurry," replied Madelene good-naturedly. "The most satisfactory thing about common sense is that one can act on it without waiting for others to get round to it. But we were n't talking of those who would rather be ignorantly envied than intelligently happy. We were talking of your mother."

"Mother was content with her mode of life until you put these 'advanced' ideas into her head."

"Advanced" is hardly the word," said Madelene. "They used to be her ideas—always have been, underneath. If it was n't that she was afraid of hurting your

feelings, she'd not hesitate an instant. She'd take the small house across the way and give herself the happiness of helping with the hospital she'd install in the big house. You know she always had a passion for waiting on people. Here's her chance to gratify it to good purpose. Why should she let the fact that she has money enough not to have to work stand between her and happy usefulness?"

"What does Arthur think?" asked Del. Her resentment was subsiding in spite of her determined efforts to keep it glowing; Madelene knew the secret of manner that enables one to be habitually right without giving others the sense of being put irritatingly in the wrong. "But," smiling, "I need n't inquire. Of course he assents to whatever *you* say."

"You know Arthur better than that," replied Madelene, with no trace of resentment. She had realized from the beginning of the conversation that Del's nerves were on edge; her color, alternately rising and fading and her eyes, now sparkling, now dull, could only mean fever from a tempest of secret emotion. "He and I usually agree simply because we see things in about the same light."

"You furnish the light," teased Adelaide.

"That was in part so at first," admitted her sister-in-law. "Arthur had got many foolish notions in his head through accepting thoughtlessly the ideas of the people he traveled with. But, once he let his good sense get the upper hand—He helps me now far more than I help him."

"Has Arthur consented to let them give him a salary yet?" asked Adelaide, not because she was interested, but because she desperately felt that the conversation must be kept alive. Perhaps Ross was even now on his way to Saint X.

"He still gets what he fixed on at first—ten dollars a week more than the foreman."

"Honestly, Madelene," said Adelaide, in a flush and flash of irritation, "don't you think that's absurd?"

With the responsibility of the whole business on his shoulders, you know he ought to have more than a common workman."

"In the first place you must not forget that everyone is paid very high wages at the university works now." "And he's the cause of that—of the mills doing so well," said Del. She could see Ross entering the gates—at the house inquiring—What was she talking to Madelene about? Yes, about Arthur and the mills. "Even the men that criticise him—Arthur, I mean—most severely for 'sowing discontent in the working class,' as they call it," she went on, "concede that he has wonderful business ability. So he ought to have a huge salary."

"No doubt he earns it," replied Madelene. "But the difficulty is that he can't take it without its coming from the other workmen. You see, money is coined sweat. All its value comes from somebody's labor. He deserves to be rewarded for happening to have a better brain than most men, and for using it better. But there's no fund for rewarding the people for being cleverer than most of their fellow-beings, any more than there's a fund to reward them for being handsome. So he has to choose between robbing his fellow-workmen, who are in his power, and going without riches. He prefers going without."

"He's going to establish a seven-hour working day; and, if possible, cut it down to six." Madelene's eyes were sparkling. Del watched her longingly, enviously. How interested she was in these useful things! How fine it must be to be interested where one could give one's whole heart without concealment—or shame! "And," Madelene was saying, "the university is to change its schedules so that all its practical courses will be at hours when men working in the factory can take them. It's simply another development of his and Dory's idea that a factory belonging to a university ought to set a decent example—ought not to compel its men to work longer than is necessary for them to earn at honest wages a good living for themselves and their families."

"The factories can't make money on such a plan as that," said Adelaide, again repeating a remark of Ross's, but deliberately, because she believed it could be answered, wished to hear it answered.

"No, not dividends," replied Madelene. "But dividends are to be abolished in that department of the university, just as they are in the other departments. And the money the university needs is to come from tuition fees. Everyone is to pay for what he gets. Some one has to pay for it; why not the person who gets the benefit? Especially when the university's farms and workshops and factories give every student, man and woman, a chance to earn a good living. I tell you Adelaide, the time is coming when every kind of school

except kindergarten will be self-supporting. And then you'll see a human race that is really fine, really capable, has a real standard of self-respect."

As Madelene talked, her face lighted up and all her latent magnetism was radiating. Adelaide, for no reason that was clear to her, yielded to a surge of impulse and, half-laughing, half in tears, suddenly kissed Madelene. "No wonder Arthur is mad about you, stark mad!" she cried.

Madelene was for a moment surprised out of that perfect self-unconsciousness which is probably the rarest of human qualities, and which was her greatest charm to those who knew her well. She blushed furiously and angrily. Her and Arthur's love was to her most sacred, absolutely between themselves. When any outsider could observe them, even her sister Walpurga, she seemed so much the comrade and fellow-worker in her attitude toward him that people thought and spoke of their married life as "charming, but cold." Alone with him, she showed that which was for him alone—a passion whose strength had made him strong, as the great waves give their might to the swimmer who does not shrink from adventuring them. Adelaide's impulsive remark had violated her profoundest modesty; and in the shock she showed it.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Adelaide, though she did not realize wherein she had offended. Love was an unexplored, an unsuspected mystery to her then—the more a mystery because she thought she knew, because she had read about it and discussed it and reasoned about it.

"Oh, I understand," said Madelene, contrite for her betraying expression. "Only—some day when you really fall in love—you'll know why I was startled."

Adelaide shrank within herself. "Even Madelene," thought she, "who has not a glance for other people's affairs, knows how it is between Dory and me."

It was Madelene's turn to be repentant and apologetic. "I did n't mean quite that," she stammered. "Of course I know you care for Dory—"

The tears came to Del's eyes and the high color to her cheeks. "You need n't make excuses," she cried. "It's the truth. I don't care—in that way."

A silence; then Madelene, gently: "Was this what you came to tell me?"

Adelaide nodded slowly. "Yes, though I did n't know it."

"Why tell me?"

"Because I think I care for another man." Adelaide was not looking away. On the contrary, as she spoke, saying the words in an even, reflective tone, she returned her sister-in-law's gaze fully, frankly. "And I don't know what to do. It's very complicated—doubly complicated."

"The one you were first engaged to?"

"Yes," said Del. "Is n't it pitiful in me?" And there was real self-contempt in her voice and in her expression. "I assumed that I despised him because he was selfish and calculating, and such a snob! Now I find I don't mind his selfishness, and that I, too, am a snob." She smiled drearily. "I suppose you feel the proper degree of contempt and aversion."

"We are all snobs," answered Madelene, tranquilly. "It's one of the deepest dyes of the dirt we came from, the hardest to wash out."

"Besides," pursued Adelaide, "he and I have both learned by experience—which has come too late; it always does."

"Not at all," said Madelene, briskly. "Experience is never too late. It's always invaluable useful in some way, no matter when it comes."

Adelaide was annoyed by Madelene's lack of emotion. She had thought her sister-in-law would be stirred by a recital so romantic, so dark with the menace of tragedy. Instead, the doctor was acting as if she were dealing with mere measles. Adelaide, unconsciously, of course—we are never conscious of the strong admixture of vanity in our "great" emotions—was piqued into explaining. "We can never be anything to each other. There's Dory; then there's Theresa. And I'd suffer anything rather than bring shame and pain on others."

Madelene smiled—somehow not irritatingly—an appeal to Del's sense of proportion. "Suffer," repeated she. "That's a good strong word for a woman to use who has health and youth and beauty, and material comfort—and a mind capable of an infinite variety of interests." Adelaide's tragic look was slipping from her. "Don't take too gloomy a view," continued the physician. "Disease and death and one other thing are the only really serious ills. In this case of yours everything will come round quite smooth, if you don't get hysterical and if Ross Whitney is really in earnest and not"—Madelene's tone grew even more deliberate—"not merely getting up a theatrical romance along the lines of the 'high-life' novels you idle people set such store by." She saw, in Del's wincing, that the shot had landed. "No," she went on, "your case is one of the commonplaces of life among those people—and they're in all classes—who look for emotions and not for opportunities to be useful."

Del smiled, and Madelene hailed the returning sense of humor as an encouraging sign.

"As for Dory—"

At that name Del colored and hung her head.

"As for Dory," repeated Madelene, not losing the chance to emphasize the effect, "he's no doubt fond of you. But no matter what he—or you—may imagine, his fondness can not be deeper than that of a man for a woman between whom and him there is n't the perfect love that makes one of two."

"I don't understand his caring for me," cried Del. "I can't believe he does." This in the hope of being contradicted.

But Madelene simply said: "Perhaps he'd not feel toward you as he seems to think he does if he had n't known you before you went East and got fond of the sort of thing that attracts you in Ross Whitney. Anyhow, Dory's the kind of man to be less unhappy over losing you than over keeping you when you did n't want to stay. You may be like his eyes to him, but you know if that sort of man loses his sight he puts seeing out of the calculation and goes on just the same. Dory Hargrave is a man—and a real man is bigger than any love affair, however big."

Del was trying to hide the deep and smarting wound to her vanity. "You are right, Madelene," said she. "Dory is cold."

"But I did n't say that," replied Madelene. "Most of us prefer people like those flabby sea creatures that are tossed aimlessly about by the waves and have no

permanent shape or real purposes and desires, but take whatever their feeble tentacles can hold without effort." Del winced, and it was the highest tribute to Dr. Madelene's skill that the patient did not hate her and refuse further surgery. "We're used to that sort," continued she. "So when a really alive, vigorous, pushing, and resisting personality comes in contact with us, we say, 'How hard! How unfeeling!' The truth, of course, is that Ross is more like the flabby things—his environment dominates him, while Dory, he dominates his environment. But you like the Ross sort, and you're right to suit yourself. To suit yourself is the only way to avoid making a complete failure of life. Wait till Dory comes home. Then talk it out with him. Then—free yourself and marry Ross, who will have freed himself. It's quite simple. People are broad-minded about divorce nowadays."

It certainly was easy, and ought to have been attractive. Yet Del was not attracted. "One can't deal with love in such a cold, calculating fashion," thought she, by way of bolstering up her weakening confidence in the reality and depth of those sensations which had seemed so thrillingly romantic an hour before. "I've given you the impression that Ross and I have—some understanding," said she. "But we have n't. For all I know, he may not care for me as I care for him."

"He probably does n't," was Madelene's douchelike reply. "You attract him physically—which includes his feeling that you'd show off better than Theresa before the world for which he cares so much. But, after all, that's much the way you care for him, is n't it?"

Adelaide's bosom was swelling and falling agitatedly. Her eyes flashed; her reserve vanished. "I'm sure he'd love me!" cried she. "He'd give me what my whole soul, my whole body cry out for. Madelene, you don't understand! I am so starved, so out in the cold! I want to go in where it's warm—and—human!" The truth, the deep-down truth, was out at last; Adelaide had wrenched it from herself.

"And Dory will not give you that?" said Madelene, all gentleness and sympathy, and treading softly on this dangerous, delicate ground.

"He gives me nothing!" exclaimed Adelaide, bitterly. "He is waiting for me to learn to love him. He ought to know that a woman has to be taught to love—at least the sort of woman I am. He treats me as if I were his equal, when he ought to see that I'm not; that I'm like a child, and have to be shown what's good for me, and made to take it."

"Then, perhaps, after all," said Madelene, slowly, "you do care for Dory."

"Of course I care for him; how could anyone help it? But he won't let me—he won't let me!" She was on the verge of hysteria, and her loss of self-control was aggravated by the feeling that she was making a weak, silly exhibition of herself.

"If you do care for Dory, and Dory cares for you, and you don't care for Ross—" began Madelene.

"But I do care for Ross, too! Oh, I must be bad—bad! Could a nice woman care for two men at the same time?"

"I'd have said not," was Madelene's answer. "But now I see that she could—and I see why."

"Dory means something to me that Ross does not. Ross means something that Dory does not. I want it all—all that both of them represent. I can't give up Dory; I can't give up Ross. You don't understand, Madelene, because you've had the good luck to get it all from Arthur."

After a silence, Madelene said: "Well, Del, what are you going to do?"

"Nothing."

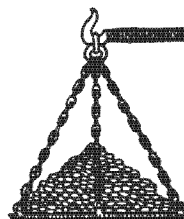
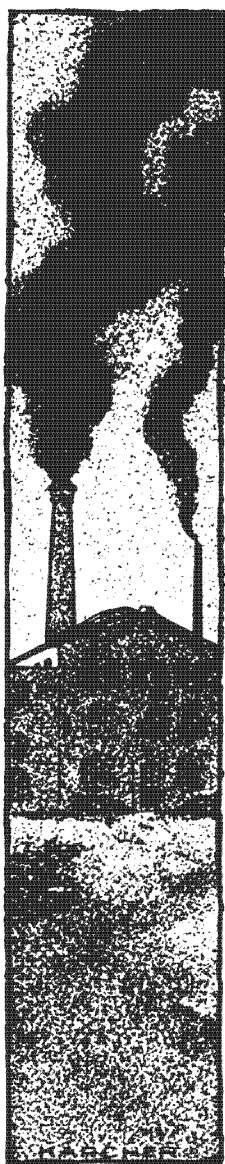
"That's sensible!" approved Madelene. "If Ross really loves you, then, whether he can have you or not, he'll free himself from Theresa. He simply could n't go on with her. And if you really care for him, then, when Dory comes home he'll free you."

"That ought to be so," said Adelaide, not seeing the full meaning of Madelene's last words. "But it is n't. Neither Ross nor I is strong enough. We're just ordinary people, the sort that most everybody is and that most everybody despises when they see them or read about them as they really are. No, he and I will each do the conventional thing. We'll go our separate ways"—contemptuously—"the easiest ways. And we'll regard ourselves as martyrs to duty—that's how they put it in the novels, is n't it?"

"At least," said Madelene, with a calmness she was far from feeling, "both you and Ross have had your lesson in the consequence of doing things in a hurry."

"That's the only way people brought up as we've been ever do anything. If we don't act on impulse, we don't act at all; we drift on."

"Drifting is action, the most decisive kind of action." Madelene was thinking what would certainly happen the instant Dory found how matters stood; but she deemed it tactful to keep this thought to herself. Just then she was called to the telephone. When she came back she found Adelaide restored to her usual appearance—the fashionable, light-hearted, beautiful woman, mistress of herself, and seeming as secure against emotional violence from within as against discourtesy from without. But she showed how deep



was the impression of Madelene's common-sense analysis of her romance by saying: "A while ago you said there were only three serious ills, disease and death, and you did n't name the third. What is it?"

"Dishonor," said Madelene, with a long, steady look at her.

Adelaide paled slightly, but met her sister-in-law's level gaze. "Yes," was all she said.

A silence; then Madelene: "Your problem, Del, is simple; is no problem at all, so far as Dory or Ross's wife is concerned; or the whole outside world, for that matter. It's purely personal; it's altogether the problem of bringing pain and shame on yourself. The others'll get over it; but can you?"

Del made no reply. A moment later Arthur came; after dinner she left before he did, and so was not alone with Madelene again. Reviewing her amazing confessions to her sister-in-law, she was both sorry and not sorry. Her mind was undoubtedly relieved, but at the price of showing to another her naked soul, and that of a woman—true, an unusual woman, by profession a confessor, but still a woman. Thenceforth some one other than herself would know her as she really was—not at all the nice, delicate lady with instincts as fine as those of the heroine of novels, who, even at their most realistic, are pictured as fully and grandly dressed of soul in the solitude of bedroom as in crowded drawing-room. "I don't care!" concluded Adelaide. "If she, or anyone else, thinks the worse of me for being a human being, it will either show hypocrisy, or ignorance of human nature."

CHAPTER XXII.

EIGHT specialists, including Romney, of New York and Saltonstall, of Chicago, had given Charles Whitney their verdicts on why he was weak and lethargic. In essential details these diagnoses differed as widely as opinions always differ where no one knows, or can know, and so everyone is free to please his own fancy in choosing a cloak for his ignorance. Some of the doctors declared kidneys sound but liver suspicious; others exonerated liver but condemned one or both kidneys; others viewed kidneys and liver with equal pessimism; still others put those organs aside and shook their heads and unlimbered their Latin at spleen and pancreas. In one respect, however, the eight narrowed to two groups. "Let's figure it out trial-balance fashion," said Whitney to his private secretary, Vagen. "Five, including two-thousand-dollar Romney, say I 'may go soon.' Three, including our one-thousand-dollar neighbor, Saltonstall, say I am, 'in no immediate danger.' But what the Romneys mean by 'soon,' and what the Saltonstalls mean by 'immediate,' none of the eight says."

"But they all say that 'with proper care'—" began Vagen, with the faith of the little in the pretentious.

"So they do! So they do!" interrupted Whitney, whom life had taught not to measure wisdom by profession of it, nor yet by repute for it. And he went on in a drowsy drawl, significantly different from his wonted rather explosive method of speech: "But does any of 'em say what 'proper care' is? Each gives his opinion. Eight opinions, each different and each cautioning me against the kind of 'care' prescribed by the other seven. And I paid six thousand dollars!" A cynical smile played round his thin-lipped, selfish mouth.

"Sixty-three hundred," corrected Vagen. He never missed this sort of chance to impress his master with his passion for accuracy.

"Sixty-three, then. I'd better have given you the money to blow in on your fliers on wheat and pork."

At this Vagen looked much depressed. It was his first intimation that his chief knew about his private life. "I hope, sir, nobody has been poisoning your mind against me," said he. "I court the fullest investigation. I have been honest—"

"Of course, of course," replied Whitney. "There never was a man as timid as you are that was n't honest. What a shallow world it is! How often envy and cowardice pass for virtue!"

"I often say, sir," replied Vagen, with intent to soothe and flatter, "there ain't one man in ten million that would n't have done the things you've done if they'd had the brains and the nerve."

"And pray what are the 'things I've done?'" inquired Whitney. But the flame of irritation was so feeble that it died down before his words were out. "I'm going down to Saint X to see old Schulze," he drawled on.

"Schulze knows more than any of 'em—and ain't afraid to say when he don't know." A slow, somewhat sardonic smile. "That's why he's unknown. What can a wise man, who insists on showing that he's wise, expect in a world of fools?" A long silence, during which the uncomfortable Vagen had the consolation of seeing in that haggard, baggy, pasty-white face that his master's thoughts were serving him much worse than mere discomfort. Then Whitney spoke again: "Yes, I'm going to Saint X. I'm going home to—"

He did not finish; he could not speak the word of finality. Vagen saw the look in his pale, blue-green eyes, saw that the great financier knew he would never again

fing his terrible nets broadcast for vast hauls of golden fish, knew his days were numbered and that the number was small. But, instead of this making him feel sympathetic and equal toward his master, thus unmasked as mere galvanized clay, it filled him with greater awe; for, to the Vagens, Death seems to wear a special costume and walk with grander step to summon the rich and the high.

"Yes, I'll go—this very afternoon," said Whitney more loudly, turning his face toward the door, through which came a faint feminine rustling—the *froufrou* of the finest, softest silk and finest, softest linen.

He looked attentively at his wife as she crossed the threshold—looked with eyes that saw mercilessly but indifferently, the eyes of those who are out of the game of life, out for good and all, and so care nothing about it. He noted in her figure—in its solidity, its settledness—the signs of age the beauty doctors were still almost successful in keeping out of that masklike face which was their creation rather than nature's; he noted the rough-looking red of that hair whose thinness was not altogether concealed despite the elaborate care with which it was arranged to give the impression of careless abundance. He noted her hands; his eyes did not linger there, for the hands had the wrinkles and hollows and age marks which but for art would have been in the face, and they gave him a feeling—he could not have defined it, but it made him shudder. His eyes rested again upon her face, with an expression of pity that was slightly satirical. This struggle of hers seemed so petty and silly to him now; how could any human being think any other fact important when the Great Fact hung from birth threateningly over all?

"You feel worse to-day, dear?" said she, in the tones that sound carefully attuned to create an impression of sympathy. Hers had become the mechanically saccharine voice which sardonic time ultimately fastens upon the professionally sympathetic to make them known and mocked of all, even of the vainest seekers after sympathy.

"On the contrary, I feel better," he drawled, eyes half shut. "No pain at all. But—horribly weak, as if I were going to faint in a minute or two."

"Well, to-morrow Janet and her baby will be here," said Mrs. Whitney, and her soothing tones seemed to stimulate him by irritation. "Then we'll all go down to Saint X together, if you still wish it."

"Don't take that tone with me, I tell you!" he said, with some energy in his drawl. "Don't talk to me as if you were hanging over my deathbed lying to me about my going to live!" And he closed his eyes, and his breath made his parted, languid lips flutter.

"Mr. Vagen," said Matilda, in her tone of sweet graciousness, "may I trouble you to go and—"

"Clear out, Vagen," said Charles, starting up again that slow stream of fainting words and sentences. "Anywhere to get you out of the room so you won't fill the flapping ears of your friends with gossip about Whitney and his wife. Though why she should send you out I can't understand. If you and the servants don't hear what's going on, you make up and tattle worse than what really happens."

Mrs. Whitney gave Vagen a look of sweet resignation and Vagen responded with an expression which said: "I understand. He is very ill. He is not responsible. I admire your ladylike patience." As Whitney's eyes were closed he missed this byplay.

"Here, Vagen—before you go," he drawled, waving a weary hand toward the table at his elbow. "Here's a check for ten thousand. You don't deserve it, for you've used your position to try to get rich on the sly. But inasmuch as I was 'on to' you, and dropped hints that made you lose, I've no hard feelings. Then, too, you did no worse than any other would have done in your place. A man's as good, and as bad, as he has the chance to be. So take it. I've not made my will yet, and, as I may not be able to, I give you the money now. You'll find the check in this top drawer, and some other checks for the people near me. I suppose they'll expect something—I've got 'em into the habit of it. Take 'em and run along and send 'em off right away."

Vagen muttered inarticulate thanks. In fact, the check was making small impression on him, or the revelation that his chief had eyes as keen for what was going on under his nose as for the great movements in the big field. He could think only of that terrifying weakness, that significant garrulousness.

When Vagen was out of the way, Charles repeated: "I'm going this afternoon." His listless eyes were gazing vacantly at the carved rosewood ceiling. His hands—the hands of a corpse—looked horribly like sheathed, crumpled claws in the gold silk cuffs of his dark-blue dressing gown. His nose, protruding from his sunken cheeks, seemed not like a huge beak, but indeed a beak.

"But Janet—" began Mrs. Whitney, thinking as she spoke that he surely would "not be spared to us much longer."

"Janet can follow—or stay here—or—I don't care what she does," droned Whitney. "Do you suppose I'm thinking about anybody but myself now? Would you, if you were in my fix? I should say," he amended cynically, "will you, when you're in my fix?"

"Charles!" exclaimed Matilda.

Whitney's smile checked her. "I'm not a fool," he

rambled on. "Do you suppose I have n't seen what was going on? Do you suppose I don't know all of you wish I was out of it? Yes, out of it. And you need n't bother to put on that shocked look; it does n't fool me. I used to say: 'I'll be generous with my family and give 'em more than they'd have if I was gone.' 'No children waiting round eager for me to pass off,' said I, 'so that they can divide up my fortune.' I've said that often and often. And I've acted on it. And I've raised up two as pampered, selfish children as ever lived. And now—The last seven months I've been losing money hand over fist. Everything I've gone into has turned out bad. I'm down to about half what I had a year ago—maybe less than half. And you and Ross—and no doubt that marchioness ex-daughter of mine—all know it. And you're afraid if I live on, I'll lose more, maybe everything. Do you deny it?"

Matilda was unable to speak. She had known he was less rich; but half!—"maybe less!" The cuirass of steel, whalebone, kid, and linen which molded her body to a fashionable figure seemed to be closing in on her heart and lungs with a stifling clutch.

"No, you don't deny it. You could n't," Whitney drawled on. "And so my 'indulgent father' foolishness ends just where I might have known it'd end. We've brought up the children to love money and to show off, instead of to love us and have character and self-respect—God forgive me!"

The room was profoundly silent; Charles thinking drowsily, yet vividly, too, of his life; Matilda burning in anguish over the lost half, or more, of the fortune—and Charles had always been secretive about his wealth,—she did n't know how much the fortune was a year ago and could n't judge whether much or little was left! Enough to uphold her social position? Or only enough to keep her barely clear of the "middle classes?"

Soon Whitney's voice broke in upon her torments. "I've been thinking a great deal, this last week, about Hiram Ranger."

Matilda, startled, gave him a wild look. "Charles!" she exclaimed.

"Exactly," said Whitney, a gleam of enjoyment in his dull eyes.

In fact, since Hiram's death his colossal figure had often dominated the thoughts of Charles and Matilda Whitney. The will had set Charles to observing, to seeing; it had set Matilda to speculating on the possibilities of her own husband's stealthy relentlessness. At these definite, dreadful words of his, her vague alarms burst into a deafening chorus, jangling and clanging in her very ears.

"Arthur Ranger," continued Whitney, languid and absent, "has got out of the beaten track of business—"

"Yes; look at Hiram's children!" urged Matilda.

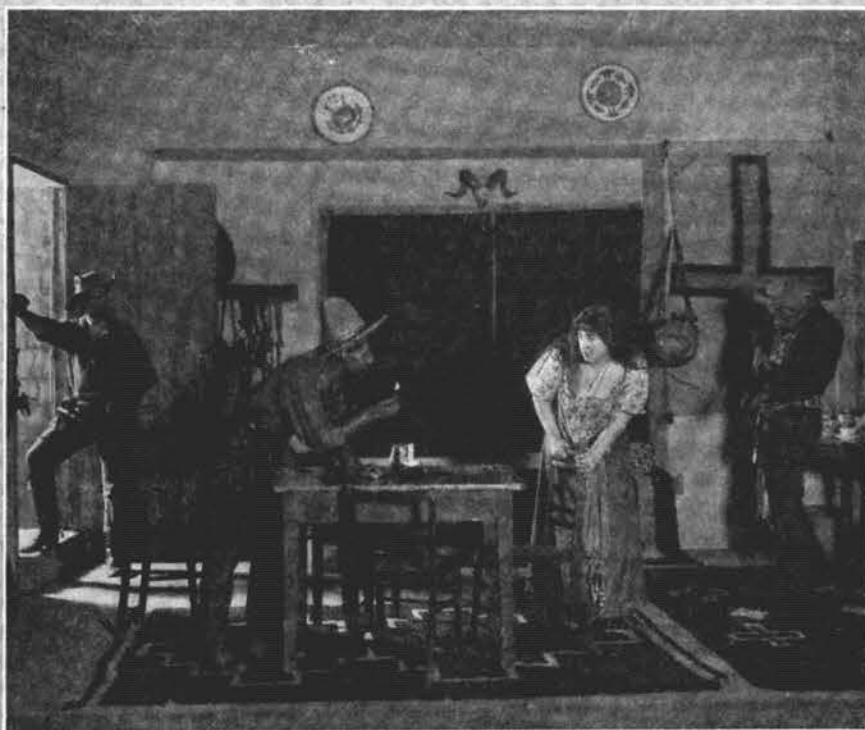
"Everybody that is anybody is down on Arthur. See what his wife has brought him to, with her crazy, upsetting ideas! They tell me a good many of the best people in Saint X hardly speak to him. Yes, Charles, look at Hiram's doings."

"Thanks to Hiram—what he inherited from Hiram and what Hiram had the good sense not to let him inherit—he has become a somebody. He's doing things, and the fact that they are n't just the kind of things I like does n't make me fool enough to underestimate them or him. Success is the test, and in his line he's a success."

"If it had n't been for his wife he'd not have done much," said Matilda sourly.

"You've lived long enough, I'd think, to have learned not to say such shallow things," drawled he. "Of course, he has learned from her—don't everybody have to learn somewhere? Where a man learns is nothing; the important thing is his capacity to learn, if a man's got the capacity to learn, he'll learn, he'll become somebody. If he has n't, then no man nor no woman can teach him. No, my dear, you may be sure that anybody who amounts to anything has got it in himself. And Arthur Ranger is a credit to any

[Continued on pages 900 to 902]



Critical

The stage has come to be a great arena for solving human problems. No legitimate subject is too deep for the analytical mind of the modern playwright. Dramatists to-day are solving not only questions of human emotion, but they are also defining the probable outcome of "concentrated wealth and undigested securities."

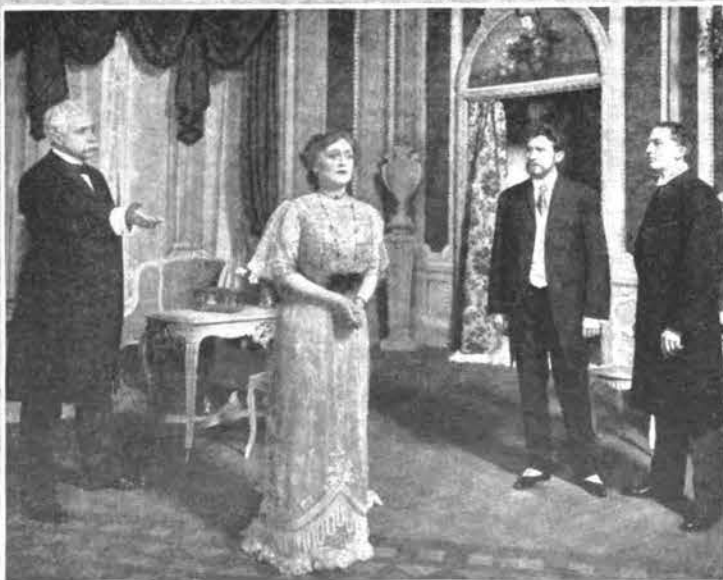
"The Great Divide" is by William Vaughn Moody. Ruth Jordan (Margaret Anglin,) a young woman from Milford Corners, Massachusetts, living temporarily in the wilds of Arizona, is left alone in the cabin by her brother and other companions. They warn her of the danger of her unprotected solitude, but she laughingly declares that she is able to take care of herself. They are no sooner gone than three drunken desperados break into the cabin. They plan to assault the woman. The girl pleads with one of them, Stephen Ghent (Henry Miller,) to save her. He agrees if she will marry him. She consents, but is afterwards filled with loathing for a man who would demand such a compact.



The intense moment in Israel Zangwill's play, "Nurse Marjorie," is when Eleanor Robson, who plays the name part, coquettishly pretends to consider the ardent proposal of John Danbury, M. P., (H. B. Warner,) whom she has humiliated in every way at her whimsical command, in order to compel him to make atonement for masculine arrogance, and whose injured pride has at length been healed by the hand of love. He has intentionally shown his caste prejudice for a poor fish woman, and "Nurse Marjorie" has taught him a lesson.



"Clothes" pictures the extremes to which a society woman will go in order to gratify her desire for extensive wearing apparel. Olivia Sherwood (Grace George,) unquestioningly takes money from her attorney Arnold West (Frank Worthing,) who she thinks is acting as a friend, but who in reality is an unscrupulous admirer. He informs her that the money was given to her in charity. This arouses in her such repulsion for him, that she throws him down a flight of stairs.



In Charles Klein's latest play, "Daughters of Men," Matthew Crosby (Lynn Pratt,) James Thedford (Edwin Brant,) and Richard Millbank (Herbert Nelson,) plead with Grace Crosby (Effie Shannon,) not to marry a social reformer whom she loves, since he is antagonistic to her family's moneyed interests. It deals with the ancient idea that love is a matter of taste. The racking struggle between heart and head results first in a victory for the latter. However, it is but temporary, for, at the last, the heart is triumphant, and she weds the man she loves.



A powerful situation is that in Alfred Sutro's "The Price of Money," when Lillian Tremblett (Margaret Dale,) has been sent by her husband to ask a favor of the man she loves, Lord Cardew, (Walter Hitchcock,) her husband, being in perfect cognizance of the fact that she loves Lord Cardew and he her. Together, alone, affection overrules conventionalities and they decide that she shall go to Canada with Lord Cardew and his sister. They plead for freedom to do so with her brother-in-law, and finally, winning him to their way of thinking, go free.

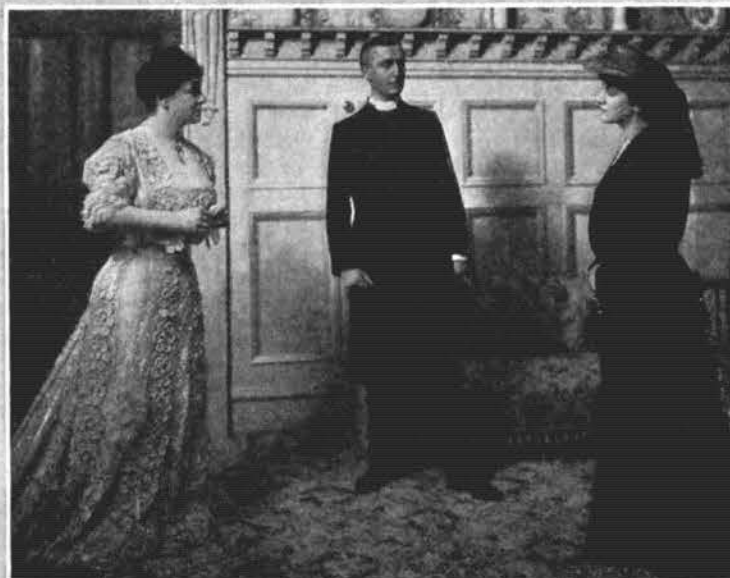
Moments

The pictures presented on these pages represent the critical moments in the leading plays now being presented in New York City. In each case the author carries his audience to a fever-heat point, where some great pent-up human emotion bursts and lets loose some awful truth. It is that point which we have aimed to photograph and describe here.

The Girl (Blanche Bates,) and Jack Rance, sheriff and gambler, (Frank Keenan,) in David Belasco's play, "The Girl of the Golden West," cut the cards, the stakes being the life of Dick Johnson, *alias* Ramerrez, a road agent, (Charles Millward,) whom the Girl loves. Twice they have cut. Once she has won. Once she has lost. They cut for the third and last time and—she loses! But before Rance has seen her cards she pretends faintness, and, while he turns to reach for a stimulant, she hastily substitutes for the losing card an ace that she had secretly hidden in her dress before beginning to play, and triumphantly holds up to him a winning hand. She will take no chances. Jack Rance, whatever his faults, is on the square and man of his word, and so gives up all pretensions to the Girl's love and assists Ramerrez to go free.



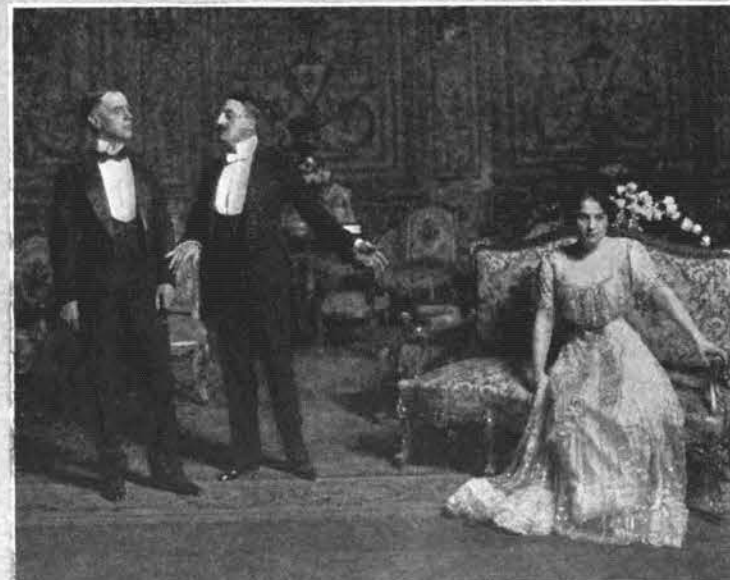
The stirring turning-point in James Forbes's comedy, "The Chorus Lady" is when Patricia O'Brien (Rose Stahl,) returning home from an ill-fated engagement with a burlesque show, finds that her unsophisticated little sister, Norah (Eva Denison,) is becoming fascinated with Dick Crawford (Francis Byrne,) an unscrupulous man of the world. Her sister has pleaded with her to let her go on the stage. And now, to get her away from Crawford and save her from a terrible future, she consents to sacrifice her only means of making a livelihood.



"The Hypocrites," by Henry Arthur Jones, produces a heart-gripping moment when Rachel Neve (Doris Keane,) is pilloried before Mrs. Wilmore (Jessie Millward,) and the Reverend Edgar Linnell, Curate of Weybury, (Leslie Faber,) two warring personalities working one for selfish ends, the other for the cause of Right. It is Rachel Neve's choice either to blast her own future or that of the man she loves. And she chooses, as good women always have done, and ever will do, to blast her own, but the minister wins her to the truth.



Shirley Rossmore (Grace Elliston,) and John Burkett Ryder (Edmund Breese,) face each other in a tense moment of Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Mouse." Ryder, the greatest financier of the age, has, for politic reasons, ruined Judge Rossmore, Shirley's father. Not knowing who she is, he has hired her to write his biography. Impelled by circumstances, she turns upon him: "You think that if you had lived in the olden days, you would have been a Caesar or an Alexander. You wouldn't! You'd have been a Nero!"



In Arthur W. Pinero's play, "His House in Order," Hilary Jesson (John Drew,) pleads with his brother, (Filmer Jesson,) to restore his humiliated and ill-used second wife (Margaret Illington,) to her proper place at the head of her household, a place from which she has been debarred by the influence of the first wife's relatives, who, vaunting her excellencies and deploring the, to them, undesirable qualities of the second wife, have made the latter's life a torment. Hilary Jesson wins his point by deftly showing up his brother's priggishness.

Education by Absorption

ORISON S. MARDEN

JOHN WANAMAKER was once asked to invest in an expedition to recover doubloons from the Spanish Main, which, for half a century, had lain at the bottom of the sea in sunken frigates.

"Young men," he replied, "I know of a better expedition than this, right here. Near your own feet lie treasures untold; you can have them all by faithful study."

Self Investment

Best Investment

"Let us not be content to mine the most coal, to make the largest locomotives, to weave the largest quantities of carpets; but, amid the sounds of the pick, the blows of the hammer, the rattle of the looms, and the roar of the machinery, take care that the immortal mechanism of God's own hand—the mind—is still full-trained for the highest and noblest service."

The ignorant man is always placed at a great disadvantage. No matter how much natural ability one may have, if he is ignorant, he is discounted. It is not enough to possess ability, it must be made available by mental discipline.

We ought to be ashamed to remain in ignorance in a land where the blind, the deaf and dumb, where even cripples and invalids manage to get a good education.

The trouble is that many youths throw away little opportunities for self-culture, because they can not see great ones; and they let the years slip by without any special effort at self-improvement, until they are shocked in middle life, or later, by waking up to the fact that they are still ignorant of what they ought to know.

Everywhere we go, we see men and women, especially from twenty-five to forty years of age, who feel cramped and seriously handicapped by the lack of early training. I often get letters from such people,

A Shame to Be

Ignorant in

America

asking if it is possible for them to educate themselves so late in life. Of course it is. There are so many good correspondence schools to-day, and institutions like Chautauqua, so many evening schools, lectures, books, libraries, and periodicals, that men and women who are determined to improve themselves have abundant opportunities to do so.

While you lament the lack of an early education and think it too late to begin, you may be sure that there are other young men and young women not very far from you who are making great strides in self-improvement, and they may not have half as good an opportunity for it as you have.

The first thing to do is to make a resolution, strong, vigorous, and determined, that you are going to be an educated man or woman, that you are not going to go through life humiliated by ignorance; that, if you have been deprived of early advantages, you are going to make up for their loss. Resolve that you will no longer be handicapped and placed at a disadvantage for that which you can remedy.

You will find the whole world will change to you when you change your attitude toward it. You will be surprised to see how quickly you can very materially improve your mind after you have made a vigorous resolve to do so. Go about it with the same determination that you would to make money or to learn a trade.

There is a divine hunger in every normal being for self-expansion, a yearning for growth or enlargement. Beware of stifling this craving of nature for self-unfoldment.

Man was made for growth. Perpetual expansion is his normal condition. To have an ambition to grow larger and broader every day, to push the horizon of ignorance a little further away, to become a little richer in knowledge, a little wiser, and more of a man, that is an ambition worth while.

It is not absolutely necessary that an education should be crowded into a few years of school life. The best educated people are those who are always learning, always absorbing knowledge from every possible source,—and at every opportunity.

I know young people who have acquired a better education, a finer culture, through a habit of observation, or of carrying a book or article in the pocket to read at odd moments, or by taking courses in correspondence schools than many who have gone through college.

Youths who are quick to catch at new ideas, and who are in frequent contact with superior minds, not only often acquire a personal charm, but even, to a remarkable degree, develop mental power.

The world is a great university. From the cradle to the grave we are always in God's great kindergarten, where everything is trying to teach us its lesson, to give us its great secret. Some people are always at school, always storing up precious bits of knowledge. Everything has a lesson

for them. It all depends upon the eye that can see, the mind that can appropriate.

Very few people ever learn how to use their eyes. They go through the world with a superficial glance at things; their eye pictures are so faint and so dim that details are lost, and no strong impression is made on the mind.

The eye was intended for a great educator. The brain is a prisoner, never getting out to the outside world. It depends upon its five or six servants, the senses, to bring it material, and the larger part of it comes through the eye. The man who has learned the art of seeing things looks with his brain.

I know of a father who sends his boy out upon a street with which he is not familiar for a certain length of time to see how many things he can observe, and then quizzes him on his return. He sends him to the show windows of a great store to see how many of the objects he can recall and describe when he gets home. He says that this practice develops a habit of "seeing" things, instead of merely "looking" at them.

The Value of an

Inquiring Mind

If we go through life with an interrogation point, holding an alert, inquiring mind toward everything, we can acquire great mental wealth, wisdom which is beyond all riches.

When a new student went to Professor Agassiz of Harvard, he would give him a fish and tell him to look it over for half an hour or an hour, and then describe to him what he saw. After the student thought he had told everything about the fish, the professor would say, "You have not really seen the fish yet. Look at it a while longer, and then tell me what you see." He would repeat this several times, until the student developed a capacity for observation.

Ruskin's mind was enriched by the observation of birds, insects, beasts, trees, rivers, mountains, pictures of sunset and landscape, and by memories of the song of the lark, and that of the brook. His brain held thousands of pictures of paintings, of architecture, of sculpture, a wealth of material which he reproduced as a joy for all time. Everything gave up its lesson, its secret to his inquiring mind.

The habit of absorbing information of all kinds from others is of untold value. A man is weak and ineffective in proportion as he secludes himself from his kind. There is a constant stream of power, a current of forces running between individuals who come in contact with one another, if they have inquiring minds. We are all giving and taking perpetually when we associate together. The achiever to-day must keep in touch with society around him; he must put his finger on the pulse of the great busy world and feel its throbbing life. He must be a part of it, or there will be some lack in his life.

A single talent which one can use effectively is worth more than ten talents imprisoned by ignorance. Education means that knowledge has been assimilated and become a part of the person. It is the ability to express the power, to give out what one knows, that measures efficiency and achievement. Pent-up knowledge is useless.

People who have a little income and feel their lack of education can make wonderful strides in a year by putting themselves under good tutors, who will direct their reading and study in different lines.

The danger of trying to educate oneself is in desultory, disconnected, aimless studying, which does not give anything like the benefit gained from the pursuit of a definite self-improvement programme. A person who wishes to educate himself at home should get some competent, well-trained person to lay out a plan for him, which can be effectively done when the adviser knows the vocation, the tastes, and the needs of the would-be student. Anyone who aspires to an education, whether in country or city, can find someone at least to guide his studies, some teacher, clergyman, lawyer, or other educated person in the community to help him.

There is one special advantage in self-education, and that is, you can adapt your studies to your particular needs better than you can in school or college. Everyone who reaches middle life without an education should read and study a great deal along the line of his vocation, and then broaden himself out as much as possible by reading in other lines.

One can take up, alone, many studies, such as history, English literature, rhetoric, drawing, mathematics, and can also acquire, alone, a reading knowledge of foreign languages, almost as effectively as with a teacher.

Nothing else will so easily give a person the appearance of having general culture and of being well-read as a good knowledge of history. A man who knows history well appears to much better advantage, and he can not be considered an ignorant man, whatever else he may lack.

[Concluded on page 903]

an Interest



"dat you up dar in front?"

nd Melindy's kitchen a favorite place for their s, and Jim was forced to the conclusion that er sex was also capable of appreciating the ity of Melindy's wine and pies. But he would nit to himself that Melindy found as much with the maidens of her club as she had found m. Yet, as time went on and no sign came elindy, his masculine conceit ebbed to the low- h, and he began to understand why Mister Bob restless. It was Melindy herself that had made nings what they had been. Old Betsy, who for his reckless young master, made pies and ainties which Jim knew were equal to those of y, but he never cared to pass his evenings talk- l singing in Betsy's kitchen. No, it was Melindy ted, just as it was Miss Helen that Mister Bob l.

did n't ride or shoot all day nor stay up all night ng and thinking, as did Mister Bob, because s busy during the day, and he would go to sleep ht over his pipe in spite of himself. But in the gs he would sit in the moonlight or starlight in of his cabin, listlessly strumming his banjo and to formulate into thoughts the vague longings obbed him of his peace, until sleep changed his ions into dreams in which Melindy was always it, but always just evading him.

thermore, Jim was worried on account of Mister His young master, who was ordinarily so cheer- d care-free, had been transformed into a silent, ss person, who shunned his old associates, stayed from the club dances, and wreaked havoc on his us system with tobacco and loss of sleep.

Jim's knowledge, only once had Mister Bob par- ted in an event where Miss Helen had been nt. That was the cross-country hurdle race, in h Miss Helen's favorite horse, Black Nell's rival, een entered. Mister Bob had ridden Black Nell tory, and that handsome, state-famous animal had xed things by faulting at the last hurdle and rol- across the finish line and over her rider.

m had seen Miss Helen change color and start 1 from her seat toward the paddock. But when er Bob arose and ran to Nell's assistance, she had med hastily to her place and appeared to take no er interest in the matter. Jim had cogitated over incident, but could arrive at no satisfactory con- clusion concerning it.

lister Bob's favorite method of hunting was to beat ough the fields, with his horse following him, so that n he had finished with the birds in that locality, he ld mount, break through the rail fences if necessary gallop off the next promising ground.

One afternoon Jim was hunting with Mister Bob,— t is, Mister Bob was beating up the patch of broom n with his dogs, while Jim was leading Black Nell l his own mount a short distance in the rear. They e nearing a corner, where, outside the fence, a ntry road plunged into a thicket of white oak shes. Jim hoped there was no one coming along the d through the thicket, because he knew that his kless master would shoot across the road if the birds w that way.

The birds did fly that way,—and both barrels of ister Bob's gun banged on the instant. Through the oke they saw a horse, with a girl on its back, bound o the air at the mouth of the thicket and fall to the ound. Jim was over the fence almost as quickly as ister Bob, but Miss Helen was on her feet before they uld reach her. The horse did not move.

Mister Bob and Miss Helen gazed at each other for speechless moment, and Jim had never seen such a



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white anguish on a man's face nor such a strange expression in a woman's eyes. He thought about that look many times afterwards, and tried to fathom its meaning. "Doan' undahstan' it," he would always conclude, "but she 'peaked as doh she would n't 'a minded bein' shot,—if his gun did it."

But Miss Helen was not hurt, and Jim has never told any one what Mister Bob said and did before he remembered that Jim was there.

The dead horse had received the charge in the eye, and had broken his neck in the fall. They drew him out of the road, and decided to return on the morrow to bury him. Then Jim put Miss Helen's saddle on Black Nell, and Mister Bob rode home with her on the pony, leaving Jim to walk.

It was getting dark when he started, and the way led through a wooded stretch of swamp. Jim walked rapidly. His nerves had been somewhat shaken by the accident of the afternoon, and he had the instinctive superstition transmitted from generations of ancestors who had loved not the dark woodland, with its strange sound and mysterious gloom.

As he was entering the swamp, he noticed some one coming up from a branch road leading from a neighboring farm. He slackened his pace with the welcome idea of having a companion; but, glancing more closely at the hurrying figure, he recognized Melindy. Astonishment and the impulse for companionship caused him to halt, but, instantly, the remembrance of his wrongs and resentment therefor made him stride forward with the desire of appearing not to have noticed her.

He knew that Melindy was afraid of the lonely road, and that she wanted him to wait for her. His own qualms of fear vanished before the comfort afforded by the proximity of another human being and the knowledge that that other wanted his protection. As he strode along the gloomy path, he could hear the hurrying footsteps of Melindy behind him, and he knew that she was praying for him to wait,—but he would not; he intended that she should call upon him for the company that she had formerly scorned.

They were nearing the densest growth of the timber. In the darkest part the road crossed a stream, and emerged just afterwards by the church, with its ghostly graveyard. An owl hooted in the darkness, and some wandering animal crashed through the underbrush by the roadside. Jim involuntarily quickened his pace, and wondered what made Melindy so brave. He could not know that she was struggling with all her pride against the fear that urged her to his side.

As they came in sight of the graveyard, the moonlight showed them for a moment its nameless horrors of shape and shadow, and then faded into darkness behind a cloud. A smothered exclamation behind him brought Jim to a halt. There was a moment's silence, and then he heard Melindy's voice again.

"Mistah Johnson, is dat you, up dah in front?" Melindy's frightened feet had brought her alongside before he answered, with elaborate formality.

"Why, good evenin', Miss Williams. I wuz unawah ob yo' presence bein' in ma 'mediate v'cinity."

"I been ovah to de Nelson fahm," she panted, "toh get some pattens foh Miss Helen, an' Miss Nelson

nevah come in till mos' dawd—I does n't like to go along dis road by myse'f,—it's kind o' lonely. So when we—dat is, when I come out in de moonlight jus' now, I thought I recognized you 'long head ob me,—an' I thought you—you would n't min' honahin' me wid youh pertection."

Jim secretly thrilled at Melindy's timid appeal, but his reply carefully concealed his happiness. "Suttinly," he said, "suttinly, it's a pleasure I 'suah you."

Melindy talked rather disconnectedly for a time on general topics, while Jim stalked along, in feigned dignity, at her side, and wondered if she would dismiss him with her former unconcern when he had seen her safely to her door. Melindy's flow of conversation, chilled by Jim's unresponsiveness, diminished gradually, and finally ceased altogether. They walked on in silence for some time. The situation at last became so embarrassing that Jim felt that he must make an effort at casual conversation.

"Le's see," he said, "dis is Sat'day night. If I does n't disremembah, it's de evenin' foh yo' club meetin'." It's too bad you gwine to be late."

Melindy hesitated a moment. "I ain' been toh de club meetin's foh two weeks," she said, finally.

"Foh two weeks!" Jim exclaimed, and then lapsed into reflection on this surprising information. They had reached her door before he spoke again.

"Melindy, why ain' you been goin' to de meetin's?" he asked, trying to suppress the hope in his voice.

"Why—I—I 'se done lef de club, coz I—won't you come in, Mistah Johnson? We 's got some punkin pie."

"Melindy!" Jim tried to catch her hand, but she evaded him and ran into the hall.

"I 'se goin' into de pantry," she called back to him, "an' get a bottle ob blackbewry wine."

Jim sat down and felt for his pipe. "If I only had ma banjo!" he murmured.

He turned, as Melindy came back into the room. Her eyes were wide with astonishment and happiness. "What's de mattah?" asked Jim.

"Who do you s'pose is in de pahlah, talkin' to Miss Helen?" she whispered.

"Dunna," said Jim, with well-feigned lack of interest. "One ob dose bachelah gals, I s'pose."

"No, suh," she said, trying to suppress her excitement. "It's Mistah Bob!"

"Well, I 'clar to goodness!" said Jim.

"Dat ain' all," continued Melindy, eagerly. "I did n't mean to listen,—but I could n't help heahin'. Miss Helen said she was goin' toh sen' in huh resignation toh de Bachelah Gals' Club to-morrow."

"Bless de Lawd!" exclaimed Jim. "I suttinly is glad toh heah it,—an' Black Nell 'll get a res', too." He puffed at his pipe in supreme content. "An' what did Mistah Bob say to dat?" he continued.

Melindy hesitated in an effort to restrain the impulse to betray illegitimately acquired information; but, under the pressure of Jim's lively curiosity, the temptation was too strong. "Why,—he did n't say nuthin',—but I heahed somethin' that sounded mighty like—a—a—Jim Johnson, will you please not be so familiah wid yo' libawties!"

"I wuz jus' 'lustratin'," said Jim.

Love Enough for All

By MARY HANFORD FORD

Illustrated by Alden Dawson

THE lady stood at the window, looking out into the cold gray of a December day. The corners of her lips drooped, the light had gone from her eyes, and her face wore anything but a happy expression. She had just risen from the breakfast table, which her husband had left hurriedly a few moments before, in haste to meet his train. The breakfast had been late; consequently the coffee was muddy and the muffins were underdone. Her husband's face was black as he rose to go, and he did not kiss her good-by, but muttered something blasphemous, she suspected, about the modern club-woman.

The lady reflected, as she looked out of the window, that she belonged to five clubs, and how could she be expected to keep her place in these and attend to the social duties which her position demanded, have time to look after the cook, see that breakfast was always promptly served, and talk and read for hours with Robbie, the small boy, as her husband apparently thought she ought to do? She did not believe in pampering children too much, and Robbie's teacher did not consider it wise to read fairy stories to little ones. Her husband had brought home a thick volume of old-fashioned tales, the day before, and had especially requested her to read them to Robbie. He said it was a shame the child had never heard about "Jack, the Giant Killer,"—as if that were more important than the scientific names of minerals he had already learned by heart!

They had talked over these subjects a long time, the preceding evening, and she had given her husband her views with great decision. He was altogether too old-fashioned! He criticised her because she spent so much time away from home. He objected to her going to club receptions in the evening, and actually

asked her to resign from four of her clubs. He said that he and Robbie needed her more than the clubs.

She had silenced him, however. She told him that the modern woman can not live on love alone; she must have ideas, and plenty of them. He said she would have more time to read, if she belonged to fewer clubs, and he and Robbie would like to read with her. Robbie, indeed! What kind of brain did he suppose she possessed to enjoy "Jack, the Giant Killer?" But a man could never understand that it was not only the culture of the clubs that one enjoyed, but the delight of the social hour, the cups of tea, the meeting of friends, and the stimulus of discussion. He could not bear to have her get the better of him, and that was what made him so cross, that morning. It was n't the coffee! He did not mind the coffee when he was in a good humor.

The lady turned from the window, just then, for Robbie came in dressed to go out. She had forgotten that she was to take him to the city that morning to buy Christmas gifts. A shade of deeper irritation crossed her countenance. He would bore her to death. He would want to blow every whistle, pull every wagon, wind up every engine,—well, never mind, she must bear it, and the sooner she ended the task the better! So she took the little boy by the hand, and the journey began.

The crowd in the shops and on the streets was dreadful to her, and she did not realize how different, and how charming, it seemed to Robbie. He had not seen it before, and to him it was full of the delight of novelty and the mystery of the Christmas season. His eyes and ears were open to everything, he wanted to buy candy and toys from all the venders on the streets, and he insisted on conversing with every Santa Claus who

solicited pennies for the Salvation Army. He was so interested that he did not notice, at first, how cross his mother was. He stopped short, at length, beside a little ragged girl who was gazing into a shop window where there was an entrancing display of toys and candies. He looked up into his mother's face with his eyes full of tears. "Oh, mamma, give her something!" he entreated. "It's Christmas time, and she has no money."

But the mother dragged him roughly on. "What are you thinking of?" she exclaimed, in great vexation; "she's nothing but a miserable beggar."

That broke the charm of the day for the child, apparently, and so, when his mother spoke with impatience in the fascinating bazaars, he went on more quietly and was less troublesome.

"I can't spend the entire day with you, child!" said the lady, "I have something else to do. I should be at my desk, this very minute."

She did not pause to reflect that, among all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, she was only bestowing a portion of one upon her little son, to aid him in the love-quest of Christmas. She remembered it all, afterwards, during the weary days when she had time to think. For they came, those days, when her feet were still, and only her head and heart were awake and busy.

The moment arrived at length, when the mother and child took the car for the depot. The crowd surged everywhere, and the lady rose to press through it, hurried as usual. She stepped too quickly from the car, before it had really stopped. She sprang in front of a flying carriage, which she did not observe, in her haste, and then she was conscious of nothing more for a long time.

When she opened her eyes, she was lying, still and pale, in a clean little white bed, and a kind, motherly woman was bending over her. The doctor was holding her hand. The world and its people appeared strange and far away. Could it be the same world to which her eyes had closed such a short while before, or had she opened them in another and untried universe? Presently she knew that this was not the case, for she heard them talking about an injury to her back, which might render her helpless for months, perhaps always. But she hardly realized what the words meant, it seemed to make so little difference whether she lay still or walked to and fro in the bustling crowds.

She wakened suddenly once to recognize Robbie's voice. He was sobbing beside the bed.

"Oh, mamma, don't die!" he cried; "don't die!"

A strange wave of self-repulsion surged over the lady. "I should n't think you'd mind, dear," she whispered, faintly; "I was n't a very good mamma always now was I?"

"Oh, mamma, don't die!" he sobbed again; "you're all I have. Dear mamma, don't die!"

The lady tried to rise and clasp the little fellow in her arms, with a new impulse of affection, but she could not move. She turned her eyes toward him, and they were filled with a strange anguish.

"Oh, Robbie, kiss me!" she murmured; "Oh, Robbie, I won't die! Kiss me!"

The bedroom in which she lay was next to the tiny sitting-room in which Mrs. Jennings, the motherly woman to whose home she had been carried after the accident, spent much of her time, and, as she was able to observe more, she marveled at the multifarious interests of her hostess. She often heard her reading fairy tales to the children, and, twice a week, French with a young girl. The lady asked herself where her hostess could have acquired so correct a pronunciation.

She often heard her discussing business or philosophy with her husband or his friends, of an evening, and she was amazed at her cleverness and wit, and at the universal culture she seemed to possess. Often, when she came to sit with the lady, she was cutting up fruit for salad or cake, or she was darning stockings, in which were yawning holes, and her guest was aware that she had little help in her busy household and that she could turn her skillful hand to anything according to the demand. The lady noticed that she always seemed happy, and that every one loved her, caressed her, and made much of her. She observed, after a while, that Mrs. Jennings always listened to other people's troubles, and never talked about her own, though she was by no means care-free.

The lady gathered, from the subdued talk which Mrs. Jennings carried on with her husband in the evening by the fireside, that they felt exceedingly anxious about business matters. The husband told his wife everything. They discussed their losses, and possible gains, though the gains could not often be mentioned at this period, unfortunately. But the

note of cheer and courage was unailing from the wife, and if her voice trembled a trifle, occasionally, it was strong enough invariably for the word which furnished faith and strength.

A black-bordered letter was handed her once, and she turned pale as she took it from the bearer's hand. She left the room immediately, and when she returned, some hours later, there was a curiously happy brightness in her eyes, as if tears had dried in them. She sat down and told the lady about her mother, of her sweet and saintly life, and of her exceeding love for everyone.

"I never heard her utter a harsh word, or make an unkind criticism of any one," she added. "I thought once I could never live without her in this world, but now I am glad she is in the other life, for her heart was so gentle that she could not be quite happy here, where people must still suffer, and she will always love us." Her eyes filled with tears as she finished, but she spoke with such quiet sweetness that the lady scarcely dared wonder if the black-bordered letter had brought her news of her mother's death.

One day she sat down by the invalid's bed, enveloped in her kitchen apron, to stone some raisins.

"My husband has the blues," she explained, laughing "and so I shall make him his favorite pudding for dinner."

"Don't you think you humor him too much?" asked the invalid, faintly; "you never think of yourself."



"She was lying, still and pale, in a clean little white bed"

"But, bless you! why should I?" responded Mrs. Jennings, laughing again; "the others all think of me, and that's much nicer."

The lady fell into a doze, presently, and then was witness of a curious procession which passed through the little room. There were kings and princes, authors, statesmen, great ladies, angels, and archangels. They all flitted through the modest chamber, but paused, as they went, to bow before Mrs. Jennings and lay a gift at her feet. The lady looked in amazement at the treasures that were heaped in the tiny apartment. The king left his jewels, the statesman his wisdom, the author his genius, the great lady her grace, and the warrior his courage. The angels and archangels filled the place with heavenly light and sweet odors, and the lady looked at Mrs. Jennings in amazement, for her kitchen apron was quite hidden by the fragrant flowers which the angels had showered upon her, and her face was so full of radiance and beauty that she seemed, as she stood there in her calico working dress, a veritable queen among women.

Then, suddenly, the light grew softer, and it seemed as if the little room vibrated with tenderness. The lady saw a gentle, white-robed figure standing beside Mrs. Jennings. He placed his hand upon her head, for a moment, and bent over her with a loving glance, while he smiled, and murmured, softly:—

"Thou art blest with the greatest gift, because thou hast love enough for all."

When the lady woke, her pillow was wet with tears. She was alone in the quiet room, but she seemed still to breathe the odor of the flowers which had covered Mrs. Jennings, and the air was yet quivering with the words—those wonderful words!—the Master of Love had spoken to her hostess. "Love enough for all! Love enough for all!"

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The Editor's Cabinet

LANGUAGE

J. C. M., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—I do not believe a mere reading knowledge that is not based at least on so much of a speaking acquaintance as will enable one to conceive a complete French sentence, and on a familiarity with the mechanics of the language, will be found satisfactory. Still, if that is what you want, you might try Houghton's "French by Reading," published by D. C. Heath & Co., or "Marcel's Rational Method," D. Appleton & Co.

W. W., MONTEREY, MEXICO.—English is spoken by about 150,000,000, and Spanish by about 50,000,000, people. The difference is not due to any inherent superiority of the English language, but to the superiority of the English stock. The English not only have the greater genius for commercial and political co-operation and colonizing, but they have, as well, built up their institutions on the enduring basis of righteousness and respect for law. Spanish is incomparably more musical than English and is practically phonetic, while English is handicapped by its arbitrary spelling. On the other hand, English is often briefer, though not always. Spanish can say "I shall go" in one word—"Ire." The great advantage of English is its double vocabulary, one of Teutonic and one of Latin origin, which enables it to make nice distinctions. It has also acquired the power to assimilate words from every language under the sun. These facts, together with the greater intellectual activity of the English race in many fields of human endeavor, have swelled its vocabulary to startling figures. Funk & Wagnall's "Standard Dictionary" contains over 317,000 words. I do not believe any Spanish dictionary contains half as many.

A. R. N., GALVESTON, TEX.—The quickest way for a business man in the South American trade to obtain a working knowledge of Spanish is to practice the exercises in "How To Think in Spanish," in which he is furnished with the sentences a Spaniard would use to describe his daily actions from rising to retiring. After learning these, the student is taught to vary and connect them to form new sentences in all ways possible in Spanish. Having acquired in this way a fundamental vocabulary which he can handle like a native, he will be able to embody in his own sentences any word or phrase his business will require. A good supplement to this course will then be Cortina's "Modelos para Cartas," (commercial correspondence and vocabularies.)

J. A. W.—To improve your spelling, form the habit in your reading, of observing the physiognomy of the hard words met with. Make lists of them for study. Also send a note, with stamp, to Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia University, New York City, and ask for the list of 300 words whose spelling has been simplified by the National Committee on Reformed Spelling. Adopt the new and easier method of spelling these words.

M. O. R.—To learn to speak and write the English language correctly is not an easy matter. Form a habit of noticing how good writers express themselves. You will also get valuable help from A. S. Hill's "Principles of Rhetoric," Ayres's "Verbalist," and Abbot's "How to Write Clearly."

Elmer F. Kirsch.

AGRICULTURE

C. E. L., KENNETT, IA.—I think the culture of ginseng is a fad which will not prove permanent anywhere in the United States, and I should advise against it in Northern Iowa or elsewhere.

J. S. S., WAYNESBORO, PA.—Alfalfa, where it succeeds, and it is now being successfully grown in many parts of New York and Pennsylvania, is one of the most valuable of forage crops. It does best on deep, mellow, strong loams, which are thoroughly drained. It is impatient of standing water in the subsoil.

J. C. McL., WELLSVILLE, O.—The salary a young man will command on graduation in agriculture

will depend altogether upon his previous experience and upon the quality of the work he has done. If he has had previous experience on a farm or in any line of work for which he is fitted, then he is qualified to accept a position of responsibility on graduation. If, however, he is inexperienced, he must be satisfied at first with a subordinate position. Salaries in beginning work under the latter conditions will be low—perhaps \$50 or \$60 per month, but a man with the training which he gets in an agricultural college, provided he does faithful work, rises rapidly. I can point to graduates who are commanding salaries of \$2,000 and more after being out four or five years, while others who have been out eight or ten years are receiving \$3,000 and upward.

G. C., WATERTOWN, WASH.—The range of books to choose from is so large that ten books could not be mentioned which would constitute a complete "Farmers' Working Library." Omitting live stock and dairy interests the books here mentioned will be found thoroughly practical and useful:

Brooks, "Agriculture," 3 vols.—soils and drainage; manures, fertilizers and farm crops; animal husbandry. The volumes are comprehensive, concise, and very fully indexed.

King, "The Soil,"—discussing the origin of soils and the physical and chemical foundation for productivity.

Voorhees, "Fertilizers,"—of the nature and composition of all important fertilizers, with directions for their use.

Fraser, "The Potato,"—full information about this important crop and its culture.

Myrick, "The Book of Corn,"—corn, the foundation of American agriculture; its myriad varieties and uses and the methods of production.

Spillman, "Farm Grasses of the United States,"—a subject of prime importance which is adequately treated.

Hunt, "Cereals in America,"—the grain foods of man and beast; varieties, breeding improvement, and culture.

Green, "Vegetable Gardening,"—considers all important market garden or truck crops.

Weed, "Spraying Crops,"—blights, rust, and all the various fungous diseases of crops and how to prevent them.

Roberts, "Farmers' Business Handbook,"—full of information as to rural business matters, bookkeeping, and rural law.

Wm. P. Brooks.

F. R., JAMESBURG, N. J.—All remedies and preventives of attacks of the San José scale are still in the experimental stage, and none can be recommended definitely. There is no specific for this insect. The lime, salt, and sulphur wash is about as popular as any remedy yet tried in the East. These remedies are all applied in winter, or in the early spring before the leaves appear. All parts of the tree affected must be thoroughly covered. Full instructions for application are given by Weed in the book called "Spraying Crops," which sells for 50 cents.

P. F., HASTINGS, NEB.—The little brown pellets on your cedar trees are the mummies of what are popularly called cedar apples. These are the fruiting parts of a microscopic plant which passes part of its life on cedar and the other part on apple trees. It is necessary for the production of this plant that both apple trees and cedars be utilized. On the apple, the form is very different from that on the cedar; it appears as reddish brown spots and is popularly known as apple rust. Orchardists consider that, in order to control this plant, the cedar trees must be destroyed; similarly those who have cedars may think apples should be exterminated! No specific has been discovered for controlling this plant, but orchardists use fungicides in early spring to prevent its spread. The history of this plant and discussion of experiments to control it are contained in Lodeman's "Spraying of Plants."

W. Johnson.

R. L. M., ALPENA, S. D.—The great practical difficulty in the way of raising turkeys in this country at the present time is the blackhead disease, (Infectious Entero Hepatitis.)

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varations for a golden wedding should be left to
younger members of the family, that the bride
bridegroom may be fresh and unfatigued to enjoy
guests. They should stand to receive their
ds near the entrance, for a little while,
it makes a pretty feature for either the bride or
bride and bridegroom to have a wicker chair,
id with golden-rod, or some other decorative
n flower. This floral throne is very easy to make,
ing the flowers in and out of the meshes. It
is the bride or the couple an opportunity to sit
when tired and yet appear to be merely adding
pageant. The rooms should be decorated with
evailing yellow flower, and the refreshments may
t forth on a table, on which the centerpiece
e a gilt framed mirror laid flat, bordered with
t-rod, and a bowl of the same flowers in the
If you choose to carry out the yellow scheme
eatables, have chicken or lobster salad with yel-
ayonnaise dressing, and egg sandwiches, followed
cream of vanilla with eggs enough to make it
ellow, and serve with it golden sponge cake.
ade would make a nice drink. The bride
wear some part of her wedding finery, if possible,
gown itself should be on exhibition.

"Miss Austin Thompson"

THE DRAMA

B., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The problem play
ed out." It was introduced by Oscar Wilde,
brilliant writings gave it a basis of popularity.
ost its popularity because it has been "run
ground." There are managers, however,
trying to force it on the public. From Shake-
the present time, the plays that have best pleased
ic have been plays of a romantic kind, in which
r and feeling have been tested by the gauge
fortitude. The stage is an inflexible standard
and demands the rigid observance of the rule
ue shall triumph over vice. But it is not
le to efface vice as a motive of action. In
re virtue is not made conflictive with vice, the
comes insipid. Beaumarchais said that
vice, in its insolence, that makes a play im-
t lack of lessons in morality." On the other
m can be done if the moral teaching be not
and discreet.

., EASTPORT, ME.—A temporary decadence
ly conceded by thoughtful writers on the
his decadence is caused by the commercial-
average theatrical manager, who regards
solely as a vehicle by which to get money.
without artistic purpose and artistic train-
infinit to uphold the standard of the stage,
re arts should, and do, meet, as a successful
ant would be to conduct a literary magazine
reet broker to preside as a judge in a court
re natural tendency of the stage is to raise
l of public taste by noble examples of human
id human conduct. But the stage has largely
the hands of financial speculators who
he floating population of every large city
id clownish performances, usually popular,
de. The educated, thinking people have
interest in the theater, so that the stage,
cial cases, has lost a strong moral support,
intellectual managers formerly could

Dana Barrows

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ho wish to secure juvenile court legislation
made a thorough study of the entire
movement. If you have not done this,
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for Mr. S. J. Barrows's Report on Chil-
in the United States.
tigate local conditions, visit jails, police
police courts. Consult with judges,
police officers. They are not theorists
merely but have practical knowledge
of the conditions with
which you wish to
be familiar.

ccess?

[Concluded on page 903]



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WHAT THE SCOTCH EAT

By ISABEL GORDON CURTIS

Cartoons by Clare V. Dwiggins

It is interesting to know what the people of the other nations eat, what they consider healthful, how they prepare their food and why. This is the third of a series on national digestions, so to speak. Each article is by a native of the country whose culinary conditions are under discussion. Next month it will be England.



Piping for
Finnan
Haddies

I.—The Food That Nourished Heroes

IT is one hundred and fifty years since Dr. Johnson defined oats in his dictionary, as "a grain which in England is given to horses, but which in Scotland supports the people." Although there is a sarcasm in that sentence which rankled long in a nation's heart, the famous lexicographer spoke the truth; for during centuries oatmeal has built up the brain and brawn of a stalwart people. Wherever one journeys about Scotland, he will find oatmeal used three times a day in a variety of dishes. In 1880, statistics began to show that in the large cities of Scotland there was a falling off in the sale of oatmeal. It was found that among the poor a constant use of oatmeal had come to be looked upon as a mark of abject poverty; instead, bread and tea were being substituted for it. To these there could not be afforded the addition of meat, butter, and milk; therefore the health-giving standard of the daily menu was greatly lowered. Doctors began to notice in the poverty-stricken districts an alarming increase in those diseases of children which are due to a lack of sufficient nutriment. The municipal authorities took the food question into their own hands, and provided in all parts of the great cities, places where a large bowl of well-cooked porridge with good milk could be bought for one penny. Straightway the health of the poor began to improve. With the city fathers it was not purely philanthropy, as one may gather from the consular report, for it closes with these words: "Whatever else is done for our hundred thousand poor, nothing will be wholly efficacious without a return to the diet that made their ancestors the finest soldiers and the most stalwart workers in the British Islands."

The oatmeal of Scotland is quite different from the kind used in America, which is partially cooked by steaming, then crushed into flakes between hot rollers. On the other side of the Atlantic it is sold in "grits," as it comes from the mill, with the husk removed. This is the oatmeal as it is baked into cakes or boiled into porridge. In this country, the imported grits cost sixteen or eighteen cents a pound. For the American housewife who wishes to make the crisp, delicious oatcake, a good substitute may be found in Canadian oatmeal, a finer grit than that imported from Scotland, but suitable for both porridge and cakes; and it costs only five cents a pound.

II.—"Parrich and Oatcakes" the Country Diet

As to the dishes that the Scotch produce from oatmeal, first there is the famous "parrich," when the grain is subjected to long, slow, cooking, necessary before it is fit to eat. In the city houses of Scotland, where stoves are part of the kitchen furniture, the cooking is done, as in America, by long steaming in a double boiler. In country homes, where the primitive peat fire still smolders on a stone hearth, the oatmeal is cooked in an iron pot hung so high upon a crane that it scarcely bubbles. Sometimes fresh milk is used instead of water; the result is a milk porridge that is excellent indeed. The worst form in which the Scotch eat oatmeal is as "brosie." One hears of "beef brosie," "kail brosie," "milk brosie" or "cabbage brosie." The only variation in the dish is in the nature of the scalding liquor poured over it, whether milk or the water

in which cabbage was boiled. It is not a palatable dish—unless there is for sauce a gnawing hunger—and it certainly is not digestible, for the oatmeal has not a chance to become even partially cooked. Still, it forms, in many a country community, the chief food of the farm laborer, whose hours of toil are decreed not by a union but by daylight—and in Scotland the nights are short.

The bread of Scotland is oatcakes. Every housewife has her regular day for cake baking, as the American housekeeper has her day for making bread. Wheat bread or "loaf bread," as it is called in the Old Country, is purchased at the bakery, but it is looked upon as a luxury more than as a necessity; yet baker's bread is of excellent quality, and cheaper in Scotland than we can purchase it in America. Still, as the thrifty Scotch housewife knows, homemade oatcake is cheaper and more nourishing.

III.—The Scotch Daily Fare

As to the daily fare set before a Scottish family: for breakfast there is the inevitable porridge, accompanied by milk or cream; when the cows go dry I have seen it eaten with treacle or porter! Then there is tea—the black breakfast tea—toast, scones, oatcakes or "baps." These "baps" are a breakfast bread for which America has no rival. They are fine, delicious, floury biscuits, as large as a tea plate, raised with yeast, baked in a brick oven, and vended about town, piping hot, in time for the earliest breakfast. Fresh or unsalted butter is eaten with all breads; the Scotch housewife resorts to salt butter only when the cows go dry! A favorite appetizer for breakfast is orange marmalade, which is beginning to find favor on American tables. There may be an addition of boiled eggs, finnan haddie, a rasher of bacon, or red herrings, but, as a rule, porridge and tea with baps prove filling enough.

The midday meal of Scotland is a substantial dinner. It generally begins with a soup, the immortal "hotch-potch," or a broth which is sure to have barley in it. In Scotland the soups are all made by boiling the meat. Thus two courses are provided from the cut or fowl that an American cook would utilize for one dish. The meat may be a piece of beef, a leg of mutton, a shank of veal, or a rabbit or a fowl with a savory dressing sewed inside it. If it is fowl, it is probably the famous "cock-a-leekie," which Sir Walter Scott extols, or "chicken friar," a reminder of olden days when the finest cooking in the country was done by the monks that followed Mary Queen of Scots from France. One may trace a French origin in many a dish of national repute by the use of leeks, chives, parsley, and other vegetables, which, before the sixteenth century, were unknown or unappreciated in that northern clime where they now attain so luxuriant a growth.

Fish is plentiful and cheap everywhere in Scotland, because even the very interior of the island is no distance from the ocean. Splendid cod, whittings, mackerel, skate, ling, herring, haddocks, and flounders are part of everyday living. The great catches of haddock on the coast of Aberdeenshire are utilized by pickling, then the fish is dried on the rocks. The tiny village of Findon, with its only industry of fish curing, has given its name to the famous "finnan haddie." Scotchmen are keen anglers, and no fish of any country surpasses the trout pulled from a brook that has meandered its way through a peat bog.

Of vegetables Scotland boasts no such variety as we have on this side of the Atlantic. There is an abundance of potatoes, cabbage, kail, carrots, turnips, parsnips, cauliflower, lettuce, radishes, and peas, all of which are in daily use. The sun in that northern climate is not hot enough to ripen peaches, grapes, or plums. There are fine pears in Scotland, however, and a poor imitation of apples; these have to be trained against a white-washed wall to attain anything like the quality of our fall fruit. But no country can surpass Scotland for its luscious crops of cherries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries; they attain a size and a juiciness



"Hoot, Mon!"



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The Mind of the Child

II.—A Square Deal

By PATTERSON DU BOIS

Illustrated by J. R. SHAVER

THE children of the neighborhood meant to have a square deal. They would give a fair account of themselves to St. Nicholas, as they had always intended to do, but this time it would be different. Instead of simply condemning themselves on the old traditional lines, they would submit their cases in such a way that their patron saint would have to think, and perhaps see a great light.

No question about it, they had suffered castigation most when they had most closely copied their infallible and pious elders. Whether or not this implicated their elders St. Nicholas would have to decide. True, their deeds might not have been just the same in form, but they were the same in principle. This the children felt, even though they could not exactly express it.

Now this sane, enlightened sense of justice was but the working in them of the Spirit of the Christ Child—due to visit them a little later in the month. It was now the first of December, and from this time on until Twelfth Night—or the eve of the sixth of January, which is the day of the visit of the Wise Men—would be one round of eager expectation and of realization.

The agitation now was over the annual visit of St. Nicholas—less than a week off. And here I must interpolate. We Americans have confounded St. Nicholas, or Santa Claus, and Kriss Kringle, to the detriment of both. They are different in origin and are differently recognized in Germany. The latter is the degenerated name for the Christ Child (*Christ Kindlein*) or Spirit of Christmas. The former is the patron saint of children, especially of boyhood. His day is December 6th, and it is on the eve of this that the German children put their shoes outside the door to be filled with goodies. The next day the old saint, white-bearded and cloaked in fur, appears, or he sends as a substitute his knight or assistant, the *Klaubauf*. The visitor then summons the children by name to hear the reports of their conduct. Nicholas himself usually visits the upper classes, while the *Klaubauf* is deputed to the peasantry or laborers.



"Just loved that horse"

which he carries under his mantle.

On the particular occasion of which I am writing, a dozen young children held a secret meeting in an upper story of a half-timbered house in a village in so-called "Dutch" Pennsylvania. Their object was to compare notes with a view to pursuing a uniform course in the presence of the saint. They knew that old Nick, despite his wisdom and his piety, was in the toils of a long tradition which practically prohibited his fair thinking, and equally denied to them a fair hearing.

It would never do for them to seem to plead their own cases. They would be silenced at the start of any such proceeding. Tradition assumes that children must be in the wrong and that anything like a plea is insolent. What they proposed to do, therefore, was to state their cases with that humble and submissive obedience that was expected of them, at the same time taking the additional blame of having reflected or imitated their superiors. They would appear to confess, at least by inference, that that which is piety in the adult is devilry in the child, and that sheer weakness, inexperience, incompetence, innocence, ignorance and misapprehension are immoral and wicked.

A strange state of affairs do you say? Children are not mere men in miniature. They say less than they think and think less than they feel. But now there was to be a square deal. All the year through these children had been sedulously imitating what they understood to be the virtues of their pious parents, until now the crowning achievement would be the gift of grown-up tongues. That is, during the visit of their patron saint they would be given the right to

adult vocabulary while yet retaining their childish innocence and directness. The spirit of the coming Christ Child would give them utterance and set them right before St. Nicholas. It was with no little trepidation that they realized how dangerous a thing it was to imitate the virtues of their elders and superiors.

The sixth of December came. The children gathered in a 'well-to-do' home where all were welcome, bringing their parents with them. There came a loud knock at the door, a banging, and sepulchral demands for admittance.

"St. Nicholas comes!" went up the shout from the inside, and the doors flew open. The saint and the *Klaubauf* had come together this time, and together they lunged in, looked about them, gazing on the half-terrified youngsters, and greeting the parents of them all who stood grinning in the background, hoping to see the children get their just dues. And then the saint proceeded to call the children forth, one at a time, by name.

Little Jacob, being first called, led off—white haired and china-blue eyed—somewhat thus: "I was told to come into the parlor and speak to a lady. I turned my head away, for I knew not what to say. I was scolded for my embarrassment. I heard papa say the other day that he never knew what to say to Mr. Schmidt. I did not scold him. Maybe I ought."

William was a year or two older. "It was all I could do," he said, "to hold myself still through a long sermon which I could not understand. Once I turned to see the sun coming through the stained glass window and held up my hand to get the blue light on it. Papa shook his head at me; but as we were walking home I heard him say to some of the old folks how beautiful that window looked when the sun broke on it and the blue ray struck his shirt cuff."

It was nine-year-old Julia's turn next: "I have been a bit morose and maybe irritable. I am alone or always with old people. I have found out that they are afraid to let me go with children for fear I should get some disease. I heard papa and mama say that they could n't stand the country, for there was n't enough society there. They said it gave them the dumps. I think they said they inherited something from me—or else it was the other way."

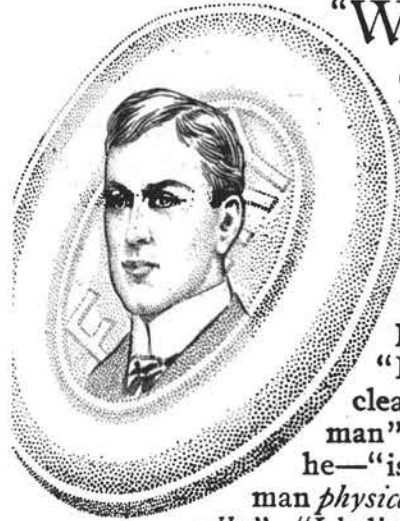
When Peter was called he came out from a dark corner awkwardly but resolutely; withal he had a wet spot in the lash of his eye:

"I had a toy horse. I just loved that horse. He had a broken leg and a part of his nose was gone. I got some things for Christmas that were expensive—so they say—but when they found me playing with my old friend most of the time mama scolded me for sticking so close to the horse and forgetting the new things. Then she gave the horse away to a poor boy. She wanted me to think that I did it. That was kind in mama. But I heard mama say one day that she had an affection for an old chair which she keeps in her bedroom, and she declared she'd rather



"Help my Aunt Maria to clean house"

Skin Built Personality



"WHAT decided you to engage Mr. Brown?" asked the President. "Because he looked clean," returned the Manager.

"I believe a clean looking man" continued he—"is a healthy man physically and morally."

"I believe he can do more and better work, and can represent our cause more fittingly than a man who washes only once a day and wears dark edged linen."

Most people do not fully appreciate that their skin builds personality—that it is worth while considering.

They're so familiar with their skin that they simply regard it as an envelope for the body, while, in reality, it is one of the most important organs of the body.

Let us consider what the skin is and what it does.

There are 28 miles of glands in the skin carrying off waste matter.

If those glands are left clean they will discharge two pounds of moisture and waste matter every day of your life, and you'll feel fine. If they're not kept clean, a whole lot of waste material will be kept in the body, to cause lots of trouble.

And the man whose body isn't cleaned regularly will be depressed, and handicapped. He will lack that greatest of modern requirements—*Personality*.

Now, what's the best way to obtain Personality? Well, the best way is simply by the use of soap and water, only—

You must be extra careful about the soap—or you'll be worse off than ever.

For there's lots of stuff put together and labelled "soap" that should more properly be called "refuse fat."

And there's lots of other stuff such as harsh biting and shriveling alkalis,—poisonous coloring matters and skin injuring perfumes, that never ought to touch the skin at all—they're so injurious.

What you really need is a perfectly pure soap—and more—

You want a pure soap made of the highest grade and most expensive materials—that is the only kind of soap that will not injure the skin in the least—and which will clear it thoroughly of all dirt and impurities.

There are several such soaps, containing expensive perfumes, which cost from 25 to 50 cents per cake.

There is only one such soap that retails for 5 cents per cake, and that is Fairy Soap.

That's the kind of soap that builds Personality.

For it is made of the purest and sweetest beef

fat and vegetable oils—all the highest grade of the purest materials.

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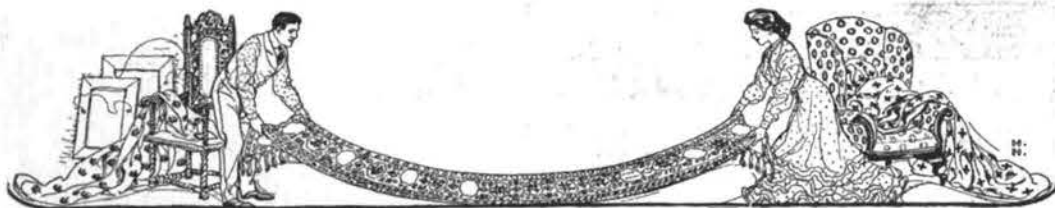
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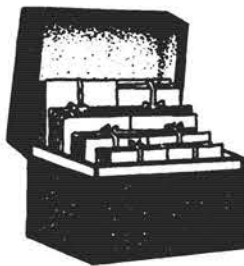
The New York Shopper

Conducted by MRS. CHARLOTTE BIRDSALL WILLIAMS

[All articles mentioned below can be obtained by forwarding price to "The New York Shopper," care of this magazine. This department is in charge of Mrs. Charlotte Birdsall Williams, manager of the Woman's Domestic Guild of America, an institution devoted to solving all shopping, catering, domestic, furnishing, and purchasing problems of the home, and much patronized by fashionable New York women for these purposes. Mrs. Williams, is herself well known socially, and possesses rare taste, judgment, and intuition. Her services are freely placed at the disposal of our readers, and her advice, artistic taste, and economical judgment may be had without charge in all matters pertaining to the wardrobe of men, women, and children, house furnishings, decorations—in short, anything which is "buyable" and worth buying with the utmost possible economy and judgment.]

ment. All articles (except bedding and combs) will be sent on approval, and a cheerful refund of the purchase price made at the demand of the buyer. We have taken upon ourselves the care and expense of this department because of the almost unlimited range of usefulness we see in it to our readers. To the busy woman of the metropolis it is a saving of valuable time to have her wardrobe and house furnishings purchased by a trained and competent buyer. To the woman remote from cities and large towns, it is an incalculable benefit to be able to buy by mail even the most trivial necessities, and to be assured of the latest city fashions at the lowest city prices. We unhesitatingly pledge the absolute fulfillment of all these conditions, and are assured in advance of the unqualified approval of all who make use of the service. THE EDITORS.]

A. C., CASS LAKE, MINN.—Which do you recommend buying, a hair or a felt mattress; or are cotton ones really just as good?



Box of Letter Paper, 95c.

Cotton mattresses are not as good, in any sense of the word, as they very quickly become flattened. As between hair and felt, opinions differ, and I should say that they are about equal in popularity. Personally, I prefer the felt mattress.

F. L., WATTSBURG, PA.—How much would it cost me to have some letter paper engraved with my address at the top? I can not afford to pay over \$2 for the die.

A special offer is made by a well-known shop of one pound of paper (108 sheets) and seventy-five envelopes to match. A one-line address is stamped on the paper in red, blue, green, or black ink. The paper is in white, blue, or gray. The engraved die becomes your property at the special price of \$1.75 for the whole.

H. M. B., MOOSE JAW, CANADA.—I have been a subscriber to SUCCESS MAGAZINE for a number of years and have derived a great deal of benefit from it. Now I am going to make use of its new shopping department, by asking your advice in regard to the price and style of furniture for my office. It is my intention the first of January to start in for myself as a lawyer. The dimensions of my office are fourteen by eighteen. The bookcases will be built in the wall. I will require one large or several small rugs, and a desk, revolving chair, typewriter, letterpress, etc.

A good oak roll-top desk will cost you \$25. I should use small antique rugs, which I can secure for you for about \$12 apiece. The revolving chair can be bought for \$7, and three office chairs for \$10. A screw letterpress, including book will be \$5.20, letter size, and \$5.90, cap size. In regard to typewriter, they vary greatly in price. I am sending you several circulars of the different makes. This is largely a matter of opinion and how much one cares to pay. Any further information I should be pleased to give if so requested.



Boots, 16c.

A. R. R., OLEAN, N. Y.—Are furs to be worn as much as in former years? If so, what are the striking changes in shape and style of muff, boas, and fur coats? I purchased a fur-lined garment last year cut on box lines. Would you advise me to have it cut over into a tight-fitting garment?

Each season brings some changes in shape and general style. This season the changes are not so marked, but many of the neck pieces are cut on wider lines and perline effects are being worn a great deal. Muffs still remain quite large. The shape is a matter of taste, although the flat muff is generally preferred. Quite a pronounced feature of the new muff and boa is the decoration used in the form of the head and tail of the animal. Fur coats are made on the same general lines as the cloth models, and fashion holds the scales pretty evenly between the tight and the loose fitting garments.

You would be exceedingly unwise to

alter your fur-lined coat, as this is too comfortable a style of garment to be out of favor so quickly.

W. J. Y., SANGERSVILLE, ME.—Will you kindly purchase for me the necessary articles for a layette? My husband has a small income, and therefore I can not spend a great deal. I inclose \$20, which I hope will be sufficient to buy some fine, dainty things, even if plain.

Your letter with \$20 has been received. I have sent you by express the following articles, and am inclosing a check for \$1.95, the balance after purchasing what I think you will find sufficient, three shirts, \$2; three bands, \$1; two pieces bird's-eye, \$1.20; six slips, \$4; three flannel shirts, \$2; one dress, \$2; one skirt, 85 cents; one cloak, \$3; one cap, \$1, drawer leggings, \$1. I would not advise buying the little sacks, bibs, booties, mittens, etc., as you will probably receive them as gifts.

E. M. D., YONKERS, NEW YORK.—Can you suggest anything that I can arrange in my room to take the place of a closet? The room has a mansard roof, and I have furnished it very attractively; but I am greatly in need of some place to put my clothes, and I do not care for wardrobes.

At any department store cleats can be bought with from three to nine hooks. For the purpose you mention a nine-hook cleat would be best. Fasten it to the back of your bed at the top, and place your bed in that part of the room where the roof slants, leaving a space behind. You can also place a shelf on the cleats and hang a curtain to protect the clothes from dust. You might also get a pretty shirt-waist box to hold your waists.

N. H. D., ELKINS, N. C.—I have seen at a friend's home some pretty things made of crêpe paper, including beautiful flowers that closely resemble natural flowers. Could you buy me the paper, and give me a few ideas how to make some pretty things?

There are so many dainty things one can make from crêpe paper that I hardly know which one to select to describe. A waste-paper basket is a very useful article, very decorative, and very easily made. One sheet of cardboard, twenty-two by twenty-eight inches, one fold of decorative paper, for the outside, and one roll of plain paper, for inside lining, will be required. Three yards of wide ribbon, and three yards of narrow ribbon are sufficient for one basket. After cutting the cardboard to the shape and board to the shape and



Scrap Basket, made of crêpe paper

size desired, take one side and cover it with paste, lay on the crêpe paper and rub down well; treat the other sides the same and trim the edges down. Cut a five-inch square cardboard for the bottom and cover it on both sides. To finish the basket punch three holes in each edge for a ribbon and tie together at the corner.

Carnations are simple and are made by cutting five circles at once. Fold the tissue paper into a four-inch square, then cut to a circle so as to make eight lobes or divisions, and lightly indent with five notches the top of each. To start the flower, place a small bunch of paper in the center of a petal and pinch the petal around the paper tightly to form the calyx. Repeat until eight petals



Lace Handkerchief, \$1.35

are shaped. Then twist a wire around the calyx, leaving enough to form a stem. If you will let me know any particular flower you would care to make, I shall be pleased to tell you how to do it

S. E. H., CLEVELAND, N. C.—I have considerable trouble in getting a comfortable and satisfactory shoe for my little boy two years old. He has a broad foot and very fat ankles, and it is difficult for me to find shoes that will button over the instep. Is there a shoe you know of that will meet this requirement?

A well-known firm in New York makes a shoe called the "fat ankle shoe," which is exactly what you are looking for. If you will draw a pattern of the size of your child's foot by placing it on a piece of paper and outlining it with a pencil, I will send you such a shoe on approval. You will have to use great care in selecting shoes if your child is heavy, for fear of breaking the arch. You should never buy a so-called "bargain" shoe.

F. E. C., FILLMORE, N. Y.—Can you recommend a good washing machine—one that is comparatively easy to use, as I am not very strong?

A good washing machine can be purchased for \$5.90. This has a white cedar tub revolving arrangement inside, manipulated by means of a wheel. This turns but one way, but is so arranged that the clothes move from side to side. If you do not place many garments in it at one time, I do not think you will find it too laborious.



Vase, 95c.

J. F. B., ATHENS, O.—Can you tell me how to arrange something that will keep my little boy covered at night? I have tried several contrivances, but they have not accomplished their purpose.

I take pleasure in recommending the Eureka Bed Clothes Fastener, a clever device for keeping invalids and children covered. It consists of two fasteners, one to be placed on each side of the bed. These effectually prevent the bed clothes dragging out of place. They can be instantly detached, and the elastic bands give full play to the bed clothes. They come in cotton at twenty-five cents and in silk at thirty-five cents.



"Four-in-hand" Tie, 48c.

M. M., HEREFORD, TEXAS.—Inclosed you will find \$4.88. Please send me ten yards of carpet which I saw advertised at Messrs. Blank & Co. for thirty-seven cents a yard, and two *portières* at forty-nine cents a pair.

Upon receipt of your letter I went to the store mentioned, but did not feel that it was wise to send you the carpet you requested. It is of very inferior quality, and comes in only one very unattractive pattern. It never pays to buy a grade of carpet under fifty cents a yard. For that price I can send you a fair grade of carpet of last season's pattern. A Brussels carpet

at \$1 a yard will give you four times the wear of even a fifty-cent grade. The *portières* were forty-nine cents apiece instead of a pair; therefore I did not purchase them. The money you sent I have placed to your credit until I hear further from you.

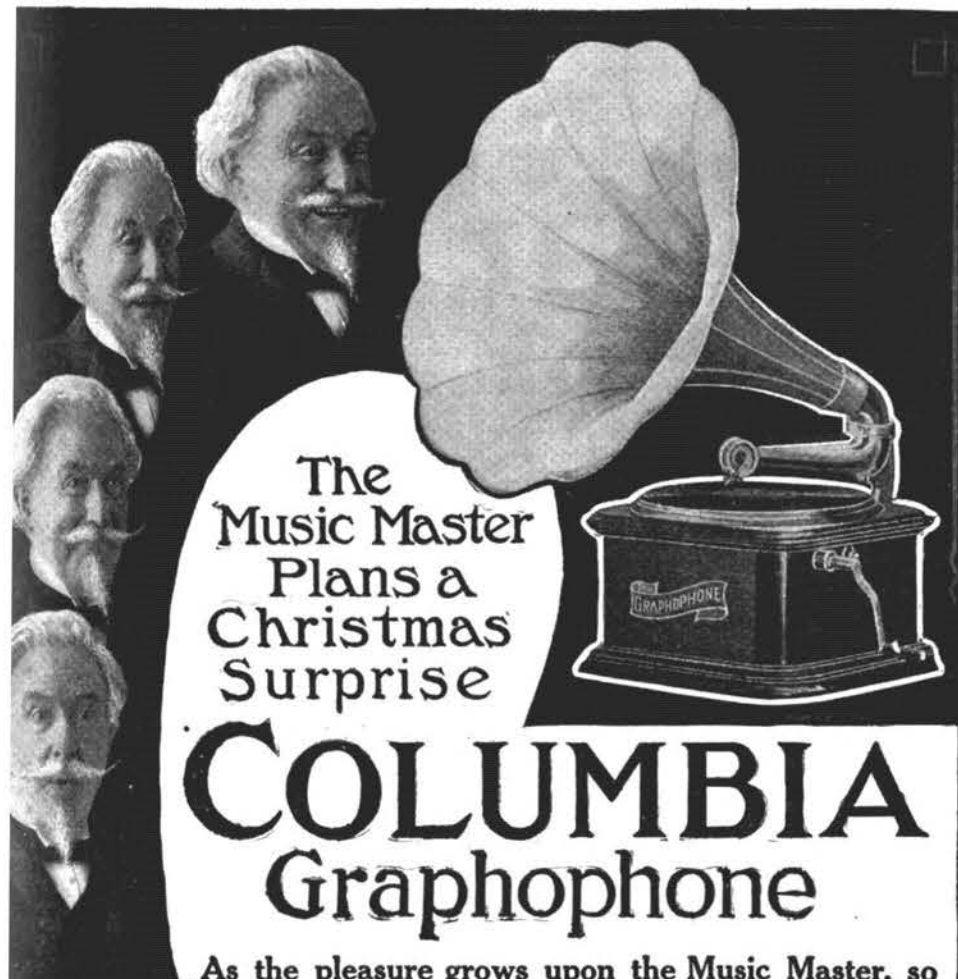
W. O. R., BEDFORD, IND.—The English baby carriage has grown so much in popularity that it seems to me there must be some reason, other than just the style. I am about to purchase a carriage, but before doing so, I would like to know if you consider the English make superior. Please quote prices.

To a great extent the English carriage has become popular for its attractive appearance, but it has other advantages as well. The principal one is the protection it gives the baby from wind and sun. This is a great improvement over the parasol top, which it is almost impossible to manage when the wind blows very strong. These carriages, well made, with wood body of different colors, can be had at \$22.50. The reed carriage with hood top is only \$14, and is a splendid carriage in every way.



Neck Ruff

R. S. A., MARDEN, N. C.—My daughter is away at boarding school. I want to send her a little remembrance for her birthday, and wish to get something costing not



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In the instant there comes to me the great idea, "Attend! We are all children at Christmas. You will make one gift for them all, the big ones and the little." One gift for all! Impossible. How then?"

I tell you. It is this way: One gift, A **Columbia Graphophone**, with **Columbia Records** which make the so perfect music,—songs of Christmas, Opera, of the Vaudeville,—music of all instruments. Stories that make the amusement, the drollery. Me! I laugh with pleasure at the thought. It is an idea greatest—One gift for the whole family—**The Columbia Graphophone.**"

If you have no talking machine buy a **Columbia**, if you have another make, buy **Columbia Records**. Don't ask you to pay cash for your Holiday purchases. Buy your **Columbia** outfit from any dealer or at our stores in all the large cities and pay when the burdens of your Christmas expenses are past.

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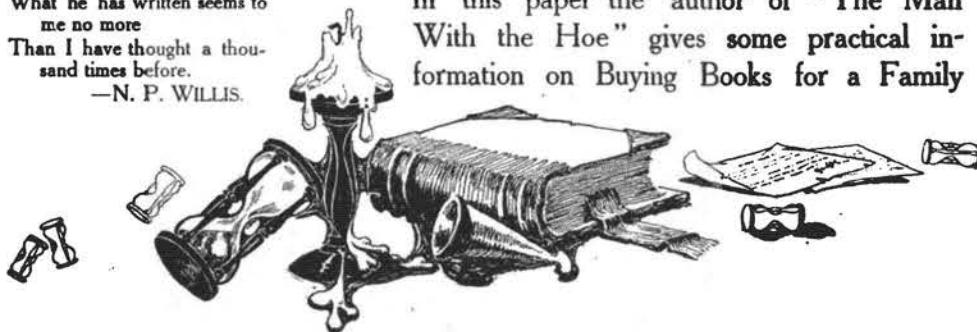
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EDWIN MARKHAM'S BOOK TALK

What he has written seems to
me no more
Than I have thought a thou-
sand times before.
—N. P. WILLIS.



In this paper the author of "The Man
With the Hoe" gives some practical in-
formation on Buying Books for a Family

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Please give me, with
comment, a list of books new and old that would
be suitable as presents for a family of many tastes."

To the generation just behind us, nourished on
Felicia Hemans and Amelia Welby, an approved and
acceptable gift was the gilded and funereal annual,
celebrating the grassy grave and the broken heart.
Our generation is more robust in its living and giving.
Our book stores are flooded with books touching every
field of human activity. "Oh, that mine enemy had
to choose a Christmas book!" one might cry, on
entering a thronging store. We are embarrassed by
superfluity, as though called on to choose a handful
of flowers from a wilderness of bloom.

The principle of choice should, in general, follow
the taste or need of the friend for whom you are select-
ing a book. Yet it is also well, now and then, to open
a new channel of interest by giving a volume outside
of your friend's habitual life. We are often thankful
to a friend who had drawn us out of our mental sheep-
tracks.

There are a few writers that stand as permanent
figures in the modern literary world—writers who have
given out seminal ideas that seed and beautify the field
of thought. Chief among these men are Shakespeare,
Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson, and Victor Hugo. Until a
library possesses at least the best writings of these five
men, it is sadly deficient. You are doing kindly service
when you make these men known to any thoughtful
mind.

The Standard Novels

There are standard novels which are always pre-
supposed in the equipment of the "well read,"—Scott,
Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot. These books seem
to need the spare time and care-freeness of youth for
their best appeal. As life crowds in upon us, there is
seldom a chance to take up such leisurely volumes.
But "Ivanhoe," "David Copperfield," "Henry Es-
mond," and "Silas Marner,"—these give a taste of each
author, and they ought to be most welcome books for
every shelf. Here follow five lists of books suitable
for presents to the elders of a family. Many of these
titles are novels that have delighted thousands with
their strong human interest:

- (a)—Miss Mulock's "John Halifax"—a boy pushing
up through heavy odds to a noble manhood.
- (b)—Brontë's "Jane Eyre"—a striking revelation of
strong character in struggle with harsh conditions.
- (c)—Borrow's "Lavengro"—a romantic picture of life
among the gypsies of Spain.
- (d)—Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth"—a thrilling
picture of the seething life of the fifteenth century.
- (e)—Stevenson's "Treasure Island"—a story of ad-
venture full of charm and glow.
- (f)—Buchanan's "God and the Man"—the strange
drawing of two men from hate to love.
- (g)—Gaskell's "Cranford"—a most human chronicle
of a little gossiping English village.
- (h)—Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—a tragic
story of the effects of old heredity.
- (i)—Barrie's "Window in Thrums"—a humorous and
pathetic story of a shut-in town of Scottish weavers
—a work of rare genius.
- (j)—Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii"—a brilliant
picturing of an old forgotten tragic time.
- (k)—Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"—a spacious story
of the romantic moors of England.

Joseph Conrad, cruising the open sea or piercing the
African wilds; and Maurice Hewlitt, wandering old
forests or haunting the villages of the middle ages—
each comes with the breath of romance that carries us
out of the trodden ways to the wider, wilder airs and
spaces.

The novels I have just named are English. But we
have in our own country a group of old
stories of fine workmanship and strong
human appeal:

The Best American Novels

- (a)—Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"—a hu-
man document never surpassed in
tragic power.
- (b)—Cable's "Dr. Sevier"—a delightful tale
of quaint New Orleans.
- (c)—Allen's "Choir Invisible"—a tale
touched with poetry and ideal sentiment.
- (d)—Howells's "Traveler from Altruria"—

a bold satire on our social order, the strongest that
has yet appeared in fiction.

- (e)—Craddock's "Prophet of the Great Smoky Moun-
tains"—a strong story of the hill-folk of Ten-
nessee.
 - (f)—James's "Daisy Miller"—an oft-disputed char-
acterization of the American girl.
- Here are a few new novels that will appeal to all
the elders of the family:
- (a)—Churchill's "Coniston"—a realistic setting forth
of contemporary politics.
 - (b)—Dillon's "Leader"—a presentation of a strong
man fighting for clean politics.
 - (c)—Gates's "Plowwoman"—a woman of the North-
west hewing her way against opposing destiny.
 - (d)—Harben's "Ann Boyd"—a woman of the South
solving life's problem under primitive conditions.
 - (e)—Deland's "Helena Richie"—a rebel soul learning
to put duty above desire.
 - (f)—Chambers's "Fighting Chance"—like "The
House of Mirth," a study of contemporary society,
but with a more hopeful outlook.
 - (g)—Sinclair's "The Jungle"—a history-making tran-
script of a national shame.
 - (h)—Whiteing's "Ring in the New"—a gripping book
about living men and women in the drama of
London life.

Economics Worth While

Here are a few books on Economics and Govern-
ment, and they ought to please any friend with a leaning
toward public affairs:

- (a)—Gidding's "Readings in Descriptive and His-
torical Sociology"—a sweeping together of excellent
pages from many ancient and modern sources.
 - (b)—Jenk's "History of Politics"—a brief sketch of
the rise of the state.
 - (c)—Mulford's "Nation"—a lofty statement of the
duty of the citizen and the purpose of the nation.
 - (d)—Ferguson's "Religion of Democracy"—a book
crowded with singing phrases and liberating
thoughts.
 - (e)—Trine's "Fire of the Heart"—the latest word on
the acute social questions of the hour.
 - (f)—Ghent's "Mass and Class"—a brilliant survey
of the social divisions growing up in America.
- The following recent miscellaneous books will strike
the interest of most of the grown ups:
- (a)—Avery's "Dixie after the War"—the human
import of the tragic reconstruction period.
 - (b)—Dunn's "Dissertations"—a humorous exegesis of
the passing show.
 - (c)—Smith's "Balance"—an exposition of the doctrine
that there must be justice at the heart of things.
 - (d)—Chesterton's "Heretics"—a rough-riding over
many literary and social foibles.
 - (e)—Huneker's "Iconoclasts"—a brilliant survey of
our great modern dramatists.
 - (f)—Call's "Power through Repose"—a pleasant
pathway to the kingdom of self-control.
 - (g)—Quiller-Couch's "Oxford Book of Verse"—an
excellent anthology of poetry.

For the Children

Here is a short list of the best children's books, selected
from both new and old:

- (a)—Burgess's "Goop Books"—delightful disserta-
tions on manners by the how-not-to-do-it method.
- (b)—Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland"—the delightful
chanceful world of the unexpected.
- (c)—Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales"—a charming
modernizing of Grecian myths.
- (d)—"Black Beauty"—an application of the Golden
Rule to the care of the horse.
- (e)—Mulock's "Adventures of a Brownie"—a con-
vincing tale of fairy help for those who
help themselves.
- (f)—"Pinnocchio"—a translation of the best
Italian fairy tale; the story of the sorrows
of a disobedient child.
- (g)—Chandler's "In the Reign of Coyote"—
a collection of folk-lore from the
Pacific Coast, the western material of a
future "Hiawatha."
- (h)—Kipling's "Jungle Book"—the dra-
matic setting forth of the life and ethics
of the wild; a scripture for little ones.
- (i)—Wiggin and Smith's "Fairy Ring"—

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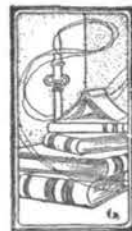
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NO COFFEE The Doctor Said

Coffee slavery is not much different from alcohol or any other drug. But many people don't realize that coffee contains a poisonous, habit-forming drug—caffeine.

They get into the habit of using coffee, and no wonder, when some writers for respectable magazines and papers speak of coffee as "harmless."

Of course it doesn't paralyze one in a short time like alcohol, or put one to sleep like morphine, but it slowly acts on the heart, kidneys and nerves, and soon forms a drug-habit, just the same, and one that is the cause of many overlooked ailments.

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"I was annoyed with indigestion, heart trouble, bad feeling in my head, and sleeplessness. Our family doctor, whom I consulted, asked me if I drank coffee. I said I did and could not get along without it."

"He told me it was the direct cause of my ailments, and advised me to drink Postum. I had no faith in it, but finally tried it. The first cup was not boiled long enough and was distasteful, and I vowed I would not drink any more."

"But after a neighbor told me to cook it longer I found Postum was much superior in flavor to my coffee. I am no longer nervous, my stomach troubles have ceased, my heart action is fine, and from 105 lbs. weight when I began Postum, I now weigh 138 lbs. I give all the credit to Postum as I did not change my other diet in any way." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

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- a collection of the best fairy lore of the world.
(j)—Burt's "Poems That Every Child Should Know"—a gathering of verses that have been studied and approved by hundreds of boys.
(k)—Mabie's "Legends That Every Child Should Know"—a collection whose quality is assured by the editor's fine taste.
(l)—Stockton's "Fanciful Tales"—stories that catch the interest of young and old.

A friend watching over the reading of young people can become a sort of providence by placing good reading before them, to supplant the commonplace, or to widen their daily interest. A young woman studying vocal music this year, might, for instance, get an enlarging and inspiring view of music from Henderson's "Art of the Singer." A boy caring for the morbidly sensational could satisfy his love of adventure and, at the same time, elevate his taste, by reading Jack London's "Moonface and Other Stories," or Mighel's "Chat-wit, the Man-Talk Bird," or Thompson Seton's "Biography of a Grizzly," or Roberts's "Watchers of the Trail," or Millard's "Lure of Gold."

Here is a list of helpful books for wide-awake boys or girls: "The Young Folks' Encyclopedia," (Holt); "The Young People's Story of Art," "The Bible for Young People," (Century Co.); Nesbit's "Young People in Old Places;" Serviss's "Astronomy with an Opera Glass;" Scott's "Romance of Polar Exploration;" Benson's "Book of Sports and Pastimes;" Musick's "Columbian Novels"—ten volumes based on the facts of American History.

Story Books—Especially for Boys

Clemens's "Huckleberry Finn;" Howell's "The Flight of Pony Baker;" Standish's "Captain Jack Lorimer;" Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill;" Hammond's "Fortunes of Pinkey Perkins;" Tappan's "American Hero Stories;" Mabie's "Heroes Every Child Should Know," and English's "Wee Timorous Beastics."

Story Books—Especially for Girls

Moore's "Deeds of Daring Done by Girls;" Sangster's "Fairest Girlhood;" Bang's "Andiron Tales;" Whitney's "Faith Gartney's Girlhood;" Alcott's "Little Women;" Trumbull's "Story Tell' Lib," and Kingsley's "Transfiguration of Miss Philura."

QUERIES ANSWERED

A. H. D., TACOMA, WASH.—For a systematic course of reading that will tend to give those who have had only a common school education, a general knowledge of literature, art, and science, the following works are recommended:

Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature" gives a simple and lucid review of the growth of English literature. Julian Hawthorne has a small handbook of American literature that summarizes the literary work of America in the same authentic manner. Follow this with Barrett Wendell's "History of Literature in America." If you wish to go further in this line, read Welsh's "Development of English Literature." Taine's well-known work is of great value for advanced students.

In connection with this literary history, read Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy," for a taste of the best English poetry. Follow with Knowles's "Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics." Read again and again the seven great Shakespearean plays—"Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Caesar," "King Lear," "The Tempest," and "The Merchant of Venice." The Hudson edition of Shakespeare supplies excellent notes. Read also Scott's "Ivanhoe," Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," Eliot's "Silas Marner," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Frank Norris's "Octopus," Turgeneff's "Fathers and Sons," Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," Howells's "Traveler from Altruria," Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," and "The Man Who Laughs." These great novels can be followed by Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worship," Emerson's "Representative Men," and Thoreau's "Letters." Gayley's "Classic Myths," Brewer's "Reader's Handbook," and Ayer's "Orthoëpist" should be at hand as constant helps.

In the realm of art, read Carleton Noyes's "The Enjoyment of Art," for plain talks on painting. This book is small in size but big in excellence. Also study Lessing's "Laocoön" for a discussion of the relation of literature to other arts. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" is voluminous, but it will give you fresh outlooks on many fields of art and life.

In philosophy, I omit the "heavy" works, such as Kant's "Critique." Start with Royce's "Spirit of Modern Philosophy," which discusses the systems of Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer and other modern metaphysical thinkers. Follow with William James's "Some of Life's Ideals," and his "Will to Believe and Other Essays." Go through Gronlund's "Our Destiny" for a noble philosophy of ethics. Don't neglect the select dialogues of Plato. If you wish to go further, try Lotze's "Microcosmos." Lotze pushes away the skepticism of shallow culture, and gives us an inspiring, spiritual conception of nature and history.

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sure to make the Christmas merry.
Tongues that speak the truth sincere,
Hearts that hold each other dear,
These will make a happy year.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

OUR upon that man or woman who says to the family
of children, small or grown: "We can not do any-
thing to celebrate Christmas this year; we are too poor!"
Money can not make a Merry Christmas; that gift is
most welcomed into which go much love and a bit
of real sacrifice. No call to have things turned inside
out and the purse emptied for the feast which means
so much to all Christendom. All we ask is to see the
familiar household gods put in holiday attire, to ex-
change the true coin of good cheer and kindly feeling;
to say "Merry Christmas" from the heart, and to re-
ceive a true "Merry Christmas" in return. The
"Chrismuss gif", Massa," of the lowliest gives one as
kindly feeling as the greeting between intimates. The
Christmas candle burns royally in the tumble-down
hut, as incense and myrrh made kingly the stable in
Bethlehem. The family can draw close together and
be merry and of good cheer, though gold may not pour
into the purse, nor the prospect for the coming year
look bright.

Keep Christmas, therefore, and keep it in the family
spirit. Throw wide the gates, and make
the old house stretch its elastic sides
to accommodate all the relatives and
friends, and especially the lonely man
or woman whom you know to be long-
ing for a real Christmas in a real home.
Everyone loves to have a hand in the
preparations for Christmas week. Do
not frown on the children when they
ask to help, and do not discourage their
desire to exchange gifts with friends.
Rather, show them how easy it is to
fashion a simple gift of inexpensive
materials, and to stamp it with an
original or borrowed thought. For
your own gifts, little holly-trimmed
baskets of good things from your
own storeroom, with a greeting in
your own handwriting, will please
those who are glad to call you
friend as much as if you had
spent many dollars.

The Decorations

Next year, plan for Christmas
decorations in the fall, by going to
the woods for bright leaves and
berries. Keep a box, wherein is
stored tinsel and trappings of this
year's tree and the odds and ends
that will come in handy when you
decorate your "homemade" tree.
Let your house guests have a hand
in trimming the tree and the house.
Strings of popcorn may be dyed
rainbow colors; English walnut

Christmas Home Parties

By LAURA A. SMITH

Illustrated by Harriet Adair Newcomb

shells, gilded, may contain jingles and surprises; faded
artificial flowers may be painted with gold or silver
paint, and it is easy to fashion butterflies and gor-
geous paper dolls of decorated paper. Twigs glisten
when dipped in alum solution or mucilage and coarse
salt.

If you have evergreen ropes, use them to outline door-
ways, picture frames and molding and to entwine the
staircase. Hang wreaths in windows and about the
walls. By keeping your decorations high you will
secure a feathery effect overhead. Illuminate every
window on Christmas night. Line the dining-room
walls with large sprays of cedar tacked with matting
tacks; make a frieze of twigs or laurel garlands and
place tiny trees in wall brackets. There is no prettier
ornament for the center of the table than a miniature
tree trimmed with tinsel and lighted by tiny candles.
Little pine twigs, frosted with coarse salt and fastened
in the cover of the pasteboard box which holds sweets,
will make a cunning dinner favor, or you can fashion
little sleighs of red paper. If tired of turkey dinners,
serve a roast goose or little roast pig with apple sauce.

A Christmas Tree Party

The night after Christmas will be a good date for the
evening party which is to bring your house guests and
your village friends together. Make it a "Christmas
tree" party, asking your guests to dress to represent
something which hangs on the Christmas tree. This
will give fine opportunity for the ladies to dress as dolls
or to wear tinsel and glittering ornaments, the men to
come as mechanical toys and the children as paper dolls
or "angels." Use all the Christmas trees you can bor-
row to give your rooms a forest effect, and do not stint
candles.

If you do not care for dancing, here is a "tree" con-
test. Give the guests numbered lists for the answers
and write the questions on a wall blackboard:

What tree would—
Keep warm? (Fir.) Give legacies, yet be in debt?
(Willow.) Make footwear? (Sandalwood.) Keep
tramps away? (Dogwood.) Stays neat? (Spruce.)
Is a twice-told tale? (Chestnut.) Urge the dogs to
bark? (Sycamore.) Be a friend to the carpenter?
(Plum(b).) Be sought by anglers? (Basswood.)
Always talk back? (Sassafras.) Make a good house
servant? (Ebony.) Tell what happened to the news-
paper? (Redwood.) Hop? (Locust.) Preach?
(Elder.) Grieve? (Pine.) Be a good father?
(Pawpaw.) Curse and be a relative? (Damson.)
Flavor the Christmas cake? (Spice.) Be lapped by the
waves? (Beech.) Blossom once a year in many
homes? (Christmas tree.)

Make your prizes ludicrous. For example, announce
Mr. Grey as winner of the magnificent first prize, which
is brought in by two of the largest men present in your
big clothes basket covered with a white cloth. The
men stagger under the load. Ask Mr. Grey to take out
his prize—an inch-high pewter soldier or some equally
tiny object. To select partners for supper, give each
man ten beans, and whisper a number and the name
of some Christmas-tree object to each lady. Do not
tell the "auctioneer" the persons named,
but give him a list of the toys and num-
bers. Let him mount a chair and sell
the "French doll," "creeping turtle,"
and other objects to the highest bidders.
To heighten the fun, put several per-
sons in an "Odds and Ends" group,
to be knocked down to the highest bid-
der and taken to supper by him. Of
course you will hang mistletoe in the
doorway leading to the supper-room.
There will be less formality if the cold
meats, salads, and relishes are on large
platters on the table and the guests serve
themselves after receiving the hot dish
and coffee. If you do not wish an elab-
orate supper, serve ice cream, cake, and
coffee.

For the Church Bazaar

December is preëminently the month
for the church bazaar, and your guests
who arrive early enough in the month
will be glad to take part in your church
entertainment. Make this year's fair
a "Church Family Bazaar," with
work assigned to each division of
the church family. To the mat-
rons give the booths for the
sale of home cooking, aprons, and
kitchen utensils. Send to the deal-
ers for little household novelties to
sell on commission. The young
ladies can take charge of the art
needlework, and the doll and candy
booths. Place the toys and spe-



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which go love and sacrifice"

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cial attractions like "side shows," the "art gallery," and the evening entertainment in the keeping of the young men, also pressing them into service as waiters for the supper. One church has an annual supper cooked and served by its men amid the laughter of the "women folks." For older men supply a booth devoted exclusively to articles for men's wear. Your merchants will be glad to stock this booth and let you sell on commission. Stimulate the interest and enthusiasm of the children by letting them have a booth of their own, with articles made with their own hands. You can have some delightful before-Christmas afternoons by inviting the little workers to your home and helping them plan and make these articles. Keep the price of everything in this booth down to one penny, if possible.

The booths can be built on one general plan, trimmed with evergreen and holly, and lighted by different colored lights, or each booth can represent a different holiday and the colors and general decorations given. Let the assistants wear a regulation Christmas costume of red, dotted with cotton "snow," and headresses of holly. Or, have a distinguished visitor in each booth—"Santa Claus" in the toy, "Mrs. Santa Claus" in the children's, "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" in the doll booth, and "Old Mother Hubbard" in the pantry. If the platform is used for the supper, erect an arch of green, lighted by Chinese lanterns, at the foot of the steps, and a series of arches across the front, with scarlet bell or gay lantern in each arch. "Father Christmas" should act as cashier. Do not make the mistake of having a long evening programme which will keep buyers away from the booths; one-half or three-quarters of an hour is long enough. A reception committee of the minister and his wife and the head officers of the church and societies promotes sociability.



And don't forget the holly wreaths and bells

Christmas Parties for Dolls

Of course the very little children must have their afternoon of fun, and I know of no plan more delightful than to give "A Doll's Christmas Party." Ask each little girl to bring her favorite doll and each boy a Christmas toy he likes. Clear the room of breakables, so there may be no "don'ts" for the little folks.

Secure the help of a kindergarten teacher, or someone who can entertain children, and have her dress as "Mother Goose" or "Little Red-Riding Hood" and direct the games. After the dollies have been admired and their presence has taken the edge off the shyness of the guests, place them on the mantel or a table out of the way of romping games. An old-fashioned grab bag of paper filled with bonbons and little trinkets, suspended from the chandelier and opened by being hit with a stick, is a fine way to start a scramble and fun. Or, Santa Claus may appear and scatter sugar plums. Marching games, "drop the handkerchief" or bean bag are good games, and each community has its own popular games which children like. Just before supper, let there be a knock at the door and a "Snow Man" appear. His costume should be a grotesque one of white cotton, with cloth mask and old silk hat. Let him engage the children in a battle with balls of white cotton or little bags of white paper confetti. When the "Snow Man" is vanquished, march the children around the room once or twice to quiet them, then into the dining-room where low chairs or benches are provided for them.

In the center of the table arrange a dolls' Christmas tree, lighted with tiny candles and hung with little toys and articles of dress for dolls. For the boys, have a tree hung with toys. Seat the doll guests at a little table between the two trees, using toy dishes and decorations and carrying out everything in miniature. Holiday week is rich food week, so keep the children's refreshments very plain and simple, though you can make the forms in which they are served as dainty as you choose.

If the children are between the ages of ten and fourteen, invite them from five to eight o'clock, and add dancing, charades, and shadow pictures. The latter can easily be arranged by using a sheet for a screen and placing lamps behind the performers. Older children like to choose their games as a rule. A tree and a Santa Claus who can make funny remarks will please these older children. Small dolls dressed as Santa Claus, little cards or calendars will make suitable favors.

A little child, or a child on the threshold of manhood or womanhood is a sensitive being with an impressionable memory. Do not make this memory one of long faces, sighs, and shakes of the head, and a general shut-out-gaiety feeling at Christmas time. Give your boys and girls a chance to say to their children and grandchildren: "There never were as happy Christmas days as those we had at the old home with father and mother."

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The Curtis Publishing Company
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Loretta of the Shipyards

[Continued from
page 831]

In his astonishment he had long talks with his father, the two seated in their boat against the Garden wall so no one could overhear.

Once he approached Luigi and began a tale, first about Vittorio and his escapades and then about Loretta and her coquetry, which Luigi strangled with a look, and which he did not discuss nor repeat to me, except to remark—"They have started in to bite, *Signore*," the meaning of which I could but guess at. At another time he and his associates laid out a plot by which Vittorio's foot was to slip as he was leaving Loretta at the door, and he be fished out of the canal with his pretty clothes begrimed with mud;—a scheme which was checked when they began to examine the young gondolier the closer, and which was entirely abandoned when they learned that his father was often employed about the palace of the king. In these projected attacks, strange to say, the girl's mother took part. Her hope in keeping her home was in Loretta's marrying Francesco.

Then, dog as he was, he tried the other plan—all this I got from Luigi, he sitting beside me, sharpening charcoal points, handing me a fresh brush, squeezing out a tube of color on my palette: nothing like a romance to a staid old painter; and then, were not both of us in the conspiracy as abettors, and up to our eyes in the plot?

This other plan was to traduce the girl. So the gondoliers on the Traghetto began to talk,—behind their hands, at first. She had lived in Francesco's house; she had had a dozen young fishermen trapesing after her; her mother, too, was none too good. Then again, you could never trust these Neapolitans,—the kitten might be like the cat, etc., etc.

Still the lovers floated up and down the Riva, their feet on clouds, their heads in the heavens. Never a day did he miss, and always with a wave of her hand to me as they passed: down to Malamocco on Sundays with another girl as chaperon, or over to Mestre by boat for the *festa*, coming home in the moonlight, the tip of his cigarette alone lighting her face.

One morning—the lovers had only been waiting for their month's pay—Luigi came sailing down the canal to my lodgings, his gondola in gala attire,—bunches of flowers tied at each corner of the *tenda*; a mass of blossoms in the lamp socket; he himself in his best white suit, a new blue sash around his waist—his own colors—and off we went to San Rosario up the Giudecca. And the Borodinis turned out in great force, and so did all the other *'inis*, and *'olas*, and *'minos*—dozens of them—and up came Loretta, so beautiful that everybody held his breath; and we all gathered about the altar, and Father Garola stepped down and took their hands; and two candles were lighted and a little bell rang; and then somebody signed a book—somebody with the bearing of a prince—Borodini, I think—and then Luigi, his rich, sunburned head and throat in contrast with his white shirt, moved up and affixed his name to the register; and then a door opened on the side and they all went out into the sunlight.

I followed and watched the gay procession on its way to the waiting boats. As I neared the corner of the church a heavily-built young fellow ran rapidly forward, crouched to the pavement,



and hid himself behind one of the tall columns. Something in his dress and movement made me stop. Not being sure, I edged nearer and waited until he turned his head. It was Francesco.

III.

There was sunshine everywhere that May. The skies never were more beautiful, the blossoms of the oleanders and the almond trees never more lovely. Not only was my canal alive with the stir and fragrance of the coming summer, but all Venice bore the look of a bride who had risen from her bath, drawn aside the misty curtain of the morning, and stood revealed in all her loveliness.

There was sunshine everywhere, I say, that May, but its brightest rays, it seemed to

me, fell on a garden full of fig trees and flat arbors interwoven with grapevines, running down to the water where there was a dock and a gondola—two, sometimes,—our own and Vittorio's—and particularly on a low, two-story, flat-roofed house,—a kaleidoscope of color—pink, yellow, and green, with three rooms and a portico, in which lived Vittorio, a bird in a cage, a kitten-cat, and the Rose of the Shipyards.

It is a long way round to my canal through San Trovaso to the Zattere and across the Giudecca to Ponte Lungo, and then along the edge of the lagoon to this garden and dovecote, but that is the precise route Luigi, who lived within a stone's throw of the couple, selected morning after morning. He always had an excuse—he had forgotten the big bucket for my water cups, or the sail, or the extra chair; and would the *Signore* mind going back for his other oar? Then again the tide was bad, and after all we might as well row down the lagoon; it was easier and really shorter with the wind against us—all nonsense, of course, but I never objected.

"Ah, the *Signore* and dear Luigi!" she would cry when she caught sight of our gondola rounding into the landing, and then she would race down the path, the joyous embodiment of beauty and grace, and help me out, Luigi following; and we would stroll up under the fig trees, and she would begin showing me this and that new piece of furniture, or pot, or kettle, or new bread knife, or scissors, or spoon, which Vittorio had added to their store since my last visit. Or I would find them both busy over the gondola,—he polishing his brasses and *ferro*, and she re-hanging the curtains of the *tenda* which she had washed and ironed with her own hands.

Altogether it was a very happy little nest that was tucked away in one corner of that old abandoned garden with its outlook on the broad water and its connecting link with the row of neighbors' houses flanking the side canal,—and there were no two birds in or out of any nest in all Venice who sang so long and so continuously nor who were so genuinely happy the livelong day and night.

Did I not know something of the curious mixture of love, jealousy, and suspicion which goes into the making-up of an Italian, it would be hard for me to believe that so lovely a structure as this dovecote, one built with so much hope and alight with so much real happiness, could ever come tumbling to the ground. We Anglo-Saxons flame up indignantly when those we love are attacked, and demand proofs. "*Critica*—" that bane of Venetian life—what

for you. She was sitting in a chair when I went in,—bolt up; she had not been in her bed. She seems like one in a trance—looked at me and held out her hand. I tried to talk to her and tell her it was all a lie, but all she would answer was—'Ask Francesco,—it is all Francesco,—ask Francesco.' Hurry, *Signore*,—we will miss her if we go to her house. We will go to our canal and wait for her. They have heard nothing down there at San Giuseppe, and you can talk to her without being interrupted, and then I'll get hold of Vittorio. This way, *Signore*."

I had hardly stepped from the gondola at the water landing of my canal when I caught sight of her in the garden coming directly toward me, head up, her lips tight-set, her black shawl curving and floating with every movement of her body—(nothing so wonderfully graceful and nothing so expressive of the wearer's moods as these black shawls of the Venetians.) She wore her gala dress—the one in which she was married—white muslin with ribbons of scarlet, her wonderful hair in a heap above her forehead, her long gold earrings glinting in the sunshine. All the lovelight had died out of her eyes. In its place were two deep hollows rimmed about by dark lines, from out which flashed two points of cold steel light.

I held out my hand:

"Sit down, Loretta, and let me talk to you."

She stopped, looked at me in a dazed sort of way, as if she was trying to focus my face so as to recall me to her memory, and said in a determined way:

"No, let me pass. It's too late for all that, *Signore*. I am—"

"But wait until you hear me."

"I will hear nothing until I find Francesco."

"You must not go near him. Get into the gondola and let Luigi and me take you home."

A dry laugh rose to her lips. "Home! There is no home any more. See! My ring is gone! Francesco is the one I want—now—*now!* He knows I am coming,—I sent him word. Don't hold me, *Signore*,—don't touch me!"

She was gone before I could stop her, her long, striding walk increasing almost to a run, her black shawl swaying about her limbs as she hurried toward her old home at the end of the quay. Nothing could be done until her fury, or her agony, had spent itself. These volcanoes are often short-lived. We looked after her until she had reached the door and had flung herself across the threshold. Then I sent Luigi for my easel and began work.

* * * * *

The events that have made the greatest impression upon me all my life have been those which have dropped out of the sky,—the unexpected, the incomprehensible,—the unnecessary—the fool things—the damnably idiotic things.

First we heard a cry that caused Luigi to drop canvas and easel, and sent us both flying down the quay toward the rookery. It came from Loretta's mother;—she was out on the sidewalk tearing her hair; calling on God; uttering shriek after shriek. The quay and bridge were a mass of people—some looking with staring eyes, the children hugging their mothers' skirts. Two brawny fishermen were clearing the way to the door. Luigi and I sprang in behind them, and entered the house.

On the stone floor of the room lay the body of Francesco, his head stretched back, one hand clutching the bosom of his shirt. Against the wall stood Loretta; not a quiver on her lips; ghastly white; impassive, calm,—the least excited person in the room.

"And you killed him!" I cried.

"Yes,—he thought I came to kiss him—I did, *with this!*" and she tossed a knife on the table.

* * * * *

The days that followed were gray days for Luigi and me. They took Loretta to the prison next the Bridge of Sighs and locked her up in one of the moldy cells below the water line—

dark, dismal pockets where, in the old days, men died of terror.

Vittorio, Luigi, and I met there the next morning. I knew the chief officer, and he had promised me an interview. Vittorio was crying,—rubbing his knuckles in his eyes,—utterly broken up and exhausted. He and Luigi had spent the night together. An hour before, the two had stood at Francesco's bedside in the hospital of San Paulo. Francesco was still alive, and with Father Garola bending over him had repeated his confession to them both. He was madly in love with her, he moaned, and had spread the report hoping that Vittorio would cast her off, and, having no other place to go, Loretta would come back to him. At this Vittorio broke into a rage and would have strangled the dying man had not the attendant interfered. All this I learned from Luigi as we waited for the official.

"This is a frightful ending to a happy life—" I began when the officer appeared. "Let them talk to each other for just a few moments. It can do no harm."

The official shook his head. "It is against orders, *Signore*, I can not. He can see her when she is brought up for examination."

"They will both have lost their senses by that time," I pleaded. "Can't you think of some way? I have known her from a child. Perhaps an order from headquarters might be of some use." We were standing, at the time, in a long corridor ending in a door protected by an iron grating. This led to the underground cells.

The chief fastened his eyes on me, turned abruptly, called to an attendant, gave an order in a low voice and, with the words to Vittorio—"You are not to speak to her, remember," motioned the sobbing man toward the grating.

The girl gave a half-smothered cry, darted forward and covered Vittorio's hands with her own. Some whispered word must have followed, for the old light broke over her face and she would have cried out for joy had not Luigi cautioned her. For a moment the two stood with fingers intertwined, their bowed foreheads kept apart by the cold grating. Then Vittorio, straining his face between the bars, as if to reach her lips, loosened one hand, took something from his pocket and slipped it over her finger.

It was her wedding ring.

IV.

Summer has faded, the gold of autumn has turned to brown, and the raw, cold winds of winter have whirled the dead leaves over rookeries, quay, and garden. The boats rock at their tethers and now and then a sea gull darts through the canal and sweeps on to the lagoon. In the narrow opening fronting the broad waters lawless waves quarrel and clasp, forcing their way among the frightened ripples of San Giuseppe.

All these months a girl has clung to an iron grating or has lain on a pallet in one corner of her cell. Once in a while she presses her lips to a ring on her left hand, her face lighting up. Sometimes she breaks out into a song.

Then spring comes.

And with it the painter from over the sea.

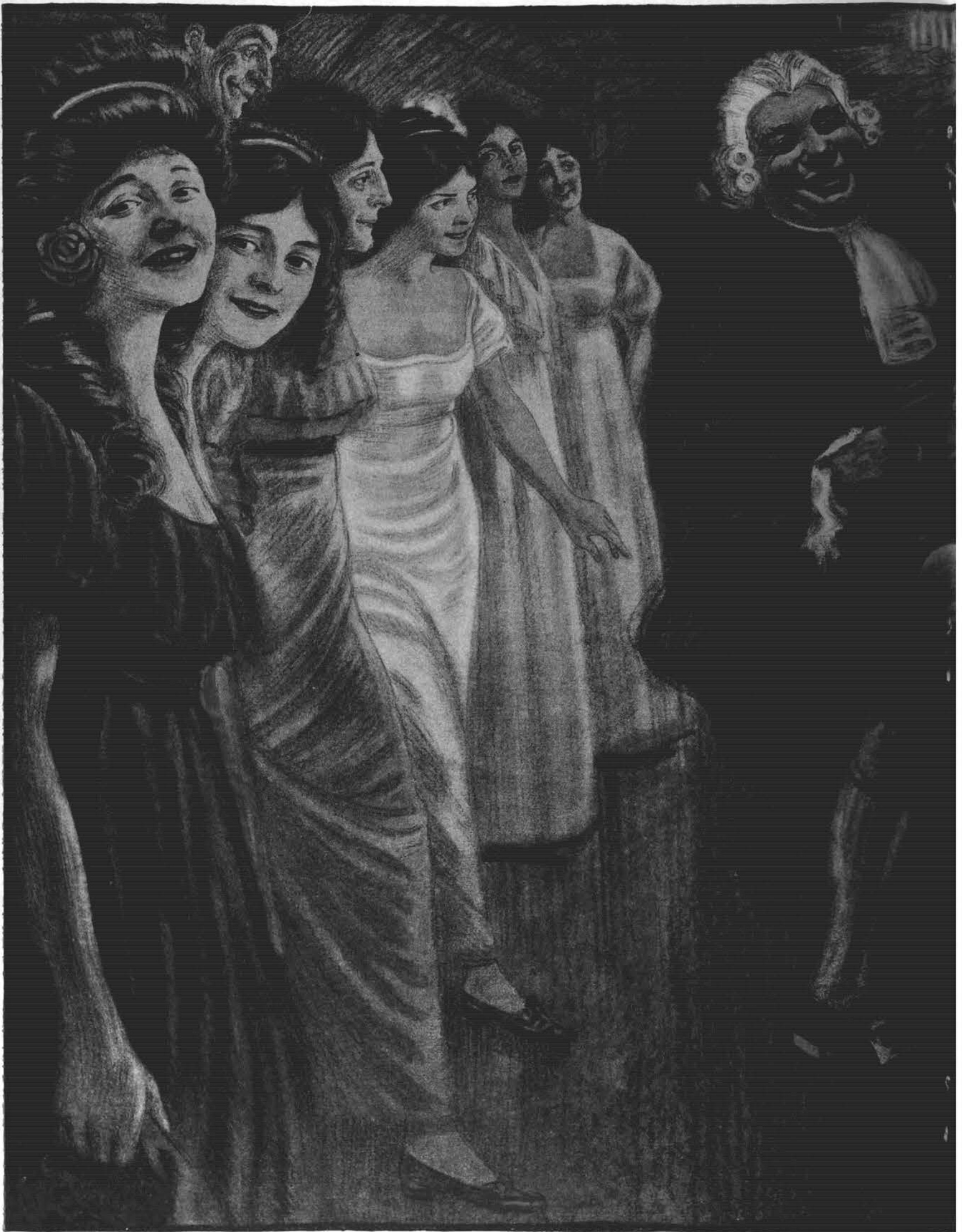
All the way from Milan as far as Verona, and beyond, there has been nothing but blossoms,—masses of blossoms,—oleander, peach, and almond. When he reaches Mestre and the cool salt air fans his cheek, he can no longer keep his seat, so eager is he to catch the first glimpse of his beloved city,—now a string of pearls resting on the bosom of the lagoon.

Luigi has the painter's hand before his feet can touch the platform. "Good news, *Signore!*" he laughs, patting my shoulder. "She is free!" "Loretta!"

"Yes,—she and Vittorio are back in their garden. Borodini told the whole story to the good Queen Mother when she came at Easter, and the king pardoned her."

"Pardoned her! And Francesco dead!"

"Dead! No such good luck, *Signore*,—that brute of a crab fisher got well!"



PAINTED BY WALTER TITTLE



In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In

came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they

all came, awkward, every now and back

“Swing Your



"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"
CHARLES DICKENS

round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. Fezziwig clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!"



The Christmas Spirit

SELFISHNESS always defeats itself. Things are so constituted in this world that we can not hoard the best things for ourselves. If we do, we lose them. The best qualities evaporate from money when we try to hoard it in a miserly way. We must pass it along, make it do something useful, make it help somebody before we can get the best out of it. As long as we are selfish with it, it strangles growth, and deteriorates character. We are smaller and meaner for the holding.

People who try to keep, for themselves, all the good things of life: their sympathies, their helpfulness, their encouragement, their services, their best things, lose them.

We are so constituted that we can not hoard our good things without harm to ourselves and loss to others. They must be passed along the first opportunity, or they will be lost to ourselves as well as to others.

We are so constituted that we can not enrich ourselves so much by direct self-giving as by giving to others. It is the reflex action from our giving that enriches us. If we hoard and hold our good it evaporates. The only way to make it ours permanently is to help others first.

It seems to be a law of life that we lose what we are stingy of and try to retain; but whatever we give we retain. By some strange alchemy it becomes our own. What we give away and give royally, magnanimously, with a helpful spirit becomes ours.

There is nothing so hollow, so disappointing, as a selfish, greedy life. It does not matter how much money a man has, if he does not care for his fellow-men, if he has a stony heart, if his affections are marbled, he does not arouse any admiration, or love; he enjoys no real happiness.

This is a good time to open hearts and purses, to begin to live the life of freedom, of kindness, of generosity, and of unselfish love. The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of the Christ,—to give freely, unstintingly; to give of one's treasure, of oneself, without hope of reward.

A great many people think that because they are not able to give Christmas gifts, because they can not give money or what it will buy, they can give nothing. How little we realize that the best thing anybody can ever give in this world is not money, not clothing, fuel or provisions, but himself.

I know a lady who is very poor. She has no money to give to the poor at Christmas. But she goes around for days before Christmas, visiting every person she hears of being sick or crippled or unfortunate; everyone who has any trouble, whether she knows him or not. And she gives out such a wealth of love, of sympathy, of encouragement, good cheer, and sunshine, that these people feel enriched for a whole year. The material things they receive are cold and unsympathetic in comparison with what this poor woman gives them. On the other hand, I know a man, wealthy but selfish, whose conscience begins to trouble him just before Christmas, and he sends out checks, coal, clothing, provisions to the poor people. Then he feels a sort of relief; he has eased his conscience, which prodded him. But he rarely, if ever, goes to see these poor people,—never gives them anything of himself, his encouragement, or good cheer.

This is not the spirit of Christmas. The spirit of Christmas is the Christ spirit, the helpful spirit. It is the giving of what Christ gave. He had no money to give,—He was the poorest of the poor,—but did ever any Cæsar have so much to give? Did any millionaire ever radiate so much power and hope to the discouraged, so much good cheer to the disheartened, or so much comfort to the sick and the sorrowing?

It is the spirit of Christmas we must give, and if this spirit does not stick to the money you give, if it is not in the check or the groceries you send, if you do not feel what you give, you have given nothing that is real.

Remember Your Wife

IN a recent divorce case the husband when asked if he ever made his wife any Christmas or birthday presents, replied:

"No, I am sorry to say I never did. I gave Mrs. — power to draw on my bank account and to buy anything she wanted. I was mistaken. That was not all I should have done. That didn't take the place of my buying things and taking them home to her."

It is astonishing how little even the majority of husbands know about the feminine nature. I recently heard a young wife say that she would rather have

The Editor's Chat



her husband bring her a bunch of violets than give her ten times the money they cost. But she said she could never make him appreciate the fact that money was not all that she needed.

I know men who never think of taking home a bunch of flowers to their wives. They either think it is unnecessary extravagance, or that, if their wives want flowers, they can get them themselves. They do not realize that women prize the little courtesies, the little attentions and evidences of thoughtfulness, more than money. It is the invitation to the little outing or vacation, the little trip to another city, the bringing home of tickets to the theater or opera, or to the concert or lecture; it is the hundred and one little things that make the average woman happy, and not merely the fact that her imperative wants are supplied in a lump sum.

Most men overlook the fact that it does not take so much, after all, to satisfy the average woman. It is largely a question of the right spirit, of doing the things which indicate thoughtfulness. Just giving a wife a check once in a while, no matter how large it may be, or telling her to draw as much as she needs from your bank account, will not satisfy a womanly woman. It is yourself she wants with the money.

Why We Are Such Poor Conversationalists

IN olden times the art of conversation reached a much higher standard than that of to-day. The deterioration is due to the complete revolution in the conditions of modern civilization. Formerly people had almost no other way of communicating their thoughts than by speech. Knowledge of all kinds was disseminated almost wholly through the spoken word. There were no great daily newspapers, no magazines or periodicals of any kind.

The great discoveries of vast wealth in the precious minerals, the new world opened up by inventions and discoveries, and the great impetus to ambition have changed all this. In this lightning-express age, in these strenuous times, when everybody has the mania to attain wealth and position, we no longer have time to reflect with deliberation, and to develop our powers of conversation. In these great newspaper and periodical days, when everybody can get for one or a few cents the news and information which it has cost thousands of dollars to collect, everybody sits behind the morning sheet or is buried in a book or magazine. There is no longer the same need of communicating thought by the spoken word.

Oratory is becoming a lost art for the same reason. Printing has become so cheap that even the poorest homes can get more reading for a few dollars than kings and noblemen could afford in the Middle Ages.

It is a rare thing to find a polished conversationalist to-day. So rare is it to hear one speaking exquisite English, and using a superb diction, that it is indeed a luxury.

We are not only poor conversationalists, but we are poor listeners as well. We are too impatient to listen. Instead of being attentive and eager to drink in the story or the information, we have not enough respect for the talker to keep quiet. We look about impatiently, perhaps snap our watch, play a tattoo with our fingers on a chair or a table, hitch about as if we were bored and were anxious to get away, and interrupt the speaker before he reaches his conclusion. In fact, we are such an impatient people that we have no time for anything excepting to push ahead, to elbow our way through the crowd to get the position or the money we desire. Our life is feverish and unnatural. We have no time to develop charm of manner, or elegance of diction. "We are too intense for epigram or repartee. We lack time."

Nervous impatience is a conspicuous characteristic of the American people. Everything bores us which does not bring us more business, or more money, or which does not help us to attain the position for which we are striving. Instead of enjoying our friends, we

are inclined to look upon them as so many rungs in a ladder, and to value them in proportion as they furnish readers for our books, send us patients or clients, or show their ability to give us a boost for political position.

Before these days of hurry and drive, before this age of excitement, it was considered one of the greatest luxuries possible to be a listener in a group surrounding an intelligent talker. It was better than most modern lectures, than anything one could find in a book; for there was a touch of personality, a charm of style, a magnetism which held, a superb personality

which fascinated. For the hungry soul, yearning for an education, to drink in knowledge from those wise lips was to be fed with a royal feast indeed.

But to-day everything is "touch and go." We have no time to stop on the street and give a decent salutation. It is: "How do?" or "Morning," accompanied by a sharp nod of the head, instead of by a graceful bow. We have no time for the graces and the charms. Everything must give way to the material.

We have no time for the development of a fine manner; the charm of the days of chivalry and leisure has almost vanished from our civilization. A new type of individual has sprung up. We work like Trojans during the day, and then rush to a theater or other place of amusement in the evening. We have no time to make our own amusement or to develop the faculty of humor and fun-making as people used to do. We pay people for doing that while we sit and laugh. We are like some college boys, who depend upon tutors to carry them through their examinations—they expect to buy their education ready-made.

Life is becoming so artificial, so forced, so diverse from naturalness, we drive our human engines at such a fearful speed, that our life is crushed out. Spontaneity and humor, and the possibility of a fine culture and a superb charm of personality in us are almost impossible and extremely rare.

One cause for our conversational decline is a lack of sympathy. We are too selfish, too busily engaged in our own welfare, and wrapped up in our own little world, too intent upon our own self-promotion to be interested in others. No one can make a good conversationalist who is not sympathetic. You must be able to enter into the other life, to live it with the other person, to be a good listener or a good talker.

It is, indeed, pitiable to see men standing around at the average reception or club gathering, dumb, almost helpless, and powerless to enter heartily into the conversation because they are in a subjective mood. They are thinking, thinking, thinking business, business, business; thinking how they can get on a little faster—get more business, more clients, more patients, or more readers for their books—or a better house to live in; how they can make more show. They do not enter heartily into the lives of others, or abandon themselves to the occasion enough to make good talkers. They are cold and reserved, distant because their minds are somewhere else, their affections on themselves and their own affairs. There are only two things that interest them: business and their own little world. If you talk about these things, they are interested at once; but they do not care a snap about your affairs, how you get on, or what your ambition is, or how they can help you. Our conversation will never reach a high standard while we live in such a feverish, selfish and unsympathetic state.

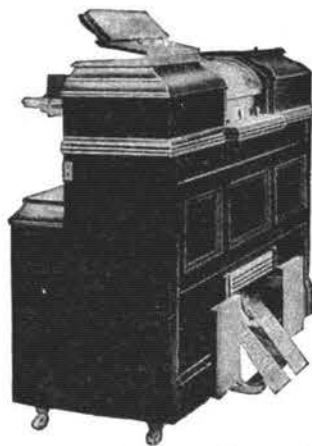
To be a good conversationalist you must be spontaneous, buoyant, natural, sympathetic, and must have a spirit of good will. You must feel a spirit of helpfulness, and must enter heart and soul into things which interest others. You must get the attention of people and hold it by interesting them, and you can only interest them by a warm sympathy—a real, friendly sympathy. If you are cold, distant, and unsympathetic you can not get their attention.

To be a good conversationalist you must be broad, tolerant. A narrow stingy soul never talks well. A man who is always violating your sense of taste, of justice, and of fairness, never interests you. You lock tight all the approaches to your inner self, every avenue is closed to him, and when they are closed, your magnetism and your helpfulness are cut off, and the conversation is perfunctory, mechanical, and without life or feeling.

You must bring your listeners close to you, must open your heart wide, and exhibit a broad free nature, and an open mind. You must be responsive, so that a listener will throw wide open every avenue of his nature and give you free access to his heart of hearts.

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The Pulse of the World

AN ORTHODOX JEW has been summoned to the council table of the President of the United States. The appointment of Oscar Solomon Straus, of New York, to be Secretary of Commerce and Labor, is by far the most important incident in the making of the new Roosevelt Cabinet. This merchant, lawyer and author has won an enviable place among the world's diplomats. As Minister to Turkey, he accomplished a great deal to bring about better relations with the Porte. Although an orthodox Jew, he was able to sympathize with the troubles which the Christian missionaries had with the Turkish government and he succeeded in settling many of these problems to the satisfaction of missionary organizations. In appointing him, the President sought to give the Jewish immigrants a high type of man of their own race whose example they should seek to emulate. Instead of an "Abe" Hummel, Roosevelt would give the Jew Mr. Straus, as a leader. For similar reasons, the President invited Charles Joseph Bonaparte to a seat in his Cabinet, that the Catholic voters might look to a statesman of his character and achievements for inspiration rather than to a Croker or a Murphy. It is interesting to note, furthermore, that Mr. Straus was a "Cleveland Democrat" until he became a "Roosevelt Democrat." Few would call him a Republican now. He voted for Palmer and Buckner in 1896, and for the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1898. Since that time Mr. Straus has supported the Republican ticket. Not so happy is the appointment of George von Longeker Meyer, of Massachusetts, to be Postmaster-General. Mr. Meyer, although ex-Speaker of the lower house of the legislature of his state, has been chiefly known for his wealth. He was originally appointed Ambassador to Italy, but was transferred to St. Petersburg. In the Russian capital he rendered important services in the critical period when the President was striving to bring Japan and Russia to an agreement, and these valuable services gained for him a Cabinet position. Secretary Bonaparte, a born lawyer, who is in love with his profession, will acceptably fill the place to be vacated by Attorney-General Moody. Secretary Metcalf, despite his service on the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, has yet to prove that the Navy Department is not to be the loser by Mr. Bonaparte's transfer to the Department of Justice. Secretary Cortelyou will certainly bring the work of the Treasury Department to a much higher state of efficiency than has been the rule under Secretary Shaw. So far, however, Mr. Cortelyou has failed to show initiative, and it remains to be seen whether or not he can cope intelligently with the currency problems which must inevitably command his attention.



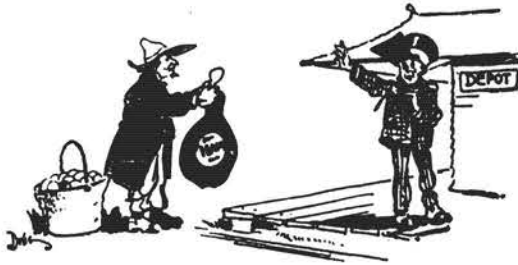
CALIFORNIA is bringing the United States to the verge of international difficulties with Japan. The exclusion of Japanese children from the public schools of San Francisco promptly sent the Japanese Ambassador to the Secretary of State. It seems but yesterday that America, by virtue of President Roosevelt's success as a peacemaker, was regarded as Japan's closest international friend, save, perhaps, Great Britain. The markedly cordial reception to the Taft party was a more recent happening. Nevertheless, we have been brought face to face with a serious situation, in the light of which an international friendship may well be analyzed. There is precious little sentiment in a friendship to which Japan is a party. It was Japan who went to war with Russia to save Manchuria for China. It is Japan who is now exploiting

Manchuria for her own commercial advantage. Meantime, the Tokio government is preparing for another war. With what nation is it likely to be? Having repelled the "white peril" in the Far East, her next concern is to colonize the overflow of her crowded millions. Already the cry is heard, "Asia for the Asiatics." And the Japanese are the Asiatics. The Philippines and India would resound with such a battle cry. In all probability, Japan's next conflict will be with that country which treats Japanese immigrants with contempt. If labor agitators are to cause our Government to disregard international comity, it is wise to pay heed to the possibility of war between the United States and Japan. America can safeguard herself against such a conflict, first, by treating the Japanese with studied and unbroken courtesy, which will render them loath to disrupt friendly relations, and, secondly, by preparations for war which will make the Orientals afraid to fight. At the present time, Japan is building two battleships which are the equal of any three ships in our navy. Notwithstanding this fact, Congress, in its far-seeing wisdom, insisted that plans must be submitted and indorsed before the construction of a single battleship could be begun. In time of peace, prepare for war with Japan. But be mighty courteous, all the same, while the preparations are in progress.

It is a pity that the bugaboo of "Executive interference" must restrain President Roosevelt from addressing an open letter to the people of the United States, advising them as to what they should know about prospective legislation in Congress. This is a function which the People's Lobby, no doubt will strive to fulfill. For the present, those interested in government "for the people" should read carefully the recommendations of the President's forthcoming message. They should also recall Mr. Roosevelt's letter to Representative Watson, the Republican "whip," which was used in the Congressional campaign and was informally adopted by the leaders as the party platform. By constantly reverting to this letter, the people of the country can force their representatives in Congress to live up to these pre-election pledges. At the coming short session of Congress, it is reasonable to ask that the following measures should be enacted into law: the immigration bill, which is now hung up in conference; the Philippine tariff measure, which will redeem our moral obligation to the Filipinos, even though it does not work the full measure of relief expected of it; the bill forbidding corporations from making campaign contributions, which, in view of the insurance disclosures, ought to have been passed by the House of Representatives at the last session; the little measure, —but very important in view of Judge Humphrey's decision in the Beef Trust case and of Judge Holt's in the Sugar Trust rebate suits,—which gives the Government the right of appeal in criminal cases, (this measure is being held up in the Senate,) and, finally, the bill to "promote the safety of employees and travelers upon railroads." The people of the country should also demand that adequate appropriations be made to enable the Department of Agriculture to enforce the pure food law. Not a cent has been appropriated so far.

WHEN a woman, eighty-six years old, is able to grant an interview to several newspaper representatives, and then walk to her carriage, in the pouring rain, and drive about her native town—surely she is a remarkably well-preserved person. The New York "World," in pursuit of a sensation to boom its circulation, fastened on Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy as the victim of a scandalous article. Rumors had been current for some time that the founder of Christian Science was dead. Through threats directed at servants and employees of her household, an interview with Mrs. Eddy was obtained by two "investigators,"—note the word; mere reporters would not do, they being unreliable and untrustworthy. These "investigators" took along an enemy of the woman's, who identified her, thus dis-

proving the theory of her being dead. But the "investigators" found her senile and, from a superficial observation, dying of an incurable disease; wherefore the charge was made that she had been prepared for the interview by the use of powerful stimulants. Three days later, however, Mrs. Eddy gave an interview to a group of fairer-minded newspaper correspondents and reporters. She answered their questions and then proceeded to her carriage, thereby disproving another false charge—that some one impersonated her in her daily drives. The facts speak for themselves. Respect for old age is, of course, something not to be expected of a "yellow journal."



THE Interstate Commerce Commission has troubles enough of its own, in administering the new railroad rate law, without shouldering the burden of other branches of the Government. Not long ago the telephone bell in the Chief Clerk's office rang, and a Virginia farmer proffered a complaint. Four perfectly good Virginia hams had been offered to a railroad company for shipment into the District of Columbia, and the freight agent had refused the consignment. It developed, however, to the complainant's evident relief, that he was not being hounded by the Beef Trust, but that he was unwittingly seeking to violate the meat inspection law. The irritated farmer was politely referred to the Department of Agriculture, where he learned that hams could not be transported from Virginia to the District of Columbia unless they bore a Federal tag. The railroads will not receive meat products, for interstate shipment, which do not have the stamp of Government inspection. Thus, the transportation companies are aiding the Government in enforcing the meat inspection statute. For obviously practical reasons, the railroads can not be of assistance in the enforcement of the pure food law, which goes into effect January 1st. Before that time consumers—certainly housekeepers—should inform themselves of the provisions of the act, which is aimed at poisonous and deleterious foods, drugs, medicines, and liquors. Then, let them insist that they get from the grocer goods of the kind and quality for which they pay, and from the druggist, packages correctly labelled. With the housekeeper rests the enforcement of a most valuable law.



DE-BRUTALIZED FOOTBALL was placed on exhibition in New York City late in October. With the wholesome principle, "college games in college grounds," accepted by practically the whole college world, we fail to see why, in disregard of this rule, Princeton and Cornell should have met at the Polo Grounds. Probably, the athletic associations "needed the money," and Presidents Wilson and Schurman were willing that this commercial spirit should be dominant. But it is perhaps ungracious of editors who could not travel to Princeton or to Ithaca to bear down too hard on this point. Frankly, the critical editors were particularly glad of a chance to see the new football. Some of them, at least, were disappointed. The game was slow, and excitement was lacking, save on the few occasions when the forward pass was negotiated and the quarterback kick successfully tried. That the game is less brutal, that injuries are less likely to occur, we seriously doubt. And under the present rules the greater vigilance of officials can not avail to make the game clean, so long as "dirty" players participate. For example: Mr. Dillon, who plays quarterback for Princeton, deliberately struck a Cornell player, who was just getting to his feet after making a beautiful tackle. The spectators hissed, and, as the umpire fortunately saw the cowardly act, Mr. Dillon was sent to the side-lines. But he was at liberty to play in the very next game which Princeton had scheduled. Now, when a professional baseball player uses bad language at an umpire—does not strike him, but merely addresses him in profane or foul language—by order of the president of the league he is not allowed to play for a number of games. Why not keep the pugilistic collegian out of the game for the balance of the season? If this were the rule, coaches would school their men, not to "slug," but to confine their efforts to hard, clean football. Perhaps, however, it is too much to ask that a standard of sportsmanship which prevails on the professional baseball field should be enforced on the college gridiron.

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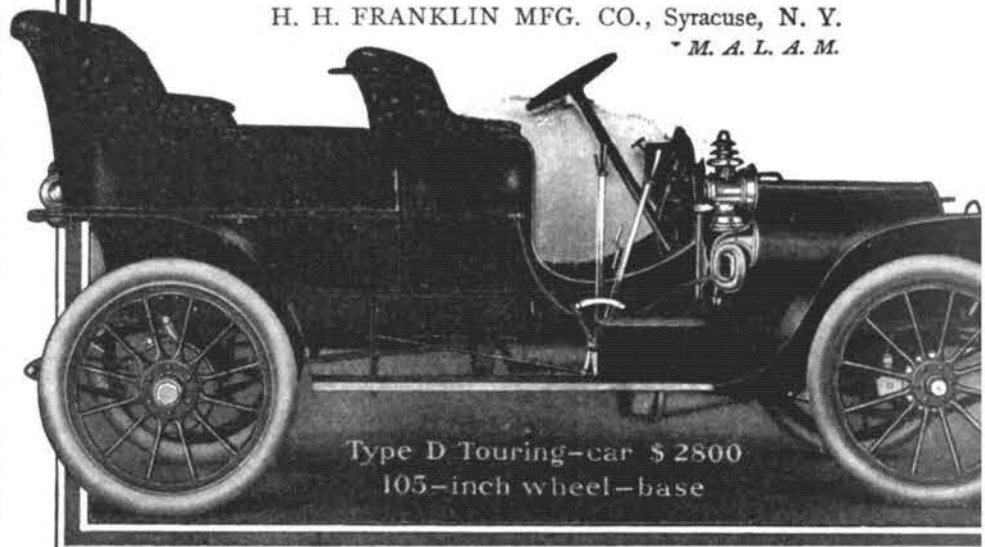
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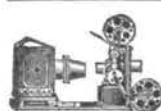
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Hints to Investors

By EDWARD SHERWOOD MEADE

We especially invite correspondence in connection with this department from investors who are in doubt as to the advisability of investments they are contemplating or as to the value of their present holdings. We undertake to make an expert investigation of the value of any and all securities inquired about without charge to our readers. Inquirers should state the name and business address of firms offering securities for sale, name and location of property and—when possible—the state in which the property is incorporated, with all other available particulars. Letterheads or circulars of the concern in question should be inclosed when possible, and will be returned, on request, if accompanied by return postage. Delay in answering inquiries will occur when securities inquired about are not well known in local financial circles. We will in such cases make investigation

Street Railway Bonds as an Investment

Of all the securities which are offered to the careful investor, the bonds of street railway companies operating in large cities are among the most attractive. Transportation in cities of the first class is a necessity, and, as the city grows in size, this necessity increases. A recent investigation by the United States census showed that, in cities of 25,000 or under, the average number of street railway rides per inhabitant was 68, while in cities of 500,000 or over, it was 239. It was also shown by the same investigation that no matter how severe might be the depression of industry and the stagnation of trade, the street railway traffic of large cities steadily increased. Hard times have seemingly no effect upon its volume.

In such cities as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Boston, the rapid growth of land values in the business district forces population into the suburbs. The population of Manhattan Island, for example, from 1890 to 1900, increased 408,577. Of this increase over one-half, 231,556, took place north of Eighty-sixth Street, which is seven miles from the business section. The population of the Bronx, the section lying northeast of the Harlem River, increased during the same period 119,599. Nearly the entire increase in the population of Manhattan is shown in these two sections. It is estimated that the population of Manhattan Island below Canal Street is more than 500,000 greater during the day than at night.

In Brooklyn, during the same period, the increase in the population of the outlying wards represented over two-fifths of the total increase in the population of the city. In Philadelphia, not only have the western and northern wards absorbed the entire increase in the population of the city during the last census decade, but these wards also drew largely upon the population of some of the down-town wards. Every large city shows in a greater or less degree the same development, a tremendous and constantly accelerating growth of population, and the location of this increase of population in the suburbs. In other words, every large city presents conditions which make it certain that the demand for street railway transportation will continue to increase, and that the revenues of the street railway companies, already enormous, will continue to expand.

It is a peculiarity of all transportation business, and indeed of all business, that expenses do not increase proportionately with traffic or sales. The increasing street railway traffic is handled at a decreasing ratio of expense. Up to the capacity of the track, the power houses and the cars, the traffic and earnings of a street railway company can be increased with but relatively slight increase in expenditure. The cars are more crowded, they follow each other more closely, and the amount of coal burned is increased, the wages account is larger, but the fixed charges on an enormous value of plant, running from \$60,000 to \$125,000 per mile, the interest and the cost of repairs and maintenance, are but slightly increased, so that the margin of surplus earnings over operating expenses, the amount available for interest and dividends, is rapidly augmented.

The investor in street railway securities must, of course, exercise proper caution. He should confine his purchases to the securities of companies located in large cities. Street railways operating in small cities and towns of less than 5,000 are generally unprosperous as compared with those located in larger cities. Car riding is not a luxury. It is a necessity, to be dispensed with when distance allows. The investor should also be wary of purchasing street railway stocks where the amount can be increased at the will of the directors. He

through the mails and report to the inquirer as soon as possible. Readers asking our advice regarding contemplated investments will enable us to give much more helpful suggestions if they will state approximately the amount of money they have available for investing. All letters will be regarded as absolutely confidential, answers will be sent by mail, and in no case will the name of any correspondents or information obtained through the letters of any correspondents be published or used to his or her detriment. Kindly remember that hundreds of others are taking advantage of this offer. We ask your indulgence in the event of any delay. We assure you that your inquiry will not be overlooked, but will be answered in due course. Inclose a stamped envelope for reply. Address all communications: Investors' Department, SUCCESS MAGAZINE, Washington Square, New York City.

should finally satisfy himself that the legal position of the company is secure, that its franchises extend beyond the life of the bonds, and that the city government has no power seriously to curtail its earnings. The unfortunate situation of the Chicago street railways, whose franchises have expired, and which are struggling with Mayor Dunne over the price at which they will transfer their properties to the city, emphasizes the need of caution in this matter. If these few precautions are taken, however, the bonds of street railway companies are quite as safe, and because of their higher yield are far more attractive to the investor than the very best grade of steam railway bonds.

OUT of a number of recent offerings of street railway bonds by various private bankers, a few selections will show the opportunities for safe and profitable investment which are to be found in this class of bonds.

The five per cent. bonds of a company controlling the electric lighting and transportation service of a large western city are offered at par. These bonds are secured by a first lien on all the property of the company, and the net earnings, which have steadily increased for a number of years, show a margin of \$540,853 over the \$952,487 of interest charges. The legal position of the company is entirely sound, and its future is secure. The bonds of this company are evidently a safe investment and they yield five per cent. Another bond issue of a street railway company operating in a city of over 500,000 population is offered at a price which yields four and seven-eighths per cent. In 1902 this company earned \$598,000 over its interest charges, and in 1905, this margin of security for the bond-holder had been increased to \$1,700,000. Similar illustrations of the great safety and the high return offered by street railway bonds could be multiplied. In this field it is possible for the investor to get five per cent. for his money combined with a security which is as nearly perfect as security can be made.

In the field of interurban electric railroads the investor can do even better. Those enterprises stand, however, in a class by themselves. They have little in common with urban railways. We shall have something to say about them in our January issue.

MANY INQUIRERS.—Can you recommend an investment in stock of the X. Y. Z. Mining Company?

There are three rules to follow in deciding upon mining investments:

1. Never buy any mining stock whose dividends do not yield at least ten per cent. on the purchase price.
2. Do not invest in the stock of any mine whose "blocked out," that is to say, discovered and proved, ore reserves, is not equal in value to sixty per cent. of the present market value of the stock.
3. Make sure that the lowest levels and the most recent developments of the mine show an increasing or sustained richness of ore.

These are the rules which are followed by successful investors in mining stock on the London Stock Exchange, and if they are followed mining investments may be made with reasonable safety. It is, of course, absolutely necessary to have a report made upon the mine by some reliable and disinterested expert, and, before investing, to have full reports concerning the financial and physical condition and the earnings of the property. It is unreasonable to expect any large return from the purchase of mining stocks which are freely advertised in the newspaper and periodical press. In all successful mining camps there are one or more rich mines which

are yielding a secure return. These are used as a basis for a multitude of new promotions. The promoters use the



"reflected glory" of success to sell the stock of their own venture. Attractively written circulars telling of the large fortunes which are being made by the owners of the next claim are distributed. What these promoters, who are usually honest men, want is to have the public pay the cost of exploring their claims. They save for themselves the lion's share of the stock, and if the scheme turns out a success they have made themselves rich, and by handling other people's money; and they have no obligation to pay back in case of failure. We would warn our readers against investing in the stock of any prospect. Wait until the prospect has been developed, until regular dividends have been paid, until the richness and extent of the ore reserves have been ascertained, and then if you wish a higher return than you can get in a good railroad stock, perhaps a lower return than you can get in many good industrial bonds, invest in the mining stock, providing it conforms to the three requirements above mentioned. A mining stock which does not pay dividends, whose property has not been thoroughly explored, and whose yield for a number of years to come can not be actually predicted, is not an investment; it is purely a speculation, and should be carefully avoided by all persons who wish to maintain an intimate relation between themselves and their money.

M. E. L., SAN FRANCISCO.—What is the value of Mexican plantation stock as an investment?

Stocks in companies organized to get out logwood, mahogany, rubber, and kindred products, in Mexico and Central America are being freely offered through the columns of the general magazines. The number of these stocks is rapidly increasing, and they are apparently meeting with some support. These stocks should be purchased only after the most careful personal investigation. As a general rule they should not be purchased at all. Out of seventy-five enterprises of this character which have been investigated by one financial journal, in the last few years, over sixty were shown to be absolutely worthless, and but few of the remainder turned out to have any value. Even when the management is honest, and the money contributed by the stockholders is expended wisely, success in Mexican or Central American plantation schemes is extremely doubtful. Transportation difficulties are usually insurmountable, unless the property is situated near the coast, and even in such a case, a large amount of light railway construction is usually necessary. The native labor is lazy and extremely inefficient. Conditions of life are so easy in these localities that wages, which are sufficient to secure excellent labor in the United States, are altogether inadequate in Yucatan or Mexico. Special difficulty is encountered in securing white superintendents. The climate of the coast region is both debilitating and dangerous to white men, and, joined with the utter absence of the companionship of their own kind, makes it difficult to secure, and usually impossible to retain, the services of competent superintendents. When to these disadvantages are added the high cost of clearing the land and the ordinary market risks incident to any enterprise, the prospects of success in a plantation scheme are seen to be exceedingly remote. It is possible to make money in this field. The success of the United Fruit Company has proven that, but the average plantation investment should be avoided.

A. N. R., CHICAGO.—What protection has the small investor in buying industrial stocks?

Of primary importance to the investor in the stock of any enterprise is a knowledge of the character of the management. The promoters of new concerns, such as mining or industrial companies, which offer their stock for public subscription, usually arrange matters so that the control of the business remains in their hands. They allow the public to furnish the money, and then, if success is secured, they are in a position to gather the lion's share of the profits. If the management of such a concern is disposed to deal unfairly with the minority stockholder, his position is exceedingly unfortunate. No matter how large may be the profits, these may be diverted from their rightful channels either in expensive administration or in an endless series of betterments and extensions.

While in theory the minority stockholder can insist on a division of profits, in practice the courts usually refuse, in the absence of conclusive proof of fraudulent intent on the part of the directors, to inquire into the expediency of the policy which they pursue in the financial management of the company. In one famous instance, a company averaged more than ten per cent. on its stock for ten years, and yet paid nothing to its minority stockholders, who vainly appealed to the courts to force a distribution of profits. It is for this reason that we earnestly advise our readers against investing in the stock of industrial enterprises located at a distance from their home and with whose management they are not personally acquainted. No matter how great may be the success of the company into which they put their money, and here the chances are strongly against them, it will be very difficult for them to share in the success unless the controlling interest of the company recognizes their responsibility to the minority stockholder. Unfortunately for the minority stockholder, this recognition is by no means general.

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THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

Conducted
by

ALFRED STEPHEN BRYAN



TO DRESS warmly and suitably for the winter sports without surrendering style and becomingness is not at all difficult. The practice of wearing old and

mussed clothes, on the theory that anything will serve, is not to be encouraged, for, undoubtedly, much of the pleasure of any game in the open springs from the consciousness of looking and feeling at ease. Moreover, dressing trimly and appropriately, and discarding everything needless and in the way, enables a man to concentrate his mind on the task in hand, and acquit himself with greater skill and credit. I am speaking, of course, from the viewpoint of the average man who follows a sport for sport's sake and not for gain. Professional athletes wear many clothes and accessories of special design, but these do not fall within the province of this article, and need not be considered. The true sportsman avoids every suggestion of professionalism in his mode of dress, and strives for picturesqueness only when it comports with becomingness. Queerly cut jackets, flaming neckerchiefs, Tyrolean hats, scarlet capes, and boots of Brobdingnagian proportions are found rather in sporting prints of the conventional sort than on the field, the links and the moors. Few of us have either the means or the leisure to play the dandy in sportsmanship, but each of us wishes to dress sensibly, suitably, and with some degree of style.

The old-fashioned high-neck sweater is too uncouth a garment to commend itself to most men, and, therefore, it has been supplanted for all out-door purposes by the knitted cardigan jacket. This is cut low in front to resemble a coat, and may be finished with plain or turned-back cuffs. The skater who wishes his neck and chest left free for greater ease and poise, will find the knitted jacket very warm and comfortable. Skating requires also "knickers," in place of long trousers, and high wool stockings. The shoes are made of black calfskin, with a strap ankle support, strong flat heel and box toe, and they lace low in front. Hockey players sometimes wear ankle pads for protection against blows from a stick, as well as lace ankle supporters, which may be worn over or under the stocking with much benefit.

College boys are fond of brilliantly striped cardigan jackets and "jerseys" for skating and hockey. There are solid colors like navy, black, maroon, and gray, and striped designs in orange and black, gray and royal blue, scarlet and white, navy and cardinal and so on. Striped ribbed stockings are worn in colors to match. Hockey "knickers" of white or black sateen, hockey leather leg and shin guards and hockey gloves with pliable ventilated palms are a few of the many articles intended for the habitual player. The regulation skating cap is of Shetland wool in the toque or Tam O'Shanter shape. Some toques are made to guard both face and neck. Skating gloves are also of wool, and are worn high to keep both hands and wrists warm. To have the cardigan jacket, long stockings, and skating cap of the same color and material lends to one's costume an agreeable appearance of uniformity. Scarlet and blue are the favorite colors when separate skating caps are worn, and they look undeniably picturesque.

Formal riding dress—and this includes polo and hunting—consists of the regulation cutaway coat, with white buckskin breeches, high Russian leather boots, and a silk hat. The growing freedom, however, in dress for all occasions makes it quite unnecessary to "dress up" on horseback, and hence a cutaway or sack suit of a serviceable tweed will answer for every ordinary use. Leggings are either the standard "Stohwasser," fastening with straps, or the "Newmarket," which is buttoned on. Spiral puttee cloth leggings, are a style borrowed from the outfit of the British

officer in the Indian service. They look both graceful and becoming when worn with an English khaki "raider" hat, which is simply a broad-brimmed soft hat dipped in front and having a brown, red, or yellow ribbon.

If a sack suit be worn on horseback, the derby hat accompanies it. In nipping weather a shower-proof covert coat will be found a very useful outer garment. Its shortness leaves the legs free and does not impede one's movements. For country riding, which is apt to be rough work, and where there are long stretches between shelter, a long, full-skirted waterproof coat is often worn. This is cut so as to cover both rider and saddle and to trail behind. It is, indeed, much like a capacious blanket, and, it being possible to shorten it to the size of an ordinary covert coat, is well named the "Equipee."

Very similar is the riding "slip-on," a long, loose shower-proof over-garment, which shields the rider from chin to ankle and is yet light enough to be packed into a small space. Besides the derby, soft felt hats of many sorts and shapes are correct with the sack suit. Cork riding helmets are an English idea. They are generally confined to polo. Silk velvet caps are used for "meets" and hunting parties.

For general country use the belted Norfolk jacket is the only garment worth considering. It has clung, because there is nothing else to take its place. Long trousers accompany it, if one is engaged in some sport or game in the open. If, however, there is tramping to be done through the woods and underbrush, "knickers" will be found much handier and less prone to gather burrs and thorns. Besides the standard tweeds and chevots, Norfolk suits are also to be had in corduroys and khakis for hunting. These sturdy fabrics resist a really incredible amount of wear, and may truthfully be said to improve with use. To be sure, there is a multiplicity of special leather garments for hunting and the like, some with cartridge pockets, but these, being intended for particular requirements, need not be considered within the necessarily brief limits of this article.

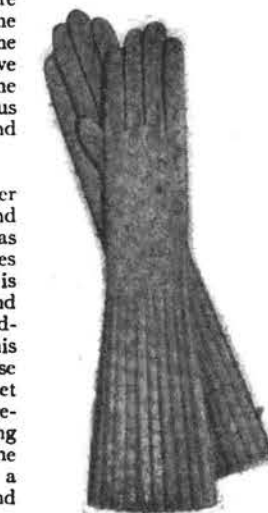
High hunting boots with laced bottoms and a strap top are made of waterproof elkskin, and have hobnailed soles. Stout storm shoes of tan leather are also in favor. In England, where hunting is the preferred pastime of every country squire, folding shooting seats are much used.

Golf, motoring, and the other sports were referred to exhaustively several months ago. To sum up, dress simply and with special regard for the task to be done. Style may well be sought, but comfort and utility are the prime considerations.

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.]

VERMONT.—For a man of your height and weight, we think you dress both sensibly and tastefully. You are wise in avoiding every exaggeration of cut, and in choosing plain colors, ties neither too narrow nor too wide, and collars of medium height. Jackets and overcoats which curve in at the waist look best on a man of slight stature, because they break the severely straight line from the neck downward. We do not advise you to wear a frock coat, as it is not becoming to a man of your height. A cutaway, however, will seem to multiply your inches. The high hat is just as proper with the cutaway as with the frock.



High woolen outing gloves



Skating shoe with ankle support

and, unless you are very stout, you should look well in it. Get shoes with heels slightly higher than the ordinary, and avoid long sack coats and extreme fashions of every sort. These are not suited to one below normal stature, and tend to render him disagreeably conspicuous. If a man is light-haired, he should give the preference to dark colors, such as black, blue, and Oxford gray. Similarly, a man with little or no color in his face should avoid ties of vivid hue, since they only accentuate his sallowness. In conclusion, we have always advocated dressing with an eye to what is becoming to the individual rather than to achieve a fancied style. It is clearly impossible for every man to look well in everything, and, hence, one must pick and choose judiciously.

GLOBE TROTTER.—A suit of soft tweed will be found most serviceable for traveling, because it musses least. The cap may also be of tweed, plain or in a plaid design. Low-cut shoes will feel much more comfortable than high ones, but on account of the constant draughts which haunt railway cars it is advisable to wear good thick socks to protect one's ankles. Only the tyro "dresses up" for traveling by rail or boat. Indeed, a long journey on the cars, where one is obliged to sit much of the time in a cramped position, will often wrinkle clothes past repair.

H. F.—For a short run, say through the park, a cap of Scotch tweed will prove more satisfactory than any of the usual clumsy motoring hats. Tweed is a very soft and light material, much to be preferred to leather, and decidedly more pleasing to look at. For long runs there are caps of tweed which can be drawn down over the ears, and others have a cloth strap which is buckled under the chin. These should give ample protection, unless one is motoring between far distant points by day and night over rough roads. Then any of the special hats of leather or silk-and-rubber with hoods may be worn. For motor racing the best head-covering is a long skull cap, with two side openings for the ears and ribbons which are tied snugly under the chin. Besides the standard pongee silk, motoring coats and dusters are also fashioned of linen, mohair, and alpaca, in neutral shades of tan and gray. They are always made shower-proof and, indeed, so are the caps.

V. R. L.—It is a fad of the moment to wear the soft felt hat tilted up in the front and dipped in the back. Young men, especially, favor this for the easy-breezy and picturesque air that it is supposed to lend. Green and brown cloths in stripes and shadow plaids are much in vogue for autumn. If you wear your gray tweed suit in town, black calfskin shoes should accompany it. Russet shoes are only correct in the country.

YOUNG "BACH."—You are right in assuming that the "Tuxedo" suit is proper at a bachelor dinner. This is attended only by men, and, hence, belongs in the same class as the club gathering and the stag. Even when the bachelor dinner is given at a large hotel, "Tuxedo" clothes are quite correct, because the affair is usually held in a private dining room, and, thus, is shorn of every suggestion of a public function. If, however, the bachelor dinner were served in the general dining room—an infrequent occurrence—formal evening dress would be required.

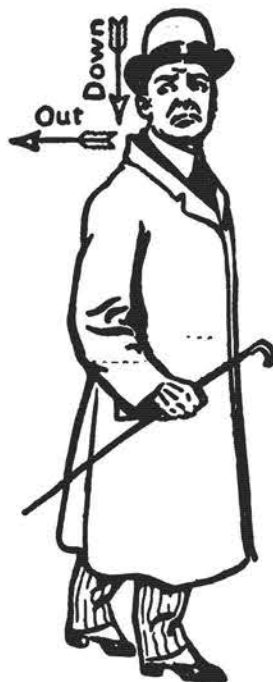
Shetland wool outing cap

VAN TWILLER.—Whether the hostess shake hands with a newly introduced guest or merely bow, rests with her. She is not obliged to favor a man with the extra courtesy of a hand-clasp unless she wishes, and he has no excuse for feeling offended if he is treated with merely conventional politeness. Shaking hands with a comparative stranger generally implies a desire on the part of a woman to be especially nice to him, or to be nice to some friend who is his friend.

LADDING.—White waistcoats are now generally worn with evening dress. The black waistcoat is too somber and offers no pleasing contrast. Pumps are correct only at a dance.



Knitted cardigan jacket



The "Down and Out" Overcoat

By A. Frank Taylor

WHAT'S the matter with J. Dudley?

Does he fear immediate arrest?

No—He is simply the victim of a Down and Out Overcoat, the Collar of which insists on remaining down below the collar of his Inner Coat, and on leaning out from the back of his neck.

Whenever J. Dudley puts on that Overcoat he employs Strategy.

He tries to Catch it unawares. He looks the Other Way and then slowly and carefully puts his arms into the Sleeves. Then with Frantic Energy he hoists away quickly—pulls up the back of the Overcoat Collar to his ears—pulls down his Inner Coat to his knees, then Jams the Overcoat Collar Securely down over the Collar of his Inner Coat.

When he then beholds himself he heaves a sigh of Relief that could be heard for two City Blocks.

For, when he has just put it on in this way, his Overcoat looks all right—the Collar fits snugly over his inner Coat Collar and the Coat hangs properly.

Then J. Dudley feels that he really has an Excuse for Existence.

But, Holy Smoke, what was that he saw later on!

He had noticed *It* in a Window—and it certainly looked like him.

But surely it could not be—that Round Shouldered Distortion he saw was not J. Dudley the Only J. Dudley.

Yet—Heavens! there it was again!

It was he, J. Dudley—the only J. Dudley with the Collar of his Overcoat down below the Collar of his Inner Coat and sticking out behind like the dip of a Molasses Jug.

The Front and Back hanging with about as much Drape as a Chinaman's Jumper—the Arms awry—the whole Shootin' Match all to the Bad—

The "Down and Out" was working Overtime.

Have you ever worn a "Down and Out" Overcoat, Gentle Reader?

Of course you have—nearly everybody has who wears Men's Clothes—

You're the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son if you do not draw a "Down and Out" Overcoat from the Great Clothes Games of Chance. For fully 80 per cent of all Overcoats are either cut wrong or made wrong—and a "temporary" shape is "doped" into them with the hot flat iron—Old Dr. Goose—because that's cheap.

And you get merely a shape "resemblance" in your Overcoat that fades away about the second week you wear it.

The Collar tries to Crawl down your Back—uncovering your inner coat collar—

The Coat binds under your arms and across the shoulders.

The Shoulders get sloping and lose their shape at the points where they ought to look smooth and round.

And the Front and Back do not hang or drape smoothly and evenly—

Your Overcoat loses its Shape—its Style and its Fit.

Now there is one make of Overcoats at least which is properly made.

They carry the label of "Sincerity Clothes."

"Sincerity" Overcoats are made to fit and to be stylish.

The Shape of "Sincerity" Overcoats is moulded permanently into the Cloth with the needle by expert hand workmanship.

If the Style and Fit is satisfactory to you when you first try a "Sincerity" Overcoat on—it will remain correctly in form to please you until you Want a Newer Style Overcoat.

Look for the label (below) in your next Overcoat. That is, if you really care to purchase a smart fitting Overcoat. You won't have to look far—you'll find it at any enterprising dealer's. Here is the label.

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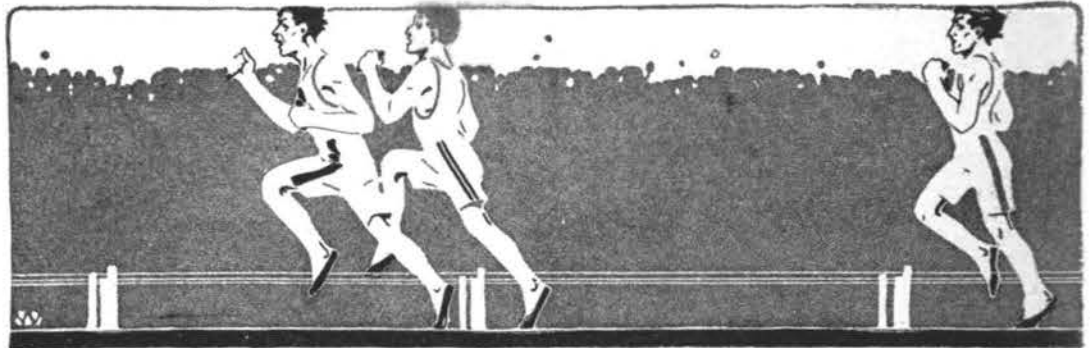
Automobile Brokers

Times Square Automobile Co.,
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From 300 to 500 Machines,

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RECREATION AND SPORTS

Conducted by HARRY PALMER

SHOULD the electric roadster continue in its efforts to demonstrate its ability as a long-distance vehicle with the same degree of success that attended the recent demonstration of the Babcock carriage, in making the run, without recharging en route, from New York to Philadelphia, the greater utility of this style of motor vehicle must soon be generally admitted.

The use of the electric runabout, because of its heretofore limited radius, has been confined almost wholly within city limits. While it has given admirable service to physicians, and for purposes of afternoon calls and shopping expeditions, it has never at any time been recognized as a means of interurban or extended suburban travel, where a radius of travel of from fifty to seventy-five miles might be required.

Those who purchased electric vehicles in the earlier years of their development, found that under practical test, particularly in those sections where hills rather than level stretches predominated, the guaranteed capacity of fifty miles per charge would inevitably shrink to forty and often to thirty-five miles, and when the roads were heavy, often below thirty miles. Because of its simplicity of mechanism and control, the great possibilities of the electric vehicle for private use became evident, soon after its advent, and the demand would have been larger—even enormous—but for the vexatious handicap of its limited radius. Realizing the importance of overcoming this handicap, electricians in this country and Europe combined in a commendable effort to that end, and three years ago Thomas A. Edison announced that he had "in pickle" a battery of lesser weight than any ever before used, but easily capable of driving a 1,300-pound car one hundred miles upon a single charge. For three years, the public has been waiting for that battery, with every indication that it will wait indefinitely. Meanwhile, builders of the several makes of electric vehicles on the market have striven, not only to increase the storage capacity of their batteries, without increasing the number of cells, and consequently the weight, but also by so distributing the weight carried, and by increasing the efficiency of the bearings, to reduce friction to a minimum. How well they have succeeded is shown by the run of the Babcock roadster and a similar run made by the Baker electric carriage, some time previous in a stiff road trial.

So perfect is the balance of the Babcock car, and so nearly frictionless are the bearings in its hubs, that a light push, with a single finger, will send the car across a fifty-foot floor and against the wall on the opposite side of the room. It is steered by a wheel, and driven by a battery of twenty-four cells, the motor being hung in the body. Five forward and two reverse speeds are provided, the regular running speed being eighteen miles an hour, and the maximum thirty miles an hour. It is equipped with a double chain drive that materially assists the bearings in overcoming friction, and weighs, complete, 1,250 pounds, with seating capacity for two persons.

Had any optimist, a few years ago, predicted that a business man might drive an electric car from New York to Trenton, or from Chicago to Milwaukee, garage his car for recharging during the two or three

hours he was engaged in transacting his business, and return home in the same car, he would have been ridiculed. Such a performance, however, is easily practicable to-day, with any one of two or three electric roadsters on the market, and the end is not yet.

THE Columbia car, shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, and used by Messrs. Holcomb and Duffie in their Chicago-New York run, is entirely new and absolutely unique in its construction. As both gasoline and electricity contribute to its motive power, it is known as the "Columbia Combination." It is equipped with a 40-45 horse power gasoline motor, but, instead of the ordinary friction clutch and transmission, an electric clutch and separate electric motor are used under electric control. On the high speed, practically all the power of the engine is transmitted to the bevel gear driving shaft, there being only about three per cent. slip in the electric clutch when the car is under full speed. This slip generates a current which is used to magnetize the clutch when the circuit is closed in itself, so that the armature is pulled around by magnetism and not by friction. At lower speeds, or when more driving effort than that of the high speed is required, as in hill-climbing, the magnetic clutch is allowed to slip to a greater extent by opening its circuit, and the current thus generated is passed through an electric motor which helps propel the car at a slower speed with increased pull, there still being the full turning effort of the engine transmitted direct to the bevels. In outward appearance, the car resembles the ordinary gasoline touring car, except that in place of the ordinary gear shifting devices, there is a small hand lever, similar to those seen on electric vehicles, which controls the speed.



The electric runabout driven from New York to Philadelphia by Mr. Frank A. Babcock

this distance is given at \$41.45, including 161 gallons of gasoline, 24 quarts of oil, one spark plug, two fan belts, and a commutator spring. Upon completing its twenty-fifth hundredth mile, the car continued on its way to Boston, and, without its engine having been stopped, was started from the Massachusetts capital over a circuitous route for New York City,—which it reached Wednesday morning, October 31, thus completing what must be considered a truly wonderful run.

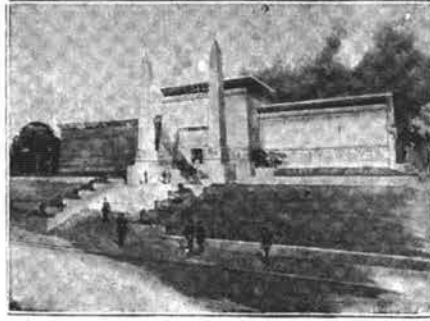


A gasoline-electric touring car, the "Columbia Combination"

THE demand for motor boats, from the sixteen-footer of three-horse power, to the ninety-footer from 150 to 200 horse power, has, during the past summer, been far beyond the supply, and leading boat and engine builders, both east and west, unite in declaring the year 1906 the busiest yet experienced since the adaptation of the explosive engine to marine

A NATIONAL DAILY NEWSPAPER FOR WOMEN

If there is an intelligent woman in America who has not longed for a great daily newspaper of her own, full of the things WOMEN want to know, clean, fearless, independent, ready to fight woman-kind's battles and handle without gloves the things busy money-seeking men are afraid of for "business" reasons, we have not found her yet.



This great publishing plant, built expressly for The Woman's National Daily, covers a city block and will print, fold, address and mail ONE MILLION EIGHT-PAGE PAPERS IN 200 MINUTES, sending them whirling to all parts of America by the fast night mails. It is owned by nearly thirty thousand small stock-holders and has three and a half million dollars capital.

After a year of vast preparation, the building especially for it of the largest and finest publishing plant in America and the largest and fastest printing press in the world at the cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, a great national daily newspaper to circulate from coast to coast by fast mail each day, has become an accomplished fact. By special facilities this great daily paper, already having more subscribers than any newspaper in America, can be delivered in homes even on rural routes a thousand miles from St. Louis the day of date of issue. Published by a corporation with three and a half million dollars capital, but owned by the people, **fearless, clean, independent and powerful**, it will give the TRUTH of each day's world events. The only woman's daily newspaper in America, every member of the family is provided for in its columns. If you want to know more about what is really going on all over the world each day than the men do, the latest news from Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, the best daily short stories, the latest advance daily fashion notes from Europe, the daily "doings" at Washington, what men and women are doing each day throughout the world, with INSIDE information about them, all beautifully illustrated, if you are interested in some of the greatest battles for better things for womankind that have ever been fought, you want The Woman's National Daily.

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IF THE MEN OF YOUR FAMILY CAN TAKE A DOZEN DAILY NEWSPAPERS, CAN YOU NOT HAVE ONE OF YOUR OWN? After looking over the "news" in your husband's daily paper you will find the FACTS in THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY and can tell him some things.

The Woman's National Daily

Care of LEWIS PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 27, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A \$3 MAGAZINE FOR \$1.50 A YEAR

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The ordinary world review is a bare, lifeless record of events; the kind guaranteed to put you to sleep after a hard day's work.

THE WORLD TO-DAY is not that type of publication. While it is a monthly world review designed to keep the busy man or woman in touch with the world's happenings, it has still another mission—to entertain. To accomplish this double purpose it furnishes monthly, not only a complete digest of events, but many short attractive articles on timely subjects.

THE WORLD TO-DAY prides itself on its attractive make-up. Its covers are printed in colors and each issue is made a veritable panorama of the world by the many illustrations of noted people, places and events. Many of these illustrations are printed in colors.

The result of all this effort is a publication that you will seek with joy because you will know in advance that it will afford diversion for the idle hour, and best of all—something worth while.

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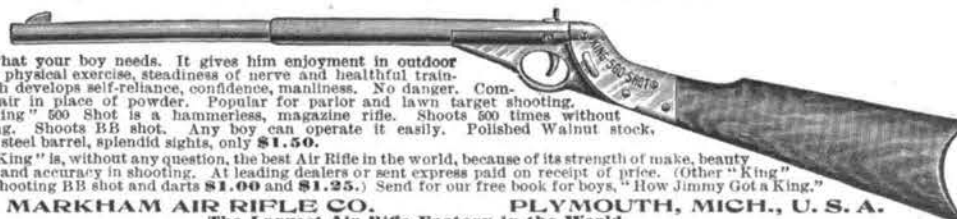
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The Largest Air Rifle Factory in the World

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Your Blades Will be Kept Sharp Forever Without Charge

JUST send me your name, occupation, home and business address and a bank or trade reference on a postal card—and say whether you want my Sterling safety razor with 24 blades or my Sterling regular (old style) razor, with 12 interchangeable blades.

Tell me, too, on this card, whether you want the razor to cut medium or close, and whether your beard is wiry or fine or tough and harsh, so I can adjust the razor to your special needs.

—That's all if you are responsible.

No deposit—no anything—only just the card.

And the razor will be sent to you right away.

When the razor arrives, use it "on suspicion" for 7 days—a whole week without a pledge or a promise to me—without putting yourself under the slightest obligation to buy.

When the razor comes, it's on trial. You, yourself, are the judge, the jury and the prosecuting attorney.

You can put my razor through the "sweat box" and "cross examine" it as much as you please.

My razor will have no witnesses, and it will have to try its own case.

And the "burden of proof," as the lawyers say, is on my razor.

—It must plead for itself.

—It must beat down every objection.

—It must overcome every suspicion.

—It must banish every prejudice which you have or may have had against any kind of a razor, or against shaving yourself.

After the trial—7 long days' trial—you, the jury, and you the judge, must decide, basing your judgment on the evidence of your own senses.

If you find my razor is innocent of all razor-faults, and is worthy to be the daily associate and companion of an honest man—then I'll fix it up so that my razor will pay for itself—so that it will become your willing and faithful servant for life and not really cost you a red cent. (I'll tell you how in a minute.)

But if you, the judge and jury, decide against my razor—if my razor has not won its case—then just send it back to me.

The entire cost of the trial is mine, and you have had a weeks free shaving for your trouble.

Now, honest—Isn't that a square deal?

Could any man show a greater confidence in the product of his brain?

And just think for a minute what I am "up against."

Your beard may be as tough as wire, and your skin as tender as a baby's.

Or your beard may be uneven—part wiry and part as soft as silk.

Or your face may be so sensitive and tender that the mere thought of a barber gives you a cold chill.

But I'm game, if you are.

All you've got to do is to say the word and the trial begins.

I'm not in the least doubtful, or afraid of the result, although I know the risk is all mine. I know my razor—I make it. And it's taken me all my life, so far, to learn how to do it.

Before we go on, there is one thing I want to impress so firmly on your mind that you will never forget it.

Because it's going to save you time, trouble and bother and in addition to this a good many big round dollars before you stop using a razor.

And that is—

If you buy one of my razors I bind myself to keep the blades stropped and honed forever without charge.

And I think you will admit that "Forever" is a good long time.

You know how you are bothered now. Your razor has to be put in order once every two or three months, and it costs about 50 cents a blade every time.

That's from \$2.00 to \$3.00 a year for each blade.

And in between whiles you have to work away yourself with a strop. Most generally you don't do a very good job at it.

I'll leave it to your face if you do.

Now I charge you nothing—not a red cent. So you never have to strop your razor, and never have to have it honed. That's "up to me."



You just go on and use one blade after another until you have, say, a dozen safety blades or a half dozen old style blades that are dull. This will take several months. Then send the dozen or half dozen dull blades to me with ten cents for mailing expenses and I'll put them in perfect order without charging you a cent for doing it.

And I'll keep right on doing this year after year—send the blades as often as you wish, or as many times as you wish. It's all the same to me. For it's part of my agreement to keep every blade I sell sharp forever without charge. I've said this before, and I'm going to say it again in different places, so it will be sure to stick in your memory.

Honing and stropping are the bugbear of every shaver. I banish this bugbear forever by taking all this burden and expense off your shoulders—by keeping your razor blades sharp and keen forever without charge.

When the trial week is up, then your barber must pay for the Sterling—the cost of my razor must come out of his pocket. So it will really cost you nothing.

This is what I mean: The average man ought to get shaved at least three times a week. That's 45 cents—15 cents a shave. You pay it to the barber. Now pay me this 45 cents a week for a few weeks (if you decide to keep my razor) and the razor is yours.

And the barber has really paid for it—hasn't he?

There'll never be any expense to you after that, not even for stropping and honing. For any time you have dull blades, just mail them to me, and I'll sharpen them up "as keen as a razor" and not charge you a cent for doing it.

Send the blades as many times or as often as you wish.

I find a lot of people prefer to discount their barber bills, pay cash and have done with it. They say it's less trouble.

Now I'll be honest about it and say that I have no objection to this plan—although it's for you to say and not for me to suggest. Because it means less bookkeepers to make entries, less stenographers to write acknowledgements of payments, and less stamps to carry these letters. I have made a cash price that is no greater than that of any other multiblade razor. But you needn't pay cash unless you want to. I'm perfectly willing to send the razor to you and let the barber pay for it. But if you'd rather pay cash, after you've proved the razor for a week, you can do so.

But make your own choice—either way is satisfactory to me.

Remember you don't have to do any doubting about quality—don't have to be anxious at all about getting your money's worth. For, you know, you're not going to give me any money in advance—not a penny until you are satisfied.

I can't make it any handier for you to ask me to send you one of my razors "on suspicion." Just study, a little bit, the illustrations of the two styles I make and settle on the one you want.

It will only take a minute to fill out the postal card and then it's ready to mail. I think to-day would be a pretty good time to mail it—don't you?

P. C. SHERMAN, President.

SHERMAN & CO., Inc.,

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283 Water Street, New York City.



P. C. SHERMAN

Mark you, I don't say, "Send me the price of the razor, and if you find it unsatisfactory, I will refund your money." Not me.

On a "money back" proposition you feel there is a chance of not getting your money back—I won't let you feel that way.

For if you send my razor back you're out nothing for you've paid me nothing and you owe me nothing.

No other razor makers in the world sell razors my way—they can't—their razors won't stand it. Mine will—it's the way it's made.

OUR COVER DESIGN and the Designer

THE cover design which adorns this issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE is a reproduction of that used for the Christmas issue of 1900,—six years ago.

This design at that time attracted wide attention for its decorative beauty, its harmony of color, its accuracy of detail and its fidelity to historical conceptions of the subject treated, and it has always been regarded by us as the most artistic and generally satisfying magazine cover that we have ever used. So many letters of appreciation reached this office from pleased subscribers, and so many desired to see this picture used again that we decided to reproduce it this year.

Our readers may be interested in a few words regarding the artist, Mr. Joseph C. Leyendecker.

Mr. Leyendecker, although to all intents and purposes, by education and experience, an American, was born in the small village of Montabour, in Western

Photograph by Van Der Weyde



J. C. LEYENDECKER

Germany, near Coblenz. His father was of Hollandish descent, and his mother inherited from Spanish ancestors the artistic nature that she transmitted to her two sons.

When the present artist was eight years of age, the family came to America and made their home in Chicago. Young Leyendecker got his first practical training in art in a large engraving house, in which he started to work as an apprentice. He remained there five years, part of the time supplementing the practical knowledge that he was gaining at work by instruction at the Art Institute of Chicago. He then went to Paris for two years and studied at Julian's under Laurens and Benjamin Constant. He supported himself to a great extent during his two years in Paris by supplying illustrations and cover designs to a Chicago periodical. After winning the honor of a Salon exhibition in 1897, he returned to Chicago and began serious work for the American magazines.

His first work for any of the great American publications was that which he did for "The Century," in 1896, while he was in Paris, when he entered and won the prize in a poster competition conducted by that magazine. SUCCESS MAGAZINE was one of the very first of the larger periodicals to recognize Mr. Leyendecker's ability as a designer of covers, and many of the most artistic covers used by this magazine have been the work of his brush.

Mr. Leyendecker, who is but slightly over thirty, has made his home for the past four years in New York, where he and his brother F. X. Leyendecker, who is a year or two younger, have adjoining studios in an apartment building near Herald Square. The two brothers studied together and display very similar tendencies—their *penchant* being toward the decorative rather than the illustrative side of art. A large design now in course of preparation in Mr. Leyendecker's studio represents a piece of mural decoration intended for a large municipal building—a line of work to which the two brothers intend ultimately to devote their entire attention.

Poverty is the want of much, avarice the want of everything.

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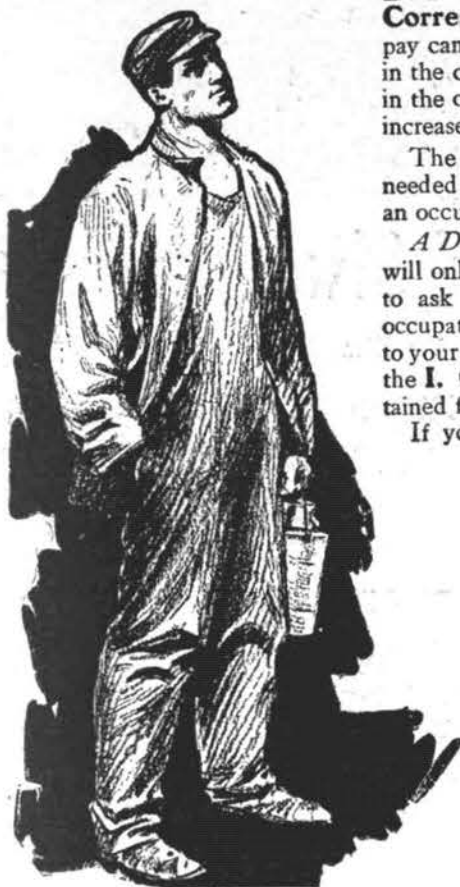
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Don't be satisfied with a small salary all your life—Do as thousands have done; let the **International Correspondence Schools** show you how your pay can be increased. It matters not where you are, in the city, or on the farm, in the mine, or in the mill, in the office, store, or shop, the **I. C. S.** can and will increase your earning capacity.

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Sparrows' Nest and Mammon

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

Illustrated by Maud Thurston

Being the Annals of a Real Home, Whose Nucleus Consisted of Two Cots, with Necessary Linen, Two Chairs, and a Dozen Towels; also the Faithful Chronicle of Certain Incidents Which Led Eventually to the Disintegration of Said Home.

PART IV.

"THE house will now come to order," announced Grace Boylan, using the wooden salad fork as a gavel, and having been duly opened by the presiding officer, it will resolve itself into a committee on grievances."

"I object to the form in which that motion (Is it a motion?) has been made," interrupted Caroline Waters, as she turned a slow flood of cream into one of the gold and crimson cups which the quartet had picked up during a recent raid on Chinatown shops. "We know all about the grievances. They are here," and she patted a fat letter tilted against the sugar bowl. "What we need is a committee of ways and means to dispose of them."

McKeen and Winthrop glanced inquiringly from one hostess to the other.

"Do not tell me that a serpent has crept into your Eden," said McKeen.

"You are slightly mixed in your metaphor, Hal," suggested Winthrop. "A serpent would hardly creep up to a sparrow's nest, but a hawk or an eagle might swoop down upon it."

"In this case, the name of the hawk being—Uncle Raymond," said Grace.

"Uncle Raymond turning obstreperous?" inquired Hal McKeen in amazement. "Of all the reasonable, delightful men I supposed that Uncle Raymond—"

"Precisely, until he is crossed in his plans and purposes, and then—but wait until you've had your crackers and cheese. Then Cad will read us his letter."

Sunday night tea in Sparrows' Nest had become a weekly event toward which the two men looked with an interest rapidly growing more personal than social. From bachelor apartments, with all modern conveniences but a dearth of companionship, and restaurant fare which could not be savored at any price with a home-like dressing, they fled joyously to the doll-house proportions of Sparrows' Nest, where a well-conducted gas log always burned in the dining room, and dainty dishes, prepared by hands that lingered lovingly over their labors, formed an oasis in a desert of workaday interests.

Mrs. Waters's visit had created a certain spirit of unrest in the minds of all four young people. During her brief stay, she had imbued the little apartment with a most desirable and comforting home atmosphere. Perhaps she herself felt something of this, too, for at the hour of parting she had said to the girls:

"You have the beginning here of a very pleasant home, but you must make haste slowly. Do not make the mistake of allowing your business interests to suffer in your anxiety to carry out your housekeeping plans. You can not fill out legal papers and contracts at the office if you are wondering whether the meat man has saved you a nice steak for dinner. So do not try to prepare your own dinners until you can afford to have a competent maid. Remember that the men who pay your salaries are more interested in the accuracy of your work done in their offices, than in the hang of the new curtains at your dining-room windows."

The girls had taken her advice and allowed themselves the privilege of just one evening meal at home each



week, the Sunday night supper, with its fragrant coffee and odd dishes, in the preparation of which the two girls exhausted their ingenuity and expended their enthusiasm.

Naturally, this was not the only time during the week that the quartet met. Usually, there was one dinner and visit to the theater each week, and, of late, both men had found it convenient to lunch in the neighborhood of the Skihi Building. They had passed the stage where an explanation of their presence was considered necessary. So it happened that a letter from Uncle Raymond, the patron and financial saint of Sparrows' Nest, was of overwhelming interest to the entire quartet.

"You see," explained Caroline, "before mother left, we talked over the use to which Uncle Raymond's December check should be put, and it was decided unanimously that the bedrooms should be completed next, which would leave us with only the parlor and den to furnish, and that, as they are not essential to our daily comfort, we might take our time and buy as slowly and elegantly as we liked."

"That was what we planned to do. What we *did* do—was something entirely different. By the time Uncle Raymond's check arrived, the shops were in a glory of Christmas gifts, and we realized that, instead of laying up Christmas treasure, we had spent every cent we could spare on ourselves or, more properly speaking, on Sparrows' Nest. We thought of all the dear folk up state and our depleted exchequer, and then we wrote what we considered a most tactful and effective letter to Uncle Raymond. It seemed so selfish to spend that lovely fifty-dollar check on ourselves. Would he not relent just for one month and let us spend it on Christmas gifts? It took us nearly two hours to compose that letter—"

"And then—" suggested Kent.

"He wrote back that he was surprised that two business girls would suggest such a proceeding. He had given the matter his careful consideration, and he could not permit the money to be diverted into such useless and sentimental channels as Christmas giving. Our relatives all understood that we were struggling for a foothold in New York and would appreciate some trifling remembrance characteristic of the metropolis, which we should be able to buy with our own money. But his fifty dollars must go for house-furnishing purposes only—and it took him a whole week to frame up his reply."

"What will you do now?" inquired Kent.

The two girls looked at each other with dancing eyes. "Ask us rather what we have done," said Caroline. "We were so sure of his yielding—if you only had seen the lovely letter we wrote!—that we—we spent thirty-five dollars on Christmas gifts before his answer came."

The two men shouted.

Grace rapped sharply with the salad fork.

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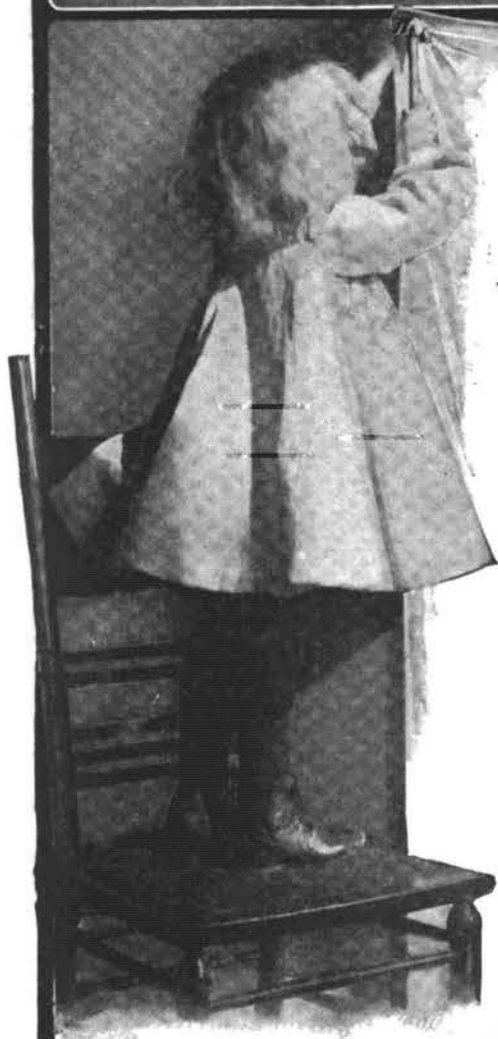
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mittee of ways and means to behave. Will someone please make a motion?"

Kent leaned forward, his eyes twinkling.

"There's a man in our building who loans money to salaried folks who play the races and do other silly things. Perhaps he might save you from the wrath of Uncle Raymond."

"Oh, yes," responded Caroline, innocently. "I read his advertisement in the morning papers and went to see him."

Kent stopped laughing and looked sober.

"You did not—"

"Oh, no, I did not like the way he talked—and he wanted such dreadful interest."

Grace had been staring at Caroline with wide-open eyes.

"You funny child—it is just like you to do that! Concerns that loan money to salaried people are robbers, pure and simple. I never dreamed that you had taken the matter so to heart, Cad, dear. I had my salary raised two months ago, and I've been putting the extra amount into bank each week. We can replace Uncle Raymond's money to-morrow."

"The committee on ways and means stands adjourned. Cad, those cheese walnuts are proof positive that you were never meant for a business woman. Any girl who can concoct a dish like that is just domestic enough to fall into the clutches of a loan shark. To think of your even stepping inside his door!"

And then, catching the look with which Kent was regarding her friend, she suddenly turned the conversation in the direction of the new Belasco production.

Wednesday night Grace came in late. With Winthrop for an escort she had been making a tour of second-hand shops. Caroline had planned to accompany them, but a sudden attack of throat trouble had chained her to the house after nightfall.

"I've solved the problem of my dressing table," said Grace, laying aside her furs and dropping into the easy chair beside the fireplace. "I have been perfectly wild for a draped table—one of those lovely cretonne affairs that you can find only at the smartest shops. At one second-hand shop I found the glass. The mirror was perfect, but the frame, once white enamel, was all chipped. I paid a dollar for that. At another shop I found an old-fashioned washstand with drawers, the sort you see at country hotels. We wrangled for ten minutes before the man would let it go for a dollar."

"Then what?" said Caroline, gently, as Grace stopped to fold up her veil and silk scarf.

"That's all for to-night. To-morrow, when the old washstand comes, I shall soak it inside and out with a strong washing powder solution. The next day I will sandpaper the outside and paint it plain white, just for cleanliness and my own satisfaction. In the meantime, for a two-dollar bill, I will have a carpenter set the mirror into a plain pine frame, fastened securely on the back of the washstand, and last I will drape the whole thing with poppy cretonne to match my wall paper."

"Oh, Grace, you are not an upholsterer."

"No, but I can pad the top of the washstand and the mirror frame with some sheet wadding, then cover it smoothly with cretonne. The washstand I will hide all round with a plaited valance, and the side draperies will be very simple. For the top of the washstand I will use a large sheet of beveled glass, the only sanitary finish for a dressing table, and the flowered cretonne will show through it beautifully."

"How you do love flowers, Grace!" said Caroline, with a smile. Her gaze was fixed on the blue flames, and Grace realized with a pang of dismay that Caroline's thoughts were wandering. Something had come between them.

"You are too sick to talk furnishings to-night, Cad," she added, springing to her feet. "I will make you a cup of hot tea this minute, and you can depend upon it that when you are better I shall carry you off to see one of those square brass beds for your room."

Caroline stretched forth a detaining hand and drew her friend to her side.

"I am not sick—Grace—just too happy to think of anything—except my own happiness." She leaned forward and glanced around the cozy room. "I do not think it will pay for us to plan much more furniture for this—this home."

Grace was looking at her with wide, frightened eyes.

"You see—I—Grace, dear, I never was meant for a business girl. I am not as clever at such things as you are, and from the moment we began to fit up this little home—I knew that I was a better homemaker than stenographer."

Grace turned wearily and faced her friend.

"But you never found it out until Hal McKen showed you—the way."

"This was the only thing that made me hesitate—to-night—when he asked me to leave Sparrows' Nest—dear little Sparrows' Nest—for a home he is building for me. I knew it would be such a disappointment to you when we had made such fine plans. But, Grace, he needs me—Just think, he has never had a home—his mother died when he was seven."

Grace bent over her friend with a smile through which her lips would quiver despite her brave efforts. "Yes, I know, Cad, he needs you—even—even more

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alone for a moment, "that lover fellow is no use at all to me. You can keep him here if you want to, but don't do it for my sake. So far as I am concerned you can let him go home. I can't get him working at the job we wanted him for. What I've got to do is to get along the best way I can without him. I've got to do the lover part myself, and I guess I can do it, although I have a good deal to look after besides that. But I'll do what I can. Of course it won't be quite like the real thing, but it will have to do. I can't let the whole affair fall flat because one of the lovers has gone on a strike. You see that, don't you? I owe that much to Skudsy. You've got to let me go in to dinner with the girl."

"Oh, if you enjoy it—" began Fielding.

"I did n't say I enjoyed it," said Wilson, promptly. "I have plenty else to do to keep this house party from being a flat failure without making love to a girl I never met before, and if there was anybody else to make love to her I would n't do it. You know that. But there is n't anybody else. I thought of Simpson first, but even you can see he does n't look like the right sort of lover for that sort of girl."

It was true. No one would have considered Simpson in that capacity for one moment. Fielding admitted it.

"So you see it is absolutely necessary that I should make love to her, don't you?" asked Wilson.

"If she can stand it, I can," said Fielding lightly.

"She has got to stand it, that's all," declared Wilson. "In a case of this kind I can't stop to consider whether she likes it or not. That has nothing to do with it. People have got to make some sacrifices in the interest of the higher journalism."

Wilson sacrificed himself heartily at dinner. He was evidently a born impersonator. Without him there would have been no love motive in the dinner at all, but he supplied it quite freely. His impersonation was so realistic that Tom Ford bit a piece out of his wineglass and very nearly swallowed it without knowing it. Wilson went into the impersonation so thoroughly that he was as surprised as the other guests when Simpson let off a flash light, but he recovered himself quickly.

"That is all right!" he explained, as the white cloud curled over the table after the flash. "Just a clever idea of Fielding's. He thought you would all like to have mementos of this pretty occasion, so he had his friend Simpson bring out his camera."

Fielding looked at Mrs. Fielding aghast, and tried to speak, but everyone was talking and laughing, as people do just after they have been photographed, and Wilson was already deep in a confidential talk with Miss Hurlington.

As the ladies left the dining room, Fielding and Wilson met in one corner.

"Now, see here—" Fielding began, but Wilson interrupted him.

"I was just going to speak to you," said Wilson. "I'm glad you came over here, because I did n't like to call you aside before your guests. This affair is going off pretty well. Of course if I had been in your place I could have arranged lots of things better, but it will do well enough. But there is one place where it is awful weak, and since you have got me into the affair I'm not going to let it be a total failure. The weak place is the love motive. It is n't realistic enough. I can't attend to the details of this house party and carry out the love motive as it should be carried out. So—"

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Fielding heartily.

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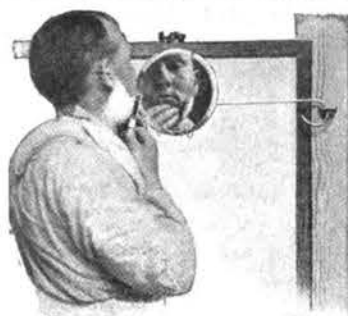
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"I'm sorry," said Fielding, "I thought—" "That's all right!" said Wilson, "but it did n't do any good for you to think. So I got to thinking, and I thought of the very thing that will please old Skudsy the best of all. It will put some life into to-morrow. You should have thought of it yourself—but you did n't."

Fielding shook his head. He could n't think of it even now.

"What we have got to do," said Wilson, enthusiastically, "is to have an engagement to announce to-morrow. That will keep the Christmas spirit jumping. It is just what we need to fill up the blank you left in your house party. I knew you would never think of it. I have to think of these things because it is my business. That is what old Skudsy pays me for. Now, you just have your wife see Miss Hurlington and the thing will be all right. I have attended to the details."

Mr. Fielding put out his hand and clasped Wilson's. He was glad, and he told him so. He turned to go in search of Mrs. Fielding.

"Say, Jack!" called Wilson, and Mr. Fielding turned back. Wilson leaned close to his ear. "Can't you drop a hint to Ford, some way?" he asked. "I know the poor chap would n't like to hear it first when all the others are around. It will be hard enough on him, anyway."

He'd Find it "O. K."

THE Philadelphian was staying at a hotel in a Georgia town. He rang for an attendant, whom he asked if bath tubs were provided.

"Yessuh," answered the negro, "wese got some nice tubs," and he presently returned bearing on his shoulders a coffin with silver-plated handles and lid all complete.

"What do you mean by bringing me that?" demanded the traveler.

"Dat's de bath tub, suh."

"The bath tub?"

"Yessuh. You see, suh, de lanlode he used to be in de undertakin' business, an' he had a lot o' coffins on han'; an' when he sol' out an' took dis hotel he brought all de coffins de new man didn't want. His son is in de tinsmif business, suh, so he done had de coffins lined wif tin, an' dey make nice bath tubs. Jes' you try an' you 'll find dis one all right."

"Sent" to College

I DISLIKE to hear parents speak of sending their sons or daughters to college. It is the boy who goes without sending, the boy who can not be kept from going who usually turns out well.

I have heard parents trying to force their sons to go to college, arguing with them for months, trying to convince them that they should go, until they finally went against their will. I have rarely known of a boy forced to college in this way turning out well.

Do not force your boy to college. If you can not make it seem so attractive that he will want to go, if he is not determined to go, if he is not enthusiastic over the prospect, college will do him very little good. You can not force a boy to get an education. The education that is good for anything must be voluntary.

AS A rule, he will be the most successful man who has himself best in hand, who is the best school-master to himself, and who compels himself to the discipline and drill which will strengthen his deficiencies and eliminate his weaknesses, the man who is the best trainer of himself.

AS LONG as fond fathers slave and mothers sacrifice so that foolish daughters can hide the petticoat of poverty under a silk dress and fill with vanity heads that ought to be filled with practical knowledge, our girls are going to grow up with the idea that getting married is getting rid of responsibility instead of assuming it.

THERE is a tremendous power in character when added to ability. A great many youths think that ability is everything, that if a man has brain power he can accomplish most anything; but he is a light-weight man, no matter how able, if he does not add character to his ability.

HALL CAINE says, "I try to heal wounds."

That is the test of an ideal life, "to heal wounds." There are plenty of people to make them; comparatively few to heal them.

THE blossom can not tell what becomes of its odor," says Beecher, "and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example that roll away from him and go beyond his ken in their perilous missions."

My Life—So Far

By JOSIAH FLYNT

[Concluded from page 839]

or travelers at home or in foreign parts. Since that final break-up our complete family has never again been together under one roof.

In spite of a manly effort to overcome them, two traits dogged my steps to college as persistently as they had troubled me at home—the love of the tempting Beyond, and an alarming uncertainty in my mind about the meaning of the Law of Mine and Thine. It was going to take several wearisome and painful years yet before I was to become master of these miserable qualities. They were the worst pieces of baggage I took away with me. My better traits, as I recall them, were willingness and eagerness to learn when I was not under the spell of *Die Ferne*, a fair amount of receptivity in acquiring useful facts and information, and, for most of the time, a tractable well-meaning, amenable boy disposition. All of these good qualities were scattered to the four winds, however, when the call of *Die Ferne* became irresistible. I stood to win as a student, if love for *Die Ferne* could be kept under control. Otherwise there was no telling what I might become or do. Under these circumstances I began my collegiate career in a denominational college in the western part of Illinois. My mother of course hoped for the best, and at the time of her departure it looked as if I had definitely struck the right road at last.

I remained for a little over two years at college, advancing, with conditions, to my sophomore year. I paid my board and lodging by "chore" work in a lawyer's home in the town, so that the expenses my mother had to meet were comparatively light. The studies that seemed to suit best were history, historical geography, and modern languages. Mathematics and Greek and Latin were tiresome subjects in which I made barely average progress. Mathematics were a snare and a delusion to me throughout my school and college life in America, and I mean sometime to pick up my old arithmetic again and see whether maturer years may have given me a clearer insight into the examples and problems that formerly gave me so much trouble.

History, geography and German interested me from the start, and I usually stood well in these classes. History took hold of me just as biography did, and I used to read long and late such works as Motley's "Dutch Republic," Bancroft's "History of the United States," Prescott's books on Mexico and South America, and an interesting autobiography or biography was often more interesting to me than a novel or story. Indeed, I read very little fiction during the time I was at college, preferring to pore over an old geography and map out routes of travel, to be enjoyed when I had made enough money to undertake them as legitimate enterprises, or, perhaps as a hired explorer, whose services commanded remunerative prices. For awhile the ambitions to be a lawyer struggled with my traveling intentions, and I seriously considered taking a course in law in my benefactor's library and office when my academic course should be finished; but this resolve never came to anything because my academic studies were never finished.

For two years, and more, I had struggled as hard as any of my fellow-students to support myself, keep up with my class, and, probably harder than most of them, to be "on the level," and, above all things, not to let *Die Ferne* entice me away from my new home and pleasant surroundings. Many and many a time *Die Ferne* would whistle one of her seductive signals, and it was all I could do to conquer the desire to go and answer it in person, but my studies, the work at home, and pleasant companions helped me to resist the temptation, and, as I have said, for about two years I attended strictly to business, hearing that calling, from time to time, but closing my ears to the enticing invitation.

My undoing at college had a most innocent beginning, as was the case with so many of my truantries. Often as not the impulse which drove me to the Open Road was, taken by itself, as laudable and worth while as many of those other impulses which inhibited runaway trips. My ambition, for instance, to go to some distant town, make my way as a breadwinner and student, and eventually become well-to-do and respected, was in essentials a praiseworthy desire; but the trouble was that I insisted that no one should hear from me or know about my progress until I had really "arrived," as it were. I always demanded that the thing be done secretly, and only as secrecy was an assured factor did such a runaway project really appeal to me.

What broke up my college career, and eventually impelled me to vamoose, was a simple trial contest of essayists in the literary society of which I was a member. The winner in the contest stood a fair chance of being chosen by his society to compete with the essayist of the rival society in a general literary contest in the opera house, which was really the event of the year of its kind. I was selected, along with two others, to try my skill as an essayist in the preliminary family bout together.

Our society was divided into two closely knit cliques, I belonging to the "Wash B." coterie, and the most formidable contestant that I had to meet, being allied with the "Camelites" as we used to call them. These



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two really hostile camps made the society at election time, and on occasions when contestants for the preliminary and opera house contests were to be chosen, literally a wrangling, backbiting, and jealous collection of schemers and wire pullers. The "Wash B." set had all they could do to secure for me the place in the preliminaries, which would doubtless determine the selection for the real contest later on between the two distinct societies. But chosen I was, and, for six weeks, every spare hour that I had was religiously devoted to that wonderful essay. I forget the title of it now, but the matter dealt trifely enough, I make no doubt, with the time-worn subject—"The Western March of Empire." The writing finished, "Wash B." himself took me in hand, and for another month drilled me in delivery, enunciation, and gesture. My roommate, when the drilling was over, said that I was a perfect understudy of "Wash B." who was considered at the time the finest reader our society, the entire college, in fact, contained. This criticism naturally set me up a good deal and I began seriously to entertain thoughts of winning the prize, a small financial consideration.

At length the fatal night arrived, and we three contestants marched to our seats on the platform. In front of us were the three judges, formidable looking men they seemed at the time, although I knew them all as mild-mannered citizens of the town with whom I had often had a pleasant chat. A neutral—one who was neither a "Wash B." nor a "Camelite"—was the first to stand up and read his essay. As I recall the reading and subject-matter of this first effort I remember that I thought that I had it beaten to a standstill if I could only retain all the fine inflections and mild gentle gestures which "Wash B." had been at such pains to drill into me. I was second, and stood up, bowed, and, as friends afterwards told me, so far as delivery was concerned I was "Wash B." from start to finish. The third man, an uncouth fellow, but endowed with a wonderfully modulated voice—he was really an orator—then got up and read almost faultlessly so far as intonation and correct and timely emphasis were concerned, a dull paper on Trade Unionism. This student was the one I particularly feared, but when he was through and the three of us took our places in the audience so many "Wash B.'s" told me that I had won "hands down," as they put it, that I gradually came to believe that I had acquitted myself remarkably well. The judges, however, were the men to give the real decision, and they thought so little of my effort that I was placed last on the list—even the neutral with practically no delivery had beaten me. Later he came to me and said that he never expected to take second place. The uncouth "Camelite" with the banal paper but wonderful voice carried the day, and was declared winner of the prize.

My chagrin and disappointment seemed tremendous for the moment, and the fact that a number of "Camelites" came to me and said that I ought to have been given the prize did not tend to lessen the poignancy of the grief I felt but managed to conceal until I was well within the four walls of my room. There I vowed that never, never again would I submit an essay of mine to the whims of three men, who, in my judgment, were such numskulls that they let themselves be carried away by a mere voice. "They never stopped to consider the subject-matter of our essays at all," I stormed, and for days I was a very moody young man about the house.

The "Wash B.'s" tried to console me by promising to elect me essayist for the grand contest in the opera house in the autumn, but, although I feigned reconciliation with my defeat, the truth was that I was brooding very seriously over this momentous failure as it seemed to me. I shunned my former boon companions, and was seen very little on the campus. The defeat had eaten into my soul much more deeply than even I at first imagined possible, and, as the days went by, a deep-laid plot for a runaway trip began to take form and substance.

As soon as I realized what was going on I struggled hard to drive the plan out of my head, but while I had been mourning over my failure as an essayist, and particularly as a "Wash B." essayist, the subtle, sneaking scheme had wormed its way into my very subconsciousness, and, before I knew it, I was entertaining the tempter in no inhospitable manner. After all, it was a consolation to know that at a pinch I could throw over the whole college curriculum, if necessary, and quietly vamose and, perhaps, begin again in some other institution where my crude but by me highly prized literary productions would receive fairer treatment.

I had a feeling that a runaway trip would be the end of my college career, and there were influences that struggled hard to hold me back; I have often wondered what my later life would have been had they prevailed. Never before had I been so near a complete victory over *Die Ferne*, and never before had I felt myself the responsible citizen in the community that my college life and self-supporting abilities helped to make me. Then, too, my good friend and counselor, the lawyer, was a man who had made a very great impression on me—an achievement by no means easy in those days of rebellion and willful independence. I knew about the hard fight that he had made in life before I went to his home. He had often visited in our home, and I had been much impressed with his set, clean-cut countenance. Some would have called it


unless they knew the man and what he had been through. I studied it with particular interest, because what that every now and then I also struggled hard right, and I wondered whether my face after late mastery of myself, if this should ever come to would some day take on the terrible look of damnation and victory which was so often present

on all of his victories I can not report, because there must have been many, very many, of a minor character, that he had to work for every day of his life. He was the one that took him out of the gutter, and which gave him strength to quit, at the same time, overindependence in liquor and the tobacco habit, was the one that took hold of me, although I hardly knew what it tasted like myself and was only intermittently free of tobacco. The fact that the man had overcome these bad habits by sheer will power, "without religion"—which had often been impressed on me as essential—was what took hold of my mind of wonder. Both in my home, and in the lawyer's, as his good wife was concerned, I had been taught to believe, or, at any rate, had come partially to believe, in all such moral victories, indeed that all conquests of one's rebellious self, had to come through prayer and Divine assistance, or not at all. I had never fully accepted this doctrine, although it probably had a stronger hold on me than I knew. But then—ah, ha! here was, at last, a living, breathing witness to the fact that prayer and Divine help were indispensable in gathering one's self together, in casting evil habits aside, and in amounting to something in the world. I did not say anything about the very I had made; but I studied my hero closely, treasured highly all facts and fancies which rather came into contact with him called forth, and which antedated the original and primal fact—i. e., that power and not "conversion" had made him one of the noted citizens of his community and one of the eminent lawyers of his state.

I do not know whether or not he knew in what great respect I held him. This much is certain, however; I almost never looked at nor spoke to me severely; he was constantly doing something kind or useful. I know that I had been old enough to have had a real talk with him about will power and Divine help. As not a very communicative man, and it is possible he would not have consented to enter into such an interview, thinking, perhaps, that I was too young to discuss such matters from his point of view. So I went on, looking up invariably to him as an example, and it was necessary to grit my teeth and overcome a slight temptation. His wife, who was really a mother to me, saw to it that I attended church and studied my Bible—the college authorities demanded attendance at church, and on Mondays called the roll of those who had or had not been present at church that day before—but somehow she never had the influence over me that her white-haired clean-shaven father-in-law did. It was her constant prayer and that "Gill," as she called him, would eventually get religion and be assured of Heavenly peace. He frequently attended church with her, and certainly his efforts were as exemplary as the college president's. I have heard it said that, if he believed in any logic at all, it was in that miserable, foolish doctrine of predestination of weak minds—that a certain number of us are predestined to damnation anyhow, and that was one of them on account of the wild life he had in his younger manhood. This "story" about my father also took hold of me very perceptibly, and I often came to the conclusion that the man was too feeble to entertain any such theory, and that the "story" was the mere patchwork of a number of wild guesses and injudicious surmises on the part of relatives, his lovable but not always careful wife.

One day, a relative of mine, known as "The Deacon," came to the town at my hostess's request, and held some revival meetings, or, perhaps, they were called consolation meetings. The "Deacon," although an ardent Methodist, I believe, and a determined striver for the salvation of men's souls, was not one of the conventional tedious revivalists whom we all have seen and heard. He was quiet and retiring in his manner, and seemed to rely on the sweet reasonableness of the Bible and interpretation of it to convince men of the need of salvation, rather than on loud exhortation and still louder singing. He was very deaf, and when I called him for breakfasts, mornings, I had to go into his room and tell him, when he would put his trumpet to his ear and ask, "What is up?" I would tell him that it was for him to be up, and he would thank me in that strange metallic voice which so many deaf people acquire.

He spent much of his time talking with his hostess, one morning, rather injudiciously, I think, he told of a friend of his, "just your own husband's size, height, and years," who had suddenly dropped dead in his sleep. This incident took hold of the good woman in an unfortunate way, and, when I saw her, she had been crying, and was bewailing the fact that her "Gill" had also dropped off suddenly before "getting religion." There was nothing that I could say beyond the fact that it seemed to me good enough to drop off at any time.



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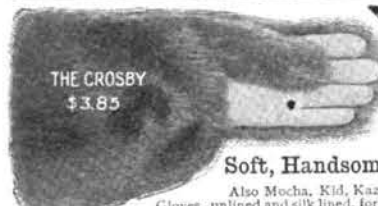
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But his wife was not to be consoled. "Gill must give himself up to God," she persisted, and I retreated, feeling rather guilty on these lines myself, as I was not at all sure that I had given myself up to God, or would ever be able to. He was such a myth to me, that I found it far more practicable to study the character and ways of the lawyer whom I knew as a visible, tangible living being.

It may be that my adoration for my benefactor—I really think it amounted to that—was not the best influence that might have been exercised over my mind; it has been suggested to me in later years, for instance, that it was probably at this time that I laid the foundation for that firm belief in will power, which, for better or for worse, has been about all that I have believed in seriously as a moral dynamic for a number of years. Be this as it may, for years after leaving college and the lawyer's home, my recollection of him, of his brave fight to do right, and of the friendly interest he took in me, contributed more than once to help tide me over a spell when *Die Ferne* was doing her utmost to persuade me to throw over everything and choose foolishly after her.

Now, that the good man is gone, I regret more than ever that I ever allowed that miserable essay to stampede me as it did. The first departure from college and the lawyer's home was a failure. I halted foolishly an entire day at a town not far from the college, and the lawyer, suspecting that I might do this, sent on two of my college friends—older than I was—to scout about and try and locate me. They succeeded in their mission—one of them was the noted "Wash B." who had tried so hard to teach me how to read an essay. They did their utmost to persuade me to return, but I was obdurate and they went back without me. In an hour or two the lawyer himself appeared on the scene, and then I had to go back, and knew it. He said very little to me, beyond asking me to give to him such funds as I possessed. In the afternoon he called on a brother lawyer who, as I could judge from the conversation, was in some serious legal difficulty. When we were in the street again my captor, said: "Josiah, there is a man, who is going to the penitentiary." He spoke very slowly and impressively, but did not offer to tell me why the man was going to be shut up or when, and I was sensible enough not to ask.

Returned to our home the lawyer made no reference to my unconventional leave-taking, and apparently considered the matter closed. It was decided, for the sake of my feelings, that I should not return immediately to college, and I hugged my room as much as possible, anxious to keep out of sight of my classmates, who, I felt sure, knew all about my escapade. There I brooded again over my poor success as an essayist, my lack of will power to bear up under defeat, and I also tried to plan out another escape from what seemed to me a terrible disgrace. One afternoon, when I was particularly gloomy, the fat, cheerful president of the college knocked at my door. He had come to have a heart-to-heart talk with me, I learned, and I was soon on the defensive. He laughed at my bashfulness about going back into college, pooh-poohed my assertion that I was "no good anyhow and might better be let go," and in general did his utmost to cheer me up and make the "slipping back" into my classes, as he put it, as simple and easy as could be.

But, good man, he labored with me in vain. The next day, some funds coming to hand, I was off again, for good and all, and the well-meaning president has long since gone to his final rest. The following morning I was in Chicago, and very soon after in my grandmother's home. *Die Ferne* was only indirectly to blame for this trip because I made for the only home I had as soon as I decamped from college, refusing to be lured away into by-paths. *Die Ferne* was only in so far to blame that she originally suggested the desertion of my studies, offering no suggestions that I paid any attention to about an objective. I—poor weak mortal—was terribly to blame in throwing away, after two years of straight living, the chance that was offered me to complete my college course, and later to go on and become a lawyer. And yet—balancing what was considered a golden opportunity at the time against the hard school of experience it has since been my lot to go through, and what the teaching that I have had means to me now, I confess to a leaning in favor of the hard knocks and trials and tribulations of the Road as the more thorough curriculum for me at the time of life they were endured, than would have been the college course and a lawyer's shingle. It is difficult, of course, to decide in such matters, but somehow I think that the world means more to me in every way to-day, in spite of what I have pulled out of, than it ever could have meant on set academic and professional lines.

The stay in the home village was not a prolonged one, but long enough, however, to ponder over the change in my life which I had so domineeringly brought about—to go back to college was out of the question, and the lawyer did not want me back. My capriciousness had exhausted his patience, and he frankly said that he washed his hands of the "case." To remain in the home village was also out of the question, according to my aunt. It was there that I had first shown my dare-devil proclivities, and in her opinion it was best to get me as far away from former village association as possible. Besides it was not thought wise to have me in the care of my aging grandmother, who could only incidentally keep track of me.



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wondered myself what was best to do, not caring another runaway trip right away, and temporarily retting very much that I had been so silly over that ayune essay. There was nothing I could think of t seemed feasible, and it was just as well that I did lose my head over some personally cherished plan, ause my resourceful aunt had already found an lum for me. It was a farm in Western Pennsylv- ia, owned by some distant relatives. Here I was help care for crops and stock, and see what living the open would do for my over-imaginative head. as to receive my board and twenty-five dollars for season's work—a huge sum it seemed to me when t mentioned, for I had never before possessed such uth in actual cash.

went to work with zeal, and determination to learn I could about farming. For a number of weeks all t well; in fact until I made an excursion with an er friend and his fiancée, and another girl who was first, I believe, that I thought I really liked. I er told her name to my family, beyond calling her eminy 'Jowles,' which was as much a real name as ie was. For some reason, for years after this tem- ary attachment, which on my part, at least, was uine and spontaneous, I never wanted my family to ow that I was interested in any particular young y, and, as I have told, I feigned indifference to rly all girls rather than be thought "teched" with iration for any one or two. After our return from outing, "Jeminy" returned to the lake to help take e of one of the villas there, as a number of girls did hat time, and are doing now, I have no doubt.

Jeminy's" departure made the village very dull me, and the farm absolutely distasteful. So, one , I asked my cousin to give me what he thought was due, out of the promised twenty-five dollars, and l him that I was going to New York State to see if ould not earn more money. He knew about "Jeminy" g there, and, as he thought that something profitable ht develop out of our friendship, I was given my ey, and then hied away to the New York resorts, "Jeminy." The latter had to work so hard all and well on into the evening that I saw very little er, but I remember dreaming and thinking about , when I had to wander about alone.

spent very little time in looking for a job on account ny moving, and before long I determined to look where for work. What was my chagrin, when rning on the day that the faithless "Jeminy" was ut to depart for her home to see her coming down wharf from the boat with a former admirer, clothed fine raiment, whom I had ousted in "Jeminy's" ctions in the little farming village in Pennsylvania. urmised him to be possessed of a fat bank-roll ging by his independence and "only board in this walk" manner of appropriating "Jeminy" for his own, and of giving me a very distant, and critical , which my somewhat worn clothes no doubt erved. That was the end of my first and last veal affair. "Good-by, Jeminy," I can say to her now e calmly, if these lines should ever come to her ce. "I hope you have long since married, have r full share of not too tearful young ones, and that have to work 'right smart' and until quite 'Het up,' ou used to say. I have learned to know that there thousands of Jeminies in the world, quite willing have somebody dance attendance upon them. ewell, thou capricious country maiden. I am sorry ear that the Canadian gave you a *Korb*, or did you : him one? I really don't care much nowadays, ough it might be some satisfaction to know that oled him along to the same point at which you w me overboard."

ilted, funds very low, and no employment in sight— was a situation worthy of any boy's best metal. Per- s the jilting hurt worst for the time being, but the ssity of replenishing my funds helped me to forget somewhat. By rights, I should have returned to nsylvania and gone to work again on my relative's n. But there I should have seen the faithless miny," perhaps her old admirer as well, and I was o mood for such encounters. No! I was not going llow the village to make fun of me, even if I starved where. Besides, what chance would my old clothes e in a competitive contest with those of my rival? iously a very slim one. Fate was temporarily nt me in that direction, I was sure, and I cast my toward the North—probably because "Jeminy" the farm meant South. The West did not attract just then, and the East—New York constituted the ter part of the East to me in those days—seemed complicated and full of people.

ne night, I "hopped" a freight train bound for alo, and secluded myself among some Standard Company's barrels, in a box car. In a wreck I ld probably have come to grief in the midst of all oil, but no wreck had been scheduled for that ride. possessions consisted of what I had on my back, a few nickels in my pocket. In this fashion I d to impress the mighty North. That old dream at disappearing from the view of friends, making way alone in the world, and then returning inde- tent, successful, and well-to-do buoyed me up, even n "Jeminy's" desertion of me was most tantalizing. Finally fell asleep, on top of the mighty Trust's erty, to dream of honest efforts to succeed, if not vnderful triumphs. At heart I desired that the ization of my dream of future prosperity and fame

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should come through honorable toil and struggle. Indeed, during this period of youth, and even earlier, I can not recall any disappearance or runaway trip on my part which did not presuppose a "square deal" in my account with the world; theoretically, at any rate, honesty was as dear an asset to me, as to the boys who staid at home and were regular. That, sitting on the mighty Trust's barrels, and "hooking" a ride in a car which had been chartered and paid for by others, was not a "square deal," did not occur to me.

My freight train stopped very early in the morning in the railroad yards at East Buffalo, and there I got out. Stumbling over tracks and dodging switch engines I made my way to what turned out to be the yardmaster's headquarters; his office was upstairs in the dingy wooden building, while, below, was a warm room where switchmen could rest. It was a cold September morning, the sun not yet up, and that warm room looked very inviting. I finally screwed up enough courage to enter, and I found myself all alone. Switchmen came in later, but they barely noticed me until I excused my bold entrance, and frankly confessed that I was looking for work. My clothes—they were not good enough to court "Jeminy" in, but never mind! They saved the day or the situation in that shanty. It was plain to the switchmen that I was not a tramp, and my subdued manners evidently made a good impression, also. Later, the night yardmaster, a jovial German, came in, and learned of my plight. He looked me over carefully, quizzed me rather minutely about my last job and my travels, and finally told me to make myself comfortable near the fire until quitting time, when he promised to have another talk with me. That second talk was the beginning of a series of mishaps, which, could the good yardmaster have foreseen them, would certainly have made him hesitate before securing for me the position which his influence enabled him to do. The mishaps will be described later on, but I must refer to them here on account of that second interview with the German. Whatever else we may or may not wonder about in life, it has always seemed interesting to me to speculate about what might have happened to us of a momentous nature, had certain very trivial and insignificant circumstances in earlier life only been different. How many men and women, for instance, on looking back over their lives, discover just such slight events in their early careers, and realize, long years after, how important those events were!

What would have happened later if that yardmaster had not looked me up again and put me through another series of questions, I, of course, can not say. But it is easily possible that something very different from what I have to report upon in Part Second might have happened. The immediate result of that second interview with the yardmaster was that he promised me a position as "yard car-reporter," and took me into his home at the very cheap rate of \$15.00 a month for board and lodging, there remaining for me to save or spend, as I saw fit, \$20.00 out of the \$35.00 which was my monthly stipend—a princely sum, I thought, at the time, not exceeded in its wonderful effect as a salary until years after, when \$300.00 a week, for two months or so, gave me more or less the same inflated sense of joy which the \$35.00 a month had formerly also been able to achieve.

The car-reporting proved more difficult for me than the yardmaster had anticipated. First of all, I had to learn the names and location of all the different tracks in the yards at East Buffalo. I studied them mainly at night because this was when I was on duty. It ought to be stated immediately that I never mastered their geography or nomenclature satisfactorily, and that my reports about the numbers and ownership of the cars were very faulty. As I recall these reports to-day, I fear that, officially, I sent many a car out of the yards that remained at home, and that I unintentionally reported as safe in port an equal number of cars, that, for aught I know, may to this day be wandering about aimlessly over the prairies. However, I was not to hold this position long, so no great amount of damage was done, I hope.

Writing about my early years and bidding good-by to them here in print, has been a harder task than I expected. Bidding good-by to them formally and physically years ago was not difficult. To reach twenty-one, then thirty, then—I always looked on thirty as a satisfying goal, the years seemed to come and go so slowly. Then, too, I realized after a fashion that my youth was considered pretty much of a *fiasco*, and I wanted to get just as far away from failure and disaster as possible. Now—well, perhaps it is better that I keep my thoughts to myself. I will say, however, that retrospection can bring with it some of the most mournful hours the mind has to wallow in.

[To be continued in **SUCCESS MAGAZINE** for January, 1907.]

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softly, "with Molly and with Steve." Molly—his face quivered. For the first time he began to realize that she was dead. But there was Steve. And he felt the same longing for Steve and home that he had felt for liberty. He would go to Steve.

On his way to Steve, he began to patch together the fragments that had to do with Steve. Steve—had married, had n't he? Yes, Steve had married. He remembered that. McClenahan shivered. And Steve's wife—What would she think of him? What would she do? What would she say? And had she changed Steve? Perhaps.

For two days, with the money that he had, he kept away from Steve. He walked about New York. One of the two nights he went to a roof garden—it was good, to get back again. Now and then, he would hurriedly slink about a corner or dart into a doorway—he had seen one whom he knew.

On the third day, he went to Steve's flat, boldly. Steve would be expecting him. He went in the daytime, while Steve was away. It was hard to do that, but not so hard as to have Steve bring him in.

She knew him, at once, Steve's wife. "Grandpa," she cried, with joy—joy apparent, possibly real. It broke the ice.

"Grandpa," he laughed back, "why—" Then he remembered. Steve had a baby, a girl baby. Such a baby!

McClenahan looked squarely in the eyes of his son's wife. "You know all about me, I suppose," he said, curtly. "Stephen has told."

She nodded. Then she came over and kissed him. She placed his granddaughter in his lap. McClenahan tried to struggle to his feet, tried to ward off this thing that gripped him. Then, suddenly, it caught him, and he dropped his head upon his breast and cried like men cry in the throes of unutterable remorse.

"Molly, Molly, Molly, girl," he wailed aloud. Stephen's young wife shivered, as with cold.

Stephen McClenahan, his son, was doing well. There was evidence of moderate prosperity in the apartment in which he lived. His wife was well dressed; they had good friends, and Stephen himself had a solid job with Quackenboss & Co., wholesale grocers down on Franklin Street, Manhattan.

"He'll redeem the name of McClenahan," thought his tainted father.

"Steve," McClenahan told him, "I'm going to get a hall room, somewhere. I won't live with you. No, not on your account. It's on my own; I don't want to see people. I'll drop in on you, different times after nine o'clock at night. And, leave me alone. I'll get something to do."

Stephen nodded. "I know you'll get something to do," he said, "for I'm going to take you down and introduce you to Quackenboss & Co. to-morrow morning."

His father's eyes narrowed. "Do they know?" he queried.

His son nodded. He dragged his reluctant father, next day, into the presence of Quackenboss himself. Old Quackenboss was a kindly man, and took the elder McClenahan by the hand.

"We're going to make a place for you," he said, "a place for Stephen McClenahan's father."

"I'd better tell you—everything," stammered McClenahan, the elder. He told them. "Of course," he concluded, forlornly, "it is n't as though I could ever get into such a hole again."

Old Quackenboss understood. In his own time he had been perilously near to—but that's another story. He gave the elder McClenahan a job, one in his son's department, under his son.

McClenahan worked steadily; he worked early and late; he was worth two ordinary men. His long financial training helped him, and his gratitude helped him even more. Little by little they came to rely on him; little by little



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they piled heavy jobs upon his willing back. He was glad of it; he liked work. It made him forget.

One night, in the winter season, he was kept unusually late. The next day would be a very busy day, and he told himself that he must finish up that back work that night. He worked, worked, worked.

Suddenly he stopped working. He climbed down from his high stool, and walked the floor. Then he went back again. Within the circle of light upon his desk were two sheets of heavy paper, covered with figures, ruled with red lines.

"Funny," he said, slowly, to himself.

Then he stopped, and rose from the desk and started back.

"Stephen!" he screamed, "Stephen!—It—it—can't be so!"

Hastily he pulled out of the big safe the big books that he had placed there. Hastily, item by item, he went over the work. Then he folded his hands together and dropped his head upon them.

"Steve," he wailed once more.

What was the trouble? Nothing much. Only this: his son, Stephen McClenahan, had followed in his father's footsteps. He was a forger and thief.

McClenahan finished up his work, slowly, methodically, as was his wont. Then he left, not for home, but for his son's home. He pulled out his dollar watch as he went along.

"It's after midnight," he said to himself, "everybody'll be in bed. I'll put it off."

But he found himself plodding on steadily toward Stephen's apartment over on the avenue. It took ten minutes to rouse the inmates, but—

Steve let him in. Behind Steve, wondering, half scared, in a dressing gown, was Steve's young wife.

"What's the matter?"

The elder McClenahan smiled easily. He apologized profusely. "It's only a matter of business for to-morrow morning early," he said to both of them; "I've got to see Stephen to-night—alone."

Stephen, wondering, followed him into the little drawing-room and shut the door. His father locked it. Then he turned upon his son.

"Steve," he cried, and in his voice there was the wail of a mother who has lost her child, nay, who has killed her child. "Steve, boy, why, in God's name did you do it?"

The rest was agony. Steve flung himself upon the corner divan and burst into a storm of fury, of imprecation, of—lies—of suicidal despair.

"Steve!" The voice was as the voice of thunder. "Sit up."

Stephen McClenahan sat up, for there was something in that tone that would not be disobeyed. It was the voice of a father's authority.

"I'm going to tell you something, Steve," the old man went on—and he was not so old, at that—"I'm going to tell you things that I've seen; things I've heard; things I've felt. Steve, did you ever see the soul of a man? You're going to see it to-night. Listen. Do you know that there'll come a time when you won't care anything about anybody, when you'll care for nothing except to beat your head against a stone wall, against iron bars, night after night; when the only thing you want is to get out? You won't care for food or drink, or life; you won't care for your soul; all that you'll care for is freedom. There are things that men go through, that you don't know about. You've heard of starving men. You don't know what it is to starve. I don't, either. You've heard of men being tortured—in mortal agony for an hour. An hour—it's soon over, when you read about it, but for him, it's an eternity. You've seen men go to prison; you've seen me—Steve, I'm going to tell you what it means."

Upon the lips of the ex-convict that night the gods placed the honey of Hymettus; into the soul



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of McClenahan that night there entered some new, strange, powerful influence; and, that night, it was given unto the father of his son, to wipe leprosy from the soul of Steve McClenahan.

"I had it out with him," the father told himself, "and if there's anything that's true on earth, this is—that he'll never do again the thing he's done."

Weak, pale, hysterical, with ten years added to his face, but with a new light shining from his eyes, the boy tottered across the room and grasped his father's hand.

"I'm not through, Steve," his father went on, this time with another tone, with another light in his eyes; "I've only just begun; there's more that I've got to do—for the sake of the name of McClenahan—to purge myself—for the sake of Molly. Hear me out."

For fifteen minutes he talked rapidly, steadily, earnestly, all the while holding his grip upon his son. But suddenly Steve broke forth into violent protest.

"No, no, no!" cried Steve, as though his soul were being torn asunder. "I won't stand for it! I won't!"

But his father was there to be obeyed—he was there for a purpose from which he would not turn aside.

"Steve," he cried, "think of your wife, think of little Molly—think of her! What's going to become of her when she grows up, sixteen, seventeen—where will she be, then? Think!"

Stephen groaned aloud. "It isn't that," went on the elder man, "it is n't you I'm considering. It's myself. There's a name that I want cleared and built up; there's a family I want perpetuated. It's my name and my family. There's duty I've got to see performed for Molly's sake. There's—"

He held his son off at arm's length. He summoned to his aid all the terrific force that he felt surging within him. He shook his son as a huge bulldog might shake a rat.

"You do as I say," he cried, threateningly, "Or I'll—"

It did n't make any difference what his threat might have been. His terrific onslaught was successful. His son yielded—never to rebel.

As McClenahan slunk out of the apartment, the dawn was breaking. He jerked a thumb toward the bedrooms in the flat.

"Not one word of this to your young wife, Steve. Now, mind; not a word to anybody, boy."

For several hours, McClenahan walked the streets of Manhattan. He entered an all-night drug store, and looked up a residence address in the telephone directory. He did not want to telephone. He merely wanted to get the right address. He was not hungry and he ate no breakfast.

At half-past seven he jumped on a surface car, rode to the fifties, and leaped off again. At five minutes of eight, he ascended the steps of a brown-stone house, and rang the bell.

"Mr. Quackenboss?" he inquired.

"At breakfast," he was told.

"I'll wait here in the hall," he said.

Shortly afterwards, Quackenboss came ponderously out and ushered him into the old-fashioned parlor.

"Take a seat, McClenahan," he said, good-naturedly.

McClenahan shook his head. "Mr. Quackenboss," he said, as coolly and deliberately as though he had passed the time of day, "I've been at work again. I've stolen fifteen thousand dollars from the company. That's all. I've—forged."

"Forged," echoed Quackenboss, weakly; "how did you forge?"

"I forged my own son's handwriting," returned McClenahan. He tugged at the incriminating sheets which he held within his pocket, "There they are."

Five minutes later he was facing a man who was anger personified.

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The Second Generation

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

[Concluded from page 847]

father. He's becoming famous—the papers are full of what he's accomplishing. And he's respected, honest, able, with a wife that loves him. Would he have been anybody if his father had left him the money that would have compelled him to be a fool? As for the girl, she's got a showy streak in her—she's your regular American woman of nowadays—the kind of daughter your sort of mother and my sort of foolish father bring up. But Del's mother was n't like you, Mattie, and she had n't a father like mine, so she's married to a young fellow that's already doing big things, in his line—and a good line his is, a better line than trimming dollars and donkeys. Our Jenny, Jane that used to be—we've sold her to a Frenchman, and she's sold herself to the devil. Hiram's daughter—God forgive us, Matilda, for what we've done to Janet." All this, including that last devout appeal, in the manner of a spectator of a scene at which he is taking a last, indifferent, backward glance as he is leaving.

His wife's brain was too busy making plans and tearing them up to follow his monotonous garrulity except in a general way. He waited in vain for her to defend her daughter and herself.

"As for Ross," he went on, "he's keen and quick enough. He's got together quite a fortune of his own and he'll hold on to it and get more. It's easy enough to make money if you've got money—and ain't too finicky about the look and the smell of the dollars before you gulp 'em down. Your Ross has a good strong stomach that way—as good as his father's—and mother's. But—he ain't exactly the man I used to picture as I was wheeling him up and down the street in his baby carriage in Saint X."

That vulgar reminiscence seemed to be the signal for which Matilda was waiting. "Charles Whitney," she said, "you and I have brought up our children to take their proper place in our aristocracy of wealth and birth and breeding. And I know you're not going to undo what we've done, and done well."

"That's your 'bossy' tone, Mattie," he drawled, his desire to talk getting a fresh excuse for indulging itself. "I guess this is a good time to let you into a secret. You've thought you ran me ever since we were engaged. That delusion of yours nearly lost you the chance to lead these thirty years of wedded bliss with me. If you had n't happened to make me jealous and afraid the one man I used to envy in those days would get you—I laughed the other day when he was appointed postmaster at Indianapolis—However, I did marry you, and did let you imagine you 'wore the pants.' It seemed to amuse you, and it certainly amused me—though not in the same way. Now I want you to look back and think hard. You can't remember a single time that what you bossed me to do was ever done. I was always fond of playing tricks and pulling secret wires, and I did a lot of it in making you think you were bossing me when you were really being bossed."

It was all Mrs. Whitney could do to keep her mind on how sick he was, and how imperative it was not to get him out of humor. "I never meant to try to influence you, Charles," she said, "except as anyone tries to help those about one. And certainly you've been the one that has put us all in our present position. That's why it distressed me for you even to talk of undoing your work."

Whitney smiled satirically, mysteriously. "I'll do what I think best," was all he replied. And presently he added, "though I don't feel like doing anything. It seems to me I don't care what happens, or whether I live—or—don't. I'll go to Saint X. I'm just about strong enough to stand the trip—and have Schulze come out to Point Helen this evening."

"Why not save your strength and have him come here?" urged Matilda.

"He would n't," replied her husband. "Last time I saw him he looked me over and said: 'Champagne. If you don't stop it you won't live. Don't come here again unless you cut out that poison.' But I never could resist champagne. So I told myself he was an old crank, and found a great doctor I could hire to agree with me. No use to send for Schulze to come all this distance. I might even have to go to his office if I was at Saint X. He won't go to see anybody who's able to move about. 'As they want me, let 'em come to me, just as I'd go to them, if I wanted them,' he says. 'The air they get on the way is part of the cure.' Besides, he and I had a quarrel. He was talking his nonsense against religion, and I said something, and he implied I was n't as straight in business as I should be—quoted something about 'He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent,' and one thing led to another, and finally he said, with that ugly jeer of his: 'You pious bandits are lucky to have a forgiving God to go to. Now we poor fellows have only our self-respect, and it never forgives anything.' Whitney laughed, reflected, laughed again. "Yes, I must see Schulze. Maybe—Anyhow, I'm going to Saint X—going home, or as near home as anything my money has left me."

He drowsed off. She sat watching him—the great back, the bulging forehead, the thin, cruel lips; and everywhere in the garden of artificial flowers which

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STAMMER

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BENJ. N. BOGUE, 302 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana

she. "And you can't use too much common sense in marriage. The woman's got to have it, for the men never do where the women are concerned." She reflected a few minutes, then, after a keen glance at her daughter and away, she said, with an appearance of impersonality that evidenced diplomatic skill of no mean order: "And there's this habit, the women are getting nowadays, of always peeping into their heads and hearts to see what's going on. How can they expect the cake to bake right if they're first at the fire door, then at the oven door, opening and shutting 'em, peepin' and pokin' and 'tastin'—that's what I'd like to know."

Adelaide looked at her mother's apparently unconscious face in surprise and admiration. "What a sensible, wonderful woman you are, Ellen Ranger!" she exclaimed, giving her mother the sisterly name she always gave her when she felt a particular delight in the bond between them. And, half to herself, yet so that her mother heard, she added: "And what a fool your daughter has been!"

"Nobody's born wise," said Ellen, "and mighty few takes the trouble to learn."

At Point Helen the mourning livery of the lodge keeper and of the hall servants prepared Ellen and her daughter for the correct and elegant habiliments of woe in which Matilda and her son and daughter were garbed. If Whitney had died before he began to lose his fortune and while his family were in a good humor with him because of his careless generosity, or, rather, indifference to extravagance, he would have been mourned as sincerely as it is possible for human beings to mourn one by whose death they are to profit enormously in title to the material possessions they have been trained to esteem above all else in the world. As it was, those last few months of anxiety—Mrs. Whitney worrying lest her luxury and social leadership should be passing, Ross exasperated by the daily struggle to dissuade his father from fatuous enterprises—had changed Whitney's death from a grief to a relief. However, "appearances" constrained Ross to a decent show of sorrow, compelled Mrs. Whitney to a still stronger exhibit. Janet, who in far-away France had not been touched by the financial anxieties, felt a genuine grief that gave her an admirable stimulus to her efflorescent oversoul. She had "prepared for the worst," had brought from Paris a marvelous mourning wardrobe—dresses and hats and jewelry that set off her delicate loveliness as it had never been set off before. She made of herself an embodiment, an apotheosis, rather, of poetic woe—and so, roused to emulation her mother's passion for pose. Ross had refused to gratify them even to the extent of taking a spectator's part in their refined theatricals. The coming of Mrs. Ranger and Adelaide gave them an audience other than servile; they proceeded to strive to rise to the opportunity. The result of this struggle between mother and daughter was a spectacle so painful that even Ellen, determined to see only sincerity, found it impossible not to suspect a grief that could find so much and such language in which to vent itself. She fancied she appreciated why Ross eyed his mother and sister with unconcealed hostility and spoke almost harshly when they compelled him to break his silence.

Adelaide hardly gave the two women a thought. She was surprised to find that she was looking at Ross and thinking of him quite calmly and most critically. His face seemed to her trivial, with a selfishness that more than suggested meanness, the eyes looking out from a mind which habitually entertained ideas not worth a real man's while. What was the matter with him—"or with me?" What is he thinking about? Why is he looking so mean and petty? Why had he no longer the least physical attraction for her? Why did her intense emotions of a few brief weeks ago seem as vague as an unimportant occurrence of many years ago? What had broken the spell? She could not answer her own puzzled questions; she simply knew that it was so, that any idea that she did, or ever could, love Ross Whitney was gone, and gone forever. "It's so," she thought. "What's the difference why? Will I never learn to let the stove doors alone?"

As soon as lunch was over Matilda took Ellen to her boudoir and Ross went away, leaving Janet and Adelaide to walk up and down the shaded west terrace with its vast outlook upon the sinuous river and the hills. To draw Janet from the painful theatricals, she took advantage of a casual question about the lynching, and went into some of the details of that red evening when Arden Wilnot went home crazy drunk and found Lorry Tague seated on the porch with Estelle—his first realization that there was anything between the two. In his drunken rage he had cursed Lorry in the vilest terms and before any one could act had drawn a pistol and shot him down in cold blood. Lorry's death as she told it was dramatic in the extreme: he had stood straight for an instant turned toward Estelle. "Good-by, my love!" he said softly, and fell, face downward, with his hands clasping the edge of her dress.

[To be concluded in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for January, 1907.]

If you will be nothing, just wait to be somebody.

Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes her.

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"That's the second pair of socks I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings."

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Guaranteed to Wear for Six
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Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery. If your's doesn't, we'll supply you direct, shipping charges prepaid upon receipt of price. Look for our trade mark—don't let any dealer deceive you with inferior goods.

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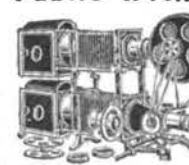
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Also Business, Mourning, Birth, Fraternal, Professional and Emblematic. We have cuts of trade-marks and emblems for all railroads, lodges and fraternal societies. Monogram Stationery. Wedding Invitations and Announcements. Samples free.
E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., Dept. AL., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Education by Absorption [Concluded from page 850]

The daily storing up of valuable information for use later in life, the reading of books that will inspire and stimulate to greater endeavor, the constant effort to try to improve oneself and one's condition in the world, is worth far more than a bank account to a youth.

How many girls there are in this country who feel crippled by the fact that they have not been able to go to college. And yet they have the time and the material close at hand for obtaining a splendid education, but they waste their talents and opportunities in frivolous amusements and things which do not count in forceful character-building.

It is not such a very great undertaking to get all the essentials of a college course at home, or at least a fair substitute for it. Every hour in which one focuses his mind vigorously upon his studies at home may be almost as beneficial as the same time spent in college.

Every well-ordered household ought to protect the time of those who desire to study at home. At a fixed time in the long winter evenings there should be by common consent a quiet hour for mental concentration, for what is worth while in mental discipline, a quiet hour uninterrupted by time-thief callers.

In thousands of homes, where the members are devoted to one another, and should encourage and help each other along, it is made almost impossible for any one to take up reading, studying, or any exercise for self-improvement.

Perhaps, those who have nothing in common with your aims or your earnest life, drop in to spend an evening in idle chatter. They have no ideals outside of the bread-and-butter and amusement questions.

There is constant temptation to waste one's evenings, and it takes a stout ambition and a firm resolution to separate oneself from a jolly, fun-loving, and congenial family circle or happy-hearted youthful callers, in order to try to rise above the common herd of unambitious persons who are content to slide along, totally ignorant of everything but their particular vocations.

A habit of forcing yourself to fix your mind steadfastly and systematically upon certain studies, even if only for periods of a few minutes at a time, is, of itself, of the greatest value. This habit helps one to utilize the odds and ends of time which are unavailable to most people because they have never been trained to concentrate the mind at regular intervals.

A good understanding of the possibilities that live in spare moments is a great success asset.

The very reputation of always trying to improve yourself, of seizing every opportunity to fit yourself for something better, the reputation of being dead-in-earnest, determined to be somebody and to do something in the world a little better than those about you, would be of untold assistance to you. People like to help those who are trying to help themselves. They will throw opportunities in their way. Such a reputation is the best kind of capital to start with.

One trouble with people who are smarting under the consciousness of deficient education is that they do not realize the immense value of utilizing spare minutes. Like many boys who will not save their pennies and small change because they can not see how a fortune could ever grow by the saving, they can not see how studying a little here and a little there each day will ever amount to a good substitute for a college education.

I know a young man who never even went to a high school, and yet he educated himself so superbly that he has been offered a professorship in a college; and most of his knowledge was gained during his odds and ends of time, while working hard in his vocation. Spare time meant something to him.

The correspondence schools deserve very great credit for tempting hundreds of thousands of people to save the odds and ends of time which otherwise would probably be thrown away. We have heard of some most remarkable instances of rapid advancement which these correspondence school students have made by reason of the improvement in their education. There are tens of thousands of clerks and employees of all kinds—even mill operatives—who are taking courses in these schools, many of them with almost incredible results. Students have found that their education paid them a thousand per cent. on their investment. It has saved them years of drudgery and has shortened the road to their goal wonderfully.

Wisdom will not open her doors to those who are not willing to pay the price in self-sacrifice, in hard work. Her jewels are too precious to scatter before the idle, the ambitionless.

Charles Wagner once wrote to an American regarding his little boy, "May he know the price of the hours. God bless the rising boy who will do his best, for never losing a bit of the precious and God-given time."

The very resolution to redeem yourself from ignorance at any cost is the first great step toward gaining an education.

There is untold wealth locked up in the long winter evenings and odd moments ahead of you. A great opportunity confronts you, what will you do with it?

The Editor's Cabinet [Concluded from page 855]

Secure the appointment of an active committee. Have an adequate law drafted by an expert attorney. Such a law must provide for the separation of delinquent children from adult criminals; the appointment of probation officers; the punishment of any adult causing delinquency of a child. Use the press to awaken public interest and follow your bill from its first draft until the signature of your governor is received. Do not be discouraged if this takes time.

MISS MARY C., ST. PAUL, MINN.—In order to organize a women's club, talk this matter over with a few friends and request each one to invite others to meet and discuss the matter. When these women have assembled, call the meeting to order and appoint a temporary secretary. Then state the object of the meeting and invite a free expression from all.

It will be better to have matters regularly brought before the meeting, and for that reason motions should be made, seconded, and voted upon. The business is:

- 1.—To organize a women's club.
- 2.—To adopt a constitution and by-laws.
- 3.—To elect officers.

It is sometimes better at such a meeting to simply appoint a committee to draw up the constitution and by-laws to be adopted at a subsequent meeting. The meeting can then be handed over to the newly elected president, who will briefly outline her plans.

If the constitution and by-laws are presented at this meeting, they may be signed by officers and members, and dues may be paid. The president will then appoint her committees and the meeting may adjourn.

Do not attempt elaborate organization; the simpler, the better!

A MOTHER, NEW YORK CITY.—You may secure printed matter dealing with the care of children by sending to the American School of Home Economics, 3325 Armour Avenue, Chicago, for the lessons of the Motherhood Course; at least procure the pamphlets on Child Life and the Care of Children. The National Congress of Mothers, 3308 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has a long list of papers which may be borrowed for three weeks at ten cents each. Other books are: "Care of the Baby," J. P. Crozer Griffith, M. D.; "Care of a Child in Health," N. Oppenheim,

M. D.; "Care and Feeding of Children," L. E. Holt, M. D.; "Century Book for Mothers," Yale and Pollock; "Development of the Child," N. Oppenheim, M. D.; and "Adolescence," G. Stanley Hall, M. D.

For punishment of children read Dr. Felix Adler's lectures in Ethical Addresses. As collateral reading, use "Children's Rights," Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith Sully's "Studies of Child Life," Professor James's, "Psychology," "The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Child," G. Compayre; and the current educational magazines.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. U. R., CAREY, O.—A small alphabetical card index of subjects is the best practical working plan for making an abstract or analysis of a book. The index of contents or chapter headings furnishes a convenient background, but, for more minute analysis, mark the most striking passages in the text and in your card index, and insert, under a suitable heading, a note of the work and page. To retain, recall, and increase these same ideas, add to the cards analogous references from other works.

The introduction of the compound word "Filioque"—meaning "and from the son"—in the Nicene Creed was the chief doctrinal cause of division between the Greek and Roman churches, denied by the former and admitted by the latter. See "Filioque Controversy," in McClintock & Strong's "Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1873, vol. 3, p. 558.

N. O. B., LAS VEGAS, N. M.—"The Man with the Muck-rake" is described in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" as the man with the muck-rake in his hand, who could look no way but downward. The expression came into modern prominence through the address known as "The Man with the Muck-rake," delivered by President Roosevelt when laying the cornerstone of the office building of the House of Representatives, at Washington, April 14, 1906.

One Dollar

is well invested if it
buys the best

And it does. That is why the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION has the largest subscription list of any ten cent magazine. That is why there is no better Christmas gift for a woman than a year's subscription to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. The dollar you spend for such a gift is the biggest Christmas dollar you will spend.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

itself is a splendid example of the great magazine the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION now is. Every copy of the six-hundred thousand will bulge with Christmas pleasures and surprises; and every copy will give a full measure of the helpful intimate things that women want to know.

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

who is now one of the editors of the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, strikes the Christmas keynote in a sympathetic, inspiring talk, which will help and cheer everyone who reads it.

Just at the last moment we discovered an unpublished poem by

EUGENE FIELD

This poem will come as a pleasant surprise to the many admirers of the dead poet. Beautiful designs by Frank Verbeck form a setting for this poem, which you will want to keep for your children and grandchildren to read.

THE GIFT OF LOVE

by Mary E. Wilkins, the famous New England author, is a Christmas story which takes you back to the old home and the old home folk.

ALICE BROWN

has written a charming story called "Fresh Air." This tale of the little girl who wouldn't play is filled with humor and pathos. We know you will read it over and over.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "JULIET" STORIES

Grace S. Richmond, has combined in one absorbing story, called "A Daniel Come To Judgment," a great Christmas spirit and a thorough working out of the intricate problem of co-operation between man and wife. Just how far should a wife share the financial worries of her husband? Read "Daniel" and find out.

"MRS. CASEY, MIDDLEMAN"

by Julia Truitt Bishop, is—well, there is no other name for it—a funny story. And there is a good plot to the story, too, because you do not find out until the end how in the world Mrs. Casey is going to eat so many hundred Christmas dinners. And there are stories—and still more stories in this big Christmas number.

W. BALFOUR KER

has made an impressive double page drawing which he calls "The Widow's Mite,"—a picture you will want to frame. Among the other artists represented in this Christmas number are Alice Barber Stephens, Thomas Fogarty, C. M. Relyea, Fred Richardson, Frank Verbeck, and Orson Lowell.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

is not confined to the stories and pictures, nor even to the illustrated poems by Eugene Field, Samuel Minturn Peck, and Wallace Irwin. Christmas pervades the whole magazine and crops out throughout the twelve useful departments in a variety of

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Christmas embroidery designs, Christmas suggestions for the woman who knits or crochets, Christmas dolls to be made at home, stuffed rabbits and Roosevelt bears for the children, Christmas desserts, useful and ornamental gifts for all, and a variety of Christmas entertainments—all these make a real Christmas magazine.

1907

Associated with Dr. Hale, as editors or contributors are the writers you all know and like: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Jack London, Margaret E. Sangster, Myra Kelley, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Homeravenport, Fannie Merritt Farmer, Alice Brown, Ellis Parker Butler, Grace S. Richmond, Jean Webster, Anna Steese Richardson, and Juliet Wilber Tompkins. These are the people who will make the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for 1907.

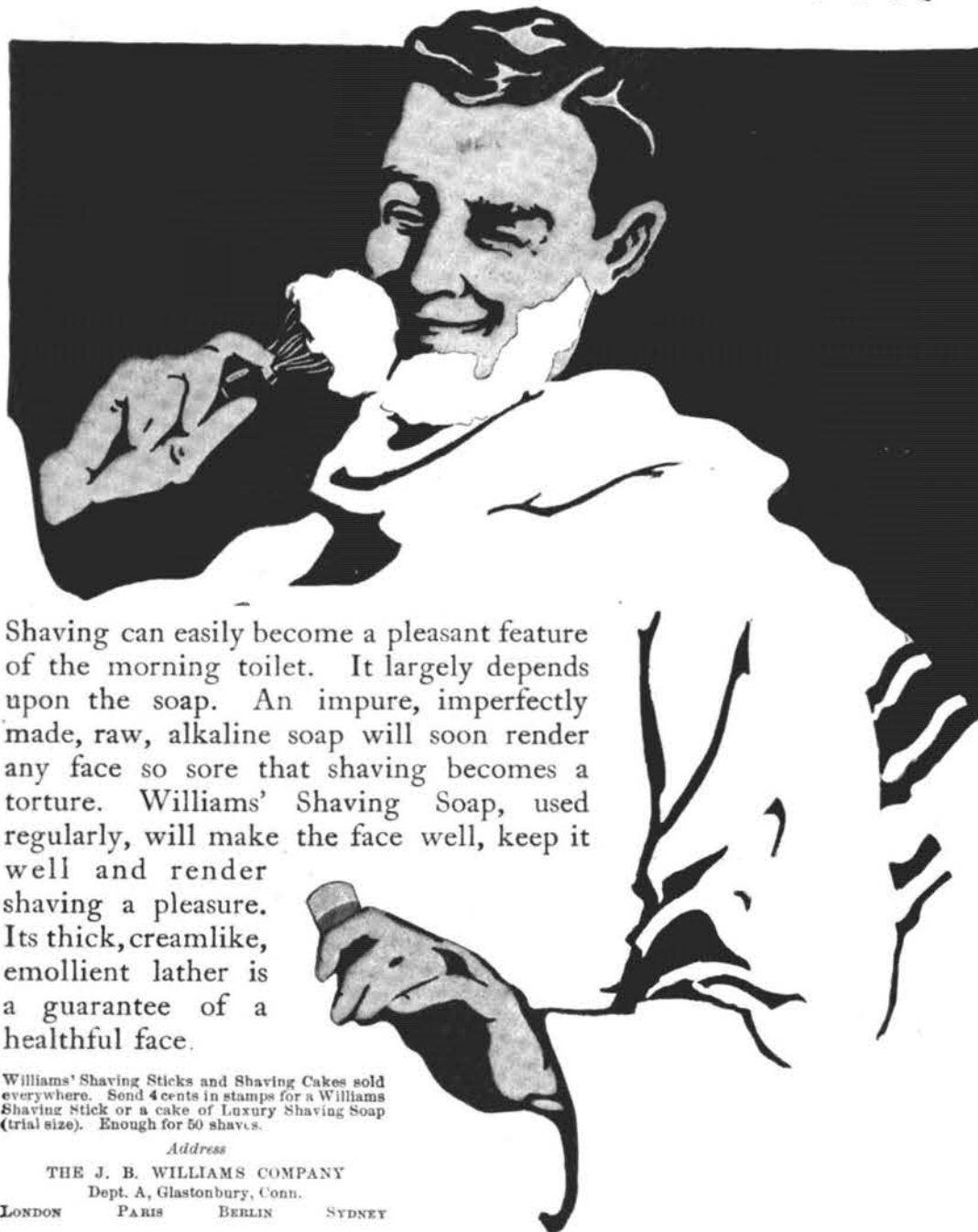
Ten cents to your newsdealer will convince you at once; one dollar to the publishers will buy the best woman's periodical for twelve months to come.

Woman's Home Companion

The Crowell Publishing Co.,

Department A. . . Madison Square, N. Y.

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Shaving can easily become a pleasant feature of the morning toilet. It largely depends upon the soap. An impure, imperfectly made, raw, alkaline soap will soon render any face so sore that shaving becomes a torture. Williams' Shaving Soap, used regularly, will make the face well, keep it well and render shaving a pleasure. Its thick, creamlike, emollient lather is a guarantee of a healthful face.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap (trial size). Enough for 50 shaves.

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

Be Strong—Well—Handsome I Show the Way

No drugs—no tiresome gymnastics—no restricted diet—no complicated apparatus. Just plain, common-sense ideas about fresh air, pure water, good food and exercise. Nature is not "a hard mistress." She intends you to be well, strong and attractive. To follow her simple laws every day is easy and pleasant.

No Man can do his best—reach the goal of his ambitions and influence the respect, loyalty and affections of other people—unless he has the carriage and repose that come from strength and vigor.

No Woman can realize all the opportunities of her sex and be admired and sought after, if she lacks the symmetry, grace, fine carriage and clear complexion Nature intends her to have.

Any Man in possession of the clear eye, the ruddy cheek, the springy step and firm tread of abounding health and full understanding of life has multiplied chances for success and achievement.

Good health is the foundation upon which mental capacity, physical perfection, ease of manner, self-possession, personal magnetism and the ability to control men—all are builded.



Any Woman with the fair skin, sparkling eye, which mark one whose nerves and body are in harmony, delights all and is the object of every friend's affection. I can show you how to gain abiding health and the realization of existence which Nature intends you to enjoy. I can tell you how to do the very things you now do—eat what you like—go about your daily life as usual—only doing these things so they will always benefit you.

If you are too thin, I show you how to put on good firm flesh. If you are too stout, I show you how to reduce your weight. If you are not fully developed, I show you how to build any part to normal condition. If you are weak or nervous, I show you how to gain strength which will give you poise and self-control. If you are ill, I show you how to help Nature reassert herself and throw off disease. If you are well, I show you how to safeguard yourself against all sickness.

My Book, "The Natural Way"

tells how I help you. I will send you a copy FREE and postpaid for the asking. Your request—letter or post card—gets you the book by return mail. It is for the well—to help them keep well—and for the sick—to help them become well. Write for it today. You will find it helpful, and it is free.

Stewart Roberts, Health Culture Specialist, 512 Roberts Hall, Goshen, Ind.
References—Dun, Bradstreet or any Goshen Bank.

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If your answer to this question is "yes," we can help you. Our plan has already enabled hundreds who are willing to do a little work for us to realize their ambition for an education. Your failure to secure a college training will compel you to go through life burdened with a powerful handicap, so do not let this opportunity pass by. Write us to-day for full information of a free scholarship in any school or college.

SUCCESS BUREAU OF EDUCATION, University Building, Washington Square, New York City

The People's Lobby

By SAMUEL MERWIN

[Concluded from page 837]

a single purpose to serve country and constituents with fidelity. It may well be questioned whether any set of men will work so well under constant surveillance as when free from fear of possibly bitter writers. But the exposures of recent months have made the people suspicious. The better men have to suffer with the known evil, and, if corrupting tendencies have been manifest in the lobby on the behalf of "special interests," a strict supervision of lawmakers and legislation alike in the cause of the people may have a good effect.

No, it is not an attractive thought that our lawmakers must be watched. Neither is it an attractive thought that bank examiners are necessary, or that every well-managed business needs an auditor.

This is what a Texas lawyer has to say

HOUSTON, TEXAS.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I have just finished reading with much interest, your article descriptive of the intents and purposes of the People's Lobby. *There is nothing in our system of government which should lend itself to secrecy of any kind*, and acts of legislation supposedly intended for the people's good, should most certainly be subjected to the strongest possible scrutiny of the people themselves. "The man who wears the shoe knows best where it pinches," and with an organization such as is outlined by you, it will unquestionably enable the people to obtain a clearer insight into the objects and character of proposed legislation, and by so doing enable the people to be affected by the legislation to advise their representatives with regard to its probable effect upon their interest.

S. TALIAFERRO.

And now one or two letters chosen almost at random from the many sent by business men and business houses. One from Michigan:

HOLLY, MICH.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Find inclosed \$1.00 for what we think is a good cause.

F. J. BARRETT, General Manager,
The Michigan Manufacturing and Lumber Co.

Here is another from Illinois:

QUINCY, ILL.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

I inclose herewith one dollar to help support the People's Lobby, and you will hear from me again and again if you do anything worth while.

Your plan worked out to fruition is one of the best things that could possibly happen.

LEATON IRWIN, President,
Irwin Paper Company.

The following needs no comment. It is the most striking of many like it:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Inclosed please find a dollar bill as my contribution to the maintenance fund. I am a student here at the Minnesota University and making a large part of my way through my course. I have about "fifty-seven varieties" of funds into which I might put the dollar to profit. But I am one who thinks it is as much a man's business to help keep politics clean as it is to keep his own person free from filth.

Yours very truly,
ALGERNON COLBURN.

Right, Mr. Colburn! It is your business—and our business—"to help keep politics clean." There is no better work for a man to-day. The People's Lobby should be one of the "fifty-seven" items on every man's expense account.

Here is a crisp one. Like the above it speaks for itself:

WICHITA, KAN.

Editor, SUCCESS MAGAZINE:

Inclosed find \$2.00 as my contribution to the People's Lobby. I like your plan.

D. S. COLEMAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE

We had intended to publish many more important letters and editorials on the People's Lobby in this issue, but our holiday space forbids. In our January number there will appear another important article showing the work of the Lobby up to the time of going to press, with sketches of new members of the Governing Committee and other matters of vital importance to those who are interested in this movement.

Copyright,
Purdy, Boston

SOME OF OUR WRITERS

F. Hopkinson
SmithGeorge
AdeSamuel
MerwinWallace
IrwinSuccess
Magazine

SOME OF OUR ARTISTS

Charles
SarkaJ. J.
GouldJ. C.
LeyendeckerSydney
Adamson

Editorial Announcements for 1907

David G.
PhillipsCleveland
MoffettEllis P.
ButlerJosiah
FlyntVance
ThompsonFrank
FayantS. W.
GillilanAlfred H.
LewisPorter E.
Browne

Our Editorial Policy. Briefly it is this: To stand for the progress of the nation and for the betterment of the American home. To be broad and liberal without being bold or reckless. To discuss intelligently the momentous questions that continually confront the people. To stand for every good American cause. To be a source of practical helpfulness in the home. To publish the best fiction and humor that can be secured. To epitomize the best tendencies in American life.

The People's Lobby, founded by SUCCESS MAGAZINE last October, is an established fact. It is a practical and thoroughly effective means for grappling with the greater lobby of "The Interests." The Washington "Times," in discussing this movement, says: "The idea is admirable. The maintenance of a bureau watchful for the public welfare, allied to no party, subject to no interests, active in obtaining accurate information as to the course of bills affecting the people—who espouses them and who obstructs them, is a purpose to serve the whole nation."

We will keep the People's Lobby fresh in your minds by such articles as "Canned Arguments," showing the cut-and-dried method of defeating legislation. "How the Federal Laws Have Been Applied to the Trusts," "Putting Congressmen Through the Machine," etc. These articles will lead you to the inside of Washington affairs.

Alfred Dreyfus suffered the contumely of false accusation by five years' imprisonment on a desert island before his innocence was established. Vance Thompson's story of this remarkable life begins in this Christmas number. It is a history that touches the heart. We consider it a more powerful work than the late Robert G. Ingersoll's "Crimes Against Criminals."

F. Hopkinson Smith writes the sort of story that one likes to read when cuddled before the fire in a big arm chair. "Loretta of the Shipyards," which appears in this issue, is "Hop" Smith at his best,—powerful, graphic, and as romantic as old Venice itself.

W. C. Morrow claimed quick attention through his first story "Breaking Through" published in this magazine. He is not a new writer, but he always has new things to say. His characters are not automatons found in ordinary fiction. They live, breathe, and are really human.

Wallace Irwin is a sure cure for the "blues," so says the editor of that joy-dispensing publication known as "Life." Nearly every issue of SUCCESS MAGAZINE during the past year contained one of Mr. Irwin's poems. Our readers have been so pleased with them that we have asked Mr. Irwin to write a lot more for the new year. If you want to know an interesting fact about Mr. Irwin, here goes. He is, perhaps, the first poet who ever made an absolute living by writing verse. Shakespeare did n't; Byron did n't; Keats nor Shelly did n't. Think it over.

Ellis Parker Butler is to prose what Wallace Irwin is to poetry. One year ago we said that during 1906 the best stories from Mr. Butler's pen would appear in SUCCESS MAGAZINE. We believe we have carried out that promise. One of our readers after perusing "Mrs. Casey's Dollar," in our October number, threatened a suit if we made him laugh so much again. We have some stories of the same brand for 1907.

Fools and Their Money will be continued in our January number. Mr. Fayant had to stop a month to verify some information. He disliked to break the continuity of his series,—but facts are facts, and truth is truth, and we stand for both. "Fools and Their Money" touches your pocketbook, therefore you should not fail to read every word in the series.

Edmund Vance Cooke will be one of our regular contributors during 1907. Mr. Cooke is the author of that famous poem, "The Other One Was Booth." He turns everyday affairs into verses that are a mixture of humor and common sense.

E. V.
CookeMrs. C. B.
WilliamsE. S.
MeadeHomer
Whitfield

The Well-Dressed Man. All up-to-date Americans of progress and position are particular about their clothes. This is not vanity, it is simply good breeding. Good clothes are accessories of good government. Alfred Stephen Bryan, who conducts this department for SUCCESS MAGAZINE, is not a purveyor to dudes. He gives common-sense, up-to-date ideas to common-sense men. "Work well; think well; dress well."

The Editor's Cabinet gives to the readers of SUCCESS MAGAZINE a unique and valuable service in answering their questions and solving their problems. A board of experts is continually at our service for this purpose. "Why don't you ask Success," is already a catchword. No other magazine has performed so worthy a function, and at so great an expense, solely for the benefit of its readers.

Hints to Investors. We feel happy about the manner in which Edward Sherwood Meade has conducted this department. To-day we are sitting in the midst of a flood of letters from investors, which, we are happily assured, will lead on to fortune for the inquirers. Our corps of investigators, headed by Dr. Meade, is finding out for our readers just how some concerns intend to rob them. We have already saved a good many fathers, wives, and widows from losing their hard-earned savings in unscrupulous finance.

Samuel Merwin, Henry Beach Needham, and Frank Fayant are members of our editorial staff. They are three of the greatest reporters in the world. They are vivid writers. They have the knack of popularizing subjects that seem unpopular.

The New York Shopper. The best professional shopping service to be had in New York City is at the command of the readers of this magazine, absolutely without fee or expense. Again we must say that there are no strings attached to this announcement. Many have already written us that the realization of our New York Shopper service has far exceeded our promises or their expectations.

An exceptionally qualified woman was needed to head this enterprise, so we ran over the list of the women now in charge of institutions for shopping. We did n't go to the weak head of a strong organization, or the strong head of a weak organization, but picked out the strongest and most talented head of the largest and most successful shopping organization in the country. We sent for Mrs. Charlotte Birdsall Williams, purchasing manager of the Woman's Domestic Guild of America, told her all about the department, and put it in her hands. The shopping bills of hundreds of women are being cut 25 per cent., energy and time are being saved them, and, at the cost of a postage stamp, they are put in touch with the lowest prices and latest fashions which only the great metropolis can offer.

Our Fiction is broad, clean, and spirited. Every story that appears in our columns can be read aloud to every member of the family. We have some new ones by William Hamilton Osborne, Chauncey Thomas, Porter Emerson Browne, Zona Gale, Martha McCulloch-Williams, Charles F. Martin, Mabel Martin, Harriet Prescott Spofford, T. Jenkins Hains, Montague Glass, and other story-tellers who are endeared to our readers.

The art work in SUCCESS MAGAZINE for 1907 will be, more than ever before, one of its strongest features. Twelve new creations in cover designs are already being planned for. We promise that they will be more handsome than anything we have ever yet produced. The inside pages will be adorned by the clever artists whose portraits appear on this page.

Arthur
DoveMiss Clara
DavidsonWilson
KarcherH. G.
WilliamsonArthur W.
BrownWilliam
OberhardtMiss Maud
ThurstonCharles
GrunwaldR. E.
OwenJ. R.
ShaverLouis
FlemingLeslie
W. LeeClare V.
Diggins

Success Magazine

Description and Best Combination Offers

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE

Regular price, \$1.80 a year—15c. single copy. This is pre-eminently the magazine that entertains—160 pages of best fiction every month. A complete novel (which, if published in cloth book form, would sell for \$1.50) in every issue. Hence, a year's subscription to "Ainslee's Magazine" is equivalent to a purchase of \$18.00 worth of books alone, to say nothing about the scores of short stories, poems and essays. Monthly.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
Ainslee's Magazine with			
Success Magazine		\$2.80	\$2.50
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.80	3.15
Success and Review of Reviews		5.80	3.85
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.80	4.50

AMERICAN BOY

A profusely illustrated monthly for boys, with the largest circulation ever attained by a boys' magazine. The most practical and entertaining magazine in the world for young Americans. Covers in colors. Pages size of "Ladies' Home Journal." Departments relating to all boy hobbies edited by experts, such as stamps, coins, curios, photography, amateur journalism, puzzles, mechanics, electricity, biography, and athletics. It is doing more for the entertainment, uplift, and encouragement of boys than any other agency. \$1.00 a year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
The American Boy with			
Success Magazine		\$2.00	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.00	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews		5.00	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.00	3.65

AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The American Magazine is now owned and edited by Ida M. Tarbell, F. P. Dunne (Mr. Dooley), Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, William Allen White and John S. Phillips—"The most notable and aggressive magazine writers and managers in the world," says a contemporary. The American is crowded with good reading, timely articles, great fiction, beautiful pictures. You cannot afford to be without it. Don't fail to order it with your year's reading. Monthly. \$1.00 per year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
The American Magazine with			
Success Magazine		\$2.00	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.00	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews		5.00	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.00	3.65

APPLETON'S MAGAZINE

Appleton's Magazine is an immediate success wherever it is seen; it has taken its place in the front rank of the greatest monthly publications. The publishers struck the key-note of popularity when they placed the annual subscription price at \$1.50; at the same time they maintained the quality of a \$3.00 periodical, as is evident from their list of contributors, which includes Hall Caine, Edith Wharton, Margaret Deland, Myra Kelly, Robert W. Chambers, Booth Tarkington, etc. Monthly.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
Appleton's Magazine with			
Success Magazine		\$2.50	\$2.00
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.50	2.65
Success and Review of Reviews		5.50	3.35
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.50	4.00

CENTURY MAGAZINE

In the magazine world the one by which the rest are measured has always been, and is to-day, "The Century." The coming year will be one of the most brilliant in its history—three serial novels, including Mrs. Burnett's great international novel, "The Shuttle;" contributions from President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft; articles supplementing the famous Century War Series, "How the War Was Financed," "Lincoln in the Telegraph Office," etc. Superb color work. Monthly. \$4.00 per year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
The Century Magazine with			
Success Magazine		\$5.00	\$4.75
Success and Woman's Home Companion		6.00	5.40
Success and Review of Reviews		8.00	6.10
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		9.00	6.75

COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

The Cosmopolitan Magazine has passed to the front rank among American monthly periodicals, and every issue is of exceeding interest and value. In each and every issue can be found at least one feature of such paramount importance and universal interest as to dominate the magazine world for that month. "The best, no matter what it costs," is a motto which has made the Cosmopolitan resemble no magazine except the Cosmopolitan. Monthly, \$1.00 a year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
Cosmopolitan Magazine with			
Success Magazine		\$2.00	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.00	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews		5.00	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.00	3.65

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Weekly, 24 to 32 pages, is the oldest agricultural paper in the world, and the ONLY agricultural NEWSpaper, giving the agricultural news of the day as no other periodical attempts to do. In practical agriculture and the allied arts it has a staff with which that of no other agricultural weekly can compare. But it is not for farmers only. It is the one periodical that no owner of a country place can afford to be without. Weekly. \$1.50 a year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
Country Gentleman with			
Success Magazine		\$2.50	\$2.00
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.50	2.65
Success and Review of Reviews		5.50	3.35
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.50	4.00

COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

In many ways it is a new "Country Life in America" that the publishers offer for 1907. In addition to its wonderful photographs and articles, which cover the whole field of country and outdoor activities such as gardening, farming, home-building, sports, nature and the rest, the magazine will have a number of new departments. "The Homebuilder's Supplement," "The Nature Club of America," "Stable and Kennel," and "Stock and Poultry." Monthly. \$4.00 per year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
Country Life in America with			
Success Magazine		\$5.00	\$4.00
Success and Woman's Home Companion		6.00	4.65
Success and Review of Reviews		8.00	5.35
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		9.00	6.00

Special Offers

Success Magazine, \$1.00	} \$ 1 .65
Woman's Home Companion, 1.00	
<u>\$2.00</u>	
	For both

Woman's Home Companion, \$1.00	Our Price \$4.35
Review of Reviews, 3.00	
St. Nicholas (new sub.) 3.00	
Success Magazine, 1.00	For all
\$8.00	

DELINEATOR

It is the most comprehensive magazine for woman that can be devised, speaking with authority in relation to all clothing and its changes in style, the hundred and one accessories of dress, millinery and how to make it, all branches of fancy as well as plain needlework, guiding her through the intricacies of the kitchen, or social matters, providing special reading for the children, touching every feature of her life within or without the home. Not to be bought for less than its full regular price, except in the following combination:

	Regular Price	Our Price
Success Magazine	\$1.00	\$3.65
McClure's Magazine	1.00	
Delineator	1.00	
World's Work	3.00	

ETUDE

The leading musical monthly for the music lovers in the home and in the studio. Each issue contains inspiring talks on music and music study; about the great composers, classic and modern; the great artists of the day; stories, puzzles, etc. for children; departments for young teachers, singers, organists, violinists; 12 pieces of new and standard music, vocal and instrumental, solos and duets, especially suited to the taste of the general musical public. Monthly. \$1.50 per year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
The Etude with			
Success Magazine		\$2.50	\$2.00
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.50	2.65
Success and Review of Reviews		5.50	3.35
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.50	4.00

FARMING

Doubleday, Page & Company publishes "Farming" It is an illustrated home magazine of the living and growing things on the farm. It is unlike other farm papers inasmuch as it is produced on the same scale of excellence as the general magazine. Printed on the finest paper, illustrated with the finest photographs, and containing no "clippings" nor "mother gossip," it is full of clever articles by authorities, helping to make the farmer more proficient and his farm more productive. Monthly. \$1.00 a year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
Farming with			
Success Magazine		\$2.00	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.00	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews		5.00	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.00	3.65

GARDEN MAGAZINE

is the first real gardening periodical ever published in this country. It is beautifully illustrated and superbly printed. Twenty-five departments cover every branch of flower, vegetable and fruit growing, trees and shrubs, coldframes and hotbeds, lawns, indoor plants, etc., etc. It is filled each month with practical information and suggestion for making the garden and grounds more beautiful and productive. The double Spring Planting and Fall Planting Numbers are indispensable. Monthly. \$1.00 a year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
The Garden Magazine with			
Success Magazine		\$2.00	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.00	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews		5.00	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.00	3.65

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

"Good Housekeeping" is one of the most practical of all the household magazines, and one of the brightest and most refreshing of periodicals for general reading. Its contents are varied, yet inspiring to nobler effort. In a word, "Good Housekeeping" is a cheery, helpful, strong companion for the entire household. It is handsomely illustrated, full of vim, and pleasing alike to old and young. It reaches over a million readers. Monthly. \$1.00 per year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
Good Housekeeping with			
Success Magazine		\$2.00	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.00	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews		5.00	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.00	3.65

HARPER'S BAZAR

With 1907 "Harper's Bazar" will enter upon the fortieth year of its career—an even broader, greater field than the one it has filled so admirably in the past. It will continue to be the magazine of the up-to-date woman who wishes to be abreast or a little ahead of the times. It will still be the court of final appeal in all questions of fashion, entertainment, household decoration, and good form. But it will be more than this. It will be "guide, philosopher, and friend" to countless women of less experience, less opportunity, simpler ideals. Monthly. \$1.00 a year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
Harper's Bazar with			
Success Magazine		\$2.00	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion		3.00	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews		5.00	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		6.00	3.65

HOUSE AND GARDEN

As life centers in the home, it is always the desire of those who really live to surround themselves with the most beautiful things that their means can obtain. Naturally, therefore, "House and Garden" is of special interest to persons having their own homes.

Each number is profusely illustrated. The articles are written by the highest authorities on each subject, and not in a technical way. Easy to understand. Monthly. \$3.00 a year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
House and Garden with			
Success Magazine		\$4.00	\$3.00
Success and Woman's Home Companion		5.00	3.40
Success and Review of Reviews		7.00	4.10
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		8.00	4.75

INDEPENDENT

"The Independent" is not the organ of any party, sect, or publishing house. It is a progressive illustrated weekly magazine of current events, discussion and criticism which for fifty-seven years has maintained a high rank among American periodicals for scholarship and high ideals. It contains sixty pages of reading matter divided into these four important departments: "The Survey of the World," "Editorials," "Signed Articles," "Book Reviews." Monthly. \$2.00 a year.

IN CLUBS		Regular Price	Our Price
The Independent with			
Success Magazine		\$3.00	\$2.35
Success and Woman's Home Companion		4.00	3.00
Success and Review of Reviews		6.00	3.70
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews		7.00	4.35

ing Directory g American Periodicals

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

mes Creelman's character studies of the constructive of the country, and his fascinating presentation of gantic problems of the day, are making "Pearson's" ler in national journalism. Pearson's "old unique distinctiveness as the maga- intense fiction and the creator of *Captain Kettle*, *isur A. V.*, and *Don Q.*, will be strongly supported g 1907 by its old favorite authors with the addition vid Graham Phillips, Alfred Henry Lewis, Marriott on, and Melville D. Post. Monthly. \$1.50 a year.

IN CLUBS

son's Magazine with	Regular Price	Our Price
ccess Magazine	\$2.50	\$2.00
ccess and Woman's Home Companion	3.50	2.65
ccess and Review of Reviews	5.50	3.35
ccess, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews	6.50	4.00

READER MAGAZINE

The Reader" is a magazine for Americans who de-wholesome entertainment, trustworthy information, ntelligent comment on the manifold activities of our nal life. It contains fiction by famous authors, vement stories by expert reporters, leaders by lead-en, and short stories by masters of the art. Among important features for 1907 will be timely articles on h America by Albert Hale, and the eagerly expected y the author of "The House of a Thousand lies. Monthly. \$3.00 a year.

IN CLUBS

Reader Magazine with	Regular Price	Our Price
ccess Magazine	\$4.00	\$2.35
ccess and Woman's Home Companion	5.00	3.00
ccess and Review of Reviews	7.00	3.70
ccess, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews	8.00	4.35

Special Offer

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St. Nicholas^(new sub.)

ccess Magazine

oman's Home Companion,

Our Price

\$3

For all three

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The one magazine I feel I must take." "Indispensa- "The world under a field-glass,"—these are some of omments one hears from noted readers of the "Re- of Reviews."

ublic events and issues are authoritatively and lucidly ained in Dr. Albert Shaw's "Progress of the World;" ent history is depicted in caricature in the unique car- department; and in addition the magazine contains original matter and illustrations than most month- Monthly. \$3.00 a year.

See Special Offers.

ST. NICHOLAS

The best child's periodical in the world," is what the . Whittier, called it. It was so in his time and it is so y. By no other means can so broad an education be erred upon the child as from the pages of "St. Nicho- "where can be found only the best in literature and If there are children in your home, give them this ence and give it to them this year. Monthly. \$3.00 ar.

IN CLUBS

Nicholas (new sub.) with	Regular Price	Our Price
ccess and Woman's Home Companion	\$5.00	\$3.00
ccess and Review of Reviews	7.00	3.70
ccess, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews	8.00	4.35

renewal subscriptions add \$1.00 to above prices.

SUBURBAN LIFE

"Suburban Life" is a large magazine beautifully printed on coated paper and profusely illustrated. It is devoted to country life and suburban living, and deals with the enjoyments and possibilities of this ideal life. It is practical in contents, varied in subject matter and illustrations. The garden, the orchard, house building, home furnishings, poultry and kindred side lines are discussed by writers of experience. Monthly. \$1.50 a year.

IN CLUBS

Suburban Life with	Regular Price	Our Price
Success Magazine	\$2.50	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion	3.50	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews	5.50	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews	6.50	3.65

SUCCESS MAGAZINE

enters upon its tenth year with an editorial plan and policy differing from that of any other existing periodical. It aims to be the one indispensable magazine in the home—"The Great Home Magazine of America"—interest- ing and valuable almost equally to the father, the mother, and the older sons and daughters. It stands for the highest ideals in home life, and for national, civic, and business honesty in public life. While still retaining as a foundation principle the idea of *Inspiration and Uplift*, it has broadened into a far wider field, and deals with all the stirring, vital problems of human interest—the *Work of the World*. In the lighter and more entertaining *Serial and Short Stories* it will present the best work of the most brilliant writers of the day; and, finally, in its Special Departments, covering *The Home Life and the Person*, lie, perhaps, its greatest strength in the family circle—the reason for the million and a half readers which it possesses to-day, after but nine years of life. See Special Offers.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

is the result of thirty years' experience in publishing the helpful, intimate things that women want to know. Twelve helpful departments edited by such specialists as Grace Margaret Gould, in fashions, Fanny Merrick Farmer, in cooking; Mrs. Margaret Sangster and Anna Steese Richardson appear each month. Among other contributors are Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Jack London, and Kate Douglas Wiggin. America's "grand old man,"—Dr. Edward Everett Hale,—is a monthly contributor to the "Woman's Home Companion." Monthly. \$1.00 a year. See Special Offers.

WORLD TO-DAY

"The World To-Day" is a monthly world-review. It is not made up of clippings from other publications, but obtains its articles from original sources. It mirrors the life of the world in all its phases, and by its method of treatment makes fact as entertaining as fiction. *It is bright, cheerful, and inspiring. Illustrations in colors. Only \$1.50 a year.* Its remarkable quality and low price make it an exceptional magazine bargain.

IN CLUBS

The World To-Day with	Regular Price	Our Price
Success Magazine	\$2.50	\$1.65
Success and Woman's Home Companion	3.50	2.30
Success and Review of Reviews	5.50	3.00
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews	6.50	3.65

WORLD'S WORK

edited by Walter H. Page, covers the whole subject of the world's activities with a power of human interest and a directness of method that gives an optimistic view of the people and events of the time. Its articles are backed up by numerous photographic portraits and pictures which are more illustrative and convincing than other pictures could be. The reader gets the facts both in text and illustration. Not to be bought for less than its full regular price except in the following combination:


	Regular Price	Our Price
Success Magazine	\$1.00	\$3.65
McClure's Magazine	1.00	
Delineator	1.00	
World's Work	3.00	

YACHTING

Edited by Lawrence Perry. The new national magazine of sailing, power boating, canoeing, rowing and allied sports. It covers these subjects in broad, interesting, practical articles by men who know their subjects and are authorities on what they write. It is the first magazine of general yachting interest published in this country. "It brings the tang of the salt sea, the feel of the free wind rush, and the exhilaration of the open places." Finely printed; superbly illustrated. Monthly. \$3.00 a year.




IN CLUBS

Yachting with	Regular Price	Our Price
Success Magazine	\$4.00	\$2.35
Success and Woman's Home Companion	5.00	3.00
Success and Review of Reviews	7.00	3.70
Success, Woman's Home Companion and Review of Reviews	8.00	4.35




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All three
\$2.65

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Saturday Evening Post **3.00**

Outing Magazine - - **3.00**

Review of Reviews - **3.00**

Success Magazine **1.00**

or Good Housekeeping, or any Class A

All three
\$3.00

My Price
\$3.70

CLASS A

Success Magazine	Two of these	\$1.65
Woman's Home Companion	For three	\$2.30
American Boy	For four	\$2.95
American Magazine	Any two with one of Class B	\$3.00
Boston Cooking School Magazine	Any three with one of Class B	\$3.65
Children's Magazine		
Cosmopolitan Magazine		
Farming		
Garden Magazine		
Good Housekeeping		
Harper's Bazar		
Home Needlework Magazine		
Little Folks (new sub.)		
Metropolitan Magazine		
National Magazine		
Pictorial Review		
Style and American Dressmaker		
Suburban Life		
Sunset Magazine (received before January 1, 1907)		
Table Talk		
Technical World		
Times Magazine		
Travel Magazine (formerly Four Track News)		
What to Eat		
World To-Day		

A Success Magazine, \$1.00	My Prices	
Home Magazine, 1.00		\$1.50
		\$2.00
A Success Magazine, \$1.00		\$1.65
A Woman's Home Comp., 1.00		
Or any magazine of Class A		\$2.00
A Success Magazine, \$1.00		\$2.00
Appleton's Mag., 1.50		
Or Pearson's Magazine		\$2.50
Or The Etude		
Or Country Gentleman		\$2.50
A Woman's Home Comp., \$1.00		\$2.30
Or any magazine of Class A		
A Success Magazine, 1.00		\$2.30
A American Magazine, 1.00		\$3.00
Or any magazine of Class A		
A Success Magazine, \$1.00		\$2.35
B The Reader, 3.00		
Or The Independent		\$4.00
A Success Magazine, \$1.00		\$2.50
Lippincott's Magazine, 2.50		
Or Ainslee's Magazine		\$3.50
A Success Magazine, \$1.00		\$2.65
Pearson's Mag., 1.50		
Or Appleton's Magazine		
Or Country Gentleman		
Or The Etude		
A American Boy, 1.00		\$3.50
Or any magazine of Class A		

My Greatest Offers

Success Magazine \$1.00	My Price	
Woman's Home Companion 1.00		\$1.65
		\$2.00
Woman's Home Companion \$1.00	My Price	
Success Magazine 1.00		\$3
Review of Reviews 3.00		
or St. Nicholas (new sub.)		
or The Reader		
or The Independent		
or Outing Magazine		\$5.00
Success Magazine \$1.00	My Price	
McClure's Magazine 1.00		\$3.65
Delineator 1.00		
World's Work 3.00		\$6.00
Woman's Home Companion \$1.00	My Price	
Review of Reviews 3.00		\$4.35
St. Nicholas (new sub.) 3.00		
Success Magazine 1.00		\$8.00

FREE If you will send me **FOUR** orders for **ANY** combinations, except for Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post, you may have, **FREE**, as your premium, a yearly subscription to **ANY** periodical mentioned in **CLASS "A"**. Your **OWN** club and **THREE** other clubs make the **FOUR** orders. Special cash commission quoted to agents on **CLUBS**.

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Magazines prefixed by letters "A" or "B" may be exchanged for any other in the same class.

I will duplicate any Club Offer advertised by any Agency or Publisher.

CLASS B

Automobile	Any two of these	\$3.05
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Motor Way	Any one with two of Class A	\$3.00
Outing Magazine		
Photographer		
Printer's Ink		
Review of Reviews		\$3.65
Short Stories	Any one with three of Class A	
The Independent		
Trained Nurse		
The Reader		\$3.65
Yachting		

A Good Housekeeping, \$1.00	My Prices	
Or any magazine of Class A		\$2.95
A Success Magazine, 1.00		
A Garden Magazine, 1.00		\$2.95
Or any magazine of Class A		
A World To-Day, 1.50		\$4.50
Or any magazine of Class A		
A Success Magazine, \$1.00		\$3.00
Current Literature, 3.00		
Or House and Garden, 4.00		\$3.00
A Success Magazine, \$1.00		\$3.35
The Etude, 1.50		
Or Pearson's Magazine		
Or Country Gentleman		
Or Appleton's Magazine		
B Review of Reviews, 3.00		\$5.50
Or any magazine of Class B		
A Woman's Home Comp'n, \$1.00		\$3.65
Or any magazine of Class A		
A Success Magazine, 1.00		\$3.65
A Suburban Life, 1.50		
Or any magazine of Class A		
B Review of Reviews, 3.00		\$6.50
Or any magazine of Class B		
A Success Magazine, \$1.00		\$4.00
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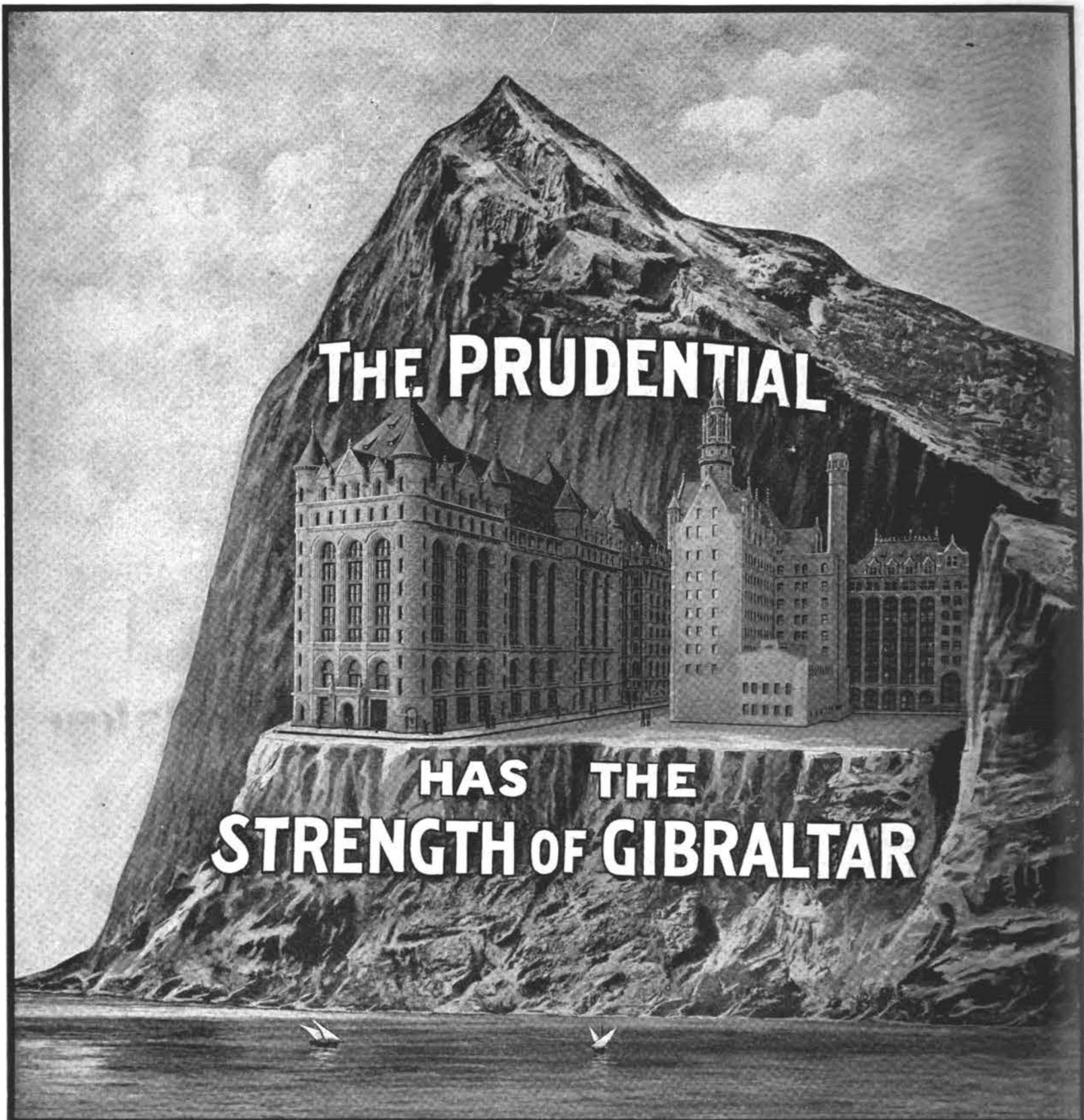
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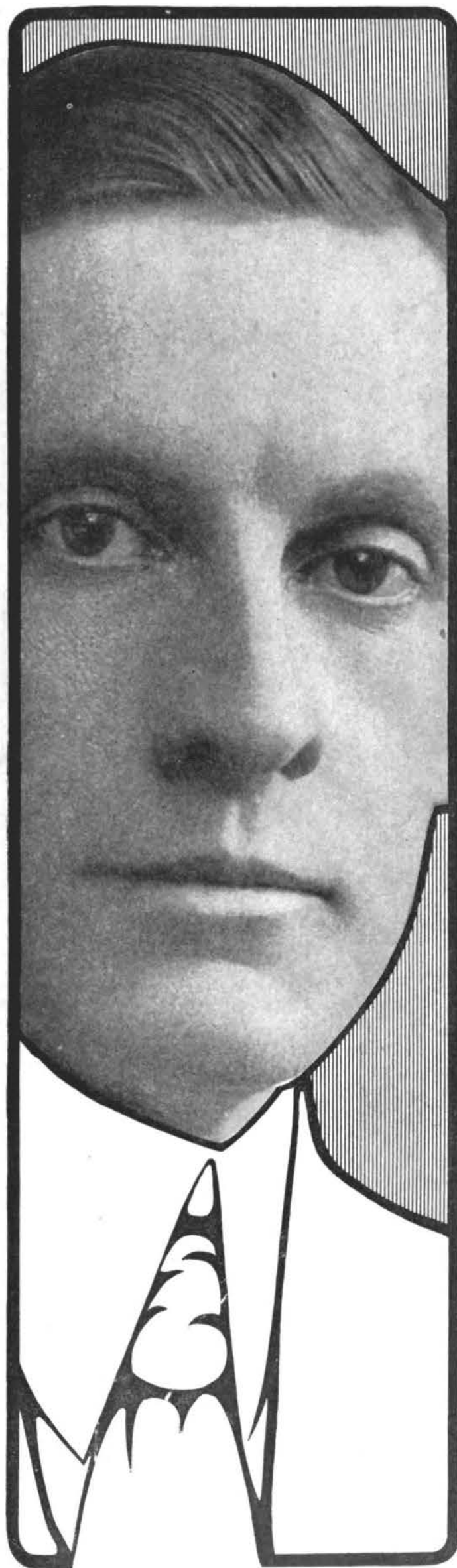
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